TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

INSTINCT

Direction



GILLETTE INSTINCT

Direction

TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

There is a house that each of us inhabits without ever having chosen it.

It has no address. It appears on no map. Yet we know it better than any place we have ever truly lived. Inside, there are ten doors.

Some we open every day without realizing it.

Others we keep locked, pretending they have nothing to do with us.

And then there are rooms we did not build ourselves, yet somehow carry within us all the same. This is not a theory.

It is not a psychology manual gathering dust on a shelf.

It is the account of a man who walked through these ten rooms one by one, often without knowing where he was, and who now, with a few more years on his shoulders, is trying to describe them exactly as he experienced them.

Ten doors.

I opened them all.

Some with curiosity.

Some reluctantly.

Some only when it was already too late to turn back.

If these rooms feel familiar, it is not because they tell my story.

It is because, somewhere deep down, they tell yours as well.

Ferdinando

INSTINCT — Direction

Whenever the moment arrived, I found myself standing at a crossroads.

The mind was silent.

No logic.

No calculations.

No strategy.

Only the body.

A slight lean to the left.

Like a leaf following the wind without knowing where it will land.

I learned that instinct comes from an ancient region.

Older than words.

Older than the fears we learned to carry.

It was already there.

Before school.

Before education.

Before character.

Instinct is the first inhabitant of our house.

The one that keeps paying the rent even when we forget it exists.

It does not speak.

It points.

It does not explain.

It accompanies.

Many of the decisions that changed my life were born this way.

Without evidence.

Without guarantees.

Without witnesses.

A feeling.

Nothing more.

And yet, looking back, I can see that it was enough.

Because instinct does not know the future.

It knows our truth—the truth reason may spend years trying to reach, while the body already knew it.

And when we truly listen to it, we stop asking where the road leads.

We start walking.

The problem is not when instinct is wrong.

The problem is when we pretend we never heard it.

Because then we start looking for someone else to carry our responsibilities.

A parent.

A teacher.

A boss.

A government.

A destiny.

If we refuse to listen to what we already know, we will always find someone else to blame.

This is humanity.

Almost always willing to betray itself rather than make a decision.

Ferdinando