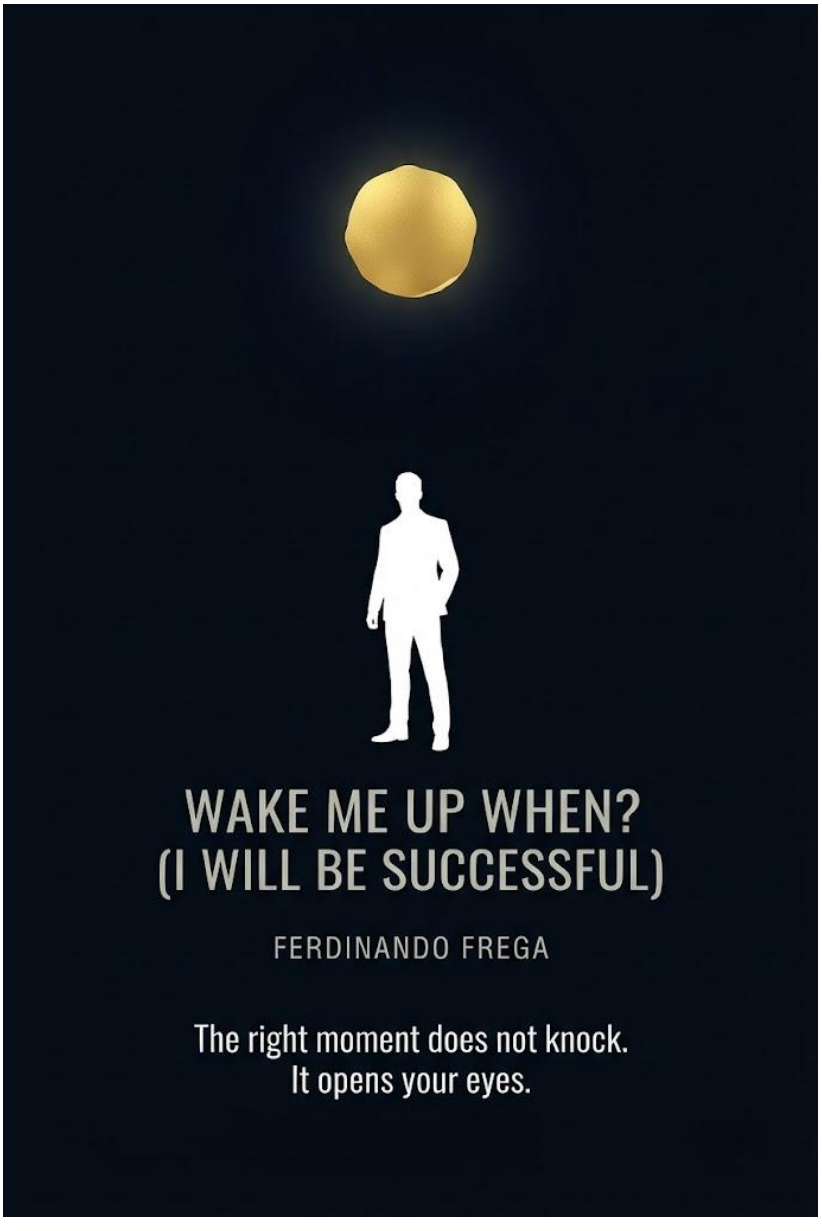

WAKE ME UP WHEN?
(I WILL BE SUCCESSFUL)
FERDINANDO FREGA
The right moment does not knock.
It opens your eyes.

WAKE ME UP WHEN?

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PART I

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INTRODUCTION

Time is a slow but impeccable judge.
It holds you in front of the mirror and asks who you are, not what you have achieved. The truth is that we all sleep at least once in our lives: from exhaustion, confusion, or a lack of direction.

This book starts from there: from the sleep that protects us from the pause that saves, from the suspension that allows us to be reborn.

I will not tell you what to do.
I will show you what life looks like when you stop rushing and start to understand. True success is never far away. It is an inner alignment between you, your time, and the courage to stay awake when it truly matters.

THEMATIC PARTITION

The opening clarifies the central concept: you do not sleep because you are tired, you sleep because the world has worn you out.

The man on the cover is not a failure: he is avoiding becoming what he does not want to be. The key question that opens the book is:

"When is it really time to wake up?"

Time That Does Not Forgive, But Teaches

Here you put the naked truth:

whoever mistakes speed for success, loses both.

Waiting as a Form of Strength

In this section, waiting is reversed: it is not passivity, but strategy.

The image of the bench becomes a symbol:

Those who know how to stop, know how to start again better.

The Lie of Success Told by Others

Here you touch on modern hypocrisy:

Success is not universal, it is not transferable, it is not heritable.

It is personal. Always.

Who Are You When No One's Looking?

Success does not start from the outside; it starts from within.

"Do you truly recognize yourself, or are you wearing someone else's life?"

The Choice: Waking Up for Real

The last part before the epilogue is the breaking point:

Here the narrative arc of waiting ends and the awakening begin: waking **up does not mean running, it means choosing.**

Epilogue

"When the time comes, you feel it."

The epilogue is short, direct, surgical:

Last sentence (powerful, yours):
"The right moment does not knock. It opens your eyes."

PROLOGUE TO THE STORIES

Stories do not begin when you read them.
They begin long before, when no one is looking, when your life only makes noise inside you. These are stories that do not need heroes or victims: they need sincerity.

These pages gather fragments of reality that I have not falsified.
I am not offering you a moral, I am not showing you a path, I am not imparting a lesson.
I am simply describing what happens when a man stops chasing what is not and pauses long enough to see the truth.

Success here is not a finish line.
It is a lens that magnifies flaws, emptiness, expectations, and failures. It is a silent dialogue between who you were and who you could become. The stories that follow reveal that moment when life does not ask anything of you... but looks you in the eye.

Do not expect consolation.

Expect clarity.

Entrance

Eventually, everyone falls asleep in the wrong place: a bench, a job, a relationship, a life they no longer recognize.
We do not sleep out of weakness. We sleep for protection. It is the body saying: "Stop running. Stop. Look at what you're becoming."

The image that opens this volume is not ironic.
It is a warning. The clock strikes two words— *YOU/ME* —and between those two words lies the entire modern drama: who you really are and who you are pretending to be.

This introduction serves only one purpose: to put you in the uncomfortable position of observing your time, your rhythm, your truth. If you feel discomfort, something is already moving. If you recognize yourself, you are ready.

The stories that follow are not about success.
They are about the exact moment you realize you must wake up—even if you have not won anything yet.

Listening

There are natural tendencies in people that are difficult to change over the course of life, except when faced with challenges, milestones, major successes, or dramas. Couple analysis is now a popular topic, but capturing the true essence of behaviors, upbringings, and habits requires special attention that the human eye often fails to perceive.

In my parents' home video library, I spent an entire day watching their films, using the various devices that had evolved over the years. As luck would have it, a few years earlier my sister had gone to a photographer friend of ours to convert all the videos

into a single CD. The wedding photos were the first event, our birth followed by the home photos, and then, technology permitting, the videos began: birthdays, a few trips to the beach, a dinner party with friends, and my old man bringing my mother a bouquet of flowers on the couch.

Their language was gestural: how could they understand each other in their old age, limiting their use of words? When my mother fell ill, I arrived home one afternoon and found my father sitting next to her. He was talking, kissing her, pouring out years of information he had longed to share, and she was finally listening. He said, "See you there, my love. You'll get there before me, but wait for me, if God allows." He kept kissing her and began to cry, like a child. He did not know he was being listened to, because I retreated into my space to leave them alone together.

A scene, a moment that encompasses intimacy and will. Aware they had reached the end of the line, my mother, a woman of another era, immediately understood the need my father expressed: he wanted to be heard, and she would always do so.

Understanding People

Forty years traveling the world teaches you many things, but others you have to learn on your own, like a child, grasping the subtle nuances of each moment, because no one is ever willing to give you anything for free, and everything comes at a cost. You bring as a gift who you are, how you are, your characteristics, your personality, your education, your experience, which allows you to integrate into situations until you become master of them and can begin to dialogue on equal terms, deciding when to win. But you are always a guest.

The most difficult people are introverted, complicated, and low brow, those who make their life philosophy and cannot be changed. They live in a world that is difficult to share, where they only appreciate what happens in the moment, and when it happens, they want verification and proof.

Programming, planning, procedures, agreements, production, development processes, profit: these terms are coined for another type of person, the Manager, indisputably linked to goals and success. He or she is responsible for a company or organization and makes decisions to achieve objectives and complete the 7 Ps chain. If we are fortunate enough to find one with a completed degree, he or she helps us understand people and uses the tools provided, even if he or she often fails to account for variations and surprises.

The most difficult group to understand remains Italian women, who identify their personality in their fifty-eight basic needs, and their momentary insecurity/uncertainty is immediately tempered by a new need the next minute. Just consider their behavior on social media: they almost never accept immediate dialogue; they are suspicious and always searching for the truth. They function as if they are the only women on the planet, yet they are always ready to take what they want without looking anyone over. It is only natural that any man must decide to overcome an age-old attitude that only causes pain.

They have achieved power, money, decisions, and possessions, but they have lost their femininity, thinking that make-up and appropriate attire, without panties, can compensate for their weaknesses. The role men seek in a couple, ready to build and careful to seek elsewhere, is lacking in understanding when they see them continue to buy face masks, souvenirs of the day, or

undergo cosmetic surgery, when it would take very little to look like one of our mothers and be real women to make us happy.

We're not complaining about foreign women: they truly have something extra, with culture, family, education, and a declared desire to be female and give more care and attention to their partners, who, if they're not up to the task, are pushed toward the future they deserve, their true nature.

There are countries where the percentage of lesbian women is high, lacking men in their natural role. Italy becomes the ideal place for holidays, food, television, conversation, gestures, and for foreign women, where Italian men demonstrate that extra edge that rightfully places them at the top of the world in terms of love, sex, romance, and passion, unparalleled, fulfilling everyone's dreams. For one true reason: we understand their needs and strive to find the ideal solution because **WE UNDERSTAND PEOPLE.**

I was forced.

In my life, I had often faced challenges far beyond my capabilities. Nearing sixty, I had lived a cheerful life, full of news and novelties, never leaving room for fantasy: my stories covered them all. My family continued to get to know me day by day and never knew what I might generate, given that a brain activity simultaneously simple and complex could trigger determinants tied exclusively to the rational, raising concerns about reactions, always certain and absolute.

At a certain point, I found myself facing one of my blood brothers, extremely rude, arrogant, and poorly educated. It was as if we had come from different families. No one understood his mental disorders and phobias, except to suspect that his

homosexuality was holding him prisoner within his own pattern, preventing him from freeing himself. He was left alone, with a strained work relationship and no relationships of any kind, other than buying the affection of young boys for his perverse sexual games, within the confines of his home.

I had to decide whether to take criminal action against him to protect my rights, or to let him rob me again. It pained me to think of having to subject him to this difficult moment, which the law would judge, but I remained there watching all my family members. Lunchtime was the time for a complete overview, and each of them made me understand that it was not right, expressing so much regret and ready to ask me to reconsider. However, it could not be overlooked; it was part of their right to have what they deserved when the time came.

When I went to the law firm representing me, ready to read the complaint to file with the prosecutor and sign and agree to it, initiating the process required in these cases, it wasn't easy to strike my brother down, but I had only one priority: to secure my family's rights. I was exposing myself, once again, to fighting alone, but I did not need much. I was the plaintiff and the injured civil party; I just had to wait.

The decisions we make are not always right, and those around us often lack the mental capacity to help us. However, every decision brings about an involuntary change, and no one can prevent it. Human greed is greater than God's mercy. When we think we are invincible, that is when we begin to lose everything, because what life gives us is not forever, but always for a limited time.

Creativity

When studying people defined as highly gifted, it emerges that the core of their ability lies in a refined creativity that always leads to the final solution to the problem, despite the diversity of their paths and methods. The first stage of creativity is the preparation phase: the period in which the individual explores, thinks, gathers useful information, and freely evaluates data and elements.

Ordinary creativity, capable of improving life by making it fuller and more satisfying, and extraordinary creativity, which invents new paradigms and improves everyone's life by contributing to progress, despite considering the existence of other types: expressive, productive, inventive, innovative, emergent, reach their solution through four phases: preparation, incubation, illumination, and verification.

Creativity is not a unique property, but rather the result of the complementarity of deduction and intuition, reason and imagination, emotion and reflection, and divergent and convergent thinking. Many believe creativity can be defined as a human activity capable of developing a new product, be it an object from the external world or a construction of intelligence or emotion that takes shape within us and then manifests itself.

Artificial intelligence can also accelerate and develop creativity, not replace it, within organizations by suggesting new directions, inspiring innovative ideas, and even creating new products. An experience that is more enjoyable than just productive.

What You Don't Know

I would have been happy to tell you this in person, but I understand and appreciate the current situation you are going through, which is not exactly easy. It's typical of me to always put your needs first, an expression that I express in a strange, perhaps different, way, but which, in terms of my true personality, represents my happiness in knowing I've dedicated my entire life to you and spent it well.

You are blessed with a great personality. Your beloved Aunt Italia passed the torch to you, and even that grandmother Elisabetta from Gioia Tauro, whom I never had the fortune of knowing, from whom you inherited strong character traits, allowed you to avoid showing any obvious lapses, maintaining your ordinary bouts of depression, like a woman from another era.

Giorgia gives you a unique boost, the ability to prove at every turn that women are in charge. This is the help that pushes her to be more courageous, supporting her psychologically, sometimes viewing her illness as a fantastic opportunity and not just a communal area of weakness.

Our conversations have long ceased. I have a problem you cannot manage, and by staying alone, I am moving forward. I am not used to giving up, but to achieving the results needed to create the well-being I seek for the whole family, the kind of well-being I have been unable to experience for many years. I can stay locked in a room for weeks without making any requests. I am still a man with my imperfections, but rest assured: this is not exercise, a reaction, or the calculated effect of a pathology. This translates into experience, character, personality, education, the ability to process, manage depression

and elation equally, and true growth, becoming what I truly am: a 59-year-old man.

Today I had signs that led me to believe my time had come, my departure, but I was not afraid. I calmly waited for him to take me silently, as he always does on these occasions. I regret not being able to say goodbye to you all, not being able to complete all my projects. Leaving something unfinished was not in my nature.

Many things hide behind a cry: thoughts, reflections, need, anger, happiness and support, nerves, and depression. But it is always the effect of an emotion that secretes tears, abundance, for both a negative and positive effect, and which provide a source of well-being. Endorphins always help. As the ancients said when they saw people cry: "Don't worry, their crying isn't olive oil that gets wasted and costs money, but a cry in itself costs nothing, it's worth nothing."

I will spend the first money I earn to give you many smiles and surprises. You are a completely different woman, improved over time. You have not been affected by age; you are a complete woman. You deserved a better man than me. An employee might have been better; you could have managed him better. It has been a true pleasure to have been present and a guest for 31 years on the stage of your life, where you remain the main actress, that girl who smiles from ear to ear and enchants the world. But remember, if you need a thief, you will have to call me. I am still the only one specializing in stealing hearts and making you fall in love.

An Easy Thing

Yet the solution could not be found. The more minds engaged in the exercise, the less likely it was that someone would awaken from this spell and tell us what should be done. History had taught us too much, or perhaps too little: from mathematics to chemistry, physics, philosophy, psychology, psychiatry. But if so, many had concentrated on searching for the solution, it would have come from the last man, the untitled but extremely intelligent one.

What was missing was an assessment of the obvious facts, which ignored prejudices and preconceptions, along with certainties about the dynamics and ideas, always focusing on how it happened, not who caused it. People often focus on who perpetrated something, not how it happened, and the dynamics, which tell us much more than we really want to know.

I remember one day I found myself talking to a psychiatrist, who was telling me about a client of his suffering from bipolar disorder, the wife of a Carabinieri marshal, the commander of a station in a small town. The woman's condition was disturbing her husband's sleep, as he needed to have sex up to ten times a day to find a moment of adjustment. The husband turned to the psychiatrist for a solution, as there were no stations to which he could transfer and his wife had already cared for the entire population of five towns. Now he was the one who had fallen into depression, while his wife remained as fresh as spring.

The advice was to divorce, the easiest thing to do, but the hardest because he loved her as much as he did on the first day. Easy things are not tempting; in fact, they reveal a distinct sense of worry and doubt, and the first question that arises is: why me? The taste is different, never sweet, and welcoming, always with

a bitter aftertaste, which pushes us to suffer and not think I want something easy.

Who Values Me

The phrase that caught my attention was: "Value what you have and remember that there are others who have nothing." The food we had at home could have fed many people, but we did not give it the right value, the right importance: it was just food. Man's first true wealth is his state of health and how fortunate we were to be able to enjoy a life free from problems.

Then I thought about my family. My children truly represented the whole my wife and I had built over the years. Our current financial situation allowed us to live peacefully without wanting anything: it was truly a remarkable blessing. Our beloved dogs, perfectly integrated with us, meant that any ailment meant a rush to the vet for treatment. The whole family truly felt connected.

The house we had managed to buy after so many years of sacrifice reflected my wife's happiness every morning in owning it and constantly wanting to make changes. I was forced to change my car every two years, leaving behind so many memories, so many unspeakable things, because no new car could ever replace the old one.

Dear and kind friends, each carrying their own selfishness within them, and those who had nothing remained silent, swallowing hard the feeling of envy that was palpable. Boat trips with the usual group, all intent on fishing and deciding who had caught the most fish, but always the same guy caught nothing, almost predestined to never produce, and we laughed at him: it had been going on for over ten years.

The barbecues at the mountain house, everyone strong and brave, when that Sunday in December a huge bear arrived, and all the men cowered inside. All it took was my wife's recklessness, without assessing the danger and the risk, to scream with her broom and begin to confront it, challenging it, and convincing it to abandon its position and its flesh.

Last on this special list is my wife. Not because she is last, but because she deserves special attention and concern. She is a beautiful woman, a great woman, and she becomes a man when needed. But never ask her about her relationship with weapons: she would tell you she can use them, but that is not true, because she has never done it.

The Search for the Dream

When I was young, my dream was to become famous. I did not know in what field, but I knew I wanted to be seen, recognized, loved. I spent hours imagining myself on a stage, in the spotlight, receiving applause. It was the kind of fame I had always seen in movies, where everyone loves and worships you. But as the years passed, I realized that fame was not what I thought it was.

I began working by myself, trying to improve my skills and abilities. I prepared, studied, and worked tirelessly. And finally, an opportunity came along. A small recognition, something small, but significant. At first, it seemed like my dream had come true, but I soon realized that what I had achieved was not enough. The lights and the applause were not what I imagined.

I realized that true recognition did not come from outside, but from within. Success is not just fame and public recognition, but the knowledge that you have achieved your goals with

dedication and passion. There is no point in being the center of the world if you do not know what to do with yourself when all the lights go out.

At that point, I decided I no longer cared about becoming famous. I wanted to be happy, do what I loved, and live at peace with myself. If fame came, it would be a consequence, not a goal. I woke up one morning and realized I had already achieved something more important: my inner peace.

The Changing World

I remember the day I realized that fame was not what I thought it was. I had always strived to be noticed, to be different, to stand out in a world that seemed gray and anonymous. Every step I took, I took with recognition in mind. I was willing to sacrifice anything to achieve the success I'd always desired.

I prepared myself, I looked for the right moment, and finally it arrived. My name began to be known, people looked at me and talked to me. At first, it was all like a dream. But soon reality hit me with its force. Fame is not something solid. People look at you, but they do not know you. They love you, but only for what you represent, not for who you truly are.

One day, after a long day of interviews and commitments, I found myself alone in a dark room. In that moment, I realized that fame was a sham, an illusion. It was not what I was looking for. Fame gives you visibility, but it does not give you answers. I asked myself, "What was I really looking for?" The answer came in a flash: I was looking for the truth, my truth.

And so, I woke up. I no longer cared about being famous, but about being myself. Fame was just a step on my journey, not the

destination. The journey, the growth, the change: these were the true goals. And the moment I understood this; I found the peace I had been searching for my whole life.

The Price

I knew fame came at a price, but I had no idea how high it was. Every day, I woke up with the ambition to reach the top, to be recognized as a leader, to be part of that small group of people who had reached the summit. But when I finally got there, I realized that what I had gained was not worth the sacrifice.

Every step toward success had distanced me from who I was. I had focused so much on the idea of being famous that I had neglected the things that truly matter in life: relationships, inner peace, time for myself. Fame had consumed all my energy, isolated me from others, and made me lose sight of who I truly was.

I constantly sought validation from those around me, but I realized that that validation did not fill the emptiness I felt inside. The price I had paid for fame was too high. And then, one day, I woke up and decided to change. I decided to give up the race for fame and begin a new path, one of authenticity and true connections. Fame was not important anymore; what I was looking for was a more meaningful life.

The Awakening

I had always strived for fame, convinced it was the key to a full and satisfying life. Yet, when it finally arrived, I found myself facing quite a different reality. Fame, in fact, was not what I thought it would be. It did not solve my problems, it did not boost my self-esteem, and it did not bring me the peace I sought.

Every morning, as I prepared for a new day of events and appearances, I felt increasingly empty. Fame does not allow you to be yourself; it forces you to play a part, to live up to other people's expectations. And I was not willing to live like that anymore.

One day, during deep reflection, I woke up. Fame was not my purpose. My purpose was to be happy, to live a meaningful life, to build authentic relationships. In that moment, I realized I had been chasing something that was not mine. Fame did not define me; it was just part of a journey I had not fully understood yet.

And so, I stopped chasing her. I embraced my life, its imperfections, and its beauty. I no longer cared about being famous, I only cared about being happy with who I was. True freedom lay in waking up and discovering that I did not need anything more to be complete.

Fear

When we are born, we carry our genetic makeup with us, 50% from our mother and 50% from our father. Our genetic makeup determines who we resemble and which characteristics we primarily acquire.

If one parent were a thief, the child would not necessarily become a thief, but he or she might still develop thoughts or inclinations toward crime. Character is the first form of individuation: if the parent is anxious, the child will tend to be anxious; if the parent is insecure, the child will be insecure; if the parent is weak, the child will be weak; if the parent is submissive, the child will be submissive. Nothing can completely change these situations, but there will be subtle

changes brought about by the partner, the children, and life experiences.

Trauma can exacerbate these situations, and reactions can allow a progressive acceleration of these issues. It is said that those who are not afraid are those cold-blooded people who do not consciously experience situations without realizing it. But there are also those who enter a cathartic state and need a lot of help to return to normalcy.

If you have not experienced fear and do not know it, you are missed. You will not be able to live it, talk about it, or experience the emotions it evokes you will feel a void inside you. All animals are afraid of something, but they fight it to survive and, as soon as they can, they flee from their presence. The greatest fear humankind has is represented by women: they are truly the only ones who can surprise us and make us feel like children again in our mother's arms, just with a look.

Fear is a primal emotion that accompanies us from birth until death. It is a fundamental defense mechanism that warns us of danger and allows us to react promptly to threats. But fear can also become an obstacle, paralyzing us and preventing us from living our lives to the fullest.

The Morning

You open your eyes, wake up, and immediately realize that you are still alive today, ready to face your day, remembering something unfinished and the new things that are coming that you cannot stop. Your wife senses you are awakening and immediately tries to cuddle you, asking if you would prefer a coffee or an alternative breakfast ideal for the morning.

You immediately ask about the children; two of them are 31 and the youngest is only 21, but in the parent's imagination, they never grow up, as if they wanted to cuddle them all their lives, which is what we all try to do. What do you want for lunch? That is the classic morning question. You replied that you are not coming home, you will have a sandwich with your colleagues.

You are ready to leave, but not before she gives you a final check-up, and you are immediately ready to ask why you did not wear the last perfume your mother and I gave you. You joke that you thought it would be used on your coffin on the day of your passing. That day, you decide to walk, leaving your car at home, and she follows you with her eyes from the balcony, just long enough for your cell phone to ring and for you to ask why you walk to work instead of driving.

You tell her that the previous evening you'd watched a special on TikTok by a Japanese doctor, who was talking about new scientific discoveries and who, to deal with stress, advised that killing someone would no longer be necessary, but simply taking long walks would be enough. You arrive at the office, punctual; Daniela gave you a lift on her motorbike for the last three hundred meters, and you were having trouble holding on. But she took your hands and placed them on your breasts, so you would not have to risk falling again.

When you got to the office, she was yelling at you to get off the bike, but you couldn't let go of her hands on her breasts: they were big, firm, and smelled so good—what could you do? You took the elevator to the 25th floor of the building, where the offices were located, and before entering the room, Daniela gave you a small paper package, telling you to open it but to remain seated. You peered inside and found her panties; you were

nervous, like those bulls ready to be mated but without a cow. It was a hellish day: she passed by your room and pretended to pick up the pen on the floor; it was not easy at all.

As if by magic, your wife called with the most disparate excuses: it was as if she sensed danger. You were a meter away from pure nitroglycerin, and it would have taken extraordinarily little for it to explode. The day ended and you ran straight home, telling your wife to get ready for dinner, and she asked you what you were supposed to celebrate. Well, it is easy to say: I love you.

The Life Lesson

For a long time, I chased the dream of fame. I wanted to become someone; I wanted my name to be recognized and respected. And finally, that dream came true. My name was on everyone's lips, and I found myself living the life of which I had always dreamed. But I soon realized that fame was not what I thought it was at all.

There was no time for me anymore. My life had become a series of appointments, interviews, and public appearances. Every step was monitored, every word scrutinized. Fame makes you visible, but it robs you of privacy and tranquility. And the more famous I became, the more I realized that my happiness did not depend on the admiration of others.

So, I decided to stop. I began to reflect on the value of the things I truly had. I no longer cared about the spotlight. I wanted to live an authentic life, far from the judgments and expectations of others. I finally woke up from the dream, and I understood that true fulfillment lay in being able to be myself, without having to meet anyone's expectations.

The most important lesson in life I have learned is that fame is not an end, but a means. It is part of the journey, not the destination. I have learned that true success is not measured in terms of popularity, but in personal integrity, in how true you are to yourself. Fame may bring external recognition, but true satisfaction comes from internal recognition, from the knowledge that you have lived in accordance with your values and principles.

Now, I live with the serenity of someone who has understood that the value of life lies in the trivial things: authentic relationships, moments of intimacy, experiences lived with depth and passion. I have learned that happiness is not a goal to be achieved, but a way of life, a conscious choice to embrace life with all its imperfections and wonders.

The Ruin

It all began in a small town, where the sound of footsteps was the only sound accompanying the solitude of the streets. I found myself there by chance, seeking a new life, a fresh start, but unaware that it would also be my end.

At first, the place seemed perfect. The people were welcoming, the landscapes picturesque, and every corner seemed to hold a secret waiting to be discovered. However, behind that facade of tranquility, something was slowly crumbling. It was not obvious at first, but I soon realized it: the people were like shadows, stuck in a vicious cycle of habits that bind them to ruin.

I did not understand what was happening until I met Elena, a woman with dark hair and eyes that told stories of times gone by. She told me of an ancient tradition that reigned over that town, a tradition that was reflected in every aspect of daily life,

yet no one seemed to completely understand. The ruin, she explained, was not something physical, but something far more insidious: a culture that devoured anyone who tried to escape it.

Elena spoke of a promise made by the country's founders, a promise of prosperity in exchange for sacrifices. At first, they seemed insignificant, but over time, they took on an increasingly dark form. People began to sacrifice their freedom, their dreams, and their souls, to maintain the country in some apparent balance. Every gesture, every action, every choice was dictated by a silent fear that permeated everything.

It was as if the country itself was heading toward an inevitable end, like the ruinous collapse of a house of cards. Yet, no one seemed ready to admit it. Elena told me of a man who had tried to escape that fate, but who had never returned. His escape, though heroic, had become a sad legend, because in the end, ruin always overtook those who tried to escape it.

The next evening, walking along the old bridge that spanned the river, I felt the weight of the truth Elena had whispered to me. There was no escape. I had just stepped into an invisible net, and like everyone else, I would have to choose to surrender to ruin or fight against it, knowing that fighting would mean losing myself in the process.

Ruin, in the end, was not a place, but a state of mind. A place where indifference and fear destroyed the beauty of life, where every step toward independence meant a step toward loneliness. I did not know what to do, but one thing was certain: I would not let that be my end.

And so, I found myself fighting, not only against the shadows of the country, but against the part of me that had begun to give

way. Because ruin is never something that happens externally, but it is a journey that begins within. And, like every journey, the choice not to give up is what defines our destiny.

P Greek

Just when we thought everyone knew what we were talking about, we realized there was a lack of information and immediately began to explain what it was: we began with the ratio between the length of the circumference and that of its diameter.

The discovery of Pi has several claims, with historians pointing to the Babylonian and Egyptian cultures as the discoverers of the concept around 2,000 BC. Archimedes further specified it around 250 BC, in his treatise On the Measurement of the Circle.

Why is Pi equal to 3/14? Because it is the result of dividing the circumference of a circumference by its diameter.

Pi is not an infinite number; it is simply an irrational number. What's infinite is its decimal part. Being a number with an infinite decimal part means that if we tried to find an end to Pi, it would always end up with another decimal place.

The vibrating strings of a guitar, an electromagnetic wave spreading, perfume wafting through the air, but also the spread of a flu virus, the rising temperature of a metal object. Industrial production, medicine, and the design of buildings and bridges also depend on Pi.

March 14th is Pi Day because, according to the Anglo-Saxon interpretation of dates, the value of the most famous mathematical constant is 3.14. It is used to indicate the ratio between the circumference and diameter of a circle and to calculate its circumference.

From electromagnetism to quantum mechanics, Pi is lurking everywhere, from Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle to the period of oscillation of a pendulum (which is proportional to our irrational number), to the Coulomb force between two electrically charged objects.

To be sixty years old

Men's relationship with age is quite different from that of women, because their aging process is clinically slowed, just as youthful development comes later. A sixty-year-old is a solid asset in terms of stability, balanced, thoughtful, moderate in spending, devoted to his family, faithful and loyal, helpful in family relationships, but craves attention and companionship.

Attention stimulates an area of the brain responsible for developing abilities; therefore, staying in a group does not dull these traits, while company is a stimulus to confirm that they are still useful and an active and integral part of society. One of the health issues affecting this group of people is periodic prostate checks, which, if not monitored, can cause some discomfort.

Statistics also talk about the frequency of sexual intercourse, but being Calabrian, this land has taught me that we are a people apart, and when others talk about normality, no Calabrian speaks of phenomenology, only of clear inherited abilities and good health. Our grandchildren and children command our full attention; some of them resemble us, we see it immediately, but we always prudently try to maintain control, knowing that instilling vices is easy, but not removing them.

Women look at us on the street and among friends immediately say: "How old is this guy? Do you think he is still good in bed? Does he have a pension, how much does he earn? Do you think

he has a big dick? Does he have a nice body, have you seen that firm ass? Do you think he is single, or is he married?" We always get the same confirmations; we never decide anything. It has been happening for 2,000 years: when we get involved, we must try to choose the lesser of two evils and be incredibly careful. The rules of engagement always remain the same: never lose awareness of how much we want to spend; it is a game with many unknowns.

Rest

I thought it would be easy: a nice, relaxing shower, a cool pair of pajamas, and straight into bed, confident I would close my eyes and within minutes Morpheus would accompany me on my dreams, creating addiction, smiles, and sadness. And all it would take was the moment to decide to rest; for the rest, I expected an automatic response from another era.

My childhood memories take me back 55 years, when my mother would decide that after lunch, he had to rest and, after the first five minutes of playing in bed smiling, she would move on to stronger measures with slaps and pinches, the only real barbiturates of the moment.

Today, problems are a product of your age, and it is not easy to manage them as if they were a society, as there are so many variables and you must consider loved ones and children. And rest simply becomes a moment of grace to be seized, where we remain with our eyes open, staring into space, and we let our thoughts drift, finding solutions and discovering new insights.

The happiest sleeper snore: it is a special condition that should not be misleading. We are not talking about pure, complete rest, but rather a variant of the health system that can provide us with

a wealth of information. Those who sleep little and claim to need only a few hours of rest are displaying utter ignorance, because sleep removes all the brain cells that need to be disposed of and makes room for new ones—as if to say, if I rest, I have better thoughts.

The roles of a man and a woman in their marriage are different: he tries to stay away, detached, until he seeks intimacy; she, on the other hand, is perpetually glued to him, and even if it were 120 degrees outside, she would never miss an opportunity to seek contact and cuddles. My success over many years, for the world, has been to go to sleep alone and manage my life in absolute silence, controlling my needs.

Stories End

Our moments, those that define our lives, are made up of many small spaces, fragments that intertwine and taken together, give life to stories. These stories are nothing more than the sum of emotions, experiences, thoughts, and sensations that sometimes seem to impose themselves on us without warning. Our perception of our existence is profoundly tied to our ability to remember, but true memory is not just an archive of data. It is a living entity, nourished by emotions and shaped by how our heart and mind were engaged in certain moments. We cannot consider memory as a mere repetition of the past, but as something that carries with it an echo, a sensation that endures over time.

What we often forget is not the event itself, but the emotion that accompanied it. Memory, in fact, is constructed around these emotional triggers, which can be intense depending on how deeply an event has affected us. And this is precisely what conditions us. Our emotions are a powerful force, sometimes

guiding us, sometimes deceiving us. The decisions we make are often influenced by this state of mind, and sometimes, impulsiveness causes us to make mistakes we could have avoided with a little more reflection. In those moments, a hasty assessment can be harmful, not only to ourselves but also to those around us. Haste, born of emotion, is the enemy of clarity.

When our emotions spiral out of control, they become a raging river that overwhelms everything. Anxiety, that silent monster, bursts into our thoughts. An uncomfortable guest, who enters without knocking, and who, once inside, lodges in our thoughts. It is like an illness that has no definite duration: it can vanish in an hour, but it can also last days, months, and years. And when it arrives, we cannot help but feel its presence. Every thought seems infected by its shadow, and our mind loses clarity, becoming a battlefield of desires and fears.

Our ability to think clearly depends on our ability to manage emotions. It is a process that requires patience, self-control, and awareness. We cannot afford to act impulsively, especially when faced with important choices. Every action should be the fruit of thorough reflection, considering not only immediate desires but also future consequences. Yet, it is not easy. The Greeks, with their infinite wisdom, left us a legacy of complex concepts, such as Passion and Romance, which still influence our lives today. Unfortunately, these two elements do not always guide us correctly. Passion, if uncontrolled, can become destructive, leading us to make choices that do not reflect our true selves. And Romance, if not balanced with reality, can generate illusions that shatter over time, leaving us alone and disappointed.

In these moments of solitude, when we carve out some time to reflect, to recharge, our thoughts begin to flow like a raging

river. And it is then that we begin to ask ourselves the most tough questions. The themes we encounter are universal, but each person approaches them in a unique way. We question our affections, how important the people we love and who love us are. Health, often taken for granted, becomes an inevitable reflection. Money, which means that it allows us to live, does not bring us happiness. Work, our occupation, which often ends up defining who we are. Friends, the people who share our lives, but who sometimes fail to give us the answers we seek. Women, who are always a source of inspiration and confusion, of beauty and challenge. Memories, those fragments that remain imprinted in our memory, which take us back to moments that will never return. The present, which slips away, yet we are constantly changing.

POSTSCRIPTUM

This book does not ask you to believe in me.
It asks for something more difficult: **to believe what you feel when you stop telling yourself stories.**

Before moving on, make peace with one thing: you *are not late, you are not early, you have not been fooled by fate*.
You are simply where your life has brought you, even if you do not like it.

You will read pages that will not pamper you.
Because success is not a prize, it is a reckoning: with what you have done, with what you have avoided, with what you have lost, with what you never had the courage to say.

If you want to sleep on, this is not the book for you. If, however, you feel something stirring inside you, then sit

down. Breathe. And take your hands off the wheel for a moment.

Whoever truly wakes up never goes back.

Aphorisms

1. **It is not the world that stops you. It is you who will not wake up.**
2. **Success does not just happen it comes to you when you stop running away from yourself.**
3. **Waiting is not weakness. It is invisible preparation.**
4. **The truth does not comfort it clarifies. And that is already enough.**
5. **He who is always running never understands where he is going.**
6. **Fear does not hold you back: it warns you. Courage lies in listening to it.**
7. **You are not what you get, you are what you endure without breaking.**
8. **Failures chase success. The lucid ones pass through it.**
9. **If you look in the mirror and recognize yourself, you have already won.**
10. **The right moment never comes when you are the one who must uproot it.**

When you finally open your eyes

There comes a moment when you have no more excuses. You cannot blame fate, bad luck, people, the past. There comes a sharp, clean, brutal moment when you realize that everything you have done—and everything you have not done—has brought you exactly here.

Success is not a train you have to jump on.
It is silence that comes to you when you stop acting out other people's lives.

The man on the bench does not sleep.
He is looking into his time, breathing in truth, waiting for the version of himself that no longer lies.

When the moment comes, you do not confuse it with anything. You feel it in your bones, in your back, in the sudden calm that sweeps through you. You do not need confirmation. You do not need applause. You just need to get up.

And when you get up, you are no longer the same.

The right moment does not knock.
It opens your eyes.

Before leaving.

Before closing this book, pause for a second.
Look at yourself. Not as others look at you, but as you would look if no one judged you.

You spent years chasing a version of yourself that was not yours. You thought success was a signpost to reach. It is not. It is an internal alignment, a sudden burst of clarity: either **you wake up or you stay asleep.**

If you have read this far, it means you have already started moving.

This book is not meant to close a path for you.
It wants to open a new one.

When your time comes, you will know.
And you will not need anyone to wake you up.
SEQUEL PART II