THOUGHT INFRASTRUCTURES

THE ART OF NOT EXPLODING

Writing as Survival



FREGA FERDINANDO

THOUGHT INFRASTRUCTURES

THE ART OF NOT EXPLODING

Ferdinando Frega

Summary

INTRODUCTION 7

PROLOGUE 7

The Magic of the Number 8 8

Human Creativity 8

A Crazy Author 9

Progress 10

Regression 11

Alzheimer's Disease 11

Theory and Practice 12

Theory 12

Practice 13

Subject of Study 13

School and Chemistry 13

Chance Encounter 15

Life Perspectives 16

The Hero's Journey 16

The Old House 17

The Difficult Choice 18

Science of Laughter 19

Female Education 19

Mobility and Transport 20

A Treasure for the Keepers 20

My Name to a Stranger 21

Don't Talk About Me When You Write 22
MORE WORDS 22
The Word I Haven't Written Yet 22
The Reader Who Writes 23
The Silence After the Book 23
POST-SCRIPTUM 23
Provocative 23
The Ten Off-Topic Stories 23
I Stole a Lighter 24
I Fell in Love 24
I Made Love But He Wasn't Looking At Me 24
He Had No Right To Read 25
He doesn't believe in God 25
A Laughter Inside an Empty Church 25
The Truth by Mistake 26
Laughing at the Wrong Time 26
Ignored A Farewell 26
Writing Something I Don't Understand 26
Epilogue 27
Final 27

INTRODUCTION

In an increasingly standardized publishing landscape, where rationality dictates the rules and creativity risks dying out under the weight of market expectations, a work is born that does not ask for permission: *Writing to Not Explode.*

It is not just a book. It is an act of resistance. It is the writer's cry to stay alive, to avoid imploding under the weight of emotions, contradictions, and truths that have no place elsewhere.

Writing to avoid exploding is a tribute to the passion that never gives up, the madness it creates, the beauty born from chaos. *What burns stays alive* —and these stories are proof of that.

Welcome to a journey beyond convention, where every word is a wound that becomes light.

PROLOGUE

Before the stories, there was silence. Not the kind that consoles, but the kind that scratches. The kind that builds in the lungs, weighs on the bones, throbs under the skin. A silence that did not ask to be heard, but to be **expelled.**

Then came writing. Not as a gesture, but as a **survival.** Every word, an escape. Every sentence, a crack. Every page, an attempt not to implode.

This book was not born to tell a story. It was born to **resist.** To give voice to the formless. To transform discomfort into language, wounds into rhythm, shame into style.

The stories you will find do not ask for permission. They do not seek approval. They do not want to please. They want **to exist.**

And if they hurt you, it means they are working. If you recognize yourself in them, it means you are still alive.

Every story is a fragment of what goes unsaid. Every voice, a suppressed scream. Every gesture, a confession that does not need to be understood.

Welcome. Here we do not read. Here we **burn.** And what burns... stays alive.

The Magic of the Number 8

There is something special about the number eight. An even, positive number that holds silent wonders. Numerically, it is simple, but symbolically, it is much more: two circles joined along a medial axis, evoking infinity, and continuity.

The perfection of circles speaks, esoterically, of an infinite set of points that join to form a closed curve. It is like the human being: a raw foundation that, through life and experience, can transform into a precious jewel, rich in meaning and value.

I recently discovered that in the fairy tale Snow White, there were not seven dwarfs, but eight. A detail that adds charm and mystery to this number, as if number eight had always been there, hidden in the folds of the narrative.

It is extraordinary how the world seems to revolve in perfect harmony within these two circles. Figure eight becomes a symbol of connection, balance, and wholeness. And right now, I feel gratitude for every step of this journey, and joy in being able to share it with you.

Human Creativity

Creativity is a flame that arises within, often in silence, sometimes in chaos. It is what drives us to imagine new worlds

when what surrounds us is not enough. It is not just a gift: it is a necessity. Writing, painting, inventing, composing, are gestures that allow us to stay alive, to give form to what we cannot express, to transform pain into beauty.

Since the beginning of our history, we have sought to leave our mark: signs on the walls, symbols, sounds, words. Each culture has found its own way of telling its story, of resisting, of dreaming. Creativity is the thread that unites us, that distinguishes us, that saves us.

It is not confined to art. It is everywhere: in science, technology, music, literature. It is the thinking that breaks the mold, that dares, that seeks solutions where others see only problems. It is the spark that ignites change.

Literature allows us to explore the depths of the soul. Music accompanies us in moments when there are not enough words. Art shows us what we cannot see. Every creative form is a response—to a question, a wound, a desire.

Creativity is also rebellion. It is the refusal to accept the world as it is. It is the force that drives us to imagine a different, more just, more humane future. In this book, every story is a creative act born from an urgent need. Every word is a spark. Every page is proof that what burns, stays alive.

A Crazy Author

Some would say it is madness. That a single individual cannot sustain the weight of an entire literary production, from writing to publication, from vision to performance. That behind such an impetus lies something irrational, uncontrollable, dangerously creative.

Yet, it happened.

A single author, armed with passion and determination, has built a narrative universe that defies market logic and industry expectations. There is no team, no structure, no machine behind it: just the mind, the heart, and the need to write to avoid exploding.

Some outside observer critics, analysts, readers—have wondered whether all this is the product of rationality or delirium. But the truth lies somewhere in between: in that fine line where creativity arises precisely from the tension between order and chaos.

Publishing history has no memory of an author like him. Not because of the numbers, but because of his vision. For his ability to transform every obstacle into fuel, every limitation into language, every solitude into a voice.

This is the story of a mad author. Or, simply, of a free author.

Progress

Progress and regression: two sides of the same coin, opposite yet inseparable. Progress is action, it is momentum, it is the desire to go further. It is the force that drives us to seek, to build, to transform. In a meeting dedicated to mathematics and physics, I found myself immersed in concepts that overturned the foundations of my thinking. Mathematics spoke of numbers and spirituality, of closed curves and open infinities. But it was physics that struck me deeply: the concept of progress as perpetual motion, as a continuous tension toward something that never stops.

Progress is not just growth. It is also disruption. It is the moment when a belief crumbles to make room for a new vision. It is the principle of leverage: it is not size that determines strength, but precision in action. Progress is what changes us,

even when we do not want it. It is what forces us to choose, to take risks, to give up. It is what drives us to write, so as not to explode.

Regression

Then comes regression. Not as nostalgia, but as illusion. Regression is the desire to possess without understanding, to accumulate without living. It is the idea that little is needed to always do the same things, that well-being is a question of objects, not time. It is like buying three phones and working twice as hard to maintain them, sacrificing quality of life for apparent comfort.

At that moment, a woman approached me. Elegant, intense, captivating. She spoke to me with passion, with desire, with fire. But I sensed that behind her words lay only curiosity, not truth. I responded with two laws, born of reflection:

In mathematics, infinity is that which escapes rationality. Any number greater than one is already beyond.

In physics, strength lies not in size, but in effectiveness. The most powerful lever is the one that acts with precision.

I declined her invitation. Not out of fear, but out of clarity. Because every refusal, if conscious, is an act of intelligence. Regression tempts us, but progress guides us. And between the two, writing is the bridge that allows us to stay alive.

Alzheimer's Disease

There are days when time stretches, and the mind is privileged to wander. On one of these days, I came across an article about Alzheimer's disease. It was not just information: it was a mirror. The doctors' words, the tests, the testimonials, everything helped

paint a picture that went beyond the disease. It spoke of loss, of bewilderment, of a love that endures even when memory fades.

I read and reread that text, fearing that my ignorance might obscure my understanding. But it was not just knowledge I was seeking. It was comfort. It was meaning. At that moment, writing was my only diversion, my only liberating act. I did not know if it was relevant to the book, but I knew it was relevant to me.

Because writing does not always come from a plan. Sometimes it comes from a void. And in that void, I felt the need to say thank you. To the women of the world, to mothers, to those who support us even when we no longer know who we are.

This page is for my parents, who both died of the same disease.

And before it hit me too, I leave a reminder of who I was when I was half conscious.

Theory and Practice

They are two equal opposites. The first teaches us, the second surprises us. The first prepares us, the second changes us. And between the two, there is writing: the place where thought and action meet, collide, embrace.

Theory

Theory is the realm of ideas. It is what is taught, passed down, analyzed. It is evaluated milk, reassuring statistics, pediatricians' rules. But also, mothers' answers, school failures, agronomists' advice. It is knowledge that does not always work, but that accompanies us like a map. It is my father, sick but lucid, who spoke about women, work, life. It is the advice he gave me: *"You can't win over a woman. You have to start thinking like a woman."* Theory is what prepares us. But it is not enough.

Practice

Practice is the battlefield. It is the regurgitation that is not resolved with statistics, but with six pillows placed by a neighbor. It is the beautiful daughter who cannot find love. It is the driving test passed in a see-through dress. It is the banana that only grows if there's chili pepper next to it. It is the son who shows off photos, who improvises caviar with black olives, who laughs with his father in front of three sisters. Practice is what saves us. It is what works, even when it should not.

Subject of Study

Chemistry

Since I was a child, I have never experienced my emotions in a way consistent with my age. I have always reacted based on the situation, adapting. Chemistry, the real one, the invisible one, is what binds us to others. It is not just attraction: it is a look, a gesture, a shared silence. It is that feeling of being at home with someone, even if you do not really know them.

Chemistry can last a moment or a lifetime. It can ignite deep relationships or burn out in a flash. When sexuality enters, everything is amplified: hormones, emotions, fragility. The human body is a living laboratory, made of elements that react, combine, and alter. When we get sick, it is a chemical reaction. When we heal, it is the same. Medicines—natural or synthetic—are chemical responses to pain.

But chemistry is not just science. It is also memory.

School and Chemistry

In my second year of high school, I was studying organic chemistry. My teacher, plump and smiling, listened to me tell racy stories, a mix of truth and fantasy.

At the end of the year, he told me: “I am promoting you for your artistic merit. You are an actor, not a student.”

He warned me: next year you will have a stern colleague of mine.

And so, it was.

On the first day of my third year, a serious and stern teacher with a nervous tone stopped me in the corridor and said:

“Are you Frega? Without further ado, you are failing this year.”

A record: rejected with 364 days' notice.

Not even the tax agencies have this promptness, not even the church.

During the year, she would enter the classroom without saying hello, annoyed, almost disturbed and she really was.

I would take the door to the exit and go play basketball in the gym.

At the end of the year, all the professors wanted to promote me, because I was one of the few students who was recognized as not being studious, but capable of arguing the context and people would listen.

This disoriented them because they did not know where reality ended and fantasy began, that literary noir that still looms today.

But she adamantly opposed it. The reasons lie in the empathy and sympathy factor, which schools often fail to measure with grades.

No educational reason, just her decision.

The principal called me, sorry, and calmly and serenely gave me the news.

You will fail but just know for chemistry.

No one was surprised. I remained calm and smiled my usual smile.

It had been a question of chemistry, but not of the H_2O formulas.

Eight days later, I received some surprising news.

The teacher had passed away; her father had called her to him.

I never forgave her because I never hated her.

Certain feelings find a logical path if there are real reasons.

It has always been, simply, a question of chemistry.

Chance Encounter

It was a tough time. I had left my company after eighteen years of work, with a family behind me and two twin children. Choices cost money, and the price is only discovered by living.

That afternoon, in New York, taxis were nowhere to be found. The drivers targeted distracted tourists, charging ridiculous prices. I decided to take the subway. My ticket did not work, the guard realized I was Italian and started talking about soccer, Ferraris, and pizza. I smiled. I entered with my credit card and boarded the train.

In front of me, a woman sat on the floor. Dirty, with a beer in her hand, glasses, and a hat. Something about her attracted me. Then her glasses fell off. I looked into her eyes. It was Jennifer Carter. A colleague from Boston, a brilliant woman, now unrecognizable. I called her, helped her up. She recognized me. She cried. I took her with me, got her a hotel room. I called the beautician, the hairdresser, the makeup, the clothes, the shoes. I waited six hours. When she came out, it was Jennifer again.

We went to dinner. She told me she wanted to reimburse me. She wanted to explain. I did not want to know. I asked her about her family. They were at home, unaware. They thought she was traveling for work.

I took her to the airport. I bought her a business-class ticket. I handed her some money. Weeping, she asked me, “Who are you, really? A devil or an angel?” “I'm just a man,” I replied. “In a chance encounter, supported by an old friend. For one reason only.” “What?” “Never look at the speck in your friend's eye. Always look at the log in your own.”

Life Perspectives

There are times when I feel compelled to speak. Not to teach, but to share. Life's challenges do not have a single perspective. They depend on who we are, where we come from, what we carry within us. There are those who, faced with an obstacle, give up. They cry, suffer, shut down. And there are those who, in that same obstacle, see an opportunity. A lever for change, for overturning, for growth.

Culture shapes us. But it is experience that reveals us. And if there is one truth I have learned, it is this: the women of the world are superior. Medicine says so, history says so, life says so. We men always look for a pat on the back, a gesture that reassures us. Women do not ask they act. Even in crying, there is a difference. We cry out of insecurity. They cry to free themselves.

So, if you already have everything under control, do not ask for anything. Life is not an answer. It is a perspective.

The Hero's Journey

We were kids, between fourteen and eighteen. Every evening, we gathered at the rugby pitch, counting those present and

wondering about those absent. Some were absent out of love, others out of laziness, still others because of the uncertain weather and their anxious mothers. But we were there. Strong, determined, alive.

And then there was him. Our General Manager. Always present. Married, childless, in his late twenties. He arrived in a used bottle-green Jaguar, accompanied each time by a different woman: Italian, French, elegant, perfumed. She smoked; he kept quiet. Money was his weakness, but not his driving force.

Physically, he was not impressive: 170 cm, 75 kg, graying hair. A political past, a few years in prison, a degree he never applied for. And yet, he was our hero. He accomplished impossible feats: making women of all kinds fall in love, without drugs, without alcohol, without money. Just with his charisma. He had an invisible companion on his adventures. It was his brain. It was just him.

He fell in love with an actress. They were half-cousins. She could not control him, only managed to steal his money. After five years, they broke up. He returned to his wife. Then tragedy struck: she died of an incurable disease. He was left alone with his daughter, who called him "Mom." He lived in luxury, but in desperation. His misdeeds found no forgiveness. Only judgment. Only silence.

History teaches us that heroes die. He is no longer even an extra. But for me, he remains the character who sparked something. Goodbye, hero.

The Old House

Ten years after my grandparents' death, we returned to the village. Our thoughts immediately turned to their home. A house full of

memories, stories, and silence. A house built with time, with hands, with soul.

On a freezing winter night, I decided to enter. It was abandoned, on the edge of town. Every step on the creaky floor seemed to awaken something. The walls, steeped in years and secrets, emanated an aura that drew me ever deeper inside.

In the attic—narrow, with no stairs—I found a diary. It was hidden under a table. The yellowed pages told the story of a reserved, distrustful, forgotten family. Lost love. Shattered hopes. Broken promises. Every word was a bridge between past and present. Every sentence brought me closer to myself.

My father called me. I answered, "I'm here." And at that moment, the house was no longer dilapidated. It was a treasure chest. A place where shadows danced and whispers became melodies. I was inside those stories. Inside those lives. Inside myself.

I put the diary back in its place. I returned to my father. I was heartbroken, but alive. I shared within myself the certainty of the present and the hope of a future that would be found in every minute of my time.

Then the new owners arrived. The house was no longer ours. But its secrets, its memories, its emotions, yes, I took with me. My soul could contain them all. The old house lived within me.

The Difficult Choice

After eighteen years of work, I changed my life. I went abroad. I found new challenges, new skills, new relationships. But also, nostalgia, distance, and a balance to rebuild.

Family remained at my center. The calls, the visits, the love. And then Raluca arrived. A lawyer. Beautiful. Six months of dreams, plans, an imagined future.

But every choice comes at a price. And I was not willing to pay for it. I understood that running away is not always cowardice. Sometimes it is clarity.

This story is not a triumph. It is a lesson. That the heart may desire, but the mind must decide.

Science of Laughter

Laughter is a universal mystery. I have always sought ways, languages, and gestures to do it with others. I have collected over a thousand, often in dialect, improvised, and imaginative. Gino Bramieri said: "If you tell two stories and no one laughs, change the approach." He was right. Reality matched theory.

Abroad, telling them in other languages was a challenge. I was the first to laugh. Then, perhaps, the others. But behind every laugh there's science.

The brain releases endorphins. Incongruity surprises us. Laughing together creates bonds. Humor distracts us, lightens our mood.

Every culture laughs in its own way. Finding something that makes everyone laugh is a skill for the champion. But laughter is what makes us human. And a delightful story, if told by the heart, is worth more than a thousand theories.

Female Education

Women's education is the key to change. Knowledge means autonomy, health, and rights. An educated woman works, earns money, and invests in her children. She breaks the cycle of poverty. She participates in social and political life. She decides. She fights. She changes.

Education creates informed generations. Educated mothers raise educated children. And the world grows.

Education is a right. It is equality. It is progress.

Without women, there is no life. There is no present. There is no future.

Just thank you for the only reason we have for living. Because they are our Universe.

Mobility and Transport

The first means of transportation was man. He walked, he transported, explored. Then came animals, carts, the wheel. And the world began to move.

Water was the first path. Rivers, lakes, seas. Boats united civilizations, opened routes, and created trade.

Then came the land: roads, railways, vehicles. The Industrial Revolution changed everything. Today, we travel by car, train, bicycle, scooter. Transport is coordination, it is progress, it is connection.

Every means of transport tells a story. Every journey is a step towards the future. And mobility is what keeps us together, even when we are far apart.

A Treasure for the Keepers

In the vast universe of literature, rare books occupy a special place. They are not just receptacles of words, but cult objects, works of art, fragments of time. For those who love them, every detail matters: the ornate cover, the elegant binding, the yellowed paper that speaks of a past life.

A rare book is a portal. To distant eras, to forgotten stories, to voices that have defied silence. First editions, autographed copies, censored volumes, lost and rediscovered texts: each is a treasure.

Research is a hunt for time. Flea markets, antique bookshops, fairs, auctions. Every discovery is a conquest. Every volume found is a moment when time stands still.

This passion creates communities. Collectors, readers, dreamers. They exchange advice, tell stories, and gather in forums and groups. In the digital world, the physical book remains constant. An object to be touched, browsed, and treasured.

The value of a rare book is not just financial. It is emotional. It is intellectual. It is the direct connection to the person who wrote it, to those who read it, to those who loved it.

Preservation is an act of love. Restoration, care, respect. So that those pages may continue to speak. So that those stories may not be lost.

Readers of rare books are the guardians of memory. They keep alive the connection between past and present. They demonstrate that, even today, the physical book retains its magic. And that literature, when loved, never dies.

My Name to a Stranger

I was standing in line at the post office. A voice behind me said, “Ferdinando.” I turned around. It was a man I had never seen before. He smiled at me. “Sorry, I was looking for someone else.” But the way he said it… As if he knew me. As if he knew something I had forgotten. The name was mine, but the voice carried it differently. Since that day, every time I hear my name, I ask myself: Who is carrying it? Who said it before me? Who

loved it, hated it, wrote it on a piece of paper, shouted it into an empty room? Because names are not just ours. They also belong to others. They are bridges, they are mirrors, they are wounds. And since that day, I have listened to my name as if it were new. Every time.

Do not Talk About Me When You Write

She was a woman I had dated briefly. But intensely. Like dating a storm. She said, "Write whatever you want, but not about me." I nodded. But every sentence I have written since then has had her scent. Her rhythm. Her absence. I have never mentioned her name. But she is everywhere. In the silences between the lines. In the way words hesitate. In the way pain disguises itself as style. Because you cannot ask a writer to forget. You can only hope they do it with grace. And I have searched for that grace. But I have never quite found it.

MORE WORDS

When the book ends, not everything is silent. There are words that could not find space. Sentences that did not let themselves be written. Silences that speak louder than any story. " *More Words"* is the section that remains. The one that does not seek to explain, but to continue. It is the breath after the last page. It is the voice that never fades. It is the reader who becomes the author. Because every word read is only the beginning of the one, you are about to write.

The Word I Haven't Written Yet

It is there. Behind the others. It is not the most beautiful, nor the most right. It is just the one that is missing. The one I did not have the courage to say. The one that does not exist. But I know it is there. And it is waiting for me.

The Reader Who Writes

He closed the book. But he did not finish. He took a piece of paper. He wrote a sentence that was not his own. Then he rewrote it. And made it his own. Now he does not read anymore. Now he answers.

The Silence After the Book

It is not empty. It is full of everything I left unsaid. Of what you understood without me writing it. The book is finished. But the voice continues. In the silence. Inside you.

POST-SCRIPTUM

Provocative

If you have come this far, you are no longer a reader. You are an accomplice. You have read stories that did not ask permission, which did not seek consensus, which did not seek to please. You have walked between the lines as one walks through ruins: with respect, with anger, with hunger. You have accepted the discomfort. You have acknowledged what is left unsaid. You have let the words pass through you, even when they scratch. And now, for those who are not satisfied, for those who want to go off topic, out of control, out of everything... Here are ten stories that should not have been here. But they are here. Because even the margins have the right to speak. And sometimes, that is where the voice is true.

The Ten Off-Topic Stories

These ten stories have no theme. They have no morals. They have no direction. They were born by mistake, out of urgency, out of disobedience. They are the noise beneath the silence. They are off-screen. They are what remains when the book should be

finished. They are the pages that are not written but thought. And they are the truest. Because they do not try to explain. They simply exist.

I Stole a Lighter

It was on a table, in a bar. No one was looking at it. I took it. I do not smoke. I did not need it. But I wanted to feel the thrill. The small crime. The spark. It was not theft. It was a gesture. It was a breakup. I kept it in my pocket for months. Every now and then I touched it, like you touched a secret. Then I left it on another table. Like a witness. Like a game. Like a confession. And no one stopped me. Because certain transgressions are not seen. They are felt. And they remain.

I Fell in Love

It was an online profile. Perfect photos, precise words, calibrated silences. Every message was a digital caress. We talked for weeks. About books, fears, dreams that seemed real. Then I discovered it was fake. An algorithm. An experiment. A void disguised as a voice. But I was already inside. And I understood that love does not need flesh. It needs attention. Someone who listens to you, even if they do not exist. And that sometimes, fiction is kinder than reality. Because it does not disappoint you. It deceives you. And you, for a moment, feel seen.

I Made Love but He Wasn't Looking at Me.

It was all physical. No words. No glances. Just bodies. As if the soul had remained outside the room. Finally, he said to me, “I don't look at you because I don't want to remember you.” I nodded. Not to accept. To survive. And I understood that desire is not always intimacy. Sometimes it just escapes. A way not to think. Not to feel. Not to stay. And that making love does not

mean being loved. It means, sometimes, just being used to forget someone else.

He Had No Right to Read

He was a powerful man. Accustomed to commanding, to receiving, to being listened to. He said to me, "Write something that makes me feel human." I wrote. A dirty, true, uncomfortable story. A story that did not ask permission. That did not seek to please. He read it. He said, "I don't like it." I replied, "It was not to please you. It was to strip you." To take away your role. To take away your control. To show you that humanity is not power. It is shame. It is fragility. It is the point where you stop being who you are. And you start being who you do not want to see.

He does not believe in God.

He was an atheist. Convinced. Rational. He believed in logic, science, and facts. But every night, before going to sleep, he said: "If you're there, listen." It was not faith. It was habit. It was needed. It was fear. A prayer without a recipient. A gesture that sought not miracles, but respite. And I understood that even those who do not believe pray. They pray in silence. They pray in doubt. They pray in the gesture that cannot be explained. Because the need to be heard has no religion. It has a voice. And that voice, even if it finds no answer, continues to speak.

A Laughter Inside an Empty Church

It was afternoon. The church was open, but deserted. Dim light, the smell of incense, empty pews. Then, laughter. Loud. Unexpected. There was no one there. Only me. And that laughter. It was not sacred. It was not profane. It was life. A crack in silence. A breath that did not ask permission. And I thought: *Maybe God laughs. When we are not looking at him.* When we are not seeking him. When we are distracted, imperfect, human.

And perhaps that laughter was his. Or mine. Or the laughter of someone who understood that spirituality is not always solemn. Sometimes it is simple... alive.

The Truth by Mistake

It was an ordinary conversation. A banal question, an automatic response. But instead of lying, I told the truth. It was not planned. It was not strategic. It was raw. The other person fell silent. Then he changed the subject. And I realized that the truth is not always useful. Sometimes it is just an obstacle. But when it comes out, it does not go back. It stays there. Like a stain. Like liberation.

Laughing at the Wrong Time

It was a funeral. Solemn words, tense faces, polite tears. Then someone said something absurd. And I laughed. Not loudly. But enough to be heard. They looked at me. Not with anger. With bewilderment. And I thought: Laughter is not always disrespectful. Sometimes it is defense. Sometimes it is truth. Sometimes it is the only way to keep from breaking down.

Ignored A Farewell

It was a message. Short. "Goodbye." I did not reply. Not out of pride. Out of weariness. Because some goodbyes should not be fought. They should be let go. Like falling leaves. Like doors that close on their own. And since then, every time someone leaves, I do not chase. Because those who want to stay, stay. And whoever writes "goodbye" has already decided.

Writing Something I Don't Understand

It was night. My head was full; my hands were moving quickly. I wrote a sentence. One of those that seemed to come from elsewhere. I did not understand it. But I did not erase it. I left it there. Like leaving a trail in a forest. Someone read it. They said,

"It helped me." And I realized that not everything needs to be understood. Some things just need to be written down. Because writing, sometimes, knows more than we do.

Epilogue

(After burning everything.)

There is no moral. There is no summary. There is no closing sentence. There is just this: we wrote so as not to explode.

We have recounted things that are not said, moments that are not confessed, truths that are not framed. We have walked through the folds of voice, through the cracks of memory, through the shadows of everyday life. We have made room for the off topic, the out of control, the out of proportion. And we have not asked permission.

Final

This book is not a collection. It is an emotional archive. An inventory of what burns and never goes out. A way of saying: *I was there.* Even when no one was looking. Even when no one was listening. Even when no one asked.

If you have read everything, you are no longer a reader. If you have heard something, you are no longer an observer. If you have recognized even a single sentence, a voice, a gesture, then this book is yours too.

And if you did not like it, that is okay. It was not written to please. It was written to last.