GILLETTE UNIVERSE

VOLUME 10

ONE LIFE

AND MANY DESTINIES

sixty-five stories that do not entertain but heal

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INTRODUCTION

Have you ever looked at Italy and thought, "I can't be the only one suffering in this prison"?

You are not. These stories are proof. Come in. The cage is open.

PROLOGUE

"A Country That Refuses" (existing, unchanged chapter 1) Function: opens the Italian wound. The reader bleeds within line 5.

A Country That Rejects

Among the many places I have crossed in a lifetime, Italy remains an anomaly.

A country that protects itself by taking refuge in its own contradictions.

It celebrates mediocrity. It distrusts growth. It stops short.

Reading is scarce here.

Not for lack of schools, but because of a specific cultural choice: culture weighs heavily.

It is seen as an encumbrance, not a path. An unnecessary luxury. A risk.

Reading is not considered a cure.

It is tolerated as a pastime, never recognized as a tool. Yet reading means being alone without getting lost, navigating one's fears without anesthesia, staying upright while everything pushes toward distraction.

But distraction is more comfortable. Criticism is easier.

A quick laugh avoids silence.

Italian cities do not grow **they remain.** They are fragments of a past that refuses to be overcome. Rome is not a capital: it is a sprawling province. Metropolises are not cities, but sprawling neighborhoods, accumulated without vision.

There is no plan. There is no future.

Gossip remains. Mistrust remains. Suspicion of those who think remains.

Culture, when it is not ignored, is diminished. When it is not diminished, it is mocked.

Ignorance here is not a limitation: it is a choice.

Curiosity is disturbing. Research Exposes. Thought creates differences.

Better to avoid them.

When discomfort sets in, when the mind gives out, no one thinks of a book.

They seek out noise. They seek validation. They seek someone to criticize.

Reading remains outside, like an unrecognized medicine.

Even work reflects this logic.

Those who study too much are burdensome. Those who are competent are unsettling. Those who try to change are rejected.

Italy does not reward merit: it suspects it.

It prefers the equilibrium of inertia to the effort of evolution.

This is the country that refuses. Not because it cannot change, but because change requires something that scares us more than anything else here:

thinking about ourselves.

However, two certainties remain.

1. **Tourism,** which thrives on the beauties we no longer even know how to appreciate, and which allows us to mask our cultural shortcomings. 2. **Cuisine,** which is the only art that Italy still knows how to celebrate as a true world-class excellence.

Alternatively, for those with no other options, there'salways politics, where immorality is the norm, where stealing is accepted as a legitimate act of"doing good."In Italy, politics becomes a game, an unscrupulous profit opportunity. Itisthe magic of our country, which never seems to change.

The question I ask myself is: **How can we truly evolve as a society if we reject the tools that could free us from our own immobility?** Reading is not just a pleasure; it is a necessity. It is the key that can unlock the door to a different future, a path to salvation in a world that rejects everything new.

Welcometo Italy. A country that does not knowhow to grow but could, if only it were willing to look within itself and open itself to new possibilities.

Art and Sculpture

Many months had passed since Principessa had decided to leave me, and it was an unexpected pain, a blow to the heart I had never foreseen. Despite this, as is the rule of a Calabrian man, I never went looking for her, because her decision had to be respected. My life, however, went on, trying to enjoy the best it had to offer. One evening, while I was going about my usual activities, I opened Skype and saw her there, stuck behind a message waiting for my response. It seemed like a game had already won, where she always decided how to play it, but I had the deck of cards, and the hand had not even started yet. She immediately spoke to me of love, as if it were a commodity, you could buy online. She did not understand who I was, she did not know what I could do, and she had never truly experienced love. Behind that beautiful woman, who knows she is, hides a person trying to undertake manual labor, but without knowing the basics of turning it into a business. She has the vice, the habit of wanting to dominate situations, deciding what to do and how to do it. But the person writing, me, has clear ideas: everything must follow a ritual that makes both of us happy, not just one. I make her understand that the foundation of everything is knowing each other, appreciating each other, and figuring out if we can walk a path in life together. Opening a shop in Rome is possible, renting a house is doable, living together would be beautiful, provided she always involves me in her games and not others.

I am determined and motivated. I know where to find joy, but I am also used to worrying about others, about their happiness and their needs. This is what distinguishes men of value, those who have women by their side who never letgo. Welcome to my world, into my arms. I am our present, and dreams only serve to make life better. Sometimes it takes extraordinarily little to achieve a lot, like nitroglycerin that destroys enormous bridges. Play your cards right, because this will be the last time I invite you to my table, and I hope you at least walk away a winner.

The Best Men

For years I wondered who they really were. They did not introduce themselves.

They did not explain.

They did not claim anything.

You could recognize them by one detail: they did not need to be recognized.

Over time, I began to doubt everything. The value of time.

People. Things.

I kept my distance, observing, without taking sides.

Then I found them nearby.

Too close to look for them anywhere else. They were my children.

At work, they moved like grown men. They managed emergencies silently, as if bearing weight were normal.

Not because it was easy. Because it had to be done.

Love struck them early.

It bent them for a few days. It straightened them forever.

I wish I had been there longer. Fate chose something else.

I watched them from afar, and from far away I saw them shine.

That is life.

It depends on where you look.

All around, relatives cultivated their fields. Small harvests, minimal attention.

Stories served only to fill the silence, five minutes at a time.

Then came the deaths. Lots of them.

Of all kinds.

Some are useless. Some are forgettable.

Little remained of the best. A name.

A memory. A loss.

But that was enough.

Because the best, when it is truly there, does not need to stay.

My Italy

What is the American Dream?

It is the idea that your starting point should not determine your destination.

That work helps you climb, not just endure. That commitment makes sense.

In my Italy, this dream is no longer spoken of. Not because it is false, but because it is scary.

It is better not to mention it, like certain illnesses. Better to pretend it never existed.

There is no shortage of debate here. Perspective is lacking.

Everything is discussed except what really matters.

There are those who live on 330 euros a month. It is not a symbolic sum.

It is a silent condemnation. Not to live: to survive.

And no future can be built on this.

Meanwhile, the real dream becomes something else entirely.

Entering the places of power.

Not to change things, but to stay there.

There, every role is legitimate, every story is acceptable, every skill is optional.

What matters is being there. Not knowing how to do it.

Merit does not matter. Access is what matters.

Skills are bought. Speeches are delegated. Thought is optional.

This is how the Italian dream was born. It is not earned: it is paid for.

It has a fixed monthly price and guaranteed protection. And we vote for it. We defend it. We normalize it.

Outside, we appear poor. On the inside, we are full. Full of appearances.

Sacrifice does not make the news. Challenging work does not generate respect.

In public competitions, a thousand positions attract a hundred thousand applicants.

The winners earn a salary barely enough to keep them away from home.

They work to exist. Not to build.

These kids are not lazy. They are not spoiled.

They are clear-headed enough to understand that the dream does not concern them.

They live in a country where hoping has become naive and aspiring is considered a crime.

This is my Italy.

Not the one that is falling.

The one that has **grown accustomed to standing still.**

Life

Most people are allowed to express a dualistic concept in moments of desperation, when, cursing, they say: *"To be born and to die.*"As if they were two separate moments and not, rather, two completion algorithms that call upon each other.

This statement encompasses what has been and what has become but rarely reflects what *is.* And it is precisely 12 between these two algorithms that the splendid life lies: an obligatory passage, an invisible and often ignored bridge. It is here that the two ends meet and fit together perfectly, yet remain elusive, like the void that leaves no memory.

Life is the best time granted to man: a time to dedicate to oneself, driven by one's own needs, not always primary, but often primordial. It is a journey filled with beauty, because within it lies everything that truly matters: the partner who will accompany us until the end---and for the luckiest, even more than one---our families, our children, our progress, our grandchildren. We are the guarantors of continuity of life.

It is not a light role. When we observe childless couples, rather than judging or blaming them, we should reflect on the weight of this responsibility. But allow me a smile: sometimes, this role requires *extra* commitment at night, between the sheets of the house, to keep the population growing.

Of course, this is just hyperbole, a slight ironic exaggeration. But if one day women decided to strike and stop bringing children into the world, we could honestly say goodbye to life and, with it, our planet.

The truth, however, is that life is much more than a biological cycle. Itisa succession of choices we make, a web of moments that must be lived with awareness. The true meaning lies precisely in this: in recognizing that every breath, every step, every action is a unique opportunity. Once we understand this, we can deeply appreciate life for what it is, without reducing it to a simple preparation for death.

And then, perhaps, we should pause for a moment. Look at life for what *it is:* an extraordinary moment, a gift that exists only in the present moment, suspended between what has been and what will be.

Love

A group of elderly people gather for a festive evening, greeting me affectionately and saying, "Writer, remember that love is ageless." This phrase lingers in my head, like a sweet, persistent echo. So, I decided to pause and reflect, trying to grasp its deeper meaning.

From the moment we come into the world, our first bond is with the woman who gave us life. As soon as we are born, our umbilical cord iscut, but at that moment, more than ever, we remain connected to her. The smell of her skin, the sound of her voice: these are unmistakable signs that allow us to recognize her, even among thousands of others. This is not justa characteristic of animals;we newborns also experience a unique and profound connection with our mother, a connection that transcends words.

Pregnancy, those nine months we spend together, builds a bond of love that will last a lifetime. A love that grows with us, that guides us, that nourishes us. Yet, there are moments that remain etched in our minds, like the first steps, the reawakening of memories, the new loves we discover every day, simple yet extraordinary.

I remember, for example, Sunday lunches at my grandparents' house. My grandmother always asked my mother if I was already weaned and never missed an opportunity to make me take a quantum leap in my diet:from pasta with semolina to macaroni with pork ragù. A poem of flavors, but of love. And my grandfather, secretly, would let 14 me savor his red wine, 18% ABV. That moment of transgression made me feel grown up, but my last memory is of falling asleep, protected by the love of my family.

Lifeis love in the trivial things:in the caresses, in the smiles, in the flavors of mother and grandmother's cooking. These are gestures that warm us and that, as adults, we must learn to earn. But the love we have been given never loses its strength;it is always there, ready to accompany us along the way.

And so, finally, I understood what those old people had told me. They, a few years older, are eternal children, capable of seeing the world with eyes of wonder, capable of loving without limits. Love, truly, has no age.

Impossible History

Memories, like objects left in the dark, are never truly erased. Every now and then, a thought resurfaces, one you thought you had forgotten. It is like a small seed that, after years of silence, suddenly sprouts. Some moments never go away; they become part of us, taking root more deeply than we like.

Growing up is not about maturing, it is also about recognizing that there has never been any real change, only constant evolution. You learn to understand the world, but you never truly learn to love it for what it is. The beauty of life always seems to lie in its contradictions. Our love for in comprehensibility is what drives us to move forward, to search for a meaning that does not exist.

Every experience marks a boundary, but it is just another step toward greater awareness. Nothing is static in life. Every person you meet, every word you say, leaves an invisible mark, which blends with those of others. We cannot ignore that our growth is made up of continuous encounters, small exchanges of energy that become our very being.

The most powerful experiences, however, are those that are never explained, those that remain silent. These are the ones that define us, that make us who we are without realizing it. Our essence is composed of memories, unspoken words, unfulfilled dreams.

My Friend

We never think about the first time we met a friend, at least not until we realize we might lose them. It is a painful realization, an inevitable price of a life that never offers us full value until it is time to pay.

Only God knows what binds us to a friend. It is a blend of affection, feelings, and sharing, a mosaic of beautiful and sad moments spent together. It is not that no one has ever cried, but there have always been cries of anger, of pain, reactions that only friends can provoke, and that they can understand.

And then there was time, that gentleman we so often talk about. He helped us grow, while our families, trusting, watched our journey from afar. Even though the dangers were evident, they were never shared with them.

The first risk we faced, however, was not drugs, or bad company, or smoking or alcohol. It was women. Always them. Mysterious, fascinating, irresistible. They attracted us like honey attracts bees, without needing to touch us, just with a look. It was magic.

Every experience remained etched in our memory, a collection of misadventures and joys. Sometimes we win, but rarely. And never against women: they were always too strong.

Then came another challenge: illness. Preventing it would have been asure victory, but facing it, facing it with courage, would not have been a sad thing either. We were young, yet we found ourselves asking ourselves: "Why me?" Breaking out of my solitude for a moment, I remembered a story I had written a while back: *"How Much Longer?"* I hoped I would have enough time to finish what I had started, but every day brought new goals, new challenges. It was as if I were planning to become immortal. But if that really happened, how would I manage sex?

Better to die together than alone.

A friend.

Tomorrow

A lengthy conversation with my friend Charly from California kept me engaged in questions about my future, my "tomorrow,"how I wanted to approach my life and whether it was worth changing. His words revealed concern for my decisions; he knew my character, my upbringing, and my culture well. He knew I would never jump into the void without a parachute, nor would I take a "quail flight," wasting time and sacrifices without bringing anything home.

After dinner, I thought about going to bed: a little sleep would help me get my thoughts in order. But just then, thirty or so new emails arrived, discussing my zodiac sign, Pluto's departure from my planet after twenty years, and the prospect of good luck in every field until 2044.

I got up to read something and, as I reflected, I thought intensely about my "tomorrow." I came to a clear conclusion: I would never abandon my writing project for three fundamental reasons. Writing was something I loved, it gave me pleasure in doing it, and it had given me a new identity that perfectly felt mine. This identity was the product of my character: intellectual and ignorant, poorly educated, with little culture but an inexhaustible imagination and that slightly "trickster" attitude that allowed me to invent stories in just three minutes.

I was already thinking about how I could tell these stories to my grandchildren in the years to come: every story in the world, reinvented and experienced through my own voice. I would be vigilant so as not to lose those closest to me, because deep down, while I loved the future and the dream, I was anchored to the reality of the people who truly matter in my life. I would ensure that the bond with them would not be broken, using the knowledge and opportunities I had been granted.

The future, in my eyes, was limitless and without essential conditions: everything was *open,* all I had to do was reach out and grab whatever was within reach. Dreams? They would come true because the time I had left would be resolute solely to this.

My longevity seemed guaranteed by my parents: my father had reached ninety, my mother was seventy-nine. True, fate had taken my sister away a few months ago, at just sixty. But painful as it was, I had accepted it because of her personal choices, which unfortunately I did not agree with.

As Scarlet tO'Hara said in *Gone with the Wind: "Tomorrow is another day.*" And itis precisely in tomorrow that you will find my whole life, everything I am and everything I have yet to become.

Remote Control

In the beginning, someone always had to get up. Changing channels requires a body, a presence, a choice.

Then came the remote control. And from then on, no one moved.

A minimal gesture, a click, and everything started working remotely.

Televisions. Cars. Doors. Alarms. Shutters. Even the walls learned to obey.

The world has discovered that controlling is better than participating.

That pushing is more convenient than being there.

Even healthcare has adapted.

Once upon a time, hands were needed; today, a command is enough.

A single operator. A single finger.

In the 1980s, someone tried to go further.

A woman convinced herself that love could be rekindled with a remote control.

Electrodes, promises, slogans.

The man obeyed. The machine did not.

The result was a short circuit. Technical. Human. Definitive.

The reimbursement request was followed by an official assessment:

one% disability.

The rest had already been missed.

The Vatican was more honest: technology can help us dream, but miracles require something else.

The remote works on everything. Except the things that really matter.

The Wickedness

The ancients said that people can be divided into two categories: **tall** and **short.** No, we are not talking about basketball, but about a more... internal height. The truth is that short people have a particular talent for **nastiness,** as if they compensated for the missing inches with their bad temper.

The sense of possession? They have patented it. **Sharing?** Never. Desiring more than others? They even have a diploma. Their motto might be: *"If I can't have it, then let it catch fire!"* In between, of course, there's **envy,** gratuitous teasing, inner discomfort, and that fake smile that says it all.

But, beware, the saddest thing is this: short people dream their whole lives of becoming tall, and incredibly, they succeed… but **only at night,** when they sleep. When they wake up, however, they find themselves once again arguing with the world and with the height of the kitchen cupboards.

On the other hand, tall people inhabit a different dimension. They are the ones who do not worry too much about the meanness of others: **they let things slide,** walk lightly, and smile kindly. But number two: even tall people have a limit. When you annoy them too much, they become mean too. But here is the best part: they are not as mean as short people, no… **they plan.** They take the **seven well-thought-out factors** (objective, diligence, perseverance, dedication, work, thought, results) and make you regret stepping on their toes. It is as if they used Excel to get revenge: everything precise, organized, and devastating. They hurt you so much that, more than a sting, they feel like a surgical operation.

Let us not forget **Judas,** the king of wickedness: one who had the courage to betray even while sitting at Jesus' table. And it is a classic that is repeated even today: you have just cooked something good, and you find yourself at the table with a guy who brings nothing, criticizes everything, and then takes away even the leftovers.

The solution?Seat them away from the good stuff, like near the exit door. After all, as the ancient sages (and even Grandma)always said:*"Birdsofa feather flock together, but it's better not to invite them to dinner."* Short people dream of being tall, while tall people dream of only one thing: **not having to deal with short people anymore.**

Why Love?

Since ancient times, since the dawn of primitive man, communication between humans was minimal:vocal sounds and gestures were their language. Yet, when love sparked, something profound and mysterious

happened: the body, with its whirlwind of chemical reactions, felt itself slipping into an extraordinary dimension, a state where all control dissolved. Love became irrational, emotional, and emotional.

Today, things are not so different. What has changed is the new generations' need to explain everything, to ask, "why love?" But can we really rationalize the irrational? Can we explain what has always inspired poets, writers, and artists throughout history?Aren't prose, poems, and novels attempt to capture on paper a state of grace that escapes the mind's control?

Yet, once love passes, we find ourselves doubting ourselves. "Is it possible that I said or did certain things?" we ask ourselves. And yet, yes, because love is a force that pulls us beyond the rational, that pushes us to be what we did not even know we could be.

There are many types of love, many directions, but the goal remains the same: to leave an indelible mark, a sense of gratitude toward someone or something we will never forget. Forgetting a true love is almost impossible. That moment, that feeling, is etched in our memory with such force that it resists oblivion.

Those who have never loved to do not know what they have missed. It is like being born and dying inside a fruit crate, without ever seeing the world, without ever saying, *"I was there.*" Why love? Because it is the experience that gives meaning to our existence. Love is life, and those who do not experience it do not truly live.

The Sea

Dawn, just before5:00 a.m., found me on the beach near my house. The waves, low and calm, accompanied the moon's passage, discreet and silent. A light breeze began to awaken the new day, gently pushing the few clouds into the sky. I walked barefoot on the damp sand, where the boldest waves had left their mark of course. Day was coming, the sun still faint but promising in its warmth.

Birds fluttered along the shore, seagulls always searching for something to eat. Fishing boats returned to the port, bringing with them the day's catch: fish, ready to be sold. I felt like I was on a movie set, where every element was perfectly in place, as if everything were dancing in harmony. The sea, with its pristine beauty, enveloped me in an embrace I did not want to let go.

And at that moment, a thought crossed my mind: "You're in the right place, boy." Shortly afterward, a group of children, accompanied by their parents, arrived on the beach. The setting up of an umbrella signaled the beginning of the summer season. The children, excited, began playing in the sand, building castles and fantastic al figures, only to see their dreams swept away by the sudden, impetuous waves, which defied all odds.

I was enchanted, daydreaming. It occurred to me that I wanted to meet my Blue Angel, but I did not know if that beach was on his radar. Suddenly, a laughing voice woke me from my thoughts: it was Giorgia, my daughter, calling me to the table. I took her arm and, smiling, followed her into the house. From there, the sea could still be seen, but the magical moment was now giving way to everyday life.

That day is a memory I carry in my heart, an emotion that, at 60, made me feel young, as if love had no boundaries, like the sea I love so much.

The Message

At first, the message was simple. It meant war or truce.

And often it came too late.

Whoever carried it decided nothing. He transmitted.

And for that, he risked his life.

Then the message learned to travel for love. Folded notes.

Stolen words.

Promises that changed destinies without being noticed.

Over time, the message discovered power. A word could shift boundaries.

A number could decide who was in charge. A vote could change the history of millions.

When the press arrived, the message stopped being neutral. It began to choose.

What to say. What to omit.

Whom it was best to believe.

Television gave him a face. Advertising gave him an emotion. The content no longer mattered.

What mattered was how it made you feel.

Then came social media. And the message multiplied.

Everyone became a bearer of truth. With few followers.

And many certainties.

Today, the message does not inform. It suggests.

It does not explain. It directs.

And while everyone talks, the truth passes from mouth to mouth, in kitchens, in corridors, among those who do not need visibility to be believed.

In the end, there is only one rule: do as I say, not as I do.

The message is everywhere. The consistency is not.

A Modern Gladiator

He did not fight for show. Or even for honor.

He fought because he did not know anything else.

He did not follow the rules, but he did not break them either.

He crossed them when necessary.

He circumvented them when they became cages.

He did not have a clear plan. He had a direction.

And it often coincides with the most uncomfortable part.

He lived near the border. Not out of defiance.

Out of necessity.

Sometimes within the law, sometimes outside. Always within the consequences.

He was not immune to pain. He knew it well.

He did not seek it out of heroism, but because avoiding it would have meant losing himself.

He traveled extensively. Not to collect places, but to stop believing in a center. Each place took away a certainty. Each return left one less.

He did not believe in timing. He did things too late. Others too soon.

All of them when the timing was not ideal.

He chose the wrong people. He overestimated connections. He underestimated silences.

And yet, he remained standing. Not because he was strong, but because he had no credible alternatives.

Solitude was not a noble choice. It was a consequence.

The only space where my voice was not distorted.

He was not looking for followers. But some, watching him, understood that one could live without asking permission.

It was not an example. It was a possibility.

A non-modern gladiator. Only **still alive.**

Death

Many men are ready to demonize her, making a superstitious gesture, touching their family jewels, while women, more pragmatic, trust in their God to protect them and make the moment arrive as late as possible.

But an author like me should not talk about death, fearing to frighten his readers. It would not be a good omen; risking being classified among those who bring bad luck. However, the reality is different, and I highlight it as an event that affects everyone, at unpredictable times and according to details known only to God.

I can confirm this with a personal testimony: over the past twenty years, I have had five episodes of clinical coma, during which I was declared dead, despite my vital functions still being active. The doctors'expectation wasto disconnect the medical supplies and call the funeral home. Yet, in the end, I

received a bill from the same company, with the words: "Failed death, €2,000." These are the strange occurrences that only my city can generate, where provincialism has never given way to grandeur.

The real reflection when you die is that you feel nothing, no awareness. It is the moment of transition to the spiritual, while the body returns to the earth, from whence it came.

True regrets are not about death, but about life, the life we did not live to the fullest. Whilealive, we do not realize how focused we areon the superfluous, on what has no true value. We will not even hear the cries, nor will we see who will be present at our farewell, or whether the wreath sent to us truly reflects our tastes. And the coffin? It will never have any meaning for us. The only detail that will remain, the one that will outlive our body, is the photo someone chose for us. A 27 photo that will represent us for the next thirty years, until the burial site must be made available to someone else.

So, before you die, think about all the things you could do. No one will ever tell you the exact time of your departure, but someone will surely get you, without warning, and take you away. So, while you are in control, fill the time you are given with life, without putting off what truly matters.

No Gift

I found myself thinking, one winter afternoon, about the day I was born. My mother, always ready to dress me in blue, light blue, and white outfits---never a color that made me look like a "boy"---laden me with attention as only a mother can. Others were just"others,"but our bond, our connection, began to change as we grew older. It was then that the time came to face responsibilities, dreams to fulfill, choices to make.

Thinking back on those moments, I realize how many eating habits tied meto her. She always seemed ready to change the biscuits, the baby food, the milk. Yet, despite all her care, I was never able to feed from her breast. It isa strange feeling, wanting to explore and discover something that had denied us. And yet, my destiny was oriented towards other experiences, other choices, which shaped me.

Then there was Dad, returning home after a long week of work. His first action was always to put the presents on the table. But as I watched, I noticed the differences between me and my sister, the favorite. There were no words, no explanations. It was not necessary. The presents were just presents, yet their meaning was never the same. Dad, despite his aloof attitude, had always been the figure who gave us the stability that seemed so important to us. But as I grew 28 older, I understood that, sometimes, affection does not need presents to be true.

Grandparents, then, were another story. They knew no bounds when it came to making us happy. They were willing to turn the world upside down just to please us. We were their true children, emotionally, even if we were just their grandchildren. As we grew older, however, our relationship with them also changed. No one is immune to time. Their smiles were no longer as frequent, their gestures of affection more measured, but the memory of their unconditional love remained indelible.

And then, adult life. The partner who arrives, who changes the course of your life, the children, the responsibilities. And it is precisely at this point that you realize the presents no longer arrive. No more presents under the tree, no more surprises. In fact, I am the one bearing latest news: "Dad, I'm pregnant." And her unexpected question: "And the father? When are you getting married?" I joked, but deep down I realized that life is made up of questions others ask you, of answers you often do not have.

In the workplace, there are many philosophies. Some are wait-and-see, while others approach everything aggressively. But the truth is that, regardless of the approach, the goal remains the same: success. And this gives rise to a reflection: when the gifts stop arriving and no one brings them anymore, we cannot just sit there passively waiting. We should not stand by the window waiting for the postman, but we must be the ones to act, to seek solutions, to make choices. No one truly gives you anything. It could be ten people, but none of them knows the other.

As you look at the Christmas tree, focus on the lights going on and off. They are like your heart. Never let anyone turn off even one of them. Keep that light alive within you because no one has the right to dim it.

You are Too Young

How many times in our lives have we been told we were too young for something? How many times has "you're too young" dashed a dream, curbed a desire to do something, crushed a hope? It is curious how a simple judgment about age and maturity can so profoundly influence our thoughts. Years later, looking back on my 60s, one of the first experiences linked to that feeling comes to mind: I was five years old, I asked my father to let me drive the car, and he, with his sneer, told me I was too young. But I was not. He did not know who I was, and even today, with hindsight, he would not understand. I remember starting the car and watching it move without a driver, while he tried to stop it. What unforgettable moments, guys!

At eight years old, I attended dinners with my father's friends, but I always ended up intoxicated, returning home drunk for days. Yet, at that age, I did not feel the weight of youth: it was just a label. At ten, I met my first girlfriend. I looked older, elegant, tall, but my gaze revealed I was still inexperienced. She, Lella, sweetly said to me:"Honey, come back in four or five years and I'll show you how to have fun." Another door closed by youth.

Then, my first motorcycle, going out with friends: nothing was given to me. I had to conquer everything, but there was freedom in that conquering that is unforgettable. And so came my sixteenth birthday. In a crowded room, I approached the most beautiful girl and asked, "Shall we dance?"She, with a haughty expression, replied, "No."I was not discouraged and said, "You're right not to dance, so we can stay here and talk."Then, with a smile, I asked her how old she was. She looked atme curiously and I replied, "Well, 24." She replied, "You don't even look at it." But it was not the right time; my inexperience spoke for me.

Over time, age changes, but "you're too young" remains a recurring phrase. Even today, despite my 60 years, an American company turned me down fora two-million-dollar loan, saying, "Try again, it'sadvice we give everyone." And it is in this "you're too young" that life'schallengelies. That same youth that today allows me to say, "I'm lucky to be two ages; it's up to you to figure out which one." And it is not a question of numbers, but of attitude. Because youth is not just a period, it is a state of mind, a constant capacity for renewal.

Are you too young? Maybe. But you do not really know.

Everything Was Going Against You

Leap years are usually considered periods of transition, asort of bridge between previously positive moments and a suddenly controversial reality, as if awaiting the actual transition to a new year.

This period was not experienced very well, identifying the moment as one that *was going against everything.* Indeed, from small daily observations it appears that, from the cat who lives peacefully at home to the hundred-year-old neighbor, there seems to be a constant confluence of problems, the solutions of which are not long in coming… simply because they do not exist.

In families, then, the amplification of problems is a daily constant. We constantly strive for excellence, as if we were awaiting the arrival of the Cardinal of the Church on an official visit.

Exorcisms and prayers are useless because we are ready to see and endure impossible things. Like that time when our family, despite having six sets of house keys, found themselves standing on the road, watching a light approach from afar. At first, it seemed like a divine sign, a sign of hope, but then we discovered it was my son, desperately searching for his house keys with a flashlight in his hand.

At that point, the curse "who made me do this?" is of little avail. The die is cast, and regressive actions are neither foreseen nor foreseeable. All that remains is to rely on the old remedies, likea nice red horn against the evil eye. But if, by some twist of fate, even the horn refuses to play its part, then all we can do is curse with bitterness and resignation: **everything was going against us.**

Seeing myself in Solitude

I was born and placed next to my mother. I looked at her, but I saw only a shadow. I was not ready for a face.

She was. She was proud. The son. The continuity. The brother she had missed now slept there.

She never left me alone.

Even if I could not see her, her voice would reach me. That was enough.

The first real break came much later.

When another woman promised to take care of me. My mother knew.

She knew many would want to try. She warned them.

No one was as credible as her.

Then came the years in the world. I chose who to live with.

Who to stay with.

The rest fell away on their own. Envious, opportunistic, useless.

Only the Self and the Other remained.

The last three years have been the hardest. I have cut 850 numbers.

I have kept ten. Family included.

It was not cruelty. It was necessity.

To be alone, but among so many. To decide alone once again.

One day I walked into a funeral home. The owner looked at me strangely.

---What do you want to do?

---I am going to die. Eventually. I would rather get organized now.

He stared at me.

---There's usually an illness behind choices like that. How are you?

--- Good. Let us keep it simple. Cremation. No ceremonies. No graves. I will send you whoever pays.

--- Does your family know? --- No.

It was my day off.

Solitude was my only rendezvous.

Stop Arguing Anymore

It was a Saturday morning, one of those when you wake up with a headache, but your heart is light. I get up and head to the kitchen to make myself a coffee, watching the world slowly awaken. My phone vibrates, and as if by reflex, I reach for it. A text: "Don't you think you're exaggerating with that story?" It was a friend of mine with whom I had had an argument with yesterday. Usually, I jump right in, responding with sarcastic and even a little aggressive remark, but that day, something was different. I stopped, looked at my phone, and smiled. I did not want to get into another pointless debate. That Saturday, I told myself it would not happen again. How many times in my life have I found myself fighting pointless verbal battles, just for the sake of "winning"? I realized that there was never a real winner in arguments, only a pointless war of egos. So, I decided to do an experiment:not respond. I let the words fly without the need to reply. And, surprisingly, the world moved on. I lost nothing, on the contrary. I gained peace of mind and discovered that, sometimes, true courage lies in not reacting. From that moment on, I decided:no longer engage in arguments unless necessary. I stopped defending my every thought and learned to choose my battles. Today, that slight change has become a fundamental rule in my life. And, thinking about it, it was one of the wisest decisions I have ever made.

My Only Rule

In my garage, there is a car I would call "a dream." Not one everyone expects, but something that symbolizes the power of never stopping, of always pushing forward. I like to think of the Ferrari as a metaphor for life: it is powerful, fast, but if you push it too hard, you risk crashing. I remember one time, I was on a scenic road, one of those that invites you to hear the engine roar while gentle curves lead you through timeless beauty. Iwas tempted, truly tempted, to put my foot down on the accelerator. But, at that moment, something stopped me. Fear? No, awareness. I realized that if I pushed, I risk losing control. So, I decided to slow down. I started to think of that scene as life: speed is not always the answer. We are all tempted to "rush" toward success, to do everything quickly, to get there first, but life is about choices. You should not run just for the sake of running, but to understand where you are going. I realized that it is better to take a longer, more mindful journey than to fly out of control. And so, as the engine roared beneath me that day, I slowed

down. There is never a race to success. There's only mindful driving, knowing when to accelerate and when to stop and reflect.

The Secret (Or So I Say)

I am often asked what my secret is to get where I am, and my usual answer is: "Never ask questions." But the truth is that behind this joke is a lesson I have learned over the years. The secret to my "success" is not that I have some magic formula, nor that I worked day and night without stopping. The reality is much simpler and, if I think about it, even more banal. We all have the same potential, the same opportunity, but few are willing to make effective use of it. Some get lost in the details, some get distracted by life's myriad distractions, some stop at the first obstacle. But I have always believed that the key is being able to make choices. I chose not to stop, not to be paralyzed by fear, not to constantly question whether I was doing the right thing. I chose to act. My secret has always been the ability to respond to circumstances without waiting for others to give me the answer. Because no one knows what is right for you. Only you can decide. So, when people ask me what my secret is, I always reply with that quip. But I know the real secret is not waiting for someone to give you the answers. It is finding your own answers, and acting on them, without fear.

Never Do Too Much

There are days when Ifeellike the world is spinning too fast. It is like being on a merry-go-round that never stops, and you are there, clinging to one of the many chairs, trying not to fall. But I have learned, not without difficulty, that doing too much is pointless. At the end of the day, what have you achieved?A lotof activity, sure, but nothing meaningful. On the other hand, there are other days when I decide to do the bare minimum, and yet, I realize I have achieved more. It is not the quantity that matters, but the quality. This is a concept that only became clear to me over time. When I was younger, I thought you had to do more to be someone. But the truth is, doing more only makes you more tired. I have learned to choose the things that really matter and focus on them. When you focus on what is necessary, you can do better. I have learned that doing too much never makes you feel truly satisfied, while doing what's right makes you feel complete. So, this is my philosophy of life: never do too much but do it with meaning.

Meeting With Destiny

Fate is a curious thing, really. When you least expect it, it arrives and shoves a truth you had forgotten in your face. Once, I was in a café, sipping coffee, when I happened to catch sight of a person I had seen years before. We have never had a great relationship, but fate, as always, has its own way of doing things. He approached, looked at me, and in that tone only he knows how to use it, said, "I thought you'd forgotten about me."In that moment, I felt uneasy. Not because I had forgotten that person, but because fate, in all its shameless ness, was confronting me with something I had never truly faced. The truth is, as often happens, fate has no regard for your emotions. It presents you with facts and people without warning, forcing you to confront yourself. Yet, despite its rude manner, I realized that it was exactly what I needed. Because, in the end, fate is never kind, but it is always fair.

Look Inside

There was a time in my life when I spent more time trying to impress others than understanding who I truly was. I felt like every interaction was a kind of test, a constant evaluation of my abilities and successes. But one day, while reflecting on this, I realized something fundamental: if you keep looking outside, you will never see what you are inside. So, I decided to change course. I no longer cared about having to prove something to others. I began to look within. Discovering your essence is never easy. It is like opening a locked door and discovering that behind it lies not only dust and old memories but also hidden dreams and forgotten desires. I learned not to be afraid of what I found, even if sometimes it was not pretty. I was stronger than I thought, and more authentic. From then on, I focused on myself, learning to value who I was, without seeking external approval.

Sometimes, it is only when you stop looking for what is missing from others that you begin to truly see who you are.

Patience (which I did not have)"

Patience has never been one of my strengths. I have always wanted everything now, ready to reap the rewards without waiting. But life, as always, hasa way of teaching you lesson you do not ask for. One day, I was going through a tough time and needed a quick solution. I was impatient, ready to do anything to resolve the situation quickly. Then, by chance, I met a person with an enviable calm, a kind of serenity that seemed to come from another world. He told me that patience is not simply the art of waiting, but the art of remaining calm while waiting. It seemed absurd at first, but slowly I began to understand. It is not about standing still, but about living calmly in the present, even while waiting for change. From that moment on, patience became a practice, no longer a passive virtue, but a skill that allowed me to face difficulties with greater wisdom. I have not become a master of patience, but I have learned to look at life more calmly. And every time the world seems to speed up, I remember that lesson and, instead of rushing, I slow down and listen.

A Right Answer

There are moments in life when decisions seem impossible. You are faced with two paths, and no matter how much you think, both seem right and wrong at the same time. It was the same for me, many times. I remember a time when I had to choose between two career opportunities. One would lead me to a career I had always wanted, but the other would allow me to pursue a passion I had long put aside. I spent days thinking, making lists, consulting with friends and family. But the more I thought, the more trapped I felt. Until a friend, without ever asking me what I was doing, said to me: "The answer you seek will never be found outside, but within yourself."In that moment, Irealized Iwas looking for the answer in the wrong places. The right decision was not the one that seemed perfect to everyone, but the one that felt right for me. There was no universal answer, only the one that brought me peace. In the end, I chose the one that made me feel most in tune with who I was. And, looking back, that choice changed me in ways I never imagined. The lesson? Do not wait for the answer to come from others. It is within you; you just must learn to feel it.

Do not Give Up

I have been through dark times, and I admit, there have been times when I wanted to simply give up. Not because I did not have the strength, but because sometimes life presents you with challenges that seem insurmountable. One of these was during a period when I was trying to launch a project that seemed doomed to failure. Every door closed, every attempt seemed futile, and I felt closer to giving up than to persevering. One day, however, while I was alone, I stopped thinking. It was difficult, but the feeling of failure was not helping me grow. It was then that I understood something: failure is not the opposite of success, but part of its journey. The challenge is to keep fighting even when the world is telling you to stop. I did not perform miracles, but I found another way. I kept going, even when all was lost. And, in the end, not only did my project take off, but I learned an important lesson: challenges are not obstacles, they are opportunities disguised as difficulties. We never give up, because every step forward, even a small one, is a step towards something bigger.

Time Stops Being an Enemy

I remember once when I had a project in mind, and time was running against me. I felt constantly under pressure, with the incessant ticking of the clock pushing me to do more, faster. Then, one day, a reflection struck me like a bolt of lightning. I realized I was living as if time were my enemy, when in fact it was just one of the ingredients of my life. I changed my perspective:instead of fighting against time, I learned to collaborate with it. I began to enjoy every moment of the process, not rushing to the end, but focusing on what I was building along the way. Time stopped being an enemy and became an ally. I learned to value every second, not to waste the opportunities life offered me. And, with this new mindset, I began to feel that time was no longer a burden, but a resource to be managed consciously. Every minute became precious, not because I had to do more of it, but because I was focusing on the value of what I was doing. Time, after all, is what makes up our lives. And once you stop fearing it, you begin to truly live it.

Starting Over Again

There are moments in life when we feel like we have reached rock bottom, as if every step we take takes us further away from the right path. I went through a similar period, where I felt like all the decisions I had made had led me to a dead end. Things were not going the way I had wanted, and I found myself watching my life as if I were watching a sad movie. But suddenly, I realized that the beauty of life lies in the fact that there is no definitive limit. Every day isa chance to start over. I decided to look at my mistakes not as failures, but as lessons that had prepared me for a new beginning. Strength lies not in being perfect, but in having the courage to start over every time life evaluates us. Every time we think we have lost, we are just putting a new chapter in our story on hold. No matter how difficult it is, I learned that by starting over, you can rewrite your destiny.

Having No Answers

Life is a constant search for answers, and for years I thought the key to my success was always having a ready answer to every question. Then, I discovered something that changed me: sometimes, beauty lies in not having answers. One day, I found myself facing a question that seemed impossible: "What do I really want from life?" I did not have a clear answer, and for the first time in my life, instead of worrying about

finding an answer right away, I decided to simply leave the question. I learned that not having all the answers does not mean being lost but rather being open. Not having to solve every puzzle immediately allows you to live more authentically. Answers often come when you least expect them, and sometimes, they do not come at all. I learned that it is okay to live in mystery, it is okay to not know, and that the beauty of not having answers is that it allows you to embrace change without fear.

To Fail (And Stand Alone)

If there is one thing I have learned in life, it is that failure is not a curse, but a crucial step towards success. I have been on the verge of giving up countless times, and I have felt devastated when something did not go as I had hoped. But with every fall, I have learned one thing: true failure is not falling but staying down. It does not matter how many times you fall, what matters is how you get back up. Every time I faced defeat, I asked myself, "What now?" The answer was always the same: "Get up and try again." I did not become who I am today because I never made mistakes, but because I kept picking myself up every timeI failed. Resilience is the real secret. Every mistake you make teaches you a lesson and makes you stronger. The next time you fail, remember it is only part of the journey, and the real victory is knowing how to catch your breath and keep walking.

The Value of a Moment

I have always loved running, so much so that I often forgot how important it was to stop and enjoy the view. One day, while walking in a park, I decided to stop. The frenzy of everyday life had made me forget the value of small moments. I sat on a bench, and for the first time, I truly observed my surroundings. The colors of the sunset, the sound of the wind whispering through the trees, the smile of a child playing. That moment, which on the surface seemed insignificant, gave me peace I had never felt before. I realized that we are often too busy looking ahead, focused on our future, that we forget how rich the present can be. The value of a moment lies not in its duration, but in its intensity. Since that day, I have learned to stop and live every moment mindfully, because you never know when an ordinary moment might become the most beautiful memory.

When It Teaches You Freedom

For years, I saw failure as something to be avoided at all costs. It was the monster under the bed that kept me awake, the nightmare that made me dread every decision. But one day, I found myself facing a failure that changed me. I could not understand it at first, but after digesting the pain and humiliation, I realized that that defeat had given me something no victory could ever give me: freedom. The freedom to not be afraid of making mistakes, the freedom to take risks, the freedom to be myself without the burden of expectations. I stopped seeing failure as an end, but as a springboard to new possibilities. I understood that true freedom lies in allowing yourself to fail, to not be perfect, to take risks. Failure freed me from the fear of not being enough and opened the doors to a world of opportunities I had previously ignored. Sometimes, what we think is the end is just the beginning of a new adventure.

The Truth Hits You

I remember when I faced the truth, the truth I had avoided for years. I was so used to lying to myself that I had never truly questioned the choices I was making. Yet, one day, during a banal conversation with a friend, the truth came crashing down. I realized I was living a life that was not entirely mine. I had always acted based on what others expected of me, but I had never truly asked myself what I really wanted. That moment of realization was shocking but also liberating. I learned that there is nothing more painful than living a life that does not correspond to your truth. And the hardest part? Admitting it to myself. But once the truth hits you, you can never go back. The beauty of that moment is that from that point on, you can finally consciously choose who you want to be, without fear of disappointing anyone but yourself.

The Loneliness That Makes You Grow

Loneliness is a companion everyone fears, but sometimesit turns out to beone of life'sgreatestlessons. There were times when I felt completely alone, surrounded by people but unable to truly communicate with them. Loneliness bothered me, but I did not have the courage to face it. Then, one evening, after a particularly grueling day, I decided to go for a walk alone. And at that moment, everything changed.

Walking aimlessly, I realized that solitude was not my enemy, but my opportunity to truly listen to myself. I was finally giving myself the chance to think without distractions, to reflect without external influences. The solitude I initially feared became an opportunity for growth. I learned that being alone does not mean being abandoned; it is the moment when you can utterly understand who you are and what you want from life.

A Broken Dream

There is something no one ever tells you: not all dreams come true. Yet even though my dream did not come true as I had hoped, it taught me something invaluable. I had put all my energy into a project I loved, convinced it was my destiny. When everything fell apart, I felt lost. For days, I could not make sense of what had happened to me. Then, slowly, I understood that the broken dream did not mean the end of everything, but only the end of that version of me. And from that end, I found a new direction. I learned that dreams are not linear. Sometimes, they must break to give us the strength to rebuild them, in a different form. The failure of my dream gave me the freedom to create new, more authentic ones. Sometimes, what seems like a hard blow from life is an opportunity to reinvent yourself. Every broken dream is just a new beginning.

Fears That Don't Belong to You

As a young man, I was afraid of everything: of not being good enough, of not being able to advance in my career, of never living up to other people'sexpectations. Then, one day, someone asked me a question that changed my life: "Are those fears yours, or are they fears others have placed in you?" I realized that most of my anxieties were not even mine. They were expectations imposed by society, by my parents, by my friends. I had never questioned those fears, but I had lived with them as if they were a natural part of my existence. But once I became aware of this, the fears began to lose their power over me. I learned to make room within myself for my true fears and to let go of everything else. It is not easy, of course, but every step we take toward our true selves makes us freer. Fears that are not ours do not even deserve to exist.

The Little Things That Change Everything

I have always focused on life'sbig challenges, thinking they defined my path. But as time has passed, I have discovered that it is the trivial things, the insignificant ones, that truly are effective. An unexpected smile, a kind word, a caring gesture during a tough time. When I was younger, I thought only the big victories mattered. But one day, during one of my usual hectic days, a small gesture made me stop and think. A colleague handed me a cup of coffee without me asking, and for some reason, that small gesture shook me. I realized that these are the things that, in the end, truly are effective. It is the trivial things that make us human, that connect us to each other. I have learned that sometimes, you do not need substantial changes to see a difference. The trivial things are what, day after day, build the life we dream of.

The Encounter That Changes You

One of the things life has taught me is that itis never too late to meet someone who changes you. The encounter I remember most vividly was with a person who, on the surface, seemed no different from many others. But there was something about her that struck me from the first moment: a serenity that seemed to come from another dimension. She did not say much, but every word carried the weight of profound reflection. Iwasgoing through a moment of great confusion, and her simple observations made me understand things I had ignored for years. She did not have miraculous answers, but her presence made me realize that often, the right answer is right in front of us, but we must learn to see. From that day on, I began to look at life with different eyes, more serene, more accepting. I understood that, sometimes, people come into your life not to change something, but to make you understand that you are already on the right path.

The Battle Against Time

Time is one of those things that, the more you try to control it, the more it slips away. I found myself battling with time, trying to fit everything in with work, family, friends, projects. Every minute seemed to count as if every second were precious. Yet, as the years passed, I realized that the real battle is not against time, but against the feeling of not having enough time. Whenever I felt overwhelmed, I reminded myself that life is made up of moments, not minutes. I stopped chasing time like a race and learned to live every moment as if it were the most important. It is not about how much time you have, but how you use it. When you stop watching the clock, life begins to flow more naturally and you realize that time is never enough, but it is always enough.

The Value of Silence

I have always loved talking, explaining, and discussing. But one day, after a particularly chaotic meeting, I found myself reflecting on the power of silence. In a society where noise is omnipresent, silence becomes a rare luxury. I found myself spending hours alone, without any distractions, just listening to myself. In that silence, I found answers I had long sought, but that the daily noise had prevented me from hearing. I learned that silence is not absence, but full presence. Sometimes, too much talk distances us from the truth, while silence brings us closer to it. Since then, I have learned to value moments of silence more, both with myself and with others. Sometimes, words are not necessary;silence can tell you everything.

Happiness: Path or Destination

How many times have I thought happiness was something to be achieved, a final goal, a milestone to be reached? I have sought happiness in a thousand things: in work, in success, in relationships. But, at a certain point, I realized that happiness is not a destination, but a journey. Every time I thought I had reached it, I discovered that happiness was moving further ahead. Then, I learned an important lesson: it is not about where you arrive, but how you experience the journey. Happiness is made up of trivial things: an unexpected hug, a smile received, a kind word. We should not seek it as if it were a prize because it is already within us, hidden in everyday experiences. I have learned that happiness lies in the attitude with which we face every step of our life, not in the goal we strive to reach.

The Courage to Say No

For years, I lived with the fear of saying no. I felt like by saying no, I would disappoint others, miss opportunities, or create conflict. But over time, I realized that true courage is not always pleasing others but saying no when necessary. Saying no is an act of self-love. I often found myself in situations where I agreed to things I did not want to do, simply to avoid hurting others' feelings. And the person I was hurting was myself. When I learned to say no kindly and firmly, I regained my self-respect. I understood that saying no does not mean being selfish, but rather taking care of your energy, your time, and your limits. And sometimes, saying no opens the door to something much better, something that is right for us.

The Fear of Making Mistakes

Growing up, one of the things I was insistently taught was the fear of making mistakes. Every mistake felt like a step backward, a failure I could not afford. But the truth is, the fear of making mistakes is the worst enemy you can have. Only when I learned to make peace with my mistakes did I realize that they were the very things that taught methe most important lessons. Every time I failed, I felt like I was heading for nowhere. But I was just charting a new course. It was through mistakes that I learned to solve problems, to think freely, and to not be afraid to take risks. I discovered that failure is never final but is just part of the growth process. And it is no longer the fear of making mistakes that drives me, but the awareness that every mistake makes me stronger and smarter.

The Art of Listening

I have not always been a good listener. When I was younger, I thought it was more important to talk than to listen. Yet, one day, during a discussion, I realized I had not even really listened to what the other person was saying. The words flashed before my eyes like a movie, leaving no trace. From that moment on, I understood the importance of truly listening. Listening is not about hearing; it is about understanding. And the more I listened, the more I realized that every person has an incredible story to tell, and that often what we lack in life is the ability to stop and listen carefully. I learned that to truly communicate, you must listen before speaking. Only then can you create a genuine connection, and only then can you utterly understand others.

The Importance of Saying Thank You

There is nothing simpler, yet powerful, than a "thank you." I have learned to say thank you more often and to do so sincerely, not just out of politeness, but because I have realized how much it can change the

atmosphere around me. Every time I say thank you, I feel a bond being created with the other person. A small gesture that costs nothing but has an enormous impact. Gratitude is one of those things that, if practiced regularly, changes your life. In fact, the more you say thank you, the more you realize how full your life is of positive things. And it is not a question of "duty," but of awareness. Because saying thank you not only recognizes the help received but also makes you see that what you have given is returned in ways you never imagined.

The Magic of the Unexpected

I have always considered myself the type who enjoys being in control. If I had a plan, I would stick to it rigidly, leaving no room for deviations or surprises. Everything had to be planned down to the smallest detail: I had to know exactly what would happen at every moment of the day, every move I would make. Control gave me security, a sort of false tranquility, as if fate could never trick me if I had prepared every scenario.

Yet, one day, everything changed. It was a morning like any other, with the sky threatening rain and my well-defined routine making me feel like I was in a well-oiled machine. I had just left the house for a crucial business meeting when my car suddenly stopped. There was no sign of life, just the dull thud ofthe engine slowly dying. At first, I thought it was a minor issue, but reality soon hitme:I no longer had control over the situation.

There were no alternatives, so I decided to call a tow truck. And that is when something unexpected happened: the truck arrived at a place I had never seen before. It was a small side street, far from the chaos of the city. At that moment, I thought I had wasted my time, but something compelled me to get out of the car and take a walk. Suddenly, I realized I was in the heart of a quiet corner of the city, a place I never would have found if I had followed my usual route.

I was about to get back into the car when my gaze met that of an elderly man sitting on a bench, looking at the world with a serene expression, as if he had seen it all and nothing could surprise him. I was amazed at how that simple scene could calm me. It was a chance meeting, but the words we exchanged changed my perception of the day. We talked for about twenty minutes, and eventually I realized that that unexpected event had given me a reflection I had never had before:we cannot always control events, but we can learn to see beauty in the unexpected.

Although I initially thought I was wasting my time, that simple encounter with the man on the bench showed me that life is not just a series of things to do, but also made up of moments that change us without warning. Since then, I have learned to let go a little more, to be more flexible, and to embrace surprises. I can no longer view the unexpected as an enemy, but as an opportunity to see the world from a unique perspective. And I have realized that sometimes, what seems like a deviation from the plan is precisely what leads you to discover something you would otherwise have ignored.

The Value of a Break

I have never been one for taking many breaks. I was always taught that hard work was the key to success, and up until a certain point in my life, I believed that if I were not constantly busy, I would not be able to do

enough. Every day, I woke up with an endless to-do list. The thought of there always being something to do almost made me anxious. I felt like time was my enemy, and if I did not keep moving, I would be left behind.

One day, however, something happened that changed my perspective on things. After a week of nonstop work, I felt exhausted. Every now and then, I felt like my mind was about to explode under the weight of my commitments. I could not concentrate anymore, and the idea of continuing to work seemed unbearable. It was then that I decided to do something I had never considered: take a break. I stepped away from my work for half an hour, sat in a nearby park, and simply did nothing. I looked at the sky, the passing clouds, the people walking by, and I realized that for the first time in days, I was not thinking about work. It was as if all the noise in my mind had quietened down.

In that moment, I realized how out of balance I was. My body and mind needed rest, but I never gave it to them. Accumulated fatigue has made me lose sight of the most important thing: without a break, there is no productivity.

You cannot keep running endlessly without risking collapse. A break is nota luxury;it isa necessity. Irealized that taking a break, even a short one, made me more productive when I returned to work. The ideas I had before stopping seemed confused, but after that moment of silence, my mind returned to clarity.

Since then, I have learned that rest is not a sign of weakness, but of strength. Thosewho take the time to recharge can face challenges with greater energy and clarity. It is not the quantity of hours you put into work, but the quality of those hours. When I decide to take a break, I no longer feel guilty. I remind myself that it is an investment for myself, in my mental and physical health. Now, every now and then, I stop, breathe, and let the world continue to turn while I recharge my batteries. Only then can I start again with greater vigor and determination.

The Weight of Loneliness

I have always been a sociable person. I have built relationships, made friends, and always felt surrounded by people, both in my personal and professional life. However, there was one thing I had never truly considered:loneliness. Not the forced loneliness that comes when you have no choice, but the loneliness that comes from a lack of authentic connection, the kind that hits you when you are in a crowd but still feel empty. Itiseasy to confuse the number of people around us with a true emotional connection, and I learned this the hard way.

One day, while I was in a work meeting, I realized that, even though I was surrounded by colleagues, talking to them made me feel more distant than ever. The conversation seemed superficial, consisting only of quick exchanges, never getting to the significant part. At a certain point, I stopped reflecting. "How did I end up here?" I thought. I realized that, despite the apparent wealth of interactions, there was no one with whom I could truly open, no one who could see inside me and understand the things left unsaid.

That evening, instead of going out for a drink with my usual friends, I decided to stay alone, and for the first time, I sat in silence with myself. It was then that I realized how much timeI had wasted trying to fill that void with things that had never satisfied my need for truth and connection. Yet, it was solitude that, in a certain sense, was teaching me something. It was not something I should be afraid of. Loneliness was not an enemy, but a traveling companion who, for a while, forced me to look within.

Since that evening, I have learned to no longer fear those moments of solitude. I have realized that if I cannot be at peace with myself, I will never be truly at peace with others. Loneliness is nothing more than the reflection of a relationship we have not yet consolidated with ourselves. I have learned to enjoy those moments of solitude as an opportunity for growth and introspection.

The Importance of Knowing How to Say No

One of the things I have learned over the years is how important it is to know how to say no. Early in my career, I was constantly afraid of turning down requests, lest I seem rude or selfish. I thought saying no would damage my relationship, that it would make me seem less willing or less cooperative. But over time, I discovered that saying yes to everything only wore me down, leading me to accept tasks and responsibilities that were not mine, often to the detriment of my well-being.

Once, I was asked to participate in a project that, unfortunately, was not aligned with my goals or interests. I felt pressured, worried that saying no would be seen as a lack of commitment or professionalism. In the end, not only did I decide to say no, but I also took the time to politely explain the reason for my refusal. It was not criticism of the project, but simply a matter of not wanting to waste my energy on something I was not enthusiastic about.

In that moment, the weight I was carrying lightened. The feeling of liberation was incredible. Saying no did not mean missing an opportunity but rather making room for what truly mattered to me. That simple word, which I had always feared to say, allowed me to focus on what was enormously important in my life. From that day on, I learned that true courage lies in being able to say no, in knowing how to respect one's own limits and desires.

The Value of a Mistake

Sometimes, it seems to me that life teaches us more through mistakes than through successes. Every time I made a mistake, I felt the weight of disappointment and regret. Questions like "What could I have done differently?" tormented me. However, over time, I learned to look at mistakes from a unique perspective:not as a failure, but as a lesson that could teach me something important.

I remember a project I had thrown myself into with all my energy. I had poured my heart and mind into it, but something went wrong. The project failed, and I felt devastated. I thought it was a sign of incompetence, proof that I was not up to the task. But once I got over the frustration, I realized that that mistake had taught me a valuable lesson: we cannot predict every outcome, and sometimes failure is just the first step toward learning to do things better.

Mistakes have pushed me to reflect on what I genuinely want, on where I want to improve. The more I have made mistakes, the more I have learned to make more informed decisions. Mistakes are not a curse, but an opportunity for growth. And today, when I encounter a mistake, I look at it differently. Itno longer scares me, because I know that every mistake is a milestone on the path to improvement.

Recognizing Your Own Worth

For most of my life, I sought external recognition. I felt fulfilled when I received compliments, awards, or approval from others. Yet, there was always that feeling of dissatisfaction, as if the recognition from others was never enough. I continued to seek approval, as if it were fuel for my self-esteem. But one day, I realized something crucial:I was forgetting to recognize my own value.

One day, after completing a particularly difficult project, I found myself reflecting on the fact that, despite receiving praise and congratulations, I did not feel as satisfied as I should have. Yet, I had given my all, I had given it my all. It was at that moment that I realized: I did not need others to tell me how good I was. I had to learn to recognize my own worth without depending on externals. True strength lies in self-awareness, in knowing that our values do not depend on what others think of us, but on how we see ourselves.

Since then, every time I achieve a goal, I take the time to celebrate it, even if no one else does. It is not an act of selfishness, but of self-respect. I know that my self-esteem should not be influenced by external factors but must arise from an awareness of my own capabilities. And the 55 recognition of others, while gratifying, is no longer my yardstick.

The Beauty of a Change

Life is made of cycles, of changes, but for a long time I feared change. I liked the idea of stability, security, the known. Every time something new entered my life, I felt scared, as if everything Ihad built was about to crumble. Yet, at a certain point, I realized that every change brought with it a new opportunity. It was no longer something to fear, but an invitation to grow.

I remember the moment I decided to change careers. I left a job that gave me security, but that no longer challenged me. The step seemed enormous, almost senseless, yet deep down I knew I had to do it. There was no longer any room for staying in my comfort zone. And even though fear was with me, I realized I was doing something that would help me grow as a person.

The change was not easy. There were moments of uncertainty and doubt, but eventually I realized that every challenge was pushing me to become a better version of myself. I was no longer someone who feared change, but someone who embraced it as a natural part of life. And today, looking back, I see change not as a threat, but as an opportunity to evolve.

The Art of Patience

Patience is a virtue that has always been difficult for me to learn. I have always had an impatient nature, craving quick results and immediate success. I was easily angered when things did not go my way, and the idea of having to wait seemed like an obstacle to my fulfillment. However, life has gradually taught me that we cannot push things. Patience, in fact, is the key to achieving lasting results.

A particularly difficult period in my life forced me to learn this lesson. I had started a project that seemed promising, but the results were slow in coming. It was difficult to stay motivated, but at a certain point I realized I simply had to be patient. I could not rush the process, but I had to learn to work every day with consistency and confidence.

Learning to be patient has given me a new perspective on life. I have realized that the best things take time, and that haste often ruins opportunities. Today, when something does not happen right away, I no longer get angry. I have learned that patience is not just passive waiting, but an active ability to work in the present, knowing that the future holds what we deserve.

The Power of Silence

I remember one time I was in an important meeting with some colleagues and clients. The discussion was heated, conflicting opinions mingling in an incessant debate. The temptation to intervene, to express my opinion, was strong, but something inside me urged me to remain silent. In that moment, it was not so much what I could have said, but the simple act of not saying anything that seemed the right response.

The patience of silence has never been one of my qualities. As a young man, I believed that my opinion should always be heard, that every opportunity was a good one to make my voice heard. But that day, I realized that silence had extraordinary power. Not only did it allow me to better observe the situation, but it also gave me time to gather my thoughts, to better understand the positions of others, and to prepare myself to respond more thoughtfully.

It was at that moment that I understood how powerful silence is. It is never empty. Silence is a space where ideas are formed, where emotions are processed without the distraction of words. I learned that not every moment requires a response, and that sometimes silence can be the strongest, most authentic response. Learning to be silent, without feeling obligated to fill it, is one of the most important lessons life has taught me.

The Value of Authenticity

There are times when we feel forced to wear masks, to play a role that is not ours, simply to please others. For many years, I tried to fit in with other people's expectations, to be the person I thought I had to be to be accepted. Yet, the more I tried to fit in, the more I lost myself. Every time I tried to do what others wanted, my true self was pushed aside.

One day, I was reflecting on everything I had done to please others, and I wondered if I had ever truly done anything for myself. It was as if I had spent my life trying to be a version of myself that was not mine. I wondered if itwas possible to stop trying to be what others expected and start simply being myself, with all the imperfections and quirks that made me unique.

The decision to be authentic was not immediate, but slowly I began to put aside the fears and insecurities related to the judgment of others. When I began to act more genuinely, to speak my mind without worrying about being liked, my life changed. The people around me began to respect me more, and those who did not simply distance themselves. And so, in a way, I freed myself.

Being authentic means accepting yourself without reservations, without fear of being judged. Today, Ifeelfreer than ever, because I have learned that being myself is the most valuable thing Ican do. There is nothing more powerful than being true.

Change Course

There was a time in my life when I felt trapped on a path that no longer satisfied me. I had convinced myself that this was the right path, that this was my destiny. But every day, I felt further away from what I genuinely wanted. I had let myself be carried along by the current, never stopping to consider what I could have done differently.

The breaking point came when I realized my life was slipping away without me truly living. I felt likea passenger in my own existence, while someone else made decisions for me. That thought frightened me, because I realized I had the power to change, but I was afraid to do so. Change felt like a leap into the unknown, something too big to face.

And yet, one day, I made the decision. I decided to change course, to follow a new path, even though I did not know where it would lead. The fear of change was strong, but the fear of staying in the same place, of continuing to live a life that was not mine, was even greater. And so, I took the step. I left the old behind and launched myself into the unknown.

The change was not easy, but it gave me a new perspective on life. I learned that, sometimes, courage is not in facing a battle, but in changing direction when you realize the path you are on is not taking you where you want to go. True courage is knowing when it is time to stop and start again.

The City That Doesn't Want to Change

The Italian city is not a place: it is a character. It has the pride of those who refuse to learn and the melancholy of those who know they have been left behind. Every morning, it wakes up with the same phrase: *"This is who I am, take me or leave me."* And we, foolishly, always take it.

The streets do not change because changing would mean admitting something is not working. The squares remain the same because memory is the only architecture we know how to build. People move like extras in a never-ending movie: they talk, judge, observe, but do not act.

The city does not evolve it defends itself. It defends the past like a dog defends a bone, even when the bone is rotten. It defends its slowness, its bureaucracy, its distrust of anything new. It even defends its failures, because at least it knows about them.

Yet, amid this stagnation, there is a beauty that endures. A beauty we did not create, but which we continue to use as a calling card. The city does not want to change, but it demands that the world love it anyway. And the world, incredible, does.

Love That Comes Late

Love that arrives late is an elegant intruder. It does not ask permission, it does not announce itself, it does not send any signals. It arrives when you have already put your dreams away, when you have closed the door, when you have decided it is too late for everything.

But no. Late love is a gentle earthquake: it does not destroy, but it shifts. It shifts your certainties, your habits, your defenses. It forces you to rethink the map of your life, as if someone had changed the roads overnight.

It is a mature love, one that needs no promises. It does not want "forever": it wants "for now, but for the best." It does not ask for sacrifices:it demands presence. It does not want to be explained: it wants to be lived.

And the most surprising thing is that late love does not make you younger: it matures. It makes you realize you were not tired of love; you were tired of the wrong people. It makes you discover that the heart has no age, but a memory. And when it finds the right person, it recognizes them immediately.

Time That Does Not Forgive

Time is not a thief. Thieves steal and run away. Time remains, observes, records, judges. It is a ruthless archivist: it records everything, even what we pretend to forget.

It does not forgive missed opportunities, words left unsaid, choices postponed. It does not forgive pride, fear, or cowardice. It does not forgive those who live waiting for something to happen, without lifting a finger.

Time does not punish it shows. It shows what you have become, what you could have been, what you have let go of. It shows the wrinkles that are not years, but decisions. It shows the eyes that are not tired, but full of un lived stories.

Yet, time is not bad. It is just sincere. It is the only one that never lies to you. And when it puts you in front of the mirror, it is not to humiliate you, but to tell you: *"If you want to change, do it now. I won't wait."*

The Man Who Doesn't Ask

The man who does not ask is a living monument. He stands even when he should sit, smiles even when he should collapse, remains silent even when he should scream. He does not ask because no one ever taught him too. He was taught to give, to resist, to protect. Never to ask.

He is a man who carries the world on his shoulders without making a sound. Who loves without demanding, who suffers without complaining, who helps without expecting anything. And the ungrateful world mistakes him for a strong man. But strength has nothing to do with it: it is politeness.

The man who does not ask does not want to disturb. He is afraid of being a burden, a problem, a nuisance. And so, he builds a shell that does not protect him: it isolates him.

But when, once in his life, he finds someone who tells him: *"You can ask, you can break, you can be fragile,*" then he opens. And he discovers that true strength is not resisting,it is trusting.

The Fortune You Don't Recognize

Luck never arrives with an announcement. It does not ring a doorbell, it does not send a text, it does not show up with a business card. It arrives disguised as chance, as coincidence, as a person met by mistake.

Luck is discreet. It does not want to be recognized; it wants to be seized. And many fail to seize it because they look for it in the wrong places: in money, in success, in applause. Luck, on the other hand, it is a detail.

It is a sentence said by a stranger. It is a rejected job that saves your life. It is a love that ends before it destroys you. It is a missed train that saves you from disaster. It is a pain that forces you to change.

Luck is not a reward: it is a warning. It tells you, *"Look closer."* And when you finally understand, you realize that luck was not far away: it was you who could not see.

Loneliness as a Teacher

Solitude is a classroom without desks. It does not sit you down, it does not call you, it does not question you. It leaves you standing there, facing yourself. And you, who have spent a lifetime avoiding silence, discover that silence is not a void: it is a test.

Solitude does not punish it educates. It teaches you to distinguish what you want from what you have been told you want. It shows you who stays when everyone else leaves. It makes you understand that company is not right: it is a privilege.

Many fear it because they do not know how to listen to themselves. They are afraid of discovering that their life was built on habits, not choices. Loneliness, on the other hand, is a laboratory:it dismantles, analyzes, rebuilds. And when it is rebuilt, it does so better than before.

Loneliness is a harsh but fair teacher. It does not ask you to be strong:it asks you to be real. And when you finally learn to live with it, you discover that you are no longer alone: you are complete.

The Man Who Pretends to be Strong

The man who pretends to be strong is an actor without an audience. He plays a part no one asked of him, but everyone expects. He smiles when he should cry, jokes when he should speak, and is silent when he should ask for help.

Her strength is an affectionate lie: she tells it to protect others. She does not want to worry, she does not want to be a burden, she does not want to be disappointed. And so, she becomes a statue: beautiful to look at, useless to hug.

The truth is the man who pretends to be strong is fragile like everyone else. He has fears, doubts, wounds. But he hides them because he has been taught that a man does not break. And so, he resists, resists, resists… until he explodes.

When he finally lets us go, he does not fall free himself. He discovers that strength is not holding back but letting out. It is not enduring but sharing. It is not pretending but showing yourself.

And whoever truly sees it, whoever welcomes it without judgment, becomes its home.

The City That Forgets You

Cities remember no one. It does not matter how much you have loved, suffered, or built. The city does not hold back: it flows. It is a river that stops for no one.

You pass by, she stays. And when you return, she does not recognize you. The streets are the same, but they no longer belong to you. The faces are new, the shops have changed, the bars have lost your favorite spot.

The city is a cruel mistress: it welcomes you when you arrive, ignores you when you leave. It makes you think it is important, then instantly replaces you. And you, foolish as you may be, love it anyway.

But there is a truth few accept it is not the city that forgets you, it is you who changes. It is you who are no longer the same. It is you who no longer recognize yourself in the places that raised you.

The city does not betray its evolution. And you must decide whether to follow it or let it go.

The Work That Consumes You

Work is not just toil: it is identity. And when identity becomes unhealthy, work becomes a prison. Many work to live, others live to work, still others work to avoid thinking. The work that consumes you is the work that does not recognize you.

It is the work that demands everything from you and gives you nothing back. That takes your time, your health, your patience. That makes you feel replaceable even when you are indispensable. That makes you believe that without it, you are worthless.

The work that wears you out is not challenging work: it is useless work. Work that leaves no trace, which does not build, that does not grow. The work that empties you instead of filling you.

Yet, many stay. They stay out of fear, habit, necessity. They stay because they no longer know who they would be without that role, that desk, that routine.

The work that consumes you does not kill you: it extinguishes you. And when it does, you do not notice right away. It happens slowly, like a candle burning silently.

The Fear That Educates You

Fear is not an enemy: it is a teacher. It teaches you your limits, shows you your boundaries, reminds you that you are alive. Those who are fearless are not courageous: they are reckless. Courage comes from fear, not from its absence.

Fear forces you to look where you do not want to look. It forces you to confront what you have been avoiding for years. It forces you to face the truth without filters. And the truth is often more frightening than fear itself.

Fear does not hold you back: it prepares you. It makes you alert, clear-headed, present. It teaches you to choose, evaluate, and understand. It is emotional training that no school teaches.

And when you cross it, when you look at it in the eyes and do not run away, something happens when you grow. You become bigger, more aware, more yours. Fear does not take anything away from you: it gives you back to who you are.

The Day I Wrote Myself

I do not remember the day I decided to be born, but I remember perfectly well the day I decided to write about myself.

It was not planned, there was no publisher waiting for me, there was no audience ready to applaud: there was just a man tired of hearing himself being described by others.

I opened the computer like a door in a house that is not yours yet.

The keyboard was the only honest inter lo cut or I had. The first sentences were ugly, crooked, full of regrets and justifications, but they had a quality I had rarely seen in my life: they were not lying.

As I wrote, I realized that I had not lived a single life, but a series of failed auditions for destinies I had never had the courage to choose.

Each paragraph was a door I had closed out of fear, each chapter a plane ticket I had never bought, each suspended ending an unspoken farewell.

That day I realized that there is no "one" biography:there is the version you have the courage to put on paper. Everything else is just local gossip.

The Man Who Returned Dreams

In a provincial bar, sitting at the same table, there was a man who had nothing left to lose, but one thing he jealously guarded: the ability to restore dreams.

He did not sell lottery tickets, he did not promise miracles, he did not talk about motivation: he listened.

Many people arrived: the unemployed man with a tattered resume, the mother with a child who could not read, the retiree who was older than he would like.

They sat down, talked for ten minutes, then left with a sentence in their pocket, as if it were medicine without a leaflet.

The man was not healing anyone; he just reminded them that dreams do not expire they fall asleep.

He told them, "You didn't get the wrong dream, you got the wrong season. Replant it now." One day someone asked him, "And what is your dream?" He smiled: "To see at least one person stop complaining and start over. Just one. Then I can die."

That man was me.

And I am still waiting to die.

The Room of Unchosen Destinies

There is a room no one wants to visit: the room of unchosen destinies.

You will not find it on real estate websites; it is not marked on Google Maps. It is behind the last "what if" you tell yourself at night before bed.

Inside are all the versions of you did not have the courage to be the musician who put down his guitar to "find a serious job," the boy who did not say "stay," the man who signed the mortgage instead of the ticket.

Every destiny hangs like a rarely used coat: it still smells like you, but you no longer remember when you put it on.

I spent years keeping the door closed, convinced that looking inside would destroy me.

Instead, when I finally had the courage to enter, I discovered it was not a museum of regrets, but a storehouse of possibilities.

Unchosen destinies do not die, they await an act of courage, a change of course, an "enough" said to the wrong life. That day I realized I was not late: I was still alive. And that was enough to leave that room with a new destiny under my arm.

The Strength of an Ordinary Man

I have been called many things: manager, traveler, author, dreamer.

The most accurate definition, however, remains one: everyman.

The average man does not appear in the newspapers, does not inaugurate bridges, does not close budgets worth billions.

The average man supports entire families on impossible salaries, runs cities that we do not thank him for, gets up at five to catch a train whose design he will never know.

Her strength is not spectacular: it is stubborn.

It is not measured in followers, but in the number of times she wanted to give up and did not.

I, who have traveled through sixty-five nations and five cities, have discovered that the true hero is not the one who challenges death, but the one who endures daily life without ceasing to believe he deserves better.

If there is one thing that makes me different, it is this: I have never accepted that just any man should have just any dream.

One Life and Many Destinies (Story-Title)

They told me that life is a line: you are born, you grow up, you work, you love, you suffer, you grow old, you die.

I have spent forty years improving that line.

My life has not been a line, it has been a subway: changes of direction, sudden stops, dark tunnels, stations where no one is waiting.

Every choice was a diverted track, every country a new map, every love line interrupted and resumed elsewhere.

One day I looked back and asked myself, "What was my true destiny?"

The answer came bluntly: "Everyone. And no one."

Because only one life can contain the boy who runs away, the man who commands, the father who makes mistakes, the traveler who searches, the patient who survives, the writer who begins again.

And the point is not choosing the right destiny: it is having the courage not to remain prisoner of the wrong one.

If this book has a message, it is simple: you do not have just one chance for yourself.

You have many. Many times, you decide not to give up.

POST-SCRIPT UM

This collection of micro stories does not end with the last page but continues with the reader who reads them. Every unchosen destiny now becomes yours, an invitation to reopen the room of regrets and transform it into opportunity. Life remains suspended, awaiting your next path.

Final Introduction

Welcome to the beating heart of "A Life and Many Destinies": sixty-five stories that do not entertain but heal. Here, the Italy that rejects talent meets the unyielding common man, weaving a manifesto against cultural mediocrity. Enter not to escape, but to recognize yourself in my deviant paths.

20 Aphorisms

• Life is not a straight line, but a subway: changes of direction, dark stops, multiple destinies. • Italy celebrates mediocrity and rejects the best; reading is the only cure for this mental illness. 70 • Solitude does not isolate; it teaches it is a teacher of growth when the world ignores you. • Time does not steal; it records it shows who you could have been and who you have become by choice. • Late love arrives without warning, mature: it shifts certainties, not promises. • Fear educates more than success: it prepares you for the leap that life denies you. • An ordinary man is stubborn: he has no followers, but he never gives up. • Unchosen destinies do not die, they await your "that's enough" to be reborn. • Italian culture sees reading as a luxury; instead, it is a salvation from daily loneliness. • To fail and remain standing: that is true strength, not invincibility. • Silence has value when the noise is easy criticism and gossip. • Changing courses is not betrayal: it is acknowledging the prison of a wrong life. • Happiness is not a destination, but a journey through mistakes and starting over. • Death does not warn fill your time with what matters, not with regrets. 71 • The man who does not ask is not strong: he is educated in isolation until he trusts. • Luck disguises itself as chance caught in the detail, not the big prize. • Patience is not passive waiting: it is the art of waiting for the right moment. • The city that does not change forgets you: leave the cage or remain a prisoner. • Writing yourself: not a biography, but a courageous version of failed auditions. • Every life contains many "you": choose not to give up activating them all.

Epilogue

The sixty-five micro stories end here, but your destinies open: for 40 years and sixty-five nations, a stubborn message has emerged: do not give in to Italy's inertia or to imposed paths. This is not the end, but rather an invitation to transform regrets into new stops.

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 world's most iconic brands and chose to write it down without filters, without nostalgia, and without asking permission. Each volume explores a different dimension of that experience — identity, choice, desire, fracture, silence, and what remains. The complete series is available free at gillettenarrative.com. No store.

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