TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

GENETICS

Origin



GILLETTE GENETICS

Origin

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

GENETICS — Origin

I looked into the mirror.

I thought I was seeing myself.

Then I began seeing something else.

My father.

My grandfather.

Their silences.

Their stubbornness.

Their fears.

Their discipline.

But I made a mistake.

I did not spend enough time looking for my mother.

The woman who brought me into the world.

I searched for her only in my face.

Genetics is a library without shelves.

An archive written into flesh.

Every gesture contains traces.

Every reaction preserves a memory.

We carry battles we never fought.

Fears we never learned.

Strengths whose origins we cannot explain.

We are never an absolute beginning.

We are continuity.

We are the next chapter in a story much larger than our name.

Then I understood something.

The most important inheritance was not written in facial features.

Not in the eyes.

Not in the shape of the face.

It was written in actions.

In that quiet way of facing difficulties.

In the ability to endure without making noise.

And there, at last, I began to see my mother.

Not in the mirror.

But every time I chose not to surrender without announcing it to the world.

Ferdinando