GILLETTE UNIVERSE

VOLUME 6

MILLIONAIRE

OR ALONE POOR

what money buys, and what it never will

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INTRODUCTION

I have never understood when someone becomes truly rich. And I have never understood when they become truly poor. I only know one thing: it almost never coincides with the bank account.

I have known wealthy men who were afraid of everything. And men with nothing who slept soundly.

I have seen fortunes dissolve because of a bad signature and lives restarted from scratch without asking anyone's permission.

For years there was a clear line: first you sacrifice, then you reap. First, you lose, then you win. First, you suffer, then you understand.

It does not work like that.

Life does not follow moral order.

It does not reward the best. It does not punish the worst. It distributes events. Period.

We call the rest merit, guilt, fate, luck.

Convenient words for not admitting that **control is partial.** This book was born from here.

Not from a theory, not from a method, not from an editorial idea.

It stems from a series of true events.

Some ridiculous. Some harsh. Some are impossible to recount without sounding arrogant or cynical.

I do not tell them to justify myself. I tell them because **they happened.** You will not find a path to growth.

You will find broken trajectories. Decisions made without alternatives. Right choices that led to wrong consequences. Wrong choices that, over time, proved to be lifesaving.

If you are looking for a positive message, look elsewhere. There is no consolation here.

Here is a simple and uncomfortable observation: many of the things we call "success" or "failure" are side effects of events beyond our control.

Yet, within this chaos, one responsibility always remains ours:

how to stand while it happens.

This book will not tell you what to do.

It will show you what happens when you do something. Or when you do nothing.

Read it any way you want.

Skip it. Open it at random. Close it when it bothers you. But if you continue, do so knowing one thing: you will not find a man who teaches here. You will find a man who **has not removed the traces.** And this is already quite rare today.

PARTITION

The book is divided into **independent stories,** not thematic chapters.

Each story deals with a real event, without guided interpretation.

The reader is free to draw his own conclusions.

I. Origin and Identity

Themes

• Childhood 6 • Education • Family • First unwritten rules Here we understand only one thing: character is not born with money; it is born **before.**

II. Fall and Misalignment

Themes

• Economic loss • Professional betrayal • End of certainties • Silent humiliation Here the reader stops judging and begins to observe.

III. Lucid Survival

Themes

• Adaptation • Renunciation • Sell what you have.

• Keeping the family together There is no epic.

There is **emotional discipline.**

IV. Money, Power, System

Themes

• Tax • Work • Hierarchies • Abuse of role • Unwritten rules 7 Here the book becomes uncomfortable. Because it does not accuse **it shows.**

V. Human Relations and Exchanges

Themes

• Friendship • Loyalty • Envy • Gratitude • Silences The real wealth here is not sentimental. It is **reliability.**

VI. Body, Illness, Time

Themes

• Illness • Parents • Decay • Fine organic • Acceptance Here all rhetoric falls away.

Only **the passing of time remains.**

VII. Communication and Public Role

Themes

• Word • Presence • Authority • Social intelligence 8 It is not charisma.

It is **natural positioning.**

VIII. Open Closure

Themes

• Freedom • Truth • Individual choices • Continuity The book ends.

The trajectory does not.

Dry Synthesis

This book **does not follow growth.** It follows **a resistance.** It does not tell you how to become something.

It tells you **how not to get lost** while everything changes.

PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES

Do not expect order.

Do not expect apparent coherence. Life is not.

If you are looking for simple answers, this book is not for you.

If you are looking for **truths to be told without protection,** you are in the right place.

A Saturday

As soon as I wake up, my little girl urges me to get moving. Today, the sea calls us with its embrace and the sun is shining. We are on time, but she does not intend to waste a moment. Let us get ready quickly, adventure awaits!

I do not like being scolded by anyone. It is late but let us go pick up our guest. She is waiting for her on the street, like a Moroccan woman from the Kasbah ready to dance.

Everything is under control! Punctual as clockwork, we arrived at the beach. Here, we arrange ourselves according to our mood, following our preferred order. The lack of rationality makes everything more fun!

Securing the beach umbrella has always been a man's job. Today, however, I must take on this thankless task. Too bad the terrain challenges my determination! Between large rocks and a marble ledge, every attempt becomes a real puzzle.

The curse

Everyone rushes toward the sea, into the warm, welcoming water. I sat and observed. My environmental capacity is terribly slow, my absence from these a has lasted many years. "People give us golden moments to uncover their secrets, even the most elusive." Near our umbrella, five intrepid readers captivate our attention. Three men and two women, Tuscan, are immersed in their novels. The tomes they clutch are dense with stories.

Their concentration is palpable, like an invisible barrier. No conversation or distraction can disturb their world.

We wait to see how they manage their time. When siesta arrives, we are in the middle of the technical time. Suddenly, a woman opens little bags filled with Ionian sandwiches. With their rich fillings, these delicious snacks do not go unnoticed. Our appetites grow, amplified by their mouths wide open in anticipation.

I steal the moment and approach them politely, apologizing formy boldness. I aman author from Reggio Calabria. Ihave also explored the world of fiction. Noticing their passion for reading, I decided to give them a gift. I handed out my business cards, where they will find my website. I hope to pique their curiosity about my work!

Five smiles of thanks. Then everyone put the tickets back in their wallets.

I had over five potential readers. I did not know their words. But, by a sort of probability calculus, Murphy's Law says: "IF YOU DON'T TRY SOMETHING YOU CAN'T SAY YOU'VE FAILED."

The evening grew late. We left early, saying goodbye. We wanted to go home and get back to our normal lives.

Toward evening, I wanted to check my order history. Ten books purchased and a message on the wall: "HIS SYMPATHY AND EDUCATION SELLS MORE THAN HIS WORKS."

The Condemnation

At fifty-six, Ifound myself in a remote corner of the province of Trapani. I was immersed in two crucial projects, but I was seeking serenity and calm. That morning, however, my body was protesting, a nighttime indigestion.

Around one o'clock, the truth I had been longing for finally revealed itself. Ihad been waiting for a glimmer of economic recovery;the projections seemed promising. While checking the accounts, I spoke with the colleague who managed payments. Unfortunately, it was confirmed: there were no more funds. Finding out I was out of money was a bolt from the blue.

I called my wife, asking for a deposit for fuel, the boat, and the return trip home. Surprisingly, she did not resist; she supported me. The family gathered, creating a warm embrace of support.

In my mind, I reflected on my trust in the Neapolitan accountant. She was very capable and astute. It was strange that I had not noticed the clues; something was wrong. I discovered that her jealousy was biting, and she could not tolerate my other friendships.

She had stolen two years of work from me. Not just from me, but from other suppliers as well. She was greedy, with a clean exterior but a rotten interior. There was no room for imagination.

Every month, he collected everything, including money that was not his. Then he blamed me, as if I were his personal sponge. Salaries had been cut in half. The closure of my business had already been announced and then confirmed. But what was the plan?

Hoping to recoup losses from phone purchases, without worrying about the consequences, was foolhardy. She took the money from people who trusted her. They would never suspect.

But they were the first to be deprived of the funds. They did not have the courage to take responsibility. They did not declare themselves to be truly untouchable, nor protected.

But, suspecting a kidnapping, they attacked me. My anger and conviction were so strong that I left the country on the advice of the authorities.

It was a hellish time, but I did not know it would only be the beginning. I had nothing, and she had the ladies'well-being. Because when you have stolen money that is not yours, it has a different flavor. And if you do not risk anyone asking for it, you are truly a gentleman.

Her malice grew, spilling over into threats against me and my family. Two words were enough to calm her anger. I considered filing a complaint with the authorities. Thisdrove her mad, and she ran to her partner, who was supposed to offer her protection.

It isa shame there are still some who have not figured out the dirty trick. I cannot heal because I am not a doctor. Stupidity is an added value for the few.

Six months earlier, he had encouraged me to write after reading some of my work on WhatsApp. His promise to contact a friendly publisher was compelling. We split the profits together.

After weaving two hundred verbal melodies, I was in for a surprise. His publisher, unfortunately, was not keeping pace with his stories. And, incredibly, he had lost the USB stick containing my works.

September 1, 2022, marked the definitive closing of that chapter. At home, they wanted to know my decision; I replied, "The Writer."

The Pension

My wife had never hidden anything from me. In the past, we lived on private managers' salaries, which were incredibly high. We maintained a modest lifestyle, with no savings. Sitting at the table, she told me we would now have to cover our monthly expenses with just a few euros. We had to pay taxes and utilities, saving for any eventuality. There would be no gifts. She thought it would be difficult for me, accustomed to a different pace of life. I locked myself in my study and burst out laughing. I wondered what a gift God was giving me. But he did not answer. I will never forget the events that followed the details. I could not ask for loans. My income was foreign and could not be registered in Italy. This drove me to write and publish books. I slept little and had only one goal: to support my family. I managed to go for months without asking for money. The only one watching me was my brother-in-law,Michele. At a certain point, I started selling things to print books. Without telling anyone at home, I sold my iPhone, my gold bracelet and necklace, and my Apple laptop. Ihad nothing left. I thought I had to sell organs. My doctor helped me without money. He earned €120 per visit, while I tried to skip appointments.

The Days

I was at home, experiencing an identity crisis. Only my genetics and upbringing helped me manage my feelings.

I have been married for thirty-one years. The marriage broke down eleven years ago, after my daughter's illness. This changed my wife, who faced a profound trauma.

I have always had different abilities, but my ability to transform the ugly into the beautiful made her happy. That made her smile.

I am a communicator. But she often could not follow my speeches. I could speak for twelve hours to an audience of 2,000 people. But I did not have an audience at home, only my twenty-three books.

Culture was growing. She often sought my advice, even though she had a degree. I only had a high school diploma and forty years of travel.

Many friends have passed away. When I was younger, I spent time together with much older people. Those who remained were busy with their families, so we saw each other extraordinarily little.

So, I wander around the house, wearing slippers and a T-shirt. I change chairs and get ideas. I try to sleep six to eight hours a day.

Three meals a day, no pretensions. I will not comment on the quality. Sometimes I feel like I am in prison.

The Situation

There were all the details to reflect on and understand howto react. If you run away from a problem, you are unreliable. You would not even trust a cat to someone like that. Educated people deal with problems better. Even poor and special people. I ask myself: who cannot do it? They are those without the right perspective. Learning happens moment by moment. Mental illnesses do not require special processing. Those who cannot face a problem must remain calm. Professional experience has helped me solve problems. I have restored serenity to many families and individuals. I have removed long-standing worries. Dreaming is not a sin. Those who do not dream have no future. They do not even find the necessary fulfillment. Telling a story without reading makes it real. Those who listen become the main character for two minutes. Only in this way can I ward off illness, anxiety, and depression. Friends wanted to know. All I had to do was tell the best version. No one would have gotten hurt by thinking about you. Curious relatives think they have the right to know. But the saying about relatives being like snakes is true. Only a loyal friend can understand that.

The Reunion

It was the story of millions of people forced to leave behind families and loved ones. After a long time, many managed to return. Every nation has its own way of dealing with these situations. Today, I take my cue from the Americans. You saw young men and women in military uniform. They had left and were waiting to surprise their loved ones. Some were away from work, others behind a bar. The moment was filled with joy and is never forgotten. Others, however, were reunited with their families in unexpected ways. Behind the entrance of the school, to say: "I'm back." The greatest news came from the world of healthcare. The luckiest ones overcame the disease. They wanted to tell the world: "I am here and always will be here for everyone." A genuine moment was the reunion of engaged couples. Often, someone would bring a bouquet of flowers. It seemed destined for another place, but it was a loving gift. Personally, I experienced a strange situation. I was in the Prudential skyscraper in Boston, on a last-minute invitation. We were all sitting at the conference table when we heard a knock on the door. Mary, 80, entered. She worked as a secretary for 55 years. She had served three generations of the same family. She received a standing ovation. The visit was by request, but the recognition was natural. A man never forgets those who truly do him good. No one can do without them in life.

Paradise

The centerpiece of the three canticles of the Divine Comedy is a masterpiece by Dante Alighieri. Dante, the celebrated 13th-century Italian poet, creates a harmonious afterlife. However, the future remains shrouded in mystery.

In social media, reality is challenged. Rivers, flights of birds, and sea waves dance in an illusory space. Here, truth vanishes like morning mist.

And then there are the "gurus" of brilliant thought, who describe an earthly paradise. A place without taxes, were well-being and health reign supreme. Here, serene women, never shouting, move in harmony with the world.

The Catholic priest at my church, in a candid conversation, affirms that heaven is here. In the family, amidst affection and feelings, we find true well-being and serenity.

One day, I found myself in a mental health center. My parents, suffering from Alzheimer'sdisease, had just arrived. When I arrived, they did not recognize me. Ipulled up a chair and stroked their hands.

I closed my eyes; the urge to cry was strong. I thought they were now living in a strange dimension, almost distant from us.

They were happy, exchanging words, but their language was a ballet of signs. Sixty years of marriage had woven a bond that no one could tear apart.

And then, one morning, the phone call came from Teresa, my sister. As was her style, it went silently. A piece of me was disappearing, after twenty years of living together and unforgettable habits.

She would have arrived in Heaven before me. She was preparing everything for the day I would join her.

The Fountain Pen

My first day of school as a child was at a Catholic boarding school. The nuns immediately gave us homework and obligations. I still remember my mother screaming when she left the classroom. I asked her to go to the stationery store. She needed to buy a fountain pen, two nibs, refill cartridges, and blotting paper.

When the bill arrived, he wondered if he had made the right decision to send us there. After initial doubts, we stayed for eight years. The next day, I was ready. I thought the nun would teach me. Instead, my companions and I were covered in ink.

It was a drama. We were all in the bathroom cleaning ourselves, shivering. We knew our parents would punish us. That afternoon, Dad arrived. He taught me how to use a fountain pen. He no longer held any secrets for me. It took less than five minutes.

The next day, I was ready for revenge. During recess, I opened a refill of ink. I sprayed it on the teacher'schair. She did not notice until she was leaving. A colleague noticed the damage, and she screamed. She said that if she found the culprit, she would pay for the laundry.

You could not correct with a fountain pen. It was easier with a ballpoint pen, thanks to the eraser. The mistakes were obvious and monstrous. The teacher always used red. I came home with an assignment and a zero grade. I had to show it to Dad, but I had an idea. I decided to change the grade.

If I changed the grade to six, it could not be changed anymore. So, I changed the number one and made the grade ten.

Dad saw the test and wondered why, with all those mistakes, I had gotten such a high grade. I replied that the teacher had taken a kind heart and appreciated my effort.

Happy but doubtful, everything went well.

The next day when I returned to school, I tore off the piece of paper where one was written and brought the test to class.

The teacher was wondering what had happened to the homework. I said that my dog, who was dying, had eaten a piece of the homework to play with.

And to think it all happened over a fountain pen.

A Daughter

They have decided to get engaged and want to do it secretly. But that is not possible. Publishing their love brings in money and shares. That is what marriage is all about.

Mom knows everything down to the smallest detail. Her decisions inspire pride but also anger and hatred. Yet, she continues to manage everything.

Initially, the conversation with her daughter is an imposition. "I'm the mom, and I know how to do it." Then, however, it becomes gentle advice. Thegoal?To make her husband seem perfect. And to teach her how to change him, the couple's main rule.

One day, he arrives with great news: "Let's get married on the day… of the month… of the year…" He think she has decided everything. But it is just an illusion. For 2,000 years, men have never made decisions. It is always the girlfriend who is good at making his will prevail.

In their moments of relaxation, they dream together. "I'd like five children," she says. "Four boys and a girl." He replies that it is fine. Everything he suggests.

Paid clinic, expenses paid by the spouses, labor, ready to be born and the mother asks: what is it?

Madam, a beautiful little girl, 2.5 KG.!!!!!!!!

Mom's grimaces are not visible. They are in her soul. She wanted boys, but now she has a girl. She knows it will be a struggle.

The father's joy is immense. Finally, a part of him is born. This part will accompany him throughout his life, will protect him, and will never abandon him.

Father and daughter will understand each other with glances, gestures, and silences. She will seek a man like her father to marry. But her father will always come first.

When her father dies, his daughter's grief will be immeasurable. She will suffer for the rest of her life. His wife, however, will be ready after seven days. She will have to go to the hairdresser and the beautician and go outwith her friends.

I will stop here, otherwise I would author a book just for the daughter.

Do not Die.

Fate divided us. We are both fighters, sons of fathers from Cosenza. The fight against the Sila Wolves, in the mountains, was more important than the fight against people. We inherited that gene. It was precisely thanks to it that we overcame all future difficulties.

Our friendship was boundless. Others often viewed it negatively. But it was pure and unique. It would never be broken overtime. No one would question it.

I remember that night. You were stuck in your Golf. And there was a woman, 145 cm tall and wearing a size seven. When you told us what happened, we laughed until we peed our pants.

At my wedding, you were the best man. To make sure you did not lack anything, I appointed a beautiful doctor to be your partner. She was cultured and sophisticated. Butshe was not your type. You sought quiet, genuine, and humble women. You wanted to fall in love with them. You believe your age would help you change them, turn them into angels.

But it was not like that. And you paid the consequences alone. You never asked anyone for help. You knew that was what you had to do. Your mother never gave me any advice in all these years. Your aunt, however, did.

Luckily, you met a woman. She won you over, and you were good at making her fall in love.

One summer evening, we were near the sea. There were many tables set. And then, there you were. I held back my emotions. Memories flooded back. Justthen, you told meyou were fighting a difficult disease. I look at your face, and you are still the same. You move that left hand like only you know how. Remember when you held the basketball steady. Your style, your class, are intact even now. But I do not ask him for more details. He does not know that, once you are over sixty, even the male organ goes into hiatus. It does not respond to the mind, only to the hand.

I would like to talk to him more, but the conditions are not right. I found a way and told him I am an author. With this letter, I want to ask you not to die. Many of our friends are gone. Now that I have this money, I need to find trusted friends to spend it on. And what we cannot imagine, we can always invent.

Do not die.

The Stories

Our moments are made up of many small spaces. These spaces, once filled, create stories. Perception and forgetting to arise from a memory effect. We must not confuse it with memory. The latter maintains its intensity depending on the emotion experienced. Our emotions influence our behavior. We often make bad decisions. Or we make judgments that deserve further investigation, but which we make in a flash. When we lose control of our emotions, anxiety attacks us. It is a bad customer. It can cause damage and has no defined waiting time. It all depends on our mind. It elaborates the best thoughts and makes us active in carrying them out. We must control "Passion and Romance." These two elements, inherited from the Greek people, today cause severe damage. When we are alone, to rest and regain strength, severe thoughts begin about:1. Love; 2. Health;3. Money;4. Work; 5. Friends; 6. Women; 7. Memories; 8. The Present; 9. The Future; 10.

Spirituality. Eventually, we find answers. Stories end without us asking why. Unfortunately, we are never alone. It all depends on how good our parents were.

Fear

Fear, even when it hides, knows how to make itself noticed and confuse. This feeling is an intruder, a whirlwind that causes confusion and deception. It unleashes worries that are often exaggerated and tied to superficial issues. Cultures around the world form a tapestry of diversity. Each has unique traditions and behaviors. Every ideal arises from reality and social context. It unites people in unique ways. But there is a common theme:the fear of disease. Health, that fragile gem, is a vital concern, often even more so than survival. Studies show that, in places of stress, people can commit extreme acts. Some, out of necessity, sell off an internal organ for a chance at redemption. Organ sales are a colossal business, the third most lucrative after drugs and pharmaceuticals. International organizations traffic bodies, sometimes shortly after death. Expressions of life that could persist. Organs travel through the sky, transported at bargain prices from one country to another. In this climate of fear, concerns arise family, food, studies, work, taxes, justice, travel, and well-being. A particular issue is infidelity. Many see it as an act against marital rules. According to the Frega Code, however, cheating always brings money and joy. It only hurts for a brief time. Family wealth, however, is continuous. No one mentioned death. It is believed that life and death are two algorithms that must coexist. We are here to enjoy life. And believe me, you can do it even without money. It is easy. Just find a rich friend who can provide moments of joy. But you should never cheat on his wife. This is the second rule of the Frega Code that must be respected.

Marine Fishing

I had not yet realized what I had become financially. My books would generate royalties for over 70 years after my death. I hoped my heirs and grandchildren would benefit.

Claudio picked me up at the airport. His gaze, his wit, and his cultural touch set him apart from the others. This highlighted a gap with the uncultured and showed where envy reigned.

As usual, he asked me only two questions. They were harmless and never invasive. He wanted to know what my plans were for the next few days.

The first thing I wanted to do was call Giuseppe. If he had answered, I would want to know when he was free to say hello. I hope he is well, otherwise it is difficult to talk to him.

Claudio dropped me off at home and said he had come back to pick me up for dinner. He would be my guest, with some friends, and I would meet someone interesting.

He was punctual, as always. He took me to a restaurant in Catona, "I Tre Ponti," where we ate lots of high-quality fish.

There I met a woman of about forty, a foreigner. She was focused on helping young people in difficulty, supporting them, and motivating them.

I replied that nothing was possible, but no one was to call me dad. That was a father's prerogative, not an Author's.

The next day, I walked to my old neighborhood, Rione Pescatore. Over five generations have left their mark on this vibrant place. Here, where fishermen sing and others listen in silence, stories intertwine. A world where the roar of the wave's blends with the quiet of the harbor.

A group of kids approached asking for money. But giving something for no reason did not motivate anyone to commit to winning. We were still far from welfare.

Pepe Girasole, a friend of mine for thirty years and a great Neapolitan card player, passed by. I had an idea that he turned into reality: a large boat so the boys could all go fishing together.

The boys began to arrive, and there were forty-five of them. He found a well-equipped 18-meter boat. The boys were happy. Everyone went home with their own loot. And the best part? Nothing to pay!

By the end of the night, everyone was calling me by my first name, and some by my nickname, "U PASSAT URI." They wanted to know how to get rich, since many of their social conditions were precarious.

Sitting on a rock along the beach, I watched them one by one, searching for the right words to say.

A great poet, Ezra Pound, said: "If you are not willing to sacrifice something for an idea, it is worth nothing." No one spoke. The silence became deathly. All of them came from a poor area of the city. Just to be born there, they must have had at least four balls. Their identity card.

Claudio looked at me and I noticed a small tear. I am sure he will shed it as soon as he reads this letter. Children always come first. Thanks to them, our future exists.

A Memory

Life's opportunities are doors that open to surprises. They ignite memories that warm the heart, even after many years.

In a farm meadow, I meta president with many passions. He is a man who has expanded his interests, from professions to hobbies.

We start talking, sharing an unexpected bond: the same elementary school. We both come from the same convent school, except he was a grade below me.

I can almost see him, arriving at class impeccably dressed. His mother's manners shine through in every detail. His school bag is artfully arranged, and he loves to sit next to his classmates, a proud gesture for a six-year-old.

His blue eyes reveal a hint of shyness, but also the fire of a determined character. He is a great observer, silent and wise, living in the corridors of his solitude. Here, he makes important decisions and prepares his future.

Beloved by his teachers, his naiveté makes him irresistible. A polite attitude that only a certain family can firmly instill.

Well, fifty-five years have passed, but you remain the same. You have not lost your spirit; your dreams have come true. Behind your silences and your good habits lies a unique generosity. However, I have the impression you receive little in return.

Today, people seek connection and understanding. They need to be pampered. No one wants to get burned, but many are willing to take risks. It is inappropriate to surround yourself with Serie D players after playing in the Champions League.

I have seen so much progress, love, and recognition in you. As an author, manager, and brother, I can think of no better way to describe you.

The Tax Office

At a certain point, I noticed something strange. My presence, and even my absence, attracted the attention of others. I had an aura that prevented anyone from forgetting me.

This morning, in the beating heart of Rome's EUR district, I opened a new page. I receive a summons from the tax authorities, a direct reminder of my life as a traveler.

Let me take you on my journey abroad over the past two years. Each adventure has been a unique chapter, filled with both expense and reward. From bustling streets to serene cafes, every place has told a story. Iwill show you how every euro has been invested in unforgettable experiences. The numbers dance to the rhythm of my achievements and challenges. Ready to discover the wonders and stumbles of my journey?

"At dawn, I arrive at the offices with my lawyer and accountant. On this tax journey, they are my co-pilots. Ready to answer every question and clarify every detail." 1) What means of transport have you used for travel in the last two years?

2) What is your main professional activity?

3) Did you use the work supply?

4) Can you document all expenses?

5) What are your work tools?

6) Did you receive any funding for these trips?

7) Do you plan to return to the same places?

8) How did you find customers and suppliers?

All the points discussed were well discussed and documented. Only point five required further explanation.

The work tools were as varied as a buffet. They included hotels, restaurants, laptops, and cell phones. Let us not forget the phone plans. There were also product presentations and hostesses who accompanied clients. Let us also add conference rooms and gifts for VIP clients.

In the absence of clear tax regulations, we followed the host country's rules. We always focused on the result.

The tax director, perplexed, wanted to find a fabricated fine. Then, like a light bulb, my mind flashed: there was another business tool to explore.

The five people in the room exchanged glances, wondering what truth I was hiding. The Director, with a serious tone, turned to me: "Enlighten us, Mr. Frega." "Do you charge taxes? Where do you record your earnings? What do you immediately dispute?" They locked themselves in the conference room for an hour, deliberating the case. Finally, the secretary asked me to sign a negative report. Iwas unaware of the risk I had run, but this is a story that always happens.

As I leave, my two guests look at me, aware of the risks they have run. The first: a criminal complaint for harassing a public official. The second: a complaint about missing documentation.

I look at them and ask, "Do any of you know how to play poker?" I get a chorus of yeses.

"Alosing player must leave the table,"Iexclaimed. "Hemust be aware of what he is losing, without ever thinking of staying to make up for it."

The Gland

When it comes to health checkups, a clear distinction is essential. Women are true guardians of health, always ready to take care of themselves. Their anatomy is complex, so they focus on prevention and seek innovative treatments.

On the contrary, humans tend to navigate troubled waters. They often ignore precautions and treat minor ailments with condescension. They seek medical checkups only when they hear a strong warning bell. They rely on doctors and clinical interventions only when necessary.

So far, everything is normal, until the veil is lifted on the prostate issue.

Few people know about this small, mysterious, round organ, part of the male reproductive system. It is a faithful companion that lets you know when something is not right. The signs? Problems with urination, erection, and ejaculation. If they appear, the message is clear: it is time to pay attention. This is especially true for men over fifty. It could be a sign of benign prostatic hyperplasia, which can develop into cancer.

But where is the prostate hidden? Some imagine it between Naples and Salerno, others in the skies above the Strait of Messina. The most imaginative?They place it in the zodiacal skies. Yet, the truth is much closer: it is located below the bladder and in front of the rectum.

It was there, right in front of us, and we did not know it.

Men, being a key part of the male reproductive system, need to be vigilant. When their sphincters ignore commands, it is time to act. It is not just about prevention, but a call to responsibility.

The Salami

I was only five years old. Like all children, I waited for my father home from work. He was a traveling salesman for a well-known American company. He worked hard but earned well. He always arrived when the shops closed.

As soon as I heard the car, I ran downstairs to help him. We lived on the third floor of a large building. He parked the car in the garage and then we would do thirty minutes of math.

"Nando," he said, "it's trivial to say that the calculator is useless. Imagine if you are at a customer's house and the batteries are dead. You cannot close the deal. Howwould you feel?

Now, let us calculate. If one hundred grams of salami cost one hundred lire, how much does 120 grams cost?

I had to do everything by heart. I could not make a mistake. I had to be careful and serious. If I saw him angry, he would destroy me.

What if there were eighty grams and the salami cost 125 lire per one hundred grams? What if I bought twenty grams of cheese for 6,000 lire per kilo?

After half an hour, we returned home. We were happy and satisfied. I was his deputy.

Today, I remember how useful that exercise was. My colleagues cannot do mental arithmetic. Yet, it all started with one hundred grams of salami at one hundred lire.

The Presentation

It was my first time, making myself known to a large audience of women and few men present.

Curiosity was part of our times. Intuition and instinct supported female intelligence. We men, on the other hand, were relegated to an inferior role. Mothers, always protective and never exhaustive, contributed to this. Everyone started asking questions. And everyone received answers. Where there were no answers, an empty and talkative topic weakened the inter lo cut or. No one expected so much preparation. A few jokes, an old technique to attract attention. People wanted to know what I had to say. We started slowly. Controlling our voices and managing our time. We discuss simple things, like a seven-day boyfriend would. Silence seals interest. A few timid questions to delve deeper. And everyone lines up to ask if it is true!!!!!!!!! A writer has many possibilities. They can write fiction or nonfiction. They can conceive, create, use imagination and mystery. But they have a great power: to influence people's lives without them realizing it. Sometimes, with my pen, I find myself dying. Or I was in Tibet, or in China. People wondered how much money I needed to travel. No one thought about whether I was rich or poor. At the end of the evening, I metmy psychiatrist. He approached meand asked, "How come, in forty years, no woman has asked you for a divorce?" I looked at him. He was serious, waiting for an answer. And I said, "It's easy. I never told anyone I was married. I just managed my intellect."

The Price

Since I decided to pursue success, I have learned that every achievement comes at a price. It is never an easy journey. Every step toward the top requires sacrifice, hard work, and mental resilience. I saw many stops, discouraged by the difficulties, but I persevered. Every day, I have told myself that success is a matter of tenacity, not just luck.

Initially, I invested time in honing my skills. I read and studied to understand the market and its trends. Money became a natural consequence, but not my primary goal. True success is realizing my ambitions. It is building a career I am enthusiastic about. I also want to positively influence others.

Over time, I have learned that money is just a tool for achieving freedom. There is nothing wrong with financial success, but it should not be the only goal. Life is much more than what we possess. Dreams, ambitions, and personal growth are what make us truly rich. If it were not for my perseverance, I would not have seen the value of every step I have taken today.

The Uncertainty

Dreams have always been my guide. Every goal began as a dream, a distant vision. I have learned that uncertainty is part of the process. When I was young, it seemed unbearable, but over time I have learned to appreciate it. Every time doubt assailed me, I found the courage to move forward. It was not easy; the road was full of obstacles. But the certainty that every effort brought me closer to something extraordinary kept me going.

When you start dreaming, things do not always go as you hoped. There are setbacks, failures, and moments of despair. But the secret is to never stop believing. Every dream realized changes you and prepares you for the next step. I have learned that true courage is continuing to move forward despite fear. Money is just a side effect of dreams being realized.

Opportunity

Many people spend their lives waiting for opportunity to knock on their door. I have learned that opportunities never come by chance; they must be created. Every success I have achieved has been the result of a decision made, a strategic move, a courageous step into the unknown. When I started, I did not have all the answers, but I was eager to search for them. I began creating opportunities where there were none. I began to think creatively, to see solutions where others saw only problems. And when Istarted taking initiative, the world began to respond.

Creating opportunities means being initiative-taking, not passively waiting for things to happen. It means looking beyond the horizon, asking questions, and not being afraid to take the first step. When I stopped waiting, I began to shape my own destiny. I began to build my own path to success. And every time I created a new opportunity, I realized that true power lies in taking charge of your life and acting.

The school

My references start from a high school/university, the only places where there is a real measurement of intelligence, culture, ability, communication, and a real spirit of revenge on society and on everyone.

I started high school on September 20th of that year, and when I entered the school, no one spoke to me, neither students nor teachers, not even the principal. Only the janitor took the time to talk to me and worry about me.

On October 10th, a general assembly ofthe Institute was held to elect the representative bodies and the members who would sit on the Institute Council. The list of people who had signed up to speak was long, and I was the last, at fifty-second place.

Evening had come, around 9:00 pm, there was a lot of tiredness and un preparedness for an enormously important and decisive role for the fate of the next five years, but none of the students ever abandoned their position.

The game seemed over, the three possible chosen ones were enjoying their victory, when my moment arrived and I began to speak.

The first five minutes were dedicated to their families, no one had paid attention to them, after another ten minutes for the future of the students, and after ten minutes for the future that this school was supposed to give us.

A round of applause broke out, everyone chanting my last name in unison. It was a success, and the election was held by a show of hands, with the burden of electing the board at my sole discretion.

Those who were injured remained injured, some had already made agreements with the Presidency behind the scenes, but I had ruined the game of compromises and favoritism, itwas over, things were changing.

The watchword had become procedure and rules, what we would ask of everyone.

After a week, I was summoned to my group by the principal, to get to know each other, and to suffer the first intimidation, when he said that in his school,hewas the only one in charge.

The first meeting of the School Council took place at 4:00 pm in the school meeting room, and the principal, together with the School Secretary, declared that they intended to pursue the management policy outlined thus far, without distractions, without interruptions, without giving us the floor and asking us to sign the minutes.

They did not expect my reaction when I opened the book I was holding and said we were being discriminated against and were being charged with other crimes under the Civil Code, and that the Public Education and Judicial Authorities would join in.

They turned white in the face, and asked me who I was, except to say the President of the student body and that I represented 750 students.

I was given the floor, with only a five-minute time limit, and the principal immediately stopped me, telling me he did not have that much time to dedicate to me. I immediately concluded that we would begin a 30-day sit-in and no one would be allowed into the school.

And after they had come to their senses, we would have opened negotiations.

He laughed, but after the first week no students came to school, and after ten days the principal came to my house to talk to my father, saying that I had destroyed the school and his career.

I had foreseen everything and the gentleman who met the principal was not my father but a bank teller who was my friend and neighbor.

After two weeks, he came to pick me up outside the school, and took me to the principal's office, telling me what I wanted.

He offered me a promotion for the first three years of school, with the promise that afterwards I would leave, changing cities.

I asked him if I could also get monthly food stamps, and he told me how I knew, but it was a professional secret.

Those were three positive years. I even managed to help some of the girls I had met, all of whom passed in June, and they started asking me how I did it.

I always reflected on how meeting a powerful man automatically revealed him as weak, just because he hadn't developed management skills and did everything by force, and despite having all the power, it made me think that he had sold himself for his own purpose and as such had lost all his value.

After three years, I went to a private school in Rome to take exams for the fourth and fifth years, but there it was a different story, when we ended up in the Turkish bath between one exam and another, but I managed to pass, talking in the exams, not about History or Geography, but about how good the macaroni with lamb sauce was.

The Professors

Daily changes, different subjects, improvisations, a never-rational schedule, an unclear objective, these are the Professors, each of them generous in wanting to say something, perhaps read five minutes before entering the classroom, or during a quick session inside the restroom, because getting back into a dimension of one's own thoughts to explain things is not easy, especially if the subject is only studied by heart.

The characteristics of this character are quite different, from the conservative to the assault communicator, to the pragmatist who tells you the fairy tale as the only way to salvation, or to the one who asks a random student to read a topic in the book.

Yet, in forty years, something has changed: professors from Northern Italy are paid more than professors from Southern Italy, as if to say that Italy operates at different speeds.

The style of expressing individual wishes was different in many ways, but with the same goal: to convey the lesson from one point of view, and everyone agreed that it was the absolute truth, but it was enough to change class to know there was another truth on the subject.

In Italy, we have the phenomenon of online professors seeking more clients, with the declared desire to be identified as brilliant minds, masters of their subject. We find them on social media frequently changing labels and titles on their profiles, but they only want money, without certainty that what they say is understandable and credible.

Qualifications, merits, and intentions should never be questioned---especially since in Italy there's a market that sells diplomas, degrees, and certificates, all you have to do is pay for them---but rather the true ability to understand whether we've been empathetic, communicative, how well we've used language in our lessons, and whether it's truly been a real improvement in teaching.

Teaching is produced almost 90% for money, and only 10% for passion, but the words will be kept in everyone's mind and if necessary, there will be few who are able to use them as a quote, but this will be the only victory for everyone.

The Cemetery

I never wait for holidays to visit the Cemetery, which I have been doing for years in geometric order and never scattered.

The first people I visit are relatives, where I can pause to pray and even recall some positive moments from a life past or present, to illuminate and relive memories.

Then a trip to visit friends, those who passed away too soon, those who were a bolt from the blue.

The encounter between the spiritual and the earth is imbued with prayer, and the intensity of the moment brings us closer to the magic of what we do, aided by what we want to do.

But the visits are never short, the curiosity to see who died binds you to answers like: that'swhy I didn'tsee him around anymore and this has endless repercussions, of a factory that produces millions of deaths every second, millions of lives that turn to dust.

Since my city is a frontier town for crime, where it resides and has its structural bases, it happens that mafia-related deaths represent a high number depending on times of peace or war.

Then there are those who are unknown, who were accustomed to committing all kinds of crimes, and were regulars in prison, and finally those who enjoyed the fruits of their criminal activities by conducting unreal wealth, consisting of commercial activities, using front men.

Just like criminals, the figure of the Politician is represented, who, with his lovers within the political secretariats or in the city's B&Bs, determine appointments and hirings, often deceiving people with promises, as their modus operand i.

We are all destined to die, no one will have first class or prestige class, thousands may be born, but we will all have the same fate, marked by a cruel destiny, where the best go first and the worst arrive later.

Human Resources

I was on vacation in Cartagena, Colombia, many years ago, a well-deserved forty-day break, when I decided to pick up my friend Melina, a department manager at an electronics store. That day was supposed to be like any other, but fate had something unexpected in store.

When I returned to pick her up for the third time, Melina introduced me to her colleagues, including the Director, a young manager from Vodafone. The conversation between us immediately became friendly, and as often happens on these occasions, a discussion about work escalated. In less than two hours, I found myself hired as Head of Human Resources, with no time or term limits, and a €2,000 bonus for thirty days.

Melina was laughing like crazy, but in her heart, she knew it would end this way. I had never considered a career in that field, but the challenge fascinated me. I got to work right away, preparing personnel files: sixty-five women and two men. I met them all in a small room, in a meeting that lasted eight hours. The

situation I found was not ideal. Many of those women were not happy; their supervisor was taking advantage of them, and for fear of losing their jobs, none of them complained.

The next day, I decided to tackle corporate bullying head-on. I took the usurping department head to dinner, and we spent five hours discussing his behavior. We discovered that his attitude was nothing more than the reflection of a vice he had acquired from the old company, which was carrying over into the pristine environment. He was not willing to change, and after explaining the damage he was doing, I suggested he resign. But he resisted. That is when I made a drastic decision: I put him on leave.

Ten days later, the foreman returned with three of his friends, intent on picking a fight with me. It was a scene that led to a fight, but as often happens, the truth always carries greater weight. It was outside the store that the real shock occurred: five husbands of the women he had seduced were waiting for him. The argument created minor chaos, but eventually, the situation calmed down. The foreman resigned, and his letter of resignation arrived without too many surprises.

The manager, surprised by the situation, asked me why that employee had been fired. Without hesitation, I told him that the department manager had expressed his intention to leave to look for a job closer to home. I did not say anything else, but I had realized that was not what was happening. The girls had finally changed their ways. They were starting to dress more elegantly, wear makeup, and work without the burden of constant supervision. Therewere no more watches to keep an eye on. Salesbegan to rise, and in justa few months, there was a 30% increase.

The Director called me into his office, clearly impressed by the results. He asked me what was happening, since in all his years he had never seen such a significant increase in sales.

Who cares, what is the recipe? It is simple: value people, nurture everyone's skills, and you will see the company's value grow. He looked at me with a smile and offered me an annual contract worth €80,000. But that was not what I was looking for in life. I did not need a salary like that to understand that my true goal was to teach others to recognize their own value, to value themselves before money.

My job was not to get paid to increase sales, but to ensure that everyone understood that true wealth comes from recognizing one's own value and the choices we make every day. If we all learned to recognize and cultivate who we truly are, the world of work would be a better place.

And so, I turned down the offer, convinced that, in my own small way, true success had already been achieved. It was not in the numbers, but in the transformation, I had seen in people, in the way they had begun to grow, to believe in themselves. And that, for me, was the greatest victory.

A Buyer

I had returned to Italy from Venezuela, having been away for many years, and my wife was ready to push me to find a job because she could not see me doing nothing, she was not used to it.

An old friend, familiar with a large car sales company, invited me to visit the facility and interview the owner, who was open to collaborating with me, having noted my national and international experience.

The 30-minute interview was more of a curiosity-seeking process, typical of small-town people, than a real opportunity for an interview and skills assessment.

He immediately decides to give me a desk and a computer, and entrusts me to his nephew, who speaks a strong dialect, who tries to inform me, saying that this is the type of corporate training.

Afterwards I began my tour of the showroom to see the cars for sale, but I found neither Ferrari nor Lamborghini, even though in the formations they had played on high-sounding car names.

In the days that followed, my presenter friend began to change his mind, informing me that the organization had looked askance at my professionalism and preparation, and I was being asked to lower my standards. It would have been appreciated, but this was the cradle of envy: no leadership skills, mediocre among the mediocre.

The first explanations about the work were that customers absolutely must not go to the workshop, as modifications that are not exactly legal are carried out there, and the customer should not have to see these magic tricks, engines and mileage replaced at the last minute, or tires fitted to cars not permitted in the registration document.

Every customer who entered the dealership was assigned a salesperson, chosen based on their knowledge of the individual, and everyone was ready to say, "It's mine, I've already spoken to him," so the operating space was very limited, but despite everything, in a month I only managed to sell one Fiat Panda.

The owners immediately recognized my education and elegance, but that was not enough for me to stay, and the owner gave me a Fiat Lancia for the period and a salary of five hundred euros.

Everyone was surprised but happy that I was leaving. I was a difficult colleague, but another dealership wanted me. They were impressed, but after realizing that the two owners were close, as brothers, and the common presence of one of their salesmen, a great con artist and deceiver, made me make the decision to leave and not accept.

I found a clear parallel between Italian and foreign entrepreneurs:for the former, staff represented a cost, for the latter it was simply a significant investment.

No one would have recognized the value; they did not have the tools to read it.

Two Owners

That afternoon I was returning home late; professional commitments had kept me busy longer than expected, and without a solution I would never have left my clients.

That is how I was used to them, that is how the company I worked for had trained me and forced me to do, always maintaining the same question of style.

I entered the house and my wife, strangely, was not smiling, in 31 years it had happened a few times, this was an indication that something had happened, but what?

When asked several times for details, he claimed that he had heard about our family at the supermarket, and that strangers had made the claim that we had become poor and destitute, so much so that we did not even have enough money to eat.

This saddened my wife, who rationally tried to understand how such false and gratuitous statements and declarations could be made, lacking the only valid burden at the time: proof.

Meanwhile, we continued to live with dignity, and we changed supermarkets; they would no longer have any indication of our health condition.

Some time passed, the time I had established in my mind, had to pass and I went to the supermarket and spoke to the owner, with the opportunity to give her one of my books, and let her know that it was n: 17 and that she could buy it in Multilingual, (108 languages) and that they were only available in 125 countries, it would have been enough to open any Amazon site.

His reaction was political, one of compliments and thanks, but no leaps of joy.

Ten days later I met her husband to give him another book as a gift. He already knew the details, his wife had informed him, and he concentrated on asking me how much money I had made, it was the only parameter that really interested him.

A smile from me convinced him that the personal question was inappropriate, confirming that in all these years I had never asked how much the supermarket cost in each month; I found it in bad taste.

He could not breathe, he was short of breath, he turned red in the face, and he took care to let me know that he would read the book he had received asa gift, even though we both knew of his great literary innocence.

We parted with a goodbye, and I wanted to say many things, such as that "money has no value in life, having it or not having it is just a question of character" but I immediately stopped and remembered the ancient teachings that told me, as we were forced to remain silent, our social status prevented us from making further comments.

It was a pleasant confirmation; they had gotten married and between the two of them they were worth less than half.

The Culture

Cultureis not acquired biologically but must be passed down from generation to generation. If this does not happen, we will remain a world with a severe mental handicap that cannot be seen but is felt.

Language is the first element, followed by shared behaviors and material objects, permanence within a community and social transmission from one generation to the next.

Culture is acquired through learning and knowledge acquired through reading and through the subjective individual capacity to gradually rework knowledge, based on experience and the influence of the surrounding environment.

It offers man the ability to know where he is, where he wants to go, what he needs to know, what he should do, without making him lose the logical and rational orientation that life offers him.

So, culture embraces people of a certain type; having a large library at home immediately gives us a sense of ownership, but we receive no indication of their cultural level.

The Ancient Greeks, masters in this field as well, practiced this type of exercise: making it appear that they had a lot associated them with claiming they were rich, only to then be unmasked, because innocence, thank God, is the only thing that cannot be measured.

But there are people who always want to give value to things, and one day I had fun meeting a boastful and self-important person.

With my usual friends present, I sit him down at a table in a bar and say:now I'mgoing to give you three women'sthongs, the same color and the same size, and you, as the expert on women, will enlighten these five idiots.

He was happy, he was the only intelligent one, he dominated the audience, he had little education, but he managed to give seminars to some professionals, where his memory helped him but he didn't even know what he was saying and didn't want to be interrupted.

I put the underwear on the table and started smelling it, like a bloodhound, he immediately said that women had beautiful bodies, but we were in the realm of obviousness given the sizes.

My question was this: give an economic value to all three sets.

You should have seen the nothingness that was shaking these Thongs, to say that the first one was worth twenty euros, the second forty euros and the third eighty euros.

He was incredibly happy and wanted to know if he had guessed correctly, but the answer was not long in coming in the form of a letter which said: Hi Mario, as promised I went to Paolo's mother-in-law's house and stole the first thong that was hanging outside, then I went with an excuse to Paolo's sister's house and put my hands in her dirty laundry, taking the second thong, and then I had a stroke of luck with Paolo's wife who went to my gynecologist friend and I stole the third pair.

He had turned white, the invincible man, a rag man, because the weakness of these people is never to fight them on their terms, but to win them on ours, where the unexpected surprise effect makes them immediately feel like people who are worth nothing at all.

The Morning

That morning, I woke up early, my joints were sore, as if to emphasize that I was sixty and not twenty.

A dream during the night had made me fight with people and with my demons, but I had conquered them without sparing any kind of fight.

I rushed to my desk to see if anyone was looking for me on my computer, but the world was completely silent, and I was not the center of the Universe.

It was a good reason to withdraw myself and throw myself into the writing that I was so enthusiastic about, whose reflections and texts were not easy to produce.

I remembered that as a boy, every morning promptly at 7:00 am, a gentleman who looked to be around 60 years old would come to the family home, walking up three floors, and collect a large bag of rubbish, without ever complaining.

One day my mother, curious, asked him why he was doing that job at his age. He could have retired. But humble as he was, he explained that he had eight children and that the money was needed to send them to school in Turin, just1,300 km from home.

Years passed and this man died, but all his children had graduated and become serious professionals in Italy.

Meanwhile, the rules for garbage collection changed in Italy. No one came to people's homes to collect it; instead, people had to take itto bins located on city streets, initially, and then sort the contents into dedicated bins, which were placed in front of people's homes on specific days.

And here something happened: when these bins were being collected, a waste collector started shouting at an elderly gentleman, as if to humiliate and offend him, and the poor man did not find the courage to defend himself.

Luckily, I was nearby, a bystander of the scene, and I threw myself on this guy's van, grabbing him by the neck, and started screaming and asking for help because, according to him, he claimed I was killing him.

I asked him how old he was, and his name, he trembled like a leaf, and I brought him before the old man, on my knees, to make him apologize and at the end he asked me who the old man was for me and I replied: he is the father of all young people and must always be respected.

I let him go and realized that when a man is in a group, he is strong, but when he is alone, he becomes weak and worthless.

The Degree

The occasion of a graduation party had led us to a well-known restaurant in the city, where other people were present with us.

The hostess, as is the custom in the city, takes care of introducing us to everyone and telling us who the others are, work colleagues, friends, relatives to have an easy time in discussions.

Obviously, in these moments, the strongest person is the one in charge of communication, who can move between tables and people as he wishes without any control or timetable.

My friend in forms me that the woman sitting across from me is her co-worker, and the man sitting next to me is her partner.

Talking to the lady, it turns out that I know her sister, a beautiful woman, but always a bitch who took care of showing off only to end up married to a half-wit.

Whilewe are atit, I say that the sister was engaged to a friend of mine, a certain Cesare, and she is telling me that it is not possible because the Cesare in question was engaged to her.

Her partner jumps up and, turning to her, tells her he never knew anything about it, and it is clear they are both embarrassed. But my friend steps in to help, saying I 'd made a mistake, clearly making a mistake.

I strongly reiterate that this is the truth, and I realize that cuckolding never pleases anyone, but if a partner really must cuckold them, let him do it with dignity and without making any noise, because cuckolding is the family's wealth.

The ancients were right when they said that in families the habits of female children were difficult to change.

Relationships

I met with my psychiatrist, had a coffee together and exchanged those few words that do not happen inside the doctor's office, partly out of respect for the place and partly out of awe.

I asked him if it was an enjoyable time to ask a couple of questions. I had waited a long time and at that moment it seemed like the right place.

I told him that for a couple of years I had been looking for 5/7/10 people to argue with every day, based on work activities, pushing forward my own beliefs and my own reasons and I didn'tunderstand if it was my pathology'sfault and if the world had suddenly turned upside down.

And the other question is about my difficulty relating to others over the past ten years, which prevented me from maintaining any type of relationship, whether friendly, emotional, sentimental, or romantic.

He looked at me deeply, he knew me well, he knew everything there was to know, every detail would have been superfluous to remember, he knew the problems, common to many other people, and he offered me a point of reflection.

When she argues with 5/7/10 different people every day, there is an underlying reason, an obvious rationale, she expresses her personality through her character, freely expressing her point of view, what she does not accept is arrogance, innocence and bad manners and this happens in front of professionals armed with culture and knowledge and not improvised people, who in the face of their mistakes, in addition to apologizing, are accustomed to backing down.

Relating to others is a difficult exercise, because accepting a friendship must be difficult, but there comes a point where we don't share other people's lives, whether because of a certain lifestyle we have, or because of principles and values inherent in our education and culture, and we never like to exploit relationships, because it's not right and others recognize our superior intelligence without us showing itoff.

The secret is to choose the best, those who never leave, where friendship becomes speculative in knowledge and not speculative in interest, and often it is necessary to pay attention to social class, the only guarantee that allows us continuity.

Having lost so many friends, so many relationships, you think of it as if you had lost telephone numbers on your cell phone, after a while you will never need them again because you will have no interest in calling them, they have no value.

The car

Three years have passed since I purchased it, and the meeting with the accountant convinced me to change it, since as a capital asset of the company it had clear economic and fiscal advantages.

It was not the first timeI had changed, I had been doing this job for over 20 years now, but each time it was always difficult to let go, given the many emotional contributions and memories tied to the years gone by.

Over the years, I had learned to buy not the car I wanted, but the one that would maintain ahigh market value when resold, without creating a capital loss, an activity frowned upon by the tax authorities.

I went back to the old dealer who knew me, but due to a new salesman, we could not agree on a new purchase.

When I approached new and different dealers, each of them never missed an opportunity to tell me that a fly had scratched the car, just to make a profit on the trade-in and the sale of the new one.

It was a game I knew well, I had changed almost thirty cars, between me, my wife and my father-in-law, and the rule that prevailed in the place was over valuation, no discount on the new one.

If I had gone to a low-selling dealership, they would have sold me a new car with enough promotion to make anyone pale, but the price to pay would have been a total net loss upon resale.

I changed provinces, dealers of well-known and primary brands, with a different mentality: I would have missed twenty years of opportunities, had I known this beforehand.

I managed to understand that here they had made a cartel agreement and the loss of value rule was unique and applied to all customers.

Their strategy was a losing one, the customer would have absorbed the loss of value, but they had started to lose customers, and within ten years they closed all the local dealerships and new owners arrived from other areas of Italy.

POST-SCRIPT UM

This book does not make anyone better.

And it is not meant to be shared on social media.

If it bothered you, it worked.

If it made you think, it is a side effect. If it reassured you, then you misread.

I am not interested in agreeing with the reader.

I am interested in ensuring **they cannot ignore what they have read.** Today, everyone talks about success.

No one talks about endurance. Yet that is where everything is decided.

If you are looking for a moral, make it up yourself. I have only left traces.

Aphorisms

1. You are not what you own, but what you hold. 2. Money amplifies character, it does not create it. 3. He who talks too much about success is afraid of silence. 4. The worst poverty is not knowing how to do anything without money. 5. Falls do not teach **them to reveal.** 6. Chance decides the event; you decide the posture. 7. Free people disturb those who live by roles. 59 8. Security is a well-sold illusion. 9. He who has never lost anything is not trustworthy. 10. Talent without discipline is just noise. 11. The system is fair: it is indifferent. 12. The right choices do not guarantee satisfactory results. 13. Wrong choices do not prevent you from saving yourself. 14. Dignity does not make a CV. 15. Fear always asks permission from the wallet. 16. Respect cannot be bought or earned. 17. He who has everything to lose lies best. 18. Truth does not motivate **it moves.** 19. Freedom costs more than it promise. 20. Staying standing is already a victory.

Epilogue

There is no conclusion. There is only observation.

Life does not follow a plan.

It follows a sequence of events to which we react as best we can.

Some become rich.

Others become poor. Many become unrecognizable.

The real difference is not how much you accumulate, but **how much you remain whole** when you lose.

If after this book you still need certainty, it was not meant for you.

If, however, you still have an uncomfortable question, then it ends in the right way.

The rest is just time.

Close

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