GILLETTE UNIVERSE

VOLUME 12

NOT FRIENDS.

NOT JUST ACQUAINTANCES.

we are what we show ourselves to be

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INTRODUCTION

Our origins are the bricks that build who we are. Every encounter, every moment of our lives, creates a unique mosaic.

They are elements that shape us, gently or forcefully, leaving marks that become our character.

Choices intertwine, often without us realizing it.

Humans constantly seek connection, driven by an instinct. But not all relationships blossom as we hope.

"Love for one's neighbor" is a tired phrase, devoid of use and rhetoric.

It has become an abstract concept, devoid of the emotional energy that should sustain it.

Friendship, on the other hand, is a complex territory. Connection is not enough: it requires depth.

Respect, sincerity, emotion, loyalty.

It is a rare value, hard to find and easy to lose.

So, the question arises: where does true friendship lie?

Friendships come in a rainbow of forms. There are enthusiastic ones, love. Possessive ones, consumed by jealousy.

Self-interested ones, lasting only as long as there is a benefit.

And then there are curious, ambiguous, malicious relationships.

Every bond contains nuances and contradictions.

Sometimes it is enough to stop and ask yourself: "Who is this person really?

Why did they come into my life? And why are they still here?" When it comes to friendship between a man and a woman, the debate heats up.

Can a platonic, lasting relationship really exist? History says no, and I agree.

Any wood, even the best, burns if you put it near a fire.

It is a simple, almost banal truth, but no less true for that.

We do not control the dynamics that drive relationships. Attraction, affinity, emotions: they follow their own laws. They defy logic, they ignore rationality.

We should accept this complexity, instead of trying to pigeonhole it.

Only then can we understand the value of those who truly walk beside us.

PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES

6 The prologue is the point where theory stops speaking and life takes its place.

Up to this point, we have defined the outlines, dynamics, illusions, and truths about relationships.

Now comes the facts: the stories.

Each episode that follows is a piece of reality, experienced, observed, or recognized.

There is no need to embellish them: they speak for themselves.

People reveal who they are in the details, in their gestures, in their silences, and in their shortcomings.

That is where everything becomes clear.

The Prologue opens the door to this world: that of relationships seen up close, without romanticism, without convenient interpretations, without excuses.

This is not an introduction to fantasy. It is an invitation to lucidity.

From here on, the reader enters the most honest part of the book:

real life.

The Macchiato Coffee

One day, while walking through the city center, I came across a café that seemed to promise the best. It had a bright window, with eye-catching signs announcing, "Caffe macchi a to just like you make at home, but with a touch of magic!" Now, like any good coffee lover, I told myself I could not miss such a promise. A caffè macchi a to with a touch of magic? I absolutely had to try it.

I entered the bar with a determined air, ready to evaluate this "magic" that, to be honest, made me laugh a little. I approach the counter and order: "A macchi a to, please." The barista, a young woman with a smile that seemed a little too forced, looks at me mysteriously and says, "You know, our macchi a to is really special.""Really?"I replied, with a look of skepticism I just could not hide. "They say the secret is in the macchi a to." I was struck by the answer. "The secret in the stain?" I thought to myself. "The stain? It is just a little milk in a coffee!" But I did not want to seem like a coffee snob, so I nodded comp licit ly, as if I were a connoisseur and had just understood what he was saying.

The coffee arrives, and with it a small saucer and spoon, as often happens. But when I look at the coffee, I cannot help but notice that it is not at all what I imagined. There is no white milk stain, no. Instead, there is something that looks more like a "sublime abstract painting" of milk that has decided to "dance" on top of the coffee, as if it were a failed work of art. I tried stirring a bit, but the stain held firm with dignity, with an air of superiority, as if it were saying: "See? I am not just a simple coffee with milk. I am experienced!" At that point, I remained silent for a couple of seconds, trying to figure out whether I had just drunk a coffee or had found myself in an artistic performance I had not requested. I decided to take the first sip, hoping that at least the taste would live up to its promises.

The coffee was... good. No, not good. It was excellent. But the stain, that indecipherable stain of milk that never fully mixed, was driving me crazy. Why couldn't I stop to think that a milk stain could be so mysterious and important? As I sipped, I tried to understand the stain's true "secret." It was a hidden message that only true coffee connoisseurs could grasp. Or the barista was teasing me, and I had become the protagonist of an epic prank without even realizing it.

In a corner of the bar, a couple was talking about trips to Australia and their latest experience with ozone. They seemed so happy to be normal, yet they were like the "perfect coffee" they advertise. Completely unbearable. Meanwhile, my cup of macchi a to and I continued to do a kind of tango, a dance between the macchi a to and the coffee that I could not understand.

When I finished my cup, I stood up, but not before looking critically at the barista who had served me. "You know," I said, "maybe the magic of your coffee isn't in the stain, but in its ability to make me think too much while I drink." He smiled at me, as if I had just solved the bar's great mystery, and replied, "Exactly. And I wish you a magical day!" Leaving the bar, I felt as if I had just had an unintended existential experience. I had understood a fundamental truth: sometimes, the simplest things are the ones that confuse us the most. The magic of the macchi a to was not in the coffee, nor the milk, but in my reaction. The real magic was all within me.

I walked home, laughing at myself. Next time, I would choose regular coffee, without any mysteries or stains. Or at least, that is what I thought. Then, as I passed the same café the next day, I could not help but stop and look out of the window. I was ready to brave the stain again. Because, like any good coffee addict, I knew that sometimes, even the strangest stains can become an essential part of our day.

The Friend of Beautiful Days

There is a friend who appears only on sunny days when everything is going well. I call him "the friend of good days." In moments of joy and serenity, he is there, ready to share laughter and adventures. But when the sky darkens and life's clouds gather, he disappears like snow in the sun. I have always wondered what this friendship really meant. Was it genuine or just superficial?

Every time we met, it felt like time stood still. Our conversations were light and carefree, and the worries of everyday life seemed far away. But then, in difficult moments, I found myself alone, without his presence to support me. I spent a lot of time reflecting on this dynamic and realized that friendship has many facets. Not all friends are meant to stay by our side in dark times. Some are like the sun, bringing light and warmth on clear days, but failing to shine on the darkest nights.

I have learned to appreciate these friends too, recognizing their value. They taught me to live in the present, to savor moments of joy without worrying about the future. They reminded me of the importance of being grateful for the small joys of everyday life. And so, I have accepted my friend of beautiful days for what he is: a temporary ray of sunshine that illuminates my life with his light, even if only for a moment. But now I know that even shadows have their place, for without it, we could never fully appreciate the beauty of light.

The Friend Who Wasn't

There was a time when I considered Marco my best friend. We were inseparable, sharing dreams and secrets, laughing, and crying together. But one day, the mask fell and I discovered the truth that left me breathless. Marco was not the friend I thought he was. Behind my back, he was wearing a web of lies and betrayal. He used our friendship as a tool for his own personal gain. Every time I sought his support, I found excuses and justifications.

The hardest blow came when I discovered he had spread unfounded rumors about me. The trust I had placed in him shattered into a thousand pieces. I felt betrayed, hurt, and angry. How could someone so close to me deceive me like that? I realized that Marco had played with my feelings, exploiting my loyalty and affection. It was not easy to accept the truth. I spent sleepless nights wondering what I had done wrong, where I had failed.

Then, I realized it was not my fault. Marco was a master manipulator, capable of hiding his true nature behind a friendly smile. I decided to distance myself from him, to cut ties and rebuild my life without him. It was a painful process, but necessary. I learned to be more selective about who I could trust, to recognize warning signs, and to protect my heart. The friend who was not, ultimately, became a valuable lesson, a reminder to never take the sincerity of others for granted.

The Game of Priorities

Life is a game of priorities, and I learned this the hard way. Friendship was one of the most important things, an unbreakable bond that deserved all my time and energy. But as the years passed, I realized that not everyone shared this view. I often found myself making sacrifices for friends, putting aside my own needs and ambitions. But when I was the one in need, their priorities seemed to shift. I realized I was always second best, a fallback option.

I began to feel the weight of this dynamic. I wondered if I was doing something wrong if I was too demanding or too available. But then I realized the problem was not me. It was my view of priorities. I learned to redefine my expectations, to put myself first. I began to dedicate more time to my passions and my projects. And, surprisingly, I felt more balanced and happier. It did not mean I had abandoned the friendship, but that I had learned to balance things.

I understood that true friendships do not require unilateral sacrifices but are based on mutual balance. And so, the game of priorities became a life lesson. I learned to value my time and energy, to carefully choose who deserved my commitment and who did not. I discovered that putting myself first was not selfish, but an act of self-love. And only in this way, finally, could I be best friends with those who truly deserved my affection.

Between Friend and Acquaintance

Navigating the fine line between friend and acquaintance can be a daunting and often ironic undertaking. Take Luca, for example, a person I used to hang out with regularly, sharing many light conversations at the bar and a couple of soccer games a week. One day, Luca asked me to help him move. At that moment, I

found myself reflecting on our relationship: was it close enough to commit to an entire weekend of physical and mental exertion? I decided to accept, thinking that our relationship was evolving into a true friendship.

But during the move, something changed. The superficial conversations we had shared were not enough to fill the awkward silence that grew as we hauled heavy boxes. I realized that, beyond the usual pleasantries, we did not know much about each other. When we finally sat down, exhausted, among the boxes, Luca thanked me with a simple "Thank you" and immediately returned to his usual distant demeanor. The next day, there were no dinner invitations or signs of a newfound intimacy. We returned to our casual chats at the bar and soccer games.

In that experience, I realized that Luca remained an acquaintance, despite my attempts to turn him into a friend. It was clear that the boundary between friend and acquaintance is often determined not only by intention, but also by the depth of the interaction. Sometimes, we are too quick to label someone a friend, without considering that not all bonds are destined to become so intimate. And that is okay. I realize that sometimes acquaintances are also essential, bringing lightness and companionship without the burden of emotional closeness.

Friends and Enemies

It is funny and a little disturbing how similar friends and enemies can be. Take Marco and Andrea, two opposites in my life. Marco was my best friend, while Andrea was someone I would gladly have avoided. Yet, when you think about it, their behaviors were not particularly different. Marco was always ready to tease me about my musical tastes, sarcastically commenting on every new song I put on in the car. Andrea did the same thing, only with less affection and more malice. Both criticized my choices, but while with Marco we always ended up laughing together, with Andrea I felt hurt and angry.

But the most striking similarity was the way they both acted when I was successful. Marco complimented me, but there was always a hint of envy in his eyes. Andrea, on the other hand, tried to belittle my successes with scathing comments. I wondered if there really was that much difference between them. Friends and enemies are nothing more than mirrors of ourselves, reflecting parts of ourselves that we love and loathe. The difference lies in the motivation behind those behaviors.

Eventually, I learned to take these similarities lightly. When Marco made a scathing joke, I teased him about his "similarity" to Andrea. And when Andrea tried to belittle me, I responded with a smile and a joke, imagining him as a friend I had never met. This perspective helped me reduce the importance I gave to other people's judgments and no longer allow words, whether from friends or enemies, to influence my peace of mind.

My Chief Rosary

Each of us is unique. When we seek to learn, we do so in our own way. We personalize knowledge, making it our own.

You have managed human resources for many years. You have gone from training to coaching, from explaining to teaching. You have been a friend and, at times, a big brother.

You have always been given joy. You are a genuine man; one you can count on. Resolute and serious, you have never hidden your origins.

Your values come from your upbringing. You are from a world-renowned town. Here, everyone knows everyone and everything. Many have never understood your profession.

Your family is at the center of your thoughts. You have never had trouble explaining things to them. They have always shown great intelligence, and your credibility has been unquestionable.

I am saddened by your wife's health challenges. But I am sure an effective treatment plan can help her. It is possible.

You are in my thoughts every day. I wonder how Rosario would do it. And I wonder if you would be proud of me, the student who absolutely loved you.

Human ingratitude outweighs God's mercy. It is human nature to be selfish and indifferent. Many around us are not like us.

I wish you good health. I hope you enjoy the good things around you. Only then can you say you have created your own world.

Punctuality

Some people have the gene for punctuality in their DNA. For them, it is a principle of life, not just respect for others.

Italians, on the other hand, are notorious for their lack of punctuality. An appointment with them is always an approximate time, never a precise moment.

Those who are not punctual often lie. They use lies to justify their behavior and actions.

I told you we would talk on Friday… and there you go, you misunderstood, it was Monday. These are the ones who are not punctual liars.

The same doctor, when he must make a diagnosis, often uses "more or less… maybe" to indicate a period of treatment.

A couple is asked when they will get married. They replied, "We've decided, in about a month… maybe." The police interviewed a witness at the crime scene. They ask him what time the criminals arrived. He replies, "About two hours ago… maybe." The boyfriend asks his girlfriend when her period will be. She says, "About two days from now… maybe." When a contract is finalized, it is decided that it will be finalized the next day. But no one knows when the next day will be, as if the calendar were changing. Later… maybe.

The example of punctuality that comes to mind is the German people. They are always accustomed to respecting time.

This is where the famous German technological culture, based on reliability and punctuality, was born.

However, there is a universal cliché: the bride who never arrives at the altar on time. This applies to everyone; it is a matter of style.

Punctuality is also an internal order, a culture of respect and politeness. We must give our all, but many do not understand or pretend not to.

The only place where we all arrive on time is when we are put in the coffin. We cannot see what we are around. But do not worry, there will always be latecomers… maybe.

The Disagreement

I met you on the banks of the Thames. It was a rainy day, like so many in London. Your blond hair, with its curls, captivated me for a long time. After years of engagement, we had to make important decisions, but we could not reach an agreement. You wanted to get married in your family castle in Scotland. And how could I convince my 85-year-old grandfather to wear a kilt and spend an entire day with his balls dangling? You were stubborn, like a good Scot I thought we Calabrian's were stronger, but I was wrong. One day we went to the castle. Your mother and aunt looked down on me. They thought I was a servant, unaware that my qualities had forced you to rely on me. Wow betides anyone if they found out. The ceremony would be on the lawn. There were chairs, ornaments, and a priest. You had foreseen everything. I asked you when it would happen. You answered calmly: the second Saturday in September. Impossible, I said. It is Madonna's feast day in my town, and I must eat fritters!You did not understand, but you confided in me that you had already told everyone the date. The night before the wedding, we were having dinner at the castle. All my relatives were there. My mother had brought my tuxedo, but you forced me to wear a kilt. It was a unique occasion. Even my psychiatrist was there, but not as a guest. He was a spectator in a great gathering of madmen. "It's fascinating to watch two madmen from distant cultures intertwine. Between language barriers and mental delusions, a unique bond is born. These eccentric characters show us that understanding transcends all boundaries." The ceremony took place. My grandfather took your grandmother, and they disappeared for two hours. No one ever knew where they were. On our wedding night, we went to bed, tired but happy. I was ready to love you, for marital duty, when you arrived fully dressed. You say all these people inhibited you and you wanted to leave. We left for the airport. Your uncle had put his private jet at our disposal. He flew us to Rome in three hours. I said, "Why Rome? I have a house in Reggio Calabria! I want to stay here, in a big city." Months passed, and you got pregnant. A week before giving birth, your mother and aunt arrived to support her. She did not want anyone around. A boy was born, 5.5 kg. The nurse asked me what I wanted to name him. I immediately said, "Vincenzo. Get the paperwork ready; I'll take it to the municipality right away." I went back to her room. She asked me if I had given the baby his father's name, Charles. Absolutely not. She started screaming, and everyone came running. But I was already on the way to register. Vincenzo.

The next stop was the separation lawyer, and like a good Scotsman he kept asking but never giving.

Disagreement appears quickly in a relationship. These factors cloud reality. "I love you" is a phrase we often forget, as is "I'll do anything for you." Do not make decisions unless, you are sure. As experience teaches, to avoid disagreement:"Wivesand oxen from your own country."

The Languages

Some time ago, I delved into the story of Cleopatra. To my surprise, I discovered she spoke nine languages and could read hieroglyphics. Besides being beautiful and incredibly intelligent, she was also a Queen.

There was no secret in the books of the world, accessible to her, to know everything about her time.

This is an article on a social media report, which I used as something to consider.

It is true that studying languages broadens your knowledge.

At nineteen, I went to Poland for the first time. It was strange to hear people speaking another language, but that was the reality.

After only two weeks, I began to converse in Polish. At the time, the Pope was promoting relations between the two peoples.

A month later, four young men from Reggio Calabria arrived at my hotel. They were here for vacation. Teresa from Hall put us in touch to help them. They immediately complimented my Italian. They wanted to know how long I had been here. It had only been a few days.

Twenty years of work with the American Society has helped me with my English. A good academic foundation was essential. When traveling, one often communicates only in English.

My grandparents, of Albanian origin, taught me this language. It is an older version of the one spoken in Albania. I deepened my knowledge of Albanian with a forced 30-day journey.

Madame Betancourt Louise, a manager in Paris, refreshed my school French. Now I speak fluent French, except when French women shout. This is hard for me to understand, even for me.

Two years in Spain to learn Spanish, including how to write it. Then another two years in South America and Cuba. There I perfected the local Spanish, which is different.

In Romania, in the land of Transylvania, I found beautiful women and many opportunities. I had to write and speak Romanian well. After two years, I sounded Romanian, but I had a Georgian accent.

There is a strange thing about our memory. Languages stimulate our brains and help us reason. Not just bilinguals, but also those who speak multiple languages.

There are many languages to learn to open doors: English, Chinese, and Hindi. Let us not forget the charm of Greek and Arabic. Icelandic and Japanese add an exotic touch to your linguistic baggage. And who would not want to speak Finnish, German, Norwegian, and Danish? Finally, French is the enchanting language that rounds out this list of linguistic treasures.

Each of them is a precious treasure, full of history and culture. Learning them is like collecting golden keys to travel between diverse cultures.

Interestingly, the least spoken language is Zapata. Only five people speak it in a small region of Ecuador called Pastaia.

Memorizing vocabulary in a foreign language is difficult. Vocabulary puts a strain on your memory. Reading and listening are essential.

At first, at the bar, I pretended to read the newspaper aloud. I used texts I had memorized, which had nothing to do with the news. People listened and were interested. Eventually, they bought the paper.

I found answers to my questions. Language is regulated by a part of the brain, Broca's area. This is where thoughts are translated into spoken language. A flexible mind and better brain connections.

Telling it was not hard, I hope reading it is fun, and experiencing it was unforgettable.

The Days of My Age

Few minds stop reflecting; that is a good thing. If we were all geniuses, where would we find the fools?

Time passes inexorably: years, months, days, hours, minutes. Invented time zones to justify nighttime and sleep.

But the holidays shine, unique and special. Religious rituals intertwine with daily routines: breakfast, lunch, snacks, dinner.

The poetry of Totò and La Livella should be recalled, but this is not the right time.

Age? A collection of moments nestled together, each with its own memories. A personal treasure that cannot be exchanged.

And so, comes the change in the way you approach each day. At twenty, you put on sneakers and jeans, running away without care.

At sixty, you dress cautiously; impressions matter. You must avoid being the "not yourself" of the group, without exception.

Because, oh, the judgments fly: "Look how his wife sends him around!"

But I want to reveal to my readers that there is a place in each of our lives where age is irrelevant: in bed.

It is a fact: experience is our secret sauce. We sleep luxuriously on two pillows, optional pajamas. Masters of our own kingdom, we are self ie-ready, and we live the best of our life. Who needs old-school comforts when we can feel fabulous?

Let us embrace youth with open arms, exuberant and lively, for as long as we want.

Our wives serve as fashion consultants, a blessing with a twist. In their eyes, we are wise elders, not the charming gentlemen we imagine!

So, it is often best to venture out with children, friends, or a romantic partner. They have a true flair for style and never miss the mark.

I started writing down last week's results: it was astonishing! The list grew; it turns out I was busier than I thought.

As the years pile up, so do our stories. Distraction plays gracefully alongside every promise we make. Every experience, a note in the symphony of life, adds richness to our journey.

Do Not Disturb

This familiar sign hangs in hotels. It signals a guest seeking peace while housekeepers work their magic. In our technology-driven world, iPhone users embrace this state of mind with Full Immersion, seamless immersion. When connected via Bluetooth to the car, the phone detects motion and automatically activates Do Not Disturb mode. In a professional or personal meeting, people seek to maintain their own time autonomy. They do not want to be disturbed until they have finished their tasks. A closed door means not disturbing those inside. It shows respect for an important discussion. For those participating, itis vital. "Do Not Disturb" on many social media platforms is a new feature. It helps people focus. It encourages setting boundaries with friends by eliminating notifications. Do Not Disturb mode on cell phones removes distractions. It activates silent mode and blocks notifications. Who could forget the English translation, "DO NOT DISTURB"? It is used in universities around the world to protect students and lecturers. It is accompanied by a warm greeting. Tasks that require concentration and attention risk poor results without a "Do Not Disturb" sign. A good night's sleep in the bedroom is essential. To avoid disturbing your sleep, experts recommend reducing light sources. While we sleep, our brain regenerates and repairs minor damage. Concentration, a good memory, and excellent physical fitness depend on not being disturbed. We advise wives to delay the morning cleaning. It is our priority. If only they understood not disturbing us.

The Betrayal

Betrayal is an ancient wound, as eternal as humanity itself. The episode of Judas Iscariot reveals the face of a traitor. His unprecedented act against Jesus gave rise to an extensive line of infidels. The word betrayal comes from the Latin "trader," meaning "to deliver." It evokes the breaking of bonds and the violation of trust. When, faced with imminent doom, Jesus exclaimed: "Woe to anyone who betrays the Son of Man!" His words echoed through time.

Betrayal comes in many forms, each with an emotional burden. There's sexual betrayal, emotional betrayal, and the breakdown of trust. There's also virtual betrayal and serial betrayal. Each of these wounds leaves deep scars. Therapy is not always able to heal them. A parent's betrayal can devastate children. Monuments fall, and families fall apart. Secrets crush them, weighing like boulders.

The difference between infidelity and adultery lies in the bond between people. Between engaged couples, it is called infidelity; within marriage, it is called adultery. In both cases, the costs can be enormous. In Italy, case law and the Catholic Church often protect the woman. Thus, the man finds himself in a precarious position, even with evidence in his favor.

Cheating on a spouse is no longer a crime, but it is still risky. The emotional, legal, and financial costs must be considered. Every action has a price. Often, a fleeting desire is not enough to justify the consequences. It is wise never to cheat on someone's doorstep. If it must happen, it is best to do it far away, discreetly.

Betrayal is not an isolated act. It is an earthquake that shakes relationships, shows uncertainty and suffering. It is a natural and human condition, but the pain remains. The real question is whether it is wise to forgive. The path that promises leads to more losses than gains.

The Music

In my third year of middle school, music was my life. Professor Romolo, a close friend of my grandfather, taught with passion. He considered me his heir, a budding young mandolinist.

"We will be musical vagabonds," he said, "playing under the windows of the women we admire!"

Well, I was only thirteen;female charm was a mystery. But the hormonal effervescence made me ready; testosterone was a commander ready to lead me.

During an oral exam, the fateful question: "What is music?" In front of forty listening classmates, I courageously answered: "Music is the expression of the soul."

The professor turned to the class, pointing out that I had given my first real lesson. Taking things for granted was not a good habit for anyone.

I studied flute, classical guitar, and mandolin. But my success with girls remained a mere mirage. They, habitually in their courtship, looked further a field than their neighbors, seeking out their own kind. They were just village women.

Since then, music has been a constant in my life. Between work and play, it guides my thoughts and decisions.

It is a passion that lasts forty-five years. I have followed every technological innovation: home, car, office, train, plane.

My favorite genres? Opera, classical, romantic, sentimental, South American, Cuban, English, and Romanian music. Knowing languages enriches your understanding; it is a completely unique experience.

I remember an episode in Ankara, Turkey, at my hotel. A piano was shining in the main hall. I wanted to play it, but I was not particularly good. Also to impress two pretty girls.

I sat down, my spine straight and my hands ready. I noticed a Player Piano system I had seen before in Canada. With my iPhone connected, I activated the piano, and it began to play, as if by magic.

I received applause and an invitation to tea. The meeting was over. Neither of us knew the piano was an Auto piano, a marvel that played itself.

Today, music still makes my heartbeat. It reminds me to never take what we have for granted, but to appreciate who we are.

The Fruit Market

We are all attached to the local store. There, we can stock up on the freshest fruit and vegetables. The products seem the same, but the prices fluctuate strangely. Some products can be ordered, enhancing our selection.

Be careful, though: greengrocers sometimes have the DNA of fraud!

The actions they do daily are: They deliberately get the price wrong on the scale.

They purposely get the weight wrong on the Libra.

They also add products to the bill that are not yours.

They do not give you the total receipt for the weighed goods.

They give you the rest of the shopping according to the operator's rule.

They count the expenses from memory, but the certainty of the result is a questionable fact.

They rely on the power of memory, on what customers believe: how much money they say they have given and what they should receive.

The Memory Effect Explained: What Salespeople Know All Too Well.

When it comes to paying with cash, customers prefer small coins. They justify using large bills by believing they will have more change.

The greengrocer asks the lady how much money she received. She replies with the small bills, having memorized the belief rather than the reality.

This is another source of stealth earnings, which affects younger people. Inexperience, in fact, favors the more absent-minded.

The greengrocer starts his day at 4:00 a.m. He heads to the Fruit Market to haggle, but even there, fraud abounds: • Unreliable scales, always ready to mislead the weight. • Fruit splashed with water to bloat weight. 27 • Un processed goods, with the good part on top and the rotten part underneath. • Prices vary depending on time and availability.

For transport from the Market to the store, outside companies manage the goods. However, some crates mysteriously disappear, without anyone complaining.

Those who work in this sector reap enormous profits. They are shielded by an accounting system that does not exist. No invoices, just incredible profits: margins ranging from 40% to 100%.

When you use this brilliant information, your greengrocer will change his behavior. He will apologize, as if it were just an innocent oversight, but, alas, it is a deeply ingrained habit.

Up until now, you have been his best customer, doubling his earnings. But today, something went wrong, and it all ended.

Oh, I forgot:the first reaction each of you will have will be to say: my greengrocer does not do these things.

Consider how greedy man is by nature, and you will have your answer. Why shouldn't he steal from you?

MONEY DOESN'T SMELL. IT'S NOT GOOD.

What Happened to Us

It was a gray morning, the kind that embraces you with a winter chill. The light rain drummed, while your body felt the ravages of time. At ninety, your body is a map of experiences and stories. Bone aches and memories crowd your mind: love, friends, family; a collage of memories. The days flowed by like a river, and I thought of my psychiatrist, who had predicted a long wait for my epilogue. I wanted to say to him: "Professor, you've got it wrong this time." Suddenly, I heard a knock on the door. It is the postman: "Good morning, Mr. Frega! How are you this morning?" "Fine, thanks, but excuse me, do we know each other?" "I'm Marco's grandson;my grandfather delivered your mail for forty years. Then it was my father'sturn, until he ran off with a Brazilian dancer."I laugh at the thought and imagine a future with my 'little one' in his place.

On my way back, I look for my wife, but like a ghost, she is absent. I cannot remember if she is alive or dead. I decided to call my son and ask about her; "She went to the hairdresser," he replies. At ninety-three years old?!

I must be grateful: my independence is a rare blessing. Many of my peers have been placed in mental health centers. It is a sad fate. A voice rings out, "Grandpa, it's time!" Ah, finally, we have a caregiver. She is a Greek woman, with… interesting features, and not exactly a beauty queen from her homeland. But I laughed: we shared a beard, despite the fifty years that separated us.

"Come on, Grandpa, let's go for the hot bath!" At that thought, my heart pounded: the sexual drive was still alive, only the raw material was missing. "What a family I have!" And I thought of my grandfather, at ninety, who found himself in the same predicament: a challenge to immortality!

Now it is time for dinner. As always, my wife, promptly corrected, brings roast chicken. Her culinary efforts? Nil. The comfort of the armchair awaited me after every bite.

I do one last mental exercise, reflecting on what I have lost and what I now miss. Night begins to fall and I hear a voice calling me; the path leading somewhere else is opening. It is my moment. They will never forget me. I have lived like an actor, always attentive to an ever-present audience, ready to respond.

The People of Naples

My career journey takes me to this vibrant city. Here, I was supposed to meet the titans of the perfumery and cosmetics industry. Here, time is money, and punctuality is the golden rule.

Having landed at the Central Railway Station, I took a taxi.

Arriving a little early, I asked the taxi driver for a tour. I want to relive memories of a distant past.

The taxi driver, with an infectious smile, begins to question me. I remember twenty years ago, my days as a Be rsa gli ere Athlete, a journey filled with happiness.

He, in turn, with a mix of nostalgia and realism, recounts that, twenty years ago, he was a free and carefree man. Now he has four children, a wife, and a mortgage to pay: how the world has changed!

The first laugh erupts and turns into a life lesson. With simple language and a genuine tone, the taxi driver reveals to me the truth of the passing of time.

The ride to my first meeting takes about thirty minutes. Once we arrive, I pay the fare, give the children a present, and he, amazed, asks me, "Who sent you?" As I entered the client's office, I had already had the secretary announce to me. But the schedule was packed; fifteen representatives were waiting in line.

After twenty minutes, a man enters. He is holding a cake. A lit candle illuminates his smile. He shouts the customer's name enthusiastically:"Happy birthday, happy birthday, it's a year!" The alarm goes off. Many wonder about this celebration. The birthday boy finally emerges from his office, intrigued.

He places the cake on the table, kisses it, and repeats: "Happy birthday, happy birthday, happy birthday!" That overdue debt is celebrating its first birthday. And he celebrates it with a candle.

Laughter engulfs the room; no one expected such a ploy! But that is the charm of Naples and the Neapolitans.

In the central station area, there are shops, both legal and otherwise. Crime here is divided into simple and complex.

Pick pocketing and common robbery are simple crimes. Fraud, the art of the package, is the queen of fraud.

Every day, a warning is given do not shop on the street, so as not to get robbed.

The story of two Tuscan sisters arriving in Naples for the first time demonstrates this truth. Tempted by a bargain, they buy two valuable watches on the street. Unfortunately, they are defrauded.

They go to the police station to report "UNKNOWN PERSONS." At that point, one of the suspects has already been arrested for other crimes. One of the sisters identifies him.

During the interrogation, the judge asks about the theft. The man stands up. An extensive list of crimes unfolds like an unfortunate carpet. He complains: "He robbed me, my supplier!" An unexpected theft that leaves him empty-handed and heavy-hearted. Too bad he does not even know his own name.

The Judge replies: "And the name of the supplier?" The answer blossoms: "I think his name is UNKNOWN." Only one, but I do not know the last name.

This is the city of suspended coffee, a unique invention. Anyone who wants a coffee and cannot afford it can receive it free of charge.

The Kingdom of the Two Sicilia's has always stood out among other kingdoms. Naples and its people possess a unique quality that only the best can boast.

The Value of Charity

Human nature is strange. We are wary and cautious, but also greedy. We always want more and often give less. A little self-criticism would be enough. Retracing our family experiences would make everything clearer. But what effects and characteristics define us in social life?

When we decide to do harm, we do not think about it. We just do it. On the contrary, to do good, we reflect on how much and how to do it, and to whom. This is the heart of the human mind: our personal interests always rule.

Charity, in theory, serves to help those in need, but in practice it often becomes a complex matter.

The first difficulty that strikes us in these circumstances is food and water. There are no specific parameters such as race, skin color, or religion. Children, however, remain the priority, as they are the future of humanity. Despite the difficulties, it is essential to maintain this principle.

I also want to share other charitable experiences; experiences I have personally experienced as a person in need. Falling from grace should not make us ashamed. Admitting it is humility. Yet, recovering on our own is the height of courage. We should never be ashamed to ask for help, but we should never lose hope of starting over.

One day I found myself far from home, destitute. My stomach was protesting, and the quickest solution was to eat at Caritas. Being there, surrounded by so many people, made me ask myself, "What am I doing here?" There were no obvious social classes, yet the situation was humiliating. There were engineers, doctors, entrepreneurs, foreigners, criminals. The causes were many: financial ruin, divorces, deaths, gambling addiction. It was all there.

The food we ate was not always the best. Sometimes it was good, other times it expired: yogurt, mozzarella, hamburgers, fruit. Despite the scarcity, I adapted. Soon, I became one of the representatives of that group of people. When food was scarce, I went to protest with the Caritas leaders.

They explained to me that the burgers were for those without teeth and that expired food was donated by supermarkets. After three meetings, they gave me €400 and asked me not to return. It was a personal victory, but the real lesson would come later. I used the money to return home, after explaining to the others that I would be moving to a different location.

The Silent Ascent

After fifteen days, I found an answer: why had this happened to me? Hitting rock bottom made me more aware of the value of normality. When I returned to my loved ones, I realized I needed help. At that moment, my angel Antonio arrived, reassuring me that we would find a solution.

Antonio took me to a psychiatrist, a capable man who was willing to listen. He immediately understood my problem but postponed the diagnosis until future tests. I was in the right place. With his help, I could return to my normal life. Antonio explained my financial situation and asked if he could help me free of charge. The answer was an immediate yes.

And so, Antonio continued to do so for years. Every time I try to pay him, he always refuses. This is silent charity, the kind you hear in its silence, without the need for thanks or fanfare. It is the kind of support that profoundly changes a life without pretension.

Working with humanitarian organizations around the world has given me many experiences, but there is one lesson that has touched me deeply: seeing a child eat with gusto, forgetting all the times we leave food on our plates. In a society like ours, the surplus of a few is the need of many. Without it, we cannot live.

Every time I see someone in need, I remember that time at Caritas, the fight for dignity, and the strength I found in helping others. Charity is not just a material act, but an act that changes us internally, making us more humane and aware of what truly matters.

People and Social Media

Over the past twelve months, I have been more exposed to this vast world of social media.

Many people take to social media, sharing their thoughts, ideas, and experiences. At this stage of life, they tellus who they are. Only later do we discover who they really are.

Each of us creates our own online showcase. The more titles there are, the greater the perceived value. It is like a modern-day gladiatorial arena. Here, the most skilled wins the title of greatness.

The number of followers promises wisdom. It should make us realize that thoughts and ideas are rich in content. Every exchange is an opportunity. We gather valuable experiences and make them our own.

I remember an account with 25,000 likes. This man said, "Freedom lies in sleep and reading." Curious, I sought comfort from a psychologist. I argued that true freedom lies in thinking and writing. She decided not to respond, respecting his personal space.

In the field of Social Communication, our sales Managers have a superpower. They can decipher emotions in ten seconds. With a single glance, they reveal secrets and hidden intentions. They are the Sherlock Holmes of the market, armed with lightning-fast intuitions. They win customers and build relationships, breaking down barriers like a colossus. It is the crucial moment that reveals with whom we are dealing.

Managing a social media profile is a subtle art, from your Profile to your Skills and Experience. We tend to highlight only the best of our writing. We hope to appear better than we are.

One day, my wife told me she had found a biography that reminded her of me. I looked at her, perplexed; I thought she was joking. I took her out onto the balcony, encouraging her to breathe and improve her oxygenation. She laughed as I asked her to sit down to discuss it.

He quizzed me on my biography and finally locked eyes with me and asked, "Why didn't you ever tell me about it?" "You were busy being a mother," I replied, "while I was building success in the world." One afternoon, I received a friend request. It was a charming woman who wanted to have coffee. Strange, I thought; I am not exactly an Adonis. But this interest struck me with a mix of excitement and suspicion.

I refused, and she was surprised. "Why?" she asked. "Simple," I replied. "I've been married for 30 years to the woman I love, the mother of my three beautiful children. We know each other's weaknesses and virtues." After a moment, she asked, "Tell me about pleasure." "Sorry, I won't talk about it." The conversation ended with: "Thanks, bye." Who was it? Someone must have guessed; it was my sister-in-law evaluating me. Social media becomes a classroom exam.

Finally, I have seen many professionals, especially psychologists, on social media. Some had modest profiles, others were festive and loud. It raises the obvious question: are there more experts or tormented souls?

My psychiatrist, one of Italy's leading experts, revealed a shocking truth. As many as 20-25% of the world's population struggles with mental disorders. A reality that weighs heavily on many. We are not alone in this battle; it is a silent epidemic that we must face together. Yet, many are unaware of it.

A well-deserved thank you to social media: a journey through the family album. Browsing stolen photos is an art that reveals surprising secrets. Every shot transforms curiosity into discovery. It weaves stories into the faces and smiles of those who came before us.

Let us not forget digital ghosts, those accounts that lurk in the shadows. Their purpose? To find scoops and gossip to whisper among friends.

The world is a kaleidoscope of humanity. Eight billion people feed this carousel of content. It is impossible to know them all! In China, some social media are banned. To understand someone, you must visit them. It turns out they are all named Lichen and Izumo, with identical features.

Knowledge does not make a person great; it only makes one better at making healthier and wiser decisions.

Lack of humility is the bell that heralds the arrival of innocence.

A Regret

The holiday season is a whirlwind of emotions, as everyone searches for the perfect gift. Family members gather to play a captivating game for the magical Christmas.

My wife, a volcano of energy, has embarked on a shopping adventure with her grandchildren. Grown up and fearless, the kids are our pride and joy. Right now, I feel like a treasure that is running out.

Every penny saved this year fuels our glittering celebration. It is a tribute to our little warriors, our beloved grandchildren.

Betty, the radiant grandmother, wears her 93 years with grace. Strong as a lion, she is a storm of sweetness; when she is nervous, even a fly stops. With an enchanting smile, she dissolves frenzy and worries.

I, on the other hand, am a silent observer from my window. I observe the frenetic dance of trains and the turbulent traffic. Gazing out to sea, I noticed a boat: two figures dancing like shadows on the liquid blue.

My eyes remain fixed, almost vacant, my thoughts flow in silence. Regrets flutter in my mind, swirling like autumn leaves in the wind. I remember the carefree days of childhood when laughter danced in the air. My parents' constant support lifted me through life's storms, a true anchor. University classes shaped my thoughts, giving form to dreams yet to be realized. Career ambitions painted bright horizons on the canvas of my life. Love whispered sweet words, leaving tender traces in my heart. Mastering English opened doors to new worlds, broadening my perspective. I fervently pursue well-being, seeking balance and inner peace. Every desire carries the burden of fewer surgeries, a hope for recovery.

I never spoke of these shadows to anyone. Only in my first psychotherapy session did I tear a veil of silence. My therapist, shocked and surprised, urged me not to return.

There were many regrets, and they could have fueled a library. But, at ninety years old, what harm could they have caused?

Only to my career, who complained about the past and wanted sweet caresses.

It is important to distinguish between Regret and Remorse: • Regret is a feeling of sorrow over a missed opportunity. It is when we should have done something but did not. • Remorse of Conscience is a torment for being done wrong. It is the awareness of having sinned.

In both cases, I used the method to develop forgiveness. This helped me forget.

I heard the door open and immediately returned to normal life. Everyone greeted me, no one dared call me grandpa. Only Nando, as I had imposed. Everyone respected this rule.

The girls came over to show me their purchases. Then, they sat on the couch and asked me to tell them a story. This had been going on for 30 years, and the stories never ended.

I remembered one with my psychiatrist. I offered to push his wheelchair along the beach. He replied that when that day came, we would evaluate each other.

WHO CAN BENEFIT FROM THIS?

Elisabetta Jr. asked me: and you, Nando, what did you say?

I have always held the Professor in high regard; a deep affection that grew every day. But at that moment, a cloud of misunderstanding clouded my words. He did not grasp the message I was trying to convey, nor the true intentions that animated my heart.

The spiritual significance of the wheelchair and the sea is profound. The wheelchair symbolizes the desire to always be together. The sea represents our freedom to share.

I loved this man and I still love him. I owe him everything. His absence weighs on me. I miss him. It is an unforgettable love, like the one you feel for a grandfather who has passed away.

In the end, we never measured ourselves. Giants cannot compete with dwarves. I was the last of his patients.

The soul

It is the immaterial part of man. It is considered immortal. Now of death, it is considered spiritual.

This term lends itself to many moments and occasions. It is used to express something connected to the Divine.

The eyes are the mirror of the soul.

Guard your soul, wear a spiritless face. Reach the essence, read the whispers of the heart. Create a masterpiece that resonates with true feelings.

These are common expressions in everyday language.

Advertising is the soul of commerce. The global media market is based on this statement. It accounts for 30% of GDP in every nation.

Man has a spiritual dimension, linked to religion. It operates in three ways: irascible, con cup is ci ble, and rational.

However, the Soul can wear good or bad guise. To discover its secrets, simply explore the fourth ventricle. Here, true intentions, honest or otherwise, are revealed.

Whether or not associated with the spiritual dimension, the soul manifests itself in the mysteries of birth and death. It also emerges in different states of consciousness, memory, and imagination.

Beware, everyone, the Soul can even become lost. This condition is known as Suster Disease. A cultural syndrome that makes us feel alienated from ourselves, while some parts of ourselves remain hidden or lost.

The mind is a masterpiece; to lose oneself is a ruin in life.

A Walk

It had been quite some time since I had stayed home, dedicating myself to grocery shopping and taking care of my family's needs. It was a real shame not to allow myself even a moment of freedom.

A friend, a police officer, came to visit me. After four months of absence, the opportunity was perfect; I asked if he had come to arrest me. Not yet, he replied. Let us go for a walk on Corso Garibaldi and sip a coffee.

My friend immediately noticed my quick pace. It revealed the frantic pace of someone walking to get things done, not to relax. He urged me to slow down, lest I run alongside him. We exchanged smiles and burst out laughing.

I searched for familiar glances among new people. The sun was shining, but I noticed unfamiliar faces. Someone waving at me but quickly walking away.

A group of kids gathered in front of a computer store. Their eyes shone like stars. They were ready to conquer the latest console game. The excitement in the air was palpable, like a wave ready to explode. A true childhood battle, a journey back in time.

It was a holiday, December 8th. Tradition called for twenty variations of crepes! The less fortunate ordered these delicacies at thirty euros a kilo. The lucky ones, however, delighted with homemade delicacies.

I stopped at the Bar Cordon Bleu, a haven of memories. Conquests, battles, and a few disappointments came flooding back.

Piazza San Giorgio, our refuge as rugby players. There, we enjoyed beers at the Conti restaurant. You could buy a five-drinks-a-year subscription.

And then the Comunale, with the tradition of the Carnival hat. Wives wore it to help their husbands or fathers in distress.

Piazza Campagna, the window of Upim, our supplier. We sent a teammate, Arsenio Lupin, who specialized in free "picking."

We were there.

The next day, Arsène Lupin passed by with all the information. He entered wearing sneakers or barefoot, and left wearing them, carrying two pairs under his arms. He greeted the director with a wry smile, as if he were part of a comedy. Finally, the Central Train Station: we were returning from Turin. With a generous gesture, someone grabbed a fifty-kilo mortadella, hastily purchased at a station shop. In the last carriage, behind the engineer, everyone ate mortadella, laughing like children. It was just a walk, but so many memories. I will never forget that sport makes us stronger and more attentive to life's difficulties. Every step, every gesture, every laugh was training in resilience.

Kind regards

An author's simplicity does not mean a theme is not important. On the contrary, it shows that ideas can be expressed without making too much noise. My theme was born when my children left home to work

elsewhere. It is a widespread problem for many parents: sudden silence, the lack of familiar voices. A warm greeting then becomes a universal gesture: to the new Prefect or Police Commissioner who arrives in town, to the important politician visiting our country, to my brother's new wife who got married in Alaska. Is it curiosity or duty? It does not matter what its presence is. A friend in the hospital, without family, receives comfort from us. An athlete from Cosenza, winner of five Olympic medals, passes through our city: how could we not meet him? And when sudden death takes away a friend or relative, the greeting becomes a final act of dignity. The "warm greeting" is a gesture we make for better or for worse. We never consider age. It is spontaneous or dutiful. Depending on people, education, and emotions, it is what makes us special people.

A Difficult One (The Client)

I used this euphemistic expression to describe the client. They are not just a subject for business, banking, financial, insurance, or legal matters. They are a cumbersome figure in our lives. The wife who loves you and spoils you but cannot manage you. The lover who fills all your family's gaps, giving you everything but complicating your existence. The son who is always asking and never stops. The brother who lost everything to gambling promises that "this is the last time." The mother who demands that you sacrifice your wife for her own interests. And again: the friend who can't get along with women and chooses you as his teacher, the bank manager who wants your loft to meet his lover, the brother-in-law who demands favors, the family doctor who asks for your seaside villa for a moment of intimacy with the Cuban nurse. These are just a few examples. Our "clients" are always ready to ask. Managing them is not difficult but coordinating them is complicated. Life becomes a constant balance between availability and self-defense.

Conflict and Mediation

Behind every request lies a conflict. Wife and mother, friend and lover, brother, and son: worlds that collide and ask you to mediate. Conflict with two women is atavistic: you must mediate. The friend who seeks advice about women becomes a burden, because in the end, women come to you and not him. The bank manager who takes the keys to your loft has a family problem. Mediation is an art: it is not about always saying yes, but about finding a balance. Giving without losing yourself. Offering without becoming a slave. Life is a balance between giving and protecting yourself. This is the real conflict: not between people, but between our generosity and our freedom.

The Cemetery: A New Departure

In every joy there is a little bit of crying, like at weddings. In sad moments, however, there are also reasons to smile.

I thought it was just another morning, but I quickly realized it was not. I was about to go to my usual café for breakfast when my phone rang.

Curious, I looked at the name on the screen: it was my brother-in-law. I said good morning and asked what brought him to me.

"I have to tell you that your philosophy professor has died. I know you were fond of him." "That's true. But he was only eighty. Do you know the cause?" "Yes, the heart." "When is the funeral?" "This afternoon at 2:00 PM, the church is in front of his house." "Okay, thanks. I'll get organized and try to be there." As soon

as I ordered coffee at the bar, the phone rang again. This time it was my best friend. "I'm calling to tell you that our friend from Pellarinhas died of a heart attack." "When is the funeral?" "This afternoon at 4:00. We'll meet up and go to Pellarin together." "Okay, see you later." The coffee had cooled, so I asked the bari stato reheat it. He came to me without difficulty.

A bite of croissant and the phone rang again. This time it was my sister. "Your ex-girlfriend, Adele, has been admitted. She is in a coma in the hospital. Relatives are allowed to arrive at 6:30 PM. They said that, even though you're not a relative, they'd like you to visit her." "I'll go." "What a beautiful day! How can so many events be combined in such a brief time? It's exceptional." I arrived at my philosophy teacher's house. There were fifteen of us waiting outside the door. All classmates. The door was still closed. It was all unusual.

At one point, the door opened. He, looking great and elegantly dressed, told us we were all on time, just like at school. With a charming smile, he showed us in.

"Thank you for coming. I apologize for the way I have brought you here, but this way has ensured I have allof you together. You are my first fifteen students ever. Forty years of teaching, from which I have had the opportunity to gain experience, share, and make my own decisions." Everyone was quiet, like when we were in class. But the looks between us said, "He's crazy." He picked up a basket with fifteen identical gifts. He asked us to open them only when we were out of the house.

After an hour of pleasantries and a wave, to remind us that he was still the teacher and we were the students.

Outside the house, he closed the door. We, eager to discover our surprise, found two hundred euros each. Next to the money was a note that read: "This money is part of my severance package, made possible by you." It is only right to give you a present.

Some burst into tears, others were happy. I, on the other hand, was pensive.

It was his elegant way of saying goodbye to life. He did it in his own style, the same style that had seen him grace the playing fields of Europe. He had left an indelible impression, because he was a champion, a champion.

My friend called to go to Pellarin, still anxious and worried. We arrived at the church and there was no one there. I went to the presumed deceased's house, but it was closed. We met a police car and asked for directions.

They told us it was someone else I did not know. All I had to do was return to the city. At 6:30 PM, the hospital and Adele were waiting for me.

I left Antonio, got in my car, and drove to the florist. These were the basic lessons I had never abandoned.

In the intensive care unit, the chief physician, a dear friend of mine, told me her condition was serious. I asked for clarification on Adele's health and what I could do for her. "Nando, don't joke. This is serious," he said.

No one knew she had been the only woman I had ever loved. I had lost my mind over her. Every reference point had vanished. I spent years dreaming of her. I had never forgotten her. Even now, married, I was certain I still loved her.

I put on a gown, shoe covers, and gloves. I entered the room. I saw her in a bed, with a transparent plastic hood to help her breathe.

The husband was outside watching. He was a doctor, a good guy. He stood there wondering what I did not have. I could not have let him know.

He looked at me suspiciously. After all, his wife had asked about me, not him. But he could not say anything, only stares and silence.

I began to whisper to Adele. As if she were conscious. I had no instructions, no movement. I placed the flowers on her bed: sixty long-stemmed Dutch red roses, her favorites.

I spent an hour telling her about our past. Almost forgetting everything else. I told her how in love and happy we had been.

Before I left, I told her, "Perfection doesn't allow us to leave each other." She knew what I meant.

It was time to leave. I said goodbye and went straight to a bench on Via Marina, in my hometown, to cry. I could not do that at home; I would have to explain myself to my wife.

After two months, the head of the intensive care unit called me. "Adele came out of the coma, without any consequences. She remembered everything you told her. She asked her husband to take you to the hospital, but he refused. He said her memories were due to the drugs, nothing real." By evening, I was exhausted. But I had to return to normalcy. The time had come to gather my one true lesson.

"No one truly leaves until they leave our hearts. It's the only place they live forever."

A Champion

Michele was 38 years old. He was not very tall and did not have great physical prowess. However, he was generous, attentive, and intuitive. He was poor, had a college degree, and loved women. His mind was a labyrinth of thoughts, and his actions made him unique. He believed that no woman was impossible, just difficult. Capable men knew how to win them over. Meeting him was a great surprise. He was courageous and faced challenges alone, prevailing against large groups. His teachings about women were like an Internet for men. He recognized their superiority. His limitations stemmed from his own will. He always maintained confidentiality, avoiding illegal behavior. It is impossible to tell all his stories, but one is true. He started at 16, in high school. His classmates could not understand how he was so good at philosophy. A classmate discovered his secret. He spent his afternoons with his philosophy teacher, a beautiful, single woman. He received unconditional love from her. When the truth emerged, the principal did not manage the situation well. He changed his teacher, but after two months, the situation recurred. Eventually, the teacher capitulated. On twenty-three, he was arrested for injustice. The state paid for the damage he suffered. During his ten months in prison, every morning he looked at a woman from his window. She lived in his house and taunted him. He never forgot. Upon his release from prison, his first thought was to go to the woman. He remained locked up with her for three days and three nights. When he left, she cried and shouted that she loved him. He began playing sports to forget the past. While showering in the locker room, his secret weapon for making women fall in love was revealed. He said, "Wood burns in every fireplace. Don't worry, just make the right decision." His mental charm guided him. He collected everything he wanted. He

followed a mantra: never touch the family of your friends. A simple rule, yet sacred, like a code of honor. For him, friendship was a beacon, illuminating the path not to take. Being loyal meant recognizing boundaries, never crossing them. A gesture, a word, and everything could change. When we went to the bar, he had money in two pockets. In the first, there was a lot of money, the kind women were supposed to notice. In the second, a few pennies, the kind we would spend. One day in Rome, three of us were walking. In front of us was a beautiful woman, whom we did not know. He walked up to her and kissed her passionately, but they did not know each other. This was him. The Sheikh. I had never seen one so close. My memories turned to videos, documentaries, and news. That day he contacted me on Linked In. He claimed to be Dubai's Minister of Finance. He was intrigued by my stories and wanted to know more about me. I do not know why, but I immediately suspected he was homosexual. I knew Arabs love this kind of practice, but it was not for me. I was old-fashioned. He asked me for my biography, and I sent it in English. Afterward, he emailed me to use it. He said it would be a quick way to connect. After an hour, ten words arrived. He wanted me to decipher. They were taken from my nine books, which he had already bought. It was not easy to explain to an Arab what a Calabrian meant. How could I explain what Nduja was? My daughter had the idea. She told me to send him a photo. She insisted on knowing how I lived and what my financial situation was. I immediately checked the veracity of the information. It was real. An hour passed between one message and the next. He also had 850,000 followers. He participated in Indian writing societies. He participated in many economic activities. He was well-known. Toward evening, the official invitation to Dubai arrived. He asked for an IBAN to receive the travel money. He sent the flight schedule first. I asked him a question: how many wives does he have? He replied: none. I had confirmed what I suspected. He would have kicked my ass, and there would have been no price to pay. I immediately deleted him from my contacts. He was the first Sheikh I had met, and he wanted to take everything from me, without a price and through deception. I would have risked rape at 58 and not heard from them. The Internet is also this. God save mankind.

The car

Since its patent on January 29, 1886, the automobile revolutionized human life. Initially, few could afford one. The streets were filled with carriages and horses. When a car passed, the horses would spook. Children dreamed of touching the steering wheel. Often, jealous owners would scold them. Owning a car had become a sign of status. It was linked to a comfortable life. In 1893, an American named Ford changed everything. He said that every American should have a car. He began mass-producing them, cutting costs and time. The Italian-owned Bank of America never recorded a loss. It continued to lend even in tough times. In 1937, Toyota was born in Japan. It became the world's leading carmaker in terms of sales and countries. In Italy, FIAT was founded in 1899. But the quality of its cars was often criticized, even when it was sold to other groups. In the 1960s, there was an economic boom. Many began buying cars. The way we use cars has changed. People went to the countryside, to the seaside, or to visit relatives. It was also a means of transport for business and tourism. For some, it was a love nest. When hotels were inaccessible, the car was the only solution. Some eloped with their lovers, hiding in the woods. And there were those who used the car for illegal business. In those years, the registry office would ask where the child had been conceived: at home or in the car. Important moments are still linked to the car. Weddings, honeymoons, visits to the divorce lawyer. Dying is no longer a privilege for the few. The journey that takes us from one place to another is made in a cart. It is a car stretched for the occasion. The car is also salvation. We rushed to the hospital to help someone. We will never stop thanking those who worked to give us a better future.

On Christmas Eve, some customers called me. They wanted to visit. I knew they were not having any work problems. But they wanted to wish me a happy Christmas, incredibly with a gift. There were ten of them. Whatever I bought would cost money. It was not an easy time. I thought long and hard and produced a solution: I would give everyone my blessing. Laughing like crazy, all ten of them. In various places and times. Everyone expected at least one of my books to be read as a family. A bit like when grandpa told stories. On the way back, I stopped at a service station. I placed ten orders for a book on the website. Customers would receive them directly. They already had the blessing. I did not tell anyone about all this. I decided to drive home along the seafront. I saw the red car of a friend, Genesio. He is a retired railroad worker and an avid fisherman. He is crouched down with his fishing lines. When he sees me, he says, "What the heck, thinker, haven't you written anything today?" I told him it was a strange question. "How long have you been reading my stories?" "Since the day you started. They've become like antidepressants for us." "If my psychiatrist heard you, he'd beat me to death. It's like taking away his job." "But Gino, forgive my boldness: what's the reflection you liked best?" He stands up and gesticulates. He speaks like Celentano. "The one about the lion in the savannah. He lay down on the hood of the car. You were stuck in the swamp, unable to move." "And then I have another: when you escaped from the Balkans." "What progress can you tell me?" "I'm finishing book #10. Then I plan to rest and earn some money to pay off all the debts." "And who do you owe the biggest debt to?" "The psychiatrist. He has been doing maintenance and servicing for me for many years. Always without money. I'll have to pay it." "I'm here fishing, not out of my usual passion. But to gain strength from my wife's illness. I read her some of your stories in the evenings, even though she's written two books." "Thank you, I'm honored. It is rare for a doctor to treat his own sick child. He relies on a trusted colleague. You can tell your wife I'm her trusted author." I left him and left. I have sadness in my heart. A silent pain that can only be felt in empty rooms. I prayed intensely to my God. I hope he heard me. It was very intense.

Her parents gave her everything. An excellent education, books, the finest clothes. They bought her a scooter and a car. She traveled to Sicily to get her degree in social sciences. Her grades were low. Her thesis was halved.

There was little communication with her mother. The shortcomings became apparent later in my family. On the outside, it seemed perfect. Only one vice: smoking. It was inherited from both parents. She did not want to give up. At first, everything seemed perfect. My absence from home weighed on her. She made decisions alone. She immediately showed limitations. In the kitchen, in sex, in cleaning. My mother was my yardstick. I thought I could live with what I had found. Instead, something else awaited me. I had to measure myself against her intelligence. It was tied to presumption and a lack of reflection. There was a marked innocence. Expressing gratuitous judgments, being harsh. She wanted to erase her personality and decide. These clues made me suspect of a femicide in Reggio Calabria. But I did not have that mentality. It was evening, and I stopped thinking. Every boring person has a motive. The one of the things they know how to do and think are right. I should have capitalized on that. The criticisms I received were blatant. There had been family discontent for some time. It had been contained only by the expectation of potential gains. They would change the situation. I should have just authored a book. And for the rest, I was crazy. I found myself in the house of a person who did not understand. I did not want to convince her. I did not want to waste time. But soon I would leave her. I would abandon her. I did not want to know anything more. I had managed to make a 12-month pilgrimage to my home. With no money, limited food, all the privations. Prisons would have offered more. I did not expect to succeed. There was only one reason: she did not understand.

European Central Bank

When I got your call, I thought it was a prank. But when the plane tickets arrived, I left for Rome. A car was waiting and took me to the hotel where you were staying.

You told me about your experience. After forty years in the financial sector, you were called to Brussels. The ECB has asked you to advise on new investments.

I did not understand what role you had reserved for me, and only when we arrived did, I understand it by myself. A series of briefcases were passed from one politician to another, and after two hours, two of them stopped by my place.

The instruction was to return to the hotel and not lose sight of them.

I stayed in that room for three days and three nights. I ordered food over the phone, and it arrived promptly. But there was no news of you. Finally, you came back and told me to take one suitcase to room 1456 and the other to 4762. I never asked what was inside, but I was suspicious. Then you opened your Remote Banking account and wired me 3,000 euros. When I asked what it was, you replied: "Belgium support."In the car to the airport, silence reigned. The security checks there were strict, but fast. After an hour's flight, you said to me: "You see, Nando, you can earn millions of euros in life. The only thing that changes is the smell of money." And then I taught you that we are born free men and with good morals. This is not fantasy, but for many, a bitter truth.

That morning in Atlanta, the heat was scorching. There was not a breath of air. My wife did not turn on the air conditioning to save money. At 2:00 PM, in true Reggio Emilia style, the postman rang. In addition to the mail, he brought me a telegram. Mother and daughter were curious, thinking of a diabolical escape plan. He was an official from the French IBSA, a non-profit sports organization founded in Paris in 1981. He asked me to go to the games as a chaperone. They are held every four years for the blind, in Atlanta. They pay for food and accommodation and give a daily bonus as reimbursement for expenses. They demand a quick response to organize everything as best as possible. No one in the family believed it. But I promised to show them the dates of the television broadcasts.

I arrived in Atlanta and went to the hotel. I immediately began the event protocol. In the morning, we were already on track. I had to run the one hundred meters, guiding a blind man. We began the rehearsals. Mark, a 22-year-old Swedish man, had lost his sight to cataracts. I thought of my parents, who had undergone cataract surgery. How had he lost his sight? I did not ask questions so as not to be invasive.

On the day of the qualifying races, we made it. But I immediately noticed something strange. He was not walking straight. He veered left and right; he could not sense his direction. We reached the final. Mark was excited, he told me it was incredible, impossible, to be here. When we ran, I shouted swear words at him, angry. That is what my coach did when he demanded 100% from his guys. My fate depended on his result. I do not like losing. In the final race, he won. He came in first and took the gold medal.

He took me to meet his family. His wife and two four-year-old twins were crying. Everyone was involved, including me. I said goodbye, took three steps back, and left, as if at the theater. I walked to the banks of the Chatta River and sat on a bench. Pigeons were fluttering. I thought about my great fortune in just a few days. I had shown a blind man his first victory.

Refugee camp

After years of dedication to charities, I am now a precious resource. My contributions shine on the lists, ready to serve institutional purposes. One April morning, the phone rings. She speaks in Spanish. I know who she is. It is Consuelo Garcia. She is the Western Europe Area Manager for major humanitarian organizations. She is asking me a personal favor, as a token of our old friendship. I need to go to Lampedusa and organize a new refugee camp for a thousand people.

I will set up a bank transfer right away so I can buy what I need in Palermo and bring it down with two trucks that will be here shortly.

Listen, I will send you 100,000 euros. If you need anything else, we will talk about it.

Saying no to Consuelo meant closing a world of charity that I loved. I had dedicated years to this with passion.

I call Mr. Mandala in Palermo. He is the largest Sicilian entrepreneur in large-scale retail trade, with over 1,200 stores. I have known him since his Gillette days. He is making the entire company available to us for the operation.

The trucks arrive, but they are small and cannot even carry water. I send them back. Mandala offers four of its own semi-trailers at no cost.

"Three freight trains are filled with food supplies. We are completing our final load with tents, scout beds, stoves, lamps, and vital medicines from our pharmacy. Everything we need to embark on our adventure awaits us!" Mandala contacts Grimaldi Navi Veloce to delay the departure. The ship does not set sail until we can board. This happens quickly, but he does not want me to pay my bill. He says, "When you get back to Palermo, we'll talk about it." "At the port of Lampedusa, my refugees await their fate. Thanks to a delicate agreement with the Tunisian government, they are ready for a new beginning."They will arrive in two days. The staff on land will be active in a day and a half, sorting out everything.

The police are starting to take an interest in my organization. The Prefect and the Police Commissioner try to recruit me to their team. But, alas, their proposals fail to yield any results.

The refugees arrive in single file. Doctors conduct the initial screening and then assign them to the forty tents. No one does better:twenty-five people per tent, as if they were in a hotel.

Meals are being distributed regularly. I ask that you accommodate some of the children's requests, so as not to make them suffer. They come first.

I stayed for seven days. Then they were loaded onto buses and taken north, all eyes open, watching me. I thought my clothes were dirty, but they sensed my humanity.

Yes, I Met Him

When we are born, it is a day of joy for everyone, but we do not participate in this celebration. If conditions are ideal, a peaceful journey awaits us. Otherwise, there is war and suffering.

Starting at age 5 or 6, memories begin to blossom. Dad's friend, Mom's friend, their uncle, and home. There is also their dog, a companion on adventures. Every fragment of life brings a smile and warms our hearts.

Walking with one or both parents makes you popular, not by your name, but as their child.

Mom's friends will say, "The son of a…", and so will Dad.

Larger opportunities allow us to introduce ourselves by saying our name. This is the first step toward popularity.

Positive events amplify popularity, while negative ones lead to their collapse.

Being active in sports opens a window into society and makes you popular.

Then there's work, another way to gain popularity. If you are good and make few mistakes, you become credible and dependable. Otherwise, you stay home.

And after work? There are recognized skills, a key role, and being indispensable.

Success is built here, and everyone is ready to say: "Do you know him? Yes, I met him, what a person!" The last step is access to the Eternal East. When people read your name, they will say, "Yes, I knew him, but he was young, 95 years old." I would like to make you smile. Inside my lively, creative, and astute soul, I am always ready to shine. I never miss an opportunity to show myself as a unique original. A touch of madness makes me a master of inventiveness!

Military History

When I left home for military service, my parents gave me only 10,000 lire. With a grimace, they said, "Go away, we're angry." It was November 17, 1984. I showed up in Caserta, at the "Ferrari Orsi Armored Troops School." It is a school for tank drivers, with tanks from the Second World War.

As soon as I get in, I present my ticket and they reimburse me for the train. Then I go to get dressed, but there are no tailored suits for me.

My 140 kg does not allow me to do much. I cannot fit into tanks, I walk breathlessly, and I am always hungry.

I enter the dormitory and am assigned the top bunk of a cot. The night breaks, and I fall on top of my companion, who faints from fear. The ambulance and officers arrive for the investigation, and they transfer me to a sturdier bed.

There is no question of marching. I am immediately assigned to the training organization office, which manages the military's assignments.

Nobody notices where they put me, but in a month, I will earn 1,500,000 lire, assigning friends wherever they wanted.

The Major received a phonogram from Rome with objections. But the soldiers had already left, and nothing could be done.

In a flash, I am whisked away from the office. The Be rsa gli eri Athletes of Naples have called me away out of sporting duty.

Just twelve hours later, my adventure begins. Playing rugby is more than a dream; it is a journey. For four long months, I immersed myself in renovating the pitch with a company in Formia.

I take on the role of grass and soil caretaker. This way, I manage to secure a monthly income of 1,200,000 lire.

Toward the end, worried, I call home to confess. I tell them that my salary is only 60,000 lire a month and that I am not making any progress. But, alas, they show no interest.

The colonel, the district boss, is 38 years old. He is a senior officer, graduated from the Modena Academy. He lives near the barracks and has no children.

When his wife came to the precinct, everyone looked at her; she was a marvel. One day, the colonel called me and asked me to help his wife move some furniture.

I ring the doorbell and she opens, confident, typical of Neapolitan women. She offered me a coffee, but I declined. I ask her what she needs to move and then I leave.

My attitude is very cold, without confidence or flirtatious glances.

We moved a shoe rack, then a bathroom cabinet and a desk. At one point, she threw herself on the couch, saying she had sprained her ankle. I was nineteen, but my experience told me to be cautious. I went out and called her husband, who immediately came to her aid.

Seven days passed, and the colonel called me again. He asked if I knew how to paint walls. I said no, but if you gave me four soldiers, I could manage them.

The idea captivates him, and so he entrusts me with four sergeants. I, a corporal, am tasked with leading them.

A decisive phase.

The job was completed on time. The four sergeants always had an eye on the colonel's wife. But who could blame them? She was a first-class woman. I received a ten-day bonus leave, plus two for travel. But where would I go without money? I stayed at the precinct. Then they assigned me a new assignment. I had to deliver food to a fugitive, a relative of an officer, on the streets of Naples. The colonel called me. In the meantime, I had lost weight and weighed 85 kg. He asked me if I was engaged, about my family, and what my life expectations were. In fact, I had won the competitive exam to become a police officer. They have already asked me to go to Abba's anta, in Sardinia, to the shooting school. I will be part of the police escort for the Reggio Calabria police commissioner.

Wait before you decide. If you would like, you can have dinner at my house on Saturday night. Thanks, I will be there.

What to bring him home, given the dinner invitation?

In the heart of a pastry shop, I asked for a favor: "Can I have a tray of pastries? I'll pay on Monday; I've lost my wallet." Despite my situation, the bartender agreed with a smile.

Back home, I rang the doorbell. The door opens and a girl appears. "Hello! I'm Debora, the sister of Marta, your colonel's wife." Nice to meet you!

Dinner for Four

Once upon a time, I was the epitome of innocence: uninhibited and unpretentious, my voice echoed through a metaphorical funnel. Conversations? I skillfully shifted gears to my comfort zone: women, rugby, and a sprinkling of clever jokes to raise a smile.

What had started as a 9:00 PM dinner turned into a wild evening, ending at 4:00 PM, with the sisters asking, "Is this true?" Every story I shared was artfully twisted, swapping names and weaving together borrowed tales---truly, I was a master of mischief.

Debora boldly invited me to meet her parents. Her eyes shone with excitement. I, on the other hand, acted shy, insisting that we needed to check our chemistry, a whimsical phrase that helped me overcome many awkward boundaries at the time.

The investigation continued, but I lost faith. Meanwhile, Marta was relentless, always looking for me at the barracks. One day she called to ask me a favor: "Come help me carry four jugs of water." I found the door ajar; once inside, she directed me to the kitchen. Entering her living room, I was greeted by her in full battle gear, and suddenly, I found myself fighting against her war.

"We can linger as long as we want; my husband is away for a week," she declared, as if I were her confidante. Anxiety boiled inside me: if the whispers reached the wrong ears, I could end up behind bars in Gaeta. Yet, her cries of "more, more, more" hinted at her insatiable desire for affection.

At the end of the day, I borrowed 50,000 lire from her without a shred of hesitation. And so, this escapade continued for three months until she announced her pregnancy. "Congratulations!" I exclaimed, but terror loomed.

"That child is yours," she insisted. But I stammered, "Darling, I'm sterile… what now?" Her response was a whirlwind of possibilities. "Could it belong to the sergeant or the lieutenant? Or you could just say it's your husband's." "How clever!"he chuckled. For thirty years I had longed to free myself from the shackles of the past. But like a boomerang, I found myself back in Naples. With a heart full of determination, I set out to uncover my family's hidden history. Their joy at my visit was palpable, and I met their daughter, who looked nothing like me, claiming she was not mine.

My father took me away from a police career and brought me to Gillette instead. And with that, my life changed, just like the colonel's.

Carabinieri

In the 1950s, a young man joins the Carabinieri as a Carabiniere. His Tyrrhenian origins allow him to move through any territory with ease. Intuition, instinct, and a keen eye create an aura of mystery around him. A man destined to write pages of history in his city.

Crowned the protagonist of every decisive operation, everyone consults him. An expert who can see what others miss. His career takes off with a flurry of promotions, a champion, impossible to keep on the sidelines. He becomes Marshal, his strategy.Get close to the ma fios i and get them to talk.

I would like to tell four episodes of this enigmatic man: He was so reserved that he would not even confide anything in his wife. When he returned home disguised as a Franciscan monk, no one dared open the door for him.

During the search, twenty Carabinieri officers were searching for a fugitive. He, cunningly, hid in a parked car. Three hours later, he emerged and arrested his target.

He receives an invitation for a helicopter transfer. He is supposed to extradite a mafioso to France. He refuses, and the helicopter crashes.

During an investigation in Aspromonte, a team knocks on the door of a farmhouse, introducing themselves as Carabinieri. The owners, frightened by the thieves, refuse to let them in. The team retreats two kilometers, changes into civilian clothes, and the Marshal orders: "Say you're a fugitive." They return to the farmhouse, claiming to be on the run, and are greeted with salami and cheese. The owners warn them to be wary of the Carabinieri. The Marshal, reflecting on this, immediately issues an arrest warrant for aiding and abetting.

One day I met him. He had left the military and was working in the secret service. Over dinner, he told me my story in an hour. It always saved me from boredom.

Today, he is gone, but the memory of our scopa games lives on. He was a master at finding hidden money.

How can you love someone without self-interest? Only when you recognize in him the father you wish you had.

The Couple

With eight billion people, the possibilities for forming a couple are endless. But the challenge is finding balance and compromise. Reaching the finish line together.

I was in a courthouse, civil division. A judge, a venerable Master of Law, invited me to be her guiding light in a separation case. The lawyers agreed. Every step was taken under the watchful eye of the law.

At the heart of every union is always a mutual intention. We want to be together, share, and build. Without this, the relationship may never be born or may end in separation. This is the only real breaking point, fraught with consequences.

This involves dividing assets and going your separate ways. Understanding where to leverage yourself is not difficult. Separating is the easiest option, but it is a failure that ignores emotions, neuroses, and spite.

Staying together? It means wanting to create a win-win solution. Everything remains the secret of life. Only by fighting can you become a winner.

I saw them cry, they apologized and asked their lawyers to withdraw their requests. They held hands and left the courtroom.

The judge, turning to me, said we should contact some television networks. She had become emotional seeing her relationship again.

The lawyers asked me if I was available for other cases. I thanked them, explaining that it was not my job, just a favor to the Court.

As I left, I found the couple waiting to say goodbye. They wanted my phone number for future problems. The real problem is always the same: when no one listens to you.

I am Really Innocent

An invitation to Venice with two classmates takes us to a convention. The discussion focuses on modern economics. Giovanni is a mathematics professor, while Michele works at Salamon Brothers Bank. It is the perfect opportunity to spend a few days together.

No one had to report; we were simply guests. Colleagues who had invited us. For me, the freedom to listen lasted two hours. Then, we convinced everyone to head to the buffet.

The waiters warned us that it was not yet time to enter. Michele joked that I was deaf and mute. Unexpectedly, silence fell.

In the Hall, Gaetano, a schoolmate, joins us. He was known as "the Innocent" for his lack of education. His father was a cowherd, and if we had asked him about cows, he would have told us everything.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "Guests at the conference," we replied. "Oh, I'm the sponsor!" Innocent, Michele snaps, "but what do you do for a living?"

"I have five car dealerships and two stakes in regional banks." Surprised, we asked him how he managed to do all this.

"Easy," he replies. "I buy at 100, sell at 200, with a 2% markup."

We looked at each other, surprised by the Innocent. No one smiled, and in the end, we took a taxi to leave. We even forgot about lunch.

The Innocent lives by his own logic. Nothing disturbs him; he perceives no conflict. He often finds areas of weakness and strength, treating everything with equal indifference.

We learned a lesson from the last-in-class student who became the best in life. Just because he knew how to earn 2%, while we did not have the courage to tell him he was working 100%.

The adventure

Here is the final story, the epilogue to the year 2023. Ten books have been written. I hope to bring a new smile to your heart as you read my pages.

My journey was a clatter of footsteps, an echo of voices. I disturbed some, but rightly or wrongly, many tolerated me. Especially those who received my readings in advance.

Regardless of the judgments, opinions remained discreetly silent. A silence, but from truly special men, who felt no need to comment.

This book is the jewel of my collection. It encompasses experience, imagination, madness, and a healthy dose of madness. Here lies the truth that the impossible does not exist. Writing is a bridge to dreaming and reinventing lives.

In my stories, my friends have grown, changed, and lived a thousand lives. I have recounted illnesses, lifestyles, families, and mysteries. I have collected their smiles; precious gems kept in their hearts.

I am writing to you now from the enchanting island of Tonga, in the vast Pacific. Here I will pause, a long, refreshing pause. I will discharge and recharge my batteries, a universal process for shining at my best.

Seduction and Abandonment

Political, social, cultural, emotional seduction, whatever it may be, is a complex phenomenon that involves various aspects of personal, communicative, and human influence.

This theme explores how those who apply it have a great responsibility, where it is easy to encounter cultural figures who use it as a persuasive strategy to gain consensus, shape opinions, and influence behaviors.

It is a complex and far from simple topic, which allows us to understand the type of social movement the world develops, between reality, mystification, dreams, and false expectations.

The political one is the most evident, using rhetoric, oratory, symbolism, images, promises, and visions.

Social innovation adapts progress to new techniques and makes use of the media, communication, social movements, norms, and values.

The cultural sector affects a small audience, since schooling in the world is the second plague after hunger, putting forward art, entertainment, fashion, trends, education, and knowledge.

Emotional loss, which never lasts on the list, is managed within a small number of people, often in family environments, where the natural consequence is abandonment, the only moment of genuinely great pain.

Personally, I have been fortunate enough to have been seduced several times, an amazing feeling, but I considered it extremely easy since we men are tied to only two priorities: intimacy and food, and it was not difficult to pursue them.

But I've always remembered the three sides of the coin; some might be quick to call me a charlatan, based on their knowledge that reveals a coin has only two sides, but instead I maintain that the coin has three sides, and that's exactly what it is.

The first side is heads, the second is tails, and the third is when the coin stands upright expressing its third side, the best or commonly called tolerant one.

It is certainly an introspective vision, linked to geometric figures, but it is still a reality to which we can refer, considering that seduction in love is the first possibility and intent that leads to communion, while abandonment is the result of a rupture, something destroyed that can never be repaired.

Returning to my emotional experience, I have always handled situations rationally, remembering my grandfather when he said that, if I had doubts about my thoughts, I should look at the fist of my hand, it was the parallel with the shape of my heart, and I would find everything I was looking for inside, without hurting anyone.

You must know how to use words, how to place them in the right order; if you make a mistake, you have gained nothing, only lost.

The Thoughts

"Thoughts" represents a journey into the intimacy of the human mind, exploring the reflections, emotions, and ideas that accompany us daily. It is a theme that encompasses a variety of content that reflects the complexity and beauty of our existence, demonstrating that we have no mental limits in our processing and capabilities.

The areas in which we can act and be an integral part of situations are: • **Daily:** moments of tranquility and fleeting thoughts. 71 • **Emotions and feelings:** joy and happiness, sadness, and pain. • **Ideas and projects:** creativity and innovation, ambitions, and goals. • **Philosophical reflections:** meaning of life, morality, and ethics. • **Interactions and relationships:** interpersonal relationships, social connections.

The first piece of information I would like to share is that 80% of humanity considers the heart the most important organ in the human body. Well, that is not the case. The true and only central player in our lives is the brain, an organ that weighs 1.5 kg and without which nothing can exist, without which there is no possibility of continuity.

At a medical convention a few years ago, doctors agreed that the Italian male population had prioritized the care of their sexual organs, investing in treatments and therapies. At the end of the meeting, the university rector left us with a reflection: in 20 years, everyone will be sexually active, but no one will know what to do.

A thought helps you with other things, too. We deliberately did not mention dreams, the only loyal friends in the battle against depression and anxiety; while you are obviously learning, you still have the chance to have tried.

I had been thinking about her for years, dreaming about her every night. She was fantastic, unique, the woman of my dreams. One morning she knocked on my door. I went to open it, still half asleep. I saw her come in, and I was happy. Then, when I woke up, I realized it was my grandmother, 94 years old, and I immediately realized that thoughts need to be managed carefully, otherwise you are ruined.

Freedom

Freedom is one of the most profound and fundamental concepts of the human condition. It is the right to live according to one's will, to express one's ideas, and to choose one's own path without constraints. This essay explores different angles of the concept of freedom, from its human and philosophical definition to its historical and contemporary relevance, and the ways to preserve it.

• **Philosophical Theories:** Discussion of various philosophical theories of freedom. • **Universal Declarations of Human Rights:** How they proclaim and protect freedom. • **Civil Rights:** Freedom of expression, assembly, religion, and the press. • **Economic Freedom:** The right to engage in economic and market activities. • **Freedom of Movement:** The right to move freely within and across national borders. • **Freedom of Expression:** Ideas and opinions without fear of repression. • **Personal Freedom:** Issues such as the freedom to make decisions about one's health, education, and career. • **Spiritual Freedom:** The right to have one's own faith and to be an atheist or agnostic. 73 • **Psychological Freedom:** Inner freedom, without fear, trauma, and mental constraints.

I felt I had covered all the main points about freedom, but there were three elements missing that needed to be addressed in more detail: • **The ability to make individual choices about one's body, lifestyle, and relationships:** This achievement is difficult to fully achieve because, when two people meet and have shared plans, one always prevails over the other. In a democracy, this is called domination, but in love, it is a working relationship. • **Exploring practices and philosophies that promote mental and emotional freedom:** These are for those with highly evolved brain sizes, whether over-evolved or highly devolved, whichever is the case, excellent resources for psychiatrists. • **The importance of tolerance and mutual respect:** These are the first true educational factors. Behavior, shaped by genes and upbringing, is something we unfortunately inherit at birth and is not interchangeable.

I could not have concluded this reflection without mentioning a quote from Schopenhauer. At the age of forty-two, he decided to live in solitude. He died at the age of seventy-two, and on his deathbed, he expressed his final thought: "Remember, Ralph, a man is truly free only when he lives in solitude, the only time when he does not have to explain his actions."

The Man and the Dog

For a few months, I had a girlfriend who had a dachshund. Every time he saw me, the dog would bark and, if he could, he would even bite me. Animals sense things that humans do not: they know if we love animals, what our inner self is, and our predisposition to share petting, walking, and cuddles with them.

Shortly afterward, this elderly dog, now almost eighteen years old, died, and my girlfriend's grief was immense. She cried constantly and incessantly searched for photos of the dog, unable to forget him. I made a promise: when we got married, we would get another dog, a male, small. We chose a Beagle.

After only twenty days of marriage, I found the dog on my bed, in my spot. I tried to explain that he was busy, but his languid eyes begged for support. My wife made him sleep in the middle of the bed like a baby.

Meanwhile, my wife was expecting twins, an extraordinary commitment, but the dog stayed at home. Do not be fooled by anyone who questions this: no matter what day or weather, my wife made the right amount of time for him, too.

My job kept me away from home Monday through Friday, and conversations with my wife were exclusively over the phone. We talked about the kids, the in-laws, and the dog. After about two years, I remember it was a Tuesday, when my wife called me at a client's office, out of breath and worried. Our dog would pace the 40-foot hallway all day, constantly throwing himself on the floor, worrying my wife, who did not know what to do.

That night I came home, but the dog would not stop. The next morning, we rushed to the vet, worried that he was sick and wondering what medication to give him to calm him down. The vet, a friend of mine from our youth tennis days, started laughing and would not stop. I asked him, "Pippo, tell me what's going on." He replied, "Well, the dog is in heat. Now I'll give him a shot and he'll calm down." My wife was happy and calm. I reflected on the fact that, even when I found myself in similar situations, I did not make such a fuss, this emergency, and that fortunately, a single shot would not have been enough for me.

All this is just for a dog, man's best friend but my wife's friend.

The Photographer

The first thing I asked this photography professional was which he considered more important:a real photograph or a constructed one, an impromptu one or a historical one, a young one or an old one? He looked at me in the face, let at least five minutes pass, and then asked me my name and my profession, trusting that few people made this kind of analysis and distinction, and that it was not common among many.

"A photograph expresses an emotion," he said, "and you can stop and look at it for hours; it will convey to you many things that the human mind does not immediately grasp." "Today, our most important work is weddings, followed by baptisms, communions, and birthdays. A few artistic events, a fashion show, are unlikely in our latitudes due to the lack of fashion houses, but we do produce many passport photos. It should also be said that many people, faced with the prospect of dying, want to have their funeral photos taken while they are alive, and they will pay any price for it.

I remember a lady in her eighties who asked me for a photo of her gravestone, no matter the price, which had to have the characteristic that, whoever saw it, would think she was still alive.

And then there are some legal inquiries into real estate auctions or photos of previous criminal activities, where the judge requests additional documentation. Finally, many come here to have their photos taken, demanding filters that make them appear younger. This is to gain traction in new romantic relationships; the most investigated are women, who would sell their souls to the devil to appear different, younger, but also thinner.

This is the magic of my work, of my life. Behind a lens, I watch the world go by, and then, coming home, I find my wife saying, 'Take out the trash.'"

The Courtship

When I decided to address this topic, I went back in history to the early 1900s and observed how men were accustomed and accustomed to courting. Without such an exhilarating, precise, and refined activity, a man does not stand out, he does not fight, and when he thinks he has achieved something, he often does not realize he is brought home little of real value.

We are speaking clearly about the courtship of women, be they friends, girlfriends, wives, lovers, mothers-in-law, aunts, or grandmothers. The world of women is vast and limitless, like a vast field enclosed by barbed wire, where only the most capable emerge victorious and enjoy the fruits of their victory.

Impossible women do not exist. There are women of character and intelligence who need capable men, capable of appreciating and leveraging their intelligence. That is why, in my forty years of traveling the world, I have never failed women, always finding consistency in behavior, avoiding lies and promises, and focusing only on the facts, the ones that truly matter.

When you look at a woman on the street, she is prepared and communicates her state of mind, her goal, her priority. Whether she is looking for money or a dowry, it is a constant hunt, and we men are the prey, forced to sell our lives to the highest bidder. Never giving everything away at once is the first big mistake men make, and never revealing your financial capacity is crucial. It is like playing a slot machine without knowing when the game will end.

Remember that we come from a woman and are constantly seeking a woman. This often leads to poor choices, so never have children simply out of selfishness. We must bring children into the world and not abandon them but love them because they are the fruit of what we have decided to do. It all starts with courtship.

The Kiss

According to anthropologists, the origins of kissing seem to date back to prehistoric times, when women, to feed their babies, would crush food in their mouths and then pass it to their children in a sort of kiss. A gesture like what birds still do today with their young, but fortunately without the regurgitation. Even primitive people, when kissing, hid for fear of journalists.

A kiss is one of the most intimate and meaningful acts two people can share, capable of expressing a wide range of emotions, from love and passion to affection and comfort. The history of the kiss is ancient and varied, with diverse cultures interpreting it in unique ways.

The earliest recorded forms of kissing date back to Roman times, where kissing on the hand was a sign of reverence and observance, reserved for emperors. This gesture continued in the papal oligarchies of the time, among bishops, cardinals, and popes, and later in fiefdoms, baroni es, criminal associations, and secret societies.

In Western countries, kissing is often seen as a sign of romance and love: on the cheek for a friendly greeting or on the lips to express love and desire. There is also the ritual of the three kisses, introduced by the French and adopted by Masonic organizations around the world. In some Eastern cultures, however, kissing in public may be considered inappropriate and is therefore reserved for private moments.

As a physical act, kissing triggers chemical reactions in the human body. Kissing can release endorphins, the "happy hormones," which improve mood and reduce stress. It also strengthens emotional bonds between people, creating a sense of intimacy and connection. It is also an opportunity to evaluate how much we are being appreciated, whether we are good kissers, and whether we are paying careful attention to our breath, the true enemy of kissing.

Kissing is much more than just a touch of lips; it is a universal language of affection and connection that continues to evolve and fascinate.

Beauty

A universal concept that goes beyond aesthetics, touching every aspect of our lives, what inspires us, excites us, and connects us with the world and with others. Being beautiful is simply luck, a gift, the fate of a good destiny, the legacy of genetics, like those born healthy, and share the same fate: always having to worry about caring for it and taking care of it. This theme explores the different dimensions of beauty and its impact on our existence, creating clear and never class-based distinctions, just simple and banal truths: Outer Beauty, Inner Beauty, Beauty in Relationships, Beauty of Knowledge, Beauty of Everyday Life--- these are the general elements that distinguish and characterize the particular areas where Beauty is applied and highlighted.

• Visual Arts, Nature, Fashion and Design, the identification of the external part of man; • Character and Virtues, Experiences and Emotions, Spirituality, the identification of the internal part of man. • Love and Friendship, Empathy and Solidarity, Community, the identification of the Relationships part of man. • Science and Discovery, Literature and Philosophy, Education and Learning, the identification of the Knowledge part of man. • Small Moments, Rituals and Traditions, Creativity and Hobbies, the identification of the Everyday part of man.

We must never forget that beauty is an extemporaneous effect, not only in terms of time and decay, but also in terms of structure, because maintaining lofty expectations requires commitment and self-sacrifice that are never easily found. Women know this when they invest their time in makeup, adding that feminine touch to their natural beauty that signifies many things and nothing. It is a bit like when you are convinced, they want something, and they promptly change their minds with a start. It's pointless to say you're beautiful on the inside; appearances are the first thing you consider, and when you have to hire someone to work with, it's always better to choose a woman who can't do anything but is beautiful, than one who's good at her job and yet so ugly.

Long live beautiful women.

The Weapons

Today I want to talk to you about weapons, seen from the author's perspective and point of view, which are uncommon to many but indicative and, I hope, exhaustive.

Primitive man found his first means of developing weapons in spear-making and trap-setting, primarily used to procure food and settle a dispute with a cave neighbor. Then, the Stone Age led him to optimize his weaponry, using sharpened stones to complement pointed spears and allow him to fight even large prey.

Everything seemed to be going well with the discovery of fire, another weapon par excellence, but humanity's first true weapon had yet to make its first appearance and would change the fate of man, of the world, of the universe of every generation: it was only her, the splendid WOMAN.

Over the course of millions of years, the discovery of gunpowder ushered in the birth of pistols and rifles, the foundation of all warfare, whether planned or unplanned. Evolution led to the optimization of the

performance of each weapon, from single-shot pistols to the 17-shot pistols now in use by police forces in most countries. Single-shot rifles, like the carbine, reached their peak with models capable of firing up to twelve rounds at a time.

The advent of the submachine gun and machine guns made a great contribution to the war, being able to fire up to six hundred rounds per minute, using a sufficiently large magazine or the famous belt magazine which held a greater number of bullets.

But the arms industry today represents every nation's primary economy, producing weapons for personal defense or warfare and selling them to people for their local wars. Today weapons are regulated by a conventional system, where some are permitted while others are not; biological and nuclear weapons, fortunately, are merely deterrents used to control and intimidate the adversary.

We talked about women: they can make you live and die at the same time, without even touching you or using a weapon. This is their power, and we were inside them and never knew it. Long live women!

Moments of Crisis

I had been a company manager for almost forty years and often encountered this demon, but I had learned how to manage it, how to overcome it, never stopping in the face of every opportunity that presented itself.

Crisis arrives unexpectedly, often without warning, upsetting the balance of life. It comes in many forms: a sudden loss, a radical change, a work-related problem, a relationship issue, an emotional problem, or an insurmountable challenge. In these moments, we discover the true nature of our inner strength, we rise to the challenge and fight, ready to respond.

I remember a moment when the crisis knocked on my door, a time when everything was going well, yet, in the blink of an eye, everything changed. I put on my best suit, left the house, and walked down the main street of my city. I was penniless, and I immediately realized that the security I had taken for granted over the years had evaporated, and that fate had intended to leave me at the mercy of uncertainty. But this never happened.

Crisis can be a barren desert, but also fertile ground where new opportunities sprout. It was the memory of an elderly fisherman I had met years before that came back to me, and his words resonated with me. It was at this moment that I learned to look within, to reflect on what truly matters, discovering resources I did not know I had, strengthening new relationships, and finding new paths to follow.

A moment of crisis offers the opportunity to rediscover ourselves, like a beacon illuminating our values, our fears, and our deepest desires. Overcoming adversity made me stronger, and each challenge I faced added a layer to my armor, preparing me for future battles.

In times of crisis, we often seek support and find comfort in new friendships or strengthened relationships. We must never forget the farmer's saying: necessity is the mother of invention. Crises spark creativity, pushing us to find innovative solutions to complex problems. Crisis is simply an opportunity for change.

Jealousy and Envy

I have written over 2,000 stories in my books. I had deleted some because the person they referred to was not worthy of my attention. I had trashed other stories because I did not like them or they did not represent me. Some I discovered I had written at the wrong times and were confusing, polemical, and without rationale. But in all this panorama, today I found myself for the first time dealing with these two demons: JEALOUSY and ENVY, which I had never considered given my nature as a good man.

I was aware that jealousy and envy were two different emotions, though most people tend to confuse them, failing to discern the mental distinction. Both have powerful and negative effects on our lives if not managed properly and correctly.

Jealousy is the fear of losing something precious we already possess. It frequently manifests itself in romantic, friendly, or family relationships. It is rooted in fear and insecurity.

Envy, on the other hand, is the desire to have what someone else has. It is not the fear of losing something, but the frustration of not having what we desire. It arises from comparison and personal dissatisfaction.

Both emotions share some common roots, such as personal insecurity and a lack of self-confidence. However, while jealousy is linked to potential loss, envy is connected to unfulfilled desire.

The effects on relationships lead to detachment and isolation for both, which do not involve anyone, creating neither conflict nor resentment, avoiding painful confrontations.

As experience teaches, we must always keep an eye on our origins. Southern Europeans are more enthusiastic than Northern Europeans. It is a classic story of a Scandinavian husband who comes home to find his wife in bed with another man; he apologizes, walks out the door, and says, "When you're done, we'll all sit around a table and talk about it." The same situation occurred in Sicily, where the husband returned home to find his wife in bed with another man, much to his wife's surprise and concern. But he locked the door, bricked it up with cement, and left.

Diverse cultures, but always a solution in hand to continue living happily.

Grandma's Secret

Tropea, 1943. A winding road winds along a promontory, descending toward the coast, with the sea crashing just meters away. The German occupation is heavy and oppressive; tanks block the main road, making movement difficult. The partisans, intrepid and determined, flee along the surrounding hills, trying to escape the enemy's strict control.

Aurora, a young journalist, returns to Tropea to restore the home of her late grandmother, Caterina. Discovering a hidden box filled with letters and diaries, Aurora uncovers a past step in secrets and dangers. The letters reveal that Caterina was an active member of the resistance, involved in espionage operations under the cover of a fabric shop.

Aurora decides to join the resistance, determined to follow in her grandmother's footsteps. There, she meets Ferdinando, the charismatic leader of the local partisan section. Despite the difficulties and dangers, an irresistible attraction develops between Aurora and Ferdinando. Ferdinando, known for his courage and

cunning, leads the operations with determination, and Aurora becomes an invaluable asset to the group, using her journalistic skills to spread critical messages and information.

One day, Ferdinando is captured by the Gestapo and subjected to harsh torture. Despite the pain and threats, Ferdinando never reveals the names of the members of his section, demonstrating extraordinary courage. Ferdinando's capture strengthens the determination of Aurora and the other partisans to continue the fight against the occupation.

The German colonel's wife, Ingrid, passing by one of the rooms where Ferdinand is being held prisoner, immediately recognizes him. She recalls the moments of love Ferdinand had given her months earlier when both were unaware of their respective identities and the roles they would play in the war. This discovery leaves her shocked, but she is also determined to do something.

Thanks to her discreet intervention, Ingrid manages to communicate with Aurora, warning her of the impending danger and helping her orchestrate an escape plan for Ferdinand. However, things get complicated when Ingrid decides to follow Ferdinand on his escape. Her decision disrupts the plan and puts everyone at risk, but it also demonstrates her deep love for Ferdinand and her desire for redemption.

Aurora, Ferdinand, and Ingrid must now flee together, facing challenges and dangers as they try to evade the German soldiers. The escape goes well, but Ferdinand finds himself torn between the two women, each vying for his favor. Aurora, with her courage and determination, tries to keep the group together, while Ingrid, with her affection and protection, tries to prove her worth.

Just when it seems they are about to escape, an unexpected visit from a German spy turns the tables. The spy, discovering the escape plan, attacks the group. Ferdinand, attempting to protect Aurora and Ingrid, is mortally wounded. Tragedy prevails between the two women, united by grief and the loss of the man they both loved.

Meanwhile, the Germans begin their retreat, and Aurora must also leave the country. Her escape becomes a painful but necessary journey, as she carries with Ferdinando's memories and courage. Ingrid, devastated by the loss, decides to stay in Italy to help the resistance until the end.

As time passed, a surprising truth emerges: Ferdinand had faked his attack and, taking advantage of the chaos, managed to return to his wife. This revelation leaves Aurora and Ingrid shocked, but also in awe of Ferdinand's ingenuity. The two women find a new purpose in the fight, carrying on his indomitable spirit.

Meanwhile, Aurora and Ingrid discover they are both pregnant with twins. This unexpected event binds them even more, transforming their grief into new hope for the future. They resolve to raise their children by instilling in them the values of courage, resistance, and love of freedom that Ferdinand and Catherine embodied.

Upon Ferdinand's death, his will was opened, revealing that he was a millionaire. In his last will, Ferdinand had distributed his money to all those who had helped him during the war and to the community of Tropea. This final gesture confirms his generous spirit and his desire to leave a legacy of benevolence and justice.

The life of the Calabrian's is truly adventurous and complex!

The Real Estate Agent

During a period in my life, I met Rodica, a Romanian real estate agent. We met to discuss a property, but that simple professional interaction quickly turned into something more. I decided to invite her to dinner, and I immediately noticed her charisma and passion for life.

After a pleasant dinner, I invited her to my house to continue the evening. Rodica, with her charming personality, enthusiastically accepted. We spent the night laughing and having deep conversations, while she drank four bottles of wine, showing me a resilience I had never seen before.

When I finally decided to walk home, the evening took an unexpected turn. Once we arrived, Rodica locked the door, preventing me from leaving for five hours. At first, I was perplexed and a little worried, but as time went by, I realized she simply wanted to prolong our encounter and share even more.

Just when I thought the evening could not get any weirder, her relatives arrived, including her cousin. I found myself mingling with them, listening to family stories, and learning more about their lives in Romania. It was a surreal experience, being welcomed so warmly by people I had just met.

The next morning, I had to catch a plane back to Italy. When Rodica finally let me leave, I felt enriched by that unusual experience, but also a little dazed by the turn of events.

Rodica taught me the importance of seizing the moment and finding meaningful connections even in the most unexpected situations. That extraordinary encounter stayed with me, always reminding me that the people we meet can have a profound impact on our lives, often when we least expect it.

An Improvised Lunch

One summer, I was invited to a beautiful seaside villa by some friends. The view was breathtaking: the azure sea stretching to the horizon and the sound of the waves gently crashing on the shore. When it was time for lunch, we realized we only had one kilo of spaghetti for three people. It seemed like an excessive amount of pasta, but we decided to take on the challenge with enthusiasm.

There were only three of us: me, my friend Marco, and his sister Giulia. Marco, a true master in the kitchen, proposed turning that kilo of spaghetti into a feast fit for a king. With a knowing smile, we headed to the kitchen and began searching for available ingredients.

We found a couple of ripe tomatoes, some garlic, some fresh basil, and a bottle of excellent olive oil. We decided to make simple but delicious pasta with tomato sauce. While Marco worked on the sauce, Giulia and I dedicated ourselves to setting the table, enhancing the atmosphere with fresh flowers and a bottle of chilled white wine.

The kitchen was filled with scents of tomatoes and garlic mingling in the air. Marco, with his mastery, transformed those few ingredients into a rich and flavorful sauce. Once the spaghetti was ready, we threw it into the pot and wait impatiently for it to be cooked to perfection.

When we finally sat down at the table, we realized that there was something special about that simple meal. The flavors were intense, and every bite was an explosion of taste. Laughing and chatting, we shared stories and laughter, momentarily forgetting the outside world.

But the highlight came when, with a single fork ful, **I ate almost six hundred grams of spaghetti alone.** They will always be amazed by that scene. Even today, they tell it as one of the funniest and most absurd anecdotes of that summer.

That impromptu lunch turned out to be one of the most memorable moments of that summer. It was not just the food that made it special, but the company and the spontaneity of the occasion. We learned that sometimes you do not need expensive ingredients or complex recipes to create an unforgettable meal. What matters is the company and the love we put into what we do.

An Unexpected Encounter

During a trip to Morocco, I decided to explore the Marrakesh market, a labyrinth of colors, scents, and sounds. As I wandered among the stalls, observing the exotic spices, intricate carpets, and glittering jewelry, I found myself chatting with a local merchant named Youssef.

Youssef was a middle-aged man with lively eyes and a warm smile. He offered me mint tea, and we began to talk about our lives. He told me about his adventures around the country, the people he had met, and the secrets of trade. Every word was imbued with wisdom and passion for his culture.

Suddenly, Youssef invited me to his home to meet his family and share a traditional meal. I enthusiastically accepted and followed him through the winding streets of the medina to his modest but welcoming home.

There, his family welcomed me with warmth and hospitality. They prepared a feast of traditional dishes: couscous, chicken Taine, fresh salads, and honey desserts. As we ate, we shared stories, laughs, and moments of genuine connection.

That day I learned not only about Moroccan cuisine, but also the importance of family, hospitality, and openness. Meeting Youssef and his family reminded me that the true treasures of travel are not just the places we visit, but the people we meet along the way.

The Peoples

The people of the world to whom we are eternally grateful have left us a wealth of knowledge and testimony about who we are. To them goes our deepest gratitude. Today, I do not intend to share information easily found on the internet or in newspapers. Rather, reflecting on who we are and analyzing our reality in an extemporaneous way helps us understand our place in the world.

Men and women, while sharing many common characteristics, also possess physical, biological, emotional, and intellectual differences that distinguish them and make them unique. Men, with greater muscle mass and a more robust bone structure, embody physical strength. Women, with a higher percentage of body fat, especially in the hips, thighs, and breasts, embody a softer figure. Men are on average taller and heavier, with a dominant physical presence.

The chemical difference between men and women is manifested in their hormones: men have elevated levels of testosterone; women have abundant estrogen and progesterone. This hormonal difference governs their vital functions. Their reproductive systems also differ women have ovaries, fallopian tubes, uterus, and

vagina, and men have testes, prostate, and penis, illustrating the complexity of life and the continuation of the species.

Both sexes experience emotions with similar intensity, although cultural and social influences shape their expressions, creating a mosaic of unique behaviors. Some research suggests differences in the size of certain brain areas between men and women, without establishing cognitive superiority.

Rational intelligence involves the ability to reason logically, solve problems, and analyze critically. Emotional intelligence involves awareness of one's own emotions and those of others, managing emotions, and empathy, which is essential in interpersonal relationships. Instinctive intelligence refers to the ability to make quick decisions based on intuition, which is useful in emergency situations.

Despite these differences, men and women share much of their biology and possess similar intellectual and emotional capabilities. Individual differences often outweigh gender differences, varying from person to person. Knowing all this, I choose my dates carefully, and if I have any doubts, I go home to my wife, since I already know how she treats me.

The Eternal Flame

In a remote mountain village in the Calabrian province, cut off from the rest of the world, lived a young woman named Aria. Aria was known for her breathtaking beauty and kindness, but what truly made her special was her ability to ignite flames that never went out. This ability had been passed down to her from her great-grandmother, an ancient guardian of sacred fire, a power passed down from generation to generation.

Aria's fire was no ordinary fire; it had the power to warm hearts, enlighten souls, and protect the village from the freezing winter nights. Every year, on the night of the winter solstice, the village gathered around a great bonfire lit by Aria, where the dancing flames told stories of ancient times and promises of the future.

Aria was not only a guardian of fire, but also a woman of irresistible charm. It was said that she had enchanted over 1,200 men with her smile and grace. Every man who met her was enchanted by her presence, as if she were a living flame that ignited the hearts of all who approached her.

One day, a traveler named Luca arrived in the village. He was a mysterious man, with a magnetic beauty and eyes that seemed to gaze into the soul. Luca was searching for something he had lost long ago. Drawn by Aria's stories of eternal fire, he hoped she could help him rediscover what he had lost. Aria, with her generous heart and irresistible charm, agreed to help Luca, sensing that his quest was connected to something greater.

Together, they set out on a journey through the Calabrian mountains, following the trail left by ancient legends. During the journey, amid intense glances and moments of complicity, Luca revealed to Aria that he was searching for an ancient flame, capable of healing any wound and bringing lost souls back to life. Aria understood that the power Luca sought was precisely that of her family'ssacred fire.

They faced many challenges along the way: snowstorms, magical creatures, and puzzles that evaluated their determination and courage. Whenever they seemed on the verge of giving up, Aria would light a small fire,

which not only warmed them physically but also renewed their hope and inner strength. The tension between the two grew, fueled by the dangers and the intensity of their emotions.

Finally, they reached a hidden cave in the Calabrian mountains, where the source of the eternal flame was said to be kept. Inside, they found an ancient altar with a small brazier, whose flames glowed with a warm, welcoming light. Luca approached the altar, recognizing in the flames the power he had long sought. Aria understood that her destiny was to unite her fire with that of the source, to preserve and protect the power of the eternal flame.

With a solemn gesture and a touch of passion, Aria lit her fire in the brazier, creating a light that illuminated the entire cave. In that moment, Luca found the peace he sought, feeling that his journey had ended. Aria, on the other hand, understood that her duty was not only to protect the village, but also to keep alive the flame of hope and courage in anyone who needed it.

They returned to the village, where Aria and Luca became a living legend, united not only by the eternal fire, but also by an unbreakable bond. Their story of courage, love, and sacrifice was told from generation to generation, inspiring others to find their inner flame and illuminate the world with their light.

Over time, it was discovered that Aria was of Italian descent, specifically from Naples. Her family had deep roots in the tradition of sacred fire, passed down through generations, and this connection to ancient Neapolitan traditions made her story even more fascinating. Legends told of how the fire of Naples had the power to unite hearts and heal souls, and Aria perfectly embodied this ancestral magic.

The Journalistic Chronicle

News reporting is a fundamental aspect of communication and can be divided into several categories, each with its own focus and importance. Crime reporting covers crimes and incidents, often exploring the details of police investigations and the consequences of criminal activity. This type of reporting keeps the public informed of dangers and contributes to public safety by highlighting measures taken to combat crime. Crime reporting covers events of general interest such as celebrations, inaugurations, and cultural activities. This type of journalism highlights positive aspects of society and promotes a sense of community and civic participation, highlighting collective successes and local traditions. Gossip reporting focuses on the personal stories of celebrities, exploring their private lives, relationships, and controversies. This type of reporting attracts a wide audience thanks to its interest in public figures and their lifestyles, often influencing cultural and consumer trends.

Investigative journalism plays a crucial role in democracy, holding established powers to account and exposing injustice. Reporters like Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, who uncovered the Watergate scandal, demonstrate the impact that courageous and independent journalism can have on society. These journalists not only exposed corruption at the highest levels of the U.S. government but also demonstrated the importance of press freedom and public accountability. Their meticulous investigations and willingness to take personal risks for the truth have left an indelible mark on the history of journalism.

Journalism must adhere to strict ethical principles, including accuracy, impartiality, and transparency. These principles are essential to maintaining public trust and ensuring the credibility of information. Maintaining these standards in an era of fast-moving news and social media is a daunting challenge. Fake

news and information manipulation can spread rapidly, making it essential for journalists to verify sources and maintain professional integrity. Transparency is crucial to showing the public how news is gathered and presented, allowing readers to better understand the context and complexity of the stories being reported.

With the advent of the internet, journalism has undergone profound transformations. News is now accessible in real time, and digital platforms enable direct interaction with the public. Readers are no longer merely passive recipients of information but can comment, share, and contribute to the news creation process. This shift has led to a greater democratization of information, but also to new challenges such as the fight against misinformation and the need to adapt to sustainable business models. Analyzing how these innovations have changed the way we report can offer interesting insights into the future of the profession and how journalists can continue to play their fundamental role in modern society.

Solidarity

Solidarity is a fundamental value that promotes unity and mutual aid within communities, underpinning many social and political initiatives, from volunteer organizations to welfare policies. Movements such as volunteering, NGOs, and community support networks are concrete examples of solidarity in action. Initiatives such as food banks, homeless shelters, and fundraising campaigns demonstrate how solidarity can be effective in people's lives. These collective efforts not only alleviate immediate hardship but also build a sense of community and shared responsibility.

In a global i zed world, solidarity addresses significant challenges such as economic inequality, racism, and xenophobia. Analyzing these challenges and workable solutions is essential to promoting a more just and inclusive society. The interconnected ness of nations and cultures makes international solidarity crucial to addressing global problems such as poverty, conflict, and environmental crises. Global movements and campaigns such as those against climate change demonstrate how solidarity can unite people from various parts of the world for a common cause.

The COVID-19 pandemic has underscored the importance of solidarity. From mutual support among neighbors to global vaccination campaigns, solidarity has been crucial in addressing the crisis. Mobilizing resources to help the most vulnerable, sharing scientific knowledge, and international cooperation for vaccine distribution are concrete examples of how solidarity can overcome global challenges. Exploring these examples offers valuable lessons for the future, highlighting how collaboration and mutual support can strengthen communities' resilience in the face of adversity.

Solidarity not only responds to emergencies but also plays a fundamental role in building more equitable and inclusive societies. Promoting solidarity through education, public policies, and civic participation can help create a world where every individual feels an integral part of a supportive and sustainable community. Storiesof solidarity, both local and global, remind us that through unity and collective action, we can address the greatest challenges and build a better future for all.

PERFECT POST-SCRIPT UM

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Intro

Every book has an ending, but what we think does not always arrive in time to be written.

The Postscript is that piece of truth left out of the script: it arrives later, when the mind is clearer and the heart is quieter.

It is the moment when we look back without anger, without illusions, without defenses.

Just reality.

And reality is always simpler than what we say.

Aphorisms

In relationships, few concepts explain everything. Here are the ones that do not betray: • **He who remains silent says more than he who talks too much.** • **Distance reveals what presence hides.** • **Friendship is not asked for: it is manifested.** • **Those who only look for you when they need you have never really looked for you.** • **Ingratitude is the natural signature of human beings.** • **Real relationships do not require constant maintenance: they work.** • **An acquaintance judges you, a friend understands you, a false friend uses you.** • **Sincerity does not make friends: it reveals people.** 99 • **Loyalty is not declared: it is demonstrated.** • **The truth never causes anyone important to lose. It only causes the superfluous to lose.**

Epilogue

At the end, one thing remains: people enter our lives with a role, not a promise.

Not all have to stay, not all deserve a place, not all are what we believe.

The purpose of this book is not to seek culprits, but to recognize boundaries.

To understand who we were, who we have become, and who is worth taking with us.

At the end of it all, one thing is certain: **we are not friends by habit,**

nor acquaintances by chance.

We are what we show ourselves to be. The rest is distance.

Close

This volume is part of the Gillette Universe, the ongoing series written by Ferdinando Frega from 18 years inside The Gillette Company and 23 years of international management across four continents. These are not memoirs. They are not manuals. They are the documented record of a man who lived inside one of the

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