TEN ROOMS OF THE MIND

PEOPLE

Transformation



GILLETTE PEOPLE

Transformation

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

PEOPLE — Transformation

My life is made of people who do not realize they are still living in it.

Some stayed.

Many disappeared.

All left something behind.

A sentence.

A glance.

A wound.

A cure.

Some encounters last decades and change nothing.

Others last minutes and alter the axis of an entire life.

That is why I never underestimate anyone.

Not the stranger sitting beside me.

Not the colleague.

Not the passerby.

Not the old man met by chance.

Every person carries a truth.

Sometimes they arrive to teach us something.

Sometimes they arrive to teach us who we are.

And almost always we understand it long after they are gone.

Looking back, I realize I did not build myself alone.

Nobody does.

There is always an invisible hand inside what we become.

A piece of advice.

A rejection.

A betrayal.

An encouragement.

We are what we are because of everyone we meet.

Even those we have forgotten.

Even those we wish we had never met.

We are.

And anyone who says otherwise, probably is not.

Ferdinando