SENTIMENTAL MANUAL FOR SINCERE MEN



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PART I

This first part collects stories that arise from the most fragile part of male identity. They are not heroic tales, nor dramatic confessions. They are fragments of everyday truth, lived in silence.

Here, man is not a model, but a presence seeking self- understanding. Each story is an attempt to strip away his armor, to stand naked before his own emotions. It speaks of shame, of faltering strength, of memories that burn slowly.

These are stories that do not seek to teach, but to accompany. Because fragility, when shared, ceases to be weakness and becomes language.

When Skin Color Changes

The day I discovered that differences unite more than they separate.

I had just woken up that summer morning when I decided to put on some music. Not my usual one, but Ampol. The bed beckoned me to stay, but something in the air told me it would be a special day. I had no way of knowing the details in advance, otherwise I would have taken the right measures, and they would have called me the Wizard.

I had been living in my new destination for twenty days. My bank account was dripping with blood, a color I could not distinguish at first glance. Only when I turned it on did I realize it was green.

The children in the home were all ‘happy—Sunday, a day of rest and celebration. But they immediately noticed that I was different from what I had been in the first few days. Something in me was changing. It was not true need, it was abandonment syndrome—the kind psychiatrists often talk about, and which is too often confused with a lack of acceptance.

My studies could have betrayed me, but the experience weighed on me with an indescribable weight. Sometimes it brought small tears: of a certain past, of a lived present, and of a future full of doubts.

Dinnertime arrived. It was a warm day, and an evening breeze caressed use gift from the nearby Atlantic Ocean. Someone began calling me insistently. I had received an invitation to dinner.

Prying eyes peered into my pantry and refrigerator. The conclusions were swift and precise, but with the dignity of not asking—a philosophy of life that saw me practically poor, but theoretically very rich: between inheritances and bequests of all kinds, from an Italian state that would have to compensate me financially for my parents' deaths, whether caused or not. Someone had to pay.

They gave me the best seat and the best food. As I was about to leave the table, everyone stopped and asked me to stay seated a little longer. A 32-year-old Chinese IT technician stood up to give a speech in English. But this time I was ready: my Google Translate was programmed for real-time translations.

The conversation was that, out of nine people at the table, we were all assorted colors—all of us similar. I was the only white man, silent and in great distress.

Now I am sending you a letter that you will open when you return to your room, so that you can express your emotions within your walls, as you have always done since the first day you arrived. But know that, in this moment, we all become white brothers. And then you will understand why.

I got up, and I already knew what had happened. I went to my room and opened the envelope. Glimpsing some money and a letter with all their signatures, I read a final sentence:

“We will never abandon you. You will remain our professor.”

I found one hundred euros inside. A tear. A thought. An idea. A destiny.

I never spent them. I kept them in my diary, along with the letter, the one I would see again one day when fortunes changed. I made a commitment to myself: I would visit each of them, wherever they were in the world. Because they had found me first. And I would be grateful

to them for the rest of my life.

I Let Go of the One I Loved

We had become two different people. Love was not lacking. What was missing was the space to grow within us. On our last night, we had dinner. In silence. The silverware made more noise than the words.

When she left, I felt emptiness. Not a pain. A clean emptiness.

He wrote to me months later: “It was love. It just was not enough.

Some stories do not end and they transform into respect.

I Didn't Have to Save Anyone

For years I tried to fix the one I loved for years. I thought it was love. It was control.

She told me, “I do not want to be saved. I want to be seen.”

And then I learned to be there. To be there without prescriptions. To carry an umbrella on rainy days, without trying to stop the storm.

Love does not heal. Love accompaniments.

Fear of Becoming a Father

Everyone expects you to be happy. I was. But also scared.

I wondered: would I be capable? I had no role models, only shadows.

Then he was born. And his gaze sought mine, without pretension. And I understood: you do not need certainties. You need presence.

I was not ready. But he was. And he taught me how.

I Was Alone Among Friends

There were so many of us. Men laughing, joking, talking about football and work.

I smiled. But inside, there was nothing.

I said softly, “I’ve been feeling empty lately.”

Silence. Two seconds. Then jokes. Laughter again.

Coming home, I realized: I was not invisible. I was alone.

From there I began to choose. Fewer friends, more truth. Better those who listen in silence than those who speak to fill the void.

I Said, “I Need” Without Shame

For years I gritted my teeth. I had confused pride with strength.

Never ask. Never show.

Then, burnout. My mind is tired; my body is dull.

One night, I said, “I need. Someone. To not do this alone.”

And I did not feel weak. I felt real.

Asking is not surrender. It is trust. It is saying: I am trying to be human.

I Had to Stop Proving

I have lived seeking approval. Parents, friends, lovers, colleagues.

I thought saying “look what I did” was enough.

Then a message. A woman wrote to me: “You always seem to be struggling.”

And I understood. I did not want to be seen. I wanted to be confirmed.

From that day on, I stopped. Explaining myself. Justifying myself.

I started living as if I were enough.

Some have walked away. The right ones have stopped.

I Said, “I Love You” And Lost Everything

I said it softly. Not with fear, but with respect.

She remained silent. “Not me.”

No drama. Just a door closing.

I lost her. But I found me.

Saying "I love you" is not asking for something. It is staying true to what you feel.

Better to love and lose, than to say nothing and vanish.

Epilogue

This book does not teach. It shares. It has no solutions. It has questions. The men here seek a new space. Where being is not synonymous with strength, but with awareness. Where emotional sincerity is not weakness, but a revolutionary act.

I do not speak to anyone. But I speak for myself. And I know that whoever reads this will find a phrase, a gesture, a crack to enter.

Because we are not alone. We are part of a transformation.

And if these pages are just a pebble in a big pond, it is enough for me to know that, somewhere, a wave has begun.

PART II

This section collects stories about relationships. Not the perfect ones, but the ones experienced, broken, dreamed of, and missed.

Love is not described as conquest, but as recognition. Every encounter is a mirror: it reflects what we are, what we fear, what we desire.

Here, intimacy and distance are traversed, emotional transitions that mark the skin and memory. Loss is not just absence: it is space that continues to speak. And love, even when it ends, leaves traces that teach

us to stay.

These are stories for those who have loved without knowing how to express it. For those who have lost but have not stopped searching. For those who know that the other is not a refuge, but a possibility.

Loving Yourself

After years of chasing the love of others, I realized I had forgotten to love myself.

It is not selfishness. It is foundation.

I learned that love is not dependence, but in addition. It is not lacking; it is choice.

Since I have listened to myself—truly, I have begun to choose who stays. And who does not?

Loving yourself is not isolating yourself. It is planting roots before taking flight.

The Return of the Infidel

After years, he is back. A man I loved.

I expect an apology. It made me nostalgic.

He had changed—at least in his silences. I was stronger—at least in my boundaries.

“I miss what we were.”

I smiled at him. “That 'we' no longer exists.”

Forgiveness is possible. Going back, sometimes, is not.

Loving Through Time

My husband no longer recognizes me. Dementia has taken away the words, but not the need. Every day he looks at me as if it were the first time. And I answer him as if it were the last.

Love is not just memory. It is presence. It is having breakfast together, even if neither knows why.

And if he does not know who I am anymore... I know I loved him enough to stay.

Long Distance Love

We met by chance, in a place neither of us called home.

The miles were not the only obstacle. It was time, work, and fear.

We wrote to each other every night as if we were physically close by. But the body was missing.

Then we saw each other again. And we recognized each other.

It was not magic. It was the will not to forget.

Sometimes, I love traveling. And endures.

The Unspoken Words

After the trauma, my husband stopped speaking.

Our dinners were silent. Our gestures, attempts at translation.

I wanted to scream. I wanted to hear him.

Then I realized: some wounds have no voice. They only have space.

So, I stopped asking. I started staying. And the silence... began to speak softly.

Imperfect Love

He was impulsive. I was withdrawn. The arguments were frequent. The moments of tenderness were brief.

Yet, we loved each other.

Not like in movies. But like on normal days. Where the laundry gets messed up and dinner gets burned.

Imperfection saved us. Because of that, there was no need to pretend.

Perfect love does not exist. True love does.

The Last Dance

He was old. She was too. But every Thursday they went dancing.

When he got sick, she did not stop.

She held his hand, even when the steps were no longer hers.

Dancing was a way of remembering that the body ages, but the heart does not.

They did the last dance sitting down.

But music... did not need legs.

Under the Same Sky

We come from opposite worlds. I am a daughter of chaos. He is the son of order. The first few weeks were bumpy. The first confidences, the first attempts.

I did not understand his need for control. He did not understand my need for freedom.

But under the same sky, we have learned not to fully understand each other.

And to look for us, every day, with curiosity.

Love has no geography. It has attempts.

The Funeral

No one really prepares it. Not even those who have been thinking about it for years.

When you lose someone, you also lose a part of yourself.

The flowers will wither, the visits will decrease, the photos will turn yellow.

But one gesture will remain. A handshake with a stranger. A phrase spoken softly. A memory no one had told you about.

And you understand that goodbye... never ends.

It lives in those who remain.

The First Time

It was an ordinary spring. She was reading on a bench.

I approached. I asked her about the book. We talked for hours. She was not perfect. But her imperfection felt like home.

That first time never went away.

Sometimes great love starts slowly. Like a silence that welcomes you.

And they remain, even if they change.

Epilogue

In this block, time became fresh, and love took on new forms: not always happy, not always whole.

We have seen bonds broken with dignity, reborn with moderation, inhabit silence and resist absence.

The protagonist seeks not redemption, but clarity. He questions himself, exposes himself, withdraws. And in every gesture, there is an attempt to

belong—to himself, to others, to the world.

These stories are not romantic. They are true. And in this truth a form of beauty can still be found.

PART III

This section is dedicated to memory. Not the historical kind, but the intimate kind made up of gestures, voices, and absences that continue to speak.

Here, male identity is intertwined with family roots, with the figures who shaped us—or wounded us. Grandparents, fathers, sons: every relationship is a bloodline that speaks, even when it remains silent. The stories collected in this section are attempts at reconstruction. To understand where we come from to sense where we can go. To make sense of the voids, the silences, the small daily rituals that keep us going.

It is a section for those who know that memory is not nostalgia, but resistance. For those who search for themselves in the details they have never shared.

The First Discussion

First times are strange. You fall in love, you discover each other, you idealize each other.

But the first discussion always comes.

For us, it was a triviality. The weather. A plan. A misunderstanding.

But behind the words were fears. And behind the fears, unspoken expectations.

We made peace. Not right away. But that fight taught us that love is not just listening. It is also fighting. And the will to stay.

Suddenly

There is nothing more fragile than the balance you believe to be eternal.

One day you wake up. And it is not like yesterday.

She shuts herself away. You do not understand. Friends do not call. Work fades.

Nothing exploded. But something went out. The sudden is life's way of reminding you that nothing is guaranteed.

And that every day, you must choose everything all over again.

The Surprise

I had decided to surprise her. Dinner, lights, words prepared.

She arrived tired, nervous, distant.

He told me, “This isn’t the time.”

I had everything prepared. But I had not thought of her.

Surprise is not a gesture. It is a look.

From that day I learned that love is listening before inventing.

And that romanticism does not save. It is welcome.

The Forgotten Anniversary

I forgot about our anniversary. She did not make a scene. But there was that emptiness in her eyes.

I felt small.

Not for the mistake, but for having forgotten what united us.

In the evening, I went out. I took a candle. No flowers.

I put it on the table. “Today I forgot you. But tomorrow I will remember you better.” She smiled.

Forgiveness is a second chance. If it is rooted.

How Much Have You Accomplished?

You had a dream. A small bookstore, a corner of the world filled with stories.

You believed it. Sometimes I do not.

But you did it. From scratch.

On opening day, you were light.

And I understood that love is also this: staying close without understanding everything but believing anyway.

You have achieved your dream. And I have achieved mine: seeing you happy.

The Daily Gesture

Every morning, I make coffee. Not out of obligation. But as a ritual.

She drinks it slowly. I watch her.

That small, silent gesture says more than a thousand words.

We chose each other every day.

And even when the world rushes by, that coffee is still our time.

Love is not always new. Sometimes it is repetition that saves.

The Last Embrace

You had to leave. Not forever, but long enough.

We hugged each other gently. No promises. No grand words.

Your scent lingered. Your absence has already begun.

I told you, “Only text me when you miss me. Not when you feel guilty.”

And you wrote to me little.

But every time, it was true.

The last embrace is not always final. Sometimes it is just a warm memory.

Freedom

They asked me what freedom meant to me.

I replied: go out of the house, dress as I want, do what I feel, without justifying myself.

Freedom is not loneliness.

It is choosing — without asking permission.

It is loving someone without trying to change them.

It is living according to your own plan, not someone else's map.

And if happiness exists... it starts there.

Friends

Some grow old with you. Others fade away. But there are those who saved you, once.

They pulled you out, they made you laugh when you did not know how to anymore.

Today they have less energy. But more memory.

Sometimes you hear them repeat old stories. Let them tell them.

Loyal friends are not up to date.

They are rooted.

And every now and then, they remind you who you were, even when you have forgotten.

Jurisprudence

Law is a language. But also, silence.

Behind every article is a face. Behind every code, a story.

I understood this when I met those who use it to protect, not to punish.

Jurisprudence is not just law. It is balanced.

Sometimes, justice is not revenge. It is possibility.

And when the judge is silent, he has already understood.

He has already decided that the truth does not always scream.

I Cried in Front of a Stranger

It was not a woman I was having an affair with. It was a psychologist, in a comparison group.

He told me, “I do not care so much what you think. I care how you feel.”

Nobody has asked me that for years.

I said, “I’m fine.” She smiled, “Are you sure?”

And there something broke. I said I was tired. That I felt fragile. And I cried.

Not strong. But really.

No one consoled me. From there, I started doing it myself, with myself.

Cancel the appointment.

There are days that seem already written.

The body gives up, the mind slows down, the medicine is not enough.

Then comes the moment when you realize that you are no longer the one who decides.

And that the struggle has become preparation.

The final message has no voice. It is a look.

Giving up is not always defeated.

It is a gift. It is crossing the threshold knowing you have lived.

Times of Reflection

It all starts with your mother. From how you were born. From whom brought you into the world.

Children dream of a good mother, a safe home, a name.

But not everyone succeeds.

Naples has a wheel. Newborns without identities enter the world without knowing who they are.

Even in wealth, truth is often missing.

The only judge is the heart.

And, eventually, the heart asks: are you ready to look at the things you did not want to see?

The Disappointment

It is not just sadness. It is fracture.

Disappointment comes when what you thought was right falls apart in front of you.

It is the friend who does not call you. The love that does not listen. It is reality that it does not keep its promises.

Sometimes you react. Sometimes you remain silent.

But eventually, forgiveness comes.

Not for the other. For you.

A Ruined Life

They say dreams are meant to be followed. But when your family advises you to become a pastry chef, and you want to study communications, something breaks.

Your destiny is not your own.

You have cream puffs, not bibliographies.

Yet, that day at university, you came in with sweets and came out with a truth:

Communication is not about speaking well. It is about making people remember.

And even if everything seemed against you, that lesson remains. Inside.

The Time of a Message

In the savannah, a 900-pound lion lay down on the hood of the jeep. The guide said, "This is lion time."

Since then, I have learned to give things time.

Even to messages.

I write, I publish, I delete.

Because what matters is not saying everything. It is leaving a mark.

And every message is like a stone in the lake.

You do not know where it comes from. But you know it made a noise.

Let Us Stay Naked

Lima, Peru. A three-meter wall separates rich and poor. I enter a shantytown. A family with five children. No electricity, no sewer.

They offer me pasta and potatoes. They provide a knife, fork, and spoon.

“So, we can dream of meat.”

I am ashamed.

They smile.

We have everything. And we remain naked.

They have nothing. And they dress with dignity.

Every Word Can Be Effective

Lisa was invisible. The last one in the row.

One day, his essay was read in class.

Everyone remained silent.

The teacher said, “Lisa, you have a gift.”

From there she began to write. And the world began to listen.

One word is enough. One.

And life changes.

The Face of Love

She did not believe in love. He had no beauty, but he had truth.

They met by chance. And from that moment on, nothing was more theory. Every gesture was listening. Every silence was welcoming.

He did not change her. He offered her space.

And she, finally, allowed herself to feel.

Love is not conquest. It is a pause.

It is learning to stay. With the other. And with yourself.

The Truth That Binds Us

He and she. He, a businessman. She, a silent artist.

They spoke to each other without words.

Then, one day, the truth came out.

It was not passion. It was recognition.

It was not perfect. It was theirs.

The love that united them was out of time.

But precisely for this reason, it is true.

Epilogue

In this cycle, the world has expanded. We ventured out of the house and onto the streets. We have encountered barriers, poverty, unwritten rules, and messages that resonate beyond silence.

The protagonist is now a witness. Not just a man, but an eye, an ear, a gesture.

Being naked is a style. Not a weakness. And when pain cannot be expressed, writing translates it. One word at a time. One truth at a time.

PART IV

This section is dedicated to encounters with the outside world: with society, with others, with the daily life that permeates and shapes us.

The stories collected here are born from simple gestures, from journeys, from fleeting glances, from words overheard. They are fragments that show how male identity is constructed not only in private but also through dialogue.

Masculinity is reflected in cultural contexts, in imposed roles, in crumbling models. But also, in gestures of kindness, in shared testimonies, in humanity that endures.

This section is for those who observe the world with restless eyes. For those who seek meaning in the details. For those who know that man is not only what he feels, but also what he sees and what he chooses to tell.

I Apologized to My Father

I do not remember when I started judging him. It was not even anger.

It was pain. Silent. Layered.

The way he talked about work. The way he sat. Everything annoyed me.

Until, when I answered my son rudely, I heard his same tone in my voice.

I stopped. And I saw myself, inside him. Over coffee, without ceremony, I said to him: “Sorry. Sorry for the way I looked at you.”

He did not ask me anything. But there was something in his eyes I had never seen before:

Welcome.

My Dad

You followed Mom to the clinic, even though you could have stayed elsewhere.

For three months you watched her suffer, without ever letting her see your tears.

The day she left, you were a different man. Your gaze was empty, but full of questions.

You seemed like a child to me.

I told you I loved you. After thirty years.

You smiled as if you had been waiting for me forever.

Dad, that hug was our testament.

And I signed it from the heart.

The Truth in Silence

After his death, the silence was deafening.

I never really knew who he was.

I had lived next door to her. But not with her.

Memories mingled with regrets. Photos with emptiness. Yet, in that silence, I began to really feel her.

The love we had not told you about… was still here.

In my hands. In my steps.

Grief does not end. It changes.

The Time to Get Old

At 95 you no longer dream.

But something inside you keeps searching for meaning.

I saw spring arrive. I saw couples strolling.

I told stories while the mime watched me.

“The time of the lion,” I once said.

Now the time is mine.

I am no longer afraid of getting old.

I am afraid I am not telling enough.

Our Destiny

I met him by chance, at a chat where I no longer believed.

He was 17 years old, had a dream, and had a malformation.

He spoke about his disability with the strength of someone who wants to run.

I told him about my daughter. About her battle.

And we met: not physically. In feeling. He did not know everything.

But he was the message I was meant to receive.

And I, the one who had to give it back.

Domination

No man is stronger than a woman.

I say this without fear.

Feminine strength is magnetic. Smart. Intelligence.

I have met women who would have made me capitulate.

And I chose not to give in.

Not out of pride.

For common sense.

Sometimes, victory is not about resisting.

It is knowing when it is time not to play.

Our history

Everything has a beginning.

Then things happen.

Some are forgotten. Others remain.

Our story is made up of small pieces. Some sweet, some bitter.

But in each one there is a part of me.

My wife says, “You’re no longer the man I married.” And I answer her: “Luckily.”

Because history continues. Even if it changes shape.

The Men

There are men. The little men. The braggarts.

Then there are the winners, the strong, the measured, the submissive.

But the truth is that no one is just one type.

We are shades.

Sometimes we are brave. Sometimes we are cowards.

The measure of a man is not in how he appears.

It is in how it stays.

My Mother

She was strong. She was tough. She was present.

But she was not tender.

I tried to understand her. To love her as I knew how.

And when she went away, the pain was not absence.

There was a lack of dialogue.

Yet today I know:

He loved me in his own way.

And I learned to love in mine.

In distance. In gratitude. In memory.

The Daughter and the father

There is no more mysterious bond.

The father watches. Protects. Disappears.

My daughter is growing up. She forgets. She returns.

And then comes that day when he is tired.

And she holds his hand.

“You’re not stronger anymore,” she tells him.

“It doesn’t matter,” he replies. “I got you this far.”

And in that final embrace, there is everything.

Epilogue

In these ten stories, we have walked along the most intimate edge of memory.

We talked about fathers and mothers, about unspoken legacies, about fragilities that remain unnoticed.

Time has become voice. And silence, story.

Nothing was left whole.

But every fragment shone, for an instant.

Because in the story of who we are, even the cracks shed light.

PART V

This section is where the stories begin to dialogue with each other. No longer just isolated fragments, but voices that seek each other out, respond to each other, and transform.

Here, man is no longer merely an observer or narrator: he is part of the transformation. Experiences become awareness, wounds become language, silences become choices.

It is the moment when you stop asking "why" and start asking "how." How to stay. How to love. How to start over.

These stories do not close circles: they leave them open. Because sincerity is not a destination, but a journey. And every step, even the uncertain one, is already a form of truth.

The Courage to Love

We met again after years. He had lived. I had resisted.

Love was no longer young. But it was present.

We were afraid: of getting hurt, of losing everything again.

But one day, looking at each other, we chose to take a risk.

Courage is not jumping into the void.

It is holding hands while walking uncertainly.

And accept that love, to live, must also breathe our trembling.

The Loneliness of the Beloved Man

They have loved me many times. But I have never loved it completely.

I was afraid of suffering, of exposing myself, of losing.

I let others fill me up.

And in the end, I was left empty.

The love you do not give... does not save you.

Only when I opened it did I start to feel it.

They were not applause. They were hugs.

It was life.

The Father Who Fears Becoming a father.

I discovered it by chance: I was about to become a father.

I did not say yes right away. I said, "I'm scared."

Fear of not being enough. Fear of being like me.

I thought about my past, the holes, the mistakes.

But then I saw that little being...

And he did not ask me for perfection.

He asked me to be present.

And that, I had.

A Caress During the Storm

During a dark period, no one understood me.

Then, one evening, in a bar, a stranger said to me, “You look like someone who still wants to be seen.” I do not know why, but it made me cry.

She did not say anything. She caressed me.

We never saw each other again.

But that caress reminded me that humanity has no name.

He gestured.

The Love That Is Invented Every Day

After thirty years, we are no longer the same.

Bodies change. Habits harden.

But every morning, we invent.

A coffee. A joke. A discussion that ends with a smile.

Love is not eternal fire.

It is a daily spark.

And if you light it every day, it does not burn.

Enlighten.

The Mother Who Doesn't Say "I Love You"

My mother never said “I love you” to me.

But every day he ironed shirts.

She was making the bed. She was waiting for me when I got back.

His love was unspoken.

He had lived. And only after it was gone, I realized:

Words fail me.

But the gestures remain.

And in the silence… there was more love than I thought.

That Time I Didn't Understand Anything

He left me.

He said I was not there. That I was not listening.

I thought I was there, always.

Then I reread the messages. I saw the looks I ignored. I heard the silences I did not hear.

I did not understand anything.

And the awareness came too late.

But he taught me.

And now when I love… I really listen.

The Friend Who Didn't Ask Me Anything

In a difficult moment, no one knew what to say.

Then he came.

He did not ask me how I was. He did not make any jokes.

He brought me a pizza and a beer.

We ate. And finally, he told me, “I’ll be back tomorrow.”

That night saved me.

True friendship asks no questions.

It keeps you company.

The Day I Realized I Was Enough

For years I thought I should be more.

Brighter. Safer. Stronger.

Then, one day, I was alone, without masks, and I looked at myself in the mirror.

No one to conquer. No one to impress.

And I said to myself:

“If I'm not enough for myself now, I'll never be enough for myself.”

And I smiled.

Because that face was mine.

And finally, lovable.

The Phrase That Changed My Life

“You don’t have to do everything to deserve love.”

A psychologist told me this, by chance.

I had built my entire identity on being useful, good, necessary.

That sentence set me free. Love is not earned.

You are welcome.

And since that day, I have been underperforming.

But truer.

Epilogue

In these stories, the protagonist stops running.

He stops proving, justifying, chasing what does not resemble him.

And slowly he discovers that love is not taken, it is received.

That presence is not a spectacle: it is attention.

And that, even if it takes time, there comes a point where you look at yourself in the mirror.

and he says: “Now I can begin.”

PART VI

This section is dedicated to permanence. Not the static kind, but the chosen kind. Staying is not a renunciation: it is an act of care, of presence, of emotional responsibility.

The stories collected here speak of what we choose to keep, to protect, to pass on. They are reflections on the time we do not waste, on the words we choose, on the gestures that become memories. Here, man no longer seeks escape from himself: he sits with his own story and listens to it. Not to judge it, but to understand it. Not to change it, but to give it voice.

It is a part for those who have stopped chasing and started caring. For those who know that staying is a form of love. And that telling is already a way to never forget.

When I Stopped Wanting to Save Everyone

I felt responsible for everyone I loved.

If they had suffered, it would have been my fault. If they had gotten lost, I would have had to find them.

Then she said to me, “I do not need to be saved. I just need to be seen.”

I realized that I was stealing the growth of others.

Helping is not holding back.

It is letting go with respect.

The Brother I Never Understood

He was reserved. He never talked about himself. I teased him. “Always in your own world.”

Then, one day, he exploded. He said he felt invisible.

And I, who thought I was the nice brother, had been the most distant.

We only spoke that one time.

But since then, in his silences… I listen better.

My Daughter's Caress

She was little, I was angry.

I had a terrible day. I screamed.

She slowly approached me. She caressed my cheek.

He did not say anything.

But in that gesture, there was truth:

No one deserves patience all the time.

But he who knows how to forgive becomes a master without knowing it.

That Time I Really Listened

He had been talking for twenty minutes. I was thinking about something else.

Then he said to me: “Do you know that you haven’t looked at me even once?”

It hit me like a gentle slap.

From that moment on, I gave her my full attention.

His words became landscape.

And I, finally, walked inside it.

Listening is not hearing. It is dwelling.

The Help I Couldn't Offer

He was in trouble, but he did not tell me.

I thought just being there was enough. She wanted a hand. I offered my shoulder.

And when he left, he asked me, “Have you ever tried to really understand?”

The truth is no.

I did not ask. I did not understand.

Since then, I have not only offered presence.

I offer a question.

That Dinner That Saved Us

We were tense. The days were tough. The fake smiles.

Then I cooked. Without pretension.

I put the candle on the table. No words.

She sat down. We ate slowly.

Finally, he said, “This is the most beautiful thing you could have done.”

Relationships do not require miracles.

They ask for small rites of hope.

The Day I Stopped Reacting

Always ready with an answer. Always armed with arguments.

They told me, “You’re too hot.”

Once, she told me, “I wish you would just listen to me, not correct me.” I was silent.

And our relationship changed.

Sometimes, to grow, you must stop defending yourself.

The Right Time to Tell the Truth

I had lied out of fear. Not a big lie. But enough to create distance.

One day, I told her, “I owe you the truth.”

She stopped. She looked at me.

And before I spoke, he said, “I care about how you say it. Not just what you say.”

The words came.

And the fear went away.

I Once Received a Letter

It was from her.

Not an ex. Not a girlfriend.

Just one person who had seen me speak at an event.

He wrote: “You said something that changed me.”

I do not remember which one it was.

But since then, I have understood that what you say… outlives you.

And those words do not die with the voice.

The Day I Recognized My Limit

They always told me, “You can do it.”

And I have always tried.

Then, one day, I collapsed.

And in my tears, I said to myself, “I can’t do it this time.”

The shame was great. But the freedom was even greater.

Since then, I am not just strong.

I am true.

Epilogue

This block speaks of a silent shift: from protagonists to witnesses.

Gestures are becoming smaller. Truths are being less loudly proclaimed.

Yet, that is where the book comes of age.

Because between an unwanted caress and a lifesaving dinner, we discover that you do not have to be brilliant to be profound.

You must be there. Without the pretense of understanding everything. But with the desire not to miss out.

PART VII

This section is dedicated to conscious sharing. No longer just telling to free oneself but telling to offer.

The stories collected here are born from the desire to leave something behind: a thought, an image, a phrase that can accompany the reader on their journey.

Here, man is no longer merely a protagonist: he becomes a witness. Each fragment is an open letter, an invitation to recognize oneself, to dialogue, to continue.

This is the part where writing stops being purely personal and becomes collective. Because what has been experienced, if shared sincerely, can become healing.

These stories are for those who have learned that pain, when shared, does not multiply it divides. And those words, when authentic, can be a bridge.

I Stopped Wanting to Understand Everything

I was always searching for meaning. For the hidden significance.

Then she said to me, “Do not look. Stay.”

I stopped analyzing.

I started welcoming.

Not everything has answers.

And sometimes, stopping looking is just the way to find them.

The Time I Made a Mistake and Didn't Punish Myself

I made a mistake. A big one. I was ashamed.

But instead of shutting down, I said, “I was wrong.”

She looked at me. “You're not the mistake,” she said. “You're the person who recognizes it.”

And at that moment, I realized that punishing yourself is not always justice.

Sometimes it is just distraction.

When I Was Kind to Myself

I have always been strict. I demanded. I judged. I corrected.

Then one evening, in front of the mirror, I said to myself: “You did your best.”

And I did not add anything.

That sentence kept me company for days.

Kindness is also internal.

And when you grow it inside… it blooms outside too.

The Message I Never Sent

I had written it well. It was sincere, direct, and emotional.

But then I thought, “There is no need to say it. You must live it.”

And I deleted it. Since then, I have been making gestures.

Small. Constant. True.

The message was not missed.

It arrived, without going through the phone.

I Said, “I Forgive You” And It Wasn't for The Other

He had been unfair. He had hurt me, ignored me, betrayed me.

Years of resentment.

Then, one day, I said, “I forgive you.”

Not for him.

For me.

Forgiveness is not a gift.

It is liberation.

It is saying, "I don't carry you inside me anymore. And I can go back to myself."

The Day I Closed a Door

Sometimes you stick with it out of habit. In a relationship, in a job, in an idea of yourself.

But then comes the point when you understand: staying is the real betrayal.

So, I closed the door.

Not with anger. With respect.

And as the handle went down, my life went up.

The Truth I Didn't Tell My Mother

I wanted to tell her so many things. That I loved her. That she had done me good. That I had understood too late.

But I did not.

And then there was no more opportunity.

Today, I write her letters that no one reads.

I talk to her in dreams.

The truth, sometimes, comes when it is no longer needed.

But it is useful to those who remain.

The Trip I Didn't Take

I had a departure in mind. Luggage, itinerary, dreams.

But then I chose to stay.

Not out of fear.

Because I understood that the real journey was internal.

That it does not take miles to change.

It is worth saying: “Now I'm looking at myself.”

And that... is already far away.

When I Stopped Before Reacting

He had provoked me. Attacked me. Humiliated me.

I was about to explode.

But I took a breath.

And I asked myself: “Is it necessary?”

The answer was no.

So, I kept quiet.

Not out of weakness.

By force.

And the peace I felt was revolutionary.

The Gesture That Made the Difference

It was just a “how are you?” said with real eyes.

No gifts. No party.

But at that moment, I felt seen.

That look changed my day.

Sometimes, nothing is needed.

You must be there.

Sincerely.

And without expecting anything.

Epilogue

In these stories the volume is lowered, but the heart opens. The protagonist stops, listens, chooses, and forgives.

Actions are small. Thoughts are profound.

It is a time for subtle awareness: that the truth is not always told. That the journey does not always begin.

And that absolute love sometimes means closing a door gently.

PART VIII

This section is dedicated to emotional legacy. Not the kind made up of objects or memories, but the invisible kind: words, gestures, and silences that endure.

The stories collected here speak of what is passed down without meaning to. What is received without understanding it. What is left without knowing if it will be picked up.

Here, man becomes a bridge between generations. Not to teach, but to bear witness. Each fragment is an unsent letter; a message left beneath the skin of time.

It is a piece for those who understand that the past is not just to be remembered but interpreted. And that the future is not built with certainties, but with sincerity.

I Said “I'm Tired”

Always on the move, always useful, always present.

Then, one morning, I said, “Not today.”

I sat down. I looked outside. And I realized that you do not have to be strong every day.

Some are just for catching your breath.

And there is nothing wrong with being tired.

There is peace.

I Made Peace with Time

I accused him of taking away my people, my strength, my dreams.

But one day, I looked at him like you would an old friend.

He had marks, scars, stories.

It had been hard, yes.

But also, generous.

Time is not the enemy.

It is the context where everything happens.

And if you learn to dance with him, he stops running.

The Moment I Stopped Seeking Approval

Every word I said had an afterthought: “Will it be appreciated?”

Then, during a simple conversation, I said something without filters.

And I did not look at the reactions.

I felt freedom. Approval is convenient.

But sincerity… is necessary.

Since that day, I have been speaking to myself more clearly.

And whoever loves me… stays.

The Moment I Decide to Be Kind

Not only when it is convenient.

But also when it costs.

When someone treats you badly, when they disappoint you, when they avoid you.

I chose to remain kind.

Because kindness is not the answer.

It is choice.

And since then, even when I tremble, I am light.

The Day I “Miss” Her Without Shame

I usually hide it.

I did not want to appear weak.

But that day I said: “I miss him.”

Aloud.

Nobody laughed. Nobody pretended.

And I felt real. Because saying “I miss you” … is remembering with love.

Not with regret.

I Realized I Left Something Behind

A boy wrote to me: “Your words helped me.”

I did not remember meeting him.

But he remembered me.

And at that moment I understood:

goodness is not announced.

It leaves traces.

And often, it sprouts in lands you do not know.

The Silence That Healed Me

It was not meditation. It did not escape.

It was just silence.

Without screens, noise, distractions.

I listened to my breathing.

And for the first time, I did not want to talk.

I wanted to stay.

And in that silence, peace blossomed that I had never cultivated.

The Day of "Thank You"

A janitor. A cashier. A silent colleague. No heroic gestures. Just constant presence.

I stopped them. I thanked them.

Their amazement taught me that gratitude is revolutionary precisely because it is rare.

Since then, I have been sowing it whenever I can.

And I always get kindness in return.

That Time I Chose Hope

It was all gray. The days were the same. The effort was intense.

But inside, a corner said: "It can be better."

I held on to that thread.

And I started smiling before I even had any reason to.

Hope is not an illusion.

It is early.

It is saying, "I believe it."

And often, that is what it takes to get started.

The Point That Does Not Close, But Opens

I have written a lot. I have told you a lot.

But now, I will stop.

Not because it is finished.

But now it is up to the reader.

Every word I gave... became space. And every space, an invitation.

This is not a point.

It is a gap.

And from here, your story begins.

Epilogue

Here, the book quiets down.

The words retreat, letting the echo do the rest.

There are no more explanations. Only actions.

Gratitude, kindness, surrender, hope.

The protagonist no longer seeks answers.

But it leaves questions open, like windows.

And at the decisive point, there is a gesture of trust:

that even those who read... will begin to tell their stories.

PART IX

This section is dedicated to uncertainty. Not the kind that paralyzes, but the kind that opens. Doubt as a fertile space, questioning as a form of presence.

The stories collected here do not seek conclusions. They are notes left unfinished, thoughts that do not claim to be resolved. They are the breath between words, the silence that speaks louder than a thousand explanations. Here, man does not define himself: he questions himself. He does not seek to be understood, but to be heard in his ignorance.

It is a piece for those who have learned that the truth is not always clear. That sincerity can also be hesitation. And that remaining in doubt, sometimes, is the most human thing there is.

I Hurt My Wife

It was a joke. Light, quick. She remained silent. But the silence lasted for days.

She then told me, “You made me feel invisible.”

I did not mean to hurt.

But I understood that affection is not measured only by intention, but by effect.

Since then, when I speak… I also listen to his silence.

My Son Looked at Me Without Expecting Me

I always come home late. I thought it was enough to just carry things.

One day I came home, and he was already sleeping.

But before closing his eyes, he said to me: “You’re always there after me now.”

It was not anger. It was news.

And I understood: presence cannot be bought. It has given.

My Sister and I Hug Her to Apologize

We argued often. For reasons I do not remember today.

One day I told her, “I’m right.”

She did not answer. She hugged me.

That hug was not returned.

It was sentimental education.

Sometimes, those who love you show you how to forgive, without the need for words.

Sunday Lunch That Kept Us Together

Long table, mismatched cutlery, overlapping voices.

Every Sunday was a reformulation of us.

Then we stopped. Out of tiredness. Out of distance.

But nothing has ever had the same power to hold us together as at that table.

Lunch was our emotional glue.

And without realizing it, we let him go.

The Friend Who Always Pretended Not to Understand

Every time I opened it, he changed the subject.

A beer. A game. A joke.

It made me angry.

Then I understood: his fragility was his way of affection. He did not know how to stay inside.

But he never left.

And in his pretense... there was his loyalty.

My Mother's Birthday and Silence

We always celebrated it with cake and laughter.

One year no one organized anything.

She did not say anything.

But the silence weighed like lead.

The next day I brought her a flower.

She looked at him, caressed him.

And he said: “Birthdays are pointless. But being remembered is.

Since then, … I remember. Always.

When My Daughter Told Me That

She was a teenager. I thought I understood her.

One day, he said to me, “You love me. But you do not see me.”

It froze me.

And over time I understood that love without listening is a caress on skin that no longer feels.

Since then, I have not imposed myself. I got closer.

And I ask her: “Can I come in?”

The Relative Who Walked Away Without Explaining

We were close. Then he stopped calling.

No arguments. Just distance.

I asked myself a thousand times: “What have I done?”

But it is not about guilt.

Sometimes, people leave not because you hurt them, but because they lose themselves.

I still wish him peace.

Even if he does not look for it from me.

The Wife and Silence as Punishment

Every time I made a mistake, she kept quiet.

And that silence was the worst punishment.

He told me, “I don’t feel like explaining everything to you.”

I learned to read his eyes, to decipher the creases on his face.

And do not always wait for words.

Behavior is communication.

You must practice translating it before it becomes a habit.

The Son Who Learned Affection from Gestures

I told him “I love you” a thousand times. But he remembers when I made him a sandwich with a folded napkin.

When I was waiting for him outside school.

When I held his hand in the dark.

Words pass.

The gestures remain.

And in affection, we grow more from what we do than from what we say.

Epilogue

In these pages, family affection ceases to be a declaration and transforms into behavior that speaks for itself.

Silences become shouts. Absences become lessons.

And the protagonist understands that loving means observing, remembering, respecting the times of others.

Not everything is resolved. But everything can be understood if you stop and really listen.

PART X

This section is dedicated to the encounter with oneself. Not the idealized one, but the real one: made of contradictions, slow acceptance, truths that make peace with the past. The stories collected here do not seek redemption. They seek balance. Between what we were and what we became. Between what we lost and what we chose to keep.

Here, man does not justify himself, he does not defend himself. He looks at himself, he recognizes himself, he welcomes himself. Each fragment is a truce, a gesture of kindness towards oneself.

It is a piece for those who have stopped fighting their own history. For those who have understood that sincerity is not about telling the truth but also knowing how to listen to it.

I Said “I'm Alive” for No Reason

It was not a special day. The sky was gray; my back was a little sore.

But as I was drinking the coffee, I felt something inside:

“I'm alive.”

And I smiled, without needing to celebrate.

Being alive is not always an achievement.

Sometimes it is just a statement. And it needs to be made.

I Decided to Walk Instead of Running

Everyone was rushing. Goals, deadlines, performances.

I put on my shoes and walked slowly.

I saw a cat, a cloud, a hand waving from a window. Nothing changed my life.

But everything reminded me that life... does not always run smoothly.

Sometimes he breathes.

The Lunch Alone That Kept Me Company

Sitting at a restaurant table, without an appointment or a phone.

Just me, the plate, the thoughts.

I tasted the silence.

I felt time slowing down.

I was not alone.

I was with me.

And in that hour, I understood that the fullest life is the one that does not need an audience.

The Time I Chose Not to Procrastinate

“I'll do it tomorrow.” How many times have I said that?

Then, for no reason, I changed my sentence: “I’ll do it now.”

I wrote, I called, I used that energy that usually goes out.

The result? I do not know.

But I lived an entire day without debts to time.

That Morning Without Notifications

I left my phone off. No emails, no messages, no news.

It felt strange to me. Empty.

Then I looked outside.

And the world was there.

The rustling of leaves, the smell of bread.

Life needs no signal.

Presence is enough.

The Day I Put My Thoughts in Order

Not the house. Not the office.

The head.

I wrote down on a piece of paper everything that lived inside me.

Fears, desires, memories.

And I realized that mental disorder is not confusion.

It is overabundance.

And putting things in order… is making space to breathe.

I Said No, And I Felt Freedom

They invited me. Offered me. Proposed me.

And I said, “No, thank you.”

No excuses. That no was not a defense.

It was expression.

And that void in the agenda was filled with me.

Life is not about accumulating.

It is choosing where not to be.

A T-Shirt That Made Me Feel Alive

It was red. Too bright, they said.

But I put it on.

They looked at me. I smiled.

It was just a T-shirt.

But it was my way of saying, “I’m not hiding today.”

Life is also about dressing the day with your desire to exist.

Be Interesting, But Interested

In a conversation, I tried to shine.

Then I stopped.

I asked questions.

And the answers took me into different lives.

Being interesting left me alone.

Being interested… kept me company.

And life expands when you stop wanting to be the center.

I Read Without Seeking Teachings

A book. Simple. Without theory, without guidance, without great truths.

But sentence after sentence, he kept me company.

And I thought:

This is also the love for life:

being with things, without asking them to change us.

Epilogue

Here life is not told.

You breathe. You dress. You choose.

The protagonist is not looking for adventures.

Look for moments when existence is felt — even if only for a moment.

No clichés. Just genuine gestures.

And affection towards life is precisely this: loving it, even on ordinary days.

PART XI

This section is dedicated to inner coherence. Not the rigid kind, but the kind that comes from faithfulness to one's emotions, values, and limits.

The stories collected here speak of men who did not conform to please. Who chose to remain authentic, even when it was uncomfortable. Who learned to say "no" as a form of self-respect?

Here, sincerity is not just confession: it is a stance. Every fragment is a small resistance, a gesture of dignity, an act of care.

It is a piece for those who understand that you cannot always be pleased. But that you can always be true. And that, sometimes, consistency is the deepest form of love.

My Mother Would Never Come Back

She had gone out for a checkup. Nothing serious, they said.

But that evening, the emptiness was different.

It was not just her that was missing. The certainty that she would return was missing.

And I understood that every goodbye... should be done as if it were the last.

No drama.

But with full love.

I Greeted My Father with My Eyes

He did not speak anymore. But he looked at me.

I spoke to him softly, telling stories, pretending there was time.

But in one look, he told me everything.

“I watched you grow. Now I watch you go.” That goodbye was not a sentence. It was a look.

And it still accompanies me.

I Cried for A Friend, I Hadn't Heard from Him in Years

We were no longer close. Life separated us.

Then I heard he was gone.

It surprised me how much pain it took.

I did not cry for what we had.

I cried for what we would no longer have.

Sometimes the breakup comes before the end.

But the end... makes it final.

The Day That Mourning Has No Calendar

Six months. A year. Ten.

Everyone thinks that pain has an expiration date.

But mourning is personal.

It is an empty chair that just sits there.

It is a photo that does not move.

It is a voice that is half forgotten.

And it does not matter how much passes.

It matters what remains.

That Night I Thought About My Death

Not out of fear. But for clarity.

I imagined the day when I would not be there.

And I asked myself, “What will you leave behind?”

I did not think about objects.

I thought about words. Gestures.

And since that night, I have tried to live with intention.

The Funeral That Taught Me How to Live

It was an old woman's ceremony.

Little known but loved.

Everyone spoke quietly.

And everyone had a story with her.

A kindness, a gesture, a care.

That day I understood that living well means leaving traces that others will speak about when you can no longer do so.

When I Stopped Asking “Why?”

He left me without explanation. Without letters. Without truth.

I spent months asking myself, “Why?”

Then I stopped.

Not out of indifference. Out of survival.

Sometimes the end is incomprehensible. But it is worth living anyway.

Telling Memory of Those Who Were No Longer There

During lunch, I talked about him.

It was not the right occasion. But it was.

I said, “Remember when he made us laugh with just one word?”

They laughed.

And for a moment, he was there again.

The dead live in sentences that bring smiles.

Even when there is nothing left to say.

The Wife Who Taught Me

She knew she would leave early.

He told me sweetly. “Pack your heart, not your suitcase.”

When she left, I was not ready.

But his words had become emotional instructions.

The end cannot be avoided.

But it can be accompanied by love.

The Son I Didn't Know Enough

He was growing up. And I was working.

He asked questions. I gave short answers. Then he left. Then he changed.

And I understood: childhood never comes back.

And the death of shared time is the quietest of all.

But you can write late letters.

And hope he gets it.

Epilogue

In these pages, death is not a tragedy.

It is a threshold, a memory, a gesture that changes.

The protagonist does not face it with resignation, but with the will to live better what remains.

Because whoever leaves always leaves something to continue.

Even a memory, if told with grace, is a form of survival.

PART XII

This section is dedicated to emotional nudity. Not the kind that is on display, but the kind that arises from a need to be truly seen.

The stories collected here do not seek approval. They are unfiltered confessions, thoughts unafraid of being uncomfortable. They are the opposite of posturing: they are what remains when you stop acting.

Here, man does not defend himself, does not justify himself, does not embellish himself. He shows himself. With his contradictions, his fears, his imperfect truths. It is a piece for those who understand that sincerity is not just saying what you think but also accepting who you are—even when you do not like it. For those who know that showing yourself is an act of courage, not weakness.

A Caress Could Change the Day

I was closed off. On the defensive. Then she came closer and touched my hand.

No words. Just skin against skin.

I felt the world stop.

That caress taught me that it is not always necessary to explain.

Sometimes, just being there is enough. And touching with intention.

The Argument to Breathe Before Answering

I shouted on principle. For fear of losing.

Then one day, during the argument, I took a breath.

And I said, “Wait. I want to understand, not win.”

That breath changed everything.

Since then, I take a breath before reacting.

And often, I choose silence.

The Breakup That Showed Me Who I Really Was

When she left me, I thought, “I don’t know who I am without her.” Then, slowly, I picked up pieces.

Tastes. Habits. Forgotten passions.

I discovered that I was already there.

Only I did not look at myself anymore.

Sometimes, loss is the best mirror.

The Journey That Made Me Come Back Different

I left to escape. I walked, ate alone, listened to languages I did not understand.

Then, one evening, in a square, I heard music.

I smiled.

And I understood that joy is not in the place.

It is in the possibility of feeling part of it. Everywhere.

The Phrase Said: Thoughts and Reflections

“I don't care.”

I said it in self-defense. But it sounded strange.

Because I cared.

And in trying to appear strong, I missed a chance to be real.

Since then, I speak less.

But I think more.

When I Apologized and It Wasn't Enough

I was wrong. I said, “Sorry.”

But she did not answer.

I realized that asking for forgiveness does not erase what is broken.

But it shows that you want to fix it.

Sometimes, apologizing is the beginning, not the end.

The Advice I Gave and Then Followed

I told a friend, “Rest. You are not a hero.”

He looked at me. “And you?”

I laughed. Then I understood.

The best advice is the one that forces you to face your own inconsistency.

Since then, I sleep more.

And I save myself better.

The Missed Opportunity That Made Me Present

I had to tell her something. It was important. But I waited.

She left.

I never had another chance.

Since then, I speak when I feel.

Because time waits for nothing. And presence also means knowing how to speak immediately.

Why I Decided Not to Wear Masks Anymore

Always brilliant. Always right.

Then I decided: no more roles.

I talked about failures, fears, shame.

Some people walked away. But those who stayed... looked at me differently.

With respect.

And finally, with truth.

That Choice That Changes Without Awareness

I stopped explaining to myself.

Not out of arrogance.

For trust.

Whoever wants to understand will understand.

Since that day, the world seems quieter to me.

I do not need to prove myself anymore.

Just to be there.

Epilogue

In these pages, the protagonist does not change by choice.

It changes because every experience leaves it with a question, and every question becomes a new form. Sometimes the change is tiny. Sometimes it is silent.

But every gesture becomes an effect.

And every effect is a step towards something that has no name, but a direction.

PART XIII

This section is dedicated to the silence that remains after the story. It is not emptiness, but space. It is not an end, but a pause.

The stories collected here speak of what has not been said, of what has not taken shape, but has left its mark. They are fragments that do not require to be understood, but only to be preserved.

Here, the man writes not to explain, but to let go. Each word is a gentle gesture of closure, a caress to his own story.

It is a piece for those who have learned that not everything needs to be told. That some truths live better in shared silence. And that even what is left unsaid can be profoundly human.

The Recompositing

This section is dedicated to reconciliation. Not the perfect one, but the possible one. Each story collected here is an attempt to put the pieces back together, without forcing them, without hiding the cracks. These are fragments that speak of silent reconciliations, of unannounced returns, of truths left to settle. There is no triumph, no epilogue: there is only the attempt to mend.

Here, man seeks not to be whole, but authentic. Each fragment is an emotional seam, a stitch that holds together what seemed lost.

It is a piece for those who understand that not everything can be resolved, but that we can still move on. And that, sometimes, living is precisely this: putting things back together without erasing them.

The Change I Thought I had Made.

I said I was different. Softer. More present.

Then a discussion brought me back: same tone, same outburst.

I understood that change is not an announcement.

It is practical.

And practice… takes time. And honesty.

The Belief That Held Me Back for Years

“I don't need help.”

It was the phrase I kept repeating.

It gave me strength. But also, prison.

When I gave in, I saw how much loneliness I had created.

And I understood: certain beliefs are walls. They protect you.

But they do not hug you.

The Change That Came Too Late

She had asked me to listen more. I had given her answers.

When I started to feel… she was already far away.

You do not change to hold back.

We change for honesty.

And sometimes, honesty comes without an audience.

Why I Deluded Myself That I Was Healed

After a crisis, I felt new.

I read, I meditated, I answered slowly.

Then one little thing made me crumble.

I understood that healing is not becoming waterproof.

It is recognizing where it still hurts.

The Experience That Taught Me Nothing

I promised myself, “This time I’ll learn.”

But I made the same mistake again.

Not out of superficiality.

Out of habit.

Some lessons do not stick right away. Sometimes it takes several times to understand where you stumbled.

The Phrase That Helped Me... And Then Stuck Me

“Be yourself.”

It gave me freedom.

But then I closed myself off: “This is how I am; I can’t change.”

I understood that identity is not defense.

It is off.

Being yourself does not mean standing still.

It is choosing where to go.

The Friend Who Changed, and I Didn't

He went to therapy. He started saying "no."

I was there, the same.

And inside, I felt discomfort.

Maybe not envy.

But mirror.

Since then, I have not judged him.

I listen to it.

And slowly, I allow myself to doubt that I too can change.

Advice Not Followed but Taught

“Don't wait. Say what you feel.”

I waited.

And I missed the opportunity.

But that advice… took root.

Because regret is active memory.

And every time I hear something today, I say it.

Even if I am shaking.

The Day I Realized I Understood Little

I thought I knew what he wanted.

“Trust me,” he told me.

But I was looking for confirmation, signs, proof.

Then she left.

And I understood that control is not listening.

And understanding… also means letting go of the need to be right.

The Phrase I Would Never Say Again Today

“If you really love me, you must understand me.”

I said it one evening, without thinking.

She did not answer.

Today I reread myself with tenderness.

Because I was inside a wound, which spoke for me. And if I had to go back to that evening…

I would say: “If you really love me, try to be close to me even if you don’t understand.”

Epilogue

This block offers no answers.

Offers attempts.

The protagonist makes mistakes, repeats, reviews, reflects.

And it shows us that maturity is not perfection.

But knowing how to tell your inconsistencies without shame.

Because it is there, in the crack between what we know and what we do, that the truest part of each of us is born.

PART XIV

This section is a step beyond. Not beyond pain, but beyond narrative. It is the moment when the story becomes possibility.

The stories collected here do not look back, but forward. They are openings, glimpses, intuitions. Not certainty, but desires.

Here, man is no longer defined by what he has experienced, but by what he chooses to become. Each fragment is a promise, a hypothesis, an act of faith. It is a piece for those who understand that sincerity is not just memory, but also imagination. And that telling your story is a way to keep living.

I Prefer to Be Alone

They invited me. They looked for me.

But that day I said, “No thanks. I would rather stay with myself.”

Not out of sadness.

For listening.

And in the evening, between books, silences, and hot tea, I understood that the best company is the one that asks nothing of you.

The Journey Made Without Anyone

I took a train. Alone. No plan, no photos.

I walked among unfamiliar faces.

And while everyone was in a group, I felt whole.

Some trips heal.

Those alone, transform.

The Moment I Chose Not to Reply

The phone vibrated. They texted me: “Where are you?”

And I was reading.

I let it vibrate.

And in that non-response there was a statement: “They're here. But today they are with me.”

When I Turned Everything Off for a Whole Day

Internet, radio, notifications. I turned everything off.

The world continued.

I slowed down.

And in the electric silence, I heard the beating of simple things: a cup, a window, an inner voice.

Was it loneliness?

It was peace.

Lunch in the Park with No One

I bought some bread, some juice, and a pen.

The lawn was empty. I was full.

A child smiled at me from afar.

No conversations.

But the world, that day, seemed kind to me.

And I... I felt good next to myself.

The Night I Spoke Only to Myself

No calls. No invitations.

I cooked, put on music, wrote on a piece of paper: “How are you really?”

I answered without pretending.

Loneliness does not isolate. Sometimes, it reveals.

That Moment in the Mountains That Wasn't Needed

High path, thin air, vast panorama.

No one around. And yet... I could hear everything.

Nature, body, breath.

And the presence we usually seek in others was there. Inside.

The Day I Invited Alone to Lunch

I booked a table. “It’s for one,” I said.

The waiter smiled.

I ate slowly. I observed. I wrote.

No conversation. But a silent companion: myself.

And that was enough for me.

Close the Door and Open the Heart

Everyone wanted to come in.

But I needed to get out.

So, I closed the door, grabbed a notebook, and sat down.

I wrote about myself.

Not to tell myself, but to find myself.

And I get it: sometimes, you need closure to open.

That Solitude That Is Not Scary

People fear being alone.

I, on the other hand, sometimes wait for it.

It is a sincere space. Without roles.

And when it comes to me, I sit next to it.

And I tell myself, “You are not alone. You are with me.”

Epilogue

Solitude here is no absence.

It is choice, awareness, need.

Not to avoid others, but to return to oneself.

And the protagonist discovers that being alone is not sadness.

It is the ability to listen, without distortion.

Because only those who know how to be with themselves truly know how to be with others.

PART XV

(Assessments, open thoughts, slow questions, late- arriving awareness.)

What would I do again? Maybe Nothing. Maybe Everything.

I am often asked: “Do you have any regrets?”

I answer slowly. Maybe not. Yes.

But every choice taught me something.

And today, more than redoing, I want to understand.

The People I Lost Aren't Gone Away

Some are no longer with us. Others have moved on.

But inside me they still carry words, gestures, wounds.

Presences become internal.

And there... they never really go away.

The Loves I Haven't Experienced

Not out of fear. But because of the wrong timing.

Some glances have had the grace of not happening.

And I carry them as unused memories.

Sometimes, an unlived love is cleaner than a badly lived one.

And we thank him, even like this.

My Jobs Shaped Me More Than Schools

Waiter, educator, assistant, thief, gigolo, charmer, heartbreaker, writer.

Each role had a lesson.

Not always recognized.

But today, looking back, I see that I learned more where I did not look for teachings.

The Questions That Will Not Be Answered

“Why did it happen?” “What would have changed if...?”

They inhabited me for years.

Now I will leave them on the bedside table.

Questions do not always have to be closed.

Some... are just there to keep us awake.

The Time I Didn't Live Well

Wasted hours. Colorless days.

I punished myself for not taking advantage of them.

Now I look at them with tenderness.

Even wasted time is part of my story.

And if I accept it, it stops hurting me.

People I've Treated Badly Without Intentionally

A brusque response. The wrong tone.

I was not bad. And yet... I hurt.

Time has faded the memory.

But the awareness remains.

Today, I tried to be kinder.

Not to make up for it.

But to honor those I hurt.

The Beauty I Discovered Too Late

Flowers on the balcony. The sound of rain.

They seemed like distracted things to me.

Today I am poetry.

I do not know if it is age. Or a change of perspective.

But now, every detail seems like a gift to me.

The Choices I Didn't Make

Sometimes I ask myself, “What if I had chosen differently?”

But then I realize that every crossroads has led me here.

And here, it is not a bad place.

The Future I Don't Know

It scares me. It intrigues me.

But most of all, he calls me.

Because the future is the only place I can still go.

Aphorisms of the Soul

• Fragility is not a crack: it is the point through which light enters.

• Being sincere is not about saying everything, but about not lying about what you feel.

• Every silence has a name. Sometimes it is ours.

• Love does not save but accompany.

• Time does not heal it teaches us to live together.

• What we did not say shaped us as much as what we shouted.

• Memory is a place that does not ask for permission.

• Being a man is not a role: it is a question that changes every day.

• To write is to stay, even when you want to escape.

• Every fragment is a possibility of the whole.

SENTIMENTAL ARCHIVE

There are stories that do not require to be told, but to be preserved. They are the ones that did not seek the center of the book but found their place on the margins—where the heart beats slower, but more truthfully.

This archive is not a tidy collection. It is a collection of voices, perspectives, and fragments that stand the test of time. Each story contained here is a small emotional survival: it does not claim to explain, but to endure.

These are stories that do not make noise but leave an echo. They do not seek answers but offer companionship. They do not impose themselves but reveal themselves to those who have the courage to listen slowly.

This is the last space in the book. Not to close, but to leave open. Because the soul is not archived: it is traversed.

Mistakes Not to Make

Sometimes we think that saying everything is clarity. But if we do not leave room for listening, we are just filling the silence within ourselves.

Why You Can't Hear the Other.

When we only speak, the other disappears. And in that absence, we also lose ourselves.

Promise Without Keeping.

Words are powerful tools. But without action, they become blades that undermine trust.

Why Trust Is Lost.

A broken promise leaves a long shadow. And when trust falters, every action is risky.

Trying to resolve the understanding.

Not everything needs to be fixed. Sometimes you just need to be there, without rushing, without having to find a solution.

Why Need Is Not Respected.

Listening means seeing what the other person cannot say. And respecting it, even if it escapes us.

Mistakes Are Not Just Actions.

There are sharp words. But also, hurtful looks. And failed gestures that speak louder than a thousand screams.

Because Sometimes They Are Silences.

Silence can be respected. But it can also be abandonment. It depends on the reason.

And every mistake is learning.

It is not about avoiding mistakes. It is about observing every stumble and asking questions.

Because it teaches us to be more present.

True presence is born from fragility. Those who have made mistakes, if they want to stay, stay better.

WHAT WE ARE USED TO DOING

Follow Patterns.

Because they give us the illusion of control.

Repeat Phrases.

Because they seem safe to us and are part of our collective memory.

Avoid Conflict.

Because we fear that breaking the peace will destroy the relationship.

Respond Quickly.

Because slowness makes us uncomfortable and feels like weakness.

Find Quick Fixes.

Because we want to fix it, not go through pain.

Judging Too Quickly.

Because it is easier to label than to ask questions.

Accepting Compromises.

Because we are afraid of losing others.

Thinking That Love Is Intuition.

Because we like to think it is simple.

Taking the Everyday for Granted.

Because routine anesthetizes us, but it also protects us.

Reacting Without Asking Ourselves the Meaning.

Because we are more used to responding than reflecting.

CHANGE WITHOUT SOLUTION

Accepting Uncertainty.

Because it is the only fertile ground for growth.

Learn to Ask, Not Just to Answer.

Because curiosity opens what certainty closes.

Understanding That There Is No Formula.

Because every relationship is a new alphabet to discover together.

Abandon the Idea of Perfection.

Because what is real vibrates, errs, and loves better.

Listening Without Wanting to Interpret.

Because the other must be welcomed, not deciphered.

Recognizing the Value of Small Gestures.

Because proximity is born in the folds of everyday life.

Having the Courage to Defuse the Defense.

Because vulnerability is true strength.

Stop Thinking You Know.

Because knowing is the opposite of meeting.

Training in empathy.

Because hearing the other changes the way you are.

Keep Searching, Without Finding.

Because love is not an answer. It is a constant question.