GILLETTE UNIVERSE

VOLUME 7

ONE HUNDRED REFLECTIONS

notes for those who still think before agreeing

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INTRODUCTION

The truly ignorant person is not a disposable income. He thinks his own way, without asking permission and without following the professors' favorite paths. His mind does not follow the manual: it follows what he is experienced, what he has seen the elderly do, what has remained with him like a scar. It is not a lack of intelligence: it is a different kind of logic. A harsh, ancient logic, one that comes from handed down stories and truths that no one has ever written but everyone has learned by dint of facing them.

We live in a world that divides everything into two: true or false, right, or wrong, real, or invented.

A comfortable cage, but a false one. Because there is a middle ground---one where stories no one can classify live. They are not entirely real, but they are not lies either. They are the kind of stories that slip beyond definition, where those who tell them no longer know whether they are talking about what really happened or what could have happened.

This is where this work moves.

In the gray area where autobiography is not a CV, but a journey through possibilities.

Imagination here is not for escape: it is for understanding. It illuminates the blind spots of memory and the folds of consciousness where reality alone is not enough. Telling your life story with a thread of imagination does not betray it: it is giving it space to speak better.

Writing like this means accepting that certain truths hurt, that you cannot look certain wounds straight in the eye, that certain things can only be said if you disguise them as a story.

And that is okay. Imagination does not console it clarifying. It forces you to see what you have been avoiding.

In these pages, you will not find a fictionalized parallel world.

You will find the real world, told from an angle, which makes it cleaner, more naked, more real. Readers can find a piece of themselves between these lines, not because it is written to please everyone, but because within it lie questions that everyone, at least once, has tried to avoid. This book is a simple invitation: stop defending yourself from your imagination. Let it work. There are truths in there that make less noise but more progress.

PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES

Before we get into the stories, let us just say one thing: not everything you read is meant to please you.

These reflections were not written to create order, but to acknowledge disorder.

They were born on the street, in awkward moments, in painful silences, in truths that arrive late but always arrive. They are not constructed stories: they are cracks. And within every crack lies a part of who we are when we stop acting.

Many of these pages do not have a successful conclusion. They do not seek one. There is no point.

Here you will find short, crisp, and sharp thoughts, born from real life, not from a script.

Sometimes they seem absurd, other times too lucid. But they all have one thing in common: they say what many think and no one admits.

This prologue does not prepare you, it warns you.

These stories do not ask for kindness. They ask only one thing: to be read without filters.

If you are willing to do so, then you can enter. The rest you will discover one page at a time.

My Children

When you were born, your mother and I knew that there were two of you, the great concern was that you were born healthy, that you were small in weight and they immediately put you in the incubator.

In the following hours, a natural check of the clinical values was conducted to certify that everything was proceeding normally.

I remember that Vincenzo, the one who looks like me, had already caused panic in the nursery a few hours earlier, everyone was ready to give him his normal ration of milk, and he was screaming like a madman that he was hungry. They were ready to administer the medication, but I immediately stopped them and asked them to give me another bottle.

Problem solved, it was my son. He did it until he was thirty.

There are bonds that nothing and no one can ever break, not time, not distance, not silence, not women. The greatest of all is the one between father and son.

I know you will always be the only loyal friends who will never betray me.

The only true supporters in my life, ready to rejoice with me in every victory achieved and share all the defeats. One day, finding the time to reflect, you will understand the reasons why I have the strength to question myself alone and far from home. Then you will understand three things: **The first is that you only live once in life.**

The second is that life is only one. The third is: that you are my life.

The Ignorant Man Who Knew Everything

A middle-aged man, his face bearing the traces of many un lived experiences, he boasted of knowing everything. Whenever someone mentioned a topic, he would join the conversation with an air of superiority, as if he were the sole possessor of the truth. Whether it was politics, economics, science, or philosophy, his point of view was always the most correct, the most enlightened. He had no need to delve into anything because he believed he already possessed the answers. His memory, paradoxically, gave him a superficial view of things:he remembered quotes and historical facts by heart, but never utterly understood them. One day, however, he found himself faced with a discussion that caught him off guard. A young man asked him to explain a complex scientific concept, and he, as usual, began spouting nonsense, hoping his disarming confidence would be enough to confuse his inter lo cut or. But something went wrong: the young man calmly forced him to go into detail. His presumption began to falter, and he realized that science is not made up of textbook quotes, but of concrete applications and ongoing research. He felt a lump in his throat as he realized his knowledge was a sandcastle collapsing under the weight of his own words. Only then, for the first time, did his ego sink in, and he realized he had never truly tried to understand. He had only talked, without listening.

The Drawing Room Philosopher

Luca considered himself a great philosopher, despite never having set foot in a real academy. He was the kind of person who loved to make jokes about Kant, Nietzsche, and Hegel, as if he could summarize their thoughts in a few catchy sentences. His idea of philosophy was not that of profound reflection, but of a play on words in which he was the protagonist. He organized evenings with friends were, sitting on his couch, he would discuss existential themes, but without ever trying to utterly understand the meaning of that reflection. Instead, he used random quotes to appear cultured, and whenever someone pointed out that he was confusing one concept with another, he would respond with a smile that indicated, "I know better than you." One day, however, he met a person who had not only studied philosophy but lived it. During a discussion, that person, very patiently, asked him to explain the meaning of what he was saying, and Luca, like an automaton, began reciting words that made no sense. His mind, unable to address a real question, froze. The conversation changed, and that person guided him through the concept of "her men eu tics," showing him how every philosophy requires true understanding, an immersion that takes time and effort. Luca found himself confronting his ignorance, recognizing that philosophy is not just a field of study, but a practice that questions life itself. His presumption of knowing everything crumbled, and in that moment, he learned a fundamental lesson: true knowledge requires commitment, respect, and humility.

The Art of Ignorance

Marco had always considered himself an art expert. He had taken a few courses and read a few books, but his passion for painting was more about image than true understanding. He felt superior to anyone who lacked an "artistic culture," convinced that his opinion mattered most. When he visited art galleries, he offered sharp criticism, discussing colors, shapes, and styles, but never dwelling on the meaning of the work or the message the artist was trying to convey. During a vern is sage, he found himself confronted by a young artist exhibiting a series of abstract works. Marco, with his arrogance, began to criticize without any

understanding. The artist, undaunted, invited him to reflect on the nature of art as an emotional expression, not just a technique. Marco, annoyed, replied that art should be judged based on objective criteria, such as color or shape. But the young man pointed out that art is not just a combination of colors, but a dialogue with the soul, a reflection on the world.

At that point, Marco realized how empty his presumption was. He realized that all his life he had looked on art as a commodity to be sold, a pastime, a status game. But he had never tried to understand it, to feel it. And at that moment his heart filled with a humility he had never felt before. Art, finally, was no longer just a concept to be exhibited, but a form of expression he would have to learn to deeply understand.

The Plant Guru

Alessandro was enthusiastic about botany. He prided himself on knowing every plant, everything about soil, rare species, and how to grow the most difficult plants. His home was a small secret garden, a corner of paradise where every plant seemed to thrive under his "expert care." However, his approach was superficial. He never took the time to truly observe the plants' needs. He trusted only his manuals and his own presumption, ignoring the signals the plants themselves sent him.

One day, one of his most beloved plants began to suffer. Alessandro tried to save it, but, unable to pinpoint the cause, he began doing what he did best: giving advice and using fertilizers he thought were miraculous. But the plant died anyway. Desperate, he sought the advice of a true botanist, who explained to him that every plant has specific needs, which go beyond the theoretical knowledge he had acquired. Only when he realized that humility was necessary to learn from someone with true experience did he understand his ignorance. And from that moment on, he began to observe every plant with a new, unprejudiced gaze.

The Ignorant in Politics

Francesco was a man who loved talking about politics. Every conversation, whether with family, friends, or colleagues, turned into a discussion of the latest political news. With incredible confidence, he expressed his opinion on every topic, from the management of public funds to foreign policy, as if he were an expert on the subject. His point of view was always the most radical and categorical, never leaving room for dialogue.

One day, over dinner, Francesco found himself arguing with an old friend who had studied political economy. The friend challenged him to explain the implications of a tax reform that Francesco had harshly criticized. Francesco, impassive, began to speak freely, but soon realized his words were baseless. His assertions clashed with hard data, and his presumption began to falter. His friend showed him how complex politics was, where decisions cannot be made based on slogans, but must consider economic and social reality. Francesco could not answer and, for the first time, felt small. He had been so self-confident, but he knew nothing of the complexity behind every political choice. His ignorance was now evident.

The Captain Without a Ship

Giovanni was a man who loved to talk about leadership. Whenever anyone spoke about management, organization, and business strategies, he never missed an opportunity to chime in, offering lessons on how to build a successful team and how to be a charismatic leader. He believed that leadership was an innate gift,

something that could be affirmed through the power of words and image management. He considered himself an expert, but he had never had any real management experience.

One day, he found himself working with a group of young entrepreneurs trying to launch a startup. Giovanni offered to be their consultant, promising to share his "experience." But as soon as the work began, he realized things were much more complicated than he imagined. True leadership was not about motivational speeches, but about tough decisions, daily responsibilities, and the ability to adapt to circumstances. Giovanni found himself facing an emergency, but his presumption led him to ignore the more expert advice of the other group members, convinced that, as the leader, he would be the one to find the solution. The result was failure. It was only then that Giovanni understood that leadership is not just a title, but a skill that develops through experience, humility, and vision.

The Dietitian Without Patients

Riccardo was a man who prided himself on his health. He had studied everything there was to know about diets, healthy eating, and supplements. He frequented online forums, read scientific articles, and considered himself a sort of wellness guru. Whenever anyone talked about losing weight or improving their diet, he jumped in immediately, offering free advice and making pronouncements with absolute certainty. There was no diet he did not know, there was not a nutritionist he could not analyze. But there was a problem: Riccardo had never been a true dietitian; he had never collaborated directly with patients.

One day, a friend of his who really needed a nutrition plan for health reasons asked him for concrete help. Riccardo, with a confident smile, prepared a nutrition plan based on general theories he had read online. But when his friend began following the plan, he began to feel worse: fatigue, mood swings, digestive problems. Eventually, he turned to a health professional who, with a personalized and targeted approach, helped him truly improve his condition. Riccardo, although disappointed by his failure, realized that reading books is not enough to become an expert. True expertise is built only through practical experience and continuous learning. He realized that his enthusiasm had obscured the need for deep and specific knowledge, and that presumption is not enough to be effective in the lives of others.

The Professor of Nothing

Alberto had a passion: teaching. But he was not a real teacher. He had never worked in a school; he had never had a classroom of his own. He loved feeling like an authority on education, yet he had never taught anything concrete. He boasted of knowing the "education system" like no one else, of knowing exactly how to motivate and educate students. Whenever he spoke to friends and colleagues, he offered advice on how to improve teaching, but everything he said was based on generic theories and clichés. His belief that he always knew what was best for others made him unbearable, but, to him, it was all part of his "expertise." One day, however, he was faced with reality. A friend asked him to help prepare a lesson, and Alberto, as always, began talking about how he would teach the subject. But when he stood in front of the students, his confidence was evaluated. He could not answer their questions; he could not capture their interest. He discovered that teaching is not about repeating words, but about connection, empathy, and the ability to utterly understand students' difficulties. His presumption had led him to ignore the more human aspects of teaching, and he eventually realized that true experience is not built on what you know, but on what you do with others.

The Doctor Without Patients

Paolo was enthusiastic about medicine. He always felt capable of diagnosing any illness, despite having no qualifications. He read medical journals, watched documentaries, and considered himself more expert than many doctors he knew. Whenever someone complained of an ailment, Paolo was quick to "diagnose" and prescribe remedies, never stopping to ask whether those people truly needed his help. His arrogance led him to believe that his theoretical knowledge was superior to any practical one. One day, however, a friend of his, suffering from a fundamental problem, decided to seek his advice. Paolo, as usual, prescribed a series of remedies based on his superficial research. His friend, however, was not improving. So, he decided to see a real doctor, who, after a careful analysis, diagnosed a condition far more serious than Paolo had imagined. Paolo realized that medicine is not based solely on theories and readings, but on the ability to listen, analyze, and utterly understand the human body. His presumption had been a barrier that had prevented him from seeing reality. In that moment, he understood that reading books is not enough to be a doctor, and that every person is different, requiring a unique and personalized approach.

The Couch Sports Expert

Carlo loved sports. But he did not just love watching them, he loved talking about them. He prided himself on knowing everything, from techniques to strategies, from team management to individual performance. He spent hours in front of the TV, commenting on every game, analyzing every move, and telling everyone how professionals should play. But Carlo had never played sports at a competitive level. His knowledge was limited to what he saw on TV and what he heard in other people's conversations.

One day, a friend of his who was a competitive athlete asked him for advice on how to improve his performance. Carlo, as usual, offered a series of suggestions based on his theories, which seemed perfect on paper. However, his friend followed his advice, but the results did not materialize. He realized that direct experience counts much more than lazy chatter. True improvement is not achieved with mere words, but with practice, sacrifice, and an understanding of the challenges. Carlo realized that his ego had been built on an unfounded presumption and that knowing the theories does not equate to knowing how to apply that knowledge.

The Heartless Manager

Luca was an experienced human resources manager. Or so he thought. He boasted of having hired hundreds of people, overseen career management, and made crucial business decisions. Whenever anyone brought up HR strategy, he not only chimed in, but spoke as if he were the only one who utterly understood the dynamics of human resources. Yet Luca had never had any real firsthand experience, he had never truly got to know his employees beyond the numbers and company performance.

One day, his boss tasked him with managing a company restructuring that would affect hundreds of employees. Luca, trusting his theoretical knowledge, implemented a reduction system that seemed perfect on paper, but failed to consider the real needs and emotions of those involved. Decisions made without adequately understanding the emotional consequences for employees caused a wave of dissatisfaction and unease. Luca realized too late that the true value of human resources lies not in numbers and cuts, but in

heart and the ability to listen, understand, and motivate people. His arrogance had prevented him from seeing reality behind the numbers.

The Architect Without Bricks

Simone considered himself a successful architect. He was fascinated by architectural theory and spent his time discussing futuristic projects, innovative buildings, and groundbreaking solutions. He had a wealth of grandiose ideas and boasted of having the vision to revolutionize the world with his architecture. But there was a problem: he had never designed a concrete building. All he did were sketches and ideas, but he had never attempted to design and build a real architectural project.

One day, he was asked to participate in the design of a large residential complex. Simone, convinced of his theoretical superiority, began proposing abstract and unconventional solutions, ignoring practical limitations, costs, and building regulations. The other, more experienced members of the group tried to explain the difficulties to him, but Simone persisted with his ideas. The result was that the project became a nightmare: the innovative solutions were unfeasible, and the group had to start all over again, redesigning a project that truly respected the reality of the construction site. Simone learned that architecture is not just fantasy, but a combination of vision and pragmatism. His presumption had led him to ignore the importance of practical details and previous experience. He realized that to build something lasting, you need to start from a solid foundation, not just from dreams.

Yes Success, No Experience

Marco was a successful business consultant. Whenever anyone asked him how to improve company performance, he was quick to respond, without hesitation. He had read everything there was to know about business strategies and marketing techniques. He believed that success was a matter of applying tried and tested formulas. He did not realize that every company was a world unto itself, with unique challenges and particular dynamics. Yet, he continued to sell his consulting services, convinced he had all the right answers.

One day, he was asked to work with a small startup facing a growth crisis. Marco, armed with his generic solutions, proposed a series of actions that seemed perfect on paper. But he soon realized that his approach was too rigid and failed to solve the concrete problems the company was facing. His solutions did not consider the company culture, the daily challenges, and the need for gradual change. Marco realized that consulting is not just an application of theories, but a process that requires listening, adapting, and understanding the reality of those seeking help. His presumption had caused him to fail where he could have succeeded.

Men With Empty Words

Andrea was a man who loved to talk about philosophy. His discussions were often peppered with lofty ideas, quotations, and references to famous thinkers. Every time he joined a conversation, he felt the need to show off his knowledge, to impress others with his culture. Yet, he failed to understand that philosophy, however noble, was not just empty words. He had never tried to apply his knowledge in practical life; he had never sought to utterly understand the problems of others. He simply repeated concepts he had read about but had never lived.

One day, a friend of his, who was going through a tough time, asked him for advice. Andrea, as always, began quoting philosophers and theories, but his friend, visibly frustrated, stopped him. He told him his words were meaningless, that he needed concrete help, not abstract concepts. Andrea realized that philosophy, if not put into practice in daily life, becomes merely an intellectual game. He understood that true wisdom lies not in words, but in acting with awareness, empathy, and attention to the needs of others. His presumption of being a "wise man" had prevented him from seeing that philosophy should serve to improve lives, not to show off one's knowledge.

Traveling Abroad

I often reflect on my travels around the world, reliving episodes, events, dangers, moments of fun, and general experiences. However, there has never been an absolute risk worth sharing. When traveling, the first rule is always to stay safe. Safety must be the top priority, and this involves following a series of practices that every traveler should follow.

First, it is essential to always carry your hotel's business card, passport, laptop, cell phone, lesser amounts of cash, a debit card, a cheap €10 watch, and modest clothing. The key is to remain discreet, avoid designer clothing or accessories, and avoid attracting attention in any way. It is advisable to visit crowded places but pay diligence. Only take official taxis, exchange money at government-run shops, avoid large sums, eat at restaurants along the city's main streets, or rely on the recommendations of trusted taxi drivers.

Yet, vacations do not always end as planned. It is common to meet a woman, especially in countries where opportunities are plentiful. These are women with stories to tell, sad stories, often marked by financial hardship. They say they have lost their jobs but will soon find a new one. They have families to support, small children, but they never ask for a specific amount, trying not to scare the person in front of them, but without hiding their need for help.

What is surprising, however, is that despite their challenges, they are well-groomed women: a beautiful dress, perfect makeup, features that Mother Nature has spared no expense. And faced with such beauty, it is natural to be fascinated, curious, and willing to listen to their story. But here comes experience, which teaches us that Beauty, Intelligence, Cunning, Femininity, and sometimes Boringness, are linked by a common, essential, and irreplaceable factor: Woman.

It is said that a woman's intelligence is inversely proportional to her beauty and femininity. Life experiences, social studies, and in some cases, case studies from around the world seem to confirm this equation. Despite everything, the thinker, the one who traveled and met many women, never managed to meet a better woman than the one who gave him life: his mother.

This travelogue is not just a social observation, but a reflection on how beauty and intelligence are often inextricably linked to our perception of the world, and how, often, people, even in difficulty, manage to camouflage their suffering behind masks of beauty and smiles.

Natural Simplicity

So, I wanted to tell you an anecdote: when I was a child in fifth grade, before closing the voting session the teacher invited us to fill out an application form to take the test.

It meant having learned the topics of the lessons, the values of the discussions, the reasons for the consequential facts. When she came to my name, the teacher paused and said, "It doesn't matter. How can you express big situations in small concepts?" It is easy to say: with the simplicity of things.

I had acquired it from my father's concepts and teachings. This is what I have always asked of all my collaborators in forty years of company, building each of them, investing time, transforming warehouse workers into Logistics Managers, or railway workers into Accountants, or drug addicts into Sales Directors, or the less intelligent into Capable People.

Every person has potential, it is up to us to bring it out, create the conditions for change, prepare them for a new life.

We must never forget that the great men of today are those who have lived through periods of deprivation, suffering, and hunger, and only thanks to an intuition have they succeeded.

I remember a friend who, forty-five years ago, had a Jaguar and, going to the gas station, used a single tank to fill up five thousand lire of petrol, equal to about ten liters.

He had little money and was not a snob, but he took care of his image.

Most people observed this and were the first to criticize, judge, and make gratuitous judgments, as well as smile at the fact, pointing out that he was a stingy man, but that was not the case.

The same people have been doing the same job for thirty years, with the same money, with the same motivations: no evolution, completely flat-brained.

Yes, success always comes froma great intuition, everyone can do the same thing but only a few will do it in a unique and unforgettable way, with simplicity.

Everyone's Aunt

We are almost always focused on dealing with our parents' problems, alternatively with the difficulties of our grandparents, with their cuddly and vicious behavior focusing our attention, and we lose sight of the only truly important and fundamental person in our lives, who represents the memory of every moment, every action, every sacrifice, every emotion: our aunt.

She is the only one who can reveal to us the facts, the preparations, the secrets of our parents' initial relationship, of our grandparents' expressions of dissent or consent, of the difficulties encountered in deciding and deciding on fate: YES.

But it does not end here, she is also present at our births, aware that without Her presence She would not have helped us cry a few less bottles, or digest a few more bottles, or take a relaxing walk in the park, to give our parents a moment's respite.

And we grow up, never losing sight of our aunt, with an unexpected visit bringing us gifts of sweets and money. And when the time comes to get married, she is the first to be informed, and she makes sure to be present in the room to make sure everything goes as planned, without any hitches or surprises.

Then one day we find ourselves growing up, and the phone calls that always keep us connected to her are full of confidences, feelings and affection, and we would like to hold her in our arms to cuddle her from her pains or ailments, and give her an idea, a thought, a gesture of love, which will allow us to remember for the rest of our lives how much good she has done, always remembering that she is: My Aunt.

Life Without Nothing

We are brought into the world, and everyone is convinced that we were the fruit of an act of love, only a few recognize that they are the children of an accidental mistake.

As children, it is a constant process of receiving attention and gifts of all kinds, along with the celebration of birthdays and name days that represent a moment of conviviality for relatives, friends, and acquaintances.

The tension begins to ease with the beginning of the first school year, were grammar alternates with mathematics, creating the real foundation for the first knowledge.

Your first friends, your first love, push you to start seeing what is out there, telling everything to those who love and protect you.

The various stages of growth create ever-increasing distances from your closest loved ones who, while not forgetting, are always ready to warn you, often distorting reality out of fear and over protectionism.

Every job is different, so during the assessment process, we look at your education and training, your level of learning, your ambition, and your abilities.

Well, one day, but not by chance, just by answering an ad in the newspaper, the call comes for a freelance position: the job I have been waiting for all my life.

And time passes, lots of earnings, but you don't realize it because you love spending, you like traveling, the good life, beautiful women, and you know well that they cost money, but you don't want to give up, you don't want to change, until something starts to go wrong.

The Disease

The doctors' answer is clear: live with it for the rest of your life and follow a scrupulous treatment plan.

Work starts to decline, earnings too, no chance of being able to drive a car, days spent pacing a room, back and forth a hundred times, and saying I will make it, and only one hymn: I must not give up.

For many months I've been sitting in front of the computer, without money, without any job prospects, and with dignity I try to gauge my level of tolerance, I smile at my friends so as not to reveal anything, and I also take note of those who claimed to be friends and then proved to be different. When a man finds himself with nothing, stripped of everything, he brings out everything in his personality and the reasons why all this happened and what the explanation is.

I have found mine: my life with nothing is because I have nothing more to ask about this life, I have had everything and my mission and I hope I have accomplished it to the best of my ability.

The Bad Manners

As soon as we are born, even in the clinic/hospital, we are immediately imposed with rules and habits that we cannot help but accept I am referring to breastfeeding every two hours, bathing, changing clothes, and medical checks for jaundice or any other pathology.

And all this continues at home, with the family, without a neonatal nurse to take care of us, but in her place the mother, the older sister, the aunt, the grandmother, a family friend, who takes care of us, as they know how.

Until you reach the age of care, and once you reach adulthood, your development changes, you are able to speak, you openly express your disagreement with the taste of certain foods, but the essence doesn't change, it's always the same: I'll dress you, I'll give you something to eat, you have to study, I'll tell you what to do, you have to obey me, otherwise there will be beatings and/or deprivation. Beatings are not always to be considered a devastating act of beating, but also psychological pressure and deprivation that disturb the person's intellectual sphere.

We are at the beginning of the definition of the rules and first educational principles of the child.

And if you make a mistake, I will give you a beating, the most well-known and widely used form of education among parents.

Early education is acquired in the family.

Then we improve on the outside if we spend time together with people who are better than us, otherwise we fully represent rudeness, which we absorb like a sponge, and which we struggle to remove.

As children grow older, we sometimes notice our educational shortcomings, often highlighted by close friends or relatives, who often advise us to seek help from psychologists and psychiatrists, who have a significant impact on a good education.

Being educated is a privilege, not a luxury, because it allows you to be accepted by everyone wherever you are, and whoever you are with, creating the optimal foundations for building everything, this makes the difference.

In my recent experiences around the world, I've met people from whom I've learned a lot, seeing their training differ from ours in its structure and approach, and I realized that they weren't prepared to receive an education and that their inexperience led them to be left alone to evaluate others. Arrogance, presumption, exclusion, discrimination are the result of thinking that the boredom of being alone improves you and that you can do anything, but that is not the case.

In the world, people always manifest what they say they are, but never what they are.

Rudeness is the only form that manifests and is visible, in both cases, and that allows people to judge you.

The Rich Pharmacy

It is not a regular place, but mostly occasional, where going becomes imperative if we want to cure or prevent a disease. But the customer is usually different, the one with the advances "I'll buy the drugs if I need

them", or the one with the prevention "I'm sure I'll have a fever tonight", or the one with the information "I was told that the…", or the one with the hearsay "my neighbor bought the… for his daughter".

Then we find the injured client, just out of the hospital, or the doctor's client, who often sees his budgets distorted by pharmaceutical companies because the patient requests a generic and not the prescribed drug.

Then there are emergencies: if the patient is a man, a friendly conversation is sought with a doctor, if the condition concerns a female patient, the address is directed towards the doctor: in both cases, the ironclad rule applies to speak in a low voice, as if to have the ghost that everyone wants to hear and is interested in knowing. Finally, there are those passing customers who have recently encountered a problem and who, not having the possibility, ask the pharmacist for advice on using a solution medication.

But, according to the thinker, one of the most beautiful moments one can experience inside a pharmacy is when husbands are sent to offer easy solutions related to the menstrual cycle and its complications.

There is great misinformation, embarrassment, shame, shyness and, even more, annoyance.

But if the wife is sick at home, someone must help her! And who, if not the husband? In the end, kudos to these drug dealers; their presence is essential in the community, and many human lives have been saved only thanks to their sacrifice.

A note for those who think pharmacists are poor: not at all. Pharmacists are usually heavily invested in the local economy, have no returns or losses, are supported by centralized platforms, and are attractive clients for many banks because their income is high, dependable, and certified.

A drug never costs much if it is used to save people, it is always a life that costs more.

Fundamental Rights:

subjective right; absolute right; natural right; private law; public law.

right to life; the right to freedom from slavery; the right to freedom from torture.

• the right to the impossibility of retro activity of criminal prosecution. 29 • respect for the dignity of the human person, moral and legal equality, freedom of opinion, of the press, of assembly, of association, of religion. • the right to participate in choices that affect each one of us. • the right to education, to health, to justice, the recognition of the value of every man. • the right to health in Article 24. • the right to social security in Article 25. • the right to an adequate standard of living in Article 27. • the right to education in Article 28. • the right to protection from economic exploitation (see work) in Article 32.

Duties:

duty can be positive, when the behavior imposed by the norm consists of doing or giving, or negative when it consists of not doing.

• in the first case it is also called command. • in the second case, prohibition. • By right, on the other hand, we mean the freedom that is attributed to the individual, understood as a person.

No comment, but many responses to behaviors that fundamentally lack education, culture, schooling, experience, in a total absence of human and social values and the necessary areas of weakness blatantly manifest all the hardships, we can only help them for a better nation.

The Right Ability

When you happen to approach someone new in your life, you immediately try to improve your knowledge, your performance, and optimize your real-world preparation. Your bosses look at you with admiration and allow themselves to express serious and calm judgments, happy with the result and the fact that you can truly be a controllable subject, a valid new resource.

Then, caught up in always wanting to do better and more, it is all you have left rather than thinking about putting in passion, more time, investing confidently that this increases the value of the effort and a better ability.

At this point, the only thing to do.

However, in our Italian system, the exact opposite occurs; having passion is indicative of disruption, uncontrollable, and punishable in the performance of the new job. This is especially common in small and medium-sized businesses. The result is that, despite many individuals' white abilities and good intelligence, they see the prospect of success. Walk away because the system still enjoys some sort of control.

Mediocre people find fertile ground for professional growth, because a leader never employs good collaborators for fear that they might take his desk chair.

Many emigrate to countries where different assessment tools exist, and become geniuses, children of our land.

Willing to Change

In the family we receive a basic education, which we then refine externally based on the indications and how others behave.

And, from time to time, it becomes an exercise we do not give up, aware that trying to be perfect affects our self- esteem and worth. But what are the areas that are difficult for us to attack and correct?

Communication:

being able to approach calmly, carry out the intended task, and conclude it politely without disturbing the other inter lo cut or, keeping in mind the characteristics we have intuited, how important it is to us, the benefit we can derive from it, whether we should hear it again and whether it should be a rude farewell.

Conquer:

A partner we care about, to whom we give our attention and demonstrate our serious intentions, regardless of the outcome, if it is conducted with integrity and truth. A partner who must be earned every day, minute by minute. This deserves respect, even towards others we may be interested in.

Feeling:

Never be afraid to show it; it is an act of weakness that pushes your partner away rather than bringing them closer. It must be pure, sincere, honest, and loyal; only then can it be built and not destroyed.

Sinking:

If I feel something, if I think of you, if I dream of you, if you interest me, it is all inside me; otherwise, it becomes a mathematical equation, where interest is directly proportional to the amount of money you have.

Principles:

They are personal, they outline our personality, how we are, and how we would like to become, they must always be respected and never trampled upon.

Success:

It depends only on Us, so much self-sacrifice, so much good will, so much interest, that we put into our actions, as much as truth and loyalty.

They are the only ingredients of a result that changes your life, making it new and better.

Opportunity:

The most popular are found in clothing stores, followed by the mobile phone market, detergent stores, supermarkets, the Internet, and various other outlets. All these are easy to manage because they are priced afford ably.

Then there is life, you just must observe, be careful and reach out and collect what your heart wants.

RELIABILITY TEST

The condition of being dependable, trustworthy, honest, conscientious, trustworthy, trustworthy, loyal, serious, with up rightness.

But it's not just that: we find the measurement of levels of reliability in mechanics, in the reliability of a company, in those registered with the ISA (synthetic indices of fiscal reliability), in the automotive world, in chemical laboratory tests, in medical reports, in laboratory analyses, in police tests, in nuclear tests, in flying vehicles, in banks, in food tests, in pharmaceutical tests, in mineral waters, in beverages, in foods, in professional advice, in family management, in the choice of a partner, in children.

When a person decides to start a new relationship, their credibility is measured by their level of reliability, which makes them feel safe, secure, and welcome. It is the story of the children of a family who, as children, often change partners only to find themselves, in the end, choosing the wrong one. There is only one certainty for every choice: making the right one without wasting time or giving up without making promises that can never be kept. Ultimately, it's not the number of partners we've met that makes us better, or the experience we've spent chasing a dream that didn't come true, but the firm belief that the ideal person doesn't exist, but rather an optimal relationship that evolves and becomes stable and reliable.

The Search

In the 1980s, I was a key figure in the Italian Army's Police Operations alongside the Police and Carabinieri.

This was part of the strengthening of the staff, given that Italy was continuously subjected to intimidating actions by the so-called Organizations, which the Ministry of the Interior dubbed "SICILIAN VESPERS".

One afternoon around 6.00 pm we were near the Catania Courthouse, the protection patrol was made up of two soldiers and a senior, long-serving policeman, Napoletano. At a certain point we decide to stop a suspicious car, and the policeman finds doses of heroin and a wad of cash under the driver'sseat, but does not proceed with the arrest, leaving the subject free.

A control operation started through the headquarters, following the vehicle and identifying the location of the drug dealing, but even there no arrests were made; the aim was to get to the top and catch whoever was managing everything.

The next morning, six patrol cars arrived at a castle and asked to enter: they found all the answers to their questions and arrested seven people, seizing ten kilograms of heroin and banknotes totaling 40,000 euros.

It was a university lecture, with many colleagues but only one professor, our friend Napoletano.

In the following days we expected more news, but he explained to us that they were not always available, because even the least aware were always on their guard.

I left my post a few months later, and I received a call-up to the police force, where I had won the competition, but after a long discussion with my father, which lasted 30 days, my future was destined for another role.

The teaching

The last three years of my life have been the fundamental lesson I have missed, and which has allowed me to become who I am today.

The first thing I want to point out is that Principles and Values are only available to people who have a high-level education, who come from wealthy families and who have no need to struggle to survive and lead a life without hardship.

But people of this type, called mediocre, even if they are well dressed and have professional titles, are not individuals to be proud of, and selfishness, envy and criticism take over them.

And when you find yourself without money, what do you do?

Who do you go to for help?

Who can support you, without the entire world knowing about your stuff after ten minutes?

Here you begin to reveal what you do not know but need to learn quickly, and if you're good, you can do it all without money, because the market also plays on the credit factor to sell you the service and build long-term loyalty.

Everyone seems interested in reading your books, but in three years I have only sold one to a friend and colleague of mine in Palermo.

Collegiality does not read because they are innocent, I have surrounded myself with many people of little value, of no moral and cultural depth.

Then everyone wants to know, they want news, like the topic to bring up at the table and say: do you know what Nando did? Nothing…

I have concluded that being alone has become natural, unable to share anything because the topics become incomprehensible, their dimension far removed from mine. Certainly, never give anyone news of your life or information about yourself, it would be like warning soldiers who are going to war to decide in advance what move to make.

Human Boredom

As I have said in another book, the boring effect does not arise with us but is acquired based on inexperience and the undeveloped ability to reflect and think about things and never realize when we are making mistakes and persist in them.

Ninety percent of Italians have a strong element of boredom, considering that we are sixty million we have an extraordinarily strong net figure, which only pessimists can dispute.

It is a bit like saying I would like to give a gold Waterman pen worth 20,000 euros to someone who cannot write, or thinking of helping them explain situations, but the return result is receiving complaints from someone who was disturbed by our intervention.

Usually, he lives in his own happy world, unaware of the risks, but everything passes without any perception, because he is fortunate enough not to think.

We have had a couple of friends for years now. He's very stupid, and she takes advantage of his condition to constantly cheat on him, asking her husband for money to get a makeover---one day her boobs, one day her face, one day her butt, and one day a vaginal reconstruction, all because of a pregnancy 20 years ago.

She goes shopping at the supermarket every day, but only spends half of the money, while she hides the other half for tough times, but away from her husband's control, who does not realize he is being robbed.

She asked her husband for a contribution of twenty thousand euros to fix her parents' teeth, but during a meeting it did not seem to me that they had any missing teeth.

He recounted in great detail that, when he got engaged to his wife, he did not have any sexual relations for the entire period, as a form of respect for her integrity-virginity, but the truth was that the list of his partners in the city was very long and he could not let them see his real intimacy and what he was capable of.

In the end, they are happy the way they are, life is always going well for them and nothing or no one can make them change their mind.

My Destiny

When I was little, my relatives were eager to have their say on what my destiny would be, and by proposing that I had a perfect knowledge of the human body, my mother was convinced that I would be the first doctor of the race.

It was that Sunday, with the whole Holy Family present, that I was interrogated. I was only seven years old. Over thirty minutes of questions covered everything from where the appendix is located to the pancreas and how the heart is formed. My father was about to go and buy a white coat from the cheerful surgeon when the last question asked was the name of the male genital organ.

My mother tried to help me remember his name, but my insistence dashed their expectations, and they no longer considered my future as a doctor.

At ten years old I was restless, I heard my parents talking about how they wanted to introduce me to the world of fashion, my city was the birthplace of Versaci, but my father prudently convinced me to go to a local tailor's shop whose owners were friends of his.

The agreement was that I would work without money, without anything; it didn't take long to realize that this tailor shop was a den of beautiful women, and I felt like the child in the movie Malena, where I couldn't contain the flesh and the pressure, but I was driven crazy by women just by their hormonal scent, which lingered in my nostrils. Inside a dressing room, I entered paradise, and the problem was that I did not want to come down but rather stay there forever. The two tailors were forced to send me home; they had never seen such a precocious, hormonal boy, and the ladies sensed it and sought me out.

In fact, after a month they called me back to the tailor shop, just enough time to say goodbye to a couple of clients and figure out who I was and what my destiny would be in life, if I already knew where to put my hands and make them happy.

I moved on to the railway carriages to unload fruit and vegetables, alone without help, and with due respect for the deadlines, under penalty of no payment, but here it did not last long.

A cleaning company contacted me to coordinate the staff on various jobs. They were all women, divorced, widowed, single mothers, a target that needed affection, and I did my best.

Two Tuscan nurse friends called me to meet them. My friend had a car and a better opportunity to see them. We entered their hotel room at 2:00 pm to say goodbye, but we left at 11:00 pm, tired but satisfied. This was my guideline. A destiny as a Manager, CEO, Administrator, Consultant, Recruiter, Professor, Coordinator, Charity, Author, Writer. But there is also the father of three children and husband for thirty-one years of the same woman who adores me.

Work

I remember from memory those fathers who reiterated the particularities of their profession, almost as if they wanted to trigger that "I want to do it too" impulse, explaining that there is a rigid and theoretical part, but also a practical part tied to the continuous experiences and needs that shape you, animating them to support arguments and enriching them with expedients, for the action of persuasion, a bit of everything that doesn't need to be done.

In the world of work, things are not particularly different. Employees, collaborators, partners, family members, and freelancers acquire many things that shape them, including unhealthy habits. But vices are the antithesis of everything; you always find them where you least expect them. Company owners, large firms, and freelancers are increasingly focusing on new areas of weakness to develop in order to improve their staff, but often it'ssimply a lack of character and personality that leads to failure, immediately placing their own expectations, expectations, and blame for the choice.

Those who lack personality endure and lead the life of a carefree, responsibly, and decision-making servant, easily replaceable with a role that is never challenging. In fact, they are strangers, never remembered, and count for nothing in society.

A glimpse into city life was inevitable when my friend Giuseppe, a first-time lawyer, was hired by a law firm. After seven days of exemplary work, he had cleared all the backlog of paperwork, compared to the job previously assigned to a secretary in stiletto heels and a miniskirt, but now on sick leave. Furthermore, he had begun making progress on new paperwork, accelerating his schedule. He could not stop.

The HR Manager was very concerned and called Giuseppe to the management where they tried to make him understand that, if he continued with this modus operand i, everyone would lose financial benefits, which the Associated Firm paid, related to piecework, overtime, reductions, time slots, the monthly budget, and bonuses. He was creating a general loss of at least another month's salary for all his colleagues.

To accommodate him and make him lose his concentration on what he was doing, he was granted the right to arrive late whenever he wanted, go to the bar as often as he wanted, double his lunch break time, and leave an hour early.

Another week of work for Giuseppe, who at a certain point didn't find himself in this activity, in this trend, when he decided to sign his resignation and leave, saying goodbye to everyone, happy to return home and tell his wife about his progress, he was the best.

But the return was truly a real surprise, when the bedroom opened, the wife was lying in the arms of two young black men and, turning to her husband, she angrily asked him why he had come back early and why he did not work.

He didn't raise any objections, he knew he had nothing in common with the two black men, no idea of starting a fight, but looking at his wife he said that his skill had penalized him, since he could have become a famous lawyer, while he had become a famous lawyer.

He let his thoughts drift as he said he had been feeling for some time that something was not right between them, but today, thanks to a good decision, I am leaving you and taking all my money with me.

The Couple

The word "why" is the most overused in our lives and it is not, as we think, a prerogative of children, it is not limited to childhood, but a natural need, which accompanies us throughout life, without a need to know more.

It would be easy to point out a few examples, a few moments, but the Author wants to focus on the needs of people who sometimes do not understand the topics being discussed, or show momentary inattention, to then try to understand and draw conclusions from a simple summary. In a couple's relationship, some evidence is greater, especially when the relationship is strained, due to misunderstandings, disagreements, or disagreements, but which remain active only out of pure interest and expediency, even if not always out of love and affection. In the world of work, this is a constant, even though those who manage an office, a sensitive workplace, are often never transparent and create frustrations in others that lead to un livable work environments, where the dynamics and opportunities that are developed and manifested within often do not represent everyone.

In Catholic spirituality, things are truly clear, because priests claim to be the only intermediaries between men and God, and the Church never misses an opportunity to identify the sacred scriptures as if they were the absolute word, lacking that transparency that often creates unanswered questions, no opportunity for the faithful to seek explanations.

As we age, we reflect on our past behaviors and rediscover old habits from when we were children. If we suffer from some debilitating disease, this effect is amplified, and shamefully, in the appropriate, respectful silence, we ask the "why" of many things.

The fortune of those around us helps us find adequate answers, considering that their time is running out.

We all have dreams, some of us have achieved them, some of us still hope, but in the end, we all have the same dream, which never comes true: that of wanting to be eternal. Only special people can do this with their memories.

Children

To understand a child, you must make the effort to see them through your own eyes. Respect, love, dignity, honesty, and sincerity are essential to understanding them, remembering that every little word can have an enormous impact.

You too were a child in the past and you too followed the same path, with your needs, expectations, and your luck if you found the right family. Otherwise, it was a difficult and tough path that marked you forever, with people who gave you affection and others who did not.

He is the future of the world; tomorrow he will be the person holding a professional position, a role of importance and prestige, ready to judge you, and who will take care of you and your family;therefore, you must give him love and everything you have, because, if there's one thing he has well-developed, it's his memory, and he doesn't forget anything easily, especially if he's been wronged.

He will carefully follow your teachings and learn to respect you. He will always be ready to wait for you because he will see in you his mentor, his ideal, what he would like to be when he grows up, what you are.

Do not make the mistake of telling him the lie. It is better to say no than to lie. He will never forgive you for it; it will be the sword of Damocles for the rest of your life.

Give him the right amount of time, do not draw parallels with his parents, they remain at his cornerstone--- and always speak well, considering his age and the things you can let him know without spoiling him mentally or building castles in the sand.

This growth, without awareness, will be especially important for both of you, realizing that ages can never be equated, but affections can and will be what will keep you close.

You too were once a child, and you will never be able to deny it throughout your life, and your true loved ones are there watching you.

They are capable of a thousand sacrifices, just think of the millions of children who work in factories in Asia, at absurd hours, as if it were a game, just to survive and eat.

The Companions

The first ones we find right under our house are the ones who live near us, of different ages, who wait for the right time to meet and talk about topics and play games related to our age.

Then we are called home at a certain time, and we pay for our stay on the streets with the consequence of a nice cold shower and the screams of our mother who curses, saying "I can't manage you anymore."

In the morning, wake up early, have breakfast, check that everything you need is in your bag, and then head straight to school. You cannot be late when your classmates are waiting for you, along with new friends you have met and those you are yet to meet.

The distractions are constant, and the teacher never misses an opportunity to give a low grade or make a note in the diary, which must be countersigned by the parents and brought back to class the next day, under penalty of further sanctions… always a problem.

In my fourth-grade class, a boy named Tonino, who is 12 years old, has his own charisma, and curiosity leads me to hang out with him and learn more about him.

That morning I find him in the bathroom smoking, and he asks me if I want to try a couple of drags, I try but I don't like it and I feel disturbed, and he confirms by telling me that I'm one of the nicest classmates in school.

I didn't know how to feel, I felt like I had betrayed my family, everyone's expectations, when the next day in class Tonino calls me and tells me to go to the bathroom: he has an erotic magazine of naked women, he asks me if I've ever seen anything like that, I'm surprised, intrigued and ashamed, is all this possible?

I was shaking all over, and when I got home my mother noticed I had a fever: 39 degrees flu, I could not forget that newspaper and for three days my hormones went haywire, losing my cognitive sense.

After four days, I returned to school and decided that friends needed to be changed, emotion, sensation, pleasure, could not be neglected and that afternoon I met Tonino, on a beach in the city, where they lived in a hut, usually inhabited by young ladies who were accustomed to becoming familiar with men.

Luckily, I was already tall and did not look my real age. When Tonino insisted on letting me into the shed, paying 10,000 lire, he had decided to turn me into a man, but I was still nine years old.

On my way out, I asked Tonino to lend me another 10,000 lire to stay longer, but he quickly ran away, laughing, and I remained there for an hour, lost in my expectations, desires, dreams, and experiences.

I returned home and immediately realized that I was no longer the same, even the timbre of my voice seemed to have changed, but having learned more about women opened a scenario that I still pursue after 50 years.

All of us present, fruit of one woman. Thank you.

The Girlfriend

After a series of moves around Italy to pursue my mother's work, at the age of sixteen I returned to my hometown: REGGIO CALABRIA.

The school that hosted me was in the center, and on my motorbike, I moved in the morning between six schools to take care of the entrances and to have female visibility, and only afterwards at 09.00 I entered my Institute.

The principal, initially in strong disagreement with me and uncomfortable, became convinced that the offer he had made to him, to guarantee that no one would go on strike, had left open this corridor of an hour's late entry with the reason that I was going to take paperwork to other institutions.

But I never found the girl I was looking for, because she was the one who asked me out and started our relationship. It only lasted 28 days, the time to understand many things, both visible and invisible, where unhealthy habits and vices immediately became known, with a result certified beyond any doubt.

I was unconsciously using my brain, but I did not do it schematically and prudently, but out of impulse and necessity with all the virtues.

It was then that I decided to get engaged again, but this time with three girls at the same time, in different schools, preferably those who did not take motorbikes and who had different availability times.

All were called love, none by name, all at pre-established times, there were no cell phones and the maximum of The telephony booth was the Telecom booth. It was not easy to manage, but from necessity comes virtue.

For three years everything went well, I had family commitments with all three of them, they made plans about the house, the wedding, the laundry, the guests, every now and then I went to lunch at one of them, then my mother's brilliant idea decided to let all three of them know and the bank fell through.

But the experience was so captivating that I had the opportunity to repeat it several times in my life, even when married, everyone was happy and I brought joy and dreams.

Education Each of us has one or things we have one, because we cannot inherit it from our parents, we must simply acquire it at all costs as a teaching and a way of life.

There are assorted styles:

• **Intentional.** • **Collaborative.** • **Constructive.** • **How to use them:** • **The expository method.** • **The operating method.** • **The laboratory.** • **The investigative method:** • **Experimental research.** • **The heuristic-participatory method.** • **Action research.** • **The individualized method:** • **Master learning.** Everyone develops and uses their own method, often without knowledge, knowing that what works perfectly for one person may work terribly for another.

The family does not evaluate the character of their children, because the combination of Gene-Education, generates only the Behavior which is never the same between two people and not in-depth knowledge.

Parental culture is fundamental; the more deeply it comes from, the lower the risk of failure in the constructive process of education.

The mass media are ready to communicate sad news every day and people in unison always ask themselves one thing: why????

People pay attention to their body care---we are talking about medical and health care, a care that is often not requested by the individual but encouraged by family and relatives---but very few people pay greater attention to the most important part of their body: the brain.

The central processing center of the brain, which dominates and determines everything, is treated only in the presence of significantpathologies, which often have a spontaneous, hereditary-genetic, or accidental nature; it is always a specific action.

It may seem strange, but the best education also comes through good intelligence, good culture, and a natural predisposition to say I want to be better than others. Living well means getting sick later and prolonging the aging process.

In the Office

The morning hadn't started well, the first difficulties of the night, not being able to rest well and fall asleep, the thoughts that never ended, the worries that worsened, everything had contributed to doing the rest, activating that mental disorder that I would soon pay for.

That day's plans included a visit to the Police Station, and as soon as I arrived, I was able to quickly complete the access procedures, put on a waiting list for an interview with an official, who kindly asked me to sit quietly in the waiting room and wait, as the number of those waiting was truly remarkable.

It was on that occasion that I noticed the suffering and attitudes of some of the people present, who could not bear the wait, whose tolerance threshold could be measured at almost zero, as if they were behaviors at a popular fruit market, without even considering where we were.

Many of them left after thirty minutes, and I remained seated next to a gentleman whose appearance reminded me of someone, only to realize only after a moment's thought who he was.

An architect from Reggio Calabria I had met at the seaside about thirty years earlier, at the home of another architect, his colleague and friend, who had the characteristic of always remaining attached to his wife, taking long walks, but his wife brought with her a dowry of a humanly unnoticeable size of breast, which captured the attention of everyone, children, adolescents, adults, elderly, men and women, and a beautiful body that made her the Goddess of the sea, only for that sea, with the other wives who collected their husbands and made them return home. Well, most people always remembered his wife---how could they forget her? ---and there was no trace of the modest Architect. I decided to keep my presence anonymous, but I stayed where I was, without approaching, because I immediately realized it was not an enjoyable time for him. He looked distraught, his eyes full, as if he had been crying a lot, even though, at 70, he would have controlled his emotions better, and he was carrying a wooden measuring tape, the kind tailors use in their shops. My turn came to enter the office, right after the Architect, and my damned desire to simplify things and make everything doable, pushed me to joke with the official and spark my curiosity by wanting to know what problems the Architect, whom I knew well, had and with that yardstick what he should do about it.

"What the heck," he told me confidentially, "when the Architect returned home, he found his mother-in-law, his wife, and his daughter in bed with five black men, in unmistakable attire, and he came to us to try to report them, investigate, and track them down, indicating that they all had beards and were African. But we were unable to gather any circumstantial evidence to begin the investigation, even though in desperation he brought a tape measure to give us a reference to measure their attributes, which for obvious reasons we cannot take to the Judge, otherwise we all risk being retired early." I had to restrain myself from showing a moment of smile, and after a while the Architect went back to the office, clarifying the latest idea he had had: to take pornographic photos of the attributes that were close in size and thickness to those involved in the wife's affair, considering her the injured party.

And then, in despair, he fell into tears, where he reproached himself aloud for what had made him miss his family all these years, but no one could give him an answer.

He was willing to forgive everyone, even if he did not understand how all three of them had gotten involved. This was the man's desperation, left alone to react and fight, remaining perpetually tied to the wills of the three women. My visit was ending when a schoolmate of mine, a Police Officer, who had followed the

matter, asked me for my opinion, knowing my past as a Relationship Counselor. But there was nothing to defend the Architect, and I replied that I had now stopped doing that work as a consultant and was only an Author ready to Love, Understand and Comprehend the women of others, because I had long since given up on mine.

The World's Population

Those who can think further ahead can ideally embrace more people, where differences and cultures often coexist in the same dimension, referring to family, human values, real facts, and, finally, the concept of inviolable principles. This feared diversity manifests itself in the initial phase of communication, in the expression of words and idioms, two obstacles that distance our habits, making us fearful of novelty and recognizing the limits of how to manage a new inter lo cut or.

We have all encountered foreigners at some point, and our primary reaction is to be unsure how to manage the difficulties and mistrust, maintaining a provincial demeanor, staring at them, and expressing criticism. But the truth is different. I look forward to seeing you when the expanding Chinese market is truly opened, where only a billion equal people will be able to emigrate. They are profoundly wealthy and capable, but believe me, quite different from us: polite, reserved, secretive, and silent Orientals.

But can two people sitting next to each other, who have known each other for a long time, really remain silent for long? It depends on what unites them: their interests, vices, and unhealthy habits. It will never be the positive things that are jealously hidden and guarded deep within. That is what man is.

The reaction to all this has its rationale. We will not discuss the ancient peoples who preceded us, but rather the educational and formative concepts that can be acquired through travel, the only true tool for open-mindedness that enhances experience. The typical trip I am referring to is not from Milan to Varese; only the quality of the air and the quality of life would change there, since Brianza is higher up and more affluent than the metropolis.

Knowledge means being able to acquire new concepts and make decisions that change us first and then the entire world. It is incredibly important to know how to interact with other people. All my colleagues on this social network often find someone eager for a challenge and always ready to launch one. But my time does not allow me to spend the current resources. True communication is not like a technical relationship, which can be severely limited.

The Primitives

In the days of primitive man, caves lacked computers and internet access. But primitive man found his own solution to creating memories:he filled the walls with rock, marble, earth, and limestone, writing down his things. Eventually, they would remain there, unintelligible, but one day they would belong to everyone, even without knowing their personal details.

Social media is the same, pardon the parallel; only the primitives and their clothing change, telling us they are someone. Most of the time, no one tells the truth. Everyone is rich, everyone is well-off, everyone is a doctor. And where are the others? Then they get lost in conversations, often copied from Wikipedia, or

quoted by others, lacking the ability to elaborate on their own. Everyone is unique, but no one yet invests money in anagram ming and understanding their content.

Abstinence

Today I discovered I have the best entertainment in the world in my hands: all you need to do is use your mind, words, writing, listening, and speaking. All these things can come together to bring to life the birth of a work of art, not for everyone, because it belongs to everyone.

It was the idea last night, when the word "Abstinence" settled in my mind, joking the memory of what I knew and understood, so I could recount all its properties, its meaning, its importance. I knew it would not be easy, relying only on my vision, my experience, and how well-informed I was.

Abstaining habitually or temporarily from something, from smoking, food, alcoholic beverages, sexual abstinence for contraceptive purposes, as a deliberate and voluntary renunciation or as a deprivation imposed by necessity, constitutes just motivation and cause for the exercise of abstinence, and not a limitation in terms.

In drug addiction, withdrawal is a state of intolerance that arises when drug abuse is abruptly interrupted or reduced, and which quickly regresses until it disappears completely with the administration of the usual drug or another pharmacologically similar substance.

But the list we are used to having to abstain from doing or practicing is always exceptionally long and complex and constantly evolving. As new situations approach, new behaviors, new opportunities, new actions are required. Abstinence looms.

The most serious and duly considered are related to the mother's health during pregnancy and childbirth, where an unequal battle begins. The ultimate winner will be known on the day of delivery.

But a funny story needs to be told, otherwise I risk being a creator of sadness and problems, and not a consumer of smiles and unimaginable stories.

I remember being 12 years old and, with a friend, we happened to be on Corso Garibaldi in my city, the main street, where a woman casually met us and asked if she could interview us about women. I would not have given that up for anything in the world. I had always been extremely interested in this world, and, later, I was curious.

Then, saying no to a beautiful woman was the beginning of the greatest rudeness.

Jennifer, a German journalist by profession, thirty-five, immediately started asking my partner some questions. She asked him what he wanted his potential girlfriend to be like. He didn't need to be asked twice and began by describing her financial situation: I want her to be very rich, tall, blonde, with blue eyes, a beautiful body, an only child, with a beautiful villa, and a factory with 200 employees, so I won't have to work and won't have money problems.

She looked at him in surprise but did not comment, then moved on to ask me the same question. I looked her in the face and said, "You're the ideal woman for me, you're perfect, but you'll just have to be patient and wait for me to grow, even though I already know a few things. I promise I won't disappoint you." She burst

out laughing, turned to my companion, and gave him ten euros and a kiss on the cheek. When it was my turn, I immediately touched her butt. I was attracted, and she smiled, saying, "I see, I see, you're ready." I should have refrained from expressing my intentions, but age and those hormones were shaping my life. From then on, I thought singing with the journalist would be the smartest thing to do. For a memory, it is not worth always abstaining. And discovering that the newspaper belonged to her, a wealthy family, but for the colors I would have to invest in a hairdresser. What a life I had… just abstinence.

Foresight

Farsighted people, that is, those who see far into the future, who wisely foresee the development of future events and provide for them in time, have on their side the awareness of fear, the true mother of foresight.

The greatest things in life and history have not always been the fruit of reason, but of a healthy and visionary foresight, which, combined with patience, represents the two most important qualities in the business world. One forgets to understand men when one lives among them. Many have only a facade, lending far-sighted and far-seeing eyes. "I've noticed over the years that people tend to overestimate what they can do in a year and underestimate what they could do in five or ten. I find people who promise to completely overcome disastrous situations in a few months or who set very lofty goals to reach within a year, but very few are those who plan to achieve very ambitious but long-term objectives."

Visionary

A visionary is someone who looks beyond the horizon, who imagines a future that does not yet exist, but which he vividly senses as a reality. He does not settle for superficial visions, but delves deeper, seeing opportunities where others see only obstacles. A visionary is, by nature, a practical dreamer, capable of making tangible what many consider utopian. His strength lies in having the courage to follow paths no one else has dared, and in believing, without hesitation, that change is always possible.

Being a visionary does not mean ignoring reality, but interpreting it differently, understanding that current conditions are not a curse, but merely a transitional phase. The visionary is not held back by mediocrity or the fear of failure. On the contrary, risk is what drives them to always strive for more, to dare where others hold back. The visionary knows that every great undertaking, every innovation, is born from a bold vision and, sometimes, from the courage to challenge conventional wisdom. Vision is not always clear and immediate. Often, the visionary'spath is solitary, accessible only to those with the strength to keep walking even when everything seems dark. It is a quality not everyone possesses, but it can be cultivated, fueled by curiosity, passion, and determination. Being a visionary also means accepting that the vision can evolve over time. Not everything is achieved on the first try, and reality often forces us to revise our plans, but the true visionary never loses the ability to look ahead, to reinvent himself, to build and destroy to build again, stronger, and more consciously.

The visionary is not afraid of failure, because he knows that every mistake is just a step toward the goal. His strength lies in his ability to learn and start over, to never give up, and to always believe that his vision, however distant, is destined to become part of what the future holds.

In the modern world, the visionary is someone who anticipates change, prepares challenges before they arrive, and knows how to adapt to a rapidly changing environment. Their vision is not just a personal dream,

but a contribution to everyone, an opportunity that transforms reality and enriches the community. The visionary is a creator of worlds, capable of giving life innovative ideas, new ways of thinking, new ways of living.

But the true essence of the visionary lies in the fact that he never stops dreaming, never stops searching, never stops exploring. Within him there is always a spark of light that guides others to discover uncharted territories, which shows new horizons. The visionary is an unstoppable force, a source of inspiration for anyone who dares to look beyond what is immediately visible.

56 **IN PRISON** March. That month should have brought spring, but for me it was winter. I no longer had a roof over my head, nor a bank account to keep me comfortable. I returned to the home of my ex-wife and daughter, welcomed with a generosity that was not choice, but necessity. I had no alternative.

A colleague had falsified my accounting statements, transforming my numbers into debt. One hundred and fifty thousand euros evaporated, as if written in chalk on the blackboard of life. It was not just a monetary loss: it was a blow to my dignity.

My prison had no bars. It was made of humiliation, criticism, and suspicion. A jealous woman, who wanted a relationship that never materialized, held me back with deception. It was not love; it was not affection: it was control. And I, physically freely, was a prisoner of a failure I had not chosen.

Months passed without money, without the ability to ask for help. Because asking meant exposing yourself to the poisonous thoughts of others. This was prison: living under judgment, even when no one had condemned you.

The Thief: A Profession, Like Mine A thief is not born a thief: he becomes one.

And when he becomes one, he never stops. Even when he stops stealing, he remains a thief in his head: he thinks like a thief, breathes like a thief, observes like a thief.

Theft, prior to being an act, can be understood as a particular perspective or approach to viewing the world. There is no innocence in this profession.

There is only one certainty: those who want everything, right away, without asking permission, learn that in the real world, the best does not win. Those who know how to move win.

And who knows how to disappear?

The Six Masks of the Thief

They are not roles, they are nature.

There are diverse ways of approaching the same question: *"How do I get what I want without waiting for someone to give it to me?"* I will tell you about them in their habitat because you only understand a thief when you see him in action.

The Educated Thief

You can recognize him by his silence.

Nothing is left to chance: he studies the target, studies the environment, studies the mistakes of others, and avoids them with surgical precision. He is in no rush because he knows that patience is part of the reward.

The educated thief has a golden rule: **strike little, strike well.** Every time he enters the scene, he leaves as if he had never been there. He is not a criminal: he is a strategist who moves within the folds of the system.

And the truth is this: usually, they do not take it because it is already elsewhere.

The Ignorant Thief

You see him coming before he even gets there.

He makes noise, he makes mistakes, he gets noticed. Not because he was born stupid, but because life has not given him any tools.

He is the man who steals to live one more day. And every day he steals the wrong way.

He does not escape the cycle: **prison → street → prison.** As he gets older, he understands, but he understands it too late.

And the question hangs over him like a chain: *"Could I have done differently?"* The answer is yes.

But no one ever taught him.

The Occasional Thief

This guy is not born a thief: he becomes one.

He is the one who enters the picture at the wrong time in his life. A normal man who, faced with a wall, decides to break it down instead of waiting for someone to open it. He knows he will pay the price.

He is not running away from the consequences: he is running away from desperation. And when they arrest him, he does not cry. He knows it was the only option left.

Of all of them, he is the one that society understands the most and forgives the least.

The Public Thief

The most refined.

Does not steal coins: steals percentages. Does not grab objects: signs documents.

He moves numbers, not tools.

He is part of groups, consortia, committees, and councils. And he knows something other thieves do not: the real loot is not found in drawers, but in budget previews.

He is a protected thief, well-dressed, with a smile instead of a mask.

And his perfect move is to convince everyone that **he is working for the common good.**

The Thief of Charm

A gentle predator.

He does not break locks: he breaks defenses. He does not open safes: he opens hearts.

He is an impeccable actor, an emotional illusionist.

He promises what he cannot deliver, and he knows that his power lies not in his gestures, but in the expectations he creates.

If it works, he gets everything.

If he meets someone who has already seen the script, he loses everything.

This thief does not steal things: he steals the future. And he does it with a smile.

The Thief of Truth

He is the last in the category because he is the only one who does not steal himself.

The thief of truth does not take objects and does not seek profit.

He takes what others hide, what they pretend not to see, what they would like to bury beneath the surface.

He breaks the mechanisms, strips away the masks, and lays everything on the table.

He is a thief who does not run away: **he stays.** And it is the most hated because it shows what no one wants to admit.

This thief is the one who writes, the one who tells, the one who delivers stories as they are, without embellishment. And when he speaks, he does not apologize.

He is the thief who pays for everything in advance: time, reputation, effort, truth.

The Final Truth

In every profession in the world, a thief has only one goal: **to disappear before someone targets him.** A heist is perfect when the blame falls elsewhere. And it is there, at that precise moment, that every thief feels victorious.

Because he can look those who judge him in the eye and say, with a calmness that cannot be bought:

"Your Honor, I am innocent."

And, incredibly, they often actually believe it.

Micro-Conclusion of the Section

You discover that thieves are not just those who steal something from you.

There are those who steal your time, those who steal your attention, those who steal your choices, and those who steal your mind with their judgments.

You recognize the first ones immediately.

The last ones, however, take a lifetime to discover. And when you finally see them for what they are, you understand the simplest truth of all:

There is no greater theft than someone who claims to know what is best for you.

CODE RED (REAL ALARM?) The certainty of a Profession, your Brilliant one as a Criminal Lawyer, mine as a Company Manager, leads us to be masters of our knowledge to venture, at times, into little-known subjects or into territories that at times become hostile.

The sacred principle written in all the Economic Universities of the World states that: No economic activity should be done by force, because this distorts the very object for which it is operated.

We met because of your brilliant idea to assist all those subjected to violence and not only with the formula for free legal aid, which would have guaranteed legal assistance to everyone with no advance payment.

You call me and invite me to dinner (a pizza), telling me in detail about your business idea. I share it, independently invest three thousand five hundred euros to develop it, and in ten days I present it to you, you are enthusiastic, you like it, you approve.

I ask you what my participation will be in this matter, you ignore it and postpone it until later, without letting me know anything, but you collect the money without any control on my part.

I am an entrepreneur and I have no reason to hesitate. On the advertising front, in agreement with my collaborators, Google is offering us an advertising window for June 1, 2023, at a cost of eight hundred euros. I ask them to share and message me on Telegram, "Absolutely not, I'll explain and share with you later." From the analysis of the facts, I analyze the errors committed highlighted in three areas: I do not ask you for any contribution, but I will take care of everything myself.

I try to find out what my profits are, with no answer. I ask to participate in the advertising, but I get a NO.

Being involved in a business does not make you a manager or an Economist; it is no longer a relationship between friends or cronies, but between two individuals who decide to share the same project and share the profits, while remaining true to their own knowledge.

As happens in these cases when there is only one person who invests, he does not have to explain to anyone what to do and leaves.

What Do I Do Written Communication?

Yet, I had not thought about it. My job is not writing, but another job I have been doing for forty years, and not even a job, but simply the liberating expression of someone who wants to communicate and share their thoughts with the outside world while having fun.

Many times, I do it with passion, involvement, emotion, other times cold and detached, depending on the moment I am living, all tied to an inner strength that I let free, without control.

When it happened that for a certain period of time, I didn't share anything with those who knew me, I received several inquiries from those who wanted to know what had happened, if I had finally hung up my pen, openly expressing their interest and appreciating that there was some noise there.

I wondered what the true common thread of Frega Pensa tore was for readers, friends, and acquaintances, and the answer was only one: a lot of curiosity, knowing true stories, the writer'simagination, respecting a point of view, and smiling.

We need to reflect, think, and always understand the other person's point of view, along with their tastes, habits, and vices. We need to know the overall perspective of who we are dealing with and make only the right decisions---never from the gut, always from the head.

I would not have been happy if they had let me know that they had the verb, where communication gallops frenetically, but there is a good chance of not knowing everything, but a little bit of everything.

True stories, not fairy tales, and one day I will finish writing because I will have nothing else to say.

My reader is an adult who thrives on information and books, and loves to smile, and I will be at his service.

A Literary Adventure

I begin writing, in February 2022, partly by chance, partly for pleasure, partly as a new moment to dedicate my ideas, a new book that, after multiple literary expressions, will be completed on March 30, 2022.

I am also encouraged by a friend who knows the publishing market and, seeing the completion of my stories, to contact a publisher she trusts to submit the work. The publisher expresses the opinion that she is not interested, but even more so, loses all the files sent.

On May 30, 2022, the Book was delivered to a new publisher who expressed interest in publishing the work by offering contractual conditions.

Something new has happened that I want to highlight: a journalist was interested in reading some texts from this book, and after talking with me for over an hour, he declared without a shadow of a doubt that the book can be considered original, and that my reflections can in many ways be considered therapeutic.

I did not understand the message, and I was not ready for this statement: I, the son of office workers, with little scholastic education, could even generate a therapeutic breakthrough in a simple piece of writing!

I do not know what else the future holds for me, it is true that from a simple principle of the Levers, promulgated long ago, defining them as advantageous, disadvantageous, and indifferent, someone said that they were ready to move the World.

But I, at my age, would do anything for the good of humanity, not as a mission, just as a vocation.

It is the only thing that really keeps me going.

Psychological Outburst, Without School

Throughout our lives, we are constantly influenced by a myriad of external and internal factors:events, experiences, traumas, and the circumstances that affect us daily. These elements often shape our minds and, in some cases, lead us to express thoughts and ideas that are not always appropriate now, or that do not truly reflect our deepest selves. It is in these moments that our greatest struggle lies in trying to make visible and understandable confusing feelings, which do not always find adequate words or manifest in ways we consider ideal.

The first signs of internal disharmony manifest themselves in the form of emotional outbursts, those explosive moments when, to free the heart from an unbearable burden, we give in to words, gestures, and actions that do not always reflect reason. Anger, sadness, and resentment are often masks that hide a deeper reality:a reality made up of insecurities, broken dreams, latent fears, and un expressed desires. Anger, for example, is never a simple or one-dimensional emotion. It is a kaleidoscope of emotions that, while strong and powerful, conceal other sensations: frustration at not having achieved a goal, disappointment at not being heard, the fear of not being understood. Anger is enriched by variables that depend on the moment, the occasion, the specific situation in which the individual finds himself, and his own emotional state.

However, anger is never an end. It is the starting point of a process that leads us to confront our internal world. Our mind is the fertile ground where the deepest conflicts intertwine, often between change and improvement, between the desire to evolve and the fear of failure. Often, emotional outbursts are merely a reflection of this internal conflict, a sign of self-awareness still in the process of maturing, struggling to emerge.

The first forms of communication that emerge in moments of frustration are complaints and outbursts. In these moments, the mind desperately tries to find an escape, a form of release that, however, is not always healthy. We allow ourselves to be overwhelmed by gestures, words, and tones of voice, which not only express discomfort but also exacerbate it. The body, the voice, and even silence become vehicles of communication that seem more instinctive than rational yet are equally important for our emotional well-being.

Our emotions are never simply a spontaneous reaction to what happens to us, but a complex response formed through the filter of our past experiences, our vulnerabilities, and our desire for improvement. Inner conflict is always present, even when we believe we are at peace with ourselves. Our brain constantly oscillates between the fear of change and the desire to improve, between the sadness of having to face situations we cannot control and the hope that, in the end, everything will improve. This conflict is reflected in our every thought, in our every choice, in our every step towards life.

The ability to confront this conflict and understand our own fra gili ties, the fear of making mistakes, the happiness that touches us, but we can never fully achieve, is the foundation of a perfect self-analysis. But it is not just a matter of mental analysis. True human liberation is not found in intellectual reflection, in a thought confined to the mind, but in noble, concrete action, born of the desire to help those in need. Action is what allows us to overcome the conflict between change and improvement. Helping others quietly, without expecting anything in return, is the only way to achieve a form of liberation that does not depend on external conditions but is rooted in our ability to empathize and place ourselves at the service of others. True liberation is not tied to complex thoughts or lofty philosophies. It is the simple act of reaching out to those in

need, of giving without ulterior motives, of donating without expectations. And this often happens in silence, in the intimacy of everyday gestures that, while invisible to the world, are enormously meaningful to those who receive them. Because, in the end, what matters is not how much we understand ourselves, but how much we are willing to do for others, to improve the world around us.

What Saves You by Observing

When family relationships end and adversity becomes an un bridge able obstacle, you realize you are uncomfortable and in the wrong place.

Here you realize all the sacrifices you have made, how many things you have impoverished and how many you have achieved, and what your decision-making abilities are, always considering that, wherever you go, you'll be starting from nothing, without any certainty, alone.

Family formation, education, and experiences play a fundamental role, and finding the ideal place is among the first things to do, knowing how much money we have available and always considering a contingency fund. New experiences must be experienced entirely alone; every comfortable physical presence is a welcome initial boost… But it can become a fundamental problem, lasting a lifetime, if we once again find ourselves faced with a poor choice.

The psychiatrist said that when a woman enters a man's home, it is not just for a house call, but her expectations are clearly different, including that of never leaving but staying forever and starting a family.

Being alone inspires the title of this reflection:"A free man, closed in his needs: IN PRISON".

A True Story, Autobiographical, or Not?

I really encourage you to think about what I am going to write, and if you do not understand it the first time, I suggest you reread it.

The first thing that comes to mind is that we live in two very distant hemispheres with a six-hour time difference, two different languages, histories, and cultures. Unfortunately, your health is not at its best, linked to an incorrect and incomplete diet that does not contribute to providing all the elements you need.

I can find no success in anything you have done so far, your constant failures have marked an uncertain and painful future to this day.

You have always trusted the wrong people, and everyone has taken advantage of you, leaving you on the street when you are in trouble.

Each of you has been betrayed more than once by the man who waited like a prince on a white horse, but instead was riding a pig, all dirty and smelly.

Your only interest is to tie yourself to a man who can guarantee you a life without suffering and disposable income, and a vacation in Italy with positive developments in your career and finances.

Who takes on this responsibility in the presence of a precarious state of health?

But you retain your vices and habits and continue to be dominant in your territory, and you will surely try to do the same in Italy.

You lack respect for roles, you put your priority before others and this is not good because, in addition to not being altruistic, you demonstrate selfishness and superficiality. No woman is worth a high price for nothing; there are no women to whom I have made commitments on those terms. To date, I have never brought anyone with me: but be careful, until the day of departure we can all change our minds.

When I want to talk to you, you must drop everything and talk, I need your attention.

It always works like this. Anyone who disagrees goes home and does what they want.

I hope I have been through enough, and if you have not understood because it was too boring to read, you can say goodbye and abandon everything.

Stupid Analysis of the 10 Focal Points

The first real concern when we are born is our state of health, which will accompany us throughout our lives, to which we are tied in a certain way and which we suffer its vicissitudes.

The family we are born into and the fortunes we are tied to is the second step in an obligatory path, made up of education and essential affections, which will influence us forever.

School will give us insights into our aptitudes and the path to follow to find the right fit for ourselves. Teachers often play a key role in motivating us to move forward or to see a study program rejected because they are deemed incompetent or unintelligent.

Women are born with their imaginary vision of wanting to realize a dream, their point of arrival, their own marriage, and having children, all surrounded by riches (the house) and money to alleviate as much as possible the difficulties of choosing the right man.

Men always try to remain free, along with a good job situation that rewards them financially, remaining increasingly distant from the moment of marriage, demonstrating that the moment is not the best, but knowing that it is a new starting point, full of sacrifices and responsibilities, which they must postpone as long as possible.

The partner we find, if right, represents good fortune; if wrong, an injustice. Often, our character and psychological factors, faced with disappointment, bring us down, and we must also come to terms with ourselves, and sometimes outside help does not hurt.

Children, we all look to them for role models, examples of what we would have liked to be, or what we expect to find; ability and intelligence are the only determining factors. But sometimes the wheel turns bad, and some children get lost on unfamiliar paths, and the parents are always the last to know and understand; this is the law of life.

The human brain is geared toward two main characteristics: change and improvement. It is not easy to find the right balance and motivation. A person's success depends on their solitary behavior; they do not listen to anyone, everyone is ready to give them advice or make fun of them, but in the end, only they emerge.

Friends play a key role for us; they are not just the people we turn to when we are struggling, but also the ones we share family conversations with and receive ideas and advice from. Special attention should be paid to loyal friends: never lose them.

Retirement, the moment that marks your exit from the productive professional world, introduces you with great strength and vigor to a world of experienced people you can rely on for life. They usually love playing and spoiling their grandchildren, and they never abandon their relationships with loyal friends, with whom they always smile and joke about something.

When the Evening Comes

Upon returning home, the first joy you feel is your family, for the less fortunate it is an animal, for the others it is just no one. Just as you slip on your slippers, after showering and putting on your comfortable track suit, and hoping to collapse on the couch to enjoy the beginning of a well-deserved rest, you are invited to the table for the ritual evening dinner.

The rules my wife and I established some time ago state that we should not talk about work or other problems in front of the kids; this could create rifts in their social formation, leading to the acquisition of lethal vices and habits, thus touching on topics of common interest. This is the hyper-protective nature of families in 2023, different from those of the 1980s. By the time we finish, everyone heads to the couch to find the best spot, some with the TV, others with their phones, while Mom tides up the kitchen. Five minutes later, everyone disappears, leaving me alone to think about finishing the last few things at work, so I can give myself a good start to the next day. The tired wife claims to be exhausted from the day and takes the opportunity to settle into bed to use the remote control and watch her favorite show. It is getting late, a summer evening, so I go out onto the balcony and start star gazing.

How magnificent the world is, and how small we are to struggle during something so great. I think, just for a moment, of the concept of life and how many sacrifices we must make for small moments of joy, but I also think of death, with my dearest loved ones who are no longer with us, with its sadness, its pain, its memory, its liberation.

It was an evening that gave me so much, and what I did not have, I managed to find outside: a smile of happiness and a tear of deep emotion. What I will never find again is the time that consumed my years and that no one can ever give me back.

Stella Marina Summer Beach

Two things, often one place, to spend time alone, with family, or with friends. Always, it is one person who takes the initiative to involve the others in the feast, establishing the place and, if necessary, the time of the gathering. The recommendation given to everyone is always the same: I recommend, except at the Pizza place, that you reprimand in advance anyone who is ready to wander through the menus, regardless of the prices.

A bit like what happened to me this evening, following an invitation to a well-known club, "Stella Marina," in Reggio Calabria. I was a guest of my daughter, who decided to pay for her dad. The atmosphere was exceptionally clean, tidy, and well-organized, with an open aquarium that beckoned "please, order me," and

a view of the beach caressed by the sound of the waves that accompanied us throughout the evening. In the background, the usual football match between an English and an Italian team was playing, but very few people were there cheering.

They gave us a nice table, very tidy and well-set, and we waited for someone to take our orders. It is a family-run business, with the help of a few outside staff, but their eyes, their instinct, their intuition determine whether the customer is satisfied and will return, which is what really matters.

There is a concentration of roles, something I criticized last New Year's Eve: a boss should not be a waiter. The owner has not managed to change that yet. This creates poor service when a customer does not receive their order at their table, but another one arrives. Many accept it, others send it back.

The fear of always doing well clashes with mistakes: capitalizing on them means never making them again. The quality of the food is top-notch;here we pay close attention to type and freshness. The final bill is never directly proportional to the dinner, because the common misconception is always charged with a discount. Everyone clearly states their desire to return. It is the story of a united family, who does not live for money, but only for gratification and success. These are the Caponatas.

Country in Front, City in Back (Maybe?)

In 1985, we were both sales representatives: Naseer, in the food sector, peeled tomatoes, pickles, oil and derivatives; I, on the other hand, dealt with the men's cosmetics sector. One day we decided to meet in Gerace (RC), at a restaurant owned by one of his customers, who treated us to a delicious meal free of charge. As we were leaving the restaurant, sitting on a bench in the square, he said to me, "Did you know my dream is to open a restaurant?" I looked at him perplexed;he had always seemed poised and in good spirits, but I honestly could not understand what he was dreaming of for his future.

We lost touch for six months, and one afternoon in February he called me and said, "Where are you?" "I'm in Reggio;" "Then meet me at Via Placido Geraci, 17. I will wait for you here."

I arrive and find him in front of two closed shutters, with a bunch of keys in his hand, and when I see him, he opens the shutters and we find an abandoned mechanic's workshop with pitch-black walls.

With his usual boring smile, he looks at me and says, "My restaurant will open here. I do not have much money, but I will find a partner to leave behind. Do you want to join?" It is not an enjoyable time for me; I just bought a house. Four months have passed, and the restaurant is open. Nato has not been able to make decisions because his then-partner did not have an unobstructed vision, focused more on managing the bars than the clubs. Things are not going well to the point where he has found the financial strength to fire his former partner and be left alone.

Many years have passed, and Nato has rightfully entered the list of prestigious Italian chefs, his cuisine is considered elite, and his restaurant is frequented only by the highest-ranking guests. But what happens to the man many do not know about? He engages in comprehensive social and charitable activities and engages children with disabilities to mentally stimulate them in his cooking project, with on-site courses.

Well, this Mr. Nato has succeeded in the feat not of having to become someone, but of being what many envy us.

To you, my dear friend, allow me to convey my immense affection that this reflection cannot embrace everything, because you will know that I will always be ready to spend all my affection and my hugs towards you.

The Men of Paradise

In the world, they have a defect of thinking little, due to the government policies of countries, dictatorships, religious communities, which absorb time and mind, focus on the superfluous and hope that others can change things.

Yet, one certainty unites us: the passage, one day, towards the Eternal East, and the thought of reading the Divine Comedy, for the more fortunate, to learn what imagination the poet Dante Alighieri had in describing: PARADISE. We were taught the logical analysis of the sentence and the study of syntax in school, along the path we all took, and it gave us the opportunity to apply it to people's behaviors and situations, developing solutions and decision-making capabilities.

Paradise is not just that heavenly place created in the collective imagination, but, strangely enough, it is simply living well with us, carefully choosing the people with whom we share our lives. Our body is a shell, temporary. Everything within it will vanish and turn to dust; only the memory of those who loved us will live on and prolong our existence in our thoughts.

I may overturn some people's beliefs and certainties, indulge others with short-sighted thoughts, but think carefully: every time you find yourself with a friend, a relative, a colleague, and He gives you, looking at you, a smile, you can go to Heaven. We are Heaven, they were afraid to let us know because we would have de stabilized two thousand years of dogma, and we would have known the only truth and would no longer be controllable and manageable.

The Dark Dream

For forty years I have been traveling around the world, which, as everyone knows, is made up of 208 nations with over 120 languages, including 14,500 tribal dialects, and a considerable number of approximately eight billion people, as of now.

Many times, sitting at my desk during moments of relaxation and breaks, I spin the globe, asking it to give me directions of the best place to go to live, and 80% of the time the direction is: "in the depths of the sea." Yes, because 70% of our planet is covered by a vast expanse of salt water, and the view from space is that of a blue Earth. Every trip I have taken has never seen me customize my habits or lifestyle, but rather I have always integrated and adapted to the context of the place I found myself in.

I was not forced into Italian habits, but I was surprisingly able to adapt, day after day, to the rhythms of the place. Sometimes my body was happy, other times not, and the time I had to rest was not short. This gave me the advantage of observing real people, in their natural way of frequenting bars, restaurants, cabins, streets, private homes, warehouses, receiving news and information, evaluating their work, their health, and the quality of life they had managed to achieve. Their poverty never had to be questioned, it was palpable.

Last but not least, what context did the woman live in--- authoritarian and dominant, or submissive and submissive---and what was her relationship with her partner, family, society, children, school, the aspirations of a people, and deciding whether to stay at home or leave was a necessity or a choice.

Many dream of Europe, with Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, and the United Kingdom at the forefront, but they have no direct knowledge; they are merely given information gleaned from those who have already left. However, these governments impose restrictions on the exodus that make it difficult.

Having free healthcare for all, an uncontrolled basic income, universal access to education, the best football in the world, a world-class police force, a crime rate of 39.28%, and being able to enjoy the sea and mountains just a thirty-minute drive away, along with Italians---the people who truly make a difference---make us the ideal place to live.

We have become the Italian Dream in the World, and if I had to think of a weakness, I could find only one: we still think with our hearts. No man would ever give up having a beautiful woman: no foreigner would ever give up living the Italian dream. We will remain unique forever, and we owe it only to our history, which has left us the only added value that no one can take away: CULTURE.

Sleep Regenerates

It is the result of the day's end as night approaches, with the onset of intense fatigue, the expression of physical recovery, the arrival of rest time, natural sleep. Often, however, this is not the case: thoughts and worries flood our minds without offering us a moment's relief, to the point of keeping us awake all night, accompanied by the TV, computers with social media, cell phones, coffee, and crossword puzzles. Then, in the morning, with just a few hours of sleep behind us, we are not at full potential, and we pay the price for our suffering, making mistakes that penalize us, or accounting calculations that destroy us. If this situation persists for several days, we can consult our primary care physician, who will advise us whether a specialist can meet our needs or whether we need to consult a skilled individual psychiatrist certified to prescribe specific therapies and medications.

In both cases, the effects should be seen after 3-4 days and only then should you inform your doctor.

The problem begins to become more serious and takes a different turn when a serious pathology is diagnosed, with long-term effects and treatments.

Taking care of yourself is the first rule, taking back your life is the second, and getting back to being your best is the last rule.

What sleep lacks, besides rest, is dreaming of the better things we expect, because those who do not dream have no future.

The Clerk: One Car, Little Fuel

A fundamental category in the social, economic, state, and industrial fabric, both private and public, without which many things would not exist.

But the employee's work behavior is different in the two areas.

Certainly,it is more widespread in public administration, as it is a large and complex machine that requires large numbers and specialized personnel for sectors, levels, managers, and grades.

Public employees usually go through a competitive exam, or in some cases a direct call, and upon hiring, passively accept all contractual issues. They have a workplace far from home, a salary they have not been able to negotiate, working hours and days regulated by the national contract for each category, and a technical probationary period that has never been contested.

The only way to return home, without a vacation plan, is to claim the usual illness, simple if reported by a doctor, complex if reported by hospital operating units, which may also involve INAIL or similar agencies, and this means more money, a panacea for this category.

Union activity is monitored only to obtain information regarding rankings or classifications to speed up the return journey closer to home.

Only when they fully return to their role objectives will they begin to consider bonuses and incentives, such as career advancements, the only two options for increasing their salary.

Private sector employees undergo an interview conducted by the company itself or by local temporary employment agencies, with a probationary period of up to 12 months. The location of work is communicated at the time of hiring, there is no salary disclosure, and the duties written in the contract often refer to basic work, because higher performance is always required even while maintaining lower duties.

He cannot afford to gamble while ill, subject to early termination of his contract; he cannot refuse to perform extraordinary duties, but he is always paid overtime. Here, there is a very undesirable effect of mobbing, especially if the worker is from southern Italy and the company employing them is in the north.

In these cases, the concept of personality applies, where you become a criminal for an hour and then everyone respects you. Everyone knows they will lose.

The career is automatic; it is known that those from southern Italy work twice as hard if you export them to the north.

But being dependent also means having a balanced life, without excesses, without vices, always the same but safe, whatever happens, in sickness and in health.

What women want.

Italian Terron: Terron Around the World

To provide greater clarity on the concept to be expressed, consider that in 1950 the Italian language, referring to the inhabitants of Northern Italy, was linked to the use of the epithet in a derogatory or joking sense towards all the inhabitants of Southern Italy.

The theme is certainly linked to the working areas of southern Italy consisting exclusively of land, given that the industry was permanently located in the north.

Lombards, Ligurians, Piedmontese, Venetians and Friulians, Emilians and Romagnoli, Marche and Tuscans, the people investigated, but also those who have given a joking meaning among the Southerners themselves.

But let us have fun with a little history: In the 13th century the surname TER RON US in Caffa in Crimea was borne by two notaries.

In the 17th century, lords were also used to refer to a landed lord.

In 2005, the Supreme Court of Cassation upheld a ruling by the Justice of the Peace of Savona that recognized the use of the word as discriminatory in intent, and the wearer was convicted.

Yet, deep down, all we can do is give everyone a smile, because being labeled as such is not a disgrace; working the land remains a priority for all humanity, and this honor has been reserved for us.

The Zodiac: A Way to Enchant

I never really knew anything about it, but as a boy I followed my Mentor, who gave me the right teachings on how to use the topic and make the women, the object of my attention, more curious.

He said that all it took was using clichés for everyone to create a sort of credibility that, combined with suggestion, became reality. And I am ready to say: a few days ago, you read in your horoscope that a man would enter your life: well… It is me.

Even the strangest thing, after a while, became true, and she would immediately say: How do you know? I have some talents, but we will deal with the ones I am interested in showing you later this evening.

Where are you going? I do not like to rush into telling you the story. I am not a magician. I am just going on and on to let you know that you need a man who will listen to you and give you the attention you have currently only gotten from your father. That man could be me. We were halfway there, then we moved on to the moment where I could make her smile, just to break the tension, and then look her straight in the eyes and say: You are the woman I have been waiting for all my life. You are finally here, you have arrived, and I will never let you go.

Here The Kiss Is

It was a cluster used with everyone except the most difficult, the most aggressive, the most damaging to a relationship. You only approached them when you knew their zodiac sign, you went to the bathroom to do some research and discover what their basic and winning characteristics were and immediately grabbed the Taurus by the horns. But they were not all successes, just many attempts.

With many you immediately identified, others remained wary, others daydreamed and held your hand for the entire duration of the meeting and never let go.

I remember once meeting a teacher, when at a certain point I learned about the arrival of the very attractive new cleaning lady at the barracks and I told her that a man who was very present in her life had started a relationship with a young woman who did the cleaning.

I will not tell you about my reaction and my shame. He took me and raped me in his house, in his bed, and then asked me to leave our perfume on his husband's car. But the zodiac also serves to make people dream of a different future, made up of all the things they own and all the things they would like to own.

Then there are a group of people who read and are influenced by the daily horoscope, but I do not want to comment on those.

Inside the Prescriptions?

The world of medicine is a field that brings us into daily contact with many outstanding figures, figures who, thanks to their expertise, dedication, and passion, manage to save lives or bring relief to those who suffer. However, behind these exemplary figures lies a reality of challenges, doubts, and difficult choices. Every year, new generations of doctors enter this world, ready to accept the mantle of the great names who have shaped the history of medicine. But how does a doctor's training begin? How are choices made regarding specialization, the path a young doctor will take? In 1990, three doctors from a hospital unit are at a café for their usual coffee. That morning, their children are all in the same class at the same institution. A coincidence that, however, will mark a decisive moment for these children's futures. The three parents, after discussing assorted topics, agree on one thing: their children must become doctors. A meeting between fathers that, by chance, defines young people's destinies.

But their discussion goes beyond the simple decision to direct their children toward medicine. They talk about specializations, the future, and career choices. The eldest of the three take the floor and offer a pragmatic yet cynical vision:"If we realize that among them there'ssomeone who knows the subject well, then we'll make them become general practitioners. If, on the other hand, they are not clearly predisposed, we will make them become surgeons, so at least they can open and see what they need to do. And if someone isn't really the right fit, we'll make them become obstetricians, with no professional difficulties." This discussion is not without irony, but it also reflects a reality that, in some contexts, has characterized medicine: choices made based more on practical needs or social conventions than on genuine passion or vocation. A system that sometimes leads to situations where patients are the first to pay the price, physically, materially, and with their silence. Medicine, like any other field, is a microcosm where power games, political choices, and social dynamics intertwine and impact people's lives.

The House: The Symbol

Home has always been the quintessential symbol of refuge, the place where every individual and every family seek self-fulfillment, a haven where they can live, grow, and share. Home is the first space a person imagines when thinking about the future, and it is, without a doubt, the realization of the dream of a stable and harmonious life. Home has always been the place where bonds are forged, memories are built, and joys and difficulties are experienced.

From African tukuls to North Pole shelters to modern homes, apartments, villas, and farmhouses, every form of housing is designed to offer a sense of warmth and protection. But home is more than just a physical place; it is also a symbol of status, a projection of the image we want to project on others. Often, a good portion of one's salary is spent on beautifying and renovating one's home, so that it becomes a reflection of one's personality and, at the same time, a way to impress others.

In many cultures, for example, it is traditional to remove one's shoes before entering a home, to maintain cleanliness and a safe and welcoming environment. In others, however, costs and sacrifices are incurred, such as the need to use septic tanks to avoid dirtying a bathroom that must remain clean and tidy for guests. But a home is not just a place of welcome; it is also a family asset, an asset that, in times of economic hardship, becomes collateral for loans and mortgages. It also represents a family's legacy: a home is the memory that will last, the only tangible support that survives the death of a family member, the only lasting bond.

Holidays, anniversaries, birthdays, and everyday moments are celebrated within the four walls of our homes. Yet, despite all the difficulties and challenges life presents, home is the place where everyone feels complete, where every dream can finally find its fulfillment. And as a famous Italian advertisement suggests: "If there's no Barilla, it's not home." Home is the place where tradition, emotional bonds, and culture intertwine, creating a unique sense of belonging and warmth.

Nature That Inhabits

Nature is a topic that deserves an entire book to explore in its vastness and infinite facets. Nature, in fact, is not only a resource for humanity, but also an entity that accompanies us in our growth, nourishes us, enriches us, and gives us moments of serenity. From the earliest human thoughts on Earth, nature has been seen as a habitat, a source of energy, harmony, and peace, but also of danger and uncertainty. Humans have modified nature and shaped the Earth's surface for thousands of years, creating an unbreakable bond with the environment around them.

It is no coincidence that nature has positive effects on our psyche. Contact with nature can calm us, reduce stress, and promote concentration. Nature improves mood, reducing anxiety and depression, and dampens aggression, promoting serenity in our relationships. Numerous studies show that contact with the natural environment helps strengthen perceptive abilities, enhances aesthetics, and improves attention.

The concept of bio philia, coined in 1964 by biologist Edward O. Wilson, describes this innate human tendency to be drawn to living things. "Biophilia" means "love of life" and expresses our biological need to interact with the natural world. Plato and Aristotle, in their reflections on nature, spoke of the very essence of everything, of what a thing is by nature. Today, nature continues to be not only a place of refuge, but also an important source of physical, emotional, and spiritual well-being.

Nature, therefore, is not just a concept to be admired, but a force that regenerates us, allowing us to rediscover our deepest connection with existence. It helps us understand ourselves and face daily challenges with a new, more serene, and aware spirit.

Meeting by Chance: But where?

It is one of those situations that always lurks, a few people, but when it manifests itself, it is directed at everyone, striking without warning, bringing surprise, mental stabilization, change, and a spirit of adaptation.

There is a knock on the door late at night, and you think your son forgot to bring his house keys. You are tired because you have had a grueling day, and your wife gets up to open the door: "Good evening, ma'am.

We are from the Guardia di Finanza. Does Mr. Ubaldo delle Roca live here? Yes, he's my husband… tell him to get dressed, get his personal effects, his medications, because we have to execute an arrest warrant signed by Judge Ignazio of Reggio Calabria, and we'll take him to prison." A simple life, until yesterday, where the normal management was family, shopping, children, friends, work, but at a certain point the Judicial Authority arrives, which in the best of cases simply issues a notification, during the day without a fixed expiration date, with the lawyer's clarification.

This is not happening to me, the family is shocked, no one expected something like this and the wife quickly asks her husband what he did and he, in a breathless voice, says Maria, I didn't do anything and please inform the lawyer, handing over a copy of the order.

Meanwhile, the wife prepares a package with underwear and some toiletries, because in prison you cannot bring more than four packages per month, each weighing a maximum of 5 kg, for a total monthly weight of 20 kg. Prisoners who spend their days in prison need to eat, drink, rest, and maintain their hygiene and that of their cell, thus consuming water, electricity, furniture, and linens. If the family has only one income, the difficulties are amplified by a thousand and require money, at least four hundred euros per month.

During the day, inmates spend approximately 20 hours in their cells.

If space permits, in many institutions it is possible to devote oneself to painting or small work activities, which are paid. The use of a laptop computer may be authorized in the classroom, and even a laptop computer in the cell with the express authorization of the management.

All this to give you an idea of the obligations that come with incarceration, but what happens in prison? You can be the target of attention from other prisoners who can commit violence against you, but what about the psychological effects of a professional who is innocent, but who must pay a price that is not his own?

After two years of imprisonment, this legal affair had a successful conclusion, with the sentence of acquittal with Complete Formula.

The person in question was born in a town in the Ionian hinterland of Reggio Calabria, where the first cleansing of newborns is not a diaper change, as happens throughout the world, but a mental one about the things that must be respected and the rules of life, made because particular attention is always paid to the law.

This did not allow for any legitimate risk of psychological decline, because we are talking about real men, who know how to suffer in silence without ever complaining.

Bipolar Disorder: A Reflection

I had decided not to discuss bipolar disorder anymore, not out of shame, but out of a desire to maintain a certain level of confidentiality regarding such an intimate and personal matter. I had no desire to play on the illness, but rather a need to protect my privacy. However, as time passed, and thinking of the millions of readers who might one day wonder where I've ended up, why my new books have stopped coming out, or why the stories they loved so much are no longer shared, I thought it right to share this part of my life with you.

I do not want to focus on the condition itself, as anyone can easily find detailed information online. Instead, I am compelled to talk to you about what could happen in the future, following the experts' recommendations. Patients with bipolar disorder have, on average, a life expectancy reduced by 10--25 years compared to the general population. This fact causes me pain, reflection, confusion, and a certain amount of protest.

The pain comes from not being able to accomplish all the things I had in mind, leaving so many ideas unfinished. I have always wanted to leave a mark, a legacy of thoughts and words, but the illness has placed limits on what I could do.

The point is that, despite statistical data, we cannot be 100% certain of their validity. Medical science is often influenced by unpredictable variables, not always as precise as a mathematical formula. Statistics are not laws written in stone and do not define the future of every single person.

The confusion stems from the fact that there are no clinical tests capable of accurately predicting when the disorder will have its most severe impact. People live in uncertainty, without definitive certainty about when and how the disease will manifest itself.

The challenge concerns the perspective of those who spread these theories, which often fuel panic rather than provide concrete solutions. This creates a kind of psychological terrorism, which worsens the condition of the sick without providing any incredibly useful information.

Despite these challenges, my life has not been entirely marked by illness. I have had the opportunity to find strength, to rediscover the beauty of writing, which, like a bomb, has helped me heal and remain strong in times of darkness.

However, I do not want to ignore the fact that we live in a world that sometimes lacks empathy, where people speak without thinking, play on our fears, without ever showing their face. But this does not scare me. I know that every day that passes are one less day, but it is also one more day in which I can try to do something meaningful.

My life goals have not changed. I continue to travel, explore, share love and smiles, as I always have. One day, when the time comes, I will retire to a quiet home, surrounded by nature, where I will enjoy simple cuisine and well-deserved rest. But until that day, I will not stop writing, living, and dreaming.

The future is uncertain, but that does not mean it cannot be vivid and meaningful.

Intelligence

Intelligence is one of those topics that humanity continues to touch on without ever fully grasping. For centuries, philosophers and scientists have tried to pigeonhole it, but the truth is simple:we still have not figured out how far we can push it. We're convinced we only use 10% of our brain, but that percentage is just a figure thrown around that hides a much more stark fact: **the mind isn't a static engine; it's a system that turns on, off, and transforms every minute,** depending on who we are, what we're experiencing, and above all, how far we want to push it. Some cultures, like the Tibetan one, understood this centuries ago. They explored the brain even before science had the tools to do so. They were not looking for superstitions: they were looking for limits to overcome. Meditation techniques, extreme concentration, breath management…

tools that today we classify as "spiritual," but which are mental **training techniques.** And they work. They managed to open doors that we, in the modern world, often do not even know where they are.

The human brain is an unrivaled machine. It works at a speed no computer can ever match. The problem is not power: **it is direction.** We have a powerful engine, and we often use it to ruminate, worry, and create obstacles rather than solutions. When the mind decides to cooperate with us, however, we become capable of things that seem impossible even to those around us.

Intelligence is Trained

It does not grow on its own.

Reading is not enough: **it needs to be read well,** it needs to be read with difficulty, it needs to be read backwards if it helps to wake up the brain. Exercise? Indispensable. It gets more blood flowing to the head. Meditation? The same. Spending time outdoors? Fundamental. The mind improves like the body: with consistency, discipline, and clear choices.

But the most important truth is this: **intelligence is for living better,** not for collecting knowledge.

And living better means choosing wisely the people around us. Relationships are an accelerator or a brake: there is no middle ground. Every conversation, every confrontation, every presence, whether right or wrong, changes our brain. For better or worse.

Then there is a detail that few people know: between 4:00 PM and 7:00 PM, the mind is at its peak. It is the time of day when we reason best, concentrate more, and can delve deeper. Those who know how to exploit this window can accomplish in three hours what others do in a day.

And then there is a point that many avoid for fear of telling the truth: **women have a different mental structure, and in many ways superior.** This is not a compliment; it is a fact. Their cerebral cortex works more refined, their instincts are quicker, their intuition more precise. They can perceive and decipher emotional signals and complex situations with a clarity that often surprises men. This makes them unbeatable opponents in certain challenges and worthy companions in others.

In conclusion: intelligence is a vast resource, always wasted.

Those who nurture it, exercise it, and use it decisively live better, see further, and become stronger. No talent can compete with a trained, focused mind guided by clear choices. The rest is noise.

POST-SCRIPT UM

If you have made it this far, one thing is certain: you are not looking for fairy tales.

You are looking for something that has the courage to tell you the truth without expecting your applause.

These reflections end here, but they do not end there.

A thought does not die when you stop reading it: it begins when it stays in your head even after you have closed the book.

If just one sentence has touched you, then it has been useful.

It does not have to change your life: just make you stop for a second. The rest is up to you.

Intro

I did not write these pages to be elegant.

I wrote them because certain truths, when left unsaid, fester. A hundred reflections are a way to breathe after years of burdensome silence.

Do not expect a linear story or a packaged lesson.

Instead, expect questions, doubts, open wounds, and a few punches in the gut. Everything that is not said is here. And it does not apologize.

Aphorisms

Here is the raw heart of the book: quick strokes.

You asked for the section, I will give it back to you at your own pace.

• The truth does not console: it clarifies.

• Fear is not a limit: it is a reminder. • People do not change, they reveal themselves. • Respect is not asked for: it is maintained. • A wrong choice is always better than a perfect regret. • Ignorance is not a flaw: it is a point of view. • Those who tell you "For your own good" are usually thinking of their own. • Silence speaks louder than words. • Consistency is costly: that is why it is rare. • Everyone carries a part of the truth that they cannot explain.

Epilogue

There is no moral and no successful conclusion.

There's just one fixed point:life is made up of things we do not admit, but which guide us more than anything else. These reflections do not solve, they do not fix, they do not reassure.

They make you look where you usually look away. And that is enough to close the book with a different thought than the one you opened it with.

The ignoramus in the title is not someone to be pitied: he is not afraid to look at himself in the mirror. And that, today, is more important than any certainty.

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. No conversion. Just access, and — for those who want it — a relationship. We don't sell books. We build relationships.