

UNDENIABLE DIFFERENCE

FERDINANDO FREGA

REACTION, NOT CIRCUMSTANCE





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LITERARY MANIFESTO

This is not a book written for pleasure.
It is a book written to **last.**

It was not created to entertain, but to **bear witness.**
It does not seek consensus, it seeks **truth.**
It does not promise answers: it confronts the reader with the **consequences** of their own questions.

I write because some things cannot be left unsaid, and others do not deserve to be sugarcoated.
I write because life is not a linear story, but a collection of shocks, choices, mistakes, and acts of courage that no one fully explains.

This book does not follow a genre.
It follows a **human journey.**

Those seeking comfort can stop here.
Those seeking understanding, continue. Those seeking truth, prepare.

EDITORIAL NOTE

This volume was not constructed according to traditional editorial criteria.
It was **selected,** reduced, and cut until only the essential remained.

There is no accommodating narrative.
There is no reassuring progression. There is an internal coherence that respects the nature of the facts and reflections.

The stories contained herein are not examples, nor parables.
They are **fragments of experience** that retain the right to be contradictory, uncomfortable, and incomplete.

This book was not intended for the market.
It was designed to **stand the test of time.**

DEDICATION

To my sister Teresa

To you who bore the burden without making a sound.
To you who were present even when words failed. To you who knew pain without using it as a shield.

This book does not explain it to you.
It recognizes you.

BACK COVER

There is no real difference between those who fall and those who remain standing.
There is only what each person does **next.**

In these pages, you will find neither redemption nor absolution. You will find choices, mistakes, silences, reactions. You will find what is often left unsaid because it is not worth saying.

A book that does not console but accompanies.
A book that does not judge but observes. A book that does not ask to be shared but **understood.**

PREFACE

Some books are born from an idea.
Others are born from an urgent need.

This book is born from what remains when you have already lost everything you could lose.
It does not tell the story of a tidy life, but of a **life full of experiences.**

It does not ask for empathy.
It asks for attention.

Anyone who enters these pages is not a spectator: they are involved.
Because certain truths cannot be read. **They are traversed.**

PREMISE

Every story here has a real root, even when it takes different narrative forms.
Not everything happened as it is said, but **everything is true** in its meaning.

Accuracy of facts is less important than accuracy of consequences.
This book does not seek to explain the world, but to show **how we react** when the world challenges us.

SYNOPSIS

The only true and undeniable difference is a collection of stories, reflections and fragments of life that explore the boundary between what we are and what we become.

Through subjective experiences, social observations, and moments of rupture, the book addresses themes such as courage, choice, education, missed affection, culture, individual responsibility, and the weight of decisions.

It does not offer models.
It does not suggest solutions. It shows only one thing: **the reaction always makes the difference.**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I do not write to teach.
I will write because I have learned.

This book is not born of a literary career, but of a **life lived without compromise.**
Each page is the result of observation, loss, confrontation, and silence.

Readers do not have to agree.
They just must be honest with themselves.

INTRODUCTION

There are moments when you realize you cannot tell yourself lies anymore.
Not because someone has exposed you, but because **you no longer need them.**

This book begins there.
At the point where you stop justifying yourself and start seeing the facts for what they are.

The stories that follow are not arranged chronologically, because life is not.
They are organized by **emotional impact,** by consequence, by resonance.

Each chapter is a threshold.
It is up to the reader to decide whether to cross it or remain still.

THEMATIC PARTITION

The following stories are divided by theme, not by genre:

- **Choice** – when staying is harder than leaving.
- **Courage** – when action matters more than intention
- **Affection** – what is missing and what does not add up.
- **Education** – what builds or destroys an individual.
- **Culture** – as a form of resistance
- **Reaction** – the only real difference between people

Each story can be read on its own.
But only together do they form the complete picture.

PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES

Not all stories are meant to be told.
Some only emerge when you stop defending yourself.

Those who follow do not ask for attention: **they demand it.** Not because they are extraordinary, but because they are **helpless.** They have no narrative protection, they do not seek absolution, they do not pretend to have an order that does not exist in real life.

This book does not proceed by plot, but by **friction.**
Each story is a collision between what you thought you knew and what you discovered when you are forced to look closer.

There is not before and after.
There is only a **during:** the moment a decision is made, a word is spoken, a silence is maintained for too long. That is where everything plays out.

The stories have been left as they are:
sometimes short, sometimes uncomfortable, sometimes unresolved. Because life does not conclude. **It interrupts.**

Readers will find fathers, mothers, sons, men, women, failures, outbursts, acts of cowardice, acts of strength and acts of surrender.
Not as moral categories, but as **states of being.**

There is no final lesson.
There is one constant: the difference lies not in what happens, but in **how you react.**

Each story can be read individually.
But read together, they reveal something more uncomfortable: that we are never entirely innocent, nor entirely guilty. We are responsible.

If you are looking for a reassuring thread, it is not here.
If you are looking for a voice that does not back down, keep going.

From this point on, stories do not explain.
They show.

The Suspension Bridge

Giulia was a young engineer who had always lived in the shadow of a strict father, a man who considered her incapable of facing the greatest challenges. Raised under the weight of expectations, she had always given her all, but every success was met with coldness. One day, she was entrusted with a project to build a suspension bridge in a mountainous area. The fear of failure gripped her, but she decided to face the challenge with all her strength. Months of intense work, doubts, and sacrifices led to the construction of the bridge, the largest ever seen. When her father saw her for the first time, he looked at her with pride, without saying a word. Giulia understood that true

success lay not in his approval, but in the courage to face her fear and overcome it, transforming her insecurity into strength.

Clara's Choice

Clara had everything she could ever want: a brilliant career, a perfect family, a wonderful home. But one day, looking in the mirror, she realized that her life was not truly hers. It was a life designed by others that met everyone's expectations except her own. After an extended period of reflection, Clara made a radical choice: she left her secure job, separated from her husband, with whom she no longer shared anything, and embarked on a solitary journey in search of herself. It was not easy, but she learned that true freedom is the ability to make choices that truly belong to you. And on that journey, she found a Clara she had never known, but one she knew she wanted to become.

The Miracle of Life

Antonio lived in a small town, where every day was the same as the last. His life seemed marked by routine and small disappointments, until one morning, after receiving a terrible diagnosis of an incurable disease, he decided to change. He decided he would no longer waste time complaining but would live each day as if it were a miracle. He devoted himself to what he loved: helping others, educating young people, and caring for the elderly. Over time, his illness slowed, but that was not what surprised him: it was the new energy he found in his life, a vitality he never imagined he could possess. He understood that the real difference lay not in physical care, but in the heart, which chose to live every moment with gratitude.

The Power of Choice

Francesco was at a crossroads: continue working in a company that exploited him but guaranteed him a steady income or pursue his dream of opening a small business. The fear of uncertainty paralyzed him, but every night, in his dreams, he saw his future as an entrepreneur. Despite doubts and rumors to the contrary, Francesco decided to take the plunge. The first few months were difficult: failures, debt, and loneliness. But he never gave up. Over time, the business grew, and with it, his confidence. Francesco learned that true strength lies not in security, but in the courage to choose one's own path, despite the difficulties.

The Courage to Love

Maria had always been afraid to open to love. After years of disappointment and painful relationships, she had built a wall around her heart, convinced that love was only a source of suffering. But one day she met Luca, a man who promised her nothing, but who gave her everything she had not expected: a listening ear, patience, and understanding. It was not easy for Maria to let go of her barriers, but over time she understood that true love isn't what makes you feel safe, but what pushes you to be vulnerable, to trust again, and to give without reserve. Maria learned that love is not a risk to be avoided, but a force that transforms you, makes you stronger, and makes you grow.

Our Parents

The first and greatest legacy passed on to us by our parents is our genetic heritage. Fifty percent of us come from our father, fifty percent from our mother, and this is not just a biological

fact: it is what defines us, what makes us who we are today and who we will be tomorrow. Our physical structure, our predisposition to certain diseases, our temperament, the talents we express, and even the challenges we will face are the result of a combination of these two primordial forces that have shaped our identity.

But genetics is not the only legacy we receive. Our parents also pass on something equally precious: education, which will help us navigate the world, make informed choices, and understand the value of things. It is the knowledge they offer us, their example, their worldview that becomes our foundation. And it is this education that, over time, will allow us to recognize the essential factors for our success and personal growth.

There is a fundamental fact that emerges from our parents' behavior, and it is precisely this that influences our journey: how well we process and embrace what they taught us. The wisdom they pass on to us, their experiences, their choices, become our compass. Without this legacy, without the wealth of values, principles, and knowledge our parents leave us, our assessments risk becoming superficial and unfounded. Their education does not just impart practical knowledge, it shapes us as human beings, teaching us to understand the world, to relate to others, and to recognize and address life's difficulties.

The relationship we develop with our parents is one of the deepest and most meaningful. Initially, it is a bond that grows, enriched with joy, emotion, and gratitude. From an early age, we feel the need to be loved and protected by them, and as we begin to understand how special they are, our admiration for them grows every day. We realize that their strength, dedication, and love are what allowed us to grow. We will never tire of

loving them, even when life's difficulties separate us from them. Our emotions for them are an uninterrupted flow that never runs out.

And when we become adults, we look at our parents differently. Not just as authority figures or guides, but as people with their own frailties and limitations, yet always willing to fight for us, always ready to give us everything, without reservation. Even when they make mistakes, we can understand them, forgive them, because their love enables us to see beyond their imperfections.

We cannot, however, ignore a fundamental aspect: evil, that dark force that can lurk anywhere. It can manifest itself in people's behavior, in poor choices, in the injustices that befall us. Suffering is a companion that accompanies us on life's journey, but we must never forget that everyone has their price to pay. In a world where challenges are constant, every mistake, every shortcoming has consequences. And it is in this context that the dynamic comes into play according to which, in the Catholic tradition, parents' mistakes are "paid" by their children, and those of their children, by their grandchildren. An inevitable cycle, a mechanism that reminds us that, as human beings, we are all destined to make mistakes. Yet we are not condemned: we are called to learn from our mistakes, to grow, and to do better.

Looking to the future means expecting to be better. It also means recognizing that with each passing day, with each experience we have, we become more mature, more aware, more ready to take charge of our lives. When we become adults, our way of seeing the world changes. We are no longer judged by the expectations of others, but by our ability to face life with maturity,

responsibility, and courage. It is no longer our past that defines us, but our present and our future. And no one will be able to judge us if we do not judge ourselves, embracing our growth and our evolution.

Our parents are our starting point. They are the first chapter of our story, the beginning of our journey. But the real difference lies in how we transform what we have been given, in how we treasure our experiences to build an authentic life that reflects our values and choices. And, finally, in recognizing that, despite all the sacrifices, mistakes, and difficulties, we are the ones who decide our path, supported by the love our parents gave us.

The Reactions

Even as a child, I would get angry, sometimes I would cry because of nervousness, because being bullied and abused caused me pain, which often did not go away immediately and was not forgotten.

Then I noticed, as the years went by, that my behavior in similar and analogous situations changed, my brain kicked in, helping me rationalize what had happened and often explaining why.

It did not take long to realize that this was only a temporary process, because the brain's help without a strong will would be of little use, much less in making decisions.

Here was the key, the solutions, the true whim of every person, which had to be silent, adequate, optimal, and decisive. This would satisfy the man at every moment of his life, happy to be in the right place and to have solved his problem.

But that's not all: something was missing, that glue that would never let you give up, so I thought of THE RIGHT WAIT, things shouldn't be developed in a hurry and the price the opponent would have paid would have been high and bitter, with a different taste, like when you put sugar and salt in a glass of water.

The longer you remained silent, the more those around you became worried, not knowing your thoughts, but this was a technique known to few, because fortunately the stupid always outnumbered the intelligent, and I did not spend time with them.

To love someone absolutely is a lifelong condition, unbreakable, absolute, true, and not allowing anyone to touch your affection is a great act of defense you are obligated to perform if you love absolutely.

It all started with fifty euros, and one day I will let you know how much it cost... A REACTION.

The Fifty Euros

I had finished the story of the Reactions and promised my readers the sequel, starting at fifty euros.

It was a gift from an uncle to his disabled niece, the execution and form of which the father did not agree with, receiving the comment that he would calm her down by stimulating her and giving her further prompts, only out of a duty of correctness.

But in reality, the outcome was dramatic, full of anger, pain, and disappointment, and personal insults that arose

spontaneously, something new that in fifty-nine years I had never considered, but the cause had to be found in the fact that no one had the right to touch my daughter, I would never have allowed anyone to do so.

I locked myself in silence for two days, I wanted to avenge my daughter, I wanted blood, and I met my law firm, ready as always to launch the best attack and to do harm, who noticed my condition and all together tried to calm me down, but it wasn't easy.

They would have guaranteed him a prison sentence of four to eight years, a ban from public establishments, the loss of his job, the sale of his house and a garage to pay legal costs and moral damages and, last but not least, the revocation of the management of two elderly people and of the related economic transactions and the simultaneous deposit of all sums.

This is called the "ruining procedure," which an angry father uses, and it is awful to experience at any age. But after three days, I had the opportunity to talk to my family, and they all unanimously begged me to let it go, to leave him alone, and that he was already afraid of me, but that he expected criminal, inept behavior; he didn't know who his brother was.

That evening, I was intently watching the sunset over the sea and looking for today's saint, SAINT JOHN I, Pope, it was he who saved him from the darkness, and to think that all this happened for just fifty euros.

The People

Only if you are a lucky person and can travel the world, you have a fantastic opportunity: that of meeting people.

But we often forget to exercise knowledge within our city, our neighborhood, our relatives, busy thinking about things that have no value: the affairs of others.

We would find many different facets, difficult to list, that characterize educational behaviors and natural objectives, the man of habit unfortunately finalizes everything he sets out to do.

The true difference between men and women is always easily measurable: the former is linked to food and intimacy, the latter to fifty-six evident factors of necessity that transform into priorities.

But we are all born from a woman, and we can never abandon this wonderful being that we have the opportunity and fortune to experience, it would be an inviolable sin, but let us always be careful to give her attention, flatter her, love her, because she is unique, truly superior to us.

History teaches us that the bloodiest wars have occurred through female intervention, both inside and outside the bed, where men have always recognized their own weakness and are inclined to concede everything, never to deny or deny.

But they are also the guardians of instinct and intuition, and if it were not for them, we humans would always live a difficult life, a life only uphill.

An old man is wise, true, good, and loyal, and this is his natural state throughout life; an old woman is mean, irascible, envious, always ready to fight for something, as if she thought of herself as a burning candle that never goes out.

People are still fantastic, just look them in the face, in the eyes, and understand who they are, an exercise that social communication teaches us can be completed in just ten seconds.

People... those things we realize we love deeply only on the day they leave, those things that make us suffer and despair and that we never forget, not even for a word said or a glance exchanged.

One day I too will become a person who will pass through hell, remembered as the one who invented a big business from a psychiatric illness or as a company that transferred it to a psychiatric illness, but this is me, a person.

Being Stupid

You are born or you become, for years many have not yet managed to understand this, because even though they come from parents with a significant and serious genetic heritage, they show no difficulty in being stupid people.

And it is as if they were slowed down in their movements, the first cerebral ones, where they never really asked themselves the question of whether the chicken or the egg came first.

We encounter different typologies, they do not have a precise shape, but we create a small difference by saying that the

woman is too Goose, Female, Empty-headed, while the man is simply boring.

Besides being a race that is not at risk of extinction, their great area of strength is represented by their lack of understanding and for this reason they do not allow themselves to be disturbed, keeping their area of happiness and satisfaction always cultivated and excessive.

They do not have the initiative, often at the first meetings women have to give explanations, about how and when, and unfortunately, they always ask why?

But there is another category of stupid people who think they are intelligent, and this category is the most dangerous because they play with nitroglycerin thinking it is cat milk.

You do not have time to eliminate a group from your life before new ones arrive, and you are not lucky if you manage to explain something to them; they understand exactly the opposite or start wondering why.

I thought a lot about this category of people, about why they were so numerous and so close to us, and the only explanation was that to see a bright color you had to place a dull color next to it, while a boring one highlighted the presence of a special man.

Do not worry, statistics say that for every fifty stupid people in the world there is only one intelligent one who remains silent and waits, let us start observing them and taking notes.

Courage

In ancient times, people's courage was measured now of their death.

It happened in battle, in a challenge of honor, victims of unrequited love, of a religious prayer, of an illness, but the result was only death.

Nowadays, the weight of this word has changed. We speak of courage in actions, decisions, investments, risks, health, family, one's life—in everything that becomes rational and irrational at the same time, logical or crazy.

And the topic is so vast that wanting to cover it in every detail would lead me to conclude this work today.

It is not genetically transmissible, but it can be inherited through behavioral and educational factors. Eastern cultures, quite different from our Western counterparts, give us the opportunity to see which conditions are adverse or not to generate extreme death behaviors as a necessary act of courage.

We are obviously talking about Japanese hara-kiri, which is a school for Asian peoples and for all Asians in the world.

In China, the courage to sacrifice one's children because of a government regulation that allows only one child per family.

In other countries, newborns' limbs are pruned to prevent structural and obvious malformations, but this decision is the product of a crude and antiquated culture, in which only courageous parents can overcome these atrocities.

In Italy, we have the great courage to have managed to coexist with crime, among the highest in Europe. But on the other hand, anyone who sees their children in difficulty, whether they are members of the Mafia or ordinary citizens, loses the courage to take any strong action, becomes small and defenseless, and turns to everyone for help... a courage that exists with others.

Many films have inspired us with brave men, The Knight of the Round Table, Parsifal, Gladiator, Jesus of Nazareth, Once Upon a Time in America and others, to bring back to people the concept of courage, the idea that to be considered special, words are worth nothing, but only noble actions.

Courage remains that innate strength of mind that allows us to face, master, and endure difficult, humiliating, and even deadly situations, without giving up demonstrating the noblest attributes of human nature.

The most important manifestations of courage are:

facing challenges with the courage of a Lion; courage in the face of misfortune; being able to face death with courage.

And for all the couples who have formed on earth, finally, they have the courage to tell the truth, but I realize it is difficult to do so, for one reason only: everyone wants it differently.

It Falls from My Heart

It is an expression now common to many people and, in its various forms and manifestations, indicates the loss of a previously strong emotional sensation.

Here the corollary always remains the action, the behavior, the analysis, the evaluation, what has been emotionally evaluated and what is selfish out of opportunism.

I remember one afternoon in Tibet, I was sitting on the bank of a cold stream that flowed from the foothills of the Himalayas into the valley, and there beside me sat an old man who turned to me and asked me my name.

We found a way to speak to my telephone translator, who did not have a particularly good connection, and we listened to his regret for the last of his fifteen grandchildren, guilty of having stolen some of his money.

He had not told anyone, but he reflected that theft, small or large, is always a deplorable action that should not be shared but fought and condemned.

If he stole a rupee from me today, he would steal more tomorrow, and it will never end. He is the nephew I love most, the one I was closest to, but I am forced to keep him far away, far from my heart.

He was crying in pain, he was the one who was being bullied, who had suffered so much, and I could not help him.

I realized that this action would touch both, they would suffer together and the distance would allow them to forget and overcome the pain.

In my Calabria, a land of passions, of crude and harsh attitudes, this state of mind is often animated by more cruel, significant behaviors, but if you fall from someone's heart, there

is no other way back, a one-way path that only death brings back to your memory, but no longer makes you suffer.

The greatest pain of this state is the condition of the child towards the parent. If you happen to enter this vortex, you are truly ruined, but you risk not speaking to them again for the rest of your life.

I had not spoken to my parents for thirty years, but then fate would have it that they both ended up in a mental health facility, and I went to visit them.

It was really hard not to cry, but they didn't know who I was, only after three visits did they begin to understand, but they were defenseless, they couldn't fight, and I looked at them and read about our defeats, about not having been able to build our better world, about not having been capable, about not having had so many things, and it didn't matter who we were now, what we could represent, we remained soldiers without weapons, with our hearts in our hands.

No one had lost their place in our hearts; we had simply gotten lost and had never found our way again.

A Miracle

Each of us, during our lives, experiences particular moments or situations, and often traces them back to a mystical, otherworldly effect, to the point of considering them and calling them Miracles.

But there are those who maintain that they are the result of the intervention of one's Guardian Angel, who can be traced by

remembering a family member to whom one was particularly close and who could play this protective role.

It is in the natural nature of people to have absolute faith in the spiritual and all that it entails, adapting their beliefs to individual needs and requirements and not to the rational path defined by the Church.

Some people regularly see the Angels in the morning at breakfast, some at dinner, some at lunch, some have a private and personal conversation at any time, but psychiatry intervenes heavily and decisively, deciding the specific pathology and the treatment of a compromised cognitive sphere.

Miracles exist, and the first and last to perform them is only God. I do not remember if anyone had the power of attorney, but he is the only one who had this opportunity.

We should carefully evaluate our lives before making judgments or conclusions. The first miracle granted to us was that of having received life.

Some will say that his is not exactly the best, he would have liked to have a different one, but man has a great resource, that of being able to initiate the change of his own life on his own and this represents the second miracle.

Health conditions and illnesses are the realization of sins for which we must pay, both our own and those of others, and here, bowed down within ourselves, we must take strength and react according to our character.

But it happens that one day they declare you dead, and this happens five times, then seven malignant tumors arrive and there you wait to die, but everything passes and you return to normal life.

Those close to you look at you and say you are the son of the devil, then you undergo so many criminal trials, everyone wants to see you collapse and instead no, you come out acquitted mainly because you did not commit the crime.

You are fifty-nine, you look much younger, you eat breakfast and one meal a day, you do not consume alcohol, smoke or drugs and you have been suffering from a devastating brain disease for fourteen years.

The doctors are shocked; you regain mental stability and declare that you have an extremely high IQ.

I live without money, and what I have is more than enough. I know that the best part of my life is yet to come, because you will not find a person like you on the Internet or on TV, but on street corners helping the poor.

The Culture

Anyone could miss it, but no one could make up for it by simply arguing in the corners of bars.

It was something serious, which affected personality, education, would improve schooling, would have the great advantage of being able to develop better and more complete thoughts.

The areas of the brain were constantly evolving, everything was perfectly ordered, everything was modified, everything was improvable, all that was needed was the will to decide when to change.

The history of people and their habits is the first step to verification, and planning trips around the world would have given you a sense of completeness that you could not have acquired at home.

People are the true essence of everything, their habits, their way of living their lives; therefore, we don't bring with us our habits, pasta, coffee, and other things, but we eat and drink what we're used to and we always ask for news, facts, which bringing home would have been the only added value of the trip.

Walking the streets, at any time of day or night, limiting the risk of being robbed, seeking out where the poor lived, looking at children as the future of a people and, with due courtesy, paying attention and whatever might be necessary.

Many didn't understand that when you meet a child who's poor, crying, or not eating, they first need a hug, to restore the balance they've lost in their family, the certainties of a father and a mother, psychological support, and only then can you offer them something to eat.

In doing so, he does not forget, because behind every great culture there are always and only people.

The Brain

Does a bigger brain mean more intelligence for humans? Absolutely not, only for animals.

Having a larger brain does not guarantee greater cognitive "power." Although humans are considered the most intelligent species on the planet, our brains, weighing about three pounds, are insignificant compared to those of other animals.

According to most scientists, what makes the difference is the complexity of our **cerebral cortex** and its neurons, **more than any other species,** as many as 16 billion, each of which can create thousands of synapses: it is therefore to this that we owe our ability to **be aware, to plan and to reason.**

But intelligence, that is, our ability to understand, learn, and process concepts is not necessarily proportional to its size or, rather, depends on its organization and how extensive its connections are.

To try to provide a coherent explanation, anthropologists have developed an additional parameter to measure the brain, the so-called cephalization quotient, an estimate of intelligence based on the ratio of brain mass to that which would be expected to be found in a typical organism of the same species and size.

Direct DNA studies have also shown that the expression of certain genes significantly influences brain development: from the gene that, when mutated, induces brain growth in mice to one present in people with microcephaly, a genetic condition that causes abnormal growth of the brain and skull.

More recent studies, conducted on large areas of brain tissue, have instead identified factors that cause atrophy, that is, that reduce its size, as occurs in some neurological diseases such as dementia and Alzheimer's.

By analyzing connectivity, in short, we can intuit how intelligent a person is, or realize it in hindsight: as in the case of Albert Einstein, who had a perfectly average brain, in terms of size, but highly connected and with numerous convolutions of the prefrontal gray matter, which explain his extraordinary intelligence and exceptional mathematical abilities.

The studies conducted have been quite clear: when we see someone face to face and we observe their head, nothing can appear to us as a reliable reference, but we can only wait for them to make the first stupid mistake to measure their intelligence.

Women have 11% smaller brains than men, but they are still superior in every way. Do not let anyone have any doubts, you should have already asked your mother if she loved you.

A Young Man

That morning, I woke up later than usual. I did not sleep well. Many things were still in conflict with each other, and I was preparing to study the solutions. It was not a good awakening.

I made a coffee and the usual view that took me towards the sea accompanied me in silence, I remained alone in the house, momentarily.

I looked at the calendar and discovered that it is Saturday. It is normal to pay more attention. With a day off, everyone rushes to do the shopping, and that shopping also goes towards personal care. This is the custom in large provincial and rural cities, even though a population of 200,000 might argue otherwise.

I start shaving, I try my luck with the second pass and turn on the console light to see myself better and I notice that I no longer have wrinkles, signs of aging, blackheads, scars, a baby face, what a joy, but is it me?

I rush out of the house and get kissed by the scorching but pleasant sun. Someone greets me on the street, I systematically answer but I do not know who it is. As I pass in front of the bar, others call to offer me a coffee, but I pretend not to understand.

On a wide road, I am captivated by the presence of a young gypsy woman with her four small children, poorly dressed and dirty, and the woman who coordinates them on the road does nothing but scream and curse, no one remains attached to their mother's hand, when at a certain point the two youngest children come towards me and, in gypsy language, begin to ask me for money.

Mom does the same thing, but my response in their language makes them stop and ask me who I am.

It is still time for you to know who I am, I took them all to a market and told her to do the shopping for the whole house.

She does not want to, she comes back to ask me for the money, I go to say goodbye to her to leave, but she promptly stops me by the arm and tells me that it is okay like this.

In the end, she buys very little, less than a bag of food, and when I ask her what to do with the money, she looks me straight in the eye and starts crying, but be careful, she's still a gypsy, the money, she tells me, is for my husband in prison.

What do you need for the children? Medicine, clothes, and shoes.

I called the pharmacy and announced the arrival of Roma and the related expenses to be paid by me, and the same goes for a clothing store and a shoe store.

The Romani woman still wants the money, but she still does not understand. She would like my hand to read it, but I do not need it. She cannot understand who I am, but I invite her not to ask too many questions, but to remember me only as A YOUNG MAN.

Nobody Expected It

I have just returned from a visit to the countryside to the home of an agronomist friend of mine. For the occasion, he had given me some tomatoes and potatoes, and two bottles of wine, but I had scolded him for not preparing anything for me in the future; on the threshold of seventy, even moving a shoe became a burden.

I was about to get out of the shower when Elisabetta ran towards me, all scared, telling me that the police were ringing the bell at the door, that she hadn't opened it and what else I had done, because with me it never ended.

I reassured her that I hadn't done anything stupid, I'd just asked the baker's thirty-five-year-old daughter if she wanted to go get ice cream, and she said yes, only to have her mother grab her hand six minutes later.

I tried to get dressed and in the meantime outside the door there was a large group of people screaming, but I could not imagine anything, because the police had put up barriers, I was confused.

The deputy commissioner introduced himself to me, smiling and friendly, and told me that as soon as you are ready, we have a ministry plan all for you, ready to take you to Rome, where our Prime Minister wants to meet you.

We could send a photo and put all this behind us, and then who are these screaming girls? Excuse me, you did not know anything, then? No.

Now you are famous, your books have become world-famous, read everywhere. I asked if we were on any of those shows as a joke, but they denied it.

The police chief showed me his badge and told me he had never done television.

I took the plane alone, along with the police, and met the Prime Minister, who asked me why I was angry with the Italians.

We were far from being Latins, Etruscans, Greeks, Romans, but a people of proximity who had no dreams, except a steady job.

We had so much to learn from other peoples, and we could do so from women, the only intelligent beings capable of educating us, and this always happened when no one expected it.

Without A Doubt

At my reasonable age, I have met and gotten to know many people, yet I have not remained friends with anyone. My family accuses me of having a mental illness that prevents me from maintaining relationships and causes me to have difficulties.

At first, I began to think about it, to verify the claims, to evaluate how credible they could be, but then my thinking ability also allowed me to analyze people and understand how true they were.

When this state occurs, a full sense of certainty is acquired, with the right motivations, the individual's behavior, and the analysis of his movements, where expectations, longings, and the desire to maintain distance that are nobody's offspring are evident.

All men are equal before God, and now of death, the path of life shows us diversity, but not inequality and arrogance.

I was bitter about a couple of people and their ways, which had distanced me forever; for me, they no longer existed.

My brother, the accountant, the psychiatrist, a Roman thief, a criminal, a furniture maker, a friend who was helped, a thief, a former basketball friend, an Archbishop of Crotone, a Rai journalist, a Mediaset journalist, a Freemason from Cosenza, an

old Freemason from Reggio, a Georgian thief, a thief from Reggio, a Neapolitan thief.

I have used these discriminatory names in my professions, but in fact I use them in my daily actions.

When the moment of doubt ended, certainty began and there I stopped, because of the disappointment that had come, I had learned my lesson.

But the suffering made you stronger, you remembered every moment and knew when the water flowed, how many drops fell, you were attentive.

I Am Ready.

It was not easy to be ready, man is always tormented by indecision, by conflicts about what to do, by procrastination, and the outside world always conditions him: family, children, friends, debtors, banks, the Revenue Agency.

I was wearing my best suit, blue, and my wife was looking at me because she did not know about my appointments but was curious to know where I was going, I was sixty, but still young.

My children were also lined up, prepared to ask, but I gave no indication; instead, I simply took my bag and walked away.

My son Vincenzo followed me and told me that we had three cars available and that I could take whichever one I wanted, but I smiled at him and continued my journey.

In my bag I had a knife, a napkin, and two apples, everything I needed to spend 30 minutes of my time by the sea, far from home.

I arrived in silence and there, almost waiting for me, was a lady who looked to be eighty years old, who approached me and asked if she could keep me company, and I accepted.

After introducing ourselves, she told me that her name was Maria and emphasized that it was the same name as Madonna, I was Ferdinando, like the cartoon Bull.

He burst out laughing, looked at me and asked me why I had gone to the seaside to commit suicide. My gaze met his intensely. There was a 5-minute silence, because afterward he repeated that mine was not a classic suicide. I was highly intelligent; I had come to the seaside to abandon many things that I had been carrying inside me for years. This was repression, not suicide.

How could I blame her, but I could not figure out who that woman was, because as soon as I asked her if she wanted some apples and turned to get them, she disappeared.

In all these years I had never told my family about these phenomena that often happened to me, they would not have understood and even more so would have pushed me to turn to a doctor, precisely what I did not need.

I went home, not before eating the apples, and thinking of Mary and who had sent her, she was the only one who knew I WAS READY.

Rome - Boston

It was June 1996, a call to the Boston headquarters of the entire sales department for the presentation and worldwide launch of a new product.

The Italian management decided to send two planes out of Italy, one from Rome and one from Milan, to comply with procedures in these cases and not put the entire sales force at risk in the event of an accident. Both flights were destined for New York, before continuing to Boston.

Things are getting better. That evening we take a stand, and in the morning, I find myself behind six people from Italy's top management; none of them speak English, they are hungry, and they ask me to take them out for lunch.

We took three cabs and I explained to everyone where we were going. On the Boston Maine route, we will be having lobster with pasta, and it tastes quite different from our local seafood. But no one believes me. In fact, the cab driver gave me his number and asked me what part of Boston I live in and that I will get a commission for using his cab. This is America.

We are welcomed into the restaurant. The owners are Sicilians who moved here forty years ago. They prepare lobster linguine for everyone, but my dish is special because I ask for five hundred grams of linguine with two lobsters.

The dishes are served, I immediately call the owner, I point out that my pasta weighs two hundred and fifty grams, he looks at me in the face, not knowing what to say, I leave the restaurant, buy the pasta and go back.

Throw everything away and prepare five hundred grams, my colleagues smile and say that going against a Calabrian is never an advantage.

We finish eating, my colleagues pay for me, and the two older brothers look at me, they want to know if I'm happy, I answer no, we are in America the value of the word is in God, I take out my wallet, take out a hundred dollars and leave them as a tip, they don't want them, but I confirm that this is my will, because we will never return, because one hundred and twenty grams of pasta were missing.

All In One Moment

We are like electric batteries, we accumulate so much energy, positive or negative, and we carry it with us, without having the possibility of releasing the tension, crying, or smiling, getting angry or calm, the only adoptable elements.

Yet the cruelty suffered by people has never ended, all those who clamored not to see you in success.

For many, suffering was a normal condition, and the bad guys were constantly watching you, worried that you would remain in this state.

But in every Fair that includes rides and games, jugglers often use wheels, and they gave us the moment when the winning part arrives, because the wheel always turns.

I already possessed the most important thing that mattered, my wife and my three children, the true affections were safe, of the others we only knew the particulars.

In the morning five telegrams arrived, all relating to events in the world of books, in the cities of Naples, Rome, Florence, Turin, Milan, and many people called to find out the transfer times and registrations.

In this market, Italy represents a criminal organization, a mafia that pays 1,500–4,500 euros to publish a book, publishers charged with operating like bandits, where only one holds 60%, with no guarantee of sales, but all lined up to kiss ass.

Here, they sold trivia and criticism books, sponsored by major publishers. Furthermore, it was enough for an army general to write two books to sell 300,000 copies, the content of which was merely the extension of the informational newspapers.

I refused the invitations, Italy was no longer the nation I knew, it had lost values and principles, and everything was linked to an entrepreneur and five showgirls, who woke up in the morning as presenters.

You.

I watch you every moment of the day, even when you do not notice me, and I see how you have changed, how you manage to live with your disability, an incredibly strong woman.

Twenty years ago, they told us we would not walk but would always use a wheelchair. I thank the doctor who made the mistake of emphasizing the absolutism of our pathology.

You are a woman, intelligent and with a dominant character, typical of female leaders, of those who know where they want to go, but above all when and what goals they want to achieve.

You have found your own way of handling me; daughters always have a preemptive right that only fathers grant, but, despite this, you lack experience, and I am not an easy father to manage.

You love your mother unconditionally and she loves you too, but in every argument that arises, you spontaneously turn your gaze towards me, but I always agree with you.

There are still so many of my successes that you can't explain, sometimes you associate me with the devil, but that's not the case, everything always falls into place, this is my life, our life and it couldn't be otherwise.

I look at you sitting on the sofa, absorbed in your thoughts, but I see your gaze the same as my mother's, and that left arm you wave in dissent when you do not want to accept something.

I would like to give you my life, everything I have and everything I represent, you who think you know everything about me, but know very little, but a normal life, a better life, only you can build it, because I truly LOVE YOU.

Enough of the pain I have caused you, the suffering I have exposed you to, and remember the Lion who makes eighty-five attempts to conquer and eat his prey before winning.

You are my Leo, how big our world is, and you and I are just two dots, and that was enough to change my life.

One Thing

When I started working, I was only 13 years old, unloading train carriages full of fruit and vegetables and loading them onto trucks with special refrigerated cells headed to Belgium.

I was tasked with doing the job alone and was responsible for completing it within a set time, as the vehicles had to depart, each for their own destination.

I did it for only five dollars an hour, it was 1978.

Once I completed the first three tasks, conducted with rigor and precision, I no longer needed supervision for all the other times, even though I ate fruit at will for free, but no one noticed and I had become the person I trusted.

After two years, I started working in the construction industry, but I have to say that my family was in good financial shape and no one knew I was working, but by doing so I spent my money without explaining it to anyone and it smelled different.

At 16, I started driving around in my mother's car, strictly without a license and never a paycheck. Those were two years of great earnings, I sold paintings with gold leaf, which a friend of mine made in the basement, and writing instruments whose commissions I shared with my father.

At 18 I went into military service and was fortunate enough to conduct difficult and dangerous, but well-paid, assignments, both regular and otherwise.

At 19, I joined Gillette Company Boston and attended management school there, which lasted 20 years.

What is the real purpose of this letter, if not to identify the five factors that contribute to success in everything:

- **AMBITION**
- **WILL**
- **COURAGE**
- **PERSEVERANCE**
- **DILIGENCE.**

To achieve success, you must make a hundred failures and try not to make the same mistake again, learning the procedure, the rules, and the timing.

You must be quick with things and always give immediate feedback, without ever putting things off or thinking about rushing things.

It is called the golden moment, that moment in which the Manager experiences the general interest and which builds innovative ideas and new emotions.

Never speak badly of anyone or offend anyone.

Facts are the only thing worth going on for.

The result of the project is for everyone.

And I receive a letter from a Canadian lady, 38 years old, a graduate, a professional juggler, who asks me my point of view on some behaviors:

As for success factors, I believe you possess none of these characteristics, and this was evident this evening when you broke a deal, blatantly demonstrating that you don't have the mental structure to be ready to make the big professional leap, continuing to do what you've been doing and you will never be able to complete the change.

A project is the result of many, not just one person, because everyone builds something and everyone benefits from that moment.

She will stay doing the job she does, or the lover of someone who makes money, and who will always try to steal, because she is a beautiful woman of African origin with no certainties.

I hope this answers your question and thank you in advance for your interest.

My God

Life is truly strange. In fifty-nine years, I have never sought out to talk to you, never to engage in a conversation with you, whether in times of need or in moments of joy. The only true expression I have had the chance to express was when you became the cover of one of my books.

My personality is remarkable. Ours has always been a relationship built on silence, understanding, and a sense of what was right to do and being prompt and direct in doing so. We

have never wasted time chatting and have always met expectations.

Whatever difficulty you had created for me, I knew I would have to pay a price, you had set it, it was non-negotiable.

Giorgia was the highest price, and I never fully understood whether it was all my fault or someone else's too.

In any case, I bear you no grudge, I love you, you are my GOD, and even though I would like to tell you something now, I don't think it's appropriate to share it with the 10 million readers who will read the book.

You changed me, making me a much better man than I was, my children did not notice, they are more convinced that I was cheating on them, but the increase in my brain's processing power was your final magical change.

My recovery from many illnesses, my overcoming legal disputes, my current state of health, and the hope, with your consent, that the publishing project can make that contribution so it can bring help to many children around the world.

You know much more than I can tell you, but I carry with me the task you have given and entrusted to me, and I am proud of it, but I cannot tell anyone. I entrust my sister's death to you. Proud as she has always been, I am certain that I also have her support.

Thank you, Lord, I am one more man in your court.

The Desperate One

When you go into a state of apnea with the emotional, sentimental, and cognitive part, you are starting a new path that leads you towards despair, the lack of a rational solution, of true points of reference.

The factors can be many: family, children, relatives, friends, work, medical condition, and a general state of suffering.

It may seem strange, but the supporting actor is extremely important to the solution, as he manages to soften the solutions to the problem, offering serenity and tranquility, without performance anxiety.

There is no point in raising your voice, shouting, or swearing these are all harmful behaviors toward something that requires the utmost concentration, self-denial, and love to resolve.

Several factors are contributing to the problem: young, engaged couples, young couples' marriages, demanding character traits, the need for quick turnaround times, and a lack of forbearance.

It is said that those who live in hopes die of despair, which is true in that despair must always be resolved and managed, never treated with detachment.

It is not a bad idea to play sports to help with your illness, to have interests so you do not fall victim to depression, and to always find interest in the things you do.

The emotions typically experienced by a depressed person include guilt, anguish, sadness, despair, dissatisfaction, a sense of helplessness, emptiness, loss of hope, anxiety, apathy, and indifference toward events and people, even the most significant ones. This reflection was intended to provide insight into how to address these issues.

Education

When I was six years old, I immediately realized that I was not like many other children, but I did not really understand why. My physical conformation was perfect, I did not notice any deformities, in fact, they were there.

I attended a Catholic college, full of religion and rules of life, and any contrary action was punished corporally, so much so that I have never forgotten it.

During the holidays I would return to my parents' house and my father would be the first to come and talk to me, to know, because he too had followed the same educational path when he was young and could understand me.

Our conversations never yielded any complaints; in fact, I had to reassure him, worried as he was, and tell him that everything was fine.

Meanwhile, the older I got, the more I noticed the differences with many people, not all of them fortunately, because they lacked education and carried this negative gap with them throughout their lives.

It was not a question of social classism or economic disparity; differences arose where culture was lacking. It was pointless to provide explanations or incentives. Those who did not read books would never read anything, even if reading brought benefits to the body and brain activity.

When I met some former schoolmate driving his father's expensive car, with great financial resources, he was happy, he flaunted it, he had an apparent happiness, but it would have taken little to show his cards and understand how far along the construction of a building without his plan had come.

Whenever I had the opportunity to notice behavioral dyscrasias in people, I never felt happy about it, but rather felt bad, as if people had failed to pay attention to the fundamentals and had stopped at the superficial.

The French Theatre

When you are immersed in a foreign language for a period, it can be difficult to regain momentum: some words slip out, the tone becomes uncertain, and even comprehension seems to suffer. For this reason, some acclimatization becomes a necessary step to fully integrate.

I received an invitation to Paris to present my books. The agency had organized everything down to the last detail, and when I arrived at the airport, I found a female driver waiting for me. She was curious and talkative, with an accent that betrayed her Alsatian origins, a land of excellent wines. On the ride to the hotel, she wanted to know what had brought me to Paris and what kind of work I did.

I replied jokingly, "I'm a wizard." Her eyes widened in surprise, then she asked incredulously, "What do you mean, wizard? What do you mean?"

"I read your hand and tell you the present and the future; you don't need the past; you already know it."

"Do I have to pay?"

"Yes, just one euro."

She burst out laughing, sensing I was teasing her. Before dropping me off at the hotel, she insisted, "Can I have your number? I'm with a friend tonight and we'd like to buy you a nice glass of wine." I agreed to talk about it later the phone.

When I arrived at the hotel, the agency staff was already up and running, ready for rehearsals. They suggested I follow a specific schedule, but I explained that I preferred to work off the cuff: every performance, I told them, is unique and unrepeatable. The audience, consisting of ten people, was attentive and curious. During the presentation, I could sense their concentration; they seemed ready to catch every word.

The first question did not take long to answer: "Is it all true? When did it happen? Have you really had so many women? And what about your esoteric abilities?"

I reassured them, explaining that I was just an author blending truth, fantasy, and expectations. Then they asked me to comment on another book. After ten minutes, some of them were already in emotional tears.

Observing the scene, the director present left her seat, grabbed my arm, and led me with her. She was a woman of rare beauty, tall, with long blond hair and mesmerizing blue eyes. Once outside, she let her hair down and invited me to follow her home.

He asked me if I wanted to take a shower and showed me a smart tuxedo lying on the bed. "Put this on," he said, "then put on your shoes. I'll take you to the theater first and then to dinner."

When we arrived at the theater in Paris, I was surprised by the atmosphere. I thought we had seats in the gallery, but the usher escorted us to the third tier, to a balcony reserved for us. The theater was packed: 1,900 people, a sea of faces waiting for the show. The director asked me, "Would you be capable of facing a theater like this to present your books?"

"You're crazy," I replied. "I never had such expectations. Let's enjoy the show and then go."

The show started promptly at 10:00 PM. It was a comedy about the French Revolution, with a surreal ending in which Napoleon triumphed, and his "nephew" Macron continued his work. The audience burst into laughter.

At midnight, the performance ended amid thunderous applause. Then the unexpected happened: the beam of light that usually illuminates the actors was pointed toward our balcony. A voice from the loudspeaker announced:

"From Italy, a young author whose writing enchants, inspires dreams, and makes everything possible. Here he is: Ferdinando Frega!"

Amid the applause and the looks, I felt a mixture of emotion and disbelief. In that moment, I understood that every word written, every story told, had the power to create profound, unexpected, and magical connections.

The Story of Forty

In biblical symbolism, the number forty is associated with the image of day and night: an important symbolic number.

It represents salient moments in the faith experience of God's people and of the individual believer. This number, rather, indicates a long wait, a long trial, a sufficient time to see God's works, a time within which one must resolve to assume one's responsibilities without further delay.

It is time for mature decisions.

The number forty appears for the first time in the story of Noah. This righteous man, due to the flood, spent forty days and forty nights in the ark, along with his family and the animals God had told him to take with him. And he waited another forty days after the flood, before touching dry land, saved from destruction.

But how do you live in this age group? When you reach forty, your body undergoes some changes, such as gray hair and the appearance of the first wrinkles. This is not considered aging, but rather a stage of maturity that could even be described as a second stage of puberty, with hormonal upheavals and physical changes, a sort of synchronization between the two.

For others, the certainty of reliable behavior and without surprises of any kind with six mistakes that should not be made after this age:

Do not use contraceptives. ...

Do not underestimate vision loss.

Crash diets. ...

Postpone breast check-ups. ...

Sleep little. ...

Ignoring the risk of diabetes.

Looking at the world, I would be more inclined to think that this number could represent a sort of turning point, the conclusion of an ascent and the beginning of a new descent.

But as we have said many times, age does not age you if you are healthy, otherwise you will change partners who tell you how young you are every morning.

Think About It for A Moment.

As much as we may think we are almost programmed in our thoughts, our actions, our deeds, this unfortunately is an absolute certainty: we are undefined.

And it happens that we have done something that we have spoken to people, at a certain moment, at a certain time and we relive it with the imagination of having already experienced this condition, but science does not recognize it.

Even within a relationship, within the same family, and therefore within a limited radius of action, this memory effect recurs but in a voluptuous way.

Every now and then we stop analyzing our progress, blaming ourselves for some choices we have made that were not the best.

The other test is children: what we do for them and whether what we do can be considered enough or sufficient.

Life's occasions allow us to participate in the baptisms of our neighbors and to systematically remember those of our children.

A marriage, the beginning of criticism from women whether the couple is dissociating or not, whether it has a future or how many years until they file for divorce, because of the husband who devours all women with his eyes.

A party has been organized because Mario is retiring after 45 years and everyone is wondering how long it will take for them.

Then there are the funerals, everyone tries to curry favor with the Lord to keep evil away as much as possible, but once the ceremony is over, beyond the comments, there are also the choices about how one wants to die: I want an air-conditioned coffin, I want cremation, I'd like a chapel, I'd like a low-cost funeral to save money.

These are the people, no one has talked about how to live their lives to the fullest, everyone lives for the good of others,

which is why I feel out of place, in a land that doesn't belong to me, because I would like to go and die in a world of women, so I could continue to talk about their world, which is also mine.

Lack Of Affection

The only real moment when more people pay a price that is not immediately perceptible, but which time reminds us of, is an appointment that has no date of expiration or time.

The first thing to emphasize is that between parents and children, misunderstandings, similarity in character, pathologies not addressed appropriately, or doubts about the true identity of the parent, or about adoption, or about having replaced a grandchild in the absence of children are often the primary factors in dispute.

The topic is extremely broad and does not lend itself to interpretation, but we must look only at the undeniable facts and never look at the problem in just one way but in both directions, where the parties who can make mistakes are all there.

But what happens if we do not receive affection, if we show the limits of not knowing how to love, what are the consequences?

Well, here I am, I've come to your aid, I'm 59 years old, I've never been loved, I've always been fought over and ridiculed, a misfit boy and I've never loved him, because I don't know how to love.

You will all think it is a joke, but it is not: I was born with different fortunes, and I have played my life in different territories.

After starting a family with three children, I expressed my affection to my wife in words, and she believed me, but never as I would have liked, and towards the children only attention, control, dedication, never true love.

So, the result for people is only one: I have not received love, I do not love you, because I do not know how to love, and that is where it ends.

But be careful, because some personality disorders, such as depression, anxiety, phobias, insomnia, depend on mental constraints and we do not know much else.

Personally, I don't go to any religious services, and as for funerals, they're all completely unknown to my mindset, and modern psychiatry can't change this limitation, because in the emotional, cognitive, and affective spheres, it's really difficult to make changes, or at most small ones.

I also experience a friendship with suffering, intolerance, after a while it bothers me, because my professional life patterns are rigid and I cannot accept Italian delegations, of time, of doing things later, of putting things off. I grew up with Americans, and I have a different upbringing.

Without affection, life is difficult, no one can say otherwise, no one can say otherwise, but if you realize that you have many flaws, and you are aware that you have a good brain, then you

understand that you have more than others and that you are a truly lucky person.

The Violinist and The Market

Lorenzo was a young violinist growing up in the Tuscan hills. His dream was to perform in the most prestigious theaters, but the reality was different. After years of study and sacrifice, he found himself playing on the streets, with few spectators and even fewer coins in his violin case. Despite it all, Lorenzo did not give up. He decided to try something new: bring his music to the beating heart of city life, the local market.

At first, it was a disaster. The market's commotion, vendors shouting offers, and customers intent on bargaining made it difficult to get noticed. But Lorenzo did not give up. He began to observe the crowd, to sense the rhythm of the market. He realized he could not propose Bach or Mozart without first captivating the audience with melodies closer to the heart.

So, he began playing folk songs, the ones everyone knew and could whistle. Little by little, his corner of the market transformed into a small theater. People stopped, some sang, others began asking for more refined melodies. Lorenzo quietly introduced Bach, mixing it with folk tunes. The magic worked: the audience enthusiastically welcomed the classical pieces, asking for more.

One day, an elderly woman approached him with tears in her eyes. "This is the music my husband played before he died," she said. Lorenzo then understood that the real difference lay not in his technical skill or the prestige of the venue where he played, but in the connection, he was able to create with people.

In just a few months, Lorenzo had become a local legend. He had not yet graced the big stages, but he had found something more precious: an audience that loved him for who he was, not for where he performed.

The Swimming Master

Anna had always been afraid of water. As a child, during a trip to the beach, a sudden wave had overwhelmed her, leaving her with the fear of sinking. As she grew older, that fear took deeper root. Every summer, she watched others swimming and having fun, feeling excluded from a world that seemed so far away.

While on vacation in Greece, Anna met Nikos, an elderly swimming instructor. He was a man with a face lined by the sun and age, but with kind eyes and a reassuring smile. "It's never too late to learn," he told her. Anna was skeptical, but something in Nikos's tone convinced her to try it.

The first lessons were a disaster. Anna would stiffen at the slightest contact with the water, fearing she would sink. Nikos, however, did not give up. Patiently, he encouraged her to dip one foot, then two, and let her body adjust. "Water isn't your enemy," he repeated. "You just have to learn to trust it."

After weeks of trying, Anna managed to float for the first time. The feeling of lightness and freedom she felt was indescribable. Over time, she learned to swim. Each stroke was a small victory, a challenge overcome against fear.

At the end of the summer, Anna found herself swimming in the open sea, surrounded only by the infinite blue. Nikos watched her from the shore, smiling proudly. "The real difference," he

told her upon their return, "is not knowing how to swim. It's facing what scares us and overcoming it."

From that day on, Anna never stopped swimming. Every time she entered the water, she was reminded that true freedom lay in embracing what she feared.

The Shoemaker and The Lost Shoe

Giuseppe was a shoemaker in a small mountain village. His shop was simple, with shelves full of old shoes and a lingering smell of leather and glue. He loved his work, but as the years passed, his customers became fewer. Young people preferred buying new shoes to repairing them, and Giuseppe felt like a man out of touch with time.

One day, a little girl walked into her shop with a shoe in her hand. It was old, worn, and too small to be of any use to anyone. "This belonged to my mother when she was my age," she said in a trembling voice. "Can you fix it? I'd like to take it to the funeral."

Giuseppe was shocked by the request. The shoe was in terrible condition, beyond repair. But the little girl's eyes reflected such pure love that he could not say no. He worked for days, repairing every stitch, reinforcing the sole, and polishing the leather until it shone.

When the little girl returned, his face lit up. "She's perfect!" he exclaimed. That small gesture rekindled something in Giuseppe he thought was lost: the awareness that his work had a value that went beyond mere utility.

At the funeral, the little girl wore the shoe with pride, telling everyone how the shoemaker had brought her back to life. The story spread throughout the village, and soon Giuseppe had a shop full of people bringing in items tied to their memories.

They were no longer customers, but keepers of stories. Every shoe, every bag, every piece of leather told something unique. Giuseppe understood that he was not just repairing objects but also connecting with the past.

The real difference was not in the shoes he repaired, but in the meaning those shoes had for those who wore them. And so, the small mountain shop was brought back to life, transforming into a place of memory and love.

The Painter and The Colors of Life

Leonardo was a painter renowned for his breathtaking landscapes. His paintings captured the details of nature with such precision that they seemed to come to life. Yet, despite his fame, he felt emptiness within himself. He painted for others, not for himself.

One day, while walking in the countryside, he met an old woman weaving baskets near a river. Curious, he approached to look at her work. "Your paintings are beautiful," he said without looking up. "But something is missing."

Leonardo was surprised. "What do you mean?"

The woman looked at him, her eyes wise. "I see no emotion in your colors. I see technique, but I don't feel your heart."

Those words struck him deeply. He decided to embark on a journey to find the meaning of his art. He visited the places that had inspired him in the past, but instead of painting, he stopped to observe. He listened to the stories of the locals, trying to sense what they saw in the landscapes he himself had immortalized.

After months of reflection, he returned to his studio. This time he did not focus on the technical details but let his brush be guided by his feelings. When he had finished the painting, he brought it to the old woman.

It was a simple painting: the river where he had met her, with the sun setting behind the hills. But something was different. The colors were more intense, almost vivid. The woman watched in silence, then smiled. "Now I see you."

Leonardo did not sell that painting. He hung it in his studio to remind us that the real difference lies not in technical perfection, but in the ability to convey emotion. From that day on, his art changed. His paintings were no longer just beautiful; they were alive, vibrant, full of stories.

He understood that what matters is not just what you see, but what you feel. And that painting, simple and imperfect, became his most precious work.

The Street Violinist

Marco was a talented violinist. After years of studying at the conservatory and performing in prestigious theaters, he found himself unemployed due to cuts to the cultural sector. Heartbroken, he decided to busk, not for money, but to feel alive.

Every day he would stand in a crowded square, take out his violin, and start playing. People would stop, some would leave coins, others would just walk by, distracted. But there was one little girl, Sara, who came every afternoon with her little plastic violin. She would sit next to Marco and pretend to play, smiling.

One day Marco asked her: "Why do you come here every day?"

She replied, "Because when you play, I feel happy."

Those words were like balm to Marco's soul. He continued to play, day after day, and Sara accompanied him with her presence. After a few months, the little girl's mother approached him. "Thank you," she said with tears in her eyes. "My daughter hasn't spoken since she lost her father. Your music brought her back."

Marco then understood that his talent had a purpose far greater than success or money. Music had the power to heal, to unite people.

From that day on, the square became his theater and the passersby his audience. He never earned much, but every smile, every sincere applause reminded him that the real difference lies not in where you play, but in the effect, you have on others.

The Unsent Letter

Clara found an old box in the attic of her grandparents' house. It was filled with handwritten letters, tied with a ribbon faded by time. Curious, she picked up the first one and began reading. It was a love letter, but unsigned.

The sender poetically described his love for a woman, an impossible love that, for some reason, had never found fruition. Clara immersed herself in those soulful lines, discovering that each letter told a different love story, but all addressed to the same woman: her grandmother.

When she asked her mother, she confirmed that her grandparents had had a happy marriage, but that before they met, her grandmother had had a mysterious suitor. "She never said who he was," her mother added.

Clara found herself pondering the meaning of those letters. Why had they never been sent? And what would have changed if they had reached their destination? She returned to the attic and continued reading, discovering that the author had chosen to let go of his love, allowing the woman he loved to be happy with another.

Those letters taught her that the true difference between love and selfishness lies in the ability to let go. She decided to keep them, not as a secret, but as an example of pure and selfless love.

The Race of Life

Andrea was an avid marathon runner. He had never finished first, but he ran for the joy of pushing his limits. During an important race, he found himself next to Luca, a promising young man who was struggling. "Run, don't stop," Andrea said, noticing his painful expression.

"I can't, I hurt myself," Luca replied. Andrea was faced with a choice: keep running or help. Without thinking twice, he put an

arm around the boy's shoulders and supported him to the finish line.

They arrived last, greeted by a heartfelt round of applause. Andrea later learned that Luca was an athlete recovering from a serious accident and that the race represented his return to the track. "Thank you," Luca told him, "I couldn't have done it without you."

Andrea understood that the real difference in life is not in winning, but in how you approach the journey and help others achieve their goals.

The Clock of Time

Giulia found an old clock in an antique shop. It was uniquely beautiful, but it looked broken. "It hasn't worked in years," the owner told her. "It's just a collector's item."

Despite this, Giulia bought it, drawn by its elegance. Taking it home, she noticed an engraving on the back: *"Time is yours, use it wisely."* Those words struck her deeply.

He decided to have the clock repaired. When it worked again, he carried it with him everywhere, as a reminder. Every time he heard the ticking, he was reminded that time is the most precious gift.

Giulia began to live differently: she stopped putting off her dreams, reconnected with old friends, and spent more time with

her family. The clock had not only started working again, but it had also changed her life.

The Secret Garden

Paolo was a retired gardener who spent his days tending a small public garden. One day, he noticed a young girl sitting on a bench, staring into space. "Are you okay?" he asked her.

The girl, named Elena, told him that her parents were divorced and that she felt lonely. Paolo moved in and offered to help him tend the garden. Together they planted flowers, pruned trees, and created colorful corners.

As time passed, Elena found her smile again. That garden became her refuge, a place where she could find happiness again. Paolo taught her that the real difference in life is finding beauty even in tough times and showing kindness, because it always blooms.

The Wrong Gift

Anna received an unexpected gift for her birthday: an old book of poetry. She was disappointed; she expected something more modern or practical. However, one evening, bored, she began leafing through it.

The poems were filled with emotion, love, loss, and hope. Anna found herself crying and laughing, feeling a connection with each line. She decided to look for the author and discovered it was her grandfather, who had died before she was born.

Those poems made her understand that the real difference between an ordinary gift and a special one is not its material value, but what it represents and the bond it creates. Anna kept that book as a treasure, a bridge between the past and the present.

The Unfinished Painting

Marco was a talented painter, known for his vivid landscapes that captured the light like few others. His career was at its peak, with clients eager to purchase his work. One day, while working on an important commission, he heard a knock on his studio door. He opened it and found Sofia, a young artist with eyes full of dreams and hopes.

"Mr. Marco," she said timidly, "sorry to interrupt. I am enthusiastic about your work and would like to learn from you. I have so much to improve on, but I don't know where to start."

Marco, impressed by her determination, invited her in. For weeks, Sofia collaborated with him. Marco showed her light and color techniques, taught her to see beyond the visible, to capture the essence of things. Meanwhile, her commissioned painting remained unfinished.

The day came when the client came to pick up the work. He entered the studio and looked at the canvas, still half-finished. "Sorry, Marco, but I don't understand. Why didn't you finish it?" he asked, perplexed.

Marco pointed to Sofia, who was painting a small landscape on a nearby easel. "I chose to complete something bigger," he explained. "I helped someone grow, and that's worth more than any finished painting."

The client, at first incredulous, smiled. He realized that the real difference between a talented artist and a great man was the ability to see beyond one's own success and invest in the future of others.

The Heart Station

Marta was a woman of habit. Every morning, she took the same train to work, reading her favorite book while the world passed by outside the window. One winter morning, while waiting for her train at the station, she noticed an old man sitting on a bench with a confused expression on his face.

"Do you need help?" she asked kindly. The man looked at her and explained that he was lost. He had to get to another city to meet his nephew, but he could not remember the name of the stop. Marta, instead of ignoring him, decided to stop and help him.

She missed the train and accompanied him to the ticket office. Together they figured out where he was going, and Marta made sure he took the right train. While they waited, the man told her stories of his youth: adventures in distant lands, the love of his life, and the desire to see his grandson again after years of separation.

When the train arrived, Marta said goodbye, feeling deeply grateful for those stories. On the way home, she reflected on how easy it was to miss moments like that, caught up in the rush of daily life. She had lost hours of work but gained a human experience that was worth so much more.

The Piano of Silence

Luigi had always loved music, but he had never been able to afford a piano. One day, while walking around town, he found an old piano abandoned near a warehouse. It was covered in dust and looked broken, but Luigi decided to take it home.

Despite the out-of-tune strings and missing keys, Luigi began playing it every night. Every note he played was imperfect, but to him, it was pure magic. One day, a neighbor knocked on the door, annoyed: "Please, stop playing! It is unbearable!"

Luigi calmly explained, "This piano helps me get through difficult times. It reminds me that even broken things can create something beautiful." The neighbor, touched by his words, offered to help him tune it. They spent days working together, and the piano came back to life.

The resulting music is a hymn to resilience. Luigi understood that, sometimes, the true value of things lies not in perfection, but in the ability to transform the imperfect into harmony.

The Gift of Silence

Francesco was a man who always talked. His words filled every room, every conversation. He felt his value lay in his ability to always express an opinion, a thought, an observation on any topic. He believed that speaking was the best way to connect with others, to be noticed, to be important. He was the kind of person who never stopped, always ready to comment, to explain, to make suggestions.

One day he met Laura, a young woman with a calm smile and quiet eyes. Sitting at a table in a crowded bar, Francesco began talking, as usual, about himself, his experiences, his opinions. Laura listened to him in silence, rarely responding. At first, Francesco felt almost irritated by her silence. Why wasn't she responding, not speaking? He felt like he was talking to himself.

Then something unexpected happened. During one of his rehearsals, he stopped and noticed that Laura had not taken her eyes off him. She was not a passive observer, but a presence that captured every nuance of what Francesco was saying. It seemed to him that his words were coming alive in the air thanks to her attentiveness. He did not have to say anything else. Laura did not need words to understand, to be there with him.

When the conversation ended, Francesco felt strangely fulfilled, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He did not have to prove anything. Laura had given him something he did not even know he wanted. The awareness that communication does not always happen through words. Sometimes, listening with the heart is the greatest gift one can give. Francesco understood that the real difference lies not in words, but in the silence that listens and understands without judgment.

Choosing The Path

Giulia had always followed the path everyone expected her to follow. A degree, a secure job, an apartment in the city center. She had a life that many would have called perfect. But, at 40, looking out her office window, she began to wonder if this was truly the life she wanted. She felt as if she were living according to a pre-written script, never stopping to ask herself if this was truly her path.

One day, after much thought, Giulia made a drastic decision: she quit everything. She abandoned her job, her apartment, the security she had worked so hard to build. She moved to a small village in the hills, where life moved slowly, far from the noise of the city. She began working in a flower field, discovering the beauty of days spent outdoors under the blue sky. Every day was different, every flower that bloomed was a small miracle.

Despite the happiness she felt, those around her could not understand. "Did you throw everything away on a whim?" they asked. "Why don't you come back? Don't you miss anything?" But Giulia had never felt so alive as at that moment. She had chosen to be happy, to live according to her heart, not according to the expectations of others.

Giulia understood that the real difference lies in the freedom to make choices uninfluenced by the judgment of others. No matter how uncertain the path you choose may seem, the important thing is that it is your path, the one that makes you feel alive.

The Weight of Generosity

Marco was a successful entrepreneur. His career was booming, his earnings were high, he had a perfect family, and influential friends. He had everything he wanted. But despite all his successes, he could not find peace. One day, during a particularly long meeting, one of his employees, Andrea, asked him a favor. "Marco, my mother is ill and I have to accompany her to another city for treatment. I need a loan, even a small one, to cover the expenses."

Marco, without thinking too much, gave him the amount he had asked for. The transaction seemed quick, almost automatic, like

all the others he had made in the past. But that night, as he was getting ready for bed, he stopped thinking. Why had he given that money? Was it just another business transaction for him? He had never really known Andrea, knew nothing about his family or his life. He had given money, but he had never stopped giving more.

The next day, Marco decided to do something different. Not only did he decide to meet Andrea's mother, but he also offered to accompany her on the trip and stay with them for the duration of the treatment. During that journey, Marco listened to his mother's stories, her struggles, and her dreams, and discovered a side of Andrea he had never imagined.

Marco understood that true generosity lies not in the simple act of giving money, but in giving oneself, in sharing one's time, in serving others without expecting anything in return. That was the real difference: a shift in his outlook on life, a renewed sense of connection with others.

The Journey of The Soul

Luca had always traveled, but not in the right way. He was an entrepreneur, and every trip he took was a business opportunity. A few days in a city, a few meetings, a flight, and off again. He never stayed long enough to truly get to know the places he visited. His destinations were just stops on a prescribed itinerary, each trip a race against time.

One day, during a business trip to Rome, Luca decided to do something different. He had no important appointments that afternoon, so he began walking aimlessly through the city streets. He got lost in the alleys, stopped for lunch at a small trattoria,

chatted with the locals, and stopped to admire the beauty of the ancient ruins and the sun setting behind the Colosseum. There was no rush. There were no meetings. Just the present, the place, the people.

It was at that moment that Luca understood that travel was not about physical movement, but also about an inner journey. Travel is not about exploring unknown places, but also about discovering yourself along the way. The true value of a journey lies not in the cities we visit, but in the depth with which we immerse ourselves in it. This was the real difference: Luca had just not seen Rome; he had also seen a part of himself he had never known.

The Invisible Bridge

Alessandra was a successful woman, known for her career at a large marketing firm. She had everything she wanted: a prestigious job, an elegant home, and a well-organized life. But something was missing: a genuine connection with others. She worked tirelessly, but felt that, despite her friends and colleagues, she felt alone, as if there was an invisible barrier between her and the world.

One day, while attending a company dinner, Alessandra felt the need for change. She noticed an older man sitting alone, away from the crowd. She approached, convinced she needed to chat, but something about the man struck her. She did not speak right away. She sat next to him and calmly listened to his story.

The man spoke of distant travels, of experiences that had shaped his life, but what surprised her most was his calm. He did not seem interested in impressing anyone, he was not seeking

approval. He was happy to be there, simply, to share his experiences. Alessandra realized that that serenity, that inner peace, was exactly what she was missing.

When the evening was over, Alessandra went home with a realization she had never had before. True connection was not born from frenzy or constant striving to be the center of attention, but from the ability to be authentic, to truly listen to others without judgment or seeking something in return. That was the real difference for Alessandra: she learned that, sometimes, the invisible bridges we build with others are stronger than any material success.

The Hidden Light

Riccardo had always lived in a frenetic city, full of opportunities, but also tension and competition. Raised in a family that constantly pushed him to excel, there was never time to reflect or stop and look within. Riccardo was focused on one thing: winning. He worked hard every day, striving for more, but inside he began to feel an emptiness he could not feel.

One day, during a business trip to a small mountain village, Riccardo had the opportunity to take a nature walk. He decided to explore the forest near his hotel. As he walked, he met an old man who seemed more at home in the landscape than he was. The man's face was marked by time and years of working in the fields, but his eyes shone with a special light.

"Why do you seem so calm?" Richard asked, surprised by the man's calm.

The old man smiled and replied, "Peace is not an achievement, Richard. It is something you find within yourself when you stop looking outside. Life is made up of banal things: a flower blooming, the sound of the wind in the trees. When you learn to see, you see the light hidden in everything."

Riccardo did not understand immediately, but those words struck him deeply. When he returned home, he realized he had spent his entire life trying to conquer something but had never stopped enjoying the beauty that surrounded him. He learned that the real difference was not in always rushing toward a goal, but in recognizing the hidden light in everyday things, in the simplicity of life.

The Garden of Dreams

Elena had always dreamed of a different life. Growing up in a small town, she always thought there was something bigger waiting for her in the world. When she moved to a big city, she finally felt free to pursue her passions: painting, writing, music. But despite the freedom she had gained, Elena felt as if she were walking in a colorless garden. There was always something empty, something she could not reach.

One day, while walking in the park, she met an old man planting flower. "Why do you plant these flowers in such a hidden corner?" she asked curiously.

The man smiled and replied, "These flowers are for me. I have no intention of showing them to others. I plant them to fill my garden, to cultivate beauty, to nourish my heart."

The man's words struck Elena. Beauty, passion, dreams... they should not be exposed or appreciated by others. The garden of dreams was not a public place to be displayed, but a personal corner where she could cultivate what she loved, regardless of others' expectations.

From that moment on, Elena began pursuing her dreams with a new awareness. She no longer had to seek the validation of others, nor the success society imposed on her. She understood that the real difference lay in following her dreams, without fear of losing them or letting them grow out of sight. Every step in her inner garden brought her closer to happiness, the true happiness that came from her authenticity.

SENTIMENTAL POSTSCRIPTUM

There are things that do not fit into stories.
Not because they are less important, but because they come **later.**

They come when you no longer need to explain or convince.
They come when you stop defending yourself, even from yourself.

This postscript adds nothing to the book.
It **just sets it out.**

There is no structure here, no narrative.
There is what remains when the words have done their work and only the feeling remains, naked, imperfect, unrepeatable.

Anyone who is coming this far does not need a guide.
They already know.

Aphorisms

1. Maturity comes not when you understand, but when you stop justifying yourself.
2. Love saves only reveals everything.
3. Silence is an answer only for those who know how to listen.
4. The truth does not console: it liberates or destroys.
5. People rarely change, but they reveal themselves often.
6. He who promises too much is already negotiating.
7. Strength does not make noise. Weaknesses do.
8. Not everything that hurts is unfair.
9. Growing up means losing versions of yourself without regretting them.
10. Memory is selective, consciousness is not.
11. No one hurts you by accident: it always happens where you are exposed.
12. Courage is not moving forward but staying when you can run away.
13. Those who absolutely love to do not ask for proof.
14. The right choices are rarely comfortable.
15. Time does not heal **it clarify.**
16. Being strong is often a consequence, not a virtue.
17. There is no loneliness worse than shared loneliness.
18. Dignity is not defended: it is practiced.
19. Understanding too soon can be a curse.
20. In the end, only the facts remain. Everything else is noise.

Epilogue

This book ends where responsibilities begin.
It offers no keys or emergency exits.

Those who close it are not better.
They are just **more aware.**

Stories do not ask for them to be remembered but acknowledged.
And if even a single page forced you to pause, to reconsider a choice, to revise a judgment, then that was enough.

There is no final message.
There is a simple, uncomfortable observation:

The real difference is not what we experienced, but **what we chose to do with it.**

End.

WHY DID I WRITTEN THIS BOOK?

(after my sister's sudden death)

I did not author this book to grieve.
Those who lose a sister do not grieve **they learn to live in an absence.**

I wrote it because his death removed every excuse.
When someone goes too soon, time ceases to be a promise and becomes a responsibility.

My sister did not die "after."
She died **before.**
Before many things took shape, before certain silences could be clarified, before certain truths could be spoken without hurt.

His death forced me to look at life without pretense.
To understand that not everything can be postponed, that not everything can be fixed, that not everything comes back.

I authored this book because I saw how little time, we must be honest.
With others, but especially with ourselves.

Every story it contains is a reaction.
To lose. To anger. To injustice. To the fear of standing still while everything changes.

I did not want to celebrate anything.
I wanted **to stay clear-headed.**

Writing was the cleanest way I had to avoid turning pain into resentment, and silence into lies.
Not to forget my sister, but to **avoid betraying her.**

This book exists because death, when it comes so early, does not ask permission or leave instructions.
It just looks at you. And from that moment on, every choice weighs twice as much.

If these pages have an origin, it is this:
the awareness that we cannot save those we love, but we can decide **how to live afterward.**

And I chose not to lie anymore.

To no one.

CLOSING CAGE

Conclusion – Considerations – Reflections – Acknowledgements

This book does not ask to be remembered.
It only asks not to be misunderstood.

Getting to the end does not mean having understood everything but having **resisted.**
Resisting the temptation to judge hastily, to simplify, to seek comfort where it was not expected.

The stories, reflections, and fractures that run through these pages do not form a system.
They form a **human trajectory.**
Irregular, imperfect, but coherent.

There is no definitive moral.
There is one fact: life does not distribute equity, but rather opportunities for choice. And often the most important choices come when we are not ready.

This book does not propose solutions.
It proposes **responsibilities.**

Responsibility in how we react.
In how we speak. In how we remain silent. In how we decide who to keep and who to let go.

The remaining considerations are not theoretical.
They are practical, concrete, and sometimes uncomfortable:

- That pain does not make you better, it makes you more real.
- that love is not enough if it is not accompanied by respect.
- That culture is a form of defense, not of prestige.
- that dignity is not an acquired right, but a daily exercise.

Reflections do not end.
They continue.
In the reader, if something has caused friction.

There are few thanks because what really matters is rarely numerous.

I thank those who remained without asking for explanations. Those who read without wanting to correct. Those who listened without intervening. And those who, even without knowing it, forced these pages to be born.

I thank silence, which has taught more than many words. And time, which has healed nothing, but clarified everything.

This book ends here.
Responsibility for what remains.

End.

AFTERWORD

This book is finished but not finished. Because what it contains belongs not to the paper, but to those who pass through it.

The afterword is not there to explain what has been written. It **separates the book from the reader,** restoring their autonomy to both.

From this point on, the stories are no longer mine. They become what each of us decides to do with them: rejection, reflection, distance, recognition.

An honest book does not lead you to the exit. It stops beforehand. And leaves space.

Letter To Readers

I do not thank you for reading. Thank you for **stopping by.**

I know this book is not comfortable. I know some pages may be disturbing, irritating, or seem excessive. That is okay.

I did not write to please everyone, but to **avoid lying to anyone.** Anyone who finds something of their own between these lines will recognize it without needing explanation.

You do not have to agree. You just must be honest with yourself.

If, while closing this book, you thought even just once , “I would have reacted differently here,” then the dialogue has taken place.

And that was the only purpose.

Editorial Criticism

This book was not born within a traditional publishing project.
It was born **outside of.**

Beyond genre, beyond commercial expectations, beyond the logic of simplification.
It was not created to be marketable, but to be **readable without compromise.**

Contemporary publishing often requires authors to adapt to the market.
Here, the opposite happens: it is the reader who is asked to **take a step forward.**

There is no such thing as a mediated, correct, or domesticated voice.
There is a writing that takes the risk of being uncomfortable.

This book is not perfect.
It is **consistent.**
And today, that's rarer than perfection.

Author's Page

Ferdinando Frega does not write to portray a role.
He writes to **respond to a need.**

His journey does not stem from publishing, but from experience, observation, and direct contact with real life.
Writing is a tool, not a goal.

It does not build reassuring characters.
It does not offer consolatory narratives. It explores human reactions when masks fall.

This book is part of a larger journey, but it can be read as a standalone work.
A milestone. Not a promise.