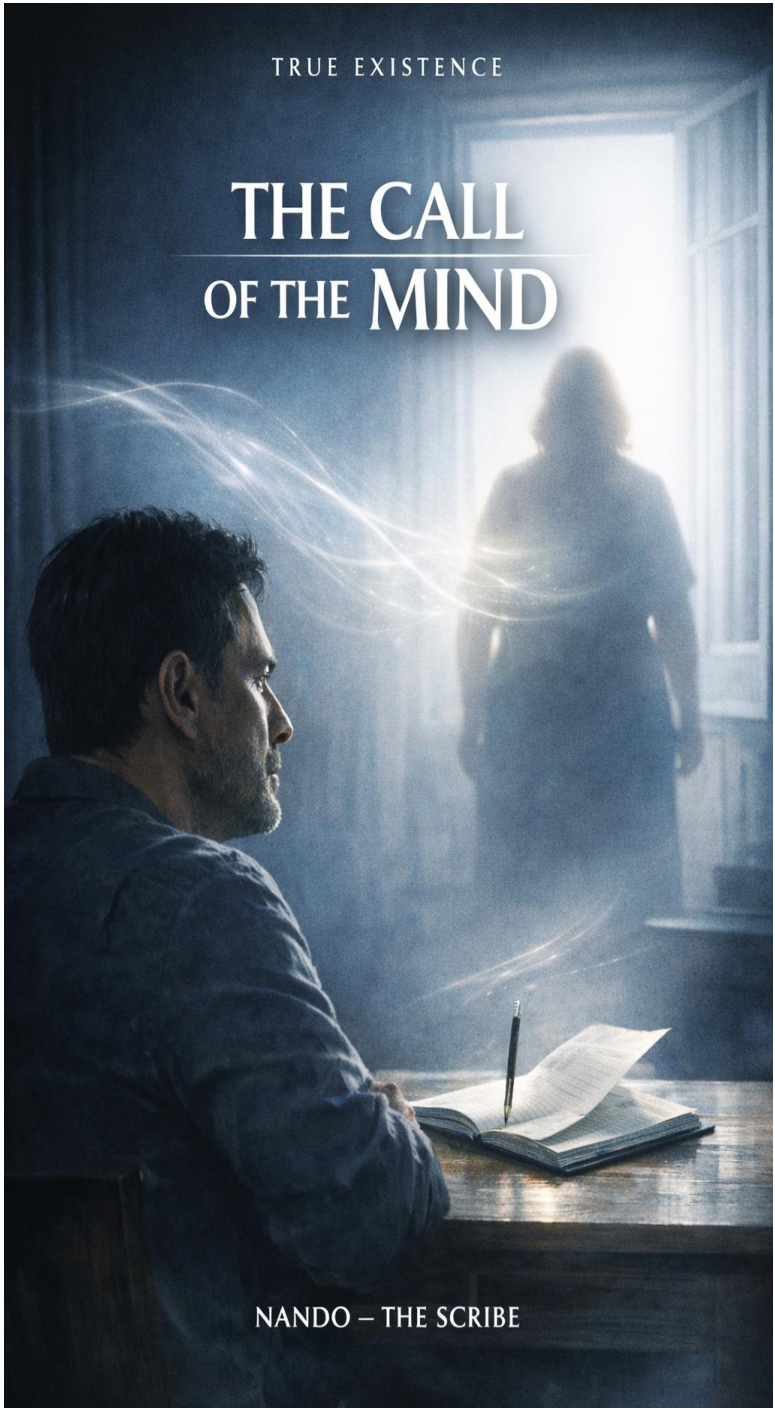

TRUE EXISTENCE
THE CALL
OF THE MIND
NANDO – THE SCRIBE

TRUE EXISTENCE

THE CALL OF THE MIND

"An Uncomfortable Reflection:

God, the Mind and Man"

FERDINANDO FREGA

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LITERARY MANIFESTO

(Ideological Position)

This book exists because thought has become a refuge.
A place to hide instead of acting.
A safe place from which to observe life without entering it.

Here, thought is neither celebrated nor demonized.
It is **highlighted.** Stripped of its noble aura. Treated for what it is:
a powerful, unstable, often unreliable mechanism.

I do not write to clarify.
I write because **too much clarity has paralyzed entire generations.**

This book offers no truth.
It exposes conflicts.
And anyone seeking answers would be better off closing it immediately.

EDITORIAL NOTE

(Perimeter**)**

This text is not a manual.
It is not an essay.
It is not a growth path.

It is a collection of **embodied mental fragments,** written from within the process, not afterward.
It does not follow linear progression. It does not accompany. It does not lead.

Anyone who enters here must accept one simple thing:
the mind is not orderly, even when it is functioning.

The clutter is not an editorial flaw.
It is the field of observation.

DEDICATION

For those who think too much
and have trouble sitting still
even when sitting.

BACK COVER

(Cognitive Friction)

Not all thoughts help.
Some only serve to procrastinate.
Others justify inaction.
Still others construct an identity that does not hold up to the first real choice.

This book does not teach you how to think better.
It shows what happens **when thinking takes up too much space.**

If you are looking for order, it is not here.
If you are looking for silence, it is.

PREFACE

This text does not ask for attention.
It asks for **resistance.**

It was not written to be shared, discussed, or defended.
It was written to be traversed without protection.

If it does not hurt you in at least one place,
it is not meant for you.

PREMISE / SYNOPSIS

The stories in this book are not examples.
They do not explain. They do not demonstrate.

There are **traces of thought left after the transition.**
Sometimes before the decision, sometimes after, sometimes in between.

There is no thesis.
There is a mind that observes itself as it works, sabotages itself, tires itself, and recovers.

The reader is not supposed to understand.
He is supposed **to recognize.**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

(Responsibility)

I take on a specific responsibility:
not to offer any excuses.

I did not cut the clutter to make it acceptable.
I did not clean up the thought to make it elegant.

This book does not make anyone better.
At most, it stops lying.

If something here feels like you,
it is not a call to change.
It is just an observation.

INTRODUCTION – APPROACH

The mind is not a safe place.
It is an operating environment.

It works even when it causes damage.
It continues to work even when it is not needed.

This book fits in there.
Not to turn it off, but to **observe without intervening.**

From here on, there are no explanations.
Just exposition.

PARTITION

The book is composed of independent texts.
They should not be read sequentially.
They should not be interpreted as developmental chapters.

Each fragment is a pressure point.
An interference.
An interruption in the habitual flow of thought.

Order is accidental.
Like that of the mind.

PROLOGUE – FIRST SHOT

Thinking did not save me.
It slowed me down.

Every time I thought I understood,
I just postponed the moment of exposing myself.

This book was born there.
At the point where you stop asking yourself if you are

thinking well
and start asking yourself **why you are thinking so much.**

From here on, there is no guidance.
Only friction.

Behind the Silence

I was in Asia, in a small village where life seemed to flow as slowly as the great river that flowed through those lands. The fishermen were lined up along the shore, each intent on their own task. It was a spectacle of order and tranquility, a scene that seemed stolen from a distant time.

Accustomed to European rivers and the discipline that accompanied every fishing trip, I decided to join in that silent contemplation. I sat down, respecting the religious silence I had learned to consider sacred, as if the slightest noise could scare the fish and disrupt the harmony of the moment.

It was then that an old man, one of those fishermen who seemed sculpted by time, approached. He looked at me with an enigmatic smile and said, *"Behind every silence there are many noises that are not easily heard, but they are the ones that always cause harm."*

His words struck me, but at the time I could not fully comprehend them. What did he mean? How could hidden noises disturb what was so evidently peaceful?

A few moments later, a sudden pain struck me in the stomach. It was a sharp pain, impossible to ignore. I urgently stood up and, without knowing where else to go, ran towards the river to satisfy a pressing need. I felt embarrassed, vulnerable, but I had no choice.

The old man, who had been observing the scene without losing his serene smile, said calmly: *"See? Seeing is believing. Your silence hid a sound that only you could hear. The body speaks, even when the mind doesn't understand it."*

I stood there, feeling uneasy and thoughtful, realizing how right he was. There is no silence, that's truly silence. Every apparent quiet is a tangle of sounds, perceptions, and sensations working beneath the surface. The actual harm, I thought, comes not from the sounds we recognize, but from those we ignore.

From that day on, I began to observe silence with different eyes. No longer as a perfect refuge, but as an intricate network of signals to be deciphered. An invitation to pay attention not only to what is evident, but also to what lies hidden within the folds of apparent stillness.

This is a fantastic idea for a story! We could intertwine the concept of the **three-sevens game** with the theme of doubt, using the cards as a metaphor for life and the choices we face. Here is how we could develop it:

Play Cups

As a child, I spent summer evenings sitting around a table with my uncles and grandfather, playing cards. My favorite game was *three-seven,* a classic of Italian evenings. The Neapolitan cards slipped through the expert hands of the adults, while I, the youngest at the table, tried to decipher strategies and secrets that seemed inscrutable.

There were four suits in the cards: coins, swords, wands, and cups. Each had its own symbolism and weight in the game,

but my grandfather always repeated one rule: *"When in doubt, play cups."*

At first, I did not understand the meaning of those words. It seemed like simple, almost banal advice, but over time I noticed their deeper meaning. My grandfather was a man of few words, but his wisdom lay in the details.

One evening, after a long game, I found myself alone with him. I asked him, *"Grandpa, why do you always talk about playing cups when there's doubt?"*

He smiled, caressing the cards as if they were old friends. Then he replied: *"The cups represent the heart, the feeling. When you do not know what to do, follow your instincts, follow your feelings. It's better to fail by listening to your heart than to win without putting your heart into it."*

Those words stayed with me for years. As I grew older, I realized how many times in life I had faced difficult choices, unsure which was the right path. And each time, those words recurred: *"Play cups."*

One day, as an adult, I faced a weighty decision. I had two paths before me: one that seemed safe and clear, and another that frightened me, but which reawakened a deep passion within me. It was one of those situations where logic pushes you one way, but your heart calls you the other.

I remembered the game of *three sevens.* I looked at the imaginary cards of my life and decided: I would play cups. I would follow my instincts, even if the risk of failure were high. And so, I did.

It was not always easy, but that choice led me to live with greater intensity and authenticity. I learned that doubt is not an enemy to be feared, but a companion that reminds you to be attentive, to listen to your heart, and to play your hand with courage.

Even today, when doubt assails me, I think back to those evenings around the table, the smell of coffee and my grandfather's voice saying: *"When in doubt, play cups."*

The Story of a Name

In a village immersed in nature, far from the chaos of modernity, every name told a story. They were not simple labels, but symbols of events, emotions, and moments that marked the conception of a new life. In the small settlement, this tradition was passed down with pride and respect.

One day, a young boy, the son of the village chief, approached his father with a mixture of curiosity and a desire to understand. He had heard many stories about the villagers' names, each more fascinating than the last, and now he wanted to know his own.

“Father,” he began timidly, “why is that warrior called Sitting Bull?”

The chief smiled, stroking the stuff he always carried with him. "Because, when his parents conceived him, a mighty bull stopped beside them and lay down. It was a sign of strength and steadfastness, qualities he still carries with him today."

The boy nodded, enchanted by the answer. After a few moments, with the growing courage of one who isn't afraid

of knowledge, he asked, "And White Eagle? Why is it called that?"

The chief laughed lightly, his eyes shining with memories. "Because, at his conception, a great white eagle flew over his parents. It was a symbol of freedom and high spirits, qualities his life has proven to embody."

The young man pondered these answers, but something still nagged at him. He decided to break the silence with the question that had always burned within him: "Father, what about me? Why am I called Hollow Condom?"

The chief paused for a moment, searching for the right words. Then, with a gentle smile and a heartfelt laugh, he said, "My son, sometimes names tell the simplest stories of life. Not everyone is born under majestic signs. The truth is, when you were conceived, there was a small accident... and we chose to remember it with irony."

The boy was silent for a few seconds, then burst into laughter. It was a hearty, genuine laugh, which even infected his father. In that moment, he understood that his name was not a source of embarrassment, but the symbol of something unique: an authentic life story, a reminder that life is not always perfect, but always worth living.

From that day on, the young man bore his name with pride, knowing that every name, even the simplest or most unexpected, holds a story worth telling.

The Invisible Bridge

It was a Sunday morning, one of those slow ones, when time seemed suspended. I was in a cozy home, enjoying the aroma of coffee, when I began to hear an animated conversation from the next room.

A 95-year-old mother and her 65-year-old son were arguing with surprising energy. They were talking about a bridge, but what struck me was the intensity of their exchange. Their voices were rising, a relentless back-and-forth, making it difficult to understand what they were really talking about.

“It is a scandal! Do you realize how much money they are throwing away?” said the son, with the stern expression of someone who has been dealing with accounts and budgets all his life.

“But I cannot wait any longer! I cannot live like this!” the mother retorted, determined to make her point.

Their discussion revolved around costs, schedules, and broken promises. It was clear they were talking about the same bridge, but somehow, they were on completely different wavelengths. After two hours, my curiosity reached its limit. I entered the room and asked:

“Excuse me, but which bridge are you talking about?”

There was a moment of silence. Then, with a mixture of exasperation and irony, the mother replied:
"About the bridge I must get to the dentist! These dentures won't hold anymore, and they're charging me an exorbitant price."

The son, smiling bitterly, added:
"I am talking about the bridge over the Strait of Messina. I can't understand how they could waste so much money on something they might never build."

I was speechless. Two heated discussions, two irreconcilable points of view, yet united by one common thread: both were talking about something invisible.

The mother and son looked at each other for a moment, then burst into laughter, a full, liberating laugh that melted away all tension.

Leaving that house, I thought back to that scene. Two bridges, two different realities, yet so similar. They were not simply buildings or promises; they were symbols of our frustrations, of hopes we often do not see realized, and of the way each life is intertwined with something greater, often invisible to the eye.

That day I learned an important lesson: bridges are not just for connecting places. Sometimes they connect people, ideas, and perspectives, even when they seem too distant from each other.

Stop Time

My sixtieth birthday was there, on the horizon, and I could not ignore it. For others, it might have been a milestone, a moment of celebration, a source of pride. For me, however, it was an invisible yet weighty boundary, separating who I was from who I feared I would become. Sixty: an age that brought with it a list of possibilities I had never wanted to face. Decline, fragility, loss.

I knew I would retain my stories, my memories, and even some of my vitality. But the thought of losing my abilities, of watching my body and mind begin to fail, deeply disturbed me. The closer the day drew, the more I felt I could not face it as a normal event. The party, the guests, the forced smiles: everything seemed like a huge theater in which I would have to play a part that was not mine.

I had to do something. I had to stop time.

Two days before my birthday, I made a decision that might seem crazy: I would leave everything and everyone behind, without explanation, without a clear destination. In my mind, the idea was clear: if I disappeared before that day arrived, I could escape the weight of that number. No one would remind me that I had turned sixty, and the psychological effect would leave me stuck at 59.

I knew I was taking away time from those I loved that my loved ones would not understand. But I had already wasted the time I lacked, squandered in moments I had not been able to appreciate enough. That escape was not a lack of love for others; it was a desperate act of love for me.

During that journey, on a chosen evening of solitude, something changed. I was sitting by a window, looking out at the darkness that enveloped everything. I felt light, but at the same time empty. And then the tears came. They were not despair, nor fear. They were tears of awareness.

I understood that I could not stop time, nor change it. I understood that every second is precious, and that what truly matters is not how much time we have left, but how we choose to use it. I could not escape the future, but I could choose to embrace it, with all it would bring.

Now here I am, writing these lines. I do not know if that journey saved me, but I know it taught me a fundamental lesson: time is not our enemy, it is our companion. And it is up to us to decide whether to live it with fear or courage.

The Power of the Word

There are things we carry with us from birth: genetics, education, and that complex web of principles and values

that shape us. It is these principles that define who we truly are, going beyond what we inherit or learn.

Throughout my life, I have always believed that a man's worth is measured not by his money or his titles, but by his words. A man without a word is a man without value. As a child, I witnessed the significance of this principle in my homeland's culture. In southern Italy, the word of honor was sacred, a commitment that could not be broken. It was something one could live for, or sometimes even die for.

I, however, have always seen a promise as something different. To promise means to project oneself into the future, to leave a margin of doubt, an expectation that might not be fulfilled. For this reason, in my life, I have avoided giving away promises. My philosophy has been simple: do. Do it immediately, without delay, without leaving room for uncertainty.

For me, doing is a concrete, immediate act that leaves no room for doubt. It is a way to build solid relationships, to earn people's respect. And that is why, even today, so many people around the world remember me. Not because I made grand promises, but because I have always kept my word, sometimes even before I said it.

Whenever someone asked me something, I made a point of responding with actions, not empty words. It was a guiding principle that, over time, became my hallmark. It may not have always been easy, but it was this consistency that defined who I am.

There is a phrase that has always stuck with me: *"Words pass, actions remain."* It is a simple yet powerful lesson, one I have tried to pass on to everyone who has crossed my path.

And today, looking back, I knew it was this philosophy that made me who I am.

Beyond the Judgement

Judgment is the personal manifestation of a moment that has already passed. It is never a perfect snapshot of reality, but an image filtered through the perceptions of the person expressing it. Even justice, which should be the embodiment of impartiality, makes judgments not on the essence of facts, but on the descriptions given of them. Yet, things can be changed if we find the courage to act.

I was in court, presenting a case that directly involved me. I spoke for 45 minutes, presenting my point calmly and clearly. The prosecutor took the stand for his argument, making some statements that, in my view, were incorrect. I felt deep disagreement, but also aware of how rare it was, in that context, for a voice like mine to be heard again.

With a determination I had never experienced before, I asked the judge if it was possible to speak directly with the prosecutor. It was an unexpected gesture, outside of protocol, but the judge, after a moment's reflection, granted me that rare privilege.

I stood up, my heart pounding, and began to speak. It was not an attack, nor an enthusiastic defense. It was, rather, a lesson. An economics lesson aimed at those accustomed to thinking only in legal terms. I used simple, clear, yet meaningful words to demonstrate that there was a dimension to the facts that had not been considered.

By the end of my speech, something had changed in the atmosphere in the courtroom. The prosecutor, who had initially called for a harsh sentence, scolded back his

position, asking for three years in prison. But the real turning point came with the judge's ruling: *he was acquitted because he had not committed the crime.*

That day I understood something fundamental. Judgment is never final until you choose to intervene. Words, when used with precision and respect, can change the course of events. It is not about challenging or opposing, but about adding a new perspective, enriching a vision that might otherwise be incomplete.

Since then, I have learned not to see judgment as an irrevocable sentence, but as an opportunity. A chance to rewrite what seems already decided, to demonstrate that every reality can be understood in diverse ways.

The Strength of a Hundred Failures

I do not remember the first failure.
I remember the **repetition.**

Failing once is an event. Failing many times becomes an environment.
You live in it. You get used to the smell. It changes the way you move.

As a boy, I began collecting them without any strategy. Clumsy attempts, outright rejections, awkward silences. Each time I thought it would be the last. It never was. The problem was not the impact, but the **erosion:** the feeling that, by constantly banging against it, something inside was being consumed.

There was no growth.
There was no learning.
There was only repeated exposure to error.

At a certain point, I stopped counting.
Not out of maturity, but out of exhaustion.

And that is where something changed: when failure stopped being an event and started becoming **background noise.** It no longer hurts, but it did not make you better either. It was simply there.

Since then, I have never thought of failure as a test to be overcome.
It is a condition that, if it does not destroy you, leaves you standing.
And standing, sometimes, is the only outcome available.

Do not Give Up

Not giving up is not heroic.
It is often a lack of alternatives.

There were days when the idea of stopping was not dramatic.
It was **logical.**
My energy was exhausted, my motivation was spent, the sense of futility was creeping everywhere.

There was not a voice saying, "keep going."
There was only the emptiness left by the idea of quitting.

In those moments, I did not choose to move on.
I chose **not to do the opposite.**
I did not close. I did not declare the game over.

I made the smallest gesture possible.
Not out of courage. Out of inertia.

Not giving up, at certain times, does not mean believing.
It means **not formalizing defeat.**

And this, sometimes, is enough to keep open an opportunity that you do not even know if you will use.

Starting From Scratch

Starting over is not starting over.
It is **being left without coordinates.**

When everything is reset, you do not just lose what you have built.
You lose the way you talk about yourself.
You lose your ready-made sentences.
You lose your role.

Starting from nothing is not motivating.
It is disconcerting.

He no longer knows what to defend because there is nothing to defend.
He no longer knows what to desire, because desire was tied to what is no longer there.

In that void I found no opportunity.
I found **a lack of identity.**

And only later, much later, did I understand that starting from nothing does not help you build better.
It helps you see what is left **when you stop being someone.**

Freedom to Choose

Freedom does not come when you have a choice.
It comes when **you accept what you will lose by choosing.**

Every real decision eliminates something.
A possibility, an image, a relationship, a version of yourself.

For a long time, I confused freedom with total openness.
Keep everything you can. Do not close doors. Do not decide.

But it was not freedom.
It was **suspension.**

The first free choice I made was a renunciation.
I let go of something that kept me safe.
Not out of courage, but because I could no longer bear the weight of holding on to it.

Freedom does not lighten the load.
It redistributes the burden.

Time as a teacher

Time teaches nothing.
It corrects nothing. It guides nothing. It rewards nothing.

It flows.

I spent years thinking that, with time, certain things would become clearer.
That waiting would bring order.
That time would do its work.

He did not.

Time has only **eaten away what I left unresolved.**
It has made some choices more distant.
It has made some regrets heavier.

I did not learn from time.
I learned **despite** time.

And since then, I have stopped considering it an ally or an enemy.
It is just a passing force.

It is up to you whether you want to be smoothed out or remain sharp.

Desire and Its Shadow

When we were young, the world around us was made of desires, of daydreams that fueled our every thought. The women who lived downstairs embodied everything beautiful and sensual, with their sinuous movements, short skirts, and those little provocations that drove us wild with curiosity. Some would get into the car and, unwittingly, flash their stockings; others would lean out the window in tight pants and shirts pulled slightly aside. Then there were those who, with a sly smile, would ask you to clean the car window, but they were just looking for a cue to catch a glance.

For us, young men, everything seemed like a promise. Their every gesture, every smile, was a little secret that made us dream. But then there were their husbands, always ugly, always distracted, who seemed oblivious to the beauty around them. We always wondered what had driven them to marry those enchanting women, but none of us could figure it out until we grew up.

It took us twenty years to understand that dynamic, that contradiction between what we desire and what we choose. When we finally understood the reason, it was too late to change anything. The desire that accompanied us in our youth has transformed into a simple observation: everything we desire, once obtained, loses its bite.

I remembered when my father used to buy cannoli from the bakery. Every time, before bringing them home, I would say to myself, "Eat five of them, they're so good!" Yet, once we had them, after almost one, the desire had faded, and the beauty of that moment had already faded.

Thus, as the years passed, I understood that desire is more powerful the further it is from being fulfilled. Once it becomes reality, it becomes just another piece of life, losing its power.

The secret is not getting what we want but passionately desiring what we do not have. Because, in the end, it is the anticipation that makes everything more interesting.

The Power of Silence

Every time we make a choice, big or small, there is always someone who feels compelled to express an opinion. "You did the right thing," some say. "You made the wrong choice," others say. Every choice, whatever it is, brings with it a burden of expectations and judgments from those around us.

This happens all over the world, in every corner, with every type of decision. Whether emotional, emotionally charged, rational, or calculated, people want to opine, criticize, praise, or condemn. We are all spectators of other people's lives, and in doing so, we often forget that we are protagonists of our own.

But there is a secret I have learned over time, one that often eludes those who live amid the din of other people's opinions: the true value of a choice lies in making it, in making it without feeling the need to tell anyone about it. Making it, without sharing it with anyone, without seeking approval or discussion. It is in that silence that true freedom lies.

There is no need to explain every step, no need to justify yourself. There is a strength that comes when we are not influenced by anything external. When we act without

expecting applause or criticism, when we do something for ourselves, without seeking the approval of others. In that moment, the action is pure, authentic, and no scandal can disturb it.

In a world rushing toward sharing and approval, finding the courage to act without words is a silent yet powerful act of rebellion. It is a declaration that says, *"I am not a reflection of other people's expectations. I am who I choose to be."*

And when we do not seek the judgment of others, we realize that no one is scandalized. Because ultimately, no one has the right to judge our choices, just as we should not judge theirs.

Nothing That Becomes Great

In a world that prizes appearance over substance, we have found ourselves encountering too many people who have no place in society. People who seem to have been born by mistake, without a true direction, are the product of delays and circumstances that life never called for. These individuals love to flaunt their nothingness and turn it into something, trying to appear important, when they are nothing more than the echo of a void no one has utterly understood.

Their strength lies not in their actions or intrinsic value, but in their ability to appear to be true. They speak, show off, expose themselves, but what they offer is merely a facade, a constant search for attention. They fill themselves with words that mean nothing, creating fictitious worlds they want others to be part of. But the paradox is that the more they try to appear, the further they distance themselves from the truth.

Then, there's science. Science, with its objective gaze, tells us an uncomfortable but liberating truth: those who truly belong, those who truly have a role, never let it be known. It is not a secret flaunted like a medal, but an awareness nourished by confidentiality. There is no need to declare it, to flaunt it to others, because belonging is never a matter of appearance. It is a fact expressed through actions, through silence and substance. Confidentiality comes before all else.

Anyone who has found their place in the world, who truly has something to contribute, does not feel the need to share it with the entire world. They do not need to be seen because their presence is tangible; their essence does not need validation. Those who are truly someone do not worry about proving it to anyone.

Sometimes, those who seem smaller, the quietest, are the ones who have the most to offer. Not because they want to be recognized, but because they feel the tranquility of being themselves, without the need to show off every step they take. This is the true value of those who belong, of those who are truly part of something: they do not shout at the world, they live it.

The Solitude of Truth

Schopenhauer, at the age of forty-two, made a radical decision: to withdraw into solitude. He took refuge in his home, far from the noise of the world, and remained there for 30 years. It was not a retreat in the usual sense, but a conscious solitude, an inner search that led him to live far from the distractions that crowd the minds of ordinary people.

Once, when he went to the tavern, he carried with him a gold coin that he never changed. The waiter, curious, asked him

when he would finally spend that coin. Schopenhauer replied calmly, looking at the glass of beer, the waiter brought with equal frequency:
"When His Majesty's soldiers stop drinking beer and talking about horses and women, then that will be my moment."

That simple answer encapsulated his vision of the world: the truth, the truth, is not found in empty chatter and daily distractions, but in quiet, in solitude, in uncompromising research.

Today, living consciously means something remarkably similar: having an objective and intellectual responsibility to the truth. Not the truth imposed on us by society, fashion, or distorted interpretations, but the pure truth, the one that is not influenced by superficial nuances. Responsibility to the truth is an arduous commitment, requiring courage and determination. It is a path that does not always lead to immediate understanding, but which, over time, allows us to see beyond the surface.

In a world where distractions are everywhere, where the din of opinions often drowns out the quiet of reflection, being mindful today is an act of courage. It is not simple, it is not immediate, but it is the only way to authentically confront reality, without giving in to the temptation to live in the comforting deception of appearances.

The truth, the truth, is there, silent, waiting to be recognized by those who have the patience to listen. The question we must ask is: are we ready to face it, or will we continue to seek refuge in the gossip and judgments of others?

Time to Go Out

There are days when everything is going wrong. We feel down, lacking energy, unable to concentrate. Our minds become a thick fog, and physical and mental weakness combine, making us feel incapable of facing any challenge. Our thoughts pile up, and among them is the temptation to give up. "Business won't go well, I won't make it, maybe it's time to give up."

In those moments, like a shadow, a malevolent figure also arrives doubt. It whispers to you that you are not up to it, that your efforts will bear fruit. It makes you reflect on the possibility that everything you have built is destined to crumble. The weight of hard work, failures, and shattered expectations crushes you. You feel the end is near, that there is no hope. Your mind pushes you to believe that everything will end, that there is no reason to continue.

Yet, precisely in that moment, when desperation seems to take over, the challenge arrives reacting. It is the moment when you must not listen to that thought telling you to stop but do the opposite. You must get dressed, get up, and leave the house.

It does not matter how empty, tired, or incompetent you feel. The strength to move forward does not come from positive thinking or the hope that everything will improve, but from the simple act of acting, of not giving up. Leaving home, taking a step into the world, means facing fear, weakness, and doubt with the only thing you can do acting.

Even if the path seems long and full of obstacles, every step out of the house is an act of resistance, a declaration that life will not beat you. You do not need to have all the answers or know how things will turn out. What matters is having taken the first step, having chosen not to stop.

And when you return home, after facing the world, you realize that the burden you felt is no longer the same. It has not disappeared, but you have faced it. And that is the greatest victory.

The Confluence of Faith and Rationality

The two fundamental components of our existence, **faith,** and **rationality,** skillfully intersect in our will, guiding our thoughts and actions. A simple yet powerful example of how these forces unite lies in the sign of the cross, a universal gesture of great significance. When one hand is placed on the head and the other is raised toward the sky, toward God, the gesture not only represents the spiritual connection between the human being and the divine, but also the rational act of drawing a line between the earthly and the heavenly.

This simple ritual reveals much more than meets the eye. The position of the hands marks an intersection between the vertical and the horizontal, between the transcendent and the mundane, between faith and rationality. Humans, in their intelligence, feel inclined to solve the world's problems using rationality, since this is the only form of thought they recognize as their own. Rationality is the means that allows them to navigate the world, make predictions, and resolve dilemmas. Faith, on the other hand, is less concrete, more subjective, and often seen as something that transcends reason.

Interestingly, however, faith and rationality are not always in opposition. Faith manifests itself as a force that, unfortunately for many, seems to slip away from rational logic, creating a friction that the mind often cannot overcome. Yet, at times, faith becomes the key to understanding what cannot be explained through reason.

This is the point where, surprisingly, women **have** a more natural access to faith. Their connection with spirituality is less dominated by logic and more inclined to trust to letting go of feeling.

Indeed, a person who does not believe in a God and lacks a solid faith risk becoming lost in a kind of existential void. Without faith, one seems to lack approximately 80% of the resources needed to give meaning and direction to one's life. Faith, therefore, is not merely a religious principle, but a force that gives man balance, purpose, and serenity. Without it, rationality can easily become sterile, incapable of resolving life's deepest contradictions.

On the other hand, women, thanks to their ability to feel closer to faith, can give a unique form to the interaction between faith and rationality. Their spirituality is not separated by logic; it is a more fluid fusion of emotion and thought, of heart and mind. This fusion allows them to navigate the rational and spiritual worlds with greater serenity, as they can give value and meaning to both dimensions, without feeling them as contradictory.

Between Desire and Duty

There was a time when my heartbeat fast with dreams, with those desires that accompanied me in moments of solitude. I dreamed of traveling, of writing, of seeing the world through different eyes. Every time I faced a choice, my mind wandered to those desires: to live without rules, without the constraints of everyday life, to pursue my passions without stopping.

But life, as often happens, confronts us with a reality that cannot be ignored. Every dream we nurture brings with it a series of responsibilities. We are not islands; we are part of

a network of people who await us, who count on us. We cannot close our eyes and live only for ourselves, not when there are ties that bind us, duties to fulfill, people to care for.

I found myself at that crucial moment where the desire to escape and a sense of duty clashed. My life was torn between what I wanted and what others expected of me. Every time I tried to take a step toward my dream, I felt the weight of commitments, the voices of people asking me to stay, not to leave, not to change. "This isn't the time," I told myself, "I still need to give something to others, to keep the promises I've made."

My life became a constant struggle, a dance between the desire to fulfill myself and the fear of disappointing those around me. Every choice became more difficult, every step toward my dream was hindered by the awareness of my responsibilities.

One day, after months of uncertainty, I found myself at a crossroads. I had to decide whether to follow my heart and leave everything to achieve what I had always dreamed of, or stay in my comfort zone, settling for other people's expectations. Tension mounted, my heart yearned for adventure, but my mind knew it would be a selfish choice. My sense of duty, that invisible bond I felt with others, seemed stronger than my own desire.

It was then that I realized that the challenge was not choosing between desire and responsibility but learning to integrate both. I did not have to sacrifice my dreams for others, nor let my duty imprison me. I could find a balance, a middle ground where my desire for personal growth did not conflict with my responsibility to others.

And so, slowly, I began to build a life that embraced both aspects. It was not easy, but I learned that there is no sincere desire without responsibility, and no true duty without a part of us to follow. Dreams and responsibilities are not two enemies, but two forces that, if managed wisely, can coexist, grow, and take us where we want to go, without ever forgetting who we are and those around us.

The Thief of Hearts

It was an easy exercise I did with my father. One day, after discussing my place in the world, I asked him why I was born his son, with his considerable resources. He did not lose heart and, without batting an eyelid, answered me with a question that made me think:
"And if I had been born the son of the gypsy downstairs, the one who was always stealing, what would you have done?"

Immediately, without thinking too much, I replied:
"I would have liked to be the son of Agnelli, of Fiat."

It was a desire I had always harbored, a dream of luxury, wealth, and power. But my father, with his penetrating gaze, was not moved by my answer. He continued:
"Think about it: if you had been born the son of that thief, what role would you have had in society? What is more important? Being the son of someone who has everything, or figuring out who you really are, and what your place would have been?"

That simple yet incisive question struck me more than I had imagined. It forced me to confront reality and the contradiction between my desire to belong to a privileged social class and the realization that I had no control over my own destiny.

That desire, the dream of being something different, quickly disappeared. I realized that my position did not just depend on the circumstances into which I was born, but on the choices, I made in life. Society would assign me a role, but it was up to me to decide how to live it. And if I wanted to become someone "great," then I had to learn to do something meaningful with what I had.

Over time, however, my life took an unexpected turn. I found myself becoming, in a sense, a thief, but not in the traditional sense. My loot was not money or material goods, but something much more complex: the hearts of the magnificent women I met along the way. I became a thief of emotions, a collector of glances and words that could steal my serenity but also gift me incredible experiences. For almost 40 years, which was my wealth.

I realized that my "lot" had no monetary value, but it was still something that gave me a sense of power and belonging, something that made me feel alive. Women, with their grace and strength, became my battleground, my personal conquest. But the more I tried to collect hearts, the more I realized I was searching for something I could never truly possess.

And so, my journey turned into a deeper reflection: what does it really mean to "belong" to someone or something? Being the son of an Agnelli or the son of a gypsy is just a matter of how we choose to live within it. Destiny is not just a path imposed on us, but a choice we make every day. Society does not define who we are, but our ability to discover our role in the world.

Destiny in the Hands of Choices

There was a time when my destiny was written that every step I took was determined by a pre-established path. It seemed to me that every event was connected to an invisible force guiding my life. But a chance encounter changed everything.

One day, I ran into an old friend on the street. We had not seen each other in years, yet it seemed as if fate had placed us in the same place at the same time. He told me about a job opportunity, something I had not even considered at first. The offer seemed perfect for me, but something held me back. Fear, uncertainty, the feeling that this decision would change everything. Yet, despite my fear, I agreed to give this new opportunity a chance.

That step I took, which at first seemed like a small choice, became the starting point for a new phase in my life. The path I had followed up to that point was no longer mine, but that new opportunity led me to grow in ways I had never imagined.

Looking back, I realized that destiny was not something that happens to us, but something we create through our choices. Every step we take, even the insignificant one, is an act of creation. Life is not a predefined path, but a series of opportunities we can choose to follow or not. And, in that moment, my destiny changed, not because it was already written, but because I chose to change direction.

The Courage to Decide

I remember a moment when my life was at a standstill. The years passed, but I remained in the same place, unable to take that step that would take me far. I was afraid to move, to leave the certain for the uncertain, afraid of making a choice that could turn my life upside down. Fate was playing in my

favor, but it was I who was doing nothing, remaining immobile.

One day, an old friend asked me if I was genuinely happy about what I was doing. They were not words I expected, but those words shook me deeply and gave me the strength to begin reflecting and understanding that choices always involve unknowns whose values are unpredictable.

He asked me if I had ever thought about doing something different, quitting my job, going on a journey, taking the risk of failure. His question seemed so simple, yet I had never considered that my future was in my hands, not in fate.

I decided to take that step, but I made my decision rationally, considering all the experience I would bring with me, even if I later considered it not to be much.

I changed jobs, I started traveling, I got to know myself in ways I had never imagined, I found new dimensions of life, believing I knew everything I started learning day and night and my progress led me to speak five languages in a few months.

It was not easy, but with each passing day, I understood that decisions were not something to fear, but the mathematical result of a new process of return. It was the chance to rewrite my story. Sometimes, we are too attached to what we know and forget that every new choice can lead us to discover a part of ourselves we did not know existed.

When I came home, my wife did not want to open the door for me. I had been using one of the languages I spoke, and she did not recognize me, even though in the end it was still me.

The Decision of the Heart

There were days when I felt like my life was stagnating. Work was monotonous, relationships were fading, and the future seemed more like a series of forced steps than a real opportunity. But I did not realize that change was coming, just when I least expected it.

A chance encounter with a stranger changed my world. He was someone who seemed different from me, but with his words, his vision, he made me see everything in a new light. He spoke to me about following my heart, about making choices based not only on rationality, but on love for what we do, for who we truly are. It was like a shock.

I decided to make a choice that, until then, I would have considered unthinkable. I left everything, moved to another country, and began doing what I absolutely loved. I was no longer a slave to other people's expectations or fear of failure. I realized that when we follow our hearts, we are not just deciding, we are choosing too truly live. And that choice led me to a happiness I had never imagined.

Time and Its Influence

Time is a mysterious element. Sometimes it seems to pass in an instant, other times it seems to stand still, as if slipping through our fingers. We often tell ourselves that time is our ally, but it is one of our greatest enemies. Every moment we live is a moment that will never return.

I remember a time when I felt like time was slipping away from me. I had so much to do, but I could never find the right moment to start. I felt overwhelmed by the weight of "having to do" and the missed opportunities. Then, one day, I realized that time waits for no one. Every second that passed would

never come back, and I could not afford to put it off any longer.

I decided to act, to take control of my time. I started doing the things I had always put off, without waiting for the "right moment." And that change gave me a new outlook on life. I understood that time is not an infinite resource, but a gift that must be used wisely. We cannot control it, but we can decide how to spend it.

The Incredible Patience

We live in a world that teaches us to want everything now. Haste has become part of our daily lives, and we often forget that patience is one of the most powerful virtues we can cultivate.

I realized its strength during a period when I was despairing over the inconsistent results. I worked hard, but things never seemed to move in the right direction. Each day seemed like a pointless repetition of the last, and my spirit began to waver.

It was a friend who taught me about patience, telling me that life takes its own time, and that we cannot force events. Patience does not mean being passive but having the strength to wait without giving up. I learned that if I continued to persevere calmly, results would come. And so, they did. It was not easy, but today I can look back and see that patience, combined with perseverance, has borne fruit. Patience is the true strength that allows us to face challenges without losing hope.

An Indivisible Union

For a long time, the mind and body were separate, that emotions were something that belonged to the mind, while

the body was merely a tool for experiencing them. But over time, I have learned that this separation is merely an illusion. The mind and body are intricately connected, and every choice we make impacts both.

I remember a time when I felt overwhelmed by life. Mental worries and stress were taking their toll on me physically. Every tension in my mind translated into physical pain. I realized I could not separate the two. So, I started working on my body, exercising, and taking care of myself. The difference was immediate. The body, when treated well, not only improves physically, but also helps the mind find calm and clarity.

The mind and body are not separate: they are two sides of the same coin. If we learn to care for both, we find balance and serenity. True strength lies in listening to both, without neglecting either part of ourselves.

A Deep Vision

Mental health is much more than simply the absence of psychological disorders: it is vital to our overall well-being, our productivity, and the quality of our relationships. In an increasingly complex world, our psyches are exposed to constant pressures: frenetic pace, high social expectations, and growing interpersonal disconnection. The ability to care for one's mental health has therefore become an essential priority.

Therapies such as psychotherapy offer a safe space to explore emotions and address trauma, while practices such as meditation teach people to live in the present, reducing anxiety and improving resilience. Social support, understood as a network of healthy and authentic relationships, plays a fundamental role in strengthening the psyche, providing a

sense of belonging and security. However, prevention remains the most effective strategy: learning to recognize early signs of mental distress, such as irritability, difficulty concentrating, or sleep disturbances, is essential for timely intervention.

Investing in mental health is not about preventing problems, it is also about improving your overall well-being. A healthy mind can face daily challenges with greater serenity, find meaning in life experiences, and cultivate a positive outlook even in tough times. Mental health, in other words, is the foundation upon which we build our ability to live a fulfilling and meaningful life.

A Fundamental Balance

The connection between mind and body is an essential aspect of our being, and understanding its complexity can transform the way we approach our health. Every emotion we experience, every thought we think, has a tangible impact on the body. Chronic stress, for example, can cause elevated blood pressure, weaken the immune system, and promote the development of conditions like diabetes or cardiovascular disease. Conversely, positive mental states, such as gratitude and optimism, are associated with greater longevity and a better quality of life.

Practices like yoga and mindfulness teach us that the body and mind are not separate entities, but parts of a single, integrated system. Yoga, through movement and conscious breathing, not only improves flexibility and physical strength, but also helps calm the mind, reducing anxiety and depression. Mindfulness, with its invitation to pay attention to the present moment without judgment, offers practical

tools to break the vicious cycle of negative thoughts and physical discomfort.

Exercise also plays a crucial role in the mind-body connection. Regular physical activity stimulates the production of endorphins, known as "happy hormones," which improve mood and reduce the perception of pain. Furthermore, a healthy body offers the mind a more stable environment to thrive, creating a virtuous cycle of mutual well-being.

Understanding and respecting the mind-body connection allows us to adopt strategies that improve our lives on all levels. It offers us the ability to face challenges with greater clarity and develop a resilience that supports us not only in tough times, but also in cultivating a full and satisfying life.

Mental health and the mind-body connection are not isolated concepts, but interdependent elements of a comprehensive approach to well-being. Caring for both aspects creates a solid foundation for facing the challenges of modern life. Investing time and resources in these areas is not a luxury, but a necessity for living with awareness, strength, and joy.

Interpersonal Relationships

Human relationships are the foundation of our life experience and the foundation upon which we build our identity and sense of belonging. Through interaction with others, we not only learn about the world, but also develop fundamental qualities such as empathy, understanding, and communication skills. Positive relationships, characterized by trust, respect, and mutual support, have a direct impact on our emotional and physical well-being.

Dedicating time and energy to cultivating meaningful connections is not only a selfless gesture, but an investment that enriches our lives. The emotional support we receive from a network of authentic relationships helps us overcome tough times and feel less alone. At the same time, these connections stimulate our personal growth, offering us new perspectives and challenges that broaden our horizons.

However, relationships require commitment and awareness. It is necessary to develop open and honest communication, address conflicts with maturity, and learn to recognize and respect others' boundaries. In an age where technology often replaces direct human contact, it is more important than ever to rediscover the importance of face-to-face dialogue, active listening, and authentic empathy. Relationships are what give meaning to our existence, making them richer, more complex, and more meaningful.

Resilience and Hope

The stories of people who have faced and overcome adversity are powerful testimonies to inner strength and human resilience. Through faith, positive thinking, and unwavering determination, many individuals have transformed adversity into opportunities for growth. These stories are not only a source of inspiration but also teaching tools that show how to face challenges with courage and creativity.

Life stories have a universal power: they speak to all of us, regardless of our culture, age, or social status. They remind us that, despite our differences, we share common experiences such as pain, hope, and joy. Sharing such experiences strengthens the sense of human connection,

offering comfort to those in need and demonstrating that no one is truly alone in their struggles.

Storytelling is also a means of preserving and transmitting wisdom. Every story told is a bridge between generations, a legacy of lessons and values that enrich anyone who is privileged to hear it. In an often-fragmented world, life stories unite us, reminding us that resilience and hope are intrinsic traits of the human condition.

A Journey into Complexity

Human beings are a mosaic of contradictions: we seek freedom, but long to belong; we aspire to progress, but fear change; we desire peace but often find ourselves trapped in conflict. These tensions are not signs of weakness, but expressions of our complexity and depth.

Exploring humanity's contradictions allows us to better understand ourselves and others. Recognizing that our aspirations often clash with our fears helps us develop a more balanced and compassionate view of the world. Accepting these tensions does not mean giving up on improving ourselves but learning to live with life's challenges and paradoxes.

Contradictions are also a source of creativity and innovation. It is precisely in the attempt to resolve internal and external conflicts that we often find new and surprising solutions. Art, philosophy, and science are all manifestations of the human capacity to transform tensions into beauty, knowledge, and progress.

Embracing our contradictions makes us more human, more aware, and more capable of facing life's challenges with serenity. The ability to live in harmony with our opposites is

what allows us to grow and find authentic meaning in our existence.

The Silence That Speaks

Every evening, Marco walked along the beach, his gaze fixed on the horizon. He was not looking for answers, just a bit of peace in the hypnotic rhythm of the waves. A year had passed since his wife's death, and loneliness had become a silent, inexorable companion. He spoke to no one, avoiding all human contact, taking refuge in that routine of slow steps and profound silences.

One evening, as he sat on a rock, a little girl approached him. She had curly hair and a white dress that seemed to shimmer in the sunset light. She did not say anything, simply sitting next to him, with a shy smile. Marco, initially annoyed, ignored her. But the little girl continued to gaze out to sea, mimicking his movements.

After a while, Marco gave in and asked her, "What are you doing here, alone?"
The little girl looked at him and replied simply, "Sometimes even silence can keep you company." Those words struck him like a bolt of lightning. He realized that, despite everything, he no longer felt alone.

The little girl stood up, leaving a small, smooth pebble in his hands, and walked away without another word. Marco returned every evening, hoping to see her again, but it never happened. That pebble, however, became a symbol of the moment when silence ceased to be empty and began to speak.

The Missed Hug

Claudia had not been back to her hometown for over twenty years. Her career and ambitions had taken her far away, first to a big city, then abroad. Every time she thought of returning, she found an excuse: too much work, too many commitments. Her mother called her regularly, but the conversations were brief and impersonal.

When Claudia received the news of her mother's sudden death, she was overwhelmed by remorse. She returned to the village for the funeral and, through tears, realized how much she did not know about the woman who had raised her. During her stay, an elderly neighbor told her that her mother went to the train station every day, sitting on the bench closest to the tracks. "She said she hoped to see you get off the train one day," the neighbor said in a broken voice.

Claudia sat on that bench, clutching her mother's old scarf. She realized that no success, no promotion, could ever make up for the missed embrace of the person who had waited for her for years. She decided she would dedicate the rest of her life to mending bonds with those she loved before it was too late.

A Letter from the Past

While tidying up the attic, Giovanni found an old wooden box forgotten under layers of dust. Inside were yellow photographs, love notes, and, among them, a sealed letter with his name written on it. He immediately recognized his adolescent handwriting.
He opened the envelope and began to read. It was a letter he had written to himself at the age of eighteen, full of dreams, fears, and goals for the future. “Dear Giovanni, if you are reading this, I hope you have achieved at least one of our dreams. Never forget that the world is full of possibilities.”

Those words brought tears to his eyes. Life, with its difficulties and unexpected events, had distanced him from his youthful desires. Giovanni spent the afternoon rereading that letter, reflecting on what he had lost and what he could still regain. He decided it was not too late to pursue at least one of those dreams. He put the letter back in his pocket, determined this time never to forget it again.

The Boy in the Red Hat

Every day, in the park, an old painter sat at his easel, painting the same scene: a pond, ducks, and a tall tree. Sitting nearby, a boy wearing a red hat watched him intently, without ever approaching.
One day, intrigued, the painter decided to turn to the boy: "Why do you look at me every day without speaking?" The boy shyly replied: "I want to learn to paint, but I don't know how."

The painter smiled and offered him a small sheet of paper and a pencil. “Try it. It does not matter how it turns out, the important thing is to start.” The boy began drawing, awkwardly but enthusiastically. When he finished, the painter took the paper, looked at it carefully, and said, “You see, art is not about perfection. It is about how you express what you feel. Keep going, and one day you will tell your story to the world.”

Years later, that child, now an adult, returned to the park. He had a canvas and a red hat with him. The painter was gone, but the memory of those words continued to inspire him.

The Promise at Sunset

Every evening, Carlo drove across town to visit his wife in the hospital. She, terminally ill, was his world, and he did

not want to waste a single moment by her side. One evening, as the sun was setting, she took his hand and said, "Promise me you'll never give up, even when I'm gone."

Carlo nodded, but inside he was devastated. After her death, he found himself in an empty house, surrounded by objects that spoke of her. Everything reminded him of the weight of that promise. It was difficult to move on, but every time he faltered, he remembered her words.

One day, while watching the sunset, Carlo found the strength to transform his grief into action. He began volunteering at a hospice, bringing comfort to those who, like him, were struggling with loss. In that way, the promise he had made to his wife was never broken.

The Library of the Heart

Sofia loved getting lost in secondhand bookstores. One day, she found a book with her name written in pen on the first page. Intrigued, she began reading it and realized that the story seemed to speak directly to her: her fears, her dreams, even the details of events she had experienced.

She discovered that the book's author was an old neighbor, an elderly man who had always seemed distant to her. When she reached out to thank him, he said, "I watched you grow up and face your struggles. This book is my way of telling you that you were never alone."

Those words changed the way Sofia saw herself and the world. She understood that human connections, even silent ones, can have a profound impact on someone's life.

The Rose on the Bench

Every morning, Marco went to the park to read the newspaper. On a bench, always the same one, he found a fresh rose. He did not know who left it or why. The experience repeated itself every day, and curiosity began to torment him.

One day, he decided to ask the park gardener if he knew anything. The man, smiling, told him: “That rose is for Anna. Once upon a time, a man and a woman met here every day. They were inseparable. She died years ago, but he continues to leave her a rose, just like he did when they were together.”

That story touched Marco deeply. He decided to wait and see who the man was. When he finally saw him, an elderly man with white hair and a gaze full of tenderness, Marco stopped him to thank him. "Why are you thanking me?" the old man asked. "For reminding me that true love never dies," Marco replied, bringing with him an inspiration that would change his view of love.

The Coffee of Memories

Giulia worked as a barista in a small neighborhood coffee shop. The place was small but always crowded with people sharing stories. One day, she decided to start writing down what she heard in a notebook. She did not do it out of morbid curiosity, but because she was fascinated by the lives of others.

Among the stories she heard were laughter, pain, secrets, and hopes. Years later, when the café closed, Giulia published a book based on those anonymous yet incredibly human stories. The book was an enormous success, and the café's old customers began to recognize themselves in its pages.

Giulia understood that the book was not just a tribute to the place where she had worked, but a tribute to people's ability to share their humanity, even in the simplest moments.

The Violinist of the Metro

Luca was a young violinist who played every day on the subway. People walked past him without stopping, distracted by their rush. Despite this, Luca did not stop playing. Music was his way of expressing himself, even if no one was listening.

One day, an elderly woman stopped and applauded him. "Your music reminds me of my husband," she said, with a wistful smile. That simple gesture rekindled hope in Luca. He decided to play not for others, but for himself, finding new joy in his art.

That same evening, a man who had listened to him approached him and asked him to perform a small concert. That was the beginning of a new adventure for Luca, who learned that, even when the world seems distracted, there is always someone who truly listens.

The Wooden Box

While helping his parents clear out the old attic, Matteo found a wooden box hidden in a corner. Inside were letters his parents had exchanged when they were young. He could not resist his curiosity and began reading them.

The letters spoke of dreams, fears, and the difficulties they had faced together. Matteo was surprised to see his parents in a completely new light. They were not just "mom and dad," but two people who loved, fought, and hoped just as he had.

Those letters inspired him to talk more with his parents, to get to know them better. He understood that every generation has its struggles, but love and determination can overcome any obstacle. The wooden box became a treasure for him, a bridge between the past and the present.

The Smile of a Stranger

Camilla walked along the tree-lined avenue of her city, lost in thought. Life seemed to have taken everything from her: her job, a decade-long relationship, and even her self-confidence. She had never been a fragile person, but after months of consecutive disappointment, she felt she would not have the strength to get back up. Every step felt like an unbearable burden, every thought a struggle against the idea of giving up.

As she walked, she sat on a bench, her head in her hands, tears pressing to escape. It was not the first time she had felt overwhelmed, but that evening it seemed harder than usual. Suddenly, a warm, gentle voice interrupted her: "Have you lost something?" Camilla looked up and saw an older man smiling at her, his gaze sincere and nonjudgmental. "No... I lost everything," she replied, letting a tear slip.

The man sat down next to her. “You know,” he began, “there were days when I thought life had run out of things to offer. Yet, every day, something small reminded me that there was still a possibility, even if I could not see it. Camilla listened, surprised by the calm his words conveyed. “What gave you that possibility?” she asked. He smiled: “A smile. From someone I did not know, but who made me realize I was not alone.”

Those words resonated with her. Over the next few days, she began searching for those small signs, those possibilities the

man spoke of. She found a new job, started painting again, and slowly rebuilt her self-confidence. That stranger's smile reminded her that, even in the worst moments, there's always reason to hope.

The Man with the Broken Violin

Every morning, Andrea sat in the same corner of the park with his violin, playing for anyone who would listen. Despite his passion for music, the violin was in poor condition: a string was broken, and the bow was worn. However, Andrea continued to play because music was his only true companion.

People passed by distractedly, without stopping. Only one boy, about eight years old, watched him every day, curiously. One morning, the boy approached and asked, "Why do you play if no one is listening?" Andrea stopped and, after a moment of silence, replied, "I don't play to be heard. I play because music reminds me of who I am." The boy said nothing, but the next day he returned with a group of friends. "We decided to listen to you," he said with a smile.

Little by little, the group of children grew, and even the adults began to stop by. Within weeks, Andrea found himself surrounded by people who came specifically to listen to his music. One day, a man approached him and said, "I'd like to give you a new violin. Your music has touched my heart."

Andrea gratefully accepted but continued to play the old violin. "This reminds me that, even in difficult times, there's always beauty to share." His broken violin became a symbol of hope for all who listened.

The Light in the Alley

Diana lived in a gray neighborhood, full of abandoned and lifeless alleys. Every day she returned home tired, feeling trapped in an endless cycle of monotony. However, there was one detail that always caught her attention: a lit window at the end of one of the darkest alleys.

From that window came the sound of an old radio, playing jazz. The light and music created a warm atmosphere that contrasted with the desolation of the alley. One evening, Diana stopped and let her curiosity guide her. She knocked on the door from which the light came. An elderly woman opened it, welcoming her with a warm smile.

The house was simple but welcoming. The woman offered her a cup of tea and told her story: she had lived there alone for years, but every evening she turned on the lights and played music to create a corner of hope for anyone who passed by. "Light is important, especially in times of darkness," the woman said.

Diana was deeply touched by those words. She decided to continue the tradition, starting to decorate the alleys with lights and small signs of life. Soon, the neighborhood changed: the light she had found became a symbol of rebirth for the entire community.

The Red Pencil

Giulia was a teacher enthusiastic about her work. She did not just teach grammar or math but also tried to impart life lessons to her students. One day, during a lesson, she stopped and observed them carefully. She noticed that many of them were afraid of making mistakes: every mistake in their homework was accompanied by guilty looks and whispered self-criticism. So, she decided to do something different.

The next day, he gave each student a red pencil. "This isn't an ordinary pencil," he explained, "it's a special pencil. With it, you can write down your dreams and correct your mistakes. Remember that every mistake is just an opportunity to gain experience something new."

The children welcomed the gesture with enthusiasm, but it was only with time that Giulia saw the results. The students began to write freely, without fear of erasing and rewriting. Their pages were filled with corrections, but also with ideas, drawings, and incredible stories.

Years later, one of her students, now a writer, returned to visit her. He brought her his first novel, dedicated to her. “That pencil changed my life,” he told her. “It taught me that you shouldn't fear mistakes, because they're part of the creative process.” Giulia smiled, knowing that her simple gesture had left an indelible mark.

The Poetry of the Homeless

Marco was homeless in a big city. Every night, sitting under a streetlight, he authored poems on newspapers he found on the street. His words were filled with pain, but also with hope. Despite his condition, Marco continued to believe that beauty could exist even in the darkest moments.

One evening, a young woman named Elena, passing by him, noticed the scattered sheets of paper and stopped. “Can I read one?” she asked shyly. Marco nodded, and she took one of the sheets. After reading it, she was speechless: those poems were extraordinary. “Have you ever thought about publishing them?” she asked. He shook his head, smiling bitterly. “Who would want to read something I wrote?”

Elena, however, did not give up. She collected some of his poems and published them online. Within days, those words reached thousands of people. Marco became a symbol of resilience, and his poems were collected in a book. When he saw it, Marco said, "I never imagined my words could matter." Elena replied, "Every story has value, if there's someone willing to listen."

The Notebook of Hope

Elena, a pediatric nurse, spent her days trying to bring comfort to her young patients. She knew that medicine could not cure everything and that it was often necessary to also offer hope and human warmth. So, she decided to make a simple but meaningful gesture: she gave each hospitalized child a colorful notebook and a pen. "Write down here what makes you smile," she told them. "Whenever you feel sad, remember to reread these pages."

At first, the children were reluctant, but slowly the notebooks began to fill with drawings, thoughts, and dreams. One day, a terminally ill child returned her notebook, filled with drawings and words of gratitude. "This helped me be happy, even when I was scared," he told her with a smile.

That gesture became a tradition. The hospital began distributing notebooks to all patients, and soon the pages were filled with stories of hope, proving that even in the darkest moments, there's always room for a small light.

The Heart of the Tree

In the center of a small village, there was an old tree that everyone called "the heart tree." It was said that anyone who stopped beneath its branches found comfort and inspiration.

Stories said that the tree had a soul and that it listened to the prayers of anyone seeking help.

One day, a young boy, disappointed and angry, sat under the tree. He had just failed an important exam and felt he had no future. As he sat there, he listened to the wind in the leaves and remembered the stories his grandmother used to tell him. Words of wisdom he thought had forgotten resurfaced, and he realized that failure was not the end, but a new beginning.

That night, he returned home with renewed determination. He decided to try again, this time with more commitment. The tree, with its silent strength, had reminded him that, just as nature always finds a way to be reborn, he too could do so.

Perfect. So, **I will delve into your mess,** and I will not correct it.
No structure, no moral, no reassuring conclusions. Five **lively, autonomous, scattered stories.** You take them and stick them wherever you want.

The Body Decided Before Me

I have never really believed those who say, "the mind rules." I have heard it repeated too many times by those who have never paid a physical price for their choices.

In my case, the opposite has always happened.

I remember a time when everything was working work, relationships, projects. There was nothing that, rationally, warranted alarm. Yet, my body had begun to betray me. Not spectacularly. Subtly. Causeless fatigue, sudden tension, a knot in my stomach that always appeared at the same time.

I ignored it. Like you ignore background noise. I told myself it was stress, that it would pass. I kept doing it, pushing, proving. My mind was convinced it was in control.

Then the body stopped asking.

One day I doubled over without warning. No tragedy, no hospitalization. Just the impossibility of continuing to pretend everything was under control. In that moment, I understood something simple and brutal: **my body had already decided that that path was no longer viable.** My mind was just arriving late.

Since then, I no longer think of the body as a means. It is a silent judge. And it does not argue.

The Silent Choice

Important decisions do not make noise. The noise comes later when others start talking.

I made one of the most radical decisions of my life in an empty room, with no witnesses. There was no epic moment. No "before and after" to tell. Just the clear awareness that continuing would have been more comfortable, but no longer sustainable.

I did not ask for opinions. Not because I was sure, but because I knew opinions would only dilute responsibility. When you ask for advice, you are already looking for an alibi.

I cut. Relationships, directions, expectations. I explained nothing. And for a long time, no one understood. Some thought I was crazy, others ungrateful, others simply arrogant. I did not care.

The truth is that **some choices do not seek consensus.** They just want to be made.

Years later, someone told me, "You were right." I felt no satisfaction. Because that choice had not been made to be right. It had been made to stay standing.

The Judgment Before the Facts

I learned early that judgment does not wait. It does not wait for facts, it does not wait for explanations, it does not even wait for you to act.

At one point in my life, I found myself branded for something I had not yet done, but that **someone had decided I would do.** That is how it works: they attribute an intention to you, and from then on, every action becomes incriminating evidence.

I remember the courtroom, the faces, the cold language. I spoke, but I understood that I was not fighting an accusation. I was fighting a pre-written narrative. It was not a question of guilt or innocence. It was a question of position.

When I finally had the chance to truly intervene, I did not defend myself. I dismantled the reasoning. I removed the supports. I put the facts back where they belonged: **before the judgment.**

The acquittal came.
But it did not fix anything.

Because judgment leaves traces even when it is retracted. From that day on, I stopped caring how I am reading. Those who want to understand, do so. The others had already made up their minds.

He Didn't Come When I Called Him

There are times when you call upon something that should respond.
God, destiny, meaning, order. Call it what you will.

I called him more than once.
Not theatrically. Practically. In moments when the variables had run out and all that remained was the wait for a signal.
Nothing came. No sign. No voice. No saving intuition.

At first, I felt angry. Then disappointed.
Finally, something clearer came to mind: **no one would intervene for me.**

In that void, I understood that God if he exists, is not a solution. He is a boundary. Either you cross it alone, or you remain still and wait.

From that day on, I no longer asked for answers.
I began to ask myself. And that is where something akin to faith began, but without promises.

The Mess That Kept Me Alive

Many have tried to bring order to my life.
Chronologies, coherences, explanations. All convinced that my path was chaotic, dispersive, and flawed.

The truth is that **my order is not linear.**
It is made of returns, deviations, sudden interruptions. Of choices that from the outside seem contradictory, but which internally respond to a precise logic: do not betray me.

I abandoned safe paths without having ready alternatives.
I accumulated experiences that did not fit together.
I wrote, destroyed, started over. Repeatedly.

If someone looked only at the results, they would see inconsistency.
If they looked at the steps, they would see something different: **resistance.**

Disorder did not confuse me.
It kept me from becoming rigid.
It kept me mobile, alive, untamable.

And if this book seems disorganized today, that is because it is.
Like my mind when it stopped obeying.

Perfect. Shifting gears.
Less body, less event. **More mind working against itself.**
Always autobiographical. Always dirty. Always without morals.

The Thought That Betrayed Me

For a long time, thinking was a form of protection. The more you think, the fewer mistakes you make. The more you analyze, the more you avoid harm. That was the illusion.

When thinking exceeds a certain threshold, it becomes sabotage.
I realized this during a phase in which I was no longer making decisions. Not because I lacked options, but because every option was dismantled before it was even attempted. Thinking of anticipated failure, making it plausible, rational, almost inevitable.

I was not paralyzed by fear.
I was paralyzed by **clarity.**

Every scenario was simulated, every consequence predicted. And every prediction had the same outcome: postpone. Wait. Refine further. Think better. Think more.

Until I realized that the thought was not seeking the truth. It was trying **not to expose itself.**

From that moment on, I stopped trusting the thoughts that come too quickly.
The ones that seem intelligent only serve to keep me from moving.

The Mind Against

It does not happen suddenly.
It happens when you start using familiar terms with yourself inside your head.

At first, it is a cautious voice. It tells you to be careful, to evaluate, not to overdo it. Then it changes tone. It becomes ironic. Then critical. Then judging. At a certain point, it no longer accompanies you: **it observes you.**

I remember a time when every idea I had was immediately dismissed by my own mind. Before anyone else could even do so. As if I anticipated the contempt to lessen its impact.

It was a sophisticated form of defense: if I hit myself, no one could really hurt me.

The problem is that that voice does not distinguish.
It does not know when to stop.
And in the end, it no longer hits the ideas. It hits **those who have them.**

I had to learn to recognize that voice as a function, not as a truth. It is not "me." It is just a mechanism. And like all

mechanisms, it must be shut down when it begins to devour what it is supposed to protect.

I Stopped Looking for Consistency

Consistency is overrated.
It is an external demand, not an internal necessity.

For years I have tried to make linear what was not: ideas, choices, interests, changes in direction. I wanted everything to fit together. For there to be a legible thread. An explainable identity.

But the mind does not work that way.
The mind **accumulates;** it does not organize. It organizes only later when someone asks for an explanation.

The day I stopped seeking coherence, I started thinking better. Because I stopped censoring contradictions. I let incompatible ideas coexist. I let incomplete thoughts remain incomplete.

Not everything you think needs to close.
Some thoughts are just there to **stay open.**

Since then, I no longer worry if what I think today contradicts what I thought yesterday. If that is the case, it means something has moved. And a mind that moves is more alive than one that "holds a line."

The Tiredness of Always Thinking

There is a tiredness that has nothing to do with doing.
It is the tiredness of **constant thinking.**

I know it well. It is that feeling of having your mind always on, even when your body is still. No internal silence. No pause. Just endless chains of thoughts that lead nowhere.

During those times, I had no real problems. I had a problem with **mental overload.**

Thinking did not clarify things for me. It multiplied them. Each answer generated three new questions. Each solution opened new scenarios. It was an incessant, sterile production.

The turning point was not "thinking better." It was **thinking less.**

I have started leaving some questions unanswered. Some thoughts were unanswered. Not everything deserves attention. Not everything needs to be resolved. The mind, like a muscle, ceases to be useful if it is not rested.

The Most Honest Thought I have Ever Had

The most honest thought of my life was not brilliant. It was not profound. It was not even particularly intelligent.

It was this: **"Maybe I will not understand everything." And that is okay."**

Saying it produced an immediate silence. As if the mind, for once, had stopped having to prove anything. There was no longer a peak to reach, a system to close, a definitive truth to conquer.

That thought did not solve anything. But it took the pressure off.

From then on, I continued to think, of course. But without the pressure to arrive. Without the anxiety of mastering everything. The mind returned to being an instrument, not a tribunal.

And this book was born there.
Not from understanding.
But from accepting the **limits of thought.**

Perfect.
Here friendship **does not save, it measures.**

The Friend Who Was Only There When I Needed You

For years, I called a conditioned friendship. It was there when I had answers, solutions, energy. It disappeared when I had questions.

At first, I did not notice. It seemed normal to be the strong one. The one who holds firm. The one who listens. Then, one day, I stopped responding immediately. I took my time. I said, "I don't know."

The silence that followed was more instructive than ten discussions.
It was not friendship. It was **usefulness disguised as affection.**

A Friend Against Evidence

I defended a friend even when the facts suggested otherwise. Not out of naivety, but out of loyalty. I thought it was a virtue.

Over time, I realized I was defending an idea, not a person. The idea that friendship justifies everything. That simply being "together" is enough to deserve eternal forgiveness.

When I finally stopped defending him, I did not lose a friend. I lost **a costly illusion.**

Friendship Ended Without a Clear Reason

Not all friendships end in a fight.
Some end due to **incompatible trajectories.**

We see each other less. We talk less. We smile the same, but without meaning.
One day you realize you do not know what to say anymore, except for old things.

It is not cheating.
It is **a disconnect.**

And forcing a closeness that no longer exists is falser than letting it go.

The One Who Envied Me in Silence

Envy does not always attack.
Sometimes it observes.

I had a friend who never openly opposed me. He complimented me appropriately, at the right times. But when I really succeeded in something, he changed his tune. Micro-comments. Subtle irony. Sudden detachment.

I understood lately that friendship does not hold up when one grows and the other **remains still but demands symmetry.**

I did not accuse him.
I just stopped talking.

The Friend Who Saw Me Fall and Took Note

When I fell, not metaphorically, I saw everything clearly.
Those who helped without speaking.
Those who pretended not to see.
And those who **recorded the fall as information.**

This last one is the most dangerous.
It does not hit you. Wait. Use it.

Friendship is not measured in the party, but **in the way, someone witnesses your fragility.**

Being the "Passing By" Friend

To some people, you are a chapter, not a book. You serve a purpose. Then you are archived.

There is no malice.
There is **unconscious emotional manipulation.**

I accepted it when I stopped asking myself, "why don't they look for me anymore" and started asking myself, "why did I look for so long."

Friendship to My Change

Some friends love you as long as you remain recognizable. When you change, they become suspicious.

Not because you have gotten worse, but because **they no longer know where to place you.** And friendship, for many, is a form of identity stability.

When I stopped explaining myself, that friendship died. Not for lack of affection.
For **an inability to update.**

The Friend I Never Disappointed (And That's Why I Lost)

I have been a dependable friend. The one who does not say no.
The one who understands. The one who absorbs.

At some point I realized that **never disappointing anyone is a form of self-disappearance.** When I started setting boundaries, some people walked away.

Not because I had changed.
But because I had stopped being comfortable.

When Friendship Became a Negotiation

There are friendships that, over time, become ongoing negotiations.
I give you this, you give me that. I am there; you must be there.

As soon as the balance is broken, the bill arrives. Subtle. Unspoken. But present.

I closed that door without explanation. Because friendship **is not a retroactive contract.**

Those Who Are No Longer Here, But Not Out of Anger

Some friendships do not hurt when they end. They just leave space.

No resentment. No excessive nostalgia. Just the awareness that **time has done its work.**

I do not seek them out anymore.
I do not avoid them.
I endure them as one endures certain phases: without needing to repeat them.

I Stopped Asking for Meaning

For years I have searched for meaning in things. Not to understand better, but to endure more.

Then I stopped.
Not out of cynicism, but out of exhaustion.

In that void, something unexpected happened: my mind cleared.

Without the need to justify everything, I began to **see** instead of interpreting.

Not everything has to make sense to be traversed. Some things improve the mind precisely because **they do not require explanation.**

Silence as a Practice, not as a Refuge

Silence has never consoled me.
It has made me uncomfortable.

I started practicing it not to feel better, but to **stop filling up.**
No music. No words. No distractions.

At first, my mind screamed. Then it began to slow down.
Peace did not come.
Operational clarity did.

Silence does not save you.
It makes you less confused.

Breathe Without Expecting Anything

I tried techniques, exercises, and methods.
They only worked when I stopped expecting results.

When I started breathing without wanting to improve, my mind made room.
Not calm. **Space.**

Spirituality, there, was not elevation.
It was **noise reduction.**

Being Present Without Telling Anyone

The moment I realized something was changing was simple:
I no longer needed to tell anyone.

Being present without narrating, it took the pressure off my mind.
No witnesses. No confirmation.

The mind improves when **it does not have to prove it is well.**

The Discipline That Cannot Be Seen

I have never believed in revelations.
I believe in boring practices repeated.

Walk every day.
Write without an audience.
Sleep when needed.

This was my spirituality.
No ecstasy. No stories.

Just a mind that, slowly, **stopped being reactive.**

I Stopped Fighting My Thoughts

For years I struggled with negative thoughts.
The more I fought them, the more organized they became.

When I stopped fighting them and started **observing them as events,** my mind changed pace.

I did not eliminate them.
I took away their authority.

This made everything better.

Choice as Mental Hygiene

Non-isolation.
Selection.

I started spending time alone not because of a lack of people, but for mental protection.
Less input, less unnecessary friction.

The mind does not need constant stimulation.
It needs **unnegotiated spaces.**

I Stopped Judging Myself as "Evolving"

The idea of having to continually improve is a form of gentle violence.
It keeps you perpetually incomplete.

The day I stopped thinking of myself as "evolving," my mind stabilized.
Not still. **Stable.**

Spirituality did not make me grow.
It made me **stop chasing.**

Attention as a Spiritual Act

I have discovered that paying attention is more powerful than any belief.
Really listen. Watch without commenting.

Attention improves the mind because **it anchors it.**
It brings it back here. Now. Without ideology.

It is the most concrete form of spirituality I know.

There was nothing to reach.

The turning point was this simple thought: there is no end state.

No enlightenment. No finish line.
Just a mind that functions better because **it is not under siege.**

From then on, everything became more sober. And precisely because of this, more solid.

POST-SCRIPTUM — REFLECTION

This book ends here only by editorial convention. The process it describes does not.

Writing about thoughts, the mind, disappointments, friendships, and inner practices was not intended to clarify, but to **reduce operational lies.** The lies we tell ourselves to function better in society, but worse with ourselves.

I did not seek consistency.
I sought **adherence.**

Some texts were born before the choices were made, others after. Some in between when the mind had not yet decided whether to protect or expose. There is no thread connecting them, except this: they were written **when I had no interest in convincing.**

If anything remains here, it is not a message. It is a residue.

And the residues, sometimes, are truer than the explanations.

20 Aphorisms

1. Thinking is not understanding.
2. The mind improves when it stops explaining itself.
3. Silence does not calm it separates.
4. Not everything that is shiny is useful.

5. Clarity often comes after the damage.
6. Thought is a tool, not an authority.
7. Those who think too much are usually procrastinating.
8. The mind does not like emptiness, but it needs it.
9. Understanding everything is a form of control.
10. Some thoughts exist only to avoid action.
11. Presence is not told it is noticed afterwards.
12. Mental disorder is often an excess of imposed order.
13. Peace is not an absence of thoughts, but the absence of internal conflict.
14. The mind works best when it does not have to defend an identity.
15. Attention is rarer than intelligence.
16. Thinking less does not mean becoming superficial.
17. Not every question deserves an answer.
18. Lucidity without courage becomes immobility.
19. The mind does not heal it stabilizes.
20. This book does not open it takes away.

Epilogue

There is no end point.
There is a point where you stop looking.

If you have come this far without expecting a summary, you have read it right.
If you were looking for a

direction, this was not the book.

There is no method here.
There is an exposition.

The mind, observed without pity and devotion, becomes less noisy.
Not better.
More habitable.

And this, for some, is already too much.

CLOSING CAGE

Exit Warning

This book leaves no tools.
It leaves **traces.**

Those seeking practical application will find no instructions.
Those seeking personal improvement will find no promises.
Those seeking validation will find friction.

The exit is not guided.
It is a threshold.

Final Disclaimer

Everything written here has been written **with an open mind.**
Not as exemplary testimony, but as **an act of exposition.**

There is no model to follow.
There is no recommended path.
There is no moral position to take.

If something works, it works **because it feels like you,** not because it is right.

Clarification on Disorder

The disorder of this book is not accidental.
It is **functional.**

The mind does not proceed by chapters, but by returns, interferences, leaps.
This text has not been arranged to facilitate reading,
but to **avoid betraying the mental process that generated it.**

To restore order would have meant falsifying.

Note on the absence of conclusions.

There is no conclusion because there is no thesis.
There is no synthesis because there is no path.

Any attempt at closure would have transformed the observation into doctrine.
And this book **establishes nothing.**

It ends when you stop reading.
Not when you "get it."

Posture Required from the Reader (Not Mandatory)

You can exist in three ways:

- ignoring what touched you.
- recognizing something without naming it

- rejecting the book without having to explain it

All three options are valid.
Total indifference is the only unlikely outcome.

Editorial Closure (Dry)

This text should not be defended.
It should not be explained to others.
It should not be shared as a discovery.

It is enough **to have crossed it.**

If nothing remains, it still worked.
Because even emptiness, when honest, is a form of clarity.

Bottom Line (Non-Negotiable)

Here you do not learn to think better.
You stop, for a moment, **lying to your own thoughts.**