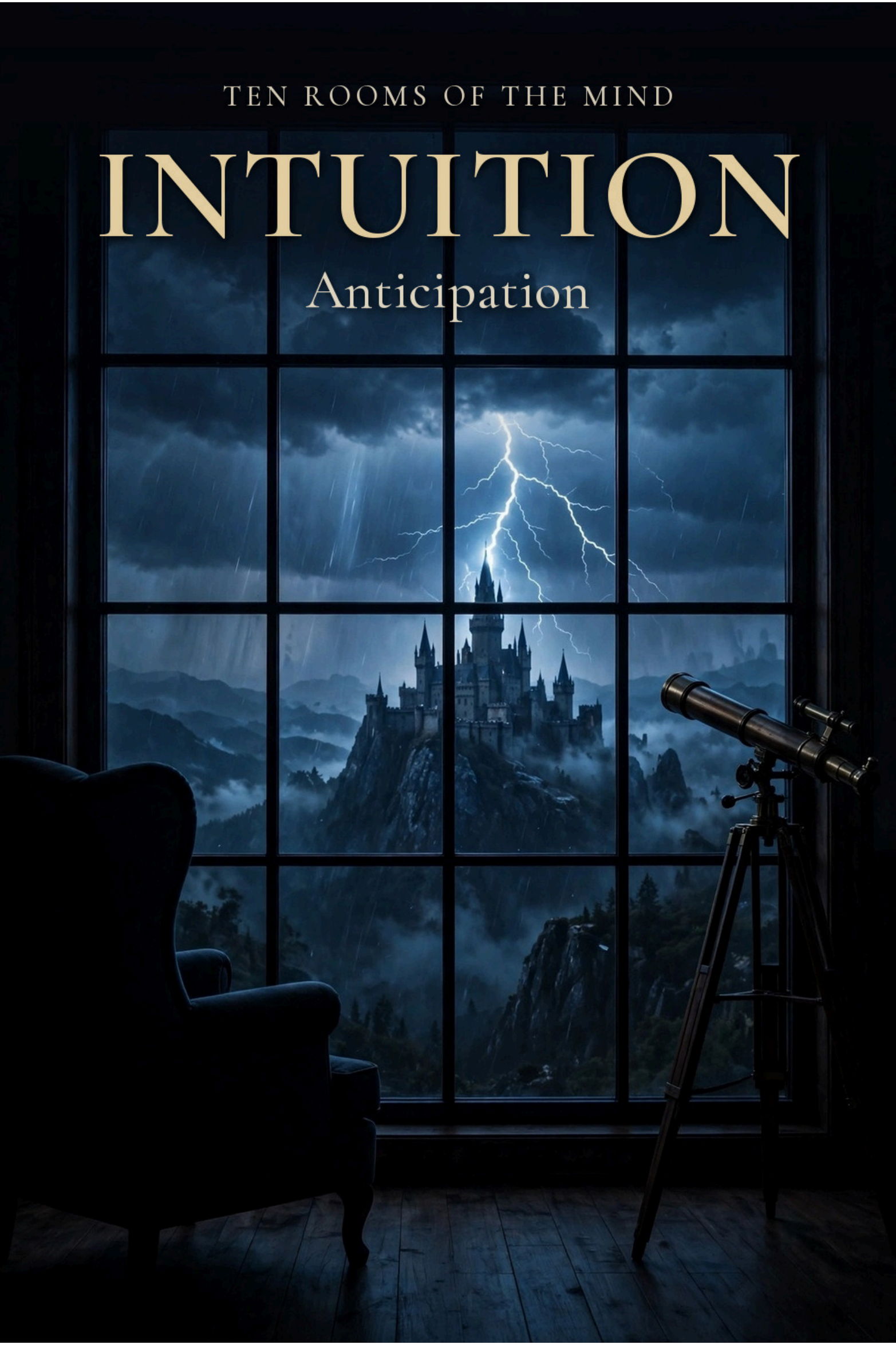
TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

INTUITION

Anticipation



GILLETTE INTUITION

Anticipation

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

INTUITION — Anticipation

Women—the first ones, the only ones—always asked me:

“How did you know?”

The answer always made me uncomfortable.

Because the truth is, I did not know.

I saw.

For a moment.

Like lightning behind a mountain.

Intuition is the early arrival of something reason will understand much later.

It is a window that opens and closes before you have time to lean out of it.

Many believe it is a gift.

I think it is a form of listening.

Perhaps the rarest one.

Because it requires silence, even within yourself.

The world speaks constantly.

People speak constantly.

Even silence speaks.

Intuition is born when we learn to hear what others ignore.

A change in tone.

A missed glance.

A hesitation.

A presence changing color.

A truth trying to hide.

Intuition does not see the supernatural.

It sees what is already there.

Before everyone else does.

That is why it is often uncomfortable.

It arrives while everyone is still convinced of the opposite.

And nobody forgives the person who is right too early.

But let us not confuse intuition with premonition.

Intuition walks beside us.

Premonitions pass above us.

One is born of listening.

The others arrive without asking permission.

One belongs to you.

The other passes through you.

And often cannot be controlled.

Ferdinando