THE MARRIAGE

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I was never built for formats. Not at birth, not at 61. My thoughts have always marched in a straight line toward action, and whatever words were left behind survived only as echoes — a tone, a gesture, a silence that said more than the sentence.

And it started when I watched couples of the early 1900s. Solid marriages, long lives, and betrayals managed with the most ancient philosophy ever invented: **if the heart does not see it, the eye does not hurt.** Back then, cheating was a family investment. Kids were the byproduct, work was the destiny, and weddings were the only real expense — the envelopes paid for the party, the rest was on the couple. People say it was because there was no TV. No talk shows. No distractions. Just food, intimacy, and the primitive truth of being human.

So, what did I do? I started getting married. Everywhere.

Poland, 1985. The pre-wedding phase was a masterpiece: she gave you everything, the relatives adored you, and everyone smiled because they knew that after the ceremony… **you were on your own for the next 50 years.**

And because I was raised eight years in a Catholic boarding school, I insisted on two phases: the spiritual ritual first, the legal paperwork later. Much later. Too late. Actually… never.

Between 1985 and 1992, the world believed I had married almost three times. The rituals were perfect. The legal part? I was always "unavailable."

Then life did what life always does: it sent me a woman who lived one hundred meters from my house. She broke the system. She married me convinced it was my idea. I let her believe it. Because losing to her felt like the only real victory. Result: three kids, thirty-three years of marriage.

But the story does not end there. Between 1995 and 2015, I collected eleven more symbolic marriages around the world. Same ritual, same magic, same escape. People did not believe me. They still do not.

And one day I understood something simple: I could not marry every woman on earth. I could not keep them all. But I could keep the moments. One at a time. Because women — all of them — have always been superior to us men.

And I am still here, still trying to conquer them, one moment at a time. Because that is the only marriage I ever honestly believed in.

Nando

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