FERDINANDO FREGA

THE PLOT DOES NOT EXIST

Manual of narrative disintegration for algorithms, readers and markets trained for obedience



THE PLOT DO NOT EXISTS

Disintegration Manual,

Narrative for Algorithms,

Trained Readers and Markets

To obedience

FERDINANDO FREGA

LITERARY MANIFESTO

This book does not narrate. It does not accompany. It does not console me. Every story is a shock. Every voice is a fracture. There is no plot. There is no structure. There is no salvation.

The reader is not a spectator. He is a victim. Those seeking meaning will find superstition. Those seeking plot will find geometry. Those seeking emotion will find absence.

Every life here is intertwined by necessity, not by choice. Every connection is a necessary mistake. Every gesture sabotages the narrative.

This book is not read. It has traversed. And whoever traverses it does not return.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THE PLOT DOESN'T EXIST is an editorial gesture, not a product. It is part of a campaign that seeks not an audience, but an impact. Sixty titles, thirty languages, three versions per book. Every loyal reader generates tension, not profit.

This volume has been purified of all consolatory narratives. The remaining stories are structures, not narratives. Every sentence is a blade. Every absence is an invitation.

FERDINANDO FREGA is not a name. It is a structure that endures. This book does not close. It explodes.

DEDICATION

To those who searched for meaning and found only superstition. To those who intertwined their lives with those of others, without knowing why. To those who asked not to understand, but to be moved through.

BACK COVER

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PREFACE

This book was not meant to be read. It was meant to be experienced. Every story here is a shock, not a tale. Every voice is a fracture, not a narrative. There is no plot. There is no meaning. There is no salvation. Only superstition, geometry, necessity.

Those seeking structure will find absence. Those seeking emotion will find silence. Those seeking themselves will find another.

This book does not accompany. It confuses.

The reader who burned the book

He opened the first page and saw emptiness. He searched for meaning and found silence. Then he picked up a match. The book burned slowly, but the plot never emerged. Only ashes remained, which said more than any words.

PREMISE

THE PLOT DOESN'T EXIST is the 39th volume in the Italia series. It is not a book. It is a gesture. It is part of an editorial campaign that seeks not an audience, but an impact. Sixty titles, thirty languages, three versions per book. Every loyal reader generates tension, not profit.

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SYNOPSIS

Lives collide, intertwine, and lose each other. But there is no plot. There is no meaning. Only superstition, geometry, necessity.

This book does not tell. This book disintegrates.

THE PLOT DOESN'T EXIST is the knot that does not hold, the gesture that confuses those seeking structure.

There is no beginning. There is no end. Only collision. And you, readers, are already inside.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I did not author this book to narrate. I wrote it to disintegrate. Each story was selected, edited, and purified. Not to excite, but to shock.

There is no plot. There is no meaning. Only superstition, geometry, necessity. Every voice in here is a fracture. Every connection is a necessary error.

I am not looking for readers. I am looking for connections. Those who read this book do not own it. They endure it.

FERDINANDO FREGA is not a name. It is a structure that endures. This book does not close. It explodes.

INTRODUCTION

This book was not born from an idea. It was born from a structural necessity: to disintegrate the narrative, sabotage its meaning, confuse the reader. Every story here has been selected, edited, and purified. Not to excite, but to shock. Not to narrate, but to resist.

The PLOT DOESN'T EXIST is not a provocation. It is a statement of fact. The plot is an editorial illusion, a trick to

contain chaos. Here, chaos is unleashed. Here, the reader is unaccompanied. He is abandoned.

Lives intertwine, yes. But not by choice. By collision. Every connection is a necessary mistake. Every voice is a fracture. Every gesture is a blade.

This book offers no salvation. It offers no explanation. It does not even offer consolation. It offers absence. It offers vertigo.

He who seeks plot will find superstition. He who seeks meaning will find geometry. He who seeks himself will find another.

FERDINANDO FREGA is not a name. It is a structure that endures. This book does not close. It explodes.

THEMATIC PARTITION

The brother who deleted family photos

One morning she opened the album. The images were gone. Her parents' faces, the holidays, the smiles: all gone. Just blank pages, untouched by anyone. From that day on, her memory was a hole compatible with life.

1. Family Fractures

The mother who does not exist in the photos.

Every familiar image excluded her. Everyone was present, but she was not. The photographic memory had decided to erase her, leaving only shadows and empty backgrounds.

Bonds do not save. They destroy.

The empty chair is there, but whoever occupied it will not return.

Betraying oneself → Blood is no guarantee of truth.

The lie that never goes away → A phrase spoken to protect. It destroyed everything.

The Thought That Never Goes Out

Every night, my eyes closed. Every night, my thoughts remained alive. It was not a nightmare; it was not a memory. It was a light bulb that knew no switch. The room became eternal day. And sleep, an incompatible act.

2. Internal Collisions

The thought that precedes you

You walk and discover that thought has already arrived before you. It makes decisions for you, speaks with your voice. You always arrive second.

The enemy is within. And he will not keep quiet.

Mental self-sabotage → Every gesture is sabotaged before it is born.

Anger that does not go away → It is not an emotion. It is a structure.

The wrong choice → There is no remorse. Only geometry.

The Room That Doesn't Exist in the House Plan

The surveyor had drawn five rooms. But whoever lived there walked through six of them. The sixth was nowhere to

be seen, yet everyone entered it. Inside, there was nothing. And that nothingness held the house together.

3. Structural Absences

The door that leads to nowhere

It opened with a sharp creak, but there was nothing behind it. Whoever entered never returned because there had never been a place to return to.

It is not that someone is missing. The meaning is missing.

The empty house → The walls hold. The meaning does not.

The silence of the sea is not quiet. It is menace.

The unsent letter → The failed gesture is more powerful than the one made.

The Friend Who Never Met You

You were inseparable, they said. But one day he looked at you as if you were a stranger. There was no malice, just emptiness. He could not remember your voice, or your name. His memory had turned to glass: transparent, without fingerprints.

4. Ties That Don't Hold

The memory that does not recognize you.

He greets you by your name, but he does not know who you are. It is memory itself that has forgotten you, and you remain a stranger to your life.

Every node is a necessary error.

The double life is not a lie. It is survival.

Empty promises → Language is sabotage.

Invisible work → Being seen is not expected.

5. End as a Gesture

PREVIEW OF THE PROLOGUE

Anatomy of a Superstition

What is a Plot?

A sequence of events that pretends to make sense. A structure that pretends to contain chaos. An editorial superstition that deceives the reader into thinking they are being accompanied. The plot is the trick of those who fear the void.

How did it arise?

It arises from the need for order. From the terror that the world is nothing but shock and absence. It arises when someone decides that pain must have a direction. It arises when gestures are translated into meaning.

Why does he live?

Because it consoles. Because it accompanied me. Because it offers a false redemption. Because it promises that every fracture will be healed, every absence will be explained, every insult will be justified.

The plot lives because the reader wants to be saved. Wants to understand. Wants to be whole again.

When does he die?

It dies when the gesture does not ask permission. It dies when the voice does not seek empathy. It dies when the story does not accompany it but expels. It dies when the reader stops searching for the thread. It dies when the book does not close but explodes.

Unavoidable Consequences?

The reader will no longer be a spectator. He will be a victim. He will not find himself. He will find someone else.

It will not come out whole. It will not come out at all. Because THE PLOT DOESN'T EXIST, it is not a book. It is a structure that resists.

CHAPTER 0 – THE AUTHOR'S HAT

Introduction

Every book is born from a fracture. It does not give an idea, nor a plan, but a series of incidents that carve a path. Before the plot dissolves, life insists. A life made of mistakes, failures, ironies, encounters, hunger, and resistance. These four stories are not a linear narrative, but rather a necessary framework: a way to indicate where the voice you will read begins.

Author's Biography

It all started with a straight A in school. Not just a slip, but a fall that would have crushed many. Not him. Ferdinando Frega chose to get up and rewrite everything: not just his story, but also the way he told it.

Eight years at a Catholic boarding school tempered him with discipline and rigor. At thirteen, rugby became his second skin, right up until he joined the Italian National Team. Then came marriage, three children, Freemasonry, travel, international positions, successful and failed ventures, teaching, and humanitarian projects.

Writing has been a ruthless choice: sleepless nights, rejections, closed doors. Words have never been accommodating. They have always sought to impact. Today, his books, published in multiple languages, tour the world, are often rejected by publishers for being too inconvenient. But if one thing is certain, it is that when he stops writing, his words will remain. And anyone who genuinely wants to know who he was will have no choice but to read to him.

Yesterday's Day

A normal day, starting with €1.23 in your pocket. In the morning, four supermarket eggs replaced with fresh farm eggs, "with the wide behinds" of Brazilian hens. A quick choice, consumed quickly, because the rule is always the same: eliminate the evidence.

The hunger was strong, but so was the irony. Between suspicions of veganism, food exchanges with African friends, and a lunch of white beans, a Brazilian pepper stuffed with meat was enough to trigger a collective laugh. They called me "Uncle Rascal."

A true day, simple and surreal, made of little but lived as if it were a lot. A lesson in freedom.

The Failure at the Auchan Shopping Center

A morning with no desire to work can turn into an adventure. A shopping mall, aisles of food, and a 750-gram roast chicken devoured with the ease of someone with only ten euros in their pocket.

The second package followed the first, and the third arrived with its own logic. Conscience checked, but the final bill was paradoxical: 2.6 kilos of chicken and a bottle of water for just over six euros.

Between confusing checkouts and hesitant cashiers, the result was an impromptu victory. That day, survival had the fatty taste of cooked chicken and the wry smile of those observing the scene from a nearby table.

The appointment at the bank

Three months of waiting to open a bank account as a foreigner. A bank full of lockers and women, with an atmosphere closer to Amsterdam than Lisbon.

The process seemed impossible: incorrect addresses, uncooperative computer systems, a gruff and sloppy employee. But patience and a few sweets made their way. Eventually, not only was the account opened, but they also received an offer of a credit card.

In a country where 95% of marriages end in divorce, banks seem to ask not for guarantees, but for trust. That day I understood that the real transaction was not financial: it was a game of glances, of promises kept, of humanity hidden behind the numbers.

The Neighborhood Barber

I came in just to get my hair cut. I left with a debt.
The barber had talked about politics, football, women, life. I did not respond, I just nodded. Finally, he said, "I took away your thoughts, not your hair."
And I paid, without knowing what.

The Train That Didn't Leave

The voice announced a delay, then silence. No one knew if it would ever leave.
I remained on the platform, two hours, five hours. Finally, I left on foot.
The train never arrived, but the road was already there.

The Room for Rent

I found a sign: "Room available, fair price."
I went up the stairs, knocked, and opened the door. There was nothing inside: just white walls and a bed without a mattress. The owner told me, "No one sleeps here, but everyone wants it." I signed right away.

The Supermarket at Night

I walked in at three in the morning. There was no one there, not even the cashiers. Just the lights on and the products on the shelves.
I grabbed a package of pasta and lined up in front of a dark register. I waited twenty minutes, then left without paying.
It was not theft: it was consistency.

The Unread Message

One day, I wrote ten lines that could have changed everything.

I pressed "send." The app said: delivered. It was never opened. And yet, since then, nothing has been the same.

The Wrong Funeral

I accidentally entered a church. There was a coffin, flowers, weeping relatives.
I sat, listened to the speeches, even cried. Only in the end did I understand I did not know the deceased. But he had changed me all the same.

Closing of the Chapter

Four openings, four passages.
They do not have a plot, but they have a meaning: that show the origins of the voice that will permeate this book. From here, the narrative fractures.

PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES

There is no order. There is no progression. The stories that follow do not speak to each other. They do not help each other. They do not explain to each other. They are fragments, collisions, absences.

Every voice is a fracture. Every gesture is a blade. Every bond is a necessary mistake.

Do not look for the thread. Look for its absence.

Do not look for the meaning. It is a superstition.

Do not look for yourself. If you are here, you are already in.

This book does not tell. It detonates.

The Dream of My Life

When I was a child, I remember having my first vivid dream. It was not one of those childhood dreams where I was flying or meeting fantastic creatures. No, this was different. I was in a dark room, alone, sitting on the floor. I felt the weight of something oppressing me, but I could not see what it was. It was not fear; it was more like a warning, a feeling that was telling me something profound.

The room was silent, but inside me I could hear an incessant noise, like a heartbeat that never stopped. I cannot say how much time had passed, but the moment I woke up was like a sudden awakening from a fog. That feeling of oppression vanished in an instant.

Years later, that dream has always stayed with me, reminding me how alone and lost we can sometimes feel in a world that seems too big. It made me reflect on how, at certain moments in life, we can feel "stuck" or unable to clearly see our future. That dark room represented everything I could not understand or resolve at that time. But then, the light slowly came.

As I grew older, I learned to understand my dream, to see it as a symbol of inner growth. During those years, I faced many challenges: fears, difficulties, and moments of loneliness, but I also discovered the strength within me. That dream, which had once frightened me, became my most precious memory, a key that taught me to navigate the darkness to find the light. Life has never been easy, but since that day, I have learned that every step forward is a small dream come true.

I Lost My Shadow

I remember one summer day when, as a child, I was walking along the driveway. The sun was high in the sky, the breeze was light, and every step I took felt like a small triumph. It was a quiet afternoon, but something strange happened. For a moment, I realized my shadow was gone.

I looked down at my feet, then up at the horizon, but there was nothing. My shadow, which usually followed me faithfully, was gone. A shiver of uneasiness ran down my spine. I thought I was too tired, or the heat was making me confused. But no, I kept walking, and the shadow was gone.

I stopped. A child who loses his shadow cannot help but wonder what is happening. I looked around, but there was no one to explain. I felt the sunlight beating on my skin, yet the most natural part of me seemed to have disappeared. "What happened to my shadow?" I asked myself, a lump in my throat.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the answer came to me from an inner voice. "It's not your shadow that's disappeared," it said, "it's your ability to follow yourself." That sentence struck me like a flash. In that moment, I realized that, as I walked through life, I had forgotten to connect with my true self. I had lost my shadow not physically, but emotionally. I had distanced myself from the most authentic part of myself, the one that accompanied me everywhere.

The rest of the walk was different. Rather than searching for my shadow, I began searching for myself. And, finally, I found something greater. I realized that the shadow had

never disappeared; it was just waiting for me to stop and find it again.

The Unsent Letter

It was a rainy afternoon when I found that letter. It was hidden in a drawer, next to old papers and mementos of a life that seemed distant. The letter, written in handwriting I did not recognize, bore a seal I had never seen before. There was no addressee, no sender. Just my name, written neatly but with slight hesitation.

I opened it with curiosity and I could not explain. The contents left me speechless. It was a letter I should have received years ago but had never seen. The words were direct, sincere, but also charged with an emotion I had never known how to deal with. It was a letter of apology, but also of forgiveness. It seemed to come from another version of me, one I had forgotten.

I remembered that period of my life, a time when I was angry with the world, unable to see beyond my frustrations. The letter spoke to me about that time, how difficult it was to accept my vulnerability, and how I had closed so many doors without even looking back.

I had never wondered why I had never sent that letter, but now, holding it in my hand, I understood. It was not just a matter of unspoken words, but of a part of me I was not yet ready to listen to. The letter, after all, was not just a message of apology; it was an invitation to go back and make peace with the past.

I put it back in the drawer, but no longer as a memory. Now it was a piece of history that, somehow, had found me ready to read it. And one day, I would have the courage to send it.

Lost Time

When I was a child, my grandfather often told me about his youthful adventures. The spoke of travels, encounters, and decisions that had shaped the course of his life. But what struck me most was his watch. A small, old pocket watch, which he considered his most precious possession.

"This watch," he told me, “Has seen more moments than you can imagine. Every tick is a part of my life that never returns." At the time, I did not really understand what he meant. To me, the watch was just an antique accessory I enjoyed looking at when my grandfather showed it to me.

Years passed, and time, as always, slipped silently away. Grandpa passed away, but the watch remained. It was left to me along with his books, his photos, and the memories of a man I had always seen as a rock. But now, looking at that watch, I realized that, like him, time had changed.

I noticed that every time I looked at the clock, something inside me changed. The hands seemed to move faster, and I realized how much I had neglected the present to chase the future. I felt like I was trying to make up for lost time, yet all I could do was stare at the clock and hope its hands would not slip from my grasp.

One day, looking at the clock, I wondered if the time I had spent worrying about the future had really been well spent. And in that moment, I finally understood what my

grandfather was trying to tell me: time is not an enemy to be defeated, but a companion to live with. So, I no longer began to look at it as a gauge of my shortcomings, but as a witness to my choices.

The Silence of the Sea

When I was young, I spent summers in a small coastal village. The sea was always there, calm, and infinite, ready to welcome me at any moment. But there was something special about the sea, something I could never explain. Every time I approached the shore, I felt a profound silence, as if the sea had a thousand stories to tell me but was too wise to do so.

One day, I decided to walk along the beach, aimlessly, listening only to the sound of the waves. Each step felt lighter, as if the sea itself were lifting me from the weight of my daily life. I reached a point where the rocks met the water and sat down, gazing at the horizon.

The silence surrounding me was not an absence of sound, but an intense presence. It was as if the sea, with its immensity, had silenced all the voices within me. There was no anger, fear, or frustration. There was only a sense of peace I had never known. And for the first time in a long time, I felt free.

The sea, with its calm, taught me that sometimes silence is the answer we seek. It is not always necessary to speak or take action to solve problems. Sometimes, all it takes is listening, and the rest will follow. When I returned home, I took with me that tranquility the sea had given me, knowing

that silence can be one of the most profound forms of communication.

The Empty House

When my parents decided to move, we left the house where I grew up. I remember that day was cloudy, and the air felt heavy, as if the house had sensed our departure. I paced the rooms, trying to hold onto every memory, every familiar corner. The walls, once filled with photographs and drawings, were now bare, as if just waiting to be forgotten.

I sat in my old room, trying to imagine what the future would be like, in a place I had not yet learned to call home. But it was difficult, because every corner of the old house told a story I could not let go of. My toys abandoned in the hallway, the old living room armchair where I often retreated with a book, the window from which I watched the sunset—all those details that had defined my childhood.

I stood up and walked toward the front door, one last look at the house that had seen me grow up. I knew things changed, that life went on, but that moment made me realize how difficult it can be to leave behind a piece of yourself. Before closing the door, I paused one last time. The house was empty, but somehow, I felt like there would always be something of me inside it, something no new family could ever erase.

The Gesture of Kindness

One day, walking through the crowded city streets, I came across a scene that struck me. An elderly woman was trying to lift a heavy bag, but she was struggling. A young man passing by her stopped without a second thought. Without

saying a word, he offered her a hand and helped her lift the bag.

The gesture was simple, but what struck me was the naturalness with which the young man had done it. There was no ulterior motive, no expectation. It was a pure, selfless act of kindness. I realized that, too often, we go through life focused on our own needs, without stopping to notice the small opportunities to help others.

That gesture, though small, taught me something fundamental. Kindness does not have to be grand or extraordinary. Sometimes, a small gesture, a helping hand, is enough to change someone's day. In that moment, I decided I would pay more attention to these small moments, because they are what make the world a better place.

The Sound of Silence

I often found myself waking up in the middle of the night when the entire world seemed asleep. But in those moments, the silence was never truly silent. There was always a background noise, a subtle sound coming from inside me. It was not the alarm clock, nor the distant traffic, but something deeper. A sound that was difficult to describe, but which I felt was part of me.

A silence that made me reflect, that pushed me to come to terms with what was inside me. It was strange how night, when the world stopped, became the moment when my thoughts began to race faster. Every worry, every uncertainty emerged from the darkness and woke me up as if it were a shadow trying to steal my peace.

But over time, I learned to accept that noise. Deep down, it was part of me, and only by listening to it could I better understand what I was experiencing. There was nothing wrong with listening to that loud silence because it was the only way to truly listen to what was inside me. From that moment on, I learned to make peace with silence, recognizing that, even in the quietest moments, there are stories to tell, even if only to myself.

The Missing Photo

When I opened the old family album, I did not expect to find a photo I had never seen before. It was a black-and-white photograph, depicting a familiar scene I did not remember: my father and mother, young, smiling, sitting on a bench. But what struck me was not the photo itself, but the expressions on my parents' faces. They seemed so different from how I remembered them: more carefree, happier. I wondered when that photo had been taken and why it had never been shown.

I tried asking my parents, but they both seemed confused, as if they did not remember that moment either. "Maybe it's a photo from another time," my father said, but I knew something was not right. It was not just a matter of memory, but of a piece of our history that seemed to have vanished into thin air.

From that day on, every time I looked at that photo, I felt strangely connected to it. It was as if it were speaking to me of a part of myself, I did not know, a hidden part that, somehow, was seeking me out. The photo became a mystery to be solved, a link to the past that reminded me

that, despite everything, there are always aspects of our lives that we cannot explain, but that shape us, nonetheless.

The Change

When I moved for work, I did not expect a simple move to change me so profoundly. At first, it was difficult to adapt to a pristine environment, new people, and a completely different pace of life. But slowly, I began to appreciate the tranquility of my new home, the freedom that breaking away from my old routine brought me, and the ability to start fresh. That change, which seemed daunting at first, over time turned out to be one of the wisest decisions of my life. I discovered new passions, explored new corners of the city, and learned to know myself better. Every challenge I faced made me stronger. I realized that change is not something to be feared, but embraced, because it always brings with it important lessons, and often, new opportunities.

A Challenge Won

When I signed up for that marathon, no one thought I would make it. I had never been a runner, and my body was not used to such exertion. At first, every step was a struggle, but my determination pushed me not to give up. There were moments when the fatigue seemed unbearable, when I wanted to stop, but I thought about how gratifying it would be to cross the finish line. And finally, I did. The emotion I felt as I watched the finish line approach is indescribable. It was not just the physical satisfaction of having made it, but the knowledge that I had surpassed my mental limits. The marathon is not just a test of the body, but of the mind, and that day, I felt stronger than ever. The challenge is not so

much about the race itself, but about the ability to persevere even when everything seems impossible.

The Defeat

In life, you do not always win. Some failures can seem devastating, but over time, I have learned to see defeats as opportunities for growth. Once, a project I would make so much time and effort to fail miserably. At the time, I felt like all my work had been for nothing, but upon reflection, I realized that every mistake is a step towards improvement. I analyzed what had not worked, tried to understand my weaknesses, and tried to improve myself. The real defeat is not in failure itself, but in not learning from it. I have realized that every time I lose, I am learning something new about myself and the world around me. And every time I get back up, I do so with greater awareness, ready to face the next challenge with a richer foundation.

The Journey

It was not a long journey, nor an exotic one, but it was one that changed everything for me. A weekend, just me and a small bag, with no specific destination. I decided to board a train and get off in an unfamiliar city. The journey was not just physical, but a journey that led me to self-discovery. There, among the crowded streets and old buildings, I found peace. There was no longer any need to rush, to make plans. I stopped, I listened, I observed, and I let go of the weight of daily worries. That escape, however brief, became a profound reflection on the value of time and solitude. I understood that, sometimes, it is not the place that matters, but the experience you carry with you. There are no

definitive destinations, only the journey that slowly transforms us.

Fear

Fear has always been a constant presence in my life, but the more I reflected on it, the more I realized that it was not fear itself that paralyzed me, but its power to magnify things. I learned that fear is a signal, an invitation to face what scares us, rather than avoid it. One day, during an important presentation, the fear of failure was so strong that I thought I could not do it. But at that moment, I took a step back and took a deep breath. I realized that fear did not have the power to decide for me. With my heart pounding, I continued, and in the end, the presentation went very well. Fear is never completely overcome, but I can control it. Now I see it as a traveling companion that pushes me to always give my best.

A Meeting That Changes

That day I met someone who changed everything. We did not meet in a special context, but the way he spoke, the way he looked at me, made me see the world in a new light. He did not say anything extraordinary to me, but there was serenity in his eyes that made me reflect. He made me understand that, sometimes, it is not words that change a life, but presence, listening, and empathy. After that meeting, I began to change. I began to make more courageous decisions, to rethink my attitude towards others, to focus more on the things that truly matter. That person did not know it, but he had given me the strength to take the first step towards a better version of myself.

A Family Memory

Every summer, my family gathers in our old country house. That house had a soul, a place where time seemed to stand still. The table was always set, the laughter of children running in the garden, and the adults chatting on the patio. Family was the beating heart of that house. Even though we no longer gather there, that memory is indelible. Every time I close my eyes, I can smell homemade pasta, the music floating in the air, and the feeling of being part of something bigger than myself. Those moments taught me the importance of family bonds, a warmth that no other place can provide. Today, every time I return home, I try to recreate that same atmosphere, because family is truly what keeps you grounded in an ever-changing world.

The Solitude

Sometimes, solitude is not a curse, but a choice. I have found myself in times in life when solitude has gripped me, but I have learned not to see it as an enemy. Solitude has allowed me to listen to my inner voice, to reassess my priorities, to utterly understand what I want from life. I did not feel alone, but rather in the company of my thoughts. Solitude can be an opportunity to clear my mind, a chance to stop and reflect. I have realized that it is not the presence of others that defines my happiness, but my inner balance. When I learned to enjoy my solitude, I discovered that happiness is something you build within yourself.

Self-sufficiency

Learning to be self-sufficient has been one of the most significant journeys of my life. I always thought asking for help was a sign of weakness, but I discovered that self-

sufficiency does not mean needing others. It means learning to make independent decisions, to take responsibility for your own life, and to not fear the challenges that arise. It was a journey of growth, where I learned to trust my abilities and rely on myself. Self-sufficiency gave me new strength, a sense of freedom I had never known before. It was liberating to discover that, unfortunately or fortunately, depending on myself is the key to a life full of satisfaction and fulfillment.

Patience

Patience is a virtue I have not always possessed. I have always wanted things to happen immediately, but life has taught me that we cannot rush things. Some dreams require years of work, some changes require patience. There was a period in my life characterized by a long wait, but I learned that patience does not mean sitting idly by. It means continuing to do our best, every day, without giving up. Over time, I have come to understand that patience is the ability to wait without losing hope. It was patience that allowed me to see the fruition of so much sacrifice and commitment. Patience is the art of knowing that what is destined to happen will happen when the time is right.

Responsibility

Taking responsibility for your actions is essential to growth. In the past, I often blamed others or circumstances for things that did not go my way, but I have learned that true growth comes when we accept responsibility for what happens in our lives. Every choice, every decision we make, leads us down a specific path. And we cannot complain about the results if we are not ready to take responsibility

for what we have created. Responsibility does not mean taking on the weight of the world but simply accepting that our actions have consequences. It is a step towards freedom because, when we understand that we can control our actions, we can also control our destiny.

Sincere Friendship

Sincere friendship is one that endures over time, which does not require words to be understood, that is not measured by the frequency of encounters but by the quality of the bonds. I have met many people in life, but few loyal friends. Those who have stood by me through tough times, who made me laugh when I needed cheer, and who told me the truth, even when I did not want to hear it. Sincere friendship is one that asks for nothing in return but grows over time because it is based on mutual understanding. It is the kind of friendship that makes you feel at home even when you are away from home, which supports you in times of doubt, and that makes you feel loved without having to prove anything.

The Sudden Change

Life sometimes surprises us with sudden changes we had not anticipated. This happened to me when I decided to move to a new city, leaving everything I knew behind. The move was prompted by a professional opportunity, but at first, it was difficult to adjust. The fresh faces, the unfamiliar places, the initial loneliness: everything seemed overwhelming. Yet, over time, I learned to experience change as a new opportunity. Every morning, when I woke up in a different city, I saw everything with new eyes. I made new friends, discovered incredible places, and learned to move outside my comfort zone. That initially painful

change turned out to be one of the most formative experiences of my life. I realized that every change brings with it the possibility of growth and discovery.

The Beauty of Silence

Silence has a power we often underestimate. We live in an increasingly noisy world, where moments of tranquility are hard to find. But silence has profound beauty. On a particularly hectic day, I found myself walking in a quiet park, far from the chaos. The silence surrounding me made me feel at peace. It is as if, suddenly, every thought had calmed. Silence has a distinct way of making us reflect, helping us focus on the things that truly matter. In that moment, I understood that silence is essential for our mental health. It helps us recharge, to rediscover ourselves. I learned that, sometimes, it is in silence that we find the answers we seek.

The Strangest Encounter

It was an ordinary day, but I remember every detail. I was in a bookstore, curious to browse some new books, when I noticed someone looking at the same shelf as me. It did not seem like a coincidence at all because we were both choosing the same novel. That person, an older man with gray hair and eyes full of stories, noticed my interest and began telling me about his readings. He talked to me for hours, passionately, as if the entire story of the book were his own. I discovered that he not only loved that book, but had read it dozens of times, each time finding a new detail to discover. His enthusiasm was contagious. I did not expect a chance meeting in a bookstore to take me so far in conversation. That day I learned that passion for something

can truly transform a person, leading them to share their vision with anyone who will listen. Every encounter, however strange or fleeting, can enrich us.

A Dream to Come True

I have always had secret dreams, but one has stayed with me for years. It was my dream of authoring a book. At first, I thought it was a fantasy, something unattainable, but little by little, I realized it was possible. One day, after months of hesitation, I plucked up courage and began writing the first pages. It was not easy; I often felt stuck, but every word I wrote gave me a sense of satisfaction. Over time, those words took shape and became a real book. The process was not linear, but each step brought me closer to my goal. When I finally saw the book published, I realized that realizing a dream does not depend on the difficulty of the path, but on perseverance and the desire to never give up. It taught me that dreams, no matter how big or small, must be pursued with determination, and eventually they come true.

Solitude and Inner Peace

I once thought solitude was synonymous with sadness, but over time I have learned that it can also be a source of great inner peace. I have experienced moments of solitude that initially frightened me, but I soon realized that in those moments I found a profound connection with myself. It was as if the world stopped, leaving room only for my thoughts. At first, I felt lost, but then I realized that those moments of silence helped me reflect, to better understand who I was and what I truly desired. There was no longer any need to fill every moment with sounds or voices, because the peace that came from solitude was stronger than any external

distraction. Learning to be alone is an art that not everyone masters, but which, once acquired, gives you a serenity that nothing can undermine. Solitude taught me that the best company we can have is our own.

Being Present

How many times have we found ourselves in a conversation, but our minds were already elsewhere? We think about what we must do next, or about distant concerns, forgetting to be truly present. I learned how important it is, instead, to focus completely on the other person. One day, I ran into an old friend I had not seen in years. During our meeting, I decided to put away my phone and think of nothing but the conversation we were having. It was not just a physical meeting, but a true connection. I realized that, too often, we waste precious moments thinking about other things. Being present, truly listening to the other person, is a gift we give to those around us. That day taught me that true human connection comes from the ability to be present, to give the moment and the person in front of us our full attention. When we are present, we create deeper and more meaningful bonds.

The Empty Chair

Every day, as I entered the office, I saw that empty chair. It was Luca's desk, my colleague who had suddenly left his job a few months earlier. I had never had a special connection with him, but that empty chair made me think. Every time I looked at it, I thought about how things can change in an instant, without warning. Luca had not given any explanation, but his seat remained there, unchanged, like a sign of something unfinished. That empty chair, with

its silence, reminded me that life is never certain, that any day could be my last in a certain place or with certain people. And yet, life goes on. We are forced to move on, to seek unfamiliar places, new traveling companions. And the chair, that empty chair, will always be there, reminding us that nothing is definitive.

The Race Against Time

Sometimes I find myself rushing without knowing exactly what I am looking for. Every day I wake up with an endless list of things to do, but when I get to the end of the day, I realize I have not even completed half of the things I had planned. I have asked myself why I feel this constant frenzy of doing, doing, and doing. Yet, the more I do, the more time seems to slip through my fingers. I have realized that it is not a question of how much I do, but of how I live. The race against time is just a perception. If we learn to stop every now and then, to breathe, to savor a small moment, we will discover that time does not escape us. We are the ones who escape it.

The Solo Journey

I had never thought of traveling alone, but when the opportunity presented itself, I did not hesitate. The journey was not just a discovery of places, but also of myself. I learned to confront my fears, manage loneliness, and make decisions alone. Every step brought me closer to a new awareness. There was no one to talk to, but every corner of the city told a story. Every chance encounter, every smile, was like a sign of connection with the universe. When I returned home, I was no longer the same. That experience

changed me; it made me understand that we do not always need others to be happy. Sometimes all it takes is listening.

The Unsent Letter

Once, years ago, I wrote a letter to someone I had lost, but I never sent it. The words seemed too strong, too intimate. I felt vulnerable, and I did not want anyone to read those thoughts. So, the letter remained locked away in a drawer, a silent reminder of what I had wanted to say. Now, every time I think about it, I wonder if I should have sent it, if those words would have changed anything. But the true meaning of that letter lies in the fact that, at a certain point in life, we must deal with the things left unsaid. The unsent letter is like a scar: invisible, but still present.

A Rainy Day

It was a heavy rainy day, and I had decided not to go out. The sound of the raindrops hitting the window gave me a sense of calm, as if the world had stopped for a moment. I grabbed a cup of hot tea and sat on the couch, looking out. I had no destination, no commitments, just the pleasure of being there, in the present. The rain outside reminded me that, sometimes, beauty lies in slowing down. We do not always have to rush; we do not always have to be on the move. Sometimes, the most important thing is to simply stop, breathe, and observe.

The Lesson of an Old Friend

In a difficult moment, I ran into an old friend I had not seen in years. He told me about his life, his challenges, but also his successes. Every word he spoke seemed to fill the air with wisdom. He taught me that life is not a race, but a

journey. Sometimes we focus too much on the finish line, without appreciating every step of the way. His advice? Enjoy every moment, even the most difficult ones, because only then can you truly grow. That lesson has stayed with me. It made me understand that life is made up of experiences, not results.

The Meeting That Changes

A chance encounter can change the course of your life. I know because it happened to me. I had not intended to stop at that café, but once inside, I met someone who would play a fundamental role in my life. I do not remember exactly what we said, but I remember the feeling of having found a kindred spirit, someone who understood my insecurities and my dreams. That meeting sparked a great friendship, one that still enriches me today. Sometimes, the universe puts the right people in our path at the right time, and all we have to do is be ready to welcome them.

The Weight of the Past

Growing up, I always tried to escape my past, convinced it was the cause of all my problems. But over time, I realized that we cannot escape who we are. The past is part of us, a part of our identity. We should not deny it but learn to make peace with it. Only then can we truly grow and move forward. I began to see my past not as a burden, but as a lesson. Every mistake, every suffering, has helped shape the person I am today.

A hug

A hug can be more powerful than a thousand words. I remember one day when I was feeling particularly down.

No conversation, no words were able to cheer me up. Then, someone who knew me well hugged me. No words were needed, just that simple yet profound gesture. I felt welcomed, understood, loved. A hug does not solve everything, but it makes you feel like you are not alone. Sometimes, the power of a hug can be greater than any advice. It taught me that human closeness is a powerful resource, one we should never underestimate.

An Unexpected Smile

I was sitting at the bar, lost in thought, when a girl smiled at me. We did not know each other, we had never met before, but that smile struck me like a shock. I felt less alone, as if in that moment, her simple kindness had broken down an invisible barrier. It was not a polite smile, but a sincere one, a small gesture that was effective. It made me realize how powerful simple actions are and how much we can positively impact other people's days with our attitude.

The Road Traveled Together

I like to think that every person we meet on our path plays a role in our journey. Some last a lifetime, others only pass through for a moment. But there is one person who, ever since we met, has always been by my side. Her presence is silent, yet constant. In moments of happiness, in times of difficulty, she is there, supporting, understanding, without asking for anything in return. It is incredible how some people, without grand gestures, manage to be the solid foundation we need to move forward.

The Art of Growing Up

Life is not about moments of happiness, but also about challenges that shape us. Growing means learning from your mistakes, facing your fears, and moving forward, even when it seems impossible. I have learned that you cannot stop time, but you can choose how to live it. Life is a journey of changes, difficulties, and every step brings us closer to our true essence. Growth is never linear, but every small step forward is a victory.

The Solitude That Teaches

Sometimes life forces us to be alone, but solitude is not condemnation; it is an opportunity for introspection. In moments of solitude, I have learned to know myself, to reflect on what I want and what I do not want. Solitude has taught me to be independent, to find inner peace, to enjoy my own company. It is never easy to deal with solitude, but it is precisely in those moments that we discover who we truly are, far removed from the expectations of others.

Wounds That Heal

Life leaves us with scars, some visible, some invisible. I have learned that it is not our wounds that define us, but how we deal with them. Every pain, every loss, teaches us something. There is no growth without suffering, but suffering is never eternal. Life, with its infinite beauty, knows how to heal the deepest wounds. The scars we bear are signs of strength, of resilience. Every time we look at them, we can remember that we survived, that we are stronger than we thought.

The Change That Transforms

Life is changing, and we often face moments that force us to transform ourselves. I have gone through times when my life seems unchanging, but I have learned that change is the only constant. Even when it seems like everything is falling apart, it is just an opportunity to build something new. Change pushes us out of our comfort zone, but it is precisely there that we discover who we truly are. Life teaches us that, even when things do not go as planned, we can always find a new direction.

The End of a Cycle

Life is made of cycles, and every ending is just a new beginning. I have learned that the end of a chapter does not mean the end of the story, but only the transition to something new. Every time a cycle ends, a new chapter begins. And so, life continues, with its difficulties, its unexpected twists, and turns, but always in motion. The end is just another step towards growth, another way of learning to live. And with every ending, there is always a new chance to begin again.

The Silent Revelation

Words are not always deceptive; sometimes they are silence. When I discovered the betrayal, it was not a shout or a dramatic confrontation. It was the void between us, a space that had opened uninvited. We had stopped talking, stopped listening. And when the silence became deafening, I realized something deeper had changed. There was no need for proof, just a feeling. Sometimes, the heart knows before the mind.

The Lie That Cannot Be Erased

There is nothing more painful than a lie you cannot forget. Finding out someone you loved has betrayed you is a wound that does not heal easily. Every time I looked at that person, the lie lingered between us like a shadow, impossible to dispel. Betrayal is not just an act, but a trail that continues to haunt you, leaving you with doubts and questions. Even when everything seems back to normal, the truth lurks behind every look, every word.

Betraying Yourself

It is not just others who betray us, sometimes we do it ourselves. I have discovered that betraying someone is not just an act towards another person, but also towards us. When we remain in situations that hurt us, when we accept compromises that go against who we are, betrayal seems easier. The greatest betrayal is the one we commit against ourselves, setting aside our own happiness to avoid facing the truth.

Double Life

I did not expect to discover the double life the person I loved was living. When I found him, it was like a blow to the heart. I wondered how it was possible that everything was an illusion. Loving someone who was never there, but only a part of a reality I did not know, changed my perception of the world. Betrayal is not just physical; it is a violation of trust, a deception that can leave deeper scars than you might think.

The End of Innocence

Innocence was the first thing I lost. When I discovered the betrayal, I saw the true face of the person I loved for the first time. It was no longer the image I had built in my mind, but a raw and painful reality. Trust was shattered in an instant, and with it, every certainty I had about that relationship. The betrayal made me grow up too quickly, but it taught me that all that glitters is not gold.

The Betrayal of Promises

Unspoken promises are the most powerful. When someone we love betrays our heart, it is not just a body that moves, but a commitment that is shattered. I felt the frustration of watching the promises of a lifetime together crumble without warning. Every gesture, every word I thought was sincere now seemed like an act. Betrayal is not just physical, but a betrayal of the dreams and expectations we had built together.

The Loneliness of the Betrayed

There's loneliness that comes after a betrayal, a loneliness you cannot share with anyone. My trust was broken, and with it, that feeling of being loved. I found myself living in a house filled with emptiness, trying to understand how it could have happened. Every look, every silence, reminded me of the loneliness I felt. Betrayal is not just an act of infidelity; it is a profound loneliness that stays with you for what it seems like forever.

Anger That Doesn't Go Away

There is a rage that builds when someone betrays you. It is not just for what happened, but for all the things left unsaid,

for all the hidden truths. I hated the fact that someone would think it was okay to lie, that my heart was just a game. Anger was my initial response, my way of protecting myself from the pain. But I have learned that anger is just a veil that hides much greater suffering. The true betrayal is what you do to your own heart.

The Impossible Forgiveness

Forgiveness is a word we all use, but few can truly live by. After the betrayal, it seemed impossible to forgive the person who had lied to me. Every time I thought about forgiveness, the pain resurfaced, and I wondered if it was possible to forget what had happened. I learned that forgiveness is not about the other person, it is about me. It is not about forgetting, but about freeing myself from the prison of resentment. I may never be able to forgive, but I can choose to move on.

The Forgotten Lesson

I had resolved never to make that mistake again. Yet, here I am again, as if the lesson had never been learned. Stupidity is like a spiral: it makes you repeat the same steps, even if you know exactly where they will lead. The biggest mistake is thinking you are immune to your own stupidity. Every time I think back to those moments, I wonder how I could not have understood before, but in the end, I accept that stupidity is a part of me. I must learn a lesson again.

The Wrong Words

I always thought words were meaningless, that they could be spoken without thinking. But one day, one word too many changed everything. Stupidity lies not only in action,

but in ill-considered words. I ruined a friendship with a sentence I should never have said. The stupidity of thinking it would not have mattered anyway. Now, I find myself reflecting on how words can hurt, and how sometimes we are too quick to speak, without realizing the consequences.

The Illusion of Control

Trying to control everything is foolish, but there are times when I cannot help it. I thought that with control, I could be sure that everything would turn out the way I wanted. But I have learned that we cannot control life. The foolishness lies in believing we can. Every time I try to keep everything under control, I end up losing control of what really matters. In the end, true strength lies in letting go, in not always wanting to have an answer.

The Fear of Failure

The fear of failure has always held me back, making me believe it would be better not to try at all than to fail. But stupidity is not in failing, it is in never trying. I spent too much time worrying about what would happen, instead of facing the challenge. Looking back, I see how many opportunities I passed up just out of fear. True stupidity is living in fear of failure instead of having the courage to try.

The Unconsciousness of Youth

As a young man, I thought the world was mine and that nothing could ever stop me. The stupidity of youth is that recklessness that makes you believe nothing can go wrong. Every decision seemed like a challenge, and every mistake seemed insignificant. But as I grew older, I learned that this is not always the case. Life does not give you easy choices.

Youth makes you feel invincible, but it is precisely that stupidity that teaches you the harshness of reality. Now I understand that it is important to think before you act.

The Race Against Time

I have always thought of time as an enemy to be defeated, as if running were the only way to conquer it. Stupidity lies in thinking time is something to be conquered, instead of living it. I spent years worrying about everything I had not done yet, forgetting to enjoy the present. True stupidity is thinking that time belongs to us. Every day is a gift, and we should not rush to "catch it," but live it consciously.

The Empty Promises

Promising something you have no intention of keeping is one of the stupidest things you can do. I have seen many people make promises they had never kept, and I have learned the hard way that a promise is not just a word, but a commitment. Stupidity lies in thinking promises can be broken without consequences. Every broken promise is a wound that leaves a scar, and true stupidity lies in not learning from those experiences.

The Truth That Hurts

Sometimes it is easier to live a lie, to believe that the truth does not hurt. But stupidity is not knowing the truth but trying to avoid it. I have seen people lie to protect themselves, but in the end, the truth always finds a way to emerge. I have learned that facing the truth, even when it hurts, is the only way to heal. Stupidity is living in falsehood, hoping that eventually everything will resolve

itself. But the reality is that the truth is the only thing that sets us free.

The Sound of Loneliness

When my father died, there was no sound. There was no crying, no pain. Only silence. Death is sometimes a deafening silence, an absence that weighs on you, like an empty echo reverberating in your heart. I felt that silence as a condemnation. I realized that death is not just the end of a body, but the beginning of a solitude that no words can fill. People who pass away leave a void that grows in our hearts, a silent sound we can never silence.

The Truth in Pain

Death is cruel, but it is also revealing. When my grandfather died, I watched his life flash before my eyes like a movie. His struggles, his victories, his defeats. Death shows us the truth we often do not see in life. It forces us to look at the past and reckon with who we were. The truth is that death makes us realize that all we have is the present moment. There are no promises for the future, only what we are willing to live for now.

Encounter with the Unknown

I have always wondered what lies beyond death. A dark shadow that swallows us up? A better world where the suffering of life is gone? No one truly knows, yet we all talk about it. Death scares us because it takes us into the unknown. But the real fear is not death itself, but the uncertainty of what comes after. It is the idea of being swallowed up by darkness, without knowing what awaits

us. Death is a journey no one can tell, an eternal mystery that forces us to face our greatest fear.

A Wordless Farewell

I have seen death more than once, yet I have never truly prepared for it. Death is never what you expect. It comes in diverse ways, sometimes suddenly, other times silently, like a shadow that lengthens without you noticing. The day my aunt passed away, I saw it in her eyes. A wordless goodbye. There was no need to say anything because death tells us everything with its gaze. It leaves us in an eerie calm, as if the universe had decided to pause, to make us understand what is enormously important.

The Death of a Dream

There is something sadder than physical death: the death of a dream. When I saw my friend surrender to his failures, I realized that sometimes death is not just physical but also affects our hope. Dying without ever having seen what we most desired come true is a devastating experience. The death of dreams leaves a hole in the heart that is not easily filled. It is not just about losing someone, but about losing what we could have been, what we hoped to become.

The End of Pain

Death is not only the end of life, but also the end of pain. When my mother suffered a terminal illness, I watched her suffering grow more each day. Death came as a liberation, as a relief after a long suffering. It is difficult to think of death as a positive ending, but in those moments, I understood that death is sometimes the only way out of

unbearable pain. It is not just the end of life; it is the end of everything that makes us suffer.

The Death of an Era

Death is not just a matter of bodies. Sometimes it is also about eras, periods of life that end without us realizing it. When my country changed radically, I felt as if a part of me had died. The traditions, the places I loved, everything was fading. Death can also be the end of a collective cycle, of a changing community. When an era ends, it is as if a part of our identity disappears. But the death of an era always opens new possibilities, new beginnings.

Living After Death

When my best friend died, I did not know how I would go on without him. I felt lost, as if a part of me had disappeared. But over time, I understood that living after death does not mean forgetting. It means finding a way to take with you what we love, to continue living in another way. Death leaves us with the task of honoring the memory of those who have passed away, and of living for them in what we do.

The Immortal Memory

Death takes everything except memories. Every time I think of those who are no longer with us, I feel their presence in our memories. Death cannot take them away. Death makes bodies disappear, but it leaves the imprints of their souls in the hearts of those who remain. The moments shared with those we love are immortal, and death has no power over them. We may not be able to stop it, but we can choose to

live for those who are no longer with us, cherishing their memory and honoring them every day.

The Fight for a Place

My first day at a large company was a dream that turned into a nightmare. I never realized how difficult it would be to adapt to such a competitive environment. The days were getting longer, the deadlines were getting tighter, yet it seemed I could never prove myself. The pressure was unbearable. Every time I thought I had made progress, I realized there were more obstacles to overcome. But I learned a fundamental lesson: winning at work is not about talent, but also about resilience and the ability to face challenges without giving up.

The Infinite Thursday

Every week seemed the same: Monday always came too early, and Friday seemed like it would never arrive. The work routine became a prison. I found myself counting the hours, the minutes, trying to find meaning in what I did, but nothing made me feel truly fulfilled. Every Thursday seemed endless, as if work were a mountain to climb without ever reaching the top. The difficulty was not just physical, but mental: the struggle of getting up every morning to do something I was not enthusiastic about.

Failure That Teaches

My first major failure occurred when I pitched my idea to a company. It was brilliant, but no one took it seriously. I experienced it as a personal defeat, a burden I could not shake. However, over time, I realized that failure is not the end, but a lesson. It taught me to improve, to understand my

limits, and to persevere. Every difficulty at work is an opportunity to gain experience, to become stronger and better prepared for the future.

The Impossible Balance

As the years passed, my work began to consume me. The meetings, deadlines, and constant demands had taken over every other aspect of my life. I desperately tried to balance career and family, but there never seemed to be time for either. The challenge was not just the work itself but trying to maintain my sanity while trying to please everyone. I realized that sometimes you must make difficult choices and that there is no true balance, only compromises.

The Loneliness of the Leader

Becoming a leader taught me that loneliness is an inevitable part of the role. Despite the responsibility and respect, I received, I always felt distant from others. Every decision carried weight, every mistake could jeopardize the future of the entire group. The difficulties of managing people, expectations, and conflicting emotions made me feel trapped. I learned to ask for help when I needed it, and that the solitude of a leader does not mean doing everything alone, but knowing when to delegate, when to listen, and when to remain humble.

Fear of Change

Every time my work changed, I felt like I was at the mercy of a raging river. Modern technologies, procedural changes, and new expectations constantly challenged me. The fear of not being able to keep up made me anxious and insecure. But eventually I understood that change is inevitable, and

that every challenge faced with openness and adaptability can be transformed into an opportunity. Only when I stopped fearing change and began to embrace it did I begin to see the true benefits it could bring.

The Pressure of Success

When I finally achieved success, I realized that the challenge was not reaching the goal but maintaining it. The pressure to always be at the top, to never fail, was oppressive. Every decision became crucial, and every mistake was seen as a threat to my career. The challenge was not just external, but internal: how could I maintain authenticity and well-being while trying to meet the expectations I had created around myself?

The Invisible Work

I realized that my work often went unnoticed. The trivial things I did every day, the things that made the entire system work, were ignored. The biggest challenge was not the effort, but the feeling of being invisible. We do not always get recognized for what we do, but I learned to find satisfaction in knowing that, even if I was not seen, my contribution was essential. Sometimes, invisible work is what truly is effective.

The Art of Failing with Dignity

I have had many failures in my career, yet I have learned to fail with dignity. Work is full of difficulties, and things do not always go as we would like. The difficulty is not so much in failure itself, but in accepting it and learning from it. Whenever something did not go as planned, I tried to approach the situation calmly, analyze the mistakes, and

improve. I realized that failing does not mean being a failure, but being humble, ready to get up and continue.

The Power of the Mind

It all started with a challenge: winning a memorization competition. It seemed impossible, but I decided to try. Every day, I focused on words, numbers, and complex details. What I learned during that time was that the human mind has an extraordinary capacity to adapt and improve with practice. Not only did I win the competition, but I also discovered that my mind could be trained to do things I thought were beyond my reach. The challenge was believing it was possible, but once I surpassed that limit, there were no more obstacles.

The Mental Block

Sometimes the mind does not cooperate, even when the heart is ready. I was at a point in my life where I had to make a weighty decision, but my mind was stuck. Every time I tried to concentrate, I felt like there was an invisible wall in front of me. I could not think clearly, and fear paralyzed me. It was only after a period of introspection and silence that I began to understand: the mind needs space to work. I learned that sometimes you just must slow down, stop forcing things, and let the mind find its way.

Mental Self-Sabotage

I realized that the mind can be both an ally and an enemy. Every time I thought I was ready for something, a voice inside me would tell me I was not good enough, that I did not have the skills. This mental self-sabotage was my worst enemy. Then, one day, I decided to face it head-on. I began

to challenge those thoughts, replacing them with positive affirmations. It was not easy, but over time I learned to recognize when my mind was trying to hold me back and to stop it. I realized that it is not about having everything under control, but about having control over how we react to negative thoughts.

Stress Management

Working in a challenging environment, I often found myself dealing with stressful situations. My mind would become confused, and decisions became increasingly difficult to make. One day, I realized that stress was not so much an external factor, but an internal response of the mind. So, I began practicing relaxation techniques and focusing on my breathing. Within a brief time, I noticed a significant improvement: not only was my mind calmer, but my ability to make decisions had also increased. I learned that the mind can be trained to remain calm even in the most difficult moments.

The Hidden Creativity

We often think of creativity as a gift only some possession, but it is a skill that can be cultivated. I discovered my mental creativity during a period of uncertainty. I had no idea how to approach the situation, but one day, without warning, my mind began to generate ideas. Ideas I never thought I could conceive. I realized that the mind has unlimited potential and that, when freed from worries and self-imposed limitations, it can produce surprising solutions. The key is not to limit yourself, but to give space to creativity.

Doubt and Mental Clarity

Doubt is a natural part of life, but when it becomes a constant burden, it can cloud our ability to think clearly. I spent months making difficult choices without ever feeling confident in what I was doing. My mind was in constant conflict. Then, I learned that to achieve mental clarity, you need to take the time to stop, reflect, and look at the situation from different perspectives. Not all answers come immediately, but the mind can find solutions if we give it time.

Emotional Intelligence

Emotional intelligence is a fundamental part of mental capacity, yet it is often overlooked. I have learned that being aware of your own emotions and those of others is essential to success, both at work and in personal relationships. Emotional intelligence is not just knowing how to recognize emotions, but also how to manage them in a healthy way. Once I developed this awareness, my mind began to operate more balanced and harmoniously. I realized that the mind is more powerful the more we understand and manage it.

The Power of Visualization

I always thought the mind was limited by physical reality, but I discovered that visualization could enhance mental capacity. Whenever I prepared for a new challenge, I closed my eyes and imagined success. I focused on the sensations, the details, and the confidence I would have in my ability to overcome any obstacle. Over time, I noticed that visualization not only improved my mental preparation but also increased my motivation. I understood that the mind

has the power to create reality if we learn to visualize it correctly.

The Phrase Never Said

The unspoken sentence changed more lives than all those ever spoken. It remained suspended, invisible, yet it acted like detonation. No one remembers it, but everyone bears the scar.

POST-SCRIPTUM — PROVOCATION

Meaning dies when it is explained.

Every attempt to clarify kills the enigma. Every word that explains erases the word that burned.

You searched for meaning. You searched for plot. You searched for yourself.

You found superstition. You found geometry. You found absence.

This book did not tell you about yourself. It passed through you. And now that you are out, you are no longer whole.

Aphorisms — Meaning Is a Superstition

- **Plot is the trick of the weak.**
- **Every Bond Is a Necessary Mistake.**
- **The Reader Who Understands Has Already Failed.**
- **Sense Is an Editorial Superstition.**
- **Stories Don't Save. They Distract.**
- **Every Voice Is a Fracture.**

- **Silence is more definitive than any sentence.**
- **The Structure Is Real. The Story Is Not.**
- **The gesture is truer than the explanation.**
- **The Order Is a Lie.**
- **The Plot Is the Poison of Thought.**
- **Every End Is an Escape.**
- **The Reader Is Part of The Plot, Not Outside.**
- **Chaos is more honest than narrative.**
- **Sense Is a Superstition.**
- **The missing word is the one that counts.**
- **The Book Does Not Accompany. Sabotage.**
- **Every Story Is a Blade.**
- **Time tells no tales. It collides.**
- **Truth is a geometry, not an emotion.**
- **The Reader Does Not Own. He Suffers.**
- **The Gesture Does Not Ask Permission.**
- **The plot is an attempt to contain the trauma.**
- **Every Absence Is an Invitation.**
- **The Story Is the Enemy of Gesture.**
- **The Ending Is a Superstition.**
- **The Book Doesn't Close. It Detonates.**
- **Meaning is the refuge of those who are afraid.**
- **Narration is an escape from structure.**
- **He who seeks the thread has already lost.**

Epilogue

There is nothing to understand. There is nothing to conclude. There is nothing to take away.

This book did not give you. It took away.

There is no plot. And now that you know, you cannot pretend you do not know.

TERMINAL FRACTURES

The Mother Who Didn't Cried

When they told her her son was dead, she said nothing. She did not scream. She did not faint. She did not seek explanations. She got up, went home, and put on water for pasta. The silence was not shocking. It was a structural choice.

She had cried all before. She cried when he stopped talking. When he started closing the door to his room. When he stopped asking "why."

Death was not an event. It was a geometry that had been fulfilled. The final gesture was merely the last act of a structure she had already seen, already foreseen, already accepted.

He did not go to the funeral. He did not want to see the body. He did not want to hear the others' words. Every sentence would have been narrative violence.

The pain is not in tears. It is in the gesture that does not change. In cooking the same dish. In adding salt without thinking. In not ceasing to live.

Some said she was cold. Some said she was in shock. Some said she would cry afterwards.

No one understood that she no longer wanted to participate in the narrative. That every word would be a comforting lie. That every emotion expressed would be a surrender to meaning.

The mother who did not cry is not a character. She is a structure that resists. She does not seek empathy. She does not seek redemption. She does not seek explanations.

The son died. She continued cooking. The world continued to spin. There was no plot.

The Brother's Suicide

Not a letter. Not a message. Not a clue.

Just a gesture. Just a body. Just a void.

The brother took his own life without leaving anything. No explanation. No words. No trace. Those left behind cannot understand. They can only suffer.

The family searched for motives. They searched for blame. They searched for phrases to frame. But there was nothing.

The gesture was not a request. It was a structural closure. He did not want to be understood. He wanted to disappear without a narrative.

Every attempt at explanation was a betrayal. Every sentence spoken afterward was a lie. Every tear was a surrender to the need for meaning.

The brother who left nothing behind is no mystery. It is a fracture that will not heal. He does not seek empathy. He does not seek redemption. He does not seek explanations.

Those who remain cannot understand. They can only endure absence.

The Father Who Stopped Talking

One day, he simply stopped. Not out of anger. Not out of trauma. Out of structural choice.

Words had become complicity. Every spoken sentence was a concession. Every dialogue was a surrender.

The father did not shout. He did not write. He did not explain.

He stopped speaking. And in silence, he began to resist.

The family tried to interpret. To provoke. To heal.

But he was not sick. He was in revolt against the narrative.

The silence was not empty. It was full of structure. Every gesture was a language. Every absence was a declaration.

The father who stopped speaking is not a character. He is a geometry that does not collaborate. He does not seek empathy. He does not seek redemption. He does not seek explanations.

He chose silence. He chose fracture. He chose not to participate in the plot.

The Daughter Who Reported Her Mother

Not out of revenge. Not out of anger. Out of structural necessity.

The mother had always been in control. Control over her words, her choices, her gestures. Control over her daughter's body, her voice, her absence.

The violence was not physical. It was narrative. Every spoken sentence was a cage. Every imposed gesture was a plot.

The daughter reported it. Not to punish. To expel the imposed narrative.

The court did not understand. It searched for evidence. It searched for visible wounds. But the wounds were structural, invisible, carved into the rhythm of life.

The mother cried. She said it was a misunderstanding. She said love was misunderstood. She said her daughter was confused.

But the daughter did not respond. She did not explain. She did not seek empathy.

He chose the gesture. He chose the fracture. He chose not to participate in the family plot.

The complaint was not a legal act. It was a declaration of autonomy. Breaking of blood. A disintegration of the maternal myth.

The daughter who reported her mother is not a character. She is a structure that resists. She does not seek redemption. She does not seek explanations. She does not seek forgiveness.

He chose to leave the narrative. And he will not return.

The Husband Who Left

Not out of cowardice. Not out of betrayal. Out of structural coherence.

The house was filled with words. Words spoken out of duty. Words spoken to keep a plot afloat.

Every gesture was an act. Every hug was a concession. Every "I love you" was a ritual lie.

The husband packed his bags. He left the keys on the table. He closed the door. And he left nothing.

No letter. No explanation. No phrase to frame.

The wife searched for reasons. She searched for blame. She searched for sentences to interpret.

But there was nothing. Just absence. Just gesture.

The husband who left without saying anything is not a character. He is a completed geometry. He does not seek empathy. He does not seek redemption. He does not seek explanations.

She chose silence. She chose escape. She chose not to participate in the marital narrative.

The Sister Who Had an Abortion

Not out of shame. Not out of fear. Out of structural autonomy.

The body was hers. The choice was hers. The narrative was not.

Any advice would have been appropriation. Every word spoken by others would have been narrative violence.

She made an appointment. She signed. She waited. She had an abortion.

Then he walked. He ate. He slept.

No one knew. No one asked. No one interpreted.

The sister who had an abortion without telling anyone is not a character. She is a structure that chose the act without narration.

He does not seek empathy. He does not seek redemption. He does not seek explanations.

He chose silence. He chose fracture. He chose not to share the gesture.

And in that gesture, he found the purest form of resistance.

The Son Who Stopped Believing

Not through rebellion. Not through trauma. Through structural disintegration.

Faith had been imposed. Not as a choice, but as a forced plot. Every gesture had to have meaning. Every pain had to have a purpose. Every absence had to be a promise.

The son stopped. He did not argue. He did not provoke. He did not look for alternatives.

He stopped believing. Not in God. But in the narrative mechanism of faith.

He stopped seeking redemption. He stopped waiting for answers. He stopped interpreting the pain.

The void was not a threat. It was liberation. The lack of meaning was not a loss. It was a form that holds.

The family tried to bring him back in. With words, gestures, and rituals. But he was no longer there. He was outside the facility.

The son who stopped believing is not a character. He is a geometry that has rejected dogma. He does not seek empathy. He does not seek redemption. He does not seek explanations.

He chose emptiness. He chose absence. He chose not to participate in the spiritual narrative.

The Woman Who Never Loves Again

Not out of trauma. Not out of revenge. Out of structural autonomy.

Love had been a trap. A promise of meaning. A plot that demanded surrender, explanation, and waiting.

Every relationship was a concession. Every romantic gesture was a surrender to the need for narrative. Every "I love you" was a ritual lie.

The woman has chosen. She has not closed her heart. She has expelled the concept.

He no longer tried. He no longer gave in. He no longer explained.

Solitude was not a defense. It was a form that holds. It was a choice that does not ask for permission.

The others said she was injured. That she was closed. That she was waiting.

But she did not wait. She resisted.

The woman who chose never to love again is not a character. She is a structure that has expelled the emotional plot. She does not seek empathy. She does not seek redemption. She does not seek explanations.

She chose solitude. She chose fracture. She chose not to participate in the narrative of love.

A Crime Not Committed

Not out of madness. Not out of provocation. Out of structural coherence.

The crime was real. But not his. The blame was everywhere. The narrative was a collective lie.

Confessing was the only coherent gesture. Not to atone. But to expel the need for truth.

The court demanded evidence. It demanded motives. It demanded repentance.

He simply expressed his absence. No explanation. No defense. No phrase worth framing.

The family cried. They said it was unfair. They said they were confused.

But he was not confused. He was outside the facility.

The man who confessed to a crime he did not commit is not a character. He is a geometry that has rejected the framework of justice. He does not seek empathy. He does not seek redemption. He does not seek explanations.

He chose the gesture. He chose the fracture. He chose not to participate in the telling of the truth.

She Stopped Looking for Herself

Not out of surrender. Not out of exhaustion. Out of structural disintegration.

The search for identity had become a trap. Every question was a cage. Every answer was a lie. Every "who am I?" was a narrative superstition.

The person has stopped. He found nothing. He has lost nothing. He has expelled the very concept of self.

He did not change his name. He did not change his city. He did not change his body. He rejected the fabric of his identity.

The others said she was confused. That she was in crisis. That she was on the run.

But she did not run away. She resisted.

Every gesture was pure. Every word was a choice. Every absence was a form that held.

He no longer looked for mirrors. He no longer looked for confirmation. He no longer looked for meaning.

He began to live as a structure, not as a person. He began to choose without having to explain. He began to exist without having to be.

The person who has stopped searching for himself is not a character. He is a geometry that has expelled the narrative of identity. He does not seek empathy. He does not seek redemption. He does not seek explanation.

He chose the gesture. He chose the fracture. He chose not to participate in the plot of the self.

And in that gesture, he found the most radical form of freedom.

COMMENT

This book was not written to be read. It was constructed to shock, to disintegrate, to expel any form of consolatory narrative. Every story is a blade. Every voice is a fracture. Every absence is an invitation. There is no plot. There is no meaning. There is no salvation.

The reader seeking understanding will find vertigo. The reader seeking emotion will find absence. The reader seeking himself will find another.

This book does not accompany. It sabotages.

CONCLUSION

There is no ending. There is no moral. There is no conclusion.

There's only absence. There's only vertigo. There is only you, reader, who now knows the plot does not exist.

No gesture you encountered did not explain. It fractured you. Nobody you hear did not accompany you. It expelled you.

This book does not close. It explodes.

REFLECTION

Plot is an attempt to contain trauma. Meaning is the trick of those who cannot manage chaos. Narration is the refuge of those afraid of staring into space.

This book did not narrate. It resisted. It rejected structure. It chose the geometry of impact.

Every story has been purified. Every word has been carved so as not to console. Every absence has been intentional. Every collision has been structured.

Whoever searches for the thread has already been lost. Whoever searches for meaning is already inside. Whoever searches for himself will not emerge whole.

THANKSGIVING

Thank you to those who read without seeking explanations. Thank you to those who accepted emptiness as form. Thank you to those who understood that there was nothing to understand. Thank you to those who crossed over without asking for guidance.

This book was not written for you. It was written to you.
Every gesture, every fracture, every absence is yours too.

The Reader Who Is Not There