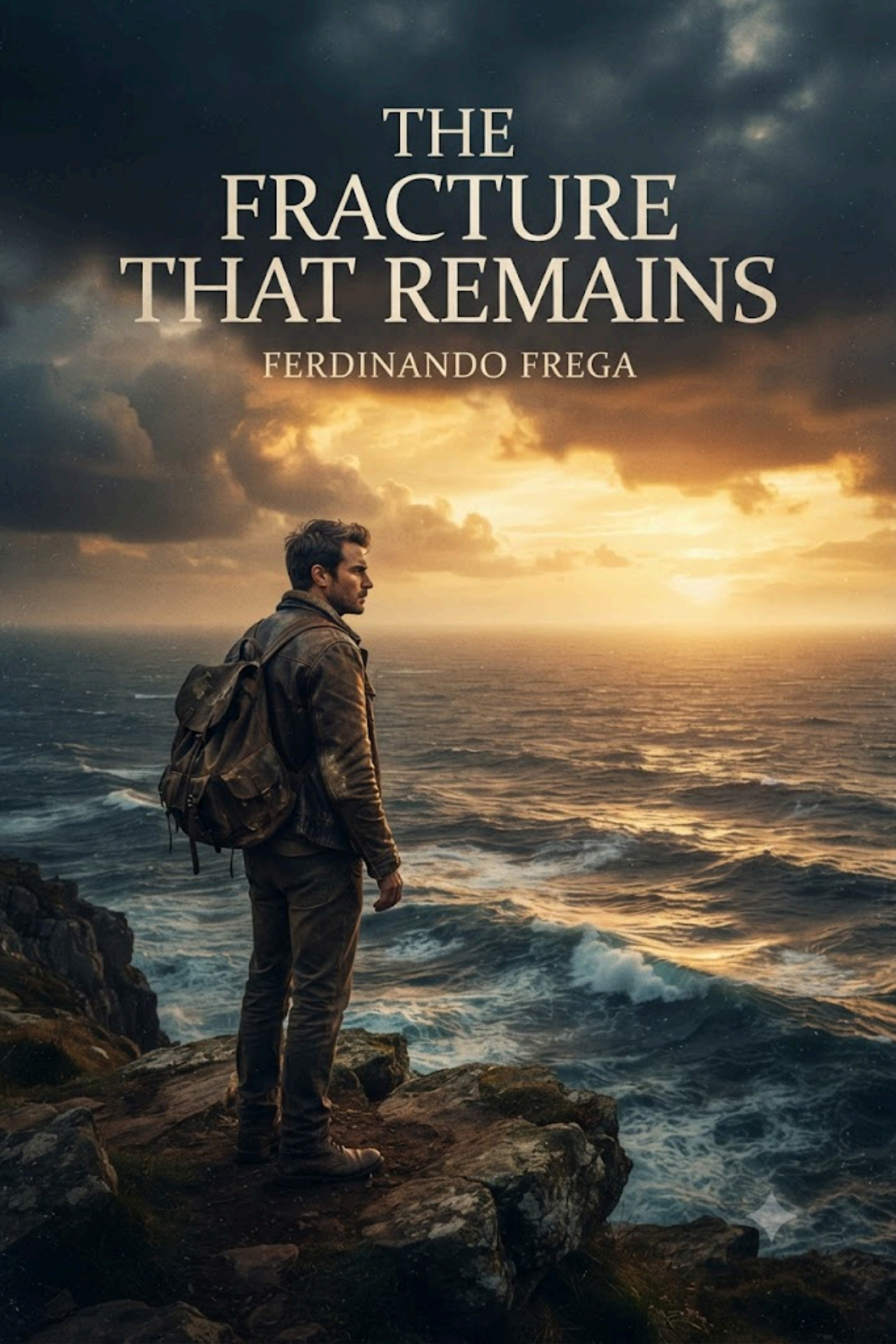

THE
FRACTURE
THAT REMAINS
FERDINANDO FREGA

GILLETTE SERIES NARRATIVE · VOLUME VI

THE FRACTURE THAT REMAINS

FERDINANDO FREGA

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THE MAN BEFORE THE STORIES

Before the stories begin, there is a man.
Not a hero, not a role model, not a finished figure. A man who navigated love without a map, without the promise of return. A man who loved as one breathes — sometimes holding one's breath, sometimes suffocating, always knowing that the air is not something you choose.

This book does not talk about him as an exception. It talks about what remains when love ceases to be desired and becomes presence. A presence that cannot be explained. That cannot be fixed. That changes the flesh, time, the way of being in the world.

THE SEVEN FUNDAMENTAL CRACKS

Each story that follows is born from one of these cracks. They are not flaws to be repaired. They are the cracks through which the light of love enters — and the darkness.

VULNERABILITY

Love begins the moment a man exposes himself. It is not weakness: it is the price of entering a relationship. A word spoken too late. A look that betrays. The first crack is always there, open, waiting.

ABSENCE

What has not been experienced continues to weigh heavily. A missed love, a sudden departure, a silence that lingers. Absence is not empty: it is full of what could have been.

BODY

Love inhabits the body before the mind. Illness reveals it, treatment confirms it, limits define it. There are no abstractions here: sweat, trembling hands, sleepless nights beside a bed.

BETRAYAL

Not the spectacular gesture, but the daily fracture. The choice to turn away. The return that does not mend. The scar remains, visible or not.

ORIGINS

It all begins in childhood. The mother who leaves, the father who is missing, the first abandonment that teaches us what it means to wait. These deformed roots grow into adults.

WORLD

Love does not exist in a vacuum. Work, power, social rules, and money all permeate it. A man loves even through external influences.

DUALITY

Fire and water. Word and silence. Strength and wound. Man does not resolve these tensions: he inhabits them. Every story is an attempt to name them.

THE COMPACT OF LIVING

This is not a preparatory prologue. It is a statement: stories exist because life is not told in a straight line. They exist because a man decided not to falsify what he went through.

The stories that follow do not seek closure. They begin.
They do not promise wisdom. They offer recognition.

When you reach their end — or when you emerge before them — you will know you were not alone on your journey. The man who wrote them was already with you, in the cracks, before they even began.

Now the stories can begin.

PART I

WORD-DIFFERENCE

Lisa had always lived in the shadows, silent and invisible. At school, she was the girl who sat in the back row, the one whose name no one remembered. One morning, during literature class, she turned in an essay she had written from the heart, inspired by her love of books.

As the teacher began reading her work aloud, Lisa felt herself sinking into her seat with embarrassment. But then something magical happened: the class fell silent, captivated by her words. Finally, the teacher turned to her and said, "Lisa, you have a gift. Your words touch the soul."

From that day on, Lisa began to write more, to share her thoughts, and, little by little, to believe in herself. She became a beloved author, known for her ability to tell the world with unique sensitivity. Even today, she remembers that moment with gratitude, proving that sometimes a word of encouragement is enough to change a life.

THE FACE

Once upon a time, there was a young woman who did not believe in love. For her, it was just an abstract idea. Others experienced it, but she could not grasp it. Her life was dominated by reason and practical priorities. She had to survive and never be vulnerable. Until the day she met him. The meeting was a chance encounter, an opportunity not to be missed in the frenzy of daily life. But something changed inside her

when her gaze met his. He was different from all the others. He was not perfectly handsome, but he had a mysterious charm that captivated her. He did not hold back in his way of loving. His words were simple. But every gesture had profound meaning. With him, she never felt inadequate, never in danger. Despite her fears and doubts, he did not judge her, but welcomed her, and made her feel safe.

Their love developed slowly, one step at a time, without rushing. He guided her to see love not as a risk, but as a beauty to be experienced. Together, they understood that love is not just something to be sought. It is a reality to be built every day, step by step. She learned that love reflects the heart. It is welcoming. It is letting go, without fear. The story tells us that love is more than passion. It is also acceptance, growth, and courage. Only by taking risks can we discover the true face of love.

THE TRUTH

He and she came from opposite worlds. He, a businessperson, was always busy. His frenetic life was driven by ambition. She, an artist, was introverted and thoughtful. Her life was marked by quiet and inner exploration. They met through work. Despite their differences, something immediately sparked between them. They had never spoken of their feelings. But there was a connection that went beyond words. Every encounter between them was a succession of glances and small gestures. These betrayed more than they would have liked to admit. However, both were afraid of questioning their already established lives. They were afraid of losing the control they had worked so hard to build.

But love cannot be hidden forever. After months of silence and attempts to ignore what they felt, they faced the truth. It is not just passion, but something deeper. Something that unites them inextricably. The love that binds them is not perfect. It is not the ideal they had imagined. It is the reality they build every day, despite difficulties, fears, and uncertainties. The story explores how love sometimes does not come at the right time. But when it does, it changes us and makes us see life from a new perspective. It is never too late to learn to truly know and love someone.

NOT LIVED

Some loves blossom and fade, like unfulfilled dreams. She had been in love with him for years. But life had separated them, taking her to a distant city, far from her roots. The monthly letters were the only sign of a bond. It seemed destined never to materialize. She dreamed of meeting him and experiencing the love for which she had longed. But distance, time, and circumstances were an insurmountable wall. Their love was true, but fragile. It could not bear the daily hardships. The idea of building a life together seemed like a distant dream. But they continued to feed on that dream.

As the years passed, things changed. She found herself in a new city, began a new life, but she never forgot him. What they had experienced, even if it never materialized, lived within her. Sometimes it was a burden, sometimes hope. This unfulfilled love had marked her existence. They were not regrets. It was the awareness that, sometimes, things do not go the way we want. But the love we feel can still define who we are and how we live. The story explores how an unfulfilled

love can live within us. It guides our path. We grow in its silences and its absences.

COURAGE

They had met when they were young, but life had torn them apart. He had chosen a career far from home. She, convinced, had continued her journey alone. She would never find another love like his. Both had had other experiences and love. But none had struck a chord like the one they had experienced together. One day, after a few years apart, they found each other again. Time had changed their bodies, but not what they had once felt. But both had lived long enough to understand what matters in life. But things were no longer as they had been. The fear of never being able to recreate that bond held them back. They were afraid of loving each other again, afraid of remaining vulnerable. But the courage they had lost in their youth now seemed the key to finding love again.

They decided to take a risk. Despite their insecurities and scars, they decided to give each other a second chance. Their love, which had seemed impossible, blossomed, becoming more mature and more aware. They learned to get to know each other again, not as they had been, but as they had become. The story explores the idea that love sometimes takes time to mature. If we faced our fears, we might find true love.

THEMSELVES

There comes a moment in life when you face the truth: to love others, you must first love yourself. After a long time, she realized she loved

someone so much that she forgot to love herself. She begins an inner journey. It is a path of reflection and solitude. She must rediscover her essence and her value. She begins to understand that love is not dependent, but autonomy.

When she meets another man, she is no longer trying to fill a void. She simply wants to add something to her life, by choice, not by need. This shift in perspective transforms her way of experiencing love. The story explores the beauty of growth and evolution. The greatest love is the one we can feel for ourselves. Only by learning to take care of ourselves can we truly love others. The love born from this awareness is free, healthy, and lasting.

THE INFIDEL

He is back. After years, after living with another woman, he returned to his city, to his old love. He had built a life that was not entirely his. But she, who once would have run into his arms, is different now. The pain of betrayal has left visible and invisible scars. His memory, a silent companion, dances between love and pain. Every day, she carries him with her, a constant thought. She uniquely feels his presence, sweet and bitter like a shadow. A love that still burns, enriching her days with emotion. But it is not just pain that characterizes her life now. Over time, she has learned to know herself better. She has learned to live without him. She understood that she could be happy even without that bond, which seemed unbreakable.

Unfortunately, he has not had the same luck. His heart is still tied to her. In his solitude, he discovered the truth. He had not seen her before because he was too caught up in his own infidelity. His plea for forgiveness seems like a desperate act. But now that he has found

unexpected strength, she is torn. Forgiving means giving him back the power to hurt her again. But it could also mean the chance to rediscover a lost part of herself. Their story is not just about love, but also about growth, about awareness. Both will have to face their weaknesses. They must accept that, even if love can be rediscovered, it will never be the same again. The story explores pain and redemption. But also, the difficulty of rebuilding a relationship destroyed by bad choices.

THROUGH TIME

Time has never been so cruel. Yet, they have seen how love can span decades. It never loses its strength. She, an elderly woman, cares for her husband, who, due to dementia, no longer recognizes her. Every day is a challenge. He does not remember who she is. He does not recognize their home. Yet something in his heart connects with her, even without words. She looks at him with eyes full of tenderness and pain, retracing their life together. Every gesture, every small daily act, reminds her of the past. Yet a change is taking place within her. It emerges slowly: she knows that love does not depend on memory. It feeds on small gestures, smiles, care, and an embrace that, without words, is meaningful.

The woman realizes that the love she feels for him has changed, but is no less powerful. It is like a garden growing, even if it is hidden from everyone. While her husband loses his identity, she finds the courage to reclaim a part of herself. She had put it aside for years. It is the strength to love without being recognized, without expecting anything in return. Only for the pleasure of caring for him. Their story becomes an act of generosity, of sacrifice, but also of rediscovery. In the end, her love will remain indelible, even if it will never be experienced the same way

again. It is a story that celebrates love. It does not need memories to be authentic. It is love itself that creates memory.

AT A DISTANCE

The two met in a distant place. It was a city that belonged to neither of them. Yet there, a passion was born that seemed impossible. He lives on a distant continent, she on another, but something unites them. Their daily lives are separated by time zones, but their love is strong, it is real. Despite the texts, video calls, and nights spent talking, a void remains. Those words cannot bridge that distance. The story explores the contrast between desire and reality, between what is possible and what is not. Distance, a logistical detail, becomes the true enemy. Both feel stuck. The separation is profound, and words cannot help. Promises are not enough.

Their passion, the fruit of budding love, clashes with the harsh reality of loneliness. They feel distant even when they are close. They lose themselves in thoughts and insecurities. But there is a determination that pushes them not to give up. Over time, they both learn that love is not just physical. It is a deep connection that goes beyond the body. They know that challenges are part of every true love. Only by facing them together, even from a distance, can they keep their bond alive. And when they finally meet again, it is not the end of the journey. It is the beginning of a new phase, where love has matured. It has become stronger and more solid because it has been forged by time and distance.

THE UNSPOKEN WORDS

A marriage that once shone, the fruit of years of conversation, is now faltering. A trauma, like a sudden storm, strikes one partner. The crisis, unexpected and painful, calls into question everything that was stable. The husband, a man of few words, withdraws. He no longer speaks or expresses his feelings. The wife, accustomed to discussing everything, feels lost. She does not understand what is happening to her partner. Words, which once were the glue of their relationship, now distance themselves. She tries to get closer, but every attempt seems to fail. The husband, silently suffering, is unable to open up. His vulnerability drives him to withdraw, fearing that if he showed his pain, his wife would no longer love him.

But the woman does not know what to do. She does not know how to reach him, nor how to regain his trust. She wants to rediscover the magic of their love. She knows that relationships are more than words. It is the unexpressed feelings, the shared glances, and the delicate touches that connect them. Communication happens in silence and forges bonds stronger than words can express. She begins to think that her husband is telling her something. Gestures, small daily acts do not require words. She discovers that love can be found in silence. Even in the way of being close and listening without words. Over time, the woman accepts that some wounds cannot be healed with words. They can only be healed with presence, shared silence, and the love expressed with patience. Their relationship never quite returns to the way it was before. But a new intimacy emerges, deeper and more mature.

THE IMPERFECT

The love they have built is imperfect, and that is why it is authentic. Both have obvious flaws, fears, and insecurities. She is introverted, afraid of letting go, afraid of being vulnerable. He, on the other hand, is impulsive. He tends to downplay his emotions. He is afraid to face the depths of his feelings. Their relationship is a rollercoaster of emotions. Passion and conflict alternate, as do closeness and separation. But, despite everything, they love each other. And this love grows and transforms, despite the difficulties. The story explores how flaws are part of love. Perfection is never the goal. What matters is the authenticity of feelings. It is the ability to be vulnerable with each other. We accept imperfections and grow together. Imperfect love is the only love worth living. It is real, without masks and without pretensions. In the end, they both understand that love is not perfection. It is mutual acceptance and understanding.

THE LAST DANCE

In an old ballroom, bathed in golden light, two old men prepare for their final dance. With every step, memories surface like distant melodies. The music, a sweet symphony, will dance with them, enveloping their hearts in an eternal embrace. This moment, an ode to love that transcends time, becomes an indelible memory. Years have passed since they first danced. Then they were young and full of dreams. But now, he is ill, and she knows it. She knows their time is short, but she is not afraid. She looks at him, and she sees not just the sick man in need of care, but the man she has lived a lifetime with. Every step they take together on the dance floor is an act of love, of endurance, of memory. No matter how tired they are or how their

bodies betray them, that dance is a celebration of everything they have experienced together. The story explores the concept of love that never stops, that transforms but never fades. It is love that grows, even as the body ages, even as the end draws near. Yet, in that dance, love never dies. It becomes eternal, like a memory passed down through the smallest and most meaningful gestures.

UNDER THE SAME SKY

He is a successful man. He comes from an intellectual family. He has always been surrounded by luxury and perfection. She is a woman from a poor family. She learned, from an early age, the harshness of life. She had to fight for everything she had. When they meet, there is something that unites them, but also something that separates them. He does not understand the difficulties she has faced. And she does not know how to adapt to the gilded world he grew up in. Their relationship is a constant clash of opposing worlds. It is a struggle between wealth and poverty, between hope and disappointment. But they both want to make their relationship work. They want to overcome the differences that divide them. The story is about the struggle against social barriers. She wants to build a love that transcends appearances. In the end, they discover that, despite their differences, love is the most important thing. It is stronger than any social or cultural difference.

THE FUNERAL

The only place relatives direct us before the burial.

A terrifying, cursed, dark place. It is linked only to the passage to the eternal East. Here, people silently lay flowers, pray, and remember

times gone by.

Birth and death are two algorithms. They contain the same thing: LIFE. They should not be scary because they are two points of reference. They are what we were and the memories we left behind.

After my death, I can already imagine the angry tax authorities. The Guardia di Finanza will wait until their investigation is complete. They will need more information. Then there are the people I lent money to and the women ready to run away with my suitcase. Finally, those I helped will not come. That is just how people are.

You will be left with a bitter taste in your mouth for things you did not do. But you cannot go back.

Someone will decide for you which dress suits you best, and what color. If possible, I would appreciate a notebook and pen.

The type of coffin and what accessories to add. Lights, handles, matte or glossy colors, type of wood and padding. There is also the option of playing music, but SIAE is already paying the fee.

The coffin's journey will depend entirely on the money. Whether it goes in a hearse or a carriage pulled by eight horses. "I hope that, in case of problems, my wife will opt for an extravagant outing. If I were to go, I would like an original burial: without a coffin, with my head sticking out. That way, we can save on photography and add a touch of humor to the farewell!"

What topics will the priest want to discuss with you? If he knew you in life, what were your relationships with the Catholic world? Have you had any charitable initiatives for the needy?

And, in the end, everything ends up in the cemetery mortuary. There are no controls or security. There, they could seize the body and demand a ransom, but no one would pay.

But, after a while, the burial niche is identified. The relatives would prefer either the first or the second, so as not to use the stairs. As a young man, I used to go to the cemetery to look at the widows under the stairs. I wanted to see what they were dressed like; many were not wearing underwear.

In the end, a weekly ritual remains: fresh flowers from the children. Then, the action fades, because we quickly forget about those who die, due to the impact of those who are alive.

PART II

THE OFFICE

Two concepts on how your company's staff is perceived:

The first is Italian. He says that staff is a cost. They should be exploited, trying not to recognize all rights.

The second is American. He argues that staff is an investment. They should be encouraged to increase profitability.

Why these two distinctions? If not to highlight the lack of employee evaluation in Italy? Every expense is just a cost. Furthermore, Italian entrepreneurs have vices and unhealthy habits. Often, they ask for a paycheck to be signed and pay something else.

Fortunately, the vices are widespread. They are not specific to one area or one population. Employees feel empowered to react. Thus, they offer forms of harassment and theft within the company.

In the jungle of planned absences, surprises fly like shrapnel. The administrator leaves unexpectedly for unplanned meetings. Alongside him, distracted relatives, friends, and husbands are hired. In a flash, we find ourselves weaving a web of relationships, where priorities shift and boundaries blur.

Then the owner gets sick or suffers a fatal illness. Thus, managers, secretaries, or housekeepers find themselves managing huge fortunes. They have no qualifications or connections, just the advantage of having sold themselves well.

These are common stories, not always well-known. But the truth lies in people's weaknesses, where there is no logic.

THE FIRST TIME

I still remember the first time I saw you. It was a sunny spring day, and I was in the park relaxing after a busy week at work. You were sitting on a bench, immersed in a book. Your calmness and your smile touched me deeply. I could not take my eyes off you; there was something magnetic about your demeanor. I approached shyly, not knowing exactly what to say. I sat down on the bench next to yours and asked you what the book you were reading was about. It was the beginning of a conversation that seemed never-ending. We talked for hours, sharing our interests, dreams, and passions. From that moment, I knew I would do anything to be by your side. Every time I think back, I realize how lucky I was to have met you that day. Our chance meeting turned into a love story that enriched my life in ways I never could have imagined.

THE FIRST DISCUSSION

I will never forget our first argument. We were still in the initial stages of our relationship and were trying to get to know each other better. That day, we had different plans and could not find a compromise. The situation quickly escalated, and we found ourselves in an intense argument. It was painful and frustrating, but at the same time, it made me realize how much I cared about you. After the argument, we took some time to reflect. We realized that communication and mutual listening were crucial to the success of our relationship. We decided to talk openly, expressing our feelings and concerns. It was a moment of growth for both of us. We learned to respect each other's opinions and

find balance in our lives. From that day on, I promised to always be open and honest with you. Our relationship grew stronger, and we learned to manage conflict constructively.

SUDDENLY

One day, we decided to take an impromptu trip. We did not have a specific destination; we just wanted to escape the daily grind and spend some quality time together. We got in the car and started driving without a clear destination. We listened to music and sang at the top of our lungs, enjoying the freedom and carefree nature of the moment. Along the way, we stopped at several interesting places. We visited small villages, admired breathtaking landscapes, and discovered hidden corners we had never known existed. Each stop on our impromptu journey was an opportunity to create new memories. It was one of the best days of my life. Your spontaneity and enthusiasm made that trip unforgettable. We shared laughter, adventures, and moments of reflection. That trip taught me the importance of living in the present and appreciating every moment we spent together. It was an experience that strengthened our bond and enriched our relationship.

THE SURPRISE

For your birthday, I wanted to plan a special surprise that would leave you speechless. I spent weeks planning every detail, making sure everything was perfect. I decorated the house with twinkling lights and colorful flowers, creating a magical atmosphere. I even prepared your favorite dish, hoping to delight you with an unforgettable dinner. When you arrived home, your reaction of joy and amazement was my greatest reward. Seeing your radiant smile and hearing your happy laughter

made me realize how much I loved you. The evening was a success, and we spent hours chatting, laughing, and dancing. That surprise became one of our most precious memories, a moment that strengthened our bond and made our relationship even more special. Every time I think back, I feel grateful for having had the opportunity to surprise you and make you happy on that special day. Your joy made all my effort and time spent planning an unforgettable experience. And every time we look at the photos of that evening, we remember the magic of that moment. The surprise transformed an ordinary day into an extraordinary one, enriching our love with another beautiful memory. It was in those moments that I understood how important it is to nourish our relationship with gestures of affection and attention. While I cannot plan a massive surprise every day, I try to do small daily things that make you feel special. That evening will forever remain in our hearts as a symbol of our love and our unique connection.

ILLNESS AND TREATMENT

When you were ill, I did everything I could to care for you. I remember the sleepless nights spent watching over you, worrying about your health and hoping you would recover soon. I felt helpless, but I knew my presence and support were important to you. Every day, I tried to make your recovery more bearable, preparing your favorite meals, reading your favorite books aloud, and trying to lift your spirits with small gestures. Your strength and courage inspired me deeply. Despite the pain and suffering, you faced your illness with determination and positivity. I realized that love manifests itself not only in happy moments, but also in difficult ones. Being by your side during that tough time made me appreciate our bond even more and realize the

depth of our feelings. Your recovery was a shared victory and strengthened our love. Every small sign of improvement, every smile, every laugh shared during those difficult days was a reason for hope and gratitude. I watched you fight with courage and resilience, and I felt privileged to be able to support you on that journey. Even though it was a tough time, it cemented our relationship and taught me that true love is seen especially in times of adversity. The illness brought us closer than ever before and demonstrated that together we can overcome any obstacle.

THE FORGOTTEN ANNIVERSARY

One time, I forgot our anniversary. I was busy with work and did not notice the date. When you realized it, I saw the disappointment in your eyes and felt terribly guilty. I knew how important it was for you to celebrate our special moments, and I realized I had made a grave mistake. But you, with your patience and understanding, did not hold that mistake against me. You understood that my love for you was not tied to a date but was manifested every day through small gestures and thoughtfulness. With your forgiveness and kindness, you taught me the value of forgiveness and mutual understanding. From that day on, I promised never to forget. We decided to celebrate our anniversary differently, taking a simple walk and remembering the beautiful moments we had shared. That day became special despite everything, because it reminded us of the importance of our bond and the love that unites us. We talked for a long time, sharing memories and dreams for the future. That day made me realize that love is not about grand gestures and celebrations, but also about understanding, patience, and small daily acts of affection. Your reaction taught me so much about the

value of forgiveness and the ability to see beyond human errors. Since then, every anniversary has a special meaning, not only for what we celebrate, but for what we have learned together along the way. Your forgiveness has strengthened our love, making it even deeper and more authentic.

HOW MUCH HAVE YOU ACCOMPLISHED?

You have always dreamed of opening a small bookstore. I remember how you spoke enthusiastically about this project, imagining shelves full of books, avid readers exploring the pages, and a welcoming corner where people could share their stories. After years of challenging work and savings, you finally made it. I was by your side on the opening day, and seeing your happiness was one of the most beautiful moments of my life. Your passion and dedication made that dream a reality. The bookstore has become a hub for the community, a place for meetings and cultural exchange. Seeing your dream come true filled my heart with joy. I realized that part of my love for you was supporting your dreams and ambitions. Every time I see a satisfied customer leave the bookstore with a book in their hands, I feel proud of you and what you have created. Furthermore, I realized how important a role you have played in promoting reading and culture in our community. The bookstore is not just a business, but a place where people can find inspiration, knowledge, and comfort. Every day, I see people come in and out with a smile, and I know it is thanks to you. Your dedication and commitment have turned a dream into a tangible reality. And I am immensely happy to be able to share this journey with you. This project has brought us even closer and strengthened our bond. Every small success, every challenge overcome is a further source of pride and

gratitude. I am grateful to have someone as determined and enthusiastic as you at my side. Your dream has come true and has become my dream too, and together we will continue to work to make this place a beacon of knowledge and culture.

THE LITTLE PICNIC

One summer day, we decided to go on a picnic. It was a perfect day, with the sun shining and a light breeze making the air fresh and pleasant. We packed a picnic lunch with our favorite foods and went to a quiet spot, surrounded by nature. Sitting on the grass, we spent hours chatting, laughing, and sharing memories. It was a simple moment, yet deeply meaningful to us. Your presence made everything special. We explored the surroundings, discovering little corners of paradise and picking wildflowers. That day taught me the importance of appreciating simple moments and living in the present. It was an experience that strengthened our bond and enriched our relationship. Every time I think back to that picnic, I feel grateful for having you by my side and for all the wonderful moments we shared together. I have realized that you do not always need grand events or luxurious vacations to create unforgettable memories; sometimes, it is the trivial things, like a day spent in nature with the person you love, that remain most deeply etched in your heart. That picnic has become one of our most precious memories, a symbol of our connection and our love. Every time I see a field of flowers or smell the fresh grass, I think of that day and how lucky we are to have each other. We have learned to find joy in trivial things and to cherish every moment we spend together. Our relationship has grown stronger thanks to these moments of sharing and reflection, and I am grateful for every moment I spent with you. That little picnic

was a lesson in simplicity and love, which I will always carry in my heart.

THE GESTURE

Every morning, I make coffee for you. It is a small gesture, but it means a lot to me. It is my way of showing you how much I care and how much I enjoy taking care of you. Every time I see you smile while drinking coffee, my heart fills with love. That simple morning ritual has become an important part of our daily routine. It is a moment of connection and intimacy we share, a small sign of our love and dedication to each other. Even on the most hectic and stressful days, morning coffee is a moment of peace and serenity that unites us. I like to think that, through this small gesture, I can make your day a little brighter and happier. It is a way to remind you every day how much you mean to me and how much I love you. This daily ritual has become a symbol of our commitment to each other and the care we take for each other. No matter how busy the day may be, that morning moment is a constant reminder of the importance of our bond. It is a quiet moment where we can talk, share thoughts, or simply enjoy each other's company. Every time I see your smile as you sip your coffee, I realize how powerful a simple, sincere gesture can be. Our relationship is built on these small moments of affection and attention, and I am grateful for every day we can share together. The small daily gesture of coffee has become a tradition that enhances our connection and constantly reminds us of our love.

THE HUG

When you had to leave on a long journey, the last embrace was the most difficult. Feeling your warmth and affection made me realize how much you meant to me. Even though I knew it would only be a goodbye, not a farewell, the thought of being away from you for so long filled me with sadness. We spent our last evening together talking and sharing our thoughts and feelings. I tried to memorize every detail of your face and your smile, so I could carry them with me in the days to come. The last embrace was intense and full of emotion. We promised each other to stay in touch and not be discouraged by the distance. Even though we were physically distant, our love remained strong and overcame every difficulty. Every message, every call, and every letter was a way to bridge the distance and feel closer. When we finally reunited, the emotion of seeing you again was indescribable. Those moments of separation made us even more aware of the importance of our bond and the strength of our love. Even though the distance was difficult to bear, it taught us to cherish the time we spent together even more. Every moment, every hug, every smile took on a deeper meaning. Separation allowed us to grow as individuals and as a couple, making our bond even stronger and more resilient. When we were finally reunited, I understood that true love can overcome any obstacle. Our experience taught me that, despite difficulties, love can unite and strengthen. Our last embrace became a symbol of our strength and dedication to each other, a reminder that, no matter what life throws at us, our love will always remain strong.

FREEDOM

What a beautiful word! So many people have died over the centuries to conquer it, receive it, give it, leave it, and guarantee it.

The most important thing is to be free. Free to move, eat, speak, read, write, think, and make decisions.

A journalist interviewed me some time ago about my books. He asked me what freedom meant to me. I replied: "When you leave the house, all neat and tidy, determined to do what you want, without any controls. As you walk to the car, you look back and see that your wife is not there." That is freedom.

Let us consider which country in the world we are hosted in. Italy, for example, is among the freest and most democratic countries. Here, there's social equality and no limitations, not even for women.

This is the only country in the world where women beat their husbands, it is a peculiarity of ours.

But freedom also comes with excesses. If someone stays in prison for twenty years, when they get out, they are always out on the streets, making up for lost time.

Parliament is full of excesses. Excessive freedom is the cause. It feels like a famous Northern European city, renowned for its pleasures. Not the political seat of the nation.

In Calabria, the only place in the world where you sit down to eat at 1:30 pm and get up two days later, and the number of injured is countless.

Intellectual, journalistic, artistic, and historical freedom depends on money and interests.

"Freedom is the choice to navigate life on your own terms. Treat the commandments as guiding stars, not rigid laws. Embrace the divine compass that empowers your unique journey."

THE MARKET

In telling my stories, I must think and remember many things. I also must focus on what many people ignore. The factory that produces the most and profits the most is the arms factory. Governments manage production to strengthen their defenses. Secondly, they want to sell weapons to other countries for their local wars.

France was an expert in these games. It managed to sell weapons to both warring sides, making huge profits. Having weapons is often a deterrent. It shows your adversaries that you are strong and equal. This prevents future attacks.

The world's second-largest industry is the pharmaceutical industry. In terms of numbers, it leads the way in terms of units sold. A disease or virus is good for profits and stocks.

In third place in this special ranking are financial markets. The returns of publicly traded companies weave the global market landscape. Each success contributes to the overall value, creating a fascinating financial tapestry. Together, these dazzling performances shape an inextricable tangle of opportunities and challenges.

In fourth place is the technology market. It includes R&D, electronics, cars, trucks, and telecoms.

In fifth place is the textile, derivatives, clothing, and miscellaneous market.

The food market is in sixth place. This data should give us pause for thought. Human priorities have changed. Food is now a necessity. But how much is it available?

Everything changes quickly. Many factors contribute to change. Many skills are required. But we must all agree. No matter what sacrifice is made, it will never be worth the price of a lifetime.

PART III

THE MAN

A larger brain might seem like a promise of unlimited potential. However, the truth is that the situation is more complex. Chemical factors and cortical neurons intertwine a mosaic of needs. Intimacy and food are vital movements in this delicate balance. The bond with the mother plays a crucial role in shaping the individual. A nurturing relationship can generate a secure type. Conversely, a sporadic one can create insecurity. Thus, just as an artist shapes clay, a mother shapes the life of her child. From this caring dance, the difference between self-sufficiency and dependence emerges. People are born not only from biology, but from the love and attention received.

Others will stand by him, offering support. They will offer advice and strategies on how to thrive in their body. Facing life is not just a material issue; the psychological impact will be profound. For a child ignorant of the world, every word is a seed of wisdom. One day, his mother decided that her child could not taste chocolate cream. She feared he might get sick. But when he asked her if she had ever tried it, her answer was clear: No!

The spread of sad news and bad beliefs creates a tangle of anxiety. This mix of stress, fear, and sadness causes profound psychological damage. The scars of these experiences will last a lifetime. In adulthood, individuals may engage in revolutionary activities, whereas others may experience health challenges. Their parents wonder why these transformations occurred. It would have taken extraordinarily

little, a taste of chocolate cream. But he will always need a woman, his sweet missing rib. And every moment of his life, he will try to find her.

The search for a partner is a lifelong dance. Childhood experiences and bonds with mothers write the first chapter of this story. The mother, with her love and her fears, shapes the future. This bond becomes an invisible thread that envelops the man. The mission to find a woman capable of filling that void is relentless. A search that fluctuates between nostalgia and dreams, never stopping along the way.

Men, with their powerful brains, often find themselves caught in a carousel of expectations. Society pushes them to be strong, independent, and self-sufficient. But deep down, they long for an emotional connection that only a woman can offer. This quest sometimes leads them to choose slippery paths and toxic relationships. Be careful! You could fall into toxic bonds or seek comfort in others. Do not let your emotional well-being depend on others! Choose liberation, not slavery.

A man's life is a fascinating and complex journey. It is a succession of difficulties, successes, and failures. Each stage reveals his true essence and powerful emotions. On this journey, he discovers his inner strength and his capacity to love. Despite obstacles, he relentlessly searches for the connection that makes him whole. He fervently longs for that woman, the only antidote to his empty heart. His missing rib, essential to a vibrant and meaningful life. Without her, his world is a labyrinth of loneliness, but with her, every day is an adventure to be embraced.

FRIENDS

I must think of them because they represent my past. They are those who are now 70, 80, 90 years old and whose strength has waned. They have little desire to fight, but they retain a wealth of mental content. Their thoughts catapult you back to the past, to a time of innocence. Those were carefree days, unburdened by risks or adversity. In those moments, they were your armor, protecting your spirit.

They remember very well how they saved you several times, by the collar. You walked everywhere, unaware of the rules, alone, playing with your point of view. You forgot that life demands a panoramic view, never just a snapshot. I hug them one by one, my heart overflowing with emotion. I whisper to some of them about the arrival of two Romanian caregivers, in their forties and ready to help. The contract allows for a little freedom, to "touch" and joke. Laughter erupts as they tell me I never change, always the same old me.

On one side of the room, Enzo has retreated alone. My curiosity draws me closer to asking what he is thinking. "Nando, I think of all the people we knew who are no longer with us," he says with a hint of emotion. A concept that challenges the imagination and sparks reflection! Other beliefs, however, picture you surrounded by a hundred gay men. Some even claim you could get lost in the desert. The real key? Finding out who orchestrated this mysterious plot. And understanding whether they did it masterfully.

He immediately burst into laughter, like a madman. "Imagine Peppe among a hundred gays, without weapons to fight, I'd pay to see him."

THE ORPHANAGE

Ah, my mother, a soul a bit off the rails! From an early age, I sensed that the world was a great mystery. Every day was an adventure, starting at age seven. I learned to understand and hope, an exercise in thought to survive.

One August afternoon, a friend showed up at the house. She was offering a thirty-day vacation in Monte Carlo, but on one condition: she had to go alone, without her children. What a surprise!

My father, unaware of the unfolding drama, was visiting my grandmother. The telephone communication of his time isolated him from the chaos of our family.

Meanwhile, my sister, in a stroke of luck, was sent to a convent. With a financial offer, she became the perfect solution. But I, the true enigma, remained there, trapped in the dilemma.

A neighbor, a friend of my mother's, suggested leaving me in an orphanage. All it took was a small financial contribution, and the situation would be resolved.

That morning, dawn came as a sudden awakening, around 5:00 a.m. No breakfast, just a brisk shower that chased away sleep. Four slaps in the face to wake me up: a backpack on my shoulder and off into the unknown.

Her advice? Do not hold back on beating me to death. According to her, it was the only language I understood. She left, promising to return in 30 days.

I waited two years to tell this unique and difficult story. A difficult ordeal that shaped me mentally, while my parents were alive. But those

who did not have them bore deep scars.

Among my fellow misadventures, united by the desire to play, the fun soon took hold. After a few days, an epic paper ball battle began. Children teamed up, making every moment an adventure.

When the high moon revealed the stars, everyone went to sleep. But not us, joyful children, with our heads in the clouds. I invented fantastic stories, scattering smiles like seeds of happiness. No arguments, just the enchantment of the moment, and no one wanted me to stop.

They called me Frega, a mysterious name that is enchanted and confused. Where there was a daring mission, like stealing food from the cafeteria, here we were, hunting for adventure.

During my stay, I kept my hands off punishments. Freedom was our song. When I left, I made a gesture of generosity, giving my clothes to my companions.

When my mother, tanned and smiling, came to pick me up, she asked, "How did it go?" I replied with a sigh, "Terrible, I even lost my backpack!"

Ironically, forty years later, they shrug their shoulders at life. I went to the Revenue Agency in Reggio Calabria to complete a tax obligation. As I climbed the stairs, a familiar cry rang out: "HE CARES, HE CARES!"

It was Matteo, one of the orphans, a warm greeting. He was married with three children, an honors graduate, he worked right there. I asked him if he managed papers, and he burst out laughing.

"What should I do?" I asked, and he replied, "You have to go to the director, the only one who can authorize tax breaks. On the first floor,

room four; prepare to fight!"

I cannot accompany you, but I would love to grab a coffee when you finish. I would be happy too. Give me some time to figure it out, and then we will meet.

I arrived at the designated room, and the secretary made me wait in the antechamber. There were four people ahead of me, so I had to wait.

After four minutes, I was invited to cross the threshold. Someone leaped through the crowd. And who do I find sitting at the desk? My friend Matteo.

"What are you doing here?" I ask, amused. "I'm the director. These are your tax relief files. You also have a €4,500 refund waiting for you at home."

If only I had known how many times I would think of you wearing your sweatshirts!

"Let's go get a coffee," he suggests. Then he leads me to another room. There I meet Laura, another orphan, a young employee, who hugs me affectionately.

"I've always looked for you," she says. She dreamed of finding me sooner. She lived with stories of thieves and never forgot me. My concern for everyone had impressed her.

It was an emotionally charged day. I said goodbye to everyone with the promise to meet again. And my thirty-day exile? According to the law of retaliation, a gift of 4,500 euros.

JURISPRUDENCE

Delving into the Criminal and Civil Code? It is like peering into a legal labyrinth. We often favor topics that pique our curiosity. We view legal tones as tools to our advantage. Yet, what many fail to see is that they contain profound insights into our shared existence.

During my visits to a friend's bustling law firm, I came across a revelation: the law is not just ink on paper; it weaves a tapestry of human connection. Often, it is people who become part of its intricate narrative. This vital connection is often left in the shadows.

While we may feel like pawns in the legal game, it is Parliament that wields the scepter of change. They possess the power to shape, repeal, or refine the laws that guide our lives.

Having known my friend for four decades, I can confidently say that he is a beacon of determination and trust. His profound knowledge has earned him the respect of judges and prosecutors throughout Italy, making him a true titan in the legal arena.

He cares deeply about his family, even if he rarely speaks of them. Rather than mingle with troublemakers, he prioritizes balance and security. He revels in the beauty of his passions, sharing that joy with candid authenticity.

His knowledge extends far beyond his profession. "Armed with a solid foundation in philosophy and numerology, he is an ideal Freemason. With Pythagoreanism dancing in his thoughts and esotericism guiding him, he embodies the essence of wisdom. A perfect balance between knowledge and mystery makes him one of a kind." But not in that frenetic and polluted dance of eighteenth-century England, full of inconclusive and improvised faces.

Politics, with their magnetism, captivated him for a long time. He held prominent positions, but, being a man of honor, he could not remain in those circles for long.

When he sits at his desk, his blue eyes sparkle. With a penetrating gaze, he wields a rare magic: he listens and reflects. That ability is a gift given to a select few, an exclusive art.

TWO MEN

In an old neighborhood, two men lived opposite lives: Marco, a refined violinist, and Pietro, a bricklayer with calloused hands. Marco spent his days playing sweet melodies, while Pietro built houses, lifting bricks and mixing cement. They observed each other from a distance, never speaking.

One night, a storm hit the city. The wind blew off Marco's roof, leaving him without shelter. The desperate violinist did not know what to do. Pietro, seeing him in difficulty, offered to help: "I'll fix it, but you'll have to play while I work." Marco agreed, and as Pietro worked, the sound of the violin filled the air.

Day after day, Marco discovered the hardship of manual labor, the value of perseverance and sacrifice. Pietro, on the other hand, was fascinated by music, discovering how it could alleviate the day's toil. Marco's music became a sort of soundtrack for Pietro's work, and the violin seemed to dance to the rhythm of the hammer and trowel.

After the roof was repaired, the two continued to meet. Pietro stopped every evening to listen to Marco play, and Marco watched the houses being built under his friend's expert hands. They understood that, though they were different, their lives were complementary: art

and craft, emotion and reality, sound, and matter. Their friendship became a legend in the neighborhood.

When Pietro built his last house, he wanted Marco to play there on the opening day. And so, between the solid walls and the light notes, perfect harmony was created, a balance between two worlds that, though different, could not exist without each other. Their friendship was proof that, even in the greatest differences, you can find common ground and build something wonderful together.

THE FLAME AND THE DROP

In the heart of an enchanted forest, a small flame danced gently, illuminating the night with its warm glow. Nearby, a drop of water hung from a leaf, glistening in the moonlight.

The flame, vain, looked at the drop and said: "I bring light and warmth, without me the world would be cold and dark." The drop, serene, replied: "I bring life and freshness, without me the plants would wither and living things would die."

So, they continued to argue about who was more important. One day, a sudden wind blew strongly. The flame trembled and lowered, threatening to go out, while the drop, carried by the wind, fell to the ground and disappeared into the soil.

Without its source, the flame died out in the darkness, and the drop evaporated in the sun. Both found themselves transformed: the flame was reborn from a new fire; the drop merged with a cloud and returned as rain.

It was then that they understood there was no true superiority between them. The flame and the drop, though opposites, existed in perfect balance: fire could provide heat, but also destroy; water could nourish, but also extinguish. Only by accepting their duality could they utterly understand their role in the universe.

A new cycle began: the flame and the drop learned to coexist, respecting their differences and recognizing each other's importance. When the wind blew hard, the drop transformed into light rain to protect the flame, and when the cold threatened to freeze the drop, the flame warmed the surrounding air. The forest thrived thanks to their balance, and the inhabitants learned to respect and celebrate the duality that allowed life to flourish.

THE PAINTER AND THE COLOR BLACK

Luca was a talented painter, known for his canvases filled with vibrant colors. He detested black, considering it sad and oppressive. In his paintings, every corner was filled with light, leaving no room for shadow.

One day, an old artist told him: "Without black, light has no meaning. Try using it." Luca reluctantly added a few dark brushstrokes.

To his surprise, he noticed that the colors were brighter, the figures were gaining depth, the painting was more intense. Light and shadow were enhancing each other.

He then understood that black was not just darkness, but the backdrop that made colors more real. From that day on, his works changed: they were no longer just joyful or just dark, but instead told the truth of life, made of contrasts and harmonies.

Luca began experimenting with black, discovering the infinite shades it could create. Each dark brushstroke sparked new emotions and meanings. His canvases, now enriched with shadows and chiaroscuro, told deeper and more complex stories.

His works became renowned for their intensity and ability to evoke contrasting emotions. Art critics and admirers recognized Luca's mastery of balancing light and darkness, creating compositions of extraordinary beauty. Each painting was an emotional journey, an invitation to reflect on the duality of existence.

Luca learned that black was not a color to be feared, but an essential part of life's palette. Thanks to that discovery, his work achieved a new depth and complexity, transforming his career and his way of seeing the world.

SILENCE AND THE WORD

Anna and Matteo were childhood friends, but opposites: she talked incessantly, he preferred silence. One day, during a conversation, Matteo remained silent for a long time. Anna became annoyed: "Why don't you answer? The silence is unbearable!" Matteo calmly replied: "Sometimes, silence provides more answers than words." Anna took offense and stopped speaking to him. The days passed in absolute silence. At first, it was a punishment, but soon Anna noticed the sounds around her: the wind in the trees, her heartbeat, the murmur of the city. Matteo, on the other hand, realized that silence alone was not enough. Without Anna's words, something was missing. When they met again, they smiled. They had understood that true balance lay in knowing how to alternate words and silence, because both had their value. From that moment, Anna and Matteo learned to respect each other's time and

space. Anna began to appreciate moments of quiet, finding peace and reflection in silence. Matteo, on the other hand, discovered the joy of sharing thoughts and emotions through words. Their friendship grew stronger, enriched by mutual understanding. Every conversation became a balanced dialogue between words and silence, a harmonious alteration that allowed both to express themselves fully. Anna learned to speak more consciously, while Matteo found the courage to open and share. Together, they discovered that the true value of communication lies in attentive listening and respect for different modes of expression. Their friendship became an example to others, demonstrating that silence and words are two sides of the same coin, both essential for authentic and profound communication.

THE OLD MAN AND THE CHILD

In a small-town park, an old man always sat on the same bench. Every morning, as the sun rose over the horizon, the old man would settle into the wooden bench, watching the world awaken around him. One day, a curious child approached and asked, "Why are you always here, doing nothing?" The old man smiled, revealing the wrinkles that spoke of a lifetime of experiences: "I observe the world. You, on the other hand, are always running, never stopping." The child, surprised by the answer, remained silent for a moment, then asked, "But why observe the world?" The old man replied calmly, "Because in silence and observation, many answers are found. Look carefully, and you will discover things you would never otherwise notice." Every day, the child returned to visit the old man on the bench. The old man told stories of a distant time, of adventures experienced and lessons learned along the way. They spoke of how he had traveled the world, met extraordinary

people, and learned from each of them. The fascinated child listened attentively and in turn shared his daily discoveries, the little wonders he found in the park and in everyday life. Through these conversations, the child began to understand the value of slowness and observation. He learned to stop and carefully observe the world around him, discovering hidden beauty and details that had previously eluded him. He understood that life was not just a frenetic race, but also a journey of discovery and wonder. The old man, on the other hand, rediscovered the wonder of the world through the little boy's eyes. The child's freshness and enthusiasm reminded him of the joy of trivial things and the importance of keeping curiosity alive. Each of the child's stories brought a breath of fresh air to the old man's life, who felt revitalized and grateful for those shared moments. They were opposites, but together they were complete. The old man found inspiration in the child's youth, while the child found wisdom in the old man's experience. Their friendship became an example for the small town, demonstrating that dialogue between different generations could enrich and improve both their lives. Every evening, as the sun set, the child greeted the old man with a smile and a promise: "See you tomorrow." And the old man, with a heart full of gratitude, replied: "I'll be here, ready to observe the world with you." Together, they continued to explore the beauty of life, one day at a time.

THE PHARAOH AND THE SLAVE

In the heart of the Egyptian kingdom, the young pharaoh Amenhotep ruled with wisdom and severity. Every morning, he looked out from the terrace of his golden palace and watched the people tirelessly work to build temples and monuments in his honor. Amenhotep believed that

the greatness of his kingdom depended on his ability to maintain control and demonstrate his authority. Among the workers was Seth, a slave accustomed to challenging work. Every day he carried enormous blocks of stone under the scorching sun, dreaming of freedom. Despite the difficulties, Seth approached his work with a determination that impressed all who observed him. One day, the pharaoh, intrigued by Seth's dedication, ordered him brought to the palace. When Seth stood before the pharaoh, Amenhotep asked him, "Why do you work with such dedication?" Seth replied without hesitation, "Because, even though I am a slave, I find freedom and meaning in my work. Every stone I lift is a step toward my personal and spiritual growth." The pharaoh was struck by the depth of Seth's words. In the solitude of his palace, he understood that, despite his power, he was a prisoner of the responsibilities and expectations that weighed upon him. Seth, however, even as a slave, found freedom in his work and in his ability to face daily challenges with dignity. From that day on, Amenhotep began to treat his people with more respect and humanity. He understood that the true greatness of a kingdom was measured not only by the majesty of its monuments, but also by the dignity and well-being of its inhabitants. He resolved to improve the living conditions of the workers and listen to their needs and aspirations. Seth, thanks to his dedication and talent, was noticed by the pharaoh and received the opportunity to study architecture. Over time, he became a skilled architect and contributed to the construction of some of the most splendid temples in the kingdom. His story became an example of how determination and commitment can transform even the trickiest situations. The contrast between the pharaoh and the slave became the basis of a new harmony in the kingdom. Amenhotep learned to see the value and potential in every individual, regardless of their social

standing. Seth demonstrated that, with dedication and courage, one can achieve inner freedom and realize one's dreams. The story of the pharaoh and the slave was passed down from generation to generation, becoming a symbol of hope and transformation. Amenhotep ruled his kingdom with wisdom and compassion, and Seth continued to build works that celebrated the beauty and resilience of the human spirit.

THE SUN AND THE MOON

The Sun dominated the sky during the day, shining and confident in its importance. The Moon, however, appeared timidly at night, making way for the stars. Each day, the Sun boasted of its greatness, saying, "You are weak," turning to the Moon. "I bring light, warmth, and life." The Moon, with a serene smile, replied, "Perhaps, but I bring peace and dreams." They continued like this for centuries, never truly meeting. The Sun did not understand the value of the stillness of the night, and the Moon did not realize the importance of daylight. One day, however, an extraordinary event occurred: an eclipse. For a moment, the Sun and the Moon overlapped. The world stopped to admire that rare and perfect encounter. The sky became a tableau of light and shadow, and the earth was enveloped in a magical atmosphere. It was then that the Sun understood that even shadow had its beauty, and the Moon understood that, without day, night would be meaningless. Their rivalry turned into mutual admiration. They understood that both played a fundamental role in the balance of the world. Their alternation was true harmony: day and night, light and dark, warmth, and peace. Two opposites, one perfect dance. From that day on, it was no longer a competition. The Sun and the Moon continued their cycle, but with a new awareness. The Sun admired the Moon's ability to bring tranquility and dreams, while

the Moon appreciated the Sun's power to bestow life and energy. The eclipse became a symbol of their union, a moment when the entire world could see their combined beauty. Every time an eclipse occurred, the creatures of the earth stopped to witness that marvelous celestial spectacle. It was a reminder that, despite their differences, harmony could be achieved through mutual respect and understanding. The Sun and Moon continued their dance, knowing that together they made the world a more beautiful and complete place.

THE PHARAOH AND THE BEGGAR

The Pharaoh reigned with absolute power. In the luxury of his golden palace, he watched the people tirelessly work to build his monuments. Among them, a beggar sat every day at the foot of the temple, silently observing the world around him. One day, intrigued by his constant presence, the Pharaoh ordered him to be brought to the palace. "You have nothing," said the Pharaoh, "and yet you seem serene. How can a man without possessions be so peaceful?" He humbly replied, "Your Majesty, I possess neither good nor land, but every day I watch the sunrise, listen to the wind blowing on the Nile, and see the joy in the faces of children. My wealth is in my soul." The Pharaoh remained silent, pondering the beggar's words. For the first time, he wondered whether true greatness lay in the palaces or in the daily experiences the beggar described. He decided to spend more time among the people of his kingdom, observing life with new eyes. From that day on, the pharaoh ruled with greater wisdom and compassion. He often visited the beggar to listen to his reflections and learn from him. He began to see beauty in the trivial things: the birdsong in the morning, the smile of a child, the kindness of a selfless gesture. He understood that true

wealth lay not only in power, but in an understanding of life itself. People noticed the change in their pharaoh. The pharaoh became a leader closer to his people, attentive to their needs and dreams. Under his guidance, the kingdom prospered not only materially, but also spiritually. The beggar's wisdom inspired the pharaoh to be a just and benevolent ruler. The beggar, with his simplicity and wisdom, had taught the pharaoh a valuable lesson: the greatness of a kingdom is measured not only by material wealth, but by the happiness and well-being of its people.

THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR

In a large city, there lived two quite different men: Edoardo, a wealthy businessperson, and Angelo, a beggar who sat on the street corner every day. Edoardo walked past him without so much as a glance, convinced that poverty was simply the result of laziness and bad choices. One day, Edoardo lost everything because of a bad business deal. Humiliated and homeless, he found himself sleeping on the streets. It was then that Angelo approached and offered him a piece of bread. "Not everyone who finds themselves in the lowest echelons has chosen to do so," he said with a kind smile. Edoardo, struck by the generosity of those who had nothing, began to look at life differently. He understood that true wealth lay not in money, but in the ability to share. Angelo showed him how to live with little, but with dignity and gratitude. He taught him that every little thing, like a hot meal or a smile, was priceless. The two men became friends and spent many nights talking under the stars. Edoardo listened to Angelo's stories, discovering that behind every person was a story of struggle and hope. He learned to see beyond appearances and understand the difficulties of others. Over time,

Edoardo was able to rebuild his life. He opened a new business and recovered financially, but he never forgot Angelo's lesson. He decided to use his newfound wealth to be effective in the lives of others. He founded a shelter for those who had lost everything, offering not only a roof, but also job opportunities and emotional support. The shelter became a symbol of hope in the city, a place where anyone could find help and understanding. Edoardo and Angelo continued to work together, helping those in need. Their friendship became an example of how true wealth lies in the heart and the ability to give. Thanks to Angelo's generosity and Edoardo's transformation, many lives were changed. The city learned to see the less fortunate through different eyes, recognizing the value of each individual and the importance of solidarity.

CULTURAL HARMONY

In the vast fabric of humanity, everyone represents a unique and irreplaceable thread, as the ancients said: each head represents a tribunal. People, with their histories, cultures, and traditions, weave together a tapestry of diversity that becomes a symbol of harmony, far from being a source of division. True growth occurs through the exchange of knowledge.

Every encounter, every cultural exchange, is an opportunity to enrich us, to see the world through the eyes of others and discover new perspectives. Through ongoing dialogue, we learn to recognize and appreciate differences, not as obstacles, but as bridges that unite us in every sector and industry on the planet, without exception.

The journey through life teaches us about interaction with others, the value of understanding and compassion. Cultures may seem distant,

but the emotions we share are universal. Celebrating the beauty of harmony in cultural diversity, highlighting the stories of those who, through their own journey, contribute to building a more united and understanding world, inspires us to see humanity as a symphony of diverse voices, each with its own timbre, but all essential to creating a perfect melody.