TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

EDUCATION

Construction



GILLETTE EDUCATION

Construction

TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

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

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

Some we open every day without realizing it.

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

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

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

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

Ten doors.

I opened them all.

Some with curiosity.

Some reluctantly.

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

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

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

Ferdinando

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At home my mother began.

Then my father took his turn.

Then came my grandmother and my aunt.

Even though I was not their son.

Everyone educated.

Everyone corrected.

Everyone left something behind.

At school they taught me what to think.

Life taught me how to think.

The difference is enormous.

Education can be a door.

But it can also become a cage.

It depends on who holds the key.

I met teachers who filled minds.

And mentors who opened eyes.

The latter changed my life.

Because education does not mean creating obedience.

It means creating freedom.

True education does not merely add information.

It returns a person to themselves.

But the deepest lessons arrive later.

They arrive when mistakes present their bill.

When reality corrects what pride defended.

When you discover that those you ignored were right.

That is where profound education begins.

That is where you stop committing cognitive crimes.

Not because someone is watching.

But because you finally understand.

And understanding, as an adult, is the only failure worth accepting.

Ferdinando