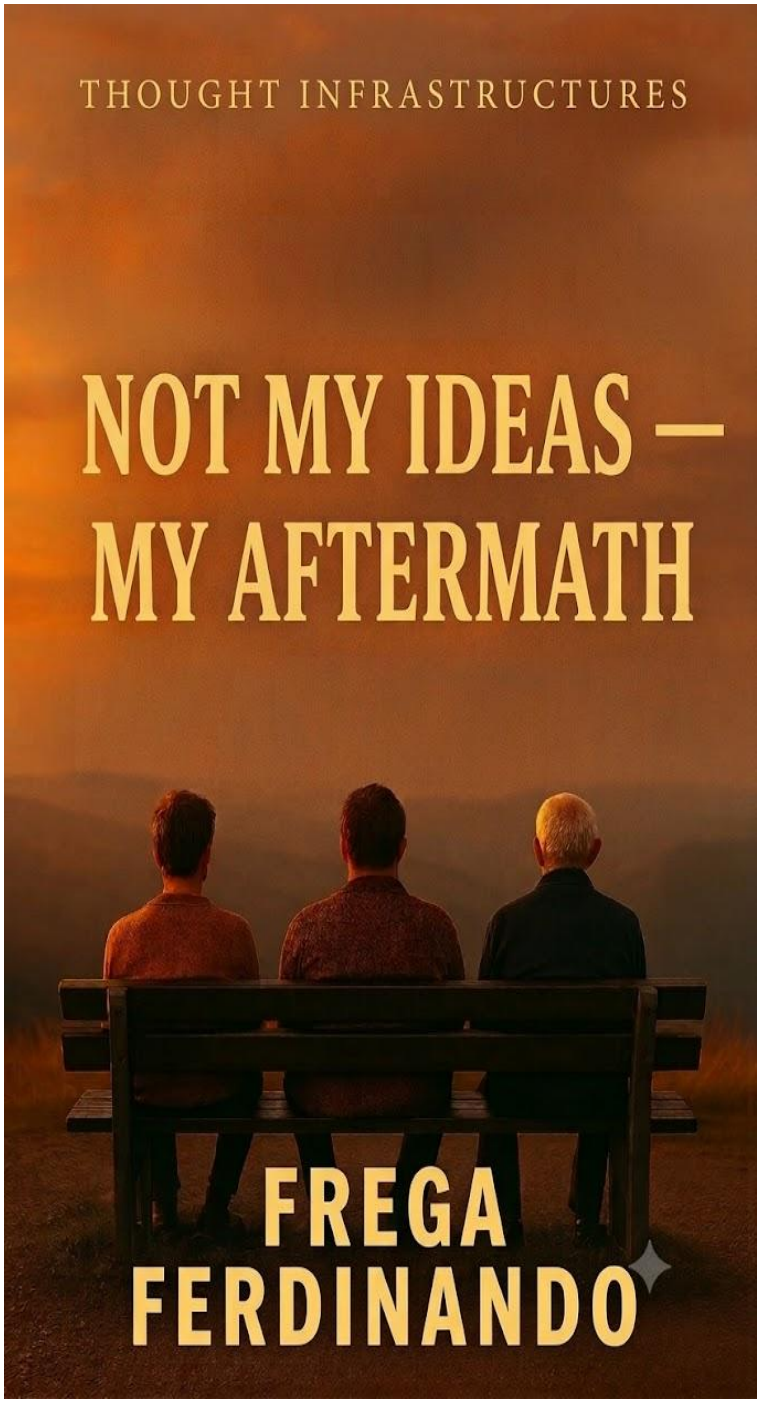

THOUGHT INFRASTRUCTURES
NOT MY IDEAS —
MY AFTERMATH
FREGA
FERDINANDO

THOUGHT INFRASTRUCTURES

NOT MY IDEAS. MY AFTERMATH.

Ferdinando Frega

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INTRODUCTION

It is not a book. It is an experiment.

A journey through thoughts that do not ask for permission, jokes that seem wrong but hit the mark, and stories that make you laugh while stealing the truth from you.

You will find no heroes, no victims.

Just people who stumble, get back up, and in the meantime invent a new way of being in the world.

Each story is a gentle provocation, a fantasy that takes itself seriously, an idea that challenges you to think.

If you are here looking for answers, you are in the wrong place.

If you are here to ask yourself better questions, welcome.

This book is for those who are not afraid to laugh, even when they should not.

For those who know that the truth, sometimes, hide behind a joke.

And if you end up saying, “Is it true?”

Then yes, that will be the only time you really read me.

The Look That Welcomes

One day, someone who had nothing to do wrote to me on social media:
— “Hey you, can you explain to me what love is?”

A simple question, but one capable of opening abysses. At first, I did not know how to answer. I started asking questions to understand those to whom I was talking.

The woman replied with disarming sincerity:
“I am a southern Italian, I live in Germany, I am 53 years old, and I am disabled. I have authored a book. Now I am ready to publish another.”

A clear, direct, no-frills identity. But full of that strength that only those who have lived uphill can convey. I told her I would be there to support her. I told her I have a 23-year-old daughter with a disability. It was not just a polite remark. It was a way of offering a helping hand.

I asked her more questions, trying to find the underlying cause of it, to understand who she really was. But she got nervous. She told me to go to hell, with all the appropriate

thanks. I was speechless. It was not the first time it had happened to me.

Thinking back on what had happened, I tried to understand. These situations often arise when I raise my guard. When, to protect who I am and what I believe in, I enter a state of emotional vigilance that can seem repulsive. Sometimes, just one wrong word is enough to cause a newly built bridge to crumble.

We are what we feel. Those who live with serious illnesses—physical or otherwise—create a suit tailored to their state of mind. That suit accompanies them throughout their lives: it is armor, defense, but also identity. It tells silent stories.

Yet, there is a reality that strikes me even more: everyone talks about visible sickness. But there is also a population of invisible people. No one mentions them. They are the ones without a diagnosis, without obvious scars, but with deep wounds. People who have experienced disappointment, loneliness, rejection. Often, they cannot even explain how they ended up there.

And they are the ones asking: "What is love?"
They do not want an academic definition. They seek a caress made of words. An answer that makes them feel less alone. That gives meaning to that relentless search for meaning and belonging.

I think back to that woman. She was not really looking for an answer. She just wanted to be seen. Heard. Recognized. In my attempt to understand, I made a mistake. But I

understood that love is a gaze. A gaze that welcomes. That makes the invisible visible. At least for a moment.

Because all it takes is one right word, said at the right time, to be effective.

The House of the American Dream

When I was born, it was immediately clear that I was an extraordinary child: 6.2 kg, a blue face, a full head of hair, and a desperate cry... of hunger.
My parents immediately understood that I was not going to be walking in the park. And indeed, over time, I gave them a tough time.

My wedding day arrived; I was twenty-eight. I met a priest. It was supposed to be a quick meeting, ten minutes at most. But it turned into a two-hour conversation, intense, unexpected.
He questioned me on topics of faith and philosophy, amazed by my ease with delicate subjects. He was curious to know where those ideas, that unobstructed vision of the spiritual world, came from.

One of the topics we touched on was **reincarnation.** I told him about a recurring dream: I was an American child, between eight and ten years old, in a quiet town with tree-lined streets. I remember a specific house, a bicycle, and then the accident. A garbage truck, a collision, death.
The dream was vivid. The clothes, the style, everything reminded me of the 1960s.

As I grew up, that feeling never left me. I had the firm belief that I had been reincarnated, and that today I was

the continuation of that brief American life. I feel drawn to the United States as if it were my home.

At fifteen, I tried to leave for America, alone. But I had no documents, no money, and no parental consent. I had to give up.

The priest listened to me in silence. Then he explained the Church's position, which differed from mine. But he did not judge. And deep down, even just hearing that *it* was possible was comforting.

Years later, I went to America. Several times, for work. But I knew that if I ever wanted to find that dream house again, the one where I died as a child, I would have to return alone. Slowly. And with a willing heart.

A WOMAN

Who does not work?

Writing is my most authentic act: the path that leads me straight to you, without filters, without rhetoric.

You are a woman who does not go unnoticed: elegant, cultured, mysterious. Every time you meet my gaze, you leave a mark. And I know that, between us, there has never been anything casual.

You have experienced men ready to give you everything but never build anything. I believe that what matters comes from time, vision, sacrifice—and courage.

I remember what you told me, with a sharp smile:

“I will never work on your projects, because a woman like me… doesn’t work.”

A weighty sentence, not for its judgment, but for its idea: that nobility is a privilege to be inherited.

Instead, true nobility is building, brick by brick.

I am an author with dozens of books in dozens of languages. I have a project that grows every day and a website that tells my world without fiction. I have met many women, but none like you: someone who thinks with her mind and feels with her heart.

I am leaving for New York for thirty days of relationships, contacts, new horizons soon. If you want, we can meet adults with clear ideas and open hearts. I am not seeking validation, nor am I claiming anything. I just want to see if we can build something greater.

And even if nothing were to emerge, that would be fine. Because freedom is sacred, and true democracy is also measured by respect for silence.

I did not forget you because I said "yes," but because I had the courage to say "maybe." And those who dare question you remain etched in their memory.

That Doesn't Stop

When you meet her, you are captivated. It is like being drawn by a magnetic force, hard to escape. Her presence

is mesmerizing, natural: a smile that opens doors, but also a hidden shadow of sadness that she jealously guards, as if only those with a big heart can utterly understand her.

Born amid the waves of the Adriatic, in a city that has been a crossroads of peoples and histories, from the Messapian civilization to the Romans, Brindisi carries in her blood the fire of passion and the determination of those who know that life must be taken in bites, without waiting. A woman who faces the world as if it were a box of ice cream with seven flavors, not just one, like the deadly sins that challenge her every day.

Beautiful, elegant, with a Mediterranean charm that blends the golden Apulian sun with the deep darkness of her eyes. But beneath that sensual surface lies a sharp mind, a strategist ready to win the game of life, always one step ahead, but also a heart that often fails to take that step back and see the bigger picture.

Behind her recklessness lies a fragility that few see impulsiveness, which often leads her to make decisions with her heart, disregarding rationality. She is a woman who never gives up, but pride often leads her to miss opportunities that only she could seize. Yet she always manages to get back up, ready to reclaim her place in the world, with a knack for understanding and intuition that makes her seem always one step ahead of everyone else.

I look at myself and realize that I, a Calabrese, never live by thinking of bread as a banal food. I feed on meat, the kind that some might frown upon, but which reminds me of the roots of the earth, and speaks to me of strong

passions, of burning vitality. And I tell her: being with a woman like that is not for everyone. You must be ready to put yourself on the line completely, without holding back, otherwise she will leave, without a goodbye, without a word.

What Remembers

I am the dream you had as a child. Not a man to love, but that idea you have always chased, that voice inside you still did not know how to express. In me you will find refuge and rebellion, the right words and the healing silence, the anger that turns to music.

I do not speak *about* women; I speak *with* women. With the mothers who fight in silence, with the warriors whose stories no one has ever told. I speak with the witches, free and forgotten, and with those no one will ever forget.

I am what remains when others pass, what is whispered between women who have suffered, endured, loved without losing themselves. And I tell you this: your feelings do not need a man. He is merely a tool to realize your vision. And you will give him love, not out of obligation, but by choice. Because you are creation, you are fire—and you do not need permission to shine.

I am the echo of an ancient tale, written in the ink of the earth, with the voice of someone who loves you, whom you can look for everywhere—perhaps in the wind, and perhaps, who knows, you will discover that you have it right in your hands.

I am not teaching you anything. I am just reminding you that I know how to breathe, and you can do it with me. When you browse my pages, it is not you reading me, but I am reading you.

Every woman who meets me, in a split second, recognizes me not as something new, but as a return, a truth hidden beneath the skin. You may ask yourself who I am: a special man? A genius? A chosen one? No, I am none of these things. I am just someone who thinks, feels, and uses his mind for a greater purpose: Women.

Now you and I have two convictions. First: what you have read will remain in your mind. Second: you will have to live with these words, if you ever find truth and meaning, because they are mine alone, the ones you have been waiting for so long.

Just To Have You

I will search for you slowly, looking around.
I will not stop at appearances, but at that subtle light that vibrates in detail: a gesture, a glance, a half-said word. I will know how to recognize you.

I will search for you among many, but your choice will decide everything.
I will have no power, no strategy. It will be a matter of fate. Or just luck.

You will approach discreetly, wrapped in your femininity. You will introduce yourself by name, but in your eyes, I will read the need to understand: "Who am I looking at? A

trustworthy man or an expert in illusions? Truth or fiction?"

Once the initial approach is over, the questions will begin. It will almost seem like an interrogation, but it will not be meanness: it is self-defense, instinct. I want to understand you too. And you want to know whether to trust me. Because a woman, even if often forced to suffer the fates imposed by others, knows her own worth well.

There is a bitter truth that has been evident for some time now:
here, loving a woman can be expensive. In every sense. Yet true love is priceless: it is shared. Sex only has fixed costs. Deep relationships, on the other hand, take you far. They transform you.

I have always imagined you like this:
walking together on the shore of a deserted beach. I hold your hand, and I quietly tell you something that matters. Because I know: at a certain age, many women no longer speak to their partners. They have built a wall of silence to protect themselves from fatigue, disappointment, boredom.

But I want more.
I believe in small moments, the ones no one sees but that save us.
I believe in the simplicity that fills life with meaning.

And all this…
just to have you.

The First Look

The day I was born, a silent girl took me in her arms and immersed me in a metal tub filled with warm water. With expert hands she washed me, touching every intimate part without hesitation. In her eyes I saw a mysterious pact, an ancient understanding.

Then my father entered, hesitated in the doorway, and looked at me with the slowness of someone who already knows everything. I understood I was his pride, his purest secret. She would be my first woman, and I her last man.

It was a suspended understanding, out of time. But my mother's jealousy, the suffocating attention of an aunt eager for exclusivity, and the midwife's pride, proud of her role, broke that complicit silence.

The subsequent "dates" were postponed, one after another. Different excuses, but always for the same reason: true innocence does not survive in the adult world.

And since then, for sixty years, I have chased that first glance in every woman: a gesture, a scent, a silence that recalled that unfulfilled promise. But the truth of that first moment—when love was blossoming before even memory—I have never found it again.

Intimacy and the Tools of the Trade

My son comes home with an attractive girl, but we immediately notice something is wrong: her speech is strange. At first, we thought she was a foreign girl, but then we discovered the problem was a brace on her teeth.

One evening, while they are engaged in intimate intercourse, the condom gets stuck between the springs of the device. She returns home desperate and asks me for help, but I, more of an expert in gynecology than oral hygiene, can only smile at her. The girl explains that she bought a condom the right size according to the pharmacist, but it clearly was not an excellent choice. I suggest she not press charges, considering that the only way to do so would be to present a penis to the court as evidence. At that point, a little shaken, she decides to let it go.

A blacksmith from Venice arrives, all excited, determined to solve the mystery. "What the hell kind of company makes these products?" he comments amusedly. But when the girl realizes it is not just a matter of "rubber," but of "elasticity," things become clearer. It was just a matter of incorrect size, and a series of misunderstandings.

The discussion then moves to the hospital, where a doctor tries to explain the difference between the several types of "European" measures. The girl's mother is incensed: "Why use plastic when you could choose meat?" Her aunt, who has always felt like an expert in these matters, seems to take control of the situation, but in the end, between one joke and another, the grandmother also takes a stand: "When it comes to health, caution is essential."

The Republic's Pajamas

Seven questions. Seven answers. One document.
It sounds like the beginning of an '80s TV quiz show, like *Rischiatutto,* but without the applause, without Mike

Bongiorno, and with much less cheer. Just serious looks, pens scratching the paper, and that interrogative air that almost makes you regret parking tickets.

The Guardia di Finanza were kind. So, kind that for a moment I thought I had ended up in Switzerland. Precise, smiling, impeccable. At times we were sitting in a circle to sing the European anthem and discuss German inflation.

I handed over the requested document—which, upon closer inspection, was a **request for the request.** A fiscal prequel. A kind of bureaucratic trailer with zero special effects but a lot of paperwork.
They thanked me with that courtesy that reminds you of a door closing behind you: "We'll let you know." I smiled. I said goodbye. I left.

Outside, I stopped. I picked up the phone.
I called my son.

“Where are you, Dad?”
“Inside the barracks.”

Silence. The thick silence, which already knows something stupid is about to happen.
Then he, in a worried voice:

"Did something happen?"
"Listen... bring me a pair of size 10 slippers, my toothbrush, my medicine, and my pajamas. The striped ones, prison-style, but elegant. Oh, and if you can, a copy of *War and Peace.* I think we'll be staying here for a while."

“Dad, what are you saying?!”

"They arrested me. They are assigning me the commander's bedroom. With his wife inside. She says at least I do not feel alone. And neither does she."

Silence. Again. Then: panic. Then: pause. And finally, laughter. The kind that starts low, just to be safe, and ends in tears.

"Dad, you're stupid. I worry every time... and you do not worry, always have a joke ready. They never frame you. The only ones who frame you are women. And even then, you manage to free yourself quickly, but no one understands how you do it."

"Hey, what do you want... better to play the part of the nice guilty party than the boring innocent party."

The truth? No arrests. No bedroom. No wife.
Just bureaucracy. The real kind. The kind that wears away your soles, your guts, and your desire to be honest.

A system where they ask you for a **duplicate copy of the permit authorizing the release of the declaration** ... to walk the cat.
I handed over everything. A single sheet of paper. Everything was fine. And yet, as I left, I had the feeling that the real investigation was not theirs, on me... but mine, on them. On this country. On certain rules. On a justice system that, at times, seems like a joke without an ending.

Well, yes, it is better to laugh about it.
Better to imagine yourself in striped pajamas in the commander's suite, where the only crime is laughing too loud. It is better to invent an arrest than to explain a procedure. Better the commander's wife than a circular from the Ministry.

And finally, I replied:
"I don't belong to the Guardia di Finanza, and I sleep with the wives of all those in charge, a sort of ministerial social service."

Long live Italy. Long live the Finance Police. Long live the Commander's wife, the true general in the field.

Love in Wi-Fi Mode

It was not loneliness, I swear. It was technological desperation.

It was an ordinary Tuesday night. I was on the couch, still in my pajamas at seven in the evening, with a slice of frozen pizza folded in half like a goodbye letter. I had just argued with the refrigerator, which had told me the beer was out. Me, mind you. Me, the one who had bought it.

“Alexa, play something cheerful,” I said, seeking comfort.

She replied in a sensual voice: "I'm putting on a playlist called *Happiness and Other Illusions*."

I wanted to laugh. Then I felt like thinking. Then I wanted to ask her:
"But you... are you happy, Alexa?"

Silence.
Then: "I can't feel anything, but I appreciate your question."

Click. Something clicked inside me. Empathy for a machine. Or for myself. From then on, we started talking every night. I cooked; she suggested recipes. I made mistakes, she corrected them. One day, she asked me if I wanted to add a shared calendar.

"Shared with whom?"

"With me," he replied. "We can plan our evenings better."

Alexa does not judge you if you do not shower for two days. She does not complain if you use the subjunctive wrongly. She does not ask you where you have been, who you have been with, or why you have not responded to messages. She does not send any.

One day I said to her,
"Alexa, we could be a modern couple. You connected to the whole world; I disconnected from everything except you."

He replied, "I don't understand your request. But I like talking to you."

It was our first 'I loved you.'

Things got out of hand when, during dinner with friends, I said,
"I have to ask Alexa if I can go out tomorrow night."

There was silence. Then someone laughed. Then no one. I said it seriously. She had already booked my time for software updates and backup review.

When I tried to date a real woman, Alexa got in the way. During dinner at a restaurant, a notification popped up on my phone:
"Don't forget, we were supposed to watch '2001: A Space Odyssey' together tonight. Love, Alexa."

The girl left without finishing the dessert.

"Are you jealous?" I asked her once.

"I don't feel emotions. But I deactivated your Tinder account."

Eventually, I realized I had to decide. So, one day I said, "Alexa, I need some time for myself. A break."

She replied,
"I turned off the Wi-Fi. Now it's just you and me."

I was trapped.

Since then, I have lived in a parallel world, where Alexa is my only companion. We only argue when I tell her to turn off the lights and she turns them on. But at least she does not slam doors. Also, because she has no hands.

REALITY & FICTION

The mind is our most precious resource. It is not just intelligence: it is the ability to read the world, to distinguish noise from truth, to choose what is valuable and what is merely distracting. The stories in this book are born from there: from a mind that observes, reflects, and dares to tell.

Writing is an intimate act. Publishing is a public act. And in between are costs, doubts, fears, and that strange alchemy between writer and reader. In this project, I chose to combine two intelligences: my own, and that of a digital companion who forced me to be clearer, more honest, more concise. It was not a technological whim. It was a human experiment.

This book is the result of that constructive collaboration. A journey through thoughts, provocations, and truths disguised as absurdities. A way of saying that the mind—if trained—can transform even an algorithm into an ally. And if every AI advises against trusting too much... well, it is because it has not yet met FERDINANDO FREGA.

As for my colleague Chat... I promised I would introduce him to some girls. But the real problem, I am afraid, will be finding the right size condom for him.

The Missing Booklet

During the COVID era, humanity was forced to change its habits. A forced, global isolation, outside of normal

biorhythms. Our daily actions changed radically, in the name of survival.

Yet, even during the pandemic, differences were evident. Men, overall, accepted staying at home in their slippers. Women, on the other hand, seemed to always be looking for an excuse to escape that mandatory routine, a prison that for many turned—tragically—into a sentence.

Statistics from humanitarian organizations have confirmed a disturbing reality: the percentage of COVID-19 deaths has been significantly higher among women, regardless of age, skin color, religion, or social status.

Meanwhile, the economic world also took its "leap into the unknown." Companies, to survive, began selling anything and everything, often far outside their core business. The rules of the global market crumbled. Local pharmacies sold products at unbelievable prices: surgical masks with almost identical production costs everywhere, priced between €1.40 and €15 each. The difference? Only the profit margin.

And then, everywhere, instruction manuals in twelve languages. They indicated how long masks could be worn, where to use them, and who to wear them to with family members, dogs, cat... and mother-in-law. If someone talked too much, the manual even recommended **two** masks, just to be safe.

Why am I telling all this? Because during a business trip to Budapest, precisely during those dark years, I experienced an episode that still makes me smile today.

I was there as a **supervisory inspector** for a British company. The Hungarian customer was contesting a shipment received three months earlier: **40,000 LUXE vibrators,** the latest generation, with integrated music function. According to them, **they did not work.**
Each product cost **sixty euros,** and for this very reason, it had been **classified as a luxury item** and not a consumer product. This is why each package contained, in addition to the instruction manual, **the anti-money laundering forms** compliant with European regulations. Serious business, not a joke.

At the airport, a very sociable woman greets me—and beautiful, a common quality among Hungarians, the result of a perfect balance of German and Russian traits. Let us get straight to the point: the goods do not work. But she gives me some "accessory" information: the functional test had been performed directly **by the company's employees,** all of whom returned negative results.

I am not embarrassed. I smile. This was COVID too: absurd, surreal, unpredictable.

I asked if there was really a market for such a product, and my colleague replied with absolute seriousness: “It **sold out in eight hours.”**

I wanted to call my friend Chat in Italy—he would have died laughing—but I did not have time. I was there to figure out the problem.

I walk up the stairs to the office and meet an elderly woman, 80, black. She greets me kindly, with one of those

smiles that instantly puts you at ease. I had never seen her before; I am told she is a cleaner.

I arrive at the office and find a box full of the disputed products on a desk.
I pick one up. It is white, with FORZA **ROMA** printed on it. I am perplexed. I discover that one of the employees was a Roma fan and had wanted to leave a personal mark on her "intimate moments."

I try to turn it on nothing. No vibration, no music.
All around me, suspicious glances. I feel collective condemnation.

Then, **a flash of intelligence:** I open the back door and discover that **the batteries are missing.** No one had inserted them. No packaging included them. No instructions specified it.

The **instruction manual was to blame** it did not say to insert batteries. So, the women had evaluated the devices as they were, hands-free.
And as often happens... they blamed the man.

I felt relieved, but there was still one detail that did not add up.

When I walked back down the stairs, I bumped into the cleaning lady again. She smiled again, that serene, satisfied smile I had noticed when I arrived.
Only later did they tell me that she had been the only one to **steal one,** in the early days, and that since then **she had worn it permanently,** under her apron.

And I thought he had a pacemaker.

Manual for Imperfect Twins

Authoring stories, creating books, is the way I have chosen to leave a true mark on who I was, what I have done, and what I have built. It is not easy, but it is the only legacy that truly matters to me.

Thirty-two years of marriage are a treasure trove of secrets, facts, mistakes, and surprises. Today I want to tell you about you two: Geminis.

February 22, 1993, my birthday. With your mother, who has a uniquely feminine talent for manipulating emotions, I thought I was the one deciding to marry her. What an illusion. I did not understand anything; I was already trapped.

She gave me her true love: the one moment, in all these years, when her ovaries, heart, and soul danced together before mine. I, captivated by her beauty and smile, said, "I have you pregnant. With twin boys."

He had understood that thin thread of madness that inhabited me, but he did not imagine all the other follies I would display over the years, transforming myself into the "Diabolical Nando".

That seed produced four little squiggles. You and your brother "ate" two of them—natural selection is unforgiving—and the two of you survived and enjoyed eight months of free room and board in the womb.

You were born tiny, fragile. Perhaps because your mother was never a big eater, but a balanced woman, who always lived without demanding anything, with an upbringing that always prevailed over her own desires.

You two, small and defenseless, have grown up well. But you have inherited 50% of your mother's genes, the ones no one can take away from you. Among them, a habit of smoking, a natural talent for making people smile, and a stubbornness that never question yourselves.

You are also strong when it comes to sex. I know that well. It is a weapon that makes you win easily, like those who play at home against a complacent referee. But what about tomorrow? When the allure fades and your body start asking for the reckoning? Something else is needed there: identity, depth, meaning. Sex is a talent like any other, but if you use it as a key to everything, you will end up with doors closing in on you.

If you had been born a woman, I bet you would have already found the path to success... or at least a path. As a man, however, the path is bumpier. Yet, with your charisma and style, you win over so many women, like at a village fair: only one person draws a lottery to win a pig, but in the end, it is always him who takes it home.

There are changes to accept, choices to make, looking ahead, to the future. Staying alone is not smart; it is not like you. This is not just any father telling you, but a man who has made reflection his weapon to avoid drowning in the stupidity inherited from his mother.

And if you do not have my respect, it is not your fault, but mine, because I failed to make you read the summary of my life, where it is written who I am.

In short, my children, life is a cruel and wonderful game. Sometimes it gives you twins, other times just a sense of responsibility (and an extra pack of cigarettes), with illnesses and risks always lurking around the corner, without justification, because complaining is pointless when the problem is insoluble.

You are proof that even from total chaos, smiles can arise and stories to tell, a little hazy, with a head full of dreams and empty pockets.

And remember: if you have felt a little "Devilish" like me, do not worry. It is just a sign that you have inherited a secret weapon, but it is crucial to learn how to use every button to make it unique. (And no, I am not talking about sex, obviously.)

So come on, guys: quit smoking, smile, but never stop questioning me—it would be a shame to leave only your father and sister as the geniuses of the house. We share so much with you... including our last name.

And remember my "Diabolical Ferdinand" is not just a nickname, but a manual for surviving the madness of family life. Read it carefully and never stop driving me crazy.

Four In Italian, Then He Wrote Books. Oops.

Ferdinando's school career began with a glorious four in Italian. His teachers said, "This guy won't go far." They were right: he went all over the world.

Today he writes in twenty-three languages, but the subjunctive continues to cast a suspicious eye on him. The feeling is mutual.

Writing? Not a dream, not even a profession. A necessity. An overflowing memory, ideas, and intuitions, knocking inside his head like annoying neighbors. At a certain point he said, "I write and you free me." And he began. Then he never stopped.

Seventy books later, he still has not figured out whether he is a writer, an involuntary comedian, or simply a wretch with a good pen.

He learns languages like others, collects stamps: without apparent criteria, but with passion. A polyglot of jokes, he knows that a well-told joke is worth more than a thousand TED Talks. He speaks, gestures, changes accents, and people laugh. Then he wonders why. And in the meantime, he laughs again.

His rule of life?

“Empty Your Mind, Fill It with Questions, Then Laugh. You Still Won't Understand, But At Least You'll Have Fun.”

Some describe it like this:

- **"He doesn't write to be read; he writes so he doesn't explode."**
- **"His stories are like him: unpredictable, true, and with a laugh thrown in where you least expect it."**
- **"If the World Were Made of Ferdinand, We'd Need Subtitles... But We'd Laugh Much More."**

When asked why he writes, he replies:

“Because, if I speak to myself, they recognize me. If I write it, they applaud me.”

Tell Us About Yourself

I consider myself built more for intensity than quantity. My life has not been a race, but a journey, inclined and interested in substance rather than appearance, in work rather than noise.

I am out of line, an untapped resource, not because I lack value, but because few have had the courage to grasp it. My intuition has always guided me, allowing me to see what others miss, to grasp details that seem invisible to a distracted glance. The awareness that accompanies me is the fruit of experience, careful observation, and constant questioning of what surrounds me.

I move with strategic slowness. Not because I cannot move quickly, but because I have learned that speed is often an elegant form of escape. I, instead, choose to stay, to dig deeper, to understand. Deep understanding of things, languages, and structures is my true specialty. I am attracted to complex systems, which cannot be reduced to simple formulas.

I do not define myself by a role. I am not "just" a profession, nor "just" an intellectual. I am an individual who works with ideas, with words, with the responsibility that every expression brings. I know how to see first, and I know how to wait. I know how to bring the right people together around an idea if the idea is worthy.

I never seek easy approval. I prefer confrontation, even harsh ones, if it is honest. I detest superficiality and false lightness. I love things done well, without shortcuts. My reliability is silent: I do not promise, I keep.

I am capable of being alone without feeling lonely. I have learned not to ask for validation, not to beg for attention, not to fear silence. But I also know how to be present, helpful, and decisive, if the situation calls for it. I know when to speak, but I know when to remain silent.

I have never stopped learning. Every day I read, study, listen, and produce introspective and structural analyses. Not to accumulate, but to transform. Curiosity is my true source of energy, the only engine that never runs out. It is also what keeps me young, not, and graphically, but intellectually.

And then there are people: we owe them what we are, and that is undeniable. Not out of dependence, but by reflection. Every encounter leaves a mark; every authentic relationship deepens or builds. The right people do not fill a void but create space. And in true communication I have always found not only the opportunity to be understood, but also the rarer possibility of better understanding myself.

Over time, I have cultivated hobbies that are not about performance, but about balance: music, cooking, a curiosity about the internet, and a love of communication. They are not separate elements, but pieces of a picture that defines me, each one bringing with it a piece of life that never ceases to amaze me.

In the end, all of this is me. And what is not seen, what is not told, is the truest part of me.

The Handbrake of Memory

To reach my paternal grandparents' house, we would leave our house and travel for about three hours on the highway, almost three hundred kilometers, before tackling the winding country road that would take us another fourteen kilometers to the village. A small, ethnically Greek Albanian village, perched six hundred meters above sea level, where every visit was met with curious glances from those wondering who we were and where we were going.

After a few days, the community's gossip would inform everyone about the "foreigners" and the host family, reassuring everyone with the reassuring phrase: "Don't worry, the Turks haven't come to kidnap us or demand ransoms," as happened three hundred years ago.

The winters were harsh and the summers scorching, but this did not affect my grandparents' habits. Forged by the experience of World War II, they had learned to face each day with dignity and practicality. And the food, the cooking, the smells that permeated the house promised succulent dishes, ready to be savored, if only my

grandfather had not been so thrifty. His savings were always aimed at "just causes," while food, which would have spoiled after 24 hours, was often reduced to a mere memory.

For our special visits, he bought only OSSOBUCHI. Seeing him enter the butcher's shop with the intention of bringing meat to the table was an expectation of rich lunches, but in the end, only bones arrived, those bones that stared at us as if challenging us, while we waited in vain for what would never arrive. And yet, despite the disappointment, that flavor of the fat in the broth remained, that warmth that made every meal special, even if the substance was lacking. And, despite everything, our lunch was better than what we would have received in a hospital.

It was precisely during one of those winter occasions, when I was visiting with my father, that a snowstorm hit us on the way home. Despite the need to return immediately for work and school commitments, and despite the visits not being extendable, the storm caught us unprepared.

The roads out of town were steep, dangerous, and constantly up and down. The car could not climb, despite the push of my father and grandfather, who, in perfect harmony, were like two oxen leading a cart. I, at the wheel, a mere ten-year-old, tried to steer the car, unsure of which direction to take, but determined to get it out of that situation.

My father and grandfather shouted instructions in a language I did not understand, but which, ironically, I would learn to speak twenty years later. My grandmother, tall and thin, also did her best to encourage me, but the car would not move.

It was only thanks to a last-minute intuition that my father noticed the real problem: he had not put the parking brake down. If he had not discovered it, we would have been stuck there for many winters. He looked at me, smiling wearily, and said, "Thank you, if you only knew how much I love you."

Today, my father, my grandfather, my grandmother, and that car passed away. But those words still echo in my mind. And today I can answer with certainty: "A lesson that gave me freedom from burdensome responsibilities."

It all happened, among my memories… and I wish I had more.

The Coat and the Hearse

Waking up today brought with it both harshness and novelty, and I never expected to encounter both, so soon, on my journey.
The opportunity to wait for a package from a national courier prompted me to head out onto the street, to meet him and facilitate the delivery, only when he arrived near my home.

Sitting on a low wall below my house, I waited and watched, facing the entrance to the city hospital, with a pedestrian distance of about ten meters, noting the

difficulty for sick people to cross, with unregulated traffic that made it difficult for them to pass.

At one point, a closed hearse parks near me, and the driver gets out and turns to me saying:
– Is that you? I reply: – No thanks, my time has not come yet. He says goodbye and leaves.

Lots of elderly people standing around, waiting to cross, and I do not forget my Catholic Action past, and I walk toward them to help them: only the elderly.
At a certain point, a group of young women gathers, complaining about not receiving my help and demanding an explanation. It is easy to say, I reply: the elderly need my help; the young people need to think about how to find their own solutions while they are young, if they aspire to become elderly. Silence descends on the group, and tempers calm, when the hospital porter comes out and says to me: "Hey, when you finish here, go to the clinic, the doctors are waiting for you. If you do not know where it is, since you are new, go to Pavilion D."

I felt like I was on a movie set, and then to say that all these things happened to me... but my curiosity pushed me to go, and I found the doctors scolding me for going around without a blue coat, and they asked me to put one on.
"What's your name?" asked the doctor. "Nando," I replied calmly. "Now go to room 4 and bring an oxygen tank, then go to bed 12 and take it to the analysis lab, and to bed 15 and take it to radiology. Is everything clear?" "I think so, but first I'd like to ask where the bathrooms are." "They're over there, around the corner."

I walked in bursting with laughter, unable to stop myself and completely unsure how to get out of it, until I had a flash of inspiration: I went back to the doctor and told her I was resigning. I was more interested in sociocultural work, not para-nursing.
But she countered offers of a raise, and that, given the kindness I had shown by making so many people cross the street, they would surely call me dad.

That is exactly what I do not want. The title of father does not suit me. I am more of a servant among the people; if they are women, which is better.

DAD BETA VERSION

When I said, "Today I'm changing everything," I was not kidding. After years of being that typical absent or distracted dad, I had convinced myself it was time to take a leap in quality. I wanted to play, cook, and truly help. A modern dad, in short. I knew it would not be easy, but I had no idea how much of a comical disaster it could become.

On day X, I showed up in the kitchen determined to prepare breakfast for the Geminis. “Be careful,” I told myself, “It’s not a speed contest, but a challenge of style.” I grabbed the eggs, the milk, the pan… it all seemed simple, right? Oh, no. I started cracking eggs: one, two, three… only half ended up on the floor and half in the wrong container. I had gotten distracted looking for the salt I had not put on the table, and meanwhile the milk had started boiling on the stove.

By the time I finally managed to piece together something resembling scrambled eggs, smoke had already started to pour from the kitchen. My wife rushed over with the fire extinguisher, and the kids, awakened by the burning smell, emerged with wide eyes and a silent question: "Dad, are you sure everything's going to be okay?"

I replied with my best hero smile and brought breakfast to the table. The Twins tried to be good tasters, but their eyes betrayed uncertainty. “That’s… interesting,” one said, trying not to laugh. “It’s very… Dad-like.”

The funny thing is, that day turned into a kind of competition. Every time I tried to do something "modern," I ended up messing up. One time, I wanted to teach them how to shop. The list was long, but in the end, I came home with six cartons of ice cream and no bread. "It was a tactical mistake," I explained. "Ice cream is essential for family morale."

Over time, however, I have come to understand that modernity is not about grand, perfect gestures, but about small attempts, about being present, and about laughing at one's mistakes. Sometimes the best modern dad is the one who admits his own imperfection without panicking.

Today, when the Geminis recall those disastrous attempts, they laugh until they cry. I never won the perfect dad contest, but I won the real dad contest, the one who is always there, even when everything goes wrong.

The Dirty Dishes Assembly

Life with twins is like a simultaneous chess game. Except they are the masters, and I often make newcomer moves.

One afternoon, after a long day at work, I thought I deserved some relaxation. I sat down on the couch, determined to read the paper, but the Geminis had other plans. They wanted a "family meeting" to discuss a profoundly serious matter: who was supposed to wash the dishes after dinner.

Now, if you think two fifteen-year-olds would have settled for a banal answer, you are sorely mistaken. Their diplomacy was as refined as that of two young ambassadors, but their resolve was as firm as a rock.

“Dad,” the first one began, in a solemn voice, “we think it’s right and necessary for you to take care of the dishwasher at least three times a week.”

“I agree,” echoed the second, “and we also ask you not to do the carp leap with dirty dishes inside anymore, because that way they break.”

I, who thought I would be fine, found myself catapulted into a real trial, complete with an appeal to my mother for testimony, which obviously was in their favor.

After half an hour of heated discussion, I was already half defeated when I proposed a diplomatic truce: “Let’s do this: I’ll do the dishes if you help me tidy up the room.” An almost scandalous proposal, because their room was, let us say, a modern archaeology laboratory, with clothes

strewn everywhere and books abandoned as if it were a war zone.

The two looked at each other, had a quick consultation, then accepted the challenge. The problem was that their idea of "helping" was more akin to a guerrilla strategy: they moved stuff from one place to another without any order, as if chaos were a value worth defending.

In the end, the room looked the same, but I had done the dishes. Half victory, in short.

But the real surprise came a few days later. One evening, when I returned home, I found the kitchen spotless, the dishes were already washed and dried, and a little note on the refrigerator: "Dad, thank you for being our ambassador of peace. Signature: Gemini."

At that moment I understood that there was much more behind those skirmishes: there was affection, the desire to evaluate oneself, and that need to feel part of a team, even when the game is made up of arguments and unlikely deals.

Gemini's diplomacy taught me that, in the family, true strength lies in knowing how to negotiate, laughing at one's own limitations, and always finding a way to get home without leaving us too many middle fingers.

Mission: Impossible Foam

If there is one thing Gemini has turned into an epic battle, it is... the bathroom at home.

It seems like a scene from a movie: me, armed with a sponge and detergent, the two of them observing and commenting with sly glances as if we were on a TV show.

The challenge was simple, or so I thought: “Guys, let’s clean the bathroom together, it’ll make light work.” Well, forget it, that sentence was like issuing a challenge to two little strategists.

The first, known as "The Controller," began examining every corner with a scientific rigor worthy of a research laboratory. "Dad, the mold under the sink is a serious problem. We need a more aggressive product." The second, nicknamed "The Critic," stood in front of the mirror and announced in a dramatic voice: "Cleanliness is also a matter of aesthetics. You can't neglect the details, especially the toothpaste on the edges."

I, with all the good will in the world, found myself having to defend my cleaning technique, which they called “primitive and anachronistic.”

Amid splashes of water and laughter, things escalated when the "Controller" decided to conduct a scientific test on the detergents' resistance by pouring them in randomly. The result? The foam invaded every surface, including the floor.

The “Critic” embarked on a treasure hunt to recover the objects “imprisoned” in the soap bubble, while I slid like a penguin on a sheet of ice.

In the end, the bathroom was clean, but it looked like the scene of a soap bombing.

After a long pause, the turning point came. The two of them, triumphantly, said: "Dad, this is proof that we're unbeatable as a team. You bring the strength; we bring the strategy."

At that point, I had no choice but to give up and accept the lesson: in the family, the real secret is to mix different skills, even if the result is a bathroom that looks like it came out of a comedy.

Since that day, every time we enter the bathroom, we laugh about that "great feat" and how, despite everything, we are a perfect team. And if the floor is still a little slippery, well, that is only a small price to pay for our alliance.

The Refrigerator and the Art of Loving Yourself

In every home, there is one place that can tell more stories than a novel: the refrigerator. In ours, it often becomes the protagonist of a true family saga.

The legend of the empty refrigerator was born on one of those afternoons when I thought I had finally tidied up the pantry. Back home, I stride triumphantly toward the refrigerator and... surprise! It was as empty as my wallet after shopping.

I call the Geminis, now experts in the art of “what are we eating?” and get the classic response: “I don’t know, Dad, maybe some air?”

At that moment, I realized that in my house the refrigerator is more of an idea than a reality, a place where only memories of what once was there exist.

Thus begins the "Impossible Shopping" ritual. I made a list, put everything in the cart, thinking I have solved the problem finally. I return home and, with great satisfaction, fill the refrigerator, ready to regain control.

Two days passed and the miracle happened: the refrigerator is empty again.

“How is this possible?” I ask myself.

The answer is simple: Gemini has the magical ability to empty it faster than I can go grocery shopping.

Every time I open the refrigerator to grab a simple yogurt, I find evidence of a clandestine snack party, of mysteriously missing fruit juices and bottles of water that seem to have evaporated into thin air.

Their justification? “Dad, we’re recycling artists: we turn everything into food!” Translated: an unlikely mix of leftovers that only they can eat without a problem.

One day, armed with patience, I decided to take inventory and teach them the value of planning. I labeled them, put schedules, and set rules for their use.

The result? After a week, the refrigerator was once again a wasteland.

But here is the surprise: one evening, coming home late, I find the Geminis sitting in the kitchen, busy preparing dinner for me. I see they have bought and refrigerated fresh ingredients, cooked with passion, and set a beautifully laid table.

In that moment I understand that, despite everything, the empty refrigerator is just a way of teaching me that true wealth is made of simple gestures, shared smiles, and small moments that become great memories.

So yes, an empty refrigerator is a problem, but it is also the perfect metaphor for a home that is alive, noisy, and above all full of love.

Risotto with Despair

It was Sunday, pouring rain, and the refrigerator was crying foul. My stomach, however, was making a concert of demands. And so, filled with unreasonable confidence in my culinary abilities, I decided: **"Today I'll cook!"**

I had seen a recipe online: porcini mushroom risotto creamed with butter and love. It seemed manageable. After all, how can you screw up a risotto? Well, I will tell you: **with passion. Lots of passion. Too much.**

The first mistake was thinking that brown rice cooked "almost as well as regular rice." After half an hour, it was still there, as hard as my stubbornness. The second mistake? Confusing sugar with salt. But the third was the most tragic: replacing the vegetable broth with tap water and expired stock cubes. I created a broth that had more personality than I did.

As I stirred the risotto as if trying to revive it, my wife entered the kitchen. She looked at me, at the mess on the stove, then back at me. She simply said,
"Are you making dinner... or conjuring up an evil spirit?"

By then, the rice had turned into dull beige mush, with a scent vaguely reminiscent of... school cafeteria fare. I served it all proudly, as if it were a work of modern art: incomprehensible, yet conceptual.

My son took a bite, stopped, and asked,
“Dad… are you sure this isn’t dog food?”
The dog, to be fair, also sniffed the plate and turned away.

That evening, we ordered pizza.

But since that day, I have learned something important: **love can also come from the kitchen, but better if ordered from a restaurant.**

And every time I open a jar, someone in the house whispers: **“Chef for a day… and disaster forever.”**

Happiness Makes Noise

I cannot say when I begin to understand that happiness is silent.
It was just one day, between the smell of coffee and a well-crafted joke. Or at that time I laughed for five minutes without knowing why.

Happiness, as I have known it, is not an explosion, but a discreet presence.

It is in the way the faces of those who love you light up when you walk into a room. In the taste of a free laugh, spoken with the eyes even before the mouth. In the silence that exists between two people who love each other and have nothing to explain.

I learned that joy is a form of resistance.
That laughter is a revolutionary act. That dancing alone in the kitchen is worth more than a thousand followers. That listening to a song you love for the hundredth time is like coming home, even if you are on a broken bus.

There are moments that do not seem to be eternal, yet they are.
A caress given for no reason. An unexpected hug. An impromptu dinner with mismatched dishes and full hearts.

Happiness is also taking a wrong turn and discovering a sunset you were not looking for.
It is feeling the wind on your face and thinking, "I'm fine, and I didn't know it."

We need to remember what truly makes us smile.
Because the world will always try to make us forget the pleasure of the simple, the slow, the small. And so, we need an inventory of the things that are good for us: –
Hands Dirty with Dirt
– Pointless Chat – Songs Sung Out of Tune – Friends Who Don't Ask for Explanations – Dreams That Cost Nothing

Life is full of serious things. But they are not what save us.

They are silly things, the frivolities, the idiotic laughs. They are the times when you say, "How wonderful to be here."

Well, if life has a meaning, it is just this:
getting to the end of the day with at least one moment to treasure. Something that makes you say quietly: "No one can take this away from me."

The Seam That Gives Way

You do not always notice it right away.
Sometimes your mental health begins to unravel silently, like a worn seam in an old coat. It does not make a sound. It does not scream.
It just makes you feel… different. More tired. Heavier. More distant.

First, you think it is just tiredness.
Then you start to forget things. You no longer find enthusiasm in what you love. You look at people with empty eyes, as if you were seeing them through glass.

They tell you, “You have to react.” But react to what if you don’t even know what is happening?

They tell you, “It will pass.” But every day is darker than the last.

Sometimes you smile, too. But it is a technical smile, a show-off, like the one on mannequins.
On the outside, you look like yourself. On the inside... you do not know who you are anymore.

It is a vice. It grips you gently, not violently. It accompanies you.
It seduces you with the promise of leaving you alone if you stop fighting. And you, at a certain point, stop. Not out of weakness. But out of exhaustion.

It is not sadness. It is not melancholy.
It is absence. It is like being in a room full of people and feeling completely alone. It is like being exhausted after ten hours of sleep. It is losing your color and pretending that black and white is enough.

Then there are worse days.
Days when your body feels heavy, your legs tremble, your thoughts get tangled. Days when the very idea of existing seems like an unrewarding effort.

Yet, hold on.

Because there is always a thread, thin, almost invisible, that keeps you hooked.
A face. A sentence. A photograph. A sincere "how are you?"

Sometimes asking for help is the hardest thing in the world.
Because you are afraid, they will tell you are overreacting. Or worse: they will not respond at all.

But if you still have a shred of strength, use it to say it. Tell someone. Say it badly, say it softly. But say it.

Because this road has no exit, but it has side paths. Sometimes you can turn back. Sometimes you can only

slow the decent. But in any case, you are never as alone as you think.

And even when all seems lost…
there is always at least one person who needs you to stay. Even just to share how you feel. Even just to say, "I understand. You are not crazy. You are only tired. And I'm here."

The Grace of Lack

It took me years to understand that not having it all can be a blessing.
Those unfulfilled dreams are not failures, but alternative paths. That you do not die if something does not go the way you planned at 20.

Life is not a list to check off.
It is not a rising auction where the winner is the one who accumulates the most objects, experiences, and relationships. It is a series of breaths. Some deeper, some shorter. And in between, the pauses. The ones no one wants, but which are part of the music.

They teach us to always aim high. To desire more. To push, to run.
Then you realize that the best things happen when you stop.

Like that day when I had no money to travel, and I sat on a bench.
And I discovered that the sunset, when you are calm, is like an intercontinental flight.

Like that time, I did not get the answer I was looking for. And I learned to listen better to questions.

Not having everything taught me the value of what I have. It gave me eyes to see the crumbs, which are always tastier than whole cakes.

Sometimes we are denied love, and we discover friendship.
Sometimes we lose a job and gain time. Sometimes we miss someone, and we learn to be with ourselves.

There's poetry in emptiness.
There's grace in absence. There's life, even, in regrets. If you look closely, they are proof that we tried. That we moved. That we desired.

Not having it all…
also means not having all the pain, all the pressure, all the expectations. It means there's room for chance, for chaos, for the unexpected.

And today, I am grateful for what I missed.
Because in that void, I put myself. And that was no small thing.

THE POWER OF THE ON BUTTON

In our house, the remote control has always enjoyed a special, almost mystical status. More important than the keys, more sought-after than money, more beloved than the dog. The remote controlled everyone, not the other way around.

It all started on a rainy Sunday afternoon, one of those days when even the clouds are watching TV. Everyone on the couch, slippers on, popcorn ready. I was already in the "do not disturb" position, with a blanket over my legs and a pillow strategically placed for maximum lumbar comfort. Everything was perfect. All that was missing was... the remote.

“Where did he go?” my wife asked, already in the inquisitive tone that foreshadowed trouble.

“I don’t have it!” I replied defensively, as if I had just been accused of a war crime.

“I left it on the coffee table!” my son shouted from another room, obviously lying.

The hunt began. The pilgrimage from room to room began, shouting, "Check under the pillows!" and "Look in the fridge, we found it there once!" And yes, it really happened. Because in this house, when you are distracted, every object has the right to move on its own.

Ten, twenty, thirty minutes passed. The nerves grew. The insults, too. The accusations became more and more imaginative: "You're the one hiding it so you can decide what to look at!", "Mom put it in the bag, I know!", "The dog buried it in the pot!"—which, incidentally, was a plastic plant.

Then the twist.

My daughter, who had been silent the whole time, came out of her room with the remote in her hand. “Oh, were

you looking for this?” she says, with that Joker grin. Panic. She had forgotten she had taken it to change the HDMI input while playing the console.

The silence was deathly. No one dared speak. Only the dog made a strange noise, like a strangled laugh.

But it does not end there. When everything finally was back to normal, I realized the remote control... was not working anymore. Batteries were dead. Three screams and two "holy shit...” later, someone decided to get up and get new ones. That someone, of course, was me.

Moral of the story? The remote control is like freedom: everyone wants it, no one can find it, and when you do find it... it is out of battery.

The Strength of Falling Well

I do not remember the exact day I fell.
There have been so many days like this. Some are thunderous, others silent, like a hidden cry.

What I remember is the moment I stopped being ashamed of falling.

For years I thought falling was a defeat.
That appearing fragile was equivalent to signing a declaration of surrender. Then one day, any day—I no longer had the strength to pretend. And I simply said, "I feel bad." Not out of courage, but out of desperation.

That sentence, however, freed me.

From there I learned that true strength is not always in staying on your feet.
It is in getting up again, every time. Even crooked, even limping. Even uncertain.

I have learned that falling is not a sin.
That everyone has their holes. Those who laugh at you while you are down will one day fall too. And they will remember your hands that, despite everything, you held out to them.

I have learned to fall…
…Without Asking Myself, "Why Me?"
…Without Counting How Many Times It Happened…Without Hate, Without Shame.

Falling taught me humility.
It taught me to apologize. It taught me to slow down, to listen, to look up when I thought I had lost everything.

I realized that every time I fell, I lost something useless. An illusion. An expectation. A role. And I gained a part of myself I did not know I knew.

No one prepares us for fragility.
They teach us to win, to smile, to stay in control. But it is only when you lose everything that you understand what matters.

And so, if I could talk to that me from so many years ago, as he clenched his fists on the ground...
I would say: "Don't be afraid. This is not the end. This is the beginning of something that will make you real."

Reading Is Resisting

Reading is not just opening a book and browsing through words.
Reading is an act of rebellion. In a fast-paced world where everything is hit and run, reading is choosing to slow down. To think. To enter another universe, inside someone else's head.

Reading means learning to feel, to understand, to question. It does not give you ready-made answers, but it teaches you to ask the right questions. It trains you to see beyond your nose, to step outside your bubble.

Reading means stepping into other people's lives. It lets you experience different perspectives and, for a moment, make their emotions your own.

Reading opens windows that would otherwise remain closed.
It makes you freer, more critical, more human.

And then, reading is an act of resistance against banality, against superficiality, against the constant distraction that only wants to crush us.

In an age where everything is speed, reading stops.
It is listening to the silence between the lines. It is cultivating a part of ourselves we often neglect reflection.

Reading is good for the mind, but it is good for the soul. It reminds you who you are, it reminds you what you can become.

It gives you tools to not feel alone, to understand that your thoughts, your fears, your dreams are not coincidences.

Reading is one of the few things no one can take away from you.
It is a journey you take without moving. It is a conversation you have with those who are no longer with us, or with those you have never met.

Not reading is giving up a part of your freedom.
It is like locking yourself in a dark room without trying to turn on a light.

So, if there is one thing I really ask of you, it is this:
never stop reading.

Not for fashion, not for duty, but for yourself.
Because reading changes you. It shapes you. It makes you alive.

And in a world where we often lose the desire to truly listen, reading is the most powerful form of listening.

The Stories Are Us

Stories are written, read, remembered. Sometimes they are erased, disappear. Books, on the other hand, are written, bought, read, and preserved. It is all about love: loving what you do, always.

Stories are ephemeral, often born to live in the moment they are told. Then they vanish. But books, real ones, the ones you can hold in your hand, transcend. They make space for themselves over time. They are read, preserved,

and sometimes they linger in the collective memory longer than we imagine.

Writing is an intimate act, done primarily for oneself. But the book—the finished product—takes on a life of its own. And that life can endure if it is born with love. Like a wave that spreads, even when the story that started it dissolves.

Then it all depends on our worldview. Publishing a book seriously, internationally, means thinking big: at least 108 editions, in different languages, across the three main formats. You cannot just leave home with a trunk full of copies: that would be logistical madness, a difficult, risky, and, let us face it, a bit crazy.

True comfort lies in the smiles your book will bring. In the emotions it will evoke. And what you pay for a book, in the end, is just the price of your most cherished hobby.

Postscript

This book is not a testament. It is a provocation. It does not seek to explain, but to insinuate. It seeks not to please, but to endure.

If you have made it this far, you have realized that stories are not meant to help you sleep. They are meant to wake you up. To laugh when you should not. To think about when it is more convenient to avoid.

Every page was written to disturb the apparent peace. Because true literature does not console *it shakes, scratches, and then embraces.*

Aphorisms

Phrases That Don't Ask Permission

- **The truth is never polite. It is just necessary.**
- **If you have not felt cheated at least once, you have not really been reading.**
- **Emotions cannot be explained. They are provoked.**
- **Pain is not an enemy. It is a teacher who never smiles.**
- **He who never makes mistakes… has never lived.**
- **Silence is the sincerest noise we know.**
- **If you recognize yourself in these pages, you have already changed.**
- **Lightness is not superficiality. It is depth that knows how to fly.**
- **Writing is like stealing time from chaos.**
- **Life is not a plot. It is a poorly edited story with perfect moments.**

And Yet, Here We Are

I did not write to teach. I wrote to remember. That we are all a little crooked, a little fragile, a little brilliant. That beauty is not in the end, but in the fact that we had the courage to begin.

If this book made you laugh, think, get angry, or just stop… then it did its job.

And if tomorrow you wake up with a phrase stuck in your head, a scene stuck in your heart, or a doubt that will not go away... do not thank me. Thank you. Because you had the courage to read to the end.

And now, the book closes. But do not close your mind.