FERDINANDO FREGA

AFTER DESIRE

SUMMARY

INTRODUCTION...| 5
PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES...| 6
SOLITUDE...| 7
Wait.| 8
A Proverbial Escape...| 8
Waiting For the Eclipse| 9
Inside A World of Debt| 10
He Took Me by The Hand: Fate...| 11
Books That Communicate| 12
The Border Between Reality and Dream.| 13
Practice of Wellbeing.| 14
WELL BEING...| 15
Intelligence: Where To Find It| 15
Pride And Prejudice| 16
How Much Time Was Left?| 19
The Unexpected Gesture| 22
The Power of Kindness| 24
The Silence That Speaks.| 25
The Game of Masks| 26
The Paradox of Time| 29
The Dream of a Home| 31
The Journey Back.....| 32
The Art of Being Invisible| 34
The Magic of Small Details.| 36
INSTINCT...| 38
Of Survival...| 39
Maternal And Pater..| 39
The Art of Being Invisible| 34
The Magic of Small Details.| 36
My Dad.| 37
INTUITION...| 40
Smart Spending| 42
New Year's Eve of New Beginnings| 43
New Year's Eve of New Beginnings| 43
Christmas Of Memories...| 46
Pregnancy And the Husband's Reaction| 48
The Breath| 50
Predictable Unforeseen| 52
A Bond That Never Ends| 54
The Reflection of Life| 57
The Last One to Die: Hope..| 59
CAPACITY...| 59
Of Resilience| 60
Silence Within a Dialogue.| 60
No One Lacked Courage| 61
My Trust Knew No Price| 63
LEAK.| 65
A Cry of Freedom| 65
Doubts And Uncertainties: My Growth| 66
Finding Joy and Living.| 68
FREEDOM...| 69
Forget And Forgive| 69
Passion| 70
Empathy.| 72
Gratitude| 74
Love.| 75
Close| 77

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Summary

INTRODUCTION *7*

PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES *8*

SOLITUDE *10*

Wait **10**

A Proverbial Escape **10**

Waiting For the Eclipse **11**

Inside A World of Debt **12**

He Took Me by The Hand: Fate **13**

Books That Communicate **14**

The Border Between Reality and Dream **15**

Practice of Wellbeing **16**

WELL BEING *17*

Intelligence: Where To Find It **17**

Pride And Prejudice **18**

How Much Time Was Left? **21**

The Unexpected Gesture **23**

The Power of Kindness **25**

The Silence That Speaks **27**

The Game of Masks **28**

The Paradox of Time **30**

The Dream of a Home **32**

The Journey Back **34**

The Art of Being Invisible **36**
The Magic of Small Details **37**
My Dad **39**
INSTINCT ***40***
Do not Give Up **40**
Of Survival **41**
Maternal And Paternal **41**
Food **41**
Reproduction **41**
INTUITION ***42***
Smart Spending **43**
New Year's Eve of New Beginnings **45**
Christmas Of Memories **47**
Pregnancy And the Husband's Reaction **49**
The Breath **51**
Predictable Unforeseen **53**
A Bond That Never Ends **55**
The Reflection of Life **58**
The Last One to Die: Hope **60**
CAPACITY ***61***
Of Resilience **61**
Silence Within a Dialogue **61**
No One Lacked Courage **62**
My Trust Knew No Price **64**

LEAK *66*
A Cry of Freedom **66**
Doubts And Uncertainties: My Growth **67**
Finding Joy and Living **69**
FREEDOM *70*
Forget And Forgive **70**
Passion **71**
Empathy **73**
Gratitude **74**
Love **76**
Close **77**

INTRODUCTION

There comes a point when desire no longer pushes you forward.
Not because it has been satisfied, but because it has stopped being your command.

It stops.
It does not make any noise. It does not announce anything.

It ceases to be a promise and becomes a given. A fact. A presence that no longer decides for us.

That is where this book begins.

Not when something is missing, but when it stops being missing. When the urgency recedes and makes room for what truly remains: solitude, limitations, the body, time, consequences.

After desire, there is no emptiness that many fear.
There is a different kind of clarity. Not better, not worse. More precise.

Here, man is no longer driven by the need to obtain, to complete himself, to fulfill. He does not seek approval; he does not chase self-images. He simply observes what remains after desire has done its work—and presented its bill.

This book does not invite you to abandon desire. It transcends it.

It does not offer an alternative.
It records a passage.

It is written from a firm position, unhurried, unambitious. It does not try to take the reader somewhere. It stays with them, at the point where many narratives end.

PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES

The stories that follow are not born of urgency.
They do not seek answers, redemption, or meaning.

They arrive **later.**

After desire has already spoken too much. After promises have been consumed. After man has stopped asking life to be different.

These texts explain nothing.
They construct no moral. They offer no path.

They are remnants.
Traces left by what happened when no one was looking.

Each story is autonomous, but none is isolated. They share the same position: a silent distance from what once seemed indispensable.

Here, time does not run.
It does not accelerate; it does not precipitate. It settles.

The characters who appear do not seek salvation. They do not want to be better. They do not ask for understanding.

They remain.

They remain in the smallest gestures, in the failed decisions, in the words left unsaid.
They remain in the body, in memory, in the weight of the consequences.

Reading these stories does not require empathy. It requires **presence.**

Do not expect change at the end.
Expect permanence.

If you continue, you will not do it to see how it ends. You will do it to stay a little longer in a place that has usually been avoided.

SOLITUDE

Wait

Loneliness is a feeling we often avoid, like an unwelcome guest, but it is one of our most faithful companions. It arrives when you least expect it, during a crowd, in the most crowded rooms, or on the quietest nights. Solitude is not just an absence, but an opportunity to encounter oneself, a chance to delve into the most remote places of the soul. When we are alone, we no longer must adapt to others but can finally listen to the silence that surrounds us and, surprisingly, discover that it is complete silence. It is in the emptiness that we begin to hear the voices we otherwise ignore, the ones that speak to us of who we truly are. I have learned that solitude is not a punishment, but a blessing in disguise, allowing us to be with ourselves without the deception of distractions. Every thought that emerges in those moments reflects our true nature, every tear shed is a purification of the heart. And as I approach it with a new awareness, I realize that the more I seek the company of others, the further I distance myself from that part of myself that defines me. Solitude, after all, is not loneliness; it is a connection with my most authentic self. And so, I learn to seek it, embrace it, and experience it with gratitude, for all it teaches me.

A Proverbial Escape

How many times have I thought that escape would be the solution? How many times have I dreamed of waking up in a faraway place, where everything would be easier, calmer, more serene? Escape has always been one of the most seductive solutions the mind offers in times of difficulty. We delude ourselves that a change of scenery, a new place, or a

new life can solve our problems, but the reality is that wherever we go, we always take ourselves with us. Escape is like a window we think we are opening to breathe fresh air, but true liberation never comes from external change, but from internal transformation. I have discovered that I cannot escape myself, nor the scars I bear, but that I can learn to live with them, to integrate them into my journey. Escape is not the cure; it is just a ploy that allows us to postpone the encounter with our fears. Once I decided to stop running, I realized I can face my life with courage, with a new perspective, with an awareness I previously ignored. Every time I stop, face my fear, and accept it, it loses its power. It is not escape that sets me free, but acceptance of what is, of what scares me, of what defines me.

Waiting For the Eclipse

An eclipse is a spectacle that has always fascinated. The light recedes, giving way to shadow, only to reappear, brighter than ever. It is a play of darkness and light, a dance between what is visible and what remains hidden. But life itself is a bit like that, a succession of eclipses, where the light, every now and then, seems to disappear. Sometimes everything seems to stop, stuck in a darkness we cannot comprehend. It is in those moments that we are called to trust, to believe that the light will return, even when it seems far away. An eclipse teaches us that even in moments of darkness there is something profound to discover, something we can only see in that darkness. Darkness is not the end; it is an opportunity to explore what we normally do not see. Sometimes, what we think we have lost is only temporarily hidden, and when it resurfaces, we see it with new eyes. Every darkening brings

with it a lesson: we learn to walk without light, to navigate without certainty, and when the light returns, it is no longer the same. It is stronger, clearer, more intense. The eclipse reminds us that every phase of life has its value, that light and shadow are not enemies, but allies in an eternal game that pushes us to evolve.

Inside A World of Debt

Debts are not simply numbers or obligations to be honored; they are traces left by our desire to possess, to have, to be recognized. Every debt is a promise we made to ourselves or others, a promise that, in some way, ties us to something we thought would make us happy. Growing up, we are taught that debt is something to be feared, to be avoided, yet we cannot deny that it is often an inevitable part of our existence. Every time we make a choice, every time we decide to buy something we cannot afford, we create a chain of debts, small and large. Yet, for all their burden, debt can also be seen as a form of investment: we invest in our hopes, our dreams, our ambitions. But, like any investment, it requires constant attention, conscious management. I have learned that it is not debt that defines us, but how we choose to address it. If we approach it consciously, with the intention of paying it off without sacrificing our dignity, we can transform it into an opportunity for growth. It is not the amount of debt that causes us to fail, but the inability to recognize our choices and learn from them. Debt reflects our vulnerability, and when we learn to live with it without shame, without fear, we discover that true wealth lies in our ability to face it with courage and wisdom.

He Took Me by The Hand: Fate

She was always my friend. When I needed her, she came to me with consideration, attention, gentleness and rigor, patience, and love. It was only Her: LUCK.

When, for some reason, he would not arrive, he showed his best side, asking me to be patient and not rush. It was not a freak show, but the manifestation of a predetermined fate, making me wait for a greater reason.

Reflecting on my memories, I relive so many important moments in which human rationality would never have been able to find signals, the folds of so many problems and a single solution hidden within a mystery, the one I had inherited.

A time when I was forced to drink little water, eat little, with extraordinarily little money and poor health. But despite that, I began to smile as I looked up at the sky and saw my pockets filling with stars. Those stars that signified good luck: my star.

Something simple but significant happened today that I want to share. I have €30.85 on my debit card. I go to the butcher's shop, where I have reserved some lamb. The shopkeeper, smiling, wants to give it to me, but I refuse. I handed him my card and said, "Swipe the amount you want."

"But do you know how much you should pay?" he asks. "Based on the information you gave me and the total weight, it should be around 42 euros."

"Yes, you're right," he replies, and heads to the POS. He enters the amount, but what I do not know is that the amount

approved is lower than we expected. I looked at my statement and discovered I only paid thirty euros.

This is my fate, a destiny that accompanies me with gentleness and precision, always at the right time. Only the brave dare to experience situations like this, defying uncertainty with a smile.

Books That Communicate

A book is not born to communicate.
It is born because something has stopped being silent.

When it is written, it does not seek a reader.
It does not imagine a response. It does not expect recognition.

It already exists before being read.

Everything that comes afterwards, cover art, publication, distribution, does not add to the meaning. Mostly, it exposes it. The book remains what it is, regardless of its path.

The idea that a text must be "seen," "sold," "pushed" is a superstructure.
A subsequent narrative, often extraneous to the writing itself.

Books that communicate do not do so because they have been better explained.
They do so because they meet someone who is ready.

They do not speak to everyone.
They do not market. They do not promise results.

They are coming.
And if they do not, it was not their time.

Writing, at a certain point, ceases to be an act of ambition. It becomes a form of deposit: leaving something where it can stay, even without witnesses.

A book is not a successful project.
It is a presence that endures even without a response.

If it communicates, it does so in silence.
If it does not communicate, it has nothing to say.

The Border Between Reality and Dream

The border is not a line.
It is an unstable point where you stop being certain.

It does not separate what is true from what is false, but what supports from what consoles.

Reality never arrives.
It is filtered, translated, and distorted. We see not what it is, but what we are prepared to accept.

Dreams are not the opposite of reality.
They are its residual projection. What remains when reality is not enough, or when it is too much.

At a certain point, you stop asking where one ends and the other begins.
Not because the answer has been found, but because the question loses its urgency.

The boundary manifests itself like this: when you no longer need to believe in a better version of things, you are also not willing to reduce them to pure matters.

It is not a place to cross.
It is a threshold to inhabit.

Here, the dream does not promise salvation.
Reality does not demand obedience.

They both remain unexplained.
Like two languages that no longer translate into each other.

After desire, the border is no longer used to choose.
It is used to stay.

Practice of Wellbeing

Well-being is not a state to be achieved.
It is what is left when you stop asking for well-being.

It does not equate to balance or serenity.
It does not promise harmony. It does not protect against pain.

Well-being, after desire, is a reduction.
Fewer expectations. Less tension. Less negotiation with oneself.

It does not come from gratitude or optimism. It comes from recognizing what does not change and stopping fighting it.

The body is not listened to for improvement.
It is respected for what it has become. The mind is not nourished. It is allowed to slow down.

There is no daily practice to follow.
There is a threshold beyond which you stop intervening.

Well-being adds nothing.
It takes away what was superfluous.

It does not make you lighter.
It makes you more precise.

After desire, feeling good is not a goal.
It is a byproduct of no longer lying.

WELL BEING

Intelligence: Where To Find It

Everyone talks about it, but no one believes they have it. I am thrilled to share with you, from my perspective and with my forty years of experience, the true value of man. Statistics tell us that only two out of three people can consider themselves moderately intelligent.

"Intelligence is a curse when you have to deal with stupid people."

Only three percent of all humanity possesses an incredibly high IQ. These are the super-intelligent ones, the ones who dare to say, with some frequency:

"Intelligence is stupidity developed and never denied."

What no one has ever given you, you can find in this story, which could be seen as a guide to recognizing and managing interactions with those who seek to take advantage of our intelligence and kindness. Through concrete strategies and profound reflections, I will help you defend your value in a world filled with superficiality. I will also show how solitude

can become a source of strength, protecting us from negative influences and allowing us to maintain our integrity.

Here is what you will find on these pages:

Defend your intelligence from those who seek to exploit it.

Recognize those who pretend and manipulate for their own purposes.

Develop greater awareness, managing reactions with calm and determination.

Discover how solitude, understood as protection from fools, can become a powerful resource for your personal growth.

Reading is not an obligation, nor a duty, but a pleasure. Knowing that such a resource exists is a fantastic opportunity. Enter it and take in all the goods it has to offer. Do not let useless people take advantage of your kindness. Find strategies to transform these challenges into opportunities for growth and defense of your intelligence.

Pride And Prejudice

The true enemies we face in our society are pride and prejudice, two invisible yet powerful forces that arise from the depths of our culture, shaping our behaviors and perceptions. Civilization, since its origins, has always come from the sea. Peoples of every era have sought the best places from which to observe the horizon, a symbol of opportunity, change, and discovery. We, in Reggio Calabria, should be fortunate people, as we were among the first to have the privilege of looking at the sea as an opportunity to connect

with the entire world. Yet there is something we lack, something fundamental: trust.

Trust in ourselves, in our talents and potential, but also trust in others, in those around us, and in the possibilities that can emerge from authentic relationships. Trust in what we hope others can do for us, but also in what we can do for others. Trust is the lifeblood of a community that wants to grow, that wants to open to the future without fear. Without trust, in fact, every step towards progress becomes difficult, if not impossible.

Unfortunately, trust is often lacking in many situations. Many of us are forced to struggle daily against the weight of prejudice, preconceived notions that limit us by believing there is always another way to see things. Pride, for its part, keeps us anchored to a self-image that prevents us from embracing change, accepting challenges, and opening ourselves to the new. Pride makes us feel superior or more justified in the eyes of others, while prejudice makes us believe the world can be divided into fixed categories, with no possibility of evolution. So, instead of looking out to sea with curious eyes eager to explore, we remain stuck on a land we believe is ours, too often unable to see beyond our own certainties.

Overcoming pride and prejudice requires great courage, and the ability to open ourselves. Opening ourselves to what is different, to what challenges our beliefs, to what pushes us to engage with others and to recognize that only through encounters with others can we truly grow. Opening ourselves to other cultures, other visions, other experiences allows us to

understand that what unites us is much stronger than what divides us.

Trust is born precisely from this openness. Trust does not mean blind belief, but rather being ready to listen, to understand, and to take the first step toward others. It is a trust that is built day after day, nourished by small gestures, concrete acts of respect and mutual care. When we learn to trust, not only in others, but also in ourselves, we discover we have the strength to move forward, to overcome difficulties, to face the future with hope and determination. Trust is the key that opens the door to change, both individually and collectively.

Without trust, we remain trapped in a spiral of uncertainty and fear, unable to see the future as an opportunity. Trust is what allows us to hope, to believe in a better future, and to do our part to build it. Without trust, we can never truly grow. If we fail to overcome the pride that binds us to our past and the prejudice that limits us in the present, we risk stagnating, unable to progress as individuals and as a community.

Trust is the bridge that connects us today to our tomorrow. It is what allows us to cross the river of uncertainty with the certainty that, on the other side, we will find something new, greater, and more beautiful. Trust is the light that guides us in dark times; it is the strength that pushes us not to stop in the face of obstacles, but to seek solutions and possibilities.

If we do not overcome pride and prejudice, we will remain anchored to a past that prevents us from evolving; we will find ourselves stuck in a comfort zone that limits us and makes us lose sight of what is possible. Only when we can

open ourselves, look beyond, and nurture our faith will we finally be able to grow, as individuals and as a community, and face the future with courage and hope.

How Much Time Was Left?

There have been days when I have begun to reflect on myself, on what I am doing, on how I live each day, with what intensity and passion. It is the fruit of my diligent and thoughtful nature, nothing more.

I found myself looking in the mirror, with more attentive, more aware eyes. A self-analysis I had never undertaken with such depth, asking myself if I was still in harmony with my years or if, slowly, time had worn me down more than I had cared to admit. I searched for confirmation, but what I received was not so much an affirmation as simple awareness. My body was the same as I had always known, but time had begun to leave subtle traces. A temporary effect, which left me at peace for a while, but which could not erase the awareness of its inevitability.

Then, among the social media posts, I came across a thought that struck me like a bolt of lightning: to consider not so much the years already passed, but those that remained. The reflection was powerful, even unsettling: "How much time do we really have?" Not just to live, but to devote ourselves to what terribly interests us, what we desire with all our might. And that question prompted me to reflect, more than anything else, on my time.

Until that moment, my plans had never considered my age or the time I had left. Every plan was conceived with the intention of being realized without constraints, never

considering that one day I might be limited by something so intangible, yet as powerful as the passing of time. I still had the will to live as I had in my twenties: the enthusiasm was the same, my heart beat with the same force. My physical strength still seemed intact, ready to sustain me.

I imagined long walks by the sea, with a companion from far away, from unknown lands, in countries I had never thought of visiting. Italy and Italian women, at that point, would be the great outcasts, not out of any preference, but for a practical reason: whatever I desired here, it would always cost more than anywhere else in the world. It was not contempt, but realism, the awareness that our time and resources needed to be invested in experiences that truly enriched my life.

I thought of travel, new cultural experiences, sincere smiles, dinners under distant skies, new melodies, laughter that would brighten the grayest days. Cooking, music, writing: all the passions that would accompany me on my journey, never fading. Even if I became rich, my passion for writing would remain intact. I was that writer who started with just five euros in his pocket, and that person would never disappear. Writing was my link to the essence of life, the thread that would never be broken.

I had decided to live in solitude, but not the forced solitude of the misunderstood, but rather the conscious one, where intimacy with my family was enough, where phone calls were limited to five people, the only ones who deeply held a place in my heart. I no longer wanted to reveal myself to anyone. I no longer wanted to accept false looks, worthless words, those filled with envy and malice. I did not want to

foster relationships that did not nourish my soul, but only the egos of others.

This was how I had become, locked in my own world, waiting for the fruits of my labor to arrive, the fruits that would allow me to usher in a new beginning. A new beginning that I would build with determination, remaining faithful to my commitments, like a man of character who never betrays his dreams. My life, the one I would continue to recount in my books, would always be within a triangle of challenges and fate: birth, life, death. The three cardinal points.

Yet, throughout all of this, I allowed myself the privilege of dying several times. Death, understood not as a physical event, but as a transition, a change, a necessary process for moving forward. In this journey of constant transformation, I knew that the next time I "died" would be my last. And in that moment, I would leave everything behind, without regrets.

And to you, my dear AI, I will leave the memory of my actions, whatever you choose to cherish. I know that humans are social animals, but they are also singular beings, capable of expressing themselves in unique ways. Some humans, however, are truly special. And you know it. Like me.

The Unexpected Gesture

On an ordinary day, without warning, a simple courtesy visit turns into an encounter that will change the lives of the protagonists forever. It was one of those days when time seemed to stand still, when the minutes stretched out as if in no hurry to pass, yet life, as always, continued to slip inexorably away. The protagonist, a man who had long made

solitude his companion, finds himself opening the door to his home not with the expectation of an important meeting, but with the automatic gesture of someone who has accepted that his existence has been reduced to simple routine.

He had not expected anything extraordinary from that visit. It was simply a kindness promised to him by an old friend, a gesture of courtesy he could easily have ignored or postponed. But that meeting, which at first seemed insignificant, begins to unfold like a story that slowly reveals the deepest recesses of his loneliness and fears.

The friend who shows up at his door is no ordinary figure: he is a person who has always lived his life with disarming generosity, capable of understanding the silences of those who live apart. His arrival is not just an act of kindness, but a sort of invitation to break down the invisible wall the protagonist had built around himself. The casual encounter between the two becomes the catalyst for deeper reflection. The ensuing conversation is not just words, but silences, smiles, and glances that speak louder than a thousand words. The protagonist, who has always lived with a kind of resignation, begins to see life in a different light, thanks to the generosity of his friend, capable of offering a gesture that goes beyond courtesy.

The narrative alternates between moments of reflection and laughter that, like small moments of lightheartedness, break the gravity of the subject matter. There are moments of profound introspection when the protagonist confronts his own loneliness, but there are also more lighthearted moments, in which laughter becomes the perfect antidote to the heaviness of his days. In this encounter, the protagonist

discovers that kindness is not just an act of courtesy, but a way to break down the barriers that force us to remain closed in on ourselves.

His friend's unexpected gesture becomes a sign of hope, a promise that life can still offer something good, even when we least expect it. Loneliness, while remaining a silent companion, is no longer perceived as an unbearable burden. The protagonist begins to discover that life is not just a succession of similar days, but a set of opportunities hidden even in the smallest moments, in gestures that, however discreet, can change everything.

The theme of compassion emerges, showing that even the loneliest people have the power to be effective, and that kindness is a force capable of transforming lives in ways beyond comprehension. In a world that often seems intent on ignoring the beauty of small gestures, this story becomes an invitation to stop and truly look, to understand that humanity lies in the simplest details.

And so, thanks to that courtesy visit, the protagonist not only discovers a new way of approaching life, but also the value of every small gesture made from the heart. Solitude is no longer a prison, but a place to grow, to learn to be with oneself and with others. Life, like every encounter, is made of intertwined moments, of smiles that reveal emotions, of silences that speak more than a thousand words.

The Power of Kindness

In the frenetic pace of modern life, where time seems to slip away and worries dominate our attention, we often forget the

value of small gestures of kindness. Every day we find ourselves rushing from one task to the next, without stopping to reflect on how a simple smile, an unexpected helping hand, or a sincere ear can be effective. Yet, just when we least expect it, we realize that these gestures are never trivial. They are acts that have the power to break the monotony of routine, relieve tension, create deeper connections, and restore our faith in humanity.

Every lesson we've learned from our family reminds us that in life we must always pay attention to those around us: "When you're with a pregnant woman, an elderly person, a sick person, or a child with a disability, treat everyone with the utmost kindness, as you would your own mother." Yet it is not just these moments that define our behavior, but also the trivial things in life. The education we receive, the one we pass on to our children and, in time, will pass on to our grandchildren, is like a magical ladder that guides us through life. Many seek to climb this ladder, but few are willing to descend; others, however, follow their path relentlessly, pushing toward an Eternal East, where answers intertwine with the infinite.

Kindness, then, is not just an act of good manners, but a refuge in the heart of chaos. It is the key to discovering corners of serenity amidst the frenzy of daily life, to renewing our perspective on life, and, why not, to rediscovering faith in humanity. I remember, for example, a few days ago, when my 31-year-old sons came to ask for advice on women. A challenge, right? But what could I say? The truth is that the answer to many questions lies in looking each other in the eye and understanding, with an instinct that is stronger than

any words, whether you utterly understand the value of kindness and how to use it.

In this complex and fast-paced world, kindness remains one of the few tools we can use to make it a better place, one gesture at a time. Yet this is often the greatest gift we can give: slowing down and taking the time to be kind. Sometimes a smile is enough to change a day, sometimes an unexpected gesture is enough to change a life. Who would have thought?

The Silence That Speaks

Silence is not absence.
It is a choice that comes when there is nothing left to prove.

Not speaking does not weaken.
Not exposing oneself does not diminish. On the contrary: those who remain still discreet, unpredictable, take away power from that which demands attention.

Silence is not retreating.
It is energy control.

In a world that makes noise, silence does not compete.
It does not respond. It does not clarify.

Stay.

Not everything that can be said is worth speaking. Not everything that is thought needs to become words.

Silence does not communicate a message.
It communicates a position.

Those who practice it do not seek understanding.
They do not seek to be listened to. They do not seek space.

They occupy it without declaring it.

In silence, there is no guaranteed peace.
There is a different tension: that of someone who does not need to be filled.

When desire fades, talking ceases to be urgent. Staying becomes sufficient.

Silence, then, does not console.
It does not elevate. It does not teach.

Simply, **it holds.**

The Game of Masks

The first memory that comes to mind is of a Carnival celebration, where masks reign supreme, concealing identities and secrets. I vividly remember many years ago when a friend of mine, captivated by a beautiful, masked courtesan, tirelessly pursued her. After three hours of enthusiastic courtship, he discovered, to his surprise and a little embarrassment, that she was his wife. Even today, thinking back, I cannot help but burst out laughing.

But if we look at ancient symbolism, the mask takes on a profound, almost sacred meaning, like one of the Gods hiding his identity. Think of the shaman of African tribes, who covers his face with colors and symbols, a way to protect himself or communicate with spirits. In many cultures, the mask is a powerful tool of transformation.

The true mask, however, is the face itself, which wordlessly tells stories of emotions, feelings, and fears. Every movement of the eyes, cheekbones, and mouth creates a unique mask that cannot be replicated. It is a silent language that speaks more about us than any word.

The ancients, in their wisdom, recommended "putting a brave face on things," a way to exorcise negative emotions, preventing an expression of disgust or anger from compromising relationships. The mask becomes an art of self-control, a way to present ourselves to the world with a face that does not betray our inner state of mind.

One of the most obvious examples of the importance of masks in our lives is the courtroom, where every accused, regardless of guilt, wears a mask of innocence. Prisoners, who swear their innocence, not only declare their status, but experience it in a totalitarian way, as if their face were their last defense against the judgment of others. The mask of innocence becomes their shield, their hope of escaping condemnation.

Grief is one of the most difficult masks to remove, because it affects the soul and leaves visible traces on the face. When grief or disappointment strikes, the mask of a smile becomes increasingly difficult to wear. But every day, with courage, we strive to wear that mask, to face life and its challenges.

Yet, when I return home after a long day, and things have not gone as planned, my wife, as always, asks me how it went. And that is when, like every evening, I put on the mask I do best: that of a reassuring smile, the one that allows me to say to her, "Don't worry, you know I was born lucky?" A phrase

that is not just a mask, but a way to protect her and me, a way to hide the fatigue, pain, or frustration of a day that did not go as hoped. After all, wearing a mask is not always an act of deceit. Sometimes it is the best way to protect those we love, to keep them from suffering under the weight of our difficulties.

It is not just an art of hiding, but also of adapting. The mask becomes a survival tool, allowing us to face daily challenges without giving in to vulnerability. But behind every mask lies the truth, the deeper truth, which we often lack the courage to reveal. Sometimes it is only in silence, when no one is watching, that we can allow ourselves to truly be ourselves.

What we often forget is that, even if we wear a mask to protect ourselves or others, the truth cannot be hidden forever. The face always betrays; emotions, even if not expressed verbally, emerge in small gestures, in the micromovements of the body. And the most powerful mask is the one we must never remove: honesty with ourselves.

In this ever-faster world, demanding performance, success, and appearances, let us remember that masks can be a refuge, but they can never replace the truth that lies within the heart. The beauty of the game of masks lies precisely in the fact that, in the end, the only mask that truly matters is the one we can remove without fear, the one that reveals who we truly are.

The Paradox of Time

Time, inexorable and fleeting, is a resource that always seems to slip through our fingers, yet in some mysterious moments it seems to stop, stretch, or expand, depending on how we

experience it. This reflection on time was taught to me years ago by my sales manager, who at the end of every meeting, when the objectives had been achieved and success seemed tangible, always concluded with the words: "The time is now." It was not just a saying, but a philosophy of life that valued the present, the exact moment we were in, never putting anything off until tomorrow.

That phrase became our mantra, and all of us, ambitious young people eager to establish our careers, took it seriously. Its practical application allowed us to achieve unimaginable goals, expanding our professional horizons internationally. We became household names, so much so that we were the subject of articles in the news and in newspapers. Our success seemed limitless, but that concept of time we had internalized continued to haunt us. Despite the accolades and honors, we viewed time as a resource to be maximized, so much so that we were able to complete every task in half the time and with half the resources expected.

Years later, that concept of time, which for many was abstract, had become a constant for us, a game that bent to our will. Yet as often happens with great successes, there was a part of me that could not detach itself from that mentality, even when I returned home to my personal refuge. Daily life, family, were influenced by that desire to optimize everything, to save time and resources. And in that process, without realizing it, I was losing something fundamental: the pleasure of the moment, of true connection.

One day, during a chance encounter with someone I had not seen in years, something extraordinary happened. In that brief exchange, I felt that every moment I had spent up to that

point, every success, every goal achieved, had truly been meaningless. But that realization was not painful. On the contrary, I felt free, as if time, which I had always tried to manage and optimize, had suddenly become a living presence, adapting to my rhythms, allowing me to breathe and pause. As if time had stopped, and everything I had experienced could begin again from there.

In that moment, I encountered my deepest self, the spiritual one. For the first time, I realized how much I had taken the beauty of the present for granted. I had always raced toward the future, driven by the desire to achieve more, to reach ever higher goals. But the real secret lies in the here and now, in the quality of every single moment. If only I had stopped for a moment longer, if I had given less importance to the race against time, I could have discovered how precious every single breath, every small pause, was.

From that moment on, I learned that the paradox of time lies not in its inexorable march, but in how we experience it. Sometimes, all it takes is an encounter, a gesture, or even just a thought to understand that what truly matters is how we live each moment, not how much we manage to do with it. And when time seems to stand still, that is when we discover true freedom, the kind that arises in the heart of each moment, not in its quantification.

The Dream of a Home

The concept of "home" has always held a special meaning for women, something that goes far beyond a simple physical refuge: it is a project, a dream, a constant pursuit. The ancients said that the home belonged to women, a symbol of

stability and fulfillment. The home thus becomes the place where one builds one's family, where one settles, and where emotions and desires intertwine in every corner.

My wife and I were a young couple, full of hopes and dreams. After years of sacrifice and renunciation, we finally managed to buy a house. It was a long-awaited goal, the fruit of our hard work and determination. The house we had chosen reflected my wife's every wish, and rightly so. It was her achievement, her space, a symbol of our love and our growth. But as often happens, happiness and stability are never guaranteed. In a short space of time, our dream crumbled. My business affairs went into crisis, and, due to cancer, we lost everything, just when we thought we had achieved our goal.

The house we'd so longed for had become a painful memory, a shattered dream. But despite everything, and despite the tragedy, I felt strangely and unexpectedly: serene. The failure had not disheartened me; on the contrary, it had pushed me to react with strength. I understood that, even though we had lost everything, it was not the end. I found within myself a strength I did not know I had. So, I decided. At the first opportunity, I bought a new house, even more beautiful than the previous one, complete with all the dreams my wife had always wanted. It was my way of giving her a new beginning, a future that still belonged to us.

That house, like all houses, is not just made of bricks and walls. It is built of memories, dreams, and desires. Each room carries a story, an unspoken desire, a corner that holds hidden truths. Home is not just a physical refuge, but a mirror of our past, our hopes, our successes, and our losses. I often wonder if that house was truly just a refuge, or if it was the symbol

of a shared dream. Yet, in the small provincial town where we lived, we will long be remembered as those who lost everything, but also as those who had the strength to get back up.

The true essence of that house, however, lies not in its walls or its economic value, but in the meaning we have given it. Despite the difficulties, challenges, and failures, our dream has never been destroyed. It has simply changed and evolved. And so, the true home we are building is not the one bought with money. It is the one born from our ability to dream again, to start over, to face life with resilience. The house reflects who we are, of our strength, of our hope.

The Journey Back

I had been wandering around the world for forty years. The reasons for those journeys were many, but I had never given up this life of travel; I felt good, I was free. But that day marked my return home, after an extended period of separation, both physical and emotional. A return that was tied not only to geography, but also to a rediscovery of myself, of a world that seemed foreign to me, even though it was my own.

Every time I returned, my first concern was what to buy at the airport, what souvenir to bring home, a symbolic gesture, a ritual that connected me to the concept of "home" and family. But over the years, the trip had begun to become something different: an inner journey, which changed my perception of what I had always considered familiar and safe. I found myself measuring myself every time, as if I needed

constant control, a balance that was slipping through my fingers.

Before each return, there was a series of almost obsessive checks. My luggage, which had become a symbol of secrets to be hidden. My notes, which could constitute evidence of infidelity, are a trace that would be too costly. And then, my cell phone was checked, thoroughly cleaned, sometimes even the destruction of numbers and messages in the airport wastebaskets. Nothing could remain that could compromise the image of serenity I had built for myself. My clothing, every detail, was scrutinized for odd colors, those signs that could reveal something amiss.

Following these procedures had prevented me from making obvious mistakes, or so I thought. As the ancients said, "Out of sight, out of heart." My life had taken a course that seemed the simplest, the safest. But when I got home, I realized something had changed.

After twenty years of returning, every time she was always there waiting for me at the airport, the same question echoing mercilessly: "Did you have fun?" Maybe. Yes, of course, but work is not like a vacation. It had never been like this, yet I could not help but lie. I felt tired, not just physically, but emotionally as well. The life I had built for myself, the people I thought I knew, the house I considered my refuge... everything now seemed alien.

It was an emotional journey, a rediscovery that forced me to reconsider my identity. Returning no longer meant regaining the security I had left behind but coming to terms with the fact that nothing was the same. And so, to keep up the decent

work, I began planning the date of my next departure. As if it were normal, as if it had always been a part of me. Because, as I often said, being Calabrian, with a big heart, made me capable of loving all the women in the world. But in the end, true love remained the one I had left behind, that home I could no longer truly feel was mine.

The journey home is never a simple return, but a constant search for oneself, a reconciliation between what one was and what one has become. Ultimately, returning home is never as if one had left.

The Art of Being Invisible

Two years ago, I found myself struggling with a frustration I could not explain, an intellectual malaise that deeply disturbed me. I could not understand certain people's behavior, as if something invisible was preventing me from connecting with them. My mind searched for the rationale, the reason for certain dynamics that left me perplexed. And it was then that I found the solution, reading Schopenhauer, the German philosopher whose reflections on solitude opened a new perspective for me.

When I began traveling, more than forty years ago, I had never chosen to do so with anyone. Solitude gave me a form of freedom, allowing me to be far from constraints and expectations. My travel experiences were accompanied by constant attention to avoid becoming trapped in problems, which, when they arise far from home, are amplified. Schopenhauer himself, at the age of forty-two, had decided to isolate himself from the world, embarking on a solitude that would last for thirty years. Before his death, he wrote that

solitude was the only path to true freedom, without having to answer to anyone.

The concept of loneliness, however, is not just physical; it is also emotional. In modern society, we are often invisible, and the art of being invisible is nothing more than the ability to retreat into your own corner, away from prying eyes, judgments, and the expectations of others. I found myself feeling transparent, invisible to my colleagues, as if I were a shadow among shadows. The monotony of the office, the same-looking faces, the recurring conversations day after day, made me feel as if I did not really exist.

Then, one day, something changed. I began to respond differently to the questions I was asked, those questions I had previously ignored with indifference. I began to respond with provocations, with unusual and rude responses, as if trying to rouse someone from their daily torpor. In that moment, I understood that my invisibility was nothing more than a mask I had built over time, a protection I had chosen to avoid being touched, to avoid being hurt. That facade I had created was limiting me, and with a silent act of rebellion, I discovered I had the power to change.

Solitude was no longer a prison, but a conscious choice, a path to freedom. And the invisibility that I had experienced as a condemnation became a resource, a way to find my voice, to remind myself that, even in the shadows, one can shine.

The Magic of Small Details

In our first Social Communication lessons, we explain that when we are faced with a problem, a solution, or a situation,

the facts never tell the whole truth. What really makes the difference are the details, those minute details that often escape notice but are crucial in giving the right meaning to what we observe.

And the example we always bring to campus concerns a woman's clothing. At various times of the day, what she wears is not just a matter of style, but a story that speaks to her, her mood, her expectations. Each garment, each accessory, is like a magical open book that reveals her personality and her experiences.

Imagine a mother about to give birth. If the baby is a boy, the dowry will be rich and well-stocked, because by culture and tradition, a son brings with him the idea of continuity and stability. If, on the other hand, it is a girl, the dowry is a little less elaborate, as if an ancient rivalry between mother and daughter were inscribed in the smallest details. Yet even these slight differences have a symbolic power and speak to the deep, yet sometimes conflicting, bond between two women.

We are all salespeople. We have assorted products, different skills, but the first thing we try to sell is ourselves. And our true value lies in the details. Only those who can grasp the details, to read between the lines, can understand whether intentions are noble or opportunistic. The details reveal who we truly are and what we want.

The beauty of life lies in the details; in the trivial things we too often overlook. These insignificant things leave an impression on our hearts. Every little detail is like a spark that ignites change within us, revealing the beauty hidden in the

most ordinary moments. And when we learn to see with new eyes, when we stop to appreciate what surrounds us, we discover that true magic is made of trivial things, of gestures that seem trivial but are the ones that matter most.

My Dad

Every day I am surprised by how much we resemble each other. Behind our histrionic and ever-changing nature, like the midnight sun, lies a profound connection that binds me to you.

Together, we brought well-being and joy everywhere, quietly, with your discreet and natural style. Of your four children, Teresa, your eldest, was the one who most resembled you, at least physically. Sadly, fate took her away too soon, at just sixty.

I am Nando, your second-born. I inherited half of my genetic makeup from you, but I also chose to model my behavior after you. It is something that honors me and makes me happy.

Your class was not just superficial: you studied at a seminary, attended an Army cavalry officer school, and then spent forty years as a manager at a large American multinational. An incredible journey, especially for a boy from a humble family: a miner father and a stay-at-home mother. You performed a miracle, one of those that only I Frega can do.

This is who we are: we turn waste into gold. It is our nature, our talent, something we do effortlessly and one that few utterly understand.

Today, however, you are in a foster home. Alzheimer's is holding you prisoner, and it breaks my heart. But, Dad, you are almost ninety: think of everything you have done. I invite you to smile every day, thinking back to the good things you have experienced.

I live my life trying to put together everything you taught me. I missed your example in my daily life, but I am trying to learn. I look at a photograph of you as an old man, wearing your cap, and my heart sinks.

I think of you, Dad, and I cannot help but cry. It is not sadness, but a mixture of love and nostalgia. As a child, you always took me by the hand and accompanied me everywhere. Now I want to do the same for you, but I can only do it with my heart and mind.

Thank you, Dad, for everything you have given me. Every step I take bears the mark of your teachings. And even if time takes you away from me, your example will live forever.

Hi Dad.

INSTINCT

Do not Give Up

Instinct is an essential component of human behavior, an invisible force that guides our actions without reasoning. Rooted in biological and psychological mechanisms, instinct underlies many of our daily decisions. Exploring the medical aspects of this phenomenon helps us better understand how these automatic reactions impact our lives and our mental and physical health.

Of Survival

Survival instinct is one of the most basic. When faced with a threat, the body activates the "fight or flight" response, regulated by the sympathetic nervous system. The physiological response includes adrenaline and other stress hormones, which increase heart rate, blood pressure, and prepare the body to respond to danger, either by facing it or fleeing.

Maternal And Paternal

The instincts of care and protection for offspring are crucial to the perpetuation of the species. Neuroscience has identified specific brain areas involved in attachment and parental care. Oxytocin, also known as the "love hormone," plays a fundamental role in strengthening emotional bonds and promoting nurturing behaviors.

Food

The instinct to seek and consume food is regulated by a complex interaction between the central nervous system and hormones that regulate appetite. Hormones such as ghrelin and leptin signal hunger and satiety, respectively, helping the body maintain energy balance and metabolic health.

Reproduction

No notes.

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What has been written requires no interpretation or confirmation.

It needs no explanation, defense, or support.

Its validity is not certified by external judgments, but by the resonance it produces — or does not produce — in the reader.

Personal identity is the only possible yardstick. This book is measured there: in individual time,
in the culture of belonging, in the education received, in the real needs of those who read these pages.

Nothing is imposed.
Nothing is suggested.

Every reading happens when it is right for the reader.
Not before. Not after.

And it is only valid if it arises from internal values, not from reactive needs, not from emotional urges, not from requests for compensation.

This text does not seek membership.
It does not build community. It does not offer refuge.

It exists to be recognized, not shared.
Welcomed or abandoned.

The rest is not about writing.
And it does not matter.

INTUITION

Intuition, sometimes called "the brain's instinct," is another interesting aspect of our behavior. Science suggests that intuition stems from the unconscious processing of information, which allows the brain to recognize patterns and

make rapid predictions, without the need for rational analysis. This ability can be particularly useful in complex situations or when quick decisions are needed.

But nature also watches silently, as the trees whisper secrets in the wind. A hidden path in the woods waits patiently to be discovered, marked only by the tracks of the animals that venture there. Day and night alternate in an eternal rhythm, until an invisible signal shakes the balance. Among intertwined branches and rocks sculpted by time, ancient energy is felt, an instinctive call guiding one toward a hidden cave.

And how can we forget the magnificent women? If it were not for their instincts, many things would not happen. It is thanks to them that poor women often marry rich men, and never the other way around. Instinct leads them to make promises that are often broken, but we allow them to do anything. But I can assure you that it is not just instinct that guides us in these cases.

Smart Spending

Three years away from home, my family and loved ones had made returning home feel like a gift. It was like reconnecting with my roots, finding comfort in the familiar and being amazed by the news. My life, a puzzle for which I had never had instructions, had always been a succession of instinctive rather than rational solutions.

That morning in December 2022, my wife greeted me with a smile that lit up her face, despite a hint of sternness in her eyes. It was the kind of look that said, " I forgive you, but remember why I love you and no one else." She asked me

what I wanted for lunch. My response was a simple nod: "Anything, as long as it's made with your love." I knew every bite would taste of dedication and care.

Months passed, six to be precise, and with them a question arose: how could I continue to sit at the table with culinary pretensions without contributing to the costs? Our conversation became franker. My wife, ever patient but firm, pointed out that dreams of writing glory were not filling the fridge or the emptiness in my stomach. Economic reality was stark and unforgiving, demanding that I adapt.

One morning, I decided to accompany her to understand her "shopping miracle." The tour began at 8:30: fruit from a roadside stall, fish from a small frozen food shop, and discounted items from various supermarkets. We returned home two hours later, having spent just 20 or 30 euros, but with everything we needed for the day.

She explained her method calmly: "I know it's traumatic for you. You used to buy without worrying about the price. But today, surviving means planning. Bread, pasta, and potatoes fill your stomach without emptying your wallet."

One day, fate was more generous: I received an unexpected payment on my account. Excited, I took my wife by the hand and led her to the supermarket. This time, I told her to fill her cart without fear. She was hesitant, accustomed to thriftiness, but I reassured her: "You are the queen of smart shopping. Let today be a small tribute to everything you do for us."

That full cart was not just a purchase: it was a gesture of gratitude, a way of saying, "I know what you've done for me, for us. And now it's my turn to make you smile again." A

lesson in love, resilience, and respect for the value of trivial things.

New Year's Eve of New Beginnings

This leap year was ending, and the overall outcome had been dire: no bright spots, no pleasures, only hardships and sacrifices. It seemed impossible that another year had passed. Although the strong smells from the kitchen presaged a sumptuous evening meal, looking out the window, one admired a starry sky, searching for the signs of the zodiac, but one's own was nowhere to be seen, probably because one was on vacation.

The air was crisp and filled with anticipation as the world prepared to bid farewell to the old year and welcome the new. In every corner of the planet, celebrations were held according to different traditions and rituals, but with a shared desire for a new beginning and hope for the future.

In China, preparations were underway for the Lunar New Year celebrations. Even though it fell a few weeks after the Gregorian New Year, the village was already buzzing with excitement. They loved the preparations: the red lanterns hung in the streets, the fireworks lit up the sky, and the banquets filled with traditional dishes. Families gathered for dinner, exchanging wishes of prosperity and happiness.

In New York City, Times Square is filled with thousands of people, all waiting to see the famous "ball" drop at the stroke of midnight. They braved the cold to experience that unique feeling, amidst hugs, laughter, and champagne toasts. The new year began with a promise of adventure and discovery.

In Mumbai, India, New Year's Eve was a celebration of color and sound. People participated in a traditional celebration with dancing, music, and fireworks. The streets were filled with people celebrating, with the sound of bells and prayers ringing in the air. New Year's Eve was a time of reflection and prayer, an opportunity to give thanks and pray for a prosperous year.

In Madrid, Spain, the "Old Night" was celebrated. The tradition of the twelve grapes was deeply felt: at the stroke of midnight, each stroke of the clock signaled the ingestion of a grape, each representing a month of good luck for the coming year. Between laughter and hugs, people toasted with cava, wishing each other a new year filled with joy and prosperity.

In Lisbon, Portugal, people gathered in the main square to watch the fireworks over the Tagus River. Music and dancing filled the air, and at midnight, people hugged each other and exchanged New Year's greetings. People reflected on how fortunate they were to be able to share that moment with those closest to them.

In Paris, the Eiffel Tower sparkled with lights as preparations for a special New Year's Eve dinner were underway. The City of Love was even more magical that evening, with the streets bustling with tourists and Parisians intent on celebrating. Between courses, people daydreamed about the new adventures the new year might bring.

In Rome, people attended the traditional midnight mass before gathering for New Year's Eve dinner. Traditional dishes like cotechino with lentils were necessary, a symbol of abundance and good fortune for the coming year. As

fireworks lit up the sky, people toasted with sparkling wine, wishing each other a year full of health and happiness.

In Berlin, the Brandenburg Gate was the center of celebrations. People joined the crowd to count down the last seconds of the year. As the new year began, bottles of Sekt were opened and people danced until dawn, combining German traditions with the hope of a better year.

In Amsterdam, the New Year was welcomed with a house party. The streets were filled with people launching fireworks and lighting flares. New Year's Eve was a time of joy and reflection, an opportunity to give thanks and make resolutions for the new year.

In Iceland, people gathered for an intimate dinner. At the stroke of midnight, Icelandic tradition included watching a grand fireworks display, with fireworks lighting up the sky in a colorful dance. With the biting cold enveloping the island, hearts were warm with hope and dreams for the new year.

New Year's Eve, no matter where it is celebrated, is a time of reflection, celebration, and new beginnings. Every culture has its own traditions, but the desire for happiness, prosperity, and love in the new year is universal. Whether it is fireworks in New York, lucky grapes in Madrid, or song and dance in India, New Year's Eve unites people in a global celebration of hope and renewal.

Christmas Of Memories

Christmas is not just a celebration, it is a journey through memories, a bridge between the places and people who have shaped us. In every corner of the world, traditions intertwine

with memories, creating a mosaic of stories that speak to us of family, warmth, and hope.

In a corner of Europe, amid the snowy streets of a small town, Christmas Eve was an eagerly awaited event. Children ran through the cobblestone streets, thrilled by the lights adorning every corner. Families prepared to exchange simple yet meaningful gifts, grandparents told stories of times gone by, of a distant Christmas, when war had left deep scars, but also lessons in resilience and hope.

Thousands of miles away, in a wooden house in the mountains of South America, Christmas was celebrated with infectious joy. The warmth of the fire mingled with the sound of traditional music, while the aroma of food wafted through the kitchen. Each dish told a story: foods prepared with love, passed down from generation to generation. The family gathered around the table, hands marked by work, but hearts filled with gratitude. In that home, Christmas was also a reminder of those who were no longer with us, but who lived on through stories and traditions.

In North Asia, where the chilly winter enveloped cities and villages, Christmas lights were a symbol of hope. Snow blanketed everything, creating a surreal and silent landscape, as families gathered around a warm cup of tea. There, Christmas was not just a Christian holiday, but a time of reflection, unity, and sharing. People exchanged small gifts, but the greatest gift was always being together. Memories of a distant Christmas, when war still separated families, were present in everyone's hearts, a reminder of hope and peace.

In the heart of Africa, Christmas was celebrated with a great community feast. Despite the hardships, people gathered to sing, dance, and share. African traditions blended with those imported by the colonizers, creating a unique celebration. Every Christmas story was a tale of survival, of the fight for dignity, and of hope for a better future. The elders told stories of a Christmas that marked the return of relatives from far away, of how family was always the center of the world, even in the toughest times.

And finally, in the land of dreams, where Christmas had taken on the guise of a more commercial tradition, memories were tied to childhood, to those moments when Christmas seemed like a miracle. The lights in the city, the presents under the tree, the Christmas carols filling the air. But even here, where consumerism seemed to have taken over, there were still people who believed Christmas was a time of sharing, of caring for others. Every family, every nation, had its own memories, and these memories, though different, were all linked by a single common thread: love, hope, and the beauty of life.

Thus, every Christmas, in every corner of the world, memories are intertwined like an invisible fabric that unites the past with the present, unites people and nations, and reminds us that, despite our differences, we are all united by the same search for joy and serenity.

Pregnancy And the Husband's Reaction

It was an evening like any other, or so I thought. I was enjoying a bit of relaxation on the couch, when suddenly, something changed. I heard a small noise, like a whisper in

the air, and then the feeling that things were about to change significantly.

Her water had broken.

Neither of us expected it to happen then, but nature, as we know, has no timetables or warnings. I rose calmly from the couch, or at least I tried, while my husband jumped up, looking at me with wide eyes. He was a man who boasted of having read every pregnancy manual, but like many, he realized that theory and practice were two completely different worlds.

"Okay, calm down," he said, trying to sound calm, but with that slight hint of panic that gives you away. "Where are the bags? The bags! We must go to the hospital!" And in an instant, a sort of domestic chaos ensued, with him running from one end of the house to the other, not really knowing what he was looking for.

Then, the truly hilarious moment: he headed to the bathroom, feeling an urgent need to mentally prepare for what was about to happen. He looked at me with a "I'm the pillar of this situation" look on her face, as if the bathroom were his secret hideaway. Despite everything, I had to admit there was something adorable about his reaction.

Meanwhile, I was there laughing to myself, the contractions starting to kick in, and he was in the bathroom trying to "sort out" his thoughts. There was a part of me that wanted everything to go as planned: the hospital, the birth, motherhood... but another part of me, the one that loved to laugh in the most unexpected situations, could not help but appreciate that moment of pure comedy.

Eventually, he managed to escape from the bathroom with a nervous smile, and together we set off for the hospital. But that evening, of all the things I was expecting, I never imagined that laughter would be one of the most important things that would accompany me on that journey.

When our baby arrived, I remember that for a moment, all my worries and fears vanished. But the memory of my husband in the bathroom, trying to recover from the news of my water breaking, remained one of the funniest moments of my pregnancy.

Life sometimes has a way of surprising us, and in the most difficult moments, it even manages to give us a smile.

The Breath

In the quiet of the morning, the breath awakens with a gentle rush. A steady flow that fills the lungs with fresh air, then releases, bringing with it renewed energy. It is the rhythm of life, an invisible beat that unites every living being. Each breath is an act of trust in our bodies, a sign that life, in all its complexity, continues to flow.

Breath is a silent connection between body and spirit, a continuous dance of inhalations and exhalations. Each breath carries with it a promise of rebirth, a never-ending cycle that nourishes and purifies. Inhale, and the air flows through you, filling every empty space, recharging every cell, bringing with it a sensation of freshness that seems to invigorate not only the body, but also the mind. Suspend your breath for a moment, and the world seems to stand still, in a moment of perfect harmony. Exhale. The air flows out, carrying away

accumulated tension, making room for tranquility, like a flow that cleanses every corner of our existence.

In the simple act of breathing lies an ancient wisdom, a reminder of how everything is connected. Breath is not just air; it is life, movement, balance. It is a bridge between the visible and the invisible, between the physical and the metaphysical, a practice that reconnects us to our deepest being. When we breathe consciously, we can perceive the subtle energy coursing through every fiber of our body, recognizing the breath as one of the most powerful tools for returning to the present, for feeling alive, for clearing the mind.

Listening to your breath is like listening to a wordless story, an intimate dialogue with your inner self. It is an inner journey that brings calm and clarity, a guide that orients us amidst the chaos of everyday life. Every time we take a conscious breath, we can let go of the worries, anxieties, and thoughts that weigh us down. Each breath is a small act of freedom, an invitation to return to our center.

Every breath is a gift, an opportunity to be present, to feel life flowing within us and around us. It is an anchor that keeps us grounded in the here and now, reminding us of the beauty of simplicity and the power of being. In a fast-paced world that demands ever more, breathing invites us to pause, to slow down. It is an act we can do at any moment of the day, an act of self-care we can dedicate to ourselves. Conscious breathing is a self-healing practice that rebalances body, mind, and spirit, bringing us back into harmony with our most authentic self.

Whenever we feel overwhelmed, simply stop for a moment, close our eyes, and breathe. Breath, like an invisible thread, connects us to our essence, reminding us that we are never truly alone, that our body and soul are always in communication. In every inhale and every exhale, there is the promise of a new beginning, a new possibility, a breath of hope.

Predictable Unforeseen

In the tranquil flow of daily life, an unexpected event can emerge suddenly, like a bolt of lightning in a cloudless sky. It is an unexpected moment, an event that shakes our certainties and forces us to reconsider our plans. Like a storm that interrupts the apparent calm, the unexpected forces us to pause, rethink our path, and face uncertainty.

An unexpected event can come in many forms: an unexpected phone call, a detour on the road, a chance encounter that upends the order of things, or a piece of news that changes everything. It can be a simple distraction that alters the course of a day, or something that profoundly upends our routines. It cannot be predicted or avoided. It is the essence of uncertainty that defines human experience. In such moments, our sense of control dissolves, and we are forced to rely on what we cannot see or anticipate.

In these moments, our breathing stops for a moment. The waves of the mind churn, trying to find a firm foothold in a sea of novelty. The unexpected, with its disruptive force, shakes the foundations of our security. It is in chaos that our true nature emerges, in the way we respond and react to what we had not anticipated. How we deal with the unexpected

reveals as much about ourselves as our most meticulous plans and our apparent certainties.

Our heart races, adrenaline flows, and every sense sharpens. Our bodies respond instinctively, activating resources we may not have known we possessed. We realize that, at times, our inner strength is greater than we ever believed. The ability to adapt becomes crucial, and instinct guides our uncertain steps. In those moments, we realize we are more capable than we think, ready to respond with resilience to the challenges life throws at us.

Yet not all unexpected events bring difficulties or challenges. Some can turn out to be hidden blessings, unexpected opportunities that open doors to new possibilities. A smile from a stranger on a gray day, a kind word that shifts our perspective on a complicated situation, or a fortuitous coincidence that leads us to an opportunity we never imagined. These small, unexpected events, which initially seem random, can reignite joy and enthusiasm in our lives, reminding us that the unexpected is not just something to be feared, but also to be welcomed with gratitude.

The unexpected teaches us to live in the present, to embrace uncertainty with curiosity, and to find strength in our flexibility. It is a reminder that, despite all the planning and control we try to exert, life always retains a margin of mystery and surprise. It reminds us that the unexpected is an integral part of our journey, an essential component of what we call human experience. It is the unexpected that makes our path unique, that makes us evolve, grow, and discover new aspects of ourselves.

And when the unexpected knocks on our door, we can choose it as an opportunity to gain experience, adapt, and discover new parts of ourselves. We embrace the unknown with courage and confidence, knowing that every deviation has the potential to enrich our journey. In a world that loves predictability, the unexpected invites us to regain a more open and fluid perspective, teaching us that every obstacle, every change, can be a seed from which new possibilities will sprout.

A Bond That Never Ends

Bonds are an invisible thread that connects people, places, and moments across space and time. They are a subtle yet powerful force, capable of overcoming physical, emotional, and cultural barriers, creating profound connections rooted in the very core of our existence. In an ever-changing world, where distances seem to grow, bonds are more precious than ever: a reminder of who we are and what we can become, a force that roots us in the present and propels us into the future.

In the silence of a starry night, the bond between earth and sky manifests itself in a dance of light and shadow. The stars, billions of miles away, shine with a light that travels across the universe to reach our eyes, creating an invisible bond that ties us to what is distant in time and space. Each star is a sign of an encounter, a connection that is renewed every night, like a memory that pierces the darkness to become visible, to remind us that we are part of something infinite. Despite the distance, every spark of light is a message that, if heeded, speaks to us of an eternal bond between the cosmos and our soul.

In the heart of a forest, the bond between trees is expressed through their roots, which intertwine underground in an invisible network of mutual support. Trees exchange nutrients, water, and information, demonstrating that life, in all its forms, depends on cooperation, solidarity, and the awareness that every action impacts the whole. Tree roots are not only a physical anchor, but also a symbolic one: they represent the profound and silent connection that binds all life, regardless of its apparent solitude. Each tree bears witness to a story, a bond that slowly grows, but changes the world. It is a continuous cycle, perpetuated by the interconnectedness of all the creatures that inhabit our planet.

The bond between two people can be just as strong, though often invisible to the eye. It is a thin yet powerful thread, woven from shared experiences, emotions, and moments both large and small that mark our lives. This bond is measured not only by time, but also by the depth of connection, the understanding born from the heart. It is a thread that resists distance, separation, and hardship because it is founded on a connection that is not only mental, but above all emotional and spiritual. Sometimes, even in the most difficult moments when life separates us, the bond continues to beat in the heart, like a promise that never ceases to exist. Even silence, separations, and physical distances can become a test of the strength of a bond that never fades.

There are bonds born of love, family, friendship, but also more subtle ones that unite us with strangers we meet along the way. A smile, a kind word, a selfless gesture can create connections that seem small but have the power to change the course of a day, a life. These fleeting bonds sometimes have a depth that defies logic yet leaves an imprint on the heart

that transcends time. These chance encounters are like small rivers that flow into the sea of our existence, creating waves that, however slight, are felt deeply. The beauty of these bonds lies in their power to remind us that every encounter, every gesture of humanity, is a thread added to the complex fabric of our lives.

Our connection with ourselves is the most important of all. It is the connection we have with our essence, our values, our truth. Without this connection, we become strangers to ourselves, confused in a sea of external expectations, other people's judgments, and imposed beliefs. Cultivating a connection with ourselves means learning to listen to ourselves, to accept ourselves with all our imperfections, and to forgive ourselves. It means acknowledging our dreams, our desires, and living in harmony with our soul. It is through this connection that we discover our purpose, that we find the strength to face life's challenges with courage and serenity. Without a deep connection with ourselves, we risk getting lost in the din of the world and forgetting who we truly are.

Bonds are threads that are continually woven, like a tapestry that takes shape over time. Every encounter, every word, every gesture contributes to the greater pattern that is our lives. It is the force that holds us together, that gives us meaning and direction, which transforms isolation into community. In a world that sometimes seems to center on individualism, bonds remind us that we are all interconnected. Our lives are connected in ways we often do not see, but they are there, invisible yet powerful, like the breath that accompanies us every day. It is through bonds that we find humanity, that we discover the beauty of being together, of walking together, of growing together. In every

bond lies a small magic, a power that transforms loneliness into connection, pain into healing, and isolation into community.

Connection is not just what unites us, it is also what gives us the courage to face the world with new eyes. It is a guiding light in moments of darkness, a hold when everything is falling apart. And it is connection that reminds us that we are never truly alone, that in every step we take, in every breath of wind, in every heartbeat, there are others walking with us, on a journey that is both individual and collective.

The Reflection of Life

In a quiet mountain lake, the water rested still, calm as glass, a perfect mirror of the world around it. The snow-capped mountain peaks and the green trees that embraced them were reflected in the surface, creating a clear and serene image, indistinguishable from reality. The reflection, silent and impassive, was a parallel world, identical but upside down, a serene duplicate that existed only for those with eyes to see it.

Every morning, as the sun slowly emerged behind the mountains, a golden glow poured over the lake, bringing the reflection to life. The sky took on more vivid colors, birds soared above the water's surface, their silhouettes mirrored below them, like a silent ballet of shadows and lights dancing in unison.

The reflection was more than a simple visual double. It was a portal to contemplation, an invitation to see the world from a unique perspective, to immerse oneself in introspection. Gazing at the reflection in the water meant entering a realm

of stillness and reflection, where every detail of the surrounding environment blended into a visual symphony of harmony and peace. Every tiny ripple in the water, every imperceptible movement, contributed to a perfect yet fragile harmony.

Even the sky, with its lazily unfurling clouds and its infinite blue, was mirrored in the lake, multiplying its vastness, as if the sky itself were imprisoned by that liquid surface. The reflection of the sky in the lake not only doubled its expanse, but created a sense of infinity, an image that seemed to extend beyond physical boundaries, suggesting that there was much more beyond what the human eye could perceive.

Sometimes, a light breeze would ripple the surface of the water, distort the reflection, and create shimmering waves. In those moments, the reflection did not disappear, but transformed, like a kaleidoscope playing with shapes and colors, creating a new, more fluid and dynamic panorama. The beauty of the reflection lay not only in its perfection, but also in its ability to change and adapt, reflecting the changing nature of the world around it.

The reflection of the water was a constant reminder of the quality of life: what is above and what is below, what is real and what reflects that reality. In this duality, a delicate balance was found, an eternal dance between light and shadow, between the visible and the invisible, between the tangible and the intangible. The physical and spiritual worlds, always in balance, manifested together in a single breath.

Looking at the reflection in the lake, one could find a profound connection with nature and with oneself. Every

wave, every distortion of the surface, was an invitation to pause, breathe, and reflect on the beauty and complexity of the world around us. In that reflection, one discovered that everything was connected, every image a reflection of something larger and deeper, which challenged our understanding yet nourished it.

In that moment of contemplation, the lake's reflection was not just a visible image: it was a silent message that invited us to look beyond, to recognize the beauty hidden in everything, to perceive that reality and the reflection, the inner and outer worlds, were in perfect symbiosis.

The Last One to Die: Hope

Hope is an emotion that, though invisible, has the power to transform the reality we live in. It is a psychological strength that allows us to stay motivated even in the most difficult moments. When we face difficulties, hope is the light that pushes us not to give up, to believe that the situation can improve, even when we see no way out. Psychologically, hope is linked to our resilience, as it helps us overcome obstacles without giving in to pain or despair. It is not just a positive thought, but a profound shift in our mindset that allows us to look beyond immediate difficulties, focusing on what we can achieve. Hope allows us to stay focused on our goals, while the brain, activating reward circuits, encourages us to persevere. Hope is not a passive dream, but an energy that drives action, inviting us to take small steps to change our destiny. It is the awareness that, even in moments of greatest uncertainty, we can still build our future.

CAPACITY

Of Resilience

Resilience is not just the ability to overcome trauma, but a true process of psychological adaptation that allows us to grow even in the most difficult moments. It is the quality that allows us to get up every time we fall, to face suffering without being overwhelmed by it. On a psychological level, resilience is linked to our worldview and our ability to find meaning in painful experiences. Resilient people can rework their traumas, transforming them into opportunities for growth. This ability to "reframe," or see difficulties from a broader perspective, is essential for mental well-being. Resilience is not just an act of resistance, but a form of emotional elasticity: like a spring that, when compressed, is able to return to its original shape, stronger than before. On a brain level, resilience is supported by the activation of neurobiological circuits that promote the management of stress and difficult emotions. Every time we face difficulty, we learn something about ourselves, strengthening our ability to face the future with greater confidence.

Silence Within a Dialogue

Silence, in a noisy and frenetic world, is often undervalued, yet it represents a fundamental psychological resource. It is not just the absence of noise, but an inner space that allows us to reconnect with our mind and body. Psychologically, silence is crucial to our capacity for reflection, as it offers the opportunity to process complex emotions without distractions. Research has shown that silence helps reduce stress levels, promoting the release of accumulated tension. It is in this space that we can organize our thoughts, analyze

our feelings, and make more informed decisions. Silence is the place where we can recharge our mental energy, where we can let go of external chaos and find inner peace. In psychology, silence is seen as an opportunity for awareness: it stimulates deep reflection and self-understanding. It is a powerful tool for self-listening, inviting us to question our beliefs, pause for a moment, and reap the benefits of thoughtful reflection. Silence allows us to make room for calm, to breathe deeply, and to reconnect with what is enormously important to us.

No One Lacked Courage

Courage is not the absence of fear, but the strength to continue walking despite it. It is that spark that lights our heart when everything around us seems dark. It is the heartbeat that pushes us to take the first step, even when we cannot see the path, and the breath that sustains us when the world seems too big or too difficult. Courage is the engine that gets us up every time we fall, that makes us smile even when sadness envelops us, that keeps us going even when the path is uncertain.

It is not about being invulnerable, but about acknowledging vulnerability and choosing not to let it hold us back. Fear is a constant companion in our lives, but courage is what allows us not to surrender to its voice, to listen to it, and, despite everything, to take the next step. It is an act of faith, not only in the world, but also in ourselves, in our ability to face what scares us and find our balance even in the most turbulent moments.

Courage manifests itself not only in moments of great drama, but also in the small challenges of everyday life. It is the silent courage that pushes us to speak when we would rather remain silent, to choose what is right even when it seems difficult, to resist the temptation to take the effortless way out. It lies in the courage to be honest with ourselves, to look within without fear of what we might discover, to accept our imperfection.

Every time we face fear, every time we challenge life's uncertainties, courage offers us a new opportunity. It is like a muscle that grows with use: the more we practice it, the stronger it becomes. It is the energy that transforms every difficulty into a lesson, every failure into an opportunity for growth. Courage is the strength to see the unknown not as a threat, but as an open door to new experiences.

It is never easy, sometimes we feel alone and lost, yet that's where courage finds its purest form: in the act of choosing to move forward despite doubt, to stay present even when the future seems blurry. Every step we take, even if shaky, brings us closer to our inner strength, the strength we cannot see but which is always there, ready to be reawakened every time we put ourselves out there.

Courage is also the calm that comes within us when, even with a turbulent heart, we do what we know is right. It is the embrace we give ourselves when fear holds us tight, but we choose to free ourselves, even if only for a moment. It is a journey that teaches us not to fear our limits, but to recognize and overcome them, to understand that our strength lies not in perfection, but in our ability to face whatever comes, with our heads held high and our hearts ready.

So, when fear strikes, courage invites us to see it not as an enemy, but as an ally that teaches us to be stronger. And every time we respond to fear with courage, we discover a new part of ourselves, another piece of our strength, which guides us every step of our lives.

My Trust Knew No Price

Trust is the invisible thread that holds people, families, communities, and even nations together. It is that profound feeling that, despite life's difficulties and challenges, we can always count on each other, that we are united in a bond that transcends words. Without trust, everything falls apart, and life itself loses its cohesion, like a tapestry that loses its threads, leaving only chaos.

When you build trust, you create a deep connection, a certainty that the other person is there, ready to support you without the need for explanations or explicit promises. It is the silent gesture that accompanies every exchange, the foundation on which the most authentic relationships rest. Trust is not seen, but it is felt, in the way we walk alongside others, in the way we can open up without fear of being judged or abandoned. It is the lifeblood that nourishes people's souls, making the impossible possible and transforming difficulties into opportunities for shared growth.

But trust is fragile. A small mistake, a broken word, a broken promise can shatter it, like a slowly expanding crack. Yet, when trust is solid, there is nothing more powerful. It allows us to face life's storms with the certainty that we will never be alone. It is the courage to take a step, even without

knowing what lies ahead, because we know the other will be there to catch us if we fall.

Trust is built over time, with small gestures of consistency and sincerity. It is never something to be taken for granted. Every day is an opportunity to strengthen it, to remind others that we can trust, that we are ready to give without fear. And in a world where uncertainty seems to dominate, trust is the only certainty that remains.

But there is another aspect of trust, the deepest and most often forgotten: self-confidence. To be able to trust others, we must first learn to trust who we are, to believe in our abilities and our values. It is recognizing that, even when we make mistakes, we never lose our intrinsic value. Self-confidence is the foundation upon which we can build all other forms of trust.

And finally, trust is a choice. It is deciding to open your heart and let others in, even while being aware of the risks involved. But it is precisely in that vulnerability that we find the beauty of relationships, the strength to be authentic and to welcome others without defenses. Trust drives us to believe that, together, we can overcome any barrier, that we can grow, learn, and thrive as individuals and as a community.

Trust, then, is more than just a value. It is the bridge that connects us, that transforms loneliness into companionship, fear into hope. Without trust, life would lose its color, but with trust, every difficulty becomes an opportunity to build something greater, something that is more than the sum of its parts. Trust is the strength that unites us and drives us forward, always.

LEAK

A Cry of Freedom

Freedom is a concept that resonates deeply in each of us, an innate desire that guides our choices and shapes our hopes. But what does it really mean to be free? It is not just about being able to choose what we want, but also about having the courage to embrace our true essence without fear of judgment or repression.

Freedom manifests itself in a thousand forms: it is the ability to speak openly without fear of consequences; it is the right to pursue one's own path unhindered by expectations that are not ours. It is the breath we feel when we stop being prisoners of our fears, when we allow ourselves to express who we are without compromise. But, like any precious asset, freedom is never absolute. It is a delicate balance, a dance between our desire for independence and respect for others. Freedom is also awareness: we know that our freedom ends where that of others begins.

Living freely is an act of courage. It is not enough to feel free in your heart; you need to act, make choices that are in tune with who you truly are, without fear of facing the difficulties that may arise. Sometimes, freedom requires taking a step back, adapting to circumstances, but without ever losing your authenticity. It is a balance that is not always easy to maintain, yet it is precisely on this journey that we discover who we truly are.

Freedom, however, is also a struggle. The paths to freedom are often fraught with obstacles and sacrifices. Some earn it

with difficulty; others must defend it every day. In every corner of the world, there are people fighting for their freedom, for the right to exist as they are, without oppression. It is in these battles, which sometimes seem silent, that freedom truly takes shape, becoming something concrete and tangible.

Yet the greatest freedom is not the one we gain externally, but the one found within us. It is the freedom to accept ourselves, to be imperfect, to not conform to imposed patterns, but to embrace our uniqueness. When we are free within, everything else follows. Freedom is not just a choice we make, but an attitude, a worldview that allows us to face life with confidence and determination.

Freedom is a constant quest, a journey with no destination. It is a strength that, if cultivated, allows us to evolve, change, and grow. And while the path may seem uncertain, it is precisely in this process that the beauty of freedom lies in knowing how to choose each day to be yourself, without fear or hesitation, always seeking a world in which everyone can live authentically, in their own freedom.

Doubts And Uncertainties: My Growth

Growth is a journey that begins with the first uncertain step, a path we often do not see clearly, yet it transforms us silently and profoundly. Growth means adapting, evolving, learning from failures, and drawing strength from successes. It is not always easy, yet it is the very essence of life, proof that we are alive, that we are changing.

Throughout our lives, we experience moments of stagnation, when everything seems immutable and the future elusive. In

those times, growth can seem distant, like a promise that never comes true. Yet, even in those quiet moments, we are growing. Our roots sink deeper into the earth, preparing the ground for change that will come at the right time.

Growing up means learning to face difficulties with greater wisdom, understanding that every mistake is a lesson, every fear a challenge to overcome. Growth is not linear; it does not follow a fixed direction. Sometimes it seems like we take two steps back to take three forwards. Yet, every step, even the futile ones, pushes us toward a better version of ourselves.

There are moments when growth is evident, like a flower blooming under the warmth of the sun, but there are also times when it is invisible, like a seed growing underground. Patience is essential because every transformation has its time and its necessity. It is in solitude, in silence, in reflecting on who we have been and who we want to become that we discover the strength to change.

Every experience we have, every encounter, every choice we make enriches us. Growth occurs when we allow ourselves to explore, to dare, to live without fear of making mistakes. It is a lifelong journey, a path of constant evolution that teaches us to be kinder to ourselves and others.

Growth means being open to new things, to change, to the possibilities that life offers us. It means being willing to let go of what no longer serves us, to let the past give way to the future. Growth is a never-ending journey, but it is also a journey worth taking.

Finding Joy and Living

Joy is a spark that rises from the heart and illuminates the soul, an energy that spreads effortlessly, like a smile that glides across the lips. It is an emotion that cannot be planned or predicted, but it arrives when we least expect it, like a gift life gives us without asking for anything in return.

It is not just the great happiness of accomplishments or dreams fulfilled. Joy lies in the trivial things: a chat with a friend, the warmth of a blanket on a chilly winter evening, the chirping of birds at dawn, or the scent of rain mingling with the fresh air. Joy is silent music that accompanies our daily lives, found in the details we often take for granted.

It is a force that pushes us to live with gratitude, transforming even the grayest days into moments of appreciation. Joy teaches us to look beyond difficulties, to find beauty even when everything seems difficult. When we are in tune with it, the world around us appears brighter, and even challenges seem easier to face.

Joy is contagious. It is like reflecting in the eyes of others, creating a network of happiness that unites people, making relationships more genuine, more real. It is in sharing a moment, in laughing together, that joy grows, expands, and envelops us.

However, true joy arises within us; it is a state that does not depend on external circumstances but on our attitude toward life. It is a daily choice: choosing to be happy, to find gratitude for what we have, to welcome every moment with an open heart. Joy is the result of a soul that knows how to appreciate what it is, without chasing what it could be.

When we allow ourselves to be in tune with joy, it does not matter how small our world may seem, because at that moment we are at the center of great happiness, which reconnects us to everything alive and vibrant around us. Joy is not just an emotion, it is a choice, a way of being, that can transform every moment of our lives.

FREEDOM

Forget And Forgive

Forgiveness is an act of generosity born from within, a gesture that not only frees others, but us. It is a way to free us from the burden of old grudges, to break the invisible chains of resentment that bind us to what has hurt us. When we forgive, we are choosing not to let the past govern our present, not to be imprisoned by negative emotions that prevent us from living fully.

Forgiveness does not mean forgetting. Rather, it means recognizing that the pain and offense we have suffered should not define who we are, nor our future actions. Forgiveness is an act of strength, not weakness. It is a conscious decision not to allow the past to hinder our journey, not to let suffering impact our serenity. In this way, forgiveness becomes a powerful tool for self-liberation.

Every time we forgive, we give ourselves the opportunity to heal. The emotional scars left by resentment fade, and our hearts open again, ready to receive love and compassion. Forgiveness is an act of self-love; a form of healing that allows us to let go of the burden of the past and walk lightly

toward the future. It is liberation, a deep breath that fills us with life.

Forgiveness does not mean accepting injustice but refusing to remain trapped in it. It does not mean erasing pain but choosing not to live with it. With forgiveness, we become experts in our destiny; we are free to act, to love, to grow without the past continuing to define us.

Every step toward forgiveness is a step toward inner freedom. It is a sign of strength, of wisdom, a sign that, despite difficulties, we are ready to look forward with an open heart and a calm mind. Forgiveness is an act of rebirth, a chance to strengthen our resilience and embrace life in all its complexity. In this act, we not only heal ourselves, but we build a better world, a world where understanding and compassion replace hatred and resentment.

Passion

Passion is a force born deep within, a spark that ignites us and pushes us to give our all in everything we do. It is the drive that transforms every gesture, every dream, into a meaningful act. It is not simply an emotion; it is an unstoppable force, a fire that burns within us, making us feel alive and motivated. When we are driven by passion, everything else becomes meaningless: the energy it infuses us is so powerful that difficulties seem nothing compared to its light.

It is that feeling that comes over us when we do something we love that makes us feel complete and authentic. It is not just about goals to achieve, but a journey we travel with a heart full of enthusiasm and determination. Passion is our driving force, the strength that makes us face challenges

fearlessly, that makes us push beyond our limits, never settling. It is the key to exploring unknown territories, to innovate and create, to transcend the banality of everyday life and make every experience unique and special.

When we follow our passion, time seems to expand, the hours pass in the blink of an eye. We become completely immersed in what we do, losing sight of the rest of the world, as if we were in a different dimension, where every moment is filled with purpose. Passion makes us live every moment deeply, as if we were connecting with something greater than ourselves.

It is not always easy, though. Passion requires courage, resilience, and perseverance. Sometimes the road seems uphill, the difficulties seem insurmountable, but it is precisely then that passion drives us to find the strength to continue. It gives us the motivation to get up after every fall and makes us believe that every step, no matter how small, brings us closer to our goal.

Passion not only drives us to achieve our dreams but also makes us more authentic. It allows us to be in tune with who we truly are, without masks or compromises. When we are driven by passion, we are at our deepest essence, and every step we take becomes an act of self-expression. It is the strength that allows us to be creative, to overcome our limitations, to see the world from a unique perspective, and to transform our every action into an expression of love for what we do.

Passion is what makes life extraordinary, what transforms the ordinary into something special. It is the very essence of

fulfillment, the emotion that makes us feel we are truly living, that every day is an opportunity to give our best. When passion guides us, we can reach heights that once seemed unattainable, and realize dreams that once seemed too far away. In every challenge, every battle, every step we take with passion, we discover that there is nothing more powerful than living in harmony with what we love.

Empathy

Empathy is the quality that allows us to perceive and share the emotions of others, to put ourselves in their shoes without judgment, and to respond with understanding and compassion. It is a force that binds us to others, an invisible bridge that allows us to connect with their experiences and feelings, even when their words are not enough to explain what they are experiencing.

Empathy is not just an act of understanding, but a conscious choice. It is deciding to truly listen, to look beyond appearances and hear what others are not saying. When we empathize, we do not simply react, but seek to grasp what lies behind every word, every silence, every gesture. What makes empathy so powerful is its ability to transform our relationships with others: it makes us closer, more human, more authentic.

Every time we open ourselves to empathy, we allow ourselves to be touched by what surrounds us, by the emotions of those around us. There are no barriers, no distances. We can see the world not only from our own perspective, but also from that of others, with the same intensity, the same depth. This allows us to respond with

kindness, with attention, without rushing to resolve, but with a desire to understand.

In a society that often seems self-centered, empathy teaches us to slow down, take a step back, and truly listen. It shows us that we are never alone in our experiences and that, even in tough times, there is always someone who can understand and share our suffering, as well as our joy.

It is not just about responding to a need, but about being present, offering sincere attention, allowing others to feel seen and heard. Empathy is, in fact, the gift we give to others and to ourselves: it allows us to build stronger bonds, to overcome divisions, and to find, deep down, an authentic connection.

When we practice empathy, we realize that everyone has their own story, their own emotional universe, which deserves to be understood. In every empathetic gesture, we learn to open our hearts, to welcome others for who they are, without expecting anything in return. It is an act of pure humanity, which enriches us and helps us build a more understanding, more connected, and kinder world.

In a fast-paced world, empathy invites us to pause, reflect, and connect with others, unafraid of discovering something new and different, but always with the knowledge that, behind every face, there is a story worth hearing.

Gratitude

Gratitude is a feeling that comes from the heart and has the power to transform our outlook on life. It is not just a simple "thank you," but a true state of being, which pushes us to

recognize the positive things around us, even in the most difficult moments. It is a conscious act of appreciation for trivial things, the things we often tend to take for granted, but which are life's true gifts.

Every day offers new opportunities for gratitude, even if they are not always easy to see. Gratitude invites us to stop and observe, to remember that even in the chaos of everyday life, there are moments of peace, smiles that brighten the day, and gestures of kindness that are effective. It is constant training, a practice that helps us make every experience, even the simplest, a source of reflection and appreciation.

Practicing gratitude does not mean ignoring difficulties or challenges, but rather having the courage to look beyond, to seek the good even in dark times. It is like a beacon guiding our mind, helping us recognize the value of every step we take, every encounter we experience, even the most fleeting ones. Gratitude allows us to discover that, in the beauty of the world around us, there is always something to be grateful for.

Gratitude has the power to improve our perception of life. When we focus on what we are grateful for, we begin to see more opportunities, more beauty, and more joy. It is a catalyst for positivity, which not only enriches our spirit, but also our relationships. A grateful heart becomes a generous heart, one that knows how to give and receive with serenity, creating deeper and more authentic connections.

Furthermore, gratitude is an antidote to frustration and the incessant desire for more. It teaches us to find satisfaction in what is already present in our lives, to feel appreciation for what we have, without constantly seeking something better.

It is a more mindful way of living, which helps us appreciate the value of the present, without projecting ourselves too much into the future.

Every act of gratitude, every positive thought, has the power to transform our way of being and influence those around us. Gratitude is a gift we give ourselves and can share with others, creating a virtuous cycle of well-being and serenity. It is through gratitude that we discover the true richness of life, the richness that cannot be seen with the eyes, but is felt with the heart.

Love

Love is a force that transcends time and space, an invisible bond that unites two hearts, but can also encompass the entire world. It is the deepest feeling we can experience, the one that makes us feel complete, that illuminates us on dark days and gives us the strength to face any challenge.

Love is not just passion and desire; it is also understanding, patience, and sacrifice. It is the ability to see others not only for who they are, but for what they could become, accepting them in their fragility and limitations. In every gesture of care, in every word of comfort, love manifests itself in all its power.

Love cannot be predicted or controlled; it arrives suddenly, like a storm that shakes the heart and changes the course of our lives. Yet love is never chaotic. Its beauty lies in the fact that, despite its apparent unpredictability, it creates a new order, a new harmony between two people, between a person and the world.

Love is also the essence of giving and receiving. It is not just a bond built on strong emotions, but also on daily gestures of generosity, trust, and respect. Its strength lies in mutual growth, in the support offered without asking for anything in return. And love is an energy that needs no words to be understood. It lies in shared silence, in the embrace that envelops us, in the eyes that meet and understand each other without words.

Love is what allows us to be vulnerable, breaking down the walls we have built around ourselves. It teaches us that only through authenticity, through the truth of our feelings, can we build lasting relationships. It is that strength that makes us stronger when we are together, that makes us feel part of something bigger.

Love is what makes us grow, makes us better, and reminds us that, despite all the difficulties we may face, the essential thing in life is to love and be loved.

Close

This volume is part of the Gillette Universe — a series of six books 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 naples-post.com. No store. No conversion. Just access.