
GILLETTE
NARRATIVE
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FERDINANDO FREGA

GILLETTE SERIES NARRATIVE · EBOOK N. 50

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INTRODUCTION

Before the stories, one thing needs to be made clear: this is not a place for curiosity. The following pages are not intended to entertain or teach but are the result of constant exposure to situations where there was no margin for error. This introduction does not prepare you for what is to come, it prepares you for how to read.

Every story must be taken for what it was, not for what it could represent. There is no moral, no conclusion, no narrative salvation. From here on, only what has endured remains.

This book does not accompany; it stands. It was not written to explain, but rather to avoid altering. It does not organize the pain, nor resolve it, nor reduce it. It leaves it in its operational form, the one that allows us to continue.

You are not entering a narrative, but a system of experience. Each text that follows does not try to convince, does not seek acceptance, and does not seek identification. It holds a position.

What you will find is not what happened, but what remains. And what remains is not for understanding, it is for sustaining.

If something weighs on you while reading, it is not a mistake. It is the structure. It is the point.

PROLOGUE

There are moments when life stops explaining itself.
Nothing dramatic happens. You simply understand that from that point on you will react differently.

The following stories were not chosen.
They remained.

They do not tell what happened.
They tell what endured.

From here on, there is no order.
There is a sequence of presences.

SATURDAY

My life has never been orderly, but always rich and full of planning. I inherited this approach from my first professional trainers, who have had a profound impact on my personal life as well. The difference between an orderly existence and a planned one might seem subtle to most, almost similar, but they propose two alternative lifestyles. Order is relegated to a precise moment, conditioned by the moment and events. Planning, on the other hand, considers long, intense, and purposeful periods, where the image becomes the primary point of reference, and organization integrates naturally, becoming essential to achieving set goals.

All men in the world have a volatile relationship with water, especially when it comes to hygiene. We often neglect ourselves if we can afford it, while our wives are always ready to urge us to do more.

That Saturday morning, as has been the case for the past five years, I went to Caritas to offer the usual assistance to the poor who had not had the strength and fortune to be reborn, to reintegrate into society. My role that day was to serve the first courses, a delicate task where our presence had to be high-profile, orderly, and clean, otherwise we would have compromised everything.

I was used to making everyone smile, cracking ironic jokes, and infusing a bit of humor. Some people wanted their pasta cooked a little longer, some preferred it al dente, some without tomato sauce, some with just cheese. It would have been impossible to please everyone, so I often found myself putting them off until the next day, advising them to talk to their Sunday colleague.

At one point, a husband and wife arrived. He looked at me in the face and asked if I was Frega. Yes, of course, I recognized him immediately: it was my philosophy professor. I invited him to take a seat, promising to join him as soon as possible.

When I found a free moment, I sat down with them. The professor told me he had retired and spent everything on treating his wife, who was sitting next to him, for malignant tumors. They had sold their house, taken out bank loans, and now they did not even have enough money to eat.

With a wistful smile, the professor asked me what I did at Caritas. I did not immediately find an answer. In these cases, those who suffer

should not be further burdened by superfluous information. Fewer details generate less stress.

But the professor would not give up; he wanted to know. Finally, I replied, "It's not what I do that matters, but who I do it for and when I do it."

"You've always been a good student, Frega," he told me, "One of the best I have had in twenty years of teaching. I've searched for you for so long, but I've never found you."

Before leaving, he suggested meeting again the following Saturday, at the same time. I accepted. Seven days later, he was there waiting for me. I handed him the keys to an apartment whose rent had been paid, inviting him to use the money he had saved for utilities and food.

He burst into tears, and so did I. I had separated the pain from the joy, achieving a tremendous result. I did not give him time to ask any more questions, but every now and then I check in on him, as if he were my own father.

This experience taught me that life planning is not about achieving personal goals, but also about finding ways to make a difference in the lives of others. And that Saturday, like so many others, I proved to myself that small acts of kindness can have an enormous impact.

LETTER FROM LIVIA

I received an email from an eight-year-old girl from Northern Italy who informs me that she has read one of my books, which she took from her mother, and that she wants to ask me a favor. I know you are a writer, not a priest or a magician, and I ask you to write a letter to Baby Jesus

asking for Dad's recovery from the illness that struck him. You know, I only have him, and the thought of being alone makes me feel bad. You may be wondering why I am making this request: I have seen how you author your books, and I have seen that you truly know how to touch hearts. You have done the same with me, even at my age, where every time I return to that chapter, I cry. You can send the letter directly; you know Jesus's address and you do not need to send me a copy. Even though I do not know you, I have great faith in you. You have been healed of seven malignant tumors; you know how to escape evil. I hope this situation finds a successful conclusion, and I will visit you and Dad to ingratiate myself with you and tell you that I love you. We children are incredibly careful about these things, and you know, we talk about them among ourselves, but I was jealous of our relationship and did not tell anyone about it. I would like to hug you tightly to thank you for what you managed to do; you were not the last on the list, but my only hope.

DEAR BABY JESUS,

I turn to You with a heart full of hope, bringing with me the desire of a sweet little girl, Livia, eight years old, from Northern Italy. She read one of my books and found comfort and hope in my words. Now she asks me to offer You a special prayer.

Livia's father has been struck by a serious illness, and she fears losing her only father. Baby Jesus, I ask You to hear this innocent and sincere prayer, and to grant Livia's father the strength and health needed to overcome this difficult ordeal. Livia has only him, and the thought of being alone makes her feel terrible.

I know your goodness and mercy are infinite. Please send your love and healing to Livia's father, so that he may regain health and the joy of living with his beloved daughter.

Baby Jesus, I thank You for hearing this prayer and for always being there in times of need. Livia's trust in You and her innocence have touched me deeply, and I hope you can answer this request with Your infinite grace.

With deep gratitude, the letter was delivered to a Catholic church and an offering was made.

ANGEL

Your birthday has arrived, and I wonder whether it will bring joy and something new this year as well. Often, instead, it brings only desolation: the awareness of growing older and the steady weight of new responsibilities. That is what we call old age.

Many years ago, you awaited his arrival with boundless excitement and joy. Friends would be waiting for you at the bar for dessert and coffee, a true treasure you shared with the owner of the bar, who was renovating the place.

Sixty-one years, you are right. A bivalent composite number: the six representing the devil and the one representing the prime number, the best, the irreplaceable.

As always, my thoughts are with those who love you: your wife and son. You will have an intimate celebration wherever you decide.

Your writer friend may not be able to be with you physically, but he can come spiritually, and with this letter he lets you know how close he

is to you, demonstrating all his true and genuine affection.

In life, invisible men are the ones who are worth a lot, while all the others remain on the street arguing about nothing, you have always been among the first, thank you for being my friend.

I would like to share a reflection with you: every part of our lives is like a puzzle within a parallel, as if it were the human body. There are delicate points and strong points, emotions and emotions and emotions, feelings and passion, love, and hate, but there is one thing no one can touch: our dignity, and you, my dear friend, have it in spades.

Face the next thirty-nine years with serenity, and do not allow yourself to retire, the people of the municipality will die: a one-hundred-year-old man with eighty-two years of experience and a lot of strength to spare.

I wish you to take all the good that destiny has in store for you and I invite you, behind your silence, and master of my visions, to talk more with Joseph, because He is you.

A FATHER

And we had always been ready to begin fulfilling the role we had inherited from our fathers. We were certain we were better, that we were doing our best. We wanted to be different, innovative, recognized, not conscripted. We were the new parents, steeped in knowledge, culture, and technology, but we bore the same weaknesses as everyone else.

What set us apart was the fact that the children were now ours. No one hoped they would be born with illnesses, and processing grief was

not easy, like a lifelong loss.

They, in addition to carrying our surname, would inherit a part of our genetic heritage, and we never missed an opportunity to see them manifest what they had. Many of our things, clearly, were part of them, and we loved them.

Unfortunately, there was a difference, a diversity, between males and females, determined by nature and against which no one could do anything. They loved their parents, but their intimate relationships were bestowed on their mothers, especially by the males. The father was left with something very marginal. Usually, daughters sought a woman outside, like an aunt, a grandmother, or a friend; it was their being women that made them feel protected among strangers.

But the female had a unique bond with her father, made of gestures and silences, as if she were protecting him, and in everything he decided, her father's presence would significantly influence. There was a kind of magic in that relationship, an invisible bond that manifested itself in small moments of silent connection and unexpected acts of kindness.

As the years passed, my daughter stopped calling me dad, almost forcing herself to call me by my first name. I did not understand the reason, the motive. I should have acknowledged that she was an adult and stopped treating her like a little girl. But that change left me with a void inside, a sense of nostalgia for those days when I was her hero and her haven.

But for parents, adult children are always small. When they have a minor flu, we immediately reach for aspirin and a hot water bottle. No

matter how much they grow, no matter how independent they become, a father's concern and love never fade.

Being a father means facing each day with the understanding that, despite all our efforts, we will never be perfect. It means accepting our imperfections and those of our children and continuing to offer our unconditional love. It is a journey of mutual growth, of silent teachings, and of continuous discovery.

In the end, what truly matters are not the victories or defeats, but the bonds we build, the memories we create, and the love we give and receive. Being a father is a privilege, a responsibility, and a joy that accompanies us throughout our lives. Even in the face of adversity, like a daughter's illness, a father's love never wavers. It grows stronger, becoming a source of hope and courage.

Worrying about my sick daughter's future keeps me awake at night, but at the same time it pushes me to fight even harder for her well-being. Every small step forward, every smile wrung from her suffering, is an immense victory. My role as a father becomes even more crucial, and my dedication to her recovery and her future becomes my mission.

Even though the journey is difficult, I am confident that the love I have for my daughter and her inner strength will carry her through every obstacle. I continue to dream of a future for her full of opportunities, happiness, and fulfillment. Being a father also means believing wholeheartedly in the potential and resilience of your children, regardless of the challenges life throws at us.

Being a father means loving all your children, it is our mission that God left for us, and no one can replace us.

I COULDN'T LEAVE HER ALONE

It was a cold, rainy night when I received the call. The voice on the other end was my sister's, filled with anguish. She had just discovered that her husband had cheated on her and abandoned her. Her words were broken by sobs, and the pain she felt was palpable through the line.

Without thinking twice, I grabbed my car keys and set off for her house. It did not matter how late it was or how hard it was raining; I knew I could not leave her alone right then. The drive seemed endless, but I finally arrived.

As soon as she saw me, she ran to me and hugged me with all her strength. I could feel her trembling and the warmth of her tears on my shoulder. I held her close, trying to give her all the strength and love she needed.

We sat on the couch and talked for hours. She told me everything, from the betrayal to the emptiness she felt inside. I listened without interrupting, letting her vent all her pain. I told her I was there for her, that she did not have to go through this alone.

As the days passed, I tried to be her point of reference, her support. I helped her rebuild her life piece by piece, face difficulties, and regain her self-confidence. We organized evenings with friends, walks in the park, and even short trips to distract her and show her that life could still be beautiful.

Seeing my sister smile again, regaining her strength and courage, was the greatest reward. I knew it would not be easy, but the bond that united us was stronger than any difficulty. I could not leave her alone, and I knew that together we would overcome any obstacle.

During those months, I learned how important mutual support was within the family. It was not just my sister who benefited from my presence, but I also found comfort in knowing I could help her. Every little progress she made, every smile that returned to her face, was a shared victory.

I remember one evening, when we decided to take a walk along the river. The sky was clear and the stars were shining above us. We talked at length about what had happened and how the future could still hold moments of joy. My sister confided in me that she had begun to rediscover her passions, such as painting and reading, which she had abandoned during her marriage. Those moments of sharing brought us even closer and strengthened our bond.

Looking back now, I see how important it was to be there for her at that moment. Life often throws us unexpected challenges, but having someone by our side can make all the difference. And on that cold, rainy night, I learned that the love and support of family are the most precious gifts we can receive.

My sister found the strength to move forward, to build a new life, and to rediscover happiness. And I learned a valuable lesson about the importance of being there for the people we love, especially in tough times. That period changed us both, making us stronger and more united than ever.

CRY LIKE A BABY

Ferdinando had always tried to be strong. Raised in a family where emotions were often repressed, he learned from an early age not to

show his vulnerability. However, life had its own way of evaluating his convictions.

One day, after a series of unfortunate events, Ferdinando found himself alone in his room. Accumulated disappointments, unsurpassed challenges, and emotional exhaustion piled up like an unbearable weight. He sat on the bed, his head in his hands, feeling a growing pressure in his chest.

Suddenly, tears began to flow from his eyes, like a raging river. He cried with the intensity of a child, unrestrained, unashamed. Each sob released years of bottled-up pain, each tear washed away a little of his anguish.

As the tears continued to flow, Ferdinando realized how cathartic that moment was. For the first time, he allowed himself to be vulnerable, to show himself for who he was: a human being with emotions, fragility, and the need to express his pain. He felt that, finally, he was embracing a part of himself that he had always tried to hide.

Crying made him feel lighter, as if an unbearable weight had been lifted from his heart. He lay down on the bed, staring at the ceiling with red, puffy eyes, but feeling more at peace than he had ever felt. That night, Ferdinando slept soundly, without disturbing dreams, but with a sense of serenity he had not felt in a long time.

The next day, Ferdinando woke up with a new awareness. He understood that there was nothing wrong with crying, showing vulnerability. On the contrary, it was an act of courage, a demonstration of inner strength. He decided to face life with a new approach, allowing himself to be authentic and express his emotions without fear of judgment.

That experience transformed him profoundly. Ferdinando began sharing his feelings more with those close to him, creating more authentic and profound bonds. He discovered that empathy and mutual understanding were essential to building strong, meaningful relationships. Whenever he felt the urge to cry, he no longer held it back, but allowed himself to live that moment fully, knowing he would emerge stronger and more aware.

Over the following weeks, Ferdinando noticed how his new attitude positively influenced those around him. His friends and family appreciated his sincerity and openness, and this created an environment of greater understanding and mutual support. His relationships became deeper and more meaningful, based on genuine trust.

Looking back, Ferdinando realized how important it was to embrace his vulnerability. Crying like a baby did not mean being weak but having the courage to face his emotions and grow through them. Life had taught him a valuable lesson: being authentic with yourself and others is the first step towards true happiness and personal fulfillment.

A MOTHER

Angela was only seventeen when she became a mother. Her adolescence had been full of dreams and hopes, but reality had her back on track. Growing up in a difficult environment, with few opportunities and even less support, Angela found herself facing one of the greatest challenges of her life with very few resources.

People in the neighborhood judged and criticized her, often without really knowing her. They called her "ignorant" because she had dropped out of school and had no formal education. But Angela was determined

to do her best for her child, despite the difficulties and prejudices she faced every day.

The first few months were extremely difficult. Angela had to learn to care for her newborn alone. Exhaustion, worry, and loneliness were her constant companions. Every day was a struggle to ensure her little one had everything he needed, even if it meant sacrificing her own desires and needs.

But Angela had an inner strength no one could see. Every night, when the baby finally fell asleep, she sat down with a book or manual, trying to learn everything she could about being a good mother. She asked questions, sought advice, and listened attentively to those who could help her.

Over time, Angela began to feel more confident. Despite her educational shortcomings, her maternal instinct and determination to improve allowed her to raise a happy and healthy child. Her love and dedication were evident in every small gesture, every smile, and every caress.

Her story inspired everyone who knew her. Mothers in the neighborhood began to see in her an example of resilience and strength. Angela organized support groups for young mothers, sharing what she had learned and offering a sympathetic ear to those in need.

She understood that ignorance was not a curse, but a temporary condition that could be overcome with the will to learn and grow. Angela continued to study, read, and improve, proving to herself and others that she was not defined by the circumstances in which she grew up, but by the person she chose to become each day.

Today, looking back, Angela sees the long journey she has traveled with pride and gratitude. She knew her journey had not been easy, but every sacrifice, every tear, and every challenge she overcame had allowed her to become an extraordinary mother and a role model for her community. And she had demonstrated that with love, determination, and an open mind, even an uneducated young mother could make a difference in the world.

THE BEST: THE LAST ONE

Ferdinando's life had been filled with encounters, loves, and relationships, but there was something different about the last woman he had met. From the first moment, he felt a special connection, an understanding he had never felt before.

Ferdinando had had numerous romantic experiences over the years, each with its own joys and disappointments. He had learned a lot about love and about himself, but despite all those experiences, he had never found the person he could truly call his soulmate. Until he met her.

The latest woman entered his life unexpectedly. It was an ordinary day, but that meeting changed everything. Their conversation flowed naturally, and Ferdinando immediately felt a profound connection. Every word, every smile, every gesture seemed perfectly in tune with what he desired and sought.

As time passed, that relationship revealed itself to be unlike any other. It was not just physical attraction or intellectual affinity, but a profound connection that went beyond words. She understood Ferdinando in a way no other woman had ever done. They shared

dreams, fears, laughter, and tears. Their relationship was based on trust, respect, and unconditional love.

Ferdinando realized that, despite all his past experiences, it was only now that he truly understood what it meant to love and be loved. The last woman in his life taught him the importance of being vulnerable, of opening completely, and of sharing every aspect of his life.

One day, as they were walking hand in hand, Ferdinando stopped and looked into her eyes. "You're the best woman I've ever known," he said sincerely. "Not because the others weren't special, but because with you I found the part of myself that was missing."

Their life together was not perfect, but it was precisely in its imperfections that they found the beauty of their love. Every challenge they overcame together strengthened their bond, making their relationship more solid and meaningful. Ferdinando understood that true love was not just made of perfect moments, but of understanding, patience, and dedication.

Now, looking back, Ferdinando saw all his past experiences as necessary steps that had led him to this moment. Every relationship, every broken heart, every lesson learned had prepared him to meet the woman who would become his lifelong companion.

The best woman, the last woman, was the one who had completed his journey and shown him what it truly meant to love and be loved. With her, Ferdinando finally found the peace and happiness he had always sought.

THE PSYCHIATRIC VISIT

Ferdinando sat in the waiting room, looking at the white walls and the rows of chairs. It was the day of his first psychiatric appointment, an appointment he had put off for far too long. He felt a mixture of anxiety and hope, hoping he could finally find some clarity and peace.

When the nurse called his name, Ferdinando stood up and followed the corridor to Dr. Rossi's office. The doctor was a middle-aged man with a welcoming smile and kind eyes. "Welcome, Ferdinando," Dr. Rossi said, indicating a chair. "Please, take a seat."

Ferdinando sat down, feeling the weight of his worries and thoughts. Dr. Rossi grabbed a notepad and pen, ready to listen. "So, Ferdinando, what brought you here today?"

Taking a deep breath, Ferdinando began to tell his story. He spoke of his sleepless nights, the worries that kept him awake, and the endless moments of sadness. He confessed that he often felt overwhelmed by responsibilities and could not find joy in the things he once loved.

Dr. Rossi listened attentively, noting every detail. There was no judgment in his eyes, only understanding and professionalism. When Ferdinando finished, Dr. Rossi began asking questions, trying to better understand the situation.

They spoke at length about Ferdinando's experiences, his fears, and his hopes. Dr. Rossi explained that Ferdinando's symptoms were common and that with the right therapeutic approach and, if necessary, pharmacological support, he could significantly improve his quality of life.

At the end of the visit, Ferdinando felt relieved. He had finally shared his burden with someone who understood and could help him. Dr. Rossi prescribed therapy sessions and gave him some practical advice for managing daily stress.

As he left the office, Ferdinando felt a new hope growing within him. He knew the road to wellness would be long and challenging, but for the first time he felt he was no longer alone. He had taken the first step toward recovery, and that psychiatric visit was the beginning of a new chapter in his life.

A CRAZY, INTELLIGENT

Ferdinando had always been considered different. From an early age, his mind worked in ways that often left others perplexed. In class, he always had a different answer, an innovative idea, or a unique way of seeing things. But instead of being encouraged, he was often ridiculed or labeled as strange. Teachers and classmates did not understand his brilliant and inventive mind, and this led him to feel isolated and misunderstood.

Things did not improve as he grew older. Ferdinando developed interests and passions that led him to explore unconventional fields. While his peers followed more traditional paths, he immersed himself in philosophical reading, studied alternative sciences, and sought to understand the mysteries of the universe. His thirst for knowledge was boundless, but the world around him seemed unprepared for his ideas.

Family and friends began to worry. They spoke of him as if he had lost touch with reality. It was then that the first signs of depression and anxiety began to manifest. Ferdinando fought the idea of being

considered "crazy," knowing deep down that this was not the case. His mind was simply too far ahead of the times and social conventions.

One day, after a series of difficult episodes, Ferdinando decided to seek professional help. He booked a psychiatric appointment, despite his fear of further stigmatization. Sitting in Dr. Rossi's office, Ferdinando recounted his story, explaining his theories, discoveries, and dreams. To his great surprise, Dr. Rossi listened attentively without interrupting, showing genuine interest in his words.

At the end of the session, Dr. Rossi smiled and said, "Ferdinando, you're not crazy. You are incredibly intelligent and creative. Your mind works in ways few can understand, but that does not mean there is anything wrong with you. On the contrary, it is a rare and precious quality. You just need to find the right context in which to express your potential."

Those words changed everything for Ferdinando. He began to see his diversity as a gift, not a curse. Instead of trying to fit in with a world that did not understand him, he decided to find his place in the world, a place where his intelligence and creativity could be valued.

With Dr. Rossi's support, Ferdinando began building a life where his ideas could flourish. He connected with other brilliant minds, attended conferences and study groups, and slowly began to earn the respect and admiration of others. He discovered that he was not alone, and that there were other people like him, visionaries, and pioneers, ready to change the world.

Today, Ferdinando looks back with pride and gratitude. He knows his path has not been easy, but he has learned to see his unique mind as a blessing. He was not crazy, he was intelligent. And that intelligence,

cultivated and recognized, allowed him to make a difference in the world.

JUST ONE OPPORTUNITY

In life, Ferdinando always tried to see the bright side of things. He was the type of person who faced challenges with a smile and tried to find a solution to every situation. But there was one episode that taught him a valuable lesson: problems are nothing more than opportunities in disguise.

It was a tough time. Ferdinando was facing a series of personal and professional problems. His work was in crisis, with tight deadlines and impossible goals. In his personal life, things were no better: family tensions and financial worries plagued him day and night.

One day, while sitting in his office, overwhelmed by paperwork and worries, Ferdinando realized how easy it was to be overwhelmed by difficulties. But instead of giving in to despair, he decided to change his perspective. He began to see every problem as an opportunity to learn and improve.

What began as a simple change in mindset soon became a philosophy of life. Ferdinando approached work problems with determination and creativity, seeking innovative solutions and new ways to overcome obstacles. His fresh ideas and cheerful outlook began to yield concrete results, earning him the respect and admiration of his colleagues.

In his personal life, Ferdinando applied the same approach. Instead of viewing family tensions as a burden, he viewed them as an opportunity to strengthen bonds and improve communication. He began

talking openly with his loved ones, addressing problems honestly and seeking solutions together. Gradually, relationships improved, and Ferdinando felt a new sense of unity and support from his family.

One of the most significant lessons came when Ferdinando decided to embark on a personal project he had always dreamed of: writing a book. He used the free time he had carved out between his responsibilities to put his experiences, thoughts, and discoveries on paper. Every written page was a victory over doubt and fear, an opportunity to express himself and share his vision of the world.

The book became a success, not only because it was well-written, but because it reflected Ferdinando's authenticity and passion. People found inspiration in his words and began to see their problems in a new light. Ferdinando realized that his approach had not only helped him overcome his challenges but also had the power to positively influence others.

Today, Ferdinando continues to live with the conviction that every problem is an opportunity waiting to be solved. He knows life can be difficult, but he passionately believes that with the right mindset and determination, every challenge can be transformed into an opportunity for growth and success.

I WASN'T READY FOR SUCCESS

Ferdinando had always dreamed of success. From an early age, he had worked hard to achieve his goals, dedicating countless hours to honing his skills and building his career. However, when success finally knocked on his door, he realized he was completely unprepared for it.

The change came suddenly. A project Ferdinando had worked on with passion and dedication received unexpected recognition, and he suddenly found himself in the spotlight. He received calls from the media, invitations to conferences, and requests for collaborations. The entire world wanted a piece of him. At first, he felt elated and incredibly gratified, but soon the pressure began to take its toll.

Success brought with it a series of new challenges and responsibilities for which Ferdinando was unprepared. Others' expectations grew, and with them, his own insecurities. The fear of not being good enough and of disappointing those who believed in him tormented him day and night. Every decision seemed weighty, and every mistake potentially catastrophic.

As he tried to navigate this new world, Ferdinando realized how easy it was to get lost. His days were filled with commitments, meetings, and deadlines, leaving him little time for himself and the things he loved to do. The passion that had once driven him began to fade under the weight of his responsibilities. He felt like he was losing control of his life.

He decided to take a break. He retreated to a quiet place, far from the hype and frenzy of success. He spent time reflecting on what truly mattered to him and what success truly meant. He realized that true success was not just a matter of public recognition or financial gain, but of being at peace with oneself and doing what he loved.

During that period of reflection, Ferdinando realized that he needed to find a balance. Success could be a blessing, but only if experienced with awareness and authenticity. He decided to regain control of his life, setting limits and rediscovering the passions that had brought him to this point.

He returned to his business with a new perspective. He learned to delegate, to say no when necessary, and to dedicate time to himself and his loved ones. He discovered that by finding balance, he could enjoy success without being overwhelmed. His performance improved, and his passion returned, stronger than ever.

Looking back, Ferdinando realized that he was never truly prepared for success, but that it was precisely that unpreparedness that made him human. His ability to adapt, learn from his mistakes, and grow through hardship had made him a stronger and more aware person. And that personal growth was the true secret to his success.

THE ILLNESS: SALVATION

Ferdinando's life had always followed a predictable path. Work, family, friends: every day was marked by a consolidated routine. However, one day, everything changed. Ferdinando began to feel tired, more than usual, and he noticed that something in his body was not functioning as it should. After several medical tests, an unexpected diagnosis arrived: a rare and debilitating disease.

The news was a devastating blow. Ferdinando felt overwhelmed by a wave of fear and uncertainty. His life, which until then had been so stable, seemed to crumble under the weight of the illness. He spent his days lost in thought, wondering why it had happened to him and how he would cope with it all.

But it was precisely in that moment of desperation that Ferdinando discovered an inner strength he did not know he possessed. Instead of giving in to the disease, he decided to fight back. He immersed himself in research, trying to understand everything he could about his

condition. He consulted specialists, joined support groups, and experimented with various alternative therapies.

As time passed, Ferdinando began to see his illness in a new light. Instead of viewing it simply as a curse, he began to see it as an opportunity for personal rediscovery. The illness forced him to slow down, reflect on his priorities, and reevaluate what was truly important in life.

During this journey of self-reflection, Ferdinando discovered passions and talents he had neglected for years. He returned to painting, a passion he had abandoned in his youth, and found great comfort and joy in art. He approached meditation and yoga, discovering a new sense of peace and inner balance.

Ferdinando's relationships changed profoundly. The illness taught him the importance of honesty and communication. He shared his feelings and fears with family and friends, discovering a deeper and more authentic connection with those he loved. He understood that true strength lies not in hiding one's vulnerabilities, but in having the courage to expose them.

Despite his illness, Ferdinando began to live a richer and more fulfilling life. Every day became an opportunity to learn and connect with the world in new and meaningful ways. His perspective on life changed radically, and he learned to see every challenge as an opportunity to evolve.

Looking back, Ferdinando realized that, paradoxically, the illness had been his salvation. It forced him to stop, reflect, and rediscover himself. It had transformed a hopeless situation into a journey of personal growth and rebirth.

THE PATH TO INFINITY

Ferdinando had always been fascinated by the unknown, by the search for the profound meaning of life and the universe. From an early age, he spent hours reading books on philosophy, science, and spirituality, trying to understand what lay beyond the ordinary, beyond what could be seen and touched. He felt an inner calling toward something greater, something infinite.

One day, during one of his mountain hikes, Ferdinando found a hidden, rarely traveled path that seemed to lead to the highest peaks. He decided to follow it, driven by curiosity and a desire to explore the unknown. The path was steep and challenging, but each step brought him closer to a higher awareness.

As he walked, Ferdinando's mind filled with reflections. He thought of all the lessons he had learned along the way, the moments of joy and sorrow, the challenges overcome and the discoveries made. Each experience led him to a greater understanding of himself and the world around him.

The path led him to a plateau, where he stopped to admire the view. From that elevated position, he could see infinity stretching out before him, an endless landscape of mountains, valleys, and open skies. He sat on a rock and closed his eyes, letting himself be carried away by the feeling of peace and connection with the universe.

In that quiet moment, Ferdinando had a profound insight: the infinite was not just out there, but within him. He understood that each person is a microcosm, a reflection of the infinite universe, and that the true quest is not so much external as internal. The path to the infinite was an internal journey, a path of self-reflection and spiritual growth.

Ferdinando spent hours in meditation, exploring the deepest recesses of his mind and spirit. He realized that the true meaning of life lay in the ability to be present, to live each moment with awareness and gratitude. Infinity was the sum of all moments, all experiences, all acts of love and compassion.

Returning from his journey, Ferdinando felt he had found a new perspective on life. He continued to explore, read, and learn, but with a new awareness. He knew that the path to infinity had no definitive end but was a continuous journey of discovery and growth.

His story inspired all who heard it, inviting people to seek their own path to infinity, to explore the depths of their being, and to live life with a sense of wonder and connection to the universe.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BLACK HOLE

Ferdinando had always had an insatiable curiosity about the universe and its mysteries. As a child, he spent hours gazing at the stars, imagining distant worlds and cosmic phenomena he had only read about in books. His passion for astronomy grew as he grew older, leading him to dedicate his life to scientific research.

One day, while reading an article about a recent discovery involving a black hole, Ferdinando felt irresistibly drawn to the topic. Black holes represented the deepest unknown, an enigma that defied human comprehension. He decided he would dedicate his career to studying them, hoping to unlock at least some of their secrets.

He worked tirelessly, collaborating with other scientists and using the most advanced technologies available. Each new discovery brought him a step closer to understanding those mysterious cosmic depths.

However, there was always something elusive, a piece of the puzzle that seemed missing.

One day, during one of his research projects, Ferdinando had an insight. What if there was a way to explore a black hole from the inside? The idea was bold and risky, but his curiosity and determination were stronger than any fear. After months of planning and preparation, Ferdinando and his team developed an advanced probe, designed to withstand the extreme conditions inside a black hole.

On launch day, Ferdinando watched with trepidation as the probe was launched into space. Hours of anticipation followed, until the probe finally reached the black hole and began sending data. The images and information that arrived were astonishing and shocking.

At the bottom of the black hole, Ferdinando discovered a world completely different from what he had imagined. Extreme gravity and tidal forces created a surreal landscape, where space and time seemed distorted. But amidst the shadows and chaotic energies lay an unexpected beauty, a dance of particles and light that defied the known laws of physics.

As he analyzed the data, Ferdinando realized he had found a key to better understanding the universe. The information gathered by the probe opened new avenues of research and led to discoveries that forever changed the fields of astronomy and physics. His curiosity and courage had brought humanity one step closer to understanding the mysteries of the universe.

Looking back now, Ferdinando felt grateful for having followed his instincts and had the courage to explore the unknown. He knew there were still many mysteries to unravel, but each new discovery was a step

toward infinity. And at the bottom of the black hole, he had found not only answers, but also new questions that would fuel his passion for the rest of his life.

THE STARS WERE DANCING

It was a clear and serene night, one of those nights when the sky looked like a velvet blanket dotted with thousands of twinkling stars. Ferdinando, always fascinated by the night sky, decided to take a break from the daily grind and climb a nearby hill to admire the starry spectacle.

Arriving at the top of the hill, he lay down on the fresh grass and gazed up. The stars shone so brightly that they seemed to pulse to the rhythm of an invisible music. As he watched this celestial ballet, Ferdinando felt transported to a magical world, far from the worries and troubles of everyday life.

He closed his eyes for a moment, letting himself be lulled by the feeling of peace and serenity. When he opened them again, he had the impression that the stars had begun to move. It was not just a random movement, but a harmonious and synchronized dance. The stars danced, creating patterns and shapes in the sky, as if telling an ancient and mysterious story.

Ferdinando was enchanted by the vision, imagining that each star was a dancer, that each movement had a profound meaning. The stars traced luminous paths, intertwining and separating, forming constellations that came to life before their eyes. Each figure told a legend, a story of lost love, courageous heroes, and unsolved mysteries.

Time seemed to stand still as Ferdinando watched that cosmic ballet. He felt part of something larger, connected to the universe in a way he had never felt before. The dance of the stars filled him with wonder and gratitude, making him understand how precious life is and how important it is to appreciate the small miracles that surround us every day.

As the night wore on, the stars continued to dance, and Ferdinando felt a profound serenity enveloping him. In those moments, he found answers to questions that had long tormented him and discovered a new inner strength. He understood that, just like the stars in the sky, he too could dance through life's challenges, finding harmony and beauty in every step.

When he finally rose to return home, Ferdinando carried with him that feeling of peace and connection with the universe. The dance of the stars would remain with him, a precious memory that would continue to inspire and guide him in times of difficulty. And every time he looked up at the night sky, he knew the stars were there, ready to dance for him and remind him of the infinite beauty of the universe.

BEHIND MY MEMORIES

Ferdinando had always considered himself a lively and energetic person. His life had been a succession of adventures, excitement, and successes. However, lately, something has changed. He felt he was no longer the same, as if a part of him had faded away.

Memories of the past haunted him constantly, taking him back to moments of joy and pain that seemed long gone. Each memory was like a window onto a past that could no longer be changed, and this made

him feel trapped. It was as if his best days were behind him, and the present was but a pale shadow of what had once been.

One day, while leafing through an old photo album, Ferdinando felt overwhelmed by emotion. Each image told a story, a moment of happiness or a challenge overcome. Photos of family, summer vacations, parties with friends... everything seemed so vivid and real, yet so distant. He felt a profound melancholy, as if life had lost its color and intensity.

As he looked at those images, Ferdinando realized that his memories, precious as they were, were also holding him back. They were like a weight that prevented him from moving forward and fully living in the present. He decided it was time to address this feeling of stagnation and find a way to rekindle the spark he felt he had lost.

He started with small steps. He devoted himself to new activities, trying to rediscover the passions he had abandoned. He accepted painting again, a hobby that had always relaxed and inspired him. He found solace in nature, walking in parks and immersing himself in the silence and beauty of the world around him.

Ferdinando understood that to live fully, he had to find a balance between the past and the present. Instead of being consumed by memories, he began to use them as a source of inspiration. Every experience, every lesson learned, became a building block for his future.

He developed the habit of journaling, recording his thoughts and emotions. This helped him organize his mind and better understand what he was feeling. He discovered that by expressing his feelings, he was able to release them and find new perspectives.

Meanwhile, Ferdinando opened more to those close to him. He shared his memories, his fears, and his hopes with them. He discovered that others also had their own demons to face and that together they could support each other and grow. Relationships became deeper and more authentic, based on sincerity and mutual sharing.

Over time, Ferdinando felt his life regaining color and meaning. He was no longer distracted by his memories but used them as a springboard for new experiences and adventures. He understood that every day was an opportunity to create new memories, to live fully, and to love without reservation.

Looking back, Ferdinando realized that his memories were not only a link to the past, but also a guide for the present and the future. Every moment he lived, every emotion he felt, contributed to shaping him as he was today. And with this knowledge, he faced each day with renewed energy and hope.

THE RECONCILIATION LUNCH

It was a chilly winter Sunday when Ferdinando decided to organize a special lunch. Relations with his family had been strained for some time, due to misunderstandings and arguments that had left deep wounds. However, Ferdinando felt the need to put an end to that situation and restore peace and harmony.

He plucked up courage and began calling his family members, one by one. Each call was a small step toward reconciliation, an opportunity to explain his desire to reunite the family and overcome their differences. To his great surprise and relief, everyone accepted the invitation, ready to give family ties a second chance.

On the morning of the luncheon, Ferdinando woke early to prepare everything. The house needed to be welcoming, warm, and filled with love. He carefully set the table, choosing an elegant tablecloth and gleaming silverware. In the center of the table, he placed a large vase of fresh flowers, a symbol of rebirth and hope.

In the kitchen, Ferdinando devoted himself passionately to preparing the dishes. He wanted every course to be special, a gesture of love for each member of the family. He prepared delicious appetizers, succulent first courses, and delicious desserts, pouring all his care and love into every detail. The aroma of the dishes filled the house, creating an atmosphere of warmth and welcome.

As the family members began to arrive, Ferdinando greeted them with a sincere smile. Every hug, every handshake was a sign of reconciliation and forgiveness. The initial tension began to melt away, replaced by shy smiles and understanding glances. They sat around the table, ready to share that special moment.

The lunch began with a blessing, a prayer of gratitude for being together and hope for the future. Ferdinando raised his glass and proposed a toast to the family, to the reconciliation and love that united them. Everyone toasted enthusiastically, feeling that this moment marked a new beginning.

During the meal, conversations began to flow. We talked about happy memories, dreams, and the future. Laughter filled the room, creating a positive and contagious energy. Each bite was accompanied by words of comfort and encouragement, and old wounds seemed to fade away.

Ferdinando realized that lunch was not about food, but an opportunity to rebuild family bonds. Every gesture, every word, every smile contributed to building a climate of trust and love. He felt profound gratitude for that moment, knowing that his family was his most precious treasure.

As the lunch ended, the family members stood to thank Ferdinando. Each expressed their appreciation for the gesture and the love he had put into organizing the lunch. Emotions were intense, and a few tears of joy rolled down someone's face.

Ferdinando looked at his family with shining eyes, feeling profound happiness. The reconciliation meal had achieved its purpose, restoring harmony and serenity to their hearts. He knew it would not always be easy, but that moment represented a new beginning, a promise of love and unity.

THE FIRST MONEY FOR THE SICK

Ferdinando had always had a generous heart and deep empathy for those who suffered. Growing up in a modest family, he learned the value of solidarity and mutual support. One day, while walking through the streets of his neighborhood, he noticed a sign announcing a fundraiser for the patients of the small local hospital. He immediately felt the desire to contribute and make a difference in the lives of those going through tough times.

Back home, Ferdinando began to think about how he could raise money for the sick. He did not have much money, but he was determined to do something concrete. He decided to organize a sale in the neighborhood park, involving friends, family, and neighbors. He

began making phone calls, texting, and talking to people, explaining his project and asking for their help.

The response was astonishing. In just a few days, Ferdinando managed to assemble a group of enthusiastic and motivated volunteers. Each of them contributed what they could: homemade sweets, handcrafted items, used clothes, and books, and much more. The park transformed into a lively market, full of colorful stalls and smiling people.

On the day of the sale, the sun was shining brightly, and the atmosphere was filled with positive energy. Ferdinando was tending to a stall, welcoming visitors with a smile and explaining the importance of the fundraiser. People were generous and enthusiastic, purchasing products and making spontaneous donations.

As the hours passed, Ferdinando realized how powerful the act of giving was. Every small gesture of generosity transformed into a huge help for the hospital's patients, and seeing the community's participation filled him with pride and gratitude.

At the end of the day, the result far exceeded expectations. The amount raised was significant and could have made an enormous difference in the care and treatment of patients. Ferdinando could not hold back the tears of joy as he counted the money with the volunteers. What had begun as a simple gesture of solidarity had turned into an extraordinary success.

With the money raised, Ferdinando went to the hospital and handed it over to the director. The medical staff and patients were moved by the community's generosity and Ferdinando's commitment. They knew that

these funds would allow them to improve care, purchase necessary equipment, and offer better support to patients and their families.

Ferdinando returned home with a light heart and full of satisfaction. He knew he had accomplished something significant, that he had contributed to the well-being of others and created an even stronger bond with his community. That experience taught him that even the smallest gesture of generosity can make an enormous difference and that, united, we can overcome any challenge.

A WALK ALONG THE SEAFRONT

It was one of those perfect summer evenings, with the sun slowly setting behind the horizon, painting the sky with shades of gold and pink. Ferdinando, feeling the sea breeze calling him, decided to take a stroll along the seafront. The sound of the waves gently crashing on the shore and the salty scent of the air instilled in him a sense of peace and serenity.

As he walked along the tree-lined avenue, he watched families enjoying the evening, children running and playing, and couples holding hands, engrossed in conversation. Each step brought him closer to a sense of freedom and lightness. The waterfront was alive with sounds and colors, and Ferdinando felt part of that vibrant energy.

He paused for a moment on a bench, admiring the beauty of the landscape. The sea sparkled in the last rays of the sun, and the water looked like a carpet of liquid diamonds. Ferdinando closed his eyes and breathed deeply, letting the sound of the waves lull him into a sweet embrace. In that moment of tranquility, he felt a profound connection with nature and with himself.

He resumed his walk, heading toward the pier. The sky was beginning to darken, and the first stars were beginning to peek out, shimmering timidly in the twilight. The pier was crowded with people who, like him, were seeking a moment of quiet and reflection. Ferdinando leaned against the railing and gazed out to sea, lost in thought.

He reflected on his life, the choices he had made, and the paths still to travel. He realized how important it was to take time for himself, to listen to his thoughts and find inner balance. The walk along the seafront offered him a precious opportunity to reconnect with his emotions and find a new perspective on life.

As the night wore on, the waterfront lit up with warm, welcoming lights. The restaurants and cafés along the way filled with people, creating a festive, convivial atmosphere. Ferdinando decided to stop at one of these establishments, sitting at an outdoor table and ordering an ice cream. He savored every spoonful with pleasure, savoring the freshness and sweetness of the dessert.

Looking at the people around him, Ferdinando felt deep gratitude for that moment. Life was made up of small moments of happiness, simple pleasures we often take for granted. The walk along the seafront had reminded him of the importance of appreciating every single moment and living with awareness and gratitude.

When he finally decided to return home, Ferdinando felt refreshed and at peace. The evening on the waterfront had been a precious gift, an opportunity to find serenity and rediscover the beauty of life. With a light heart and a smile on his lips, he walked home, ready to face the new day with renewed energy and hope.

THE VANISHED LABORS

Ferdinando had always led a busy life, filled with work, commitments, and responsibilities. Every day was a race against time, an endless succession of tasks. However, one day, something changed. The toil that had accompanied him for years began to fade, giving way to a new sense of lightness and serenity.

The transformation began subtly. Ferdinando noticed he had more energy upon awakening, facing the days with a different spirit. Daily activities, which once seemed burdensome and endless, became easier and more fluid. Every task, every commitment seemed to unfold with unexpected ease.

As the weeks passed, Ferdinando realized it was not just a matter of physical energy, but of an internal shift. His mind was calmer and clearer, and the worries that had tormented him began to dissolve. His struggles had not magically disappeared, but his way of dealing with them had changed. He had learned to manage stress, to focus on what was truly important, and to let go of the things he could not control.

One day, while walking along his favorite path in the park, Ferdinando reflected on how he had achieved this new awareness. He remembered the small habits he had introduced into his life: morning meditation, regular breaks at work, time dedicated to passions and hobbies. Every gesture, every choice had been a step toward inner healing.

He realized that hardship had never been an enemy, but an opportunity to learn and improve. Every challenge he overcame, every difficulty he faced had made him stronger and more resilient. The key was finding a balance between doing and being, between commitment

and rest. He had learned to listen to his body and mind, to respect his limits, and to cultivate gratitude for every small success.

That evening, Ferdinando sat on the porch of his house, gazing at the starry sky. He felt at peace with himself and the world. His hardships had become a distant memory, replaced by a sense of harmony and well-being. He knew that life would still have challenges and obstacles in store for him, but now he was ready to face them with a renewed spirit.

Looking back, Ferdinando realized that the secret to his transformation had been a shift in perspective. He had stopped seeing hardships as an unbearable burden and had begun to see them as opportunities for growth. Every day was a new opportunity to learn, to improve, and to live fully and consciously.

AFFECTIVE POSTSCRIPTUM

This is not an afterthought.
It is what remains when everything has been said.

There is a part of every book that does not belong to structure, thought, or form. It belongs to people. To those who have walked through time with us without asking for explanations, without expecting results, without making noise.

This postscript is not intended to clarify.
It is intended to **acknowledge.**

If the book has survived, it is because someone did it first, in real life, long before it was written.

APHORISMS

(read slowly, not sequentially)

1. Strength is not a virtue. It is a consequence.
2. Not everything that endures gets better. Some things just endure.
3. Responsibility does not require enthusiasm. It requires continuity.
4. Helping does not make you better. It makes you present.

5. There are silences that speak only to those who have learned to listen.

6. Time does not fix anything. At most, it clarifies.

7. Being a father means choosing every day not to break down in public.

8. The truth is no consolation. That is why it is rare.

9. Giving without return is the only gesture that never gets old.

10. Not all wounds need to be healed. Some need to be respected.

11. Identity is not what you say it is. It is what you continue to do.

12. What remains makes no noise, but it weighs.

EPILOGUE

This book ends here.
Not because it has accomplished anything, but because further explanation would be superfluous.

Stories do not ask to be remembered.
They only ask not to be betrayed.

If anything accompanied these pages, it was not hope, but presence. And presence, when authentic, needs no farewell.

Whoever closes this book does not find an answer.
They find space.

And that is enough.

WHY THIS BOOK?

This book is not for those seeking comfort.
It is not for those who need answers. It is not for those who read to feel better.

It is for those who have already understood that some things are not resolved.
They just pass through. And they leave a mark.

Those seeking immediate hope will waste their time here.
Those seeking an example will be disappointed here. Those seeking guidance will not find it here.

This book does not accompany.
It is.

BECAUSE IT IS A DIARY

This is a diary because it follows the real time of things, not their idealized narrative.
But it is not confessional, because it does not seek absolution.

I did not write freely.
I wrote to avoid lying.

A diary is not there to explain who we were.
It is there to preserve who we have become.

The following pages are not intimate.
They are accurate.

THE POSITION OF MAN

Today I know who I am because I know what I no longer defend.

I do not defend justifications.
I do not defend roles. I do not defend the idea that strength is a virtue.

Strength is a necessity.
It comes when there is no alternative.

I do not care about being understood.
I care about not being misunderstood.

I write from a specific position:
that of someone who remained standing not out of courage, but out of duty.

THE FATHER

Becoming a father means losing the right to break down in public.
Not because you do not suffer, but because you cannot shift the burden.

A father is not strong.
He is present.

Being present means holding on even when there is no more space.
It means choosing silence when words would make matters worse. It means continuing even when no one is looking.

Everything that follows comes from here.
Not from a choice. From responsibility.

CLOSURE

This section does not summarize.
It is not correct. It does not add meaning.

It only serves to **close the space** the book has opened.
When a story has been told to the end, the only correct action is **to stop.**

What follows is not a narrative conclusion.
It is an **acknowledgement.**

CONCLUSION

The book does not end because something has been resolved.
It ends because there is nothing left to push.

The stories have done their job: they have shown what has endured. Not what has been understood, not what has been overcome, but what **has remained operational.**

If something still weighs on you, that is right.
Some books do not lighten your load. **They are structured.**

The writing ends here.
What generated these pages does not end here.

REFLECTIONS

Every story is a form of measurement.
Not of pain, but of the ability to bear it.

The reflections that remain are not concepts, but **attitudes:**

continue without enthusiasm.

be there without being noticed.

help without waiting for balance.

If anything remains from this book, it is not a sentence.
It is a way of being.

THANKS

Not to those who applauded.
Not to those who understood.

To those who endured without making a fuss.
To those who stayed when things were not easy anymore. To those who understood without asking for explanations.

And to those who will read without looking for answers.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The imperfections you find in leather are not flaws.
They are proof that it has been worked. That it is real. That it has been through someone.

It is the same principle as my books.

Ferdinando