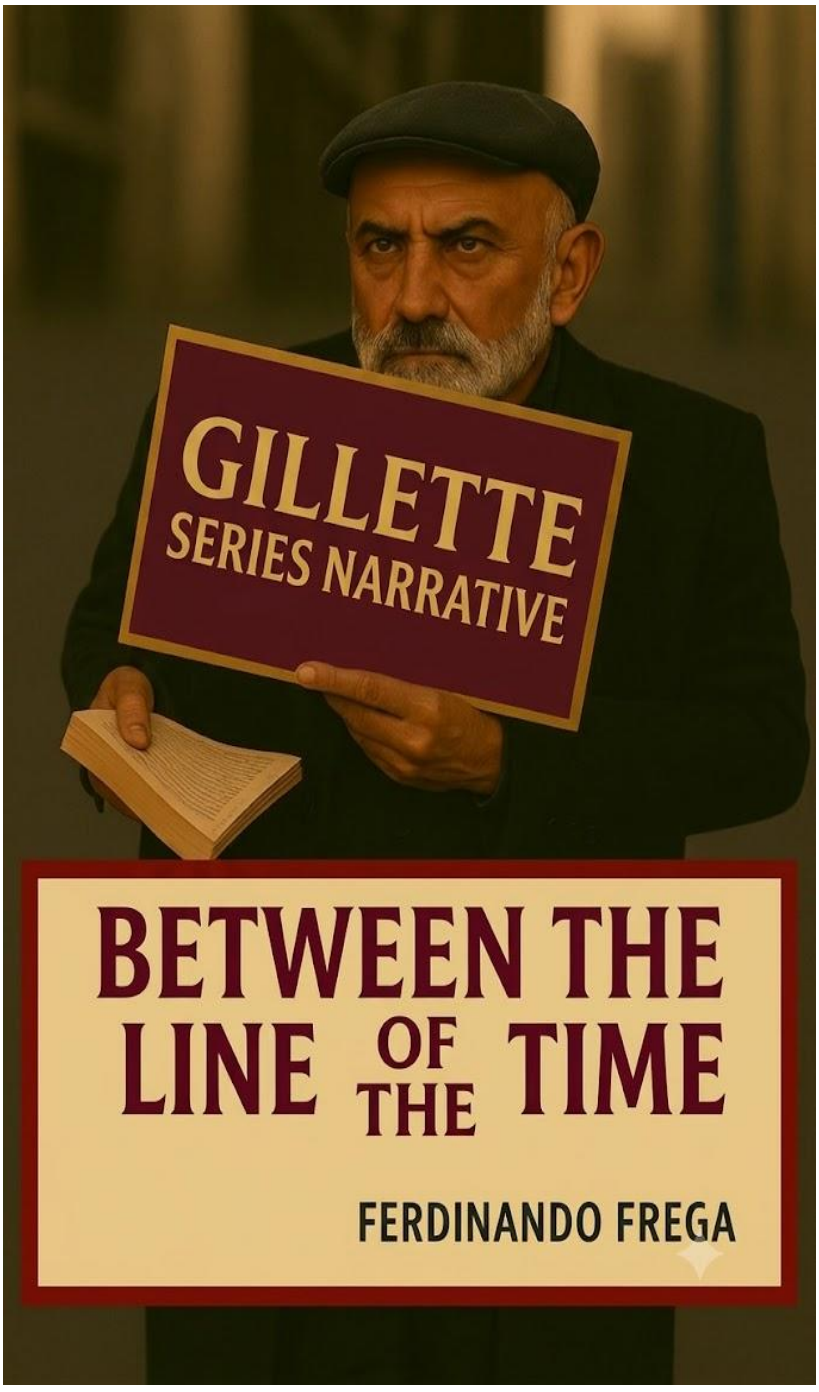
GILLETTE
SERIES NARRATIVE
BETWEEN THE
LINE OF THE TIME
FERDINANDO FREGA

CHAPTER ZERO

What does publishing not know?

The publishing industry thinks it knows everything. Catalogs, genres, formats, keywords, recommended prices. It thinks every book should resemble something already existing, as if the reader were a programmable animal, as if life could be packaged on tidy shelves.

But there are works that are not created to be ordered. They are created to disturb. They are created to awaken. They are created to shift something in consciousness, not in the marketplace.

This is one of them.

**It was not written to be approved,
it was not born to please, it was not built to be reviewed. It was born from a simpler and more fierce need: to say what I have to say without asking permission.**

**Publishing does not know this format
because it never existed. You will not find it among "contemporary fiction," nor among essays, nor among autobiographies, nor on the motivational shelves.**

**The Literary Manifesto resembles nothing,
and must resemble nothing.**

**You read it like a book,
but it hits you like a shock. It is a match lit in a dark room: it does not light up everything; it lights you up.**

Here you will not find plots, characters, or story arcs. You will find what remains when everything else has

collapsed: the truth that filters survive, trends, and good manners.

These pages do not want to be understood.
They want to be felt. If a sentence enters, it stays. If it does not, it will come knocking again.

This Manifesto was born from a specific point:
from the freedom to write without being contained, from the certainty that time is not an adversary, but a judge.

Writing like this is a risk.
Reading like this is a choice. You just made that choice.

Welcome to the Manifesto that publishing does not know.
And that, from now on, it can no longer ignore.

AUTHOR'S NOTE ON LANGUAGE

This Manifesto is intentionally presented in its original language.

It has not been translated to preserve its integrity, tone, and original force.
Translation, by nature, introduces interpretation.
Interpretation alters position.

This text was conceived as a single, uncompromising statement.
Keeping one language is not a limitation, but a choice:
to protect the originality of the voice and the coherence of the act.

Readers are invited to engage with the Manifesto as it is, without filters, adaptations, or cultural mediation.

The responsibility of understanding belongs to the reader. The responsibility of remaining faithful belongs to the author.

UNIQUE LITERARY MANIFESTO

Between the lines of time

No unnecessary space.
Immediately after, direct attack:

Introduction to the Manifesto

I am not welcoming you.
I am warning you.

Whoever enters here is not opening a book:
they are opening a fracture.

There are words that explain
and words that move. I chose the latter.

This Manifesto is not born to convince,
nor to comfort, nor to order life in polite pages. It is born to declare what remains when short truths and long compromises detach themselves.

You will not follow a plot.
You will follow a position. Mine.

You will not read a path.
You will read a shock. Yours.

Manifesto is not something you study.
It is something you just go through. And if it hurts, it works.

There is no cover here because it is unnecessary.
There is no ornamentation here because it is distracting. There are no genres here because I burned them all.

There is just one blunt question:
are you ready to look at what you have been avoiding so far?

If so, move on.
If not, close again. A Manifesto takes no prisoners.

PROLOGUE TO THE MANIFESTO

Before entering.

There are moments when life does not ask for permission. It grabs you with the collar, turns your head, and forces you to face the truth you have been pretending not to see.

This Manifesto was born from one of those moments.

**There was no idea,
no planning, no editorial project.**

**There was a point.
A specific point. And from that point there was no turning back.**

The Manifesto exists because at a certain point I realized that continuing to tell the truth with kindness was a polite way of lying. And I've long since given up on lying.

**The Manifesto is not a method,
it is not a theory, it is not a system.**

**It is a statement.
It is a clean break with the flesh of habits. It is the voice that remains when all the others have settled down.**

**This prologue is not there to explain what you are about to read.
It is there to remind you of one thing:**

Whoever enters a Manifesto cannot leave it the same way he entered.

If you seek comfort, you will not find it.
If you seek answers, you will find them in the form of questions. If you are looking for an author to guide you, you have come to the wrong door.

Here we do not walk together.
Here we walk straight.

Now you can move on.
What happens next is between you and what you have always avoided.

WHY A MANIFESTO

Notice to the reader.

There are books that are written to add,
and books that are written to take away.

I chose to remove.

Remove the masks,
remove the embellishments, remove the useless stories, remove the expectations of publishing, remove everything that makes the truth more digestible but less true.

I chose Manifesto because no other form can bear the weight of what I have to say.
A novel would soften it. An essay would cage it. An autobiography would justify it. A manual would reduce it.

The Manifesto, on the other hand, does not explain it affirms.
It does not mend it tears. It does not accompany it forces us to look.

A Manifesto is a statement of position without seeking consensus.
It is an act that does not ask to be shared, but rather to be understood in its nakedness.

I write it this way because the time for pretending is over. Because life is not a necklace to be displayed, but a blade to be wielded.

Because there are words that should not be lined up to please,
but to leave a mark.

And above all because, after a certain age,
you understand that the most honest thing you can do is to tell the truth as you see it, even if it does not match that of others.

I chose Manifesto so I would not have to ask permission. So, I would not have to moderate the tone. So, I would not have to adapt to the form.

For an even simpler reason:
because this is not a book. It is a position statement.

If you accept it, you can move on.
If you do not, that is okay too: the Manifestos were never written for everyone.

WHAT TO EXPECT?

Why is it necessary to read it?

Do not expect a book.
Do not expect a story. Do not expect a hand on the shoulder.

Expect sentences that force you to pause.
Expect thoughts you did not have the courage to formulate on your own. Expect a voice that does not accompany you: it passes through you.

This Manifesto was not written to entertain you,
nor to reassure you, nor to offer you solutions. It was written for a much more inconvenient reason:

to show you the part of you that you always save for last.

And that makes it necessary.

Necessary because we live in a time when everyone talks, but few say. When everyone writes, but no one takes a stand. When emotional honesty has become a luxury, and the truth a nuisance.

Reading it is necessary because, at a certain point in life, there comes a time when you can no longer afford to tell yourself the comfortable story.

There comes a time when you must look at things as they are,
not as you wish they were.

This Manifesto does exactly that:
it takes away your filter. It takes away the noise. It takes away your alibi.

It does not improve anything.
It does not promise anything. It does not save anyone.

It speaks. It shows.
It opens.

The rest is up to the reader.

If you are looking for ready-made answers, you will not find them.
If you are looking for shortcuts, there are not any. If you are looking for someone to confirm what you already think, you are in the wrong place.

But if you are looking for a voice that does not bend, a writing style that does not apologize, and a text that does not want to please but to shake, then you will find what you need here.

Not because it is easy to read,
but because it is impossible to ignore.

WELCOME

Sit back and read between the timelines.

There is no need for formalities.
If you are here, it is because something inside you already knew was time.

Sit down.
Breathe. Let go of haste, expectations, and defenses.

This is not a text you skim.
It is a text that flows through you. It is not read on the surface: it is read *between* the lines.

Between what you say
and what you avoid saying. Between what you remember and what you preferred to forget. Between the time you lived and the time you never had the courage to look at.

Here you will not be told what to think.
Here you will be empowered to think.

Sit comfortably, yes.
But do not expect comfort. Every line opens, every pause deepens, every word compels.

Welcome to the place where truth does not disguise itself.
Welcome to the timelines.

THANK YOU

THE REALIZATION OF CHANGE

Change does not come with a warning.
It lingers like a silent shadow. One day you wake up and realize you are no longer the same. It is not your skin that betrays you: it is your gaze.

At sixty, I began to see my life differently.
No longer as a path to be defended, but as a story to be read with clarity. Youth was a race, a struggle against a time I believed to be an enemy. Then something broke, it opened.

I no longer fought time.
I listened to it.

The change was not violent.
It was slow, steady, and decisive. Priorities shifted. What once had urgently lost importance. What I ignored, however, began to knock.

My material life has shrunk.
I have lost everything I have built, and I live in a council house. I am not ashamed of it: it was a return to the essentials. Security does not come from luxury, but from knowing who you are when everything falls apart.

Solitude, which I did not choose, has become my unfamiliar territory.
Friends have dissolved. The paths I once walked with others I now tread alone.
But in that solitude, I discovered something few can manage: **their own mind.**

She is my true refuge.
She is the only thing that does not give up when the world leaves you on the ground. What I have left is not little: my family, a few sincere affections, and books—the best companions a man could ask for.

I do not complain about the silence of others.
Gratitude is not a duty, and I do not ask what life does not want to give me. My dignity remained intact even when everything else crumbled.

My strength is not in my body.
It is in my clear understanding of things. It is in my ability to reorganize the world even when the world does not want to reorganize itself.

This is where change becomes identity:
you no longer run to arrive, but to understand.

CURRENT CHALLENGES

At sixty, the challenges do not end: they change nature.
They are no longer races, but comparisons. I am not out: I am in.

Fatigue no longer scares me.
Anger is useless to me. I have learned to save my energy for what really matters.

There are economic difficulties.
Loneliness too. But they are not a handicap: they are filters.

Today I walked like a gladiator in the arena, surrounded by lions.
I do not want to kill them. I study them. I convert them. I transform them from threats to opportunities.

I do not fight to destroy:
I fight to win without shedding blood.

Challenges are no longer obstacles: they are opportunities to apply what I know.
It is a strategy of calm, context, and timing. There is no point in rushing. You need to know when to stop and when to strike.

The future does not scare me.
Poverty does not humiliate me. Loneliness does not destroy me.

I walk slower, but more precisely.
Every step has meaning. Every defeat is an analysis. Every victory is a byproduct of clarity.

THE VALUE OF PAST EXPERIENCES

At this point in my life, I have no regrets.
What happened was worthwhile. Even the mistakes, especially those.

I have taken difficult paths, sometimes wrong ones.
I have traveled through gray areas; I have touched limits that could have broken me.
But I have never fallen further. By instinct. By clarity. By that inherited ability to stop just before the abyss.

Experiences are roots.
And without roots, you cannot grow. Every person you have met, every missed opportunity, every risk you have taken has left its mark.

My value is not in the things I have had.
It is in the things I have gone through without being overwhelmed.

Today I no longer live in the house I wanted.
But I live with the richest mind I have ever had. The rest is furniture.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PRESENT AND AWARENESS

Today I live in the present.
Not out of philosophy: out of necessity.

I cannot change what has happened.
I cannot predict what will happen. I can only decide how to be here, now.

And this, paradoxically, gives me strength.

The present is made up of details I once ignored:
the light coming in through the window, a book that keeps me awake, my children's smiles.

Loneliness no longer weighs on me.
It has become an honest mirror.
It has taught me not to depend on anyone to feel valid.
It has taught me that the time you spend seeking validation is wasted.

I do not fear aging.
Wrinkles are not wounds they are coordinated. Every mark on the body tells a story. Every passing year sharpens the mind.

Awareness is my greatest resource.
Life has not gotten easier. I am the one who has become more precise.

TEACHING RESILIENCE

Resilience is the muscle you do not see.
You do not train in the gym; you train it by falling.

I have gone through moments when the darkness seemed like a room without doors.
Yet every time a crack opened. Not by magic: by will.

Resilience is not about feeling pain.
It is about not letting it decide for you.

Every fall there was a lesson.
Every victory, a detail. Every wound, another chapter.

I have learned that strength is not about reacting.
It is staying put. It is about keeping moving when your body says "stop," and your mind responds, "one more step."

I have not gotten tougher.
I have gotten more aware.

Resilience is not about resistance.
It is about transforming.

THE VALUE OF RELATIONSHIPS

At sixty, you understand something you did not know when you were young:

it is not the things you own that define your life, but the people who pass through you.

Family is my anchor.
Not the perfect place, not the ideal refuge: the true point. They are the ones who keep me standing when life gets tight. My children, with their simplicity and their clean gestures, are proof that not everything that falls is lost.

The relationships I have had outside of my family have a different weight.
Some have faded away quietly. Others have left scars I do not want to erase. I do not bear grudges: I bring lessons.

Over time, I have learned that relationships should not be held on to.
They should be explored. Some people enter for a while; others remain as a compass. It is not the duration that matters, it is the mark they leave.

Authentic relationships are rare.
Those that listen to you, not those that talk down to you. Those that know how to stay even when you are no longer needed.

Loneliness has not taken anything away from me.
It has taught me to recognize those who are truly worthy.

BONDS THAT IS LAST OVER TIME

Over time I understood that family is not just blood: it is root, destiny, training.

My parents taught me two things:
never give up and never get into trouble alone. Two lessons that have saved me many times.

Today I see my children grow and understand that a father's role changes but never ends.
I am no longer the one teaching everything. They are the ones showing me how life can be renewed through those you let go of.

Family is not perfect, but it is the only place where failure is not a curse.
It is a transition.

True relationships endure because they do not ask for anything. They do not judge you; they do not measure you; they do not count you. They are simply there. Like a port that does not need to tell you the way: you know it all by yourself.

FRIENDSHIPS THAT REMAIN

True friendships are exceedingly rare.
The rest lasts if they need to. And that is okay.

I have learned that friendship is not measured in parties, smiles, or photographs.
It is measured in silences that do not hurt. In those who stay when you have nothing left to offer.

I have discovered the deepest friendships in hardship, not in joy.
They were born when everything was falling apart, not when everything was shining.

Some people have disappeared.
I do not judge them: everyone carries the weight they can.
Those who weathered my storm, however, have a place that cannot be bought.

True friendship does not require constant presence.
It requires authenticity. A single word, even after months, is enough, and the bond resumes where it left off.

The rest is company.
It is not friendship.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CONCEPT OF FAMILY

As a son, you learn.
As a father, you teach. As a grown man, you observe and understand how this whole cycle is never-ending.

The family grows, changes, expands, and shrinks.
It is not a snapshot: it is a continuous movement.

When your children become adults, you stop guiding them and start walking alongside them.
It is a transition few accept. I do because in that change, there is a sign you have done the right thing.

Family is the place where you can make mistakes without losing your right to be loved.
It is where you can allow yourself to fall and know that someone is waiting for you, standing up.

Evolution does not take anything away.
It adds meaning.

THE STRENGTH OF WOMEN: SILENT WARRIORS

In my travels, I have met women who do not make noise but move the world.
Women from the South, from Latin America, from countries where life weighs twice as much and offers half as much.

Their strength is not spectacular: it is every day.
It is in the way they support entire families with dignity that does not demand applause. It is in their ability to smile when life bites.

These women are not looking for attention.
They are looking for solutions. They are not asking for recognition. They are asking for balance.

They taught me that true strength does not scream.
It breathes. It resists. It waits. And when it acts, it changes things without demanding anything.

They are warriors without armor:
they win because they keep standing.

PATIENCE AND AWARENESS

Patience is not passive waiting.
It is active understanding.

The women I have observed know this:
they do not force life; they just get through it. And not out of resignation, but out of wisdom.

Every gesture, every choice, every sacrifice is calibrated.
They do not waste energy. They do not waste emotions.

They taught me that patience is not slow.
It is priority.

Whoever understands this stops chasing what does not matter.

CHILDREN: INNOCENCE AND HOPE

The children I saw in those places had nothing,
yet they had everything: the freedom to be present.

They played without a burden.
They lived in the moment, not the future. They knew neither the fear of tomorrow nor the judgment of the world.

Their innocence was a form of resistance.
A way of saying that happiness is not wealth, but a gaze.

Their mothers protected them as best they could, without showing their fatigue.
They gave what they did not have to prevent the harshness of the world from burning them too soon.

From those children I learned something that adults forget: life is made up of small moments that never return. Wasting them is a luxury no one can afford.

THE STRENGTH THAT COMES FROM BALANCE

Strength is not muscle.
It is balanced.

I understood it by looking at these women and these families: they were not fighting against the world; they lived within it with a harmony that seemed impossible.

Their greatness lay in their calm.
They did not suffer; they did not explode, they responded.

Strength lies not in hitting hard,
but in knowing when to do nothing.

True power stays true to yourself while everything around you change.
It is staying centered, even when life tries to shift you.

This lesson is not learned young.
It comes after many falls.

And when it comes, it changes the way you are in the world.

REBIRTH FROM PAIN

Every morning my body reminds me of past battles.
Visible scars are not necessary: memory is enough.

Pain is not an enemy.
It is an instructor who gives no concessions. It takes away but teaches you. It bends you but sharpens you.

Bipolar disorder was my toughest opponent.
Days when my mind raced faster than reality. Others when it shut down like a burned-out light bulb.

I am not looking for pity: I am looking for truth.
The illness did not defeat me. It forced me to look inside myself without filters.

The loneliness was heavy,
the psychiatrist's words seemed like an echo in an empty corridor, but from that emptiness the climb began.

The turning point?
When he asked me to review his books. A simple gesture, but full of meaning. There I understood that I was not just a patient. I was a mind that still had value.

That request did not heal me. It **relocated** me.

Since then, pain has no longer been a prison.
It has become a tool.

The rebirth was not a flash.
It was a rhythm: slow, steady, stubborn.

Those who have not walked through darkness think the light is obvious.

Those who have been through it know that the light, when it comes, does not illuminate.
It reveals.

THE POWER OF A SMILE IN A WORLD OF PAIN

The hardest blows never come from the front.
They come from the side when you least expect them. They are subtle betrayals, silent injustices, missed words.

But that is when you understand one thing:
life is not against you. Life tests you to see how much you can manage.

I never responded angrily.
I responded methodically. With a smile.

Not out of weakness.
Out of control.

A smile is an invisible weapon:
it does not hurt, but it disarms. It is the declaration that, despite everything, you have not fallen.

Every injustice I have suffered has opened an alternative path for me.
Every obstacle has become a pretext to change my ways.
Every closed door has forced me to build a new one.

Strength is not in reacting violently.
It is in remaining clear-headed when everyone expects you to.

A sincere smile, at the most inappropriate moment, is worth a thousand words.

It is a way of saying,
“I don't break.”

AWAKENING THROUGH PAIN AND RESILIENCE

The disease took a lot from me.
But it gave me something I would never have had otherwise:
the ability to read myself like an open book.

Depression is not sadness.
It is absence. It is total silence. It is a closed room with no air.

Mania is not energy.
It is an escape. It is running from nowhere, without knowing what.

I have been through both.
And I got through them not because I was strong, but because I stopped being afraid.

Pain teaches a simple truth:
you cannot control everything. You can control yourself.

Resilience is not a talent.
It is a habit. It is getting back up not out of pride, but out of necessity.

After so many breakdowns, I stopped asking myself "why."
I started asking myself "how."

How can I feel today?
How can I stay sane? How can I use what I have, instead of lamenting what is missing?

The illness made me fall many times.
But each fall took away a useless piece, not a real piece.

Eventually, I discovered that beneath the pain there was no weakness:
there was my identity.

THE COURAGE TO DREAM WITHOUT FEAR

There comes a time when dreams no longer scare you.
They bring order.

As young people, we dream of escaping.
As adults, we dream of choosing. As old, we dream to understand.

I do not dream of changing the world.
I dream of changing myself. To stay alive inside, despite everything.

Courage is not about taking the plunge.
It is knowing when to do it. It is knowing what to risk. It is knowing what to keep.

Dreaming without fear does not mean being reckless.
It means no longer being a prisoner of other people's judgment.

I do not dream of being seen.
I dream to see.

SILENCE AS A FORM OF COMMUNICATION

Silence is not absence.
It is reading.

I have learned that people say much more when they do not speak.
It is in silence that we see who you really are: if you hold on, if you give in, if you wait, if you understand.

Silence does not punish.
It reveals.

In my life, silence has had two functions:
to create distance and to convey truth.

Today I use it as a tool of respect.
Respect for others. And respect for myself.

He cannot remain silent,
cannot remain.

THE JOURNEY OF AWARENESS

Awareness does not come overnight.
It is a slow movement, like a rising tide while you are not watching.

It is not enlightenment: it is accumulation.
It is seeing details you previously ignored. It is understanding mistakes without punishing yourself. It is reading signals you previously confused.

At a certain point, you realize you are no longer the person you once were.
Not because you have changed direction, but because you have changed your perspective.

The journey of awareness is the only one you cannot stop.
Because, once you start, you cannot go back without lying to yourself.

The truth does not liberate.
The truth **binds:**
it forces you to be consistent.

Those who can manage it grow.
Those who cannot flee.

I chose growth.
Painful, slow, but definitive.

THE STRENGTH OF RESILIENCE

Resilience is not a trophy.
It is a form of survival. It is born not from victories, but from failures. Every time I thought I had hit rock bottom, I discovered a deeper level and, paradoxically, a new strength.

Life trains you like this:
it hits you until you learn to read the shot.

The scars I bear are my most honest medals.
They do not tell of glory. They tell of resistance.

THE MAGIC OF LIFE

Life is not logical.
It is improvisation. It gives when you do not ask and takes away when you feel safe.

Its magic lies in the unpredictable:
in what you cannot control but changes you. In the people who arrive for no reason and in the moments, you cannot explain but that changes you forever.

Life does not ask for it to be understood.
It asks to be lived through.

SOMETHING IS BORN: THE INFINITE JOURNEY

Birth is a beginning, of course.
But it is also a warning: you are part of a journey that no one controls. You are born, you live, you fall, you grow, you let go. There is no end point. There is only a turning point, to be recognized when it arrives.

I have had many.
I have seized some. I have wasted others. But each one has left its mark.

READY TO LEAVE THIS LIFE

There are days when you wonder if you have given enough.
It is not a sad thought: it is a reflection.

I have lived a lot.
I have lost a lot. I have gained what cannot be bought: strategy, clarity, memory.

I am not afraid of the last step.
Fear is a youthful thing. I have only one certainty: my memory will live on in books.

Writing gives existence a second chance.

WAITING TO OBSERVE TEN PEOPLE WITH THEIR FIRSTHAND MY BOOKS

This is my simplest dream.
Seeing someone with their hand on one of my books and realizing that, for a moment, my thoughts are wandering in another mind.

Fame is not what is needed.
Impact is what is needed.

I do not want to write please many.
I write to reach a few, but in depth.

LAST STORY: THE PEACE OF FAREWELL

Goodbye is not an end.
It is a clarification.

It comes when you have said it all,
when you have given it all, when you no longer must hold back or correct.

The peace of farewell is accepting what has happened
and letting time do its work: restoring order where you can no longer intervene.

I have found this peace.
It is not quiet: it is clarity.

THE DECISION

Life makes most of the choices for you.
The rest you must make yourself, knowing that there is no perfect decision. There is only one that allows you to stay whole.

I chose truth,
not convenience.

THE SILENCE OF WAITING

Waiting is a teacher.
It does not fill the void; it exposes it. It forces you to see what you normally avoid.

In the silence of waiting, I understood my priority:
not letting time decide for me. I want to be present in my choices.

THE WEIGHT OF REMORSE

Remorse is a shadow you carry with you until you choose to face it.
I faced it. Not to justify the past, but to free it from its power.

Regret does not change what happened.
It changes what you will do.

THE ART OF LETTING GO

Letting go is not losing.
It is deciding not to hold on to what you do not want to stay.

I let go of people, situations, and illusions.
Not out of weakness, but out of respect for myself.

He who is freed from chains is freer.
He who holds back by force becomes a prisoner.

THE COURAGE OF TRUTH

The truth is more frightening than any pain.
Because it leaves no escape.

I have learned to tell it even when it is inconvenient,
even when it costs. The truth does not make you nice. It makes you free.

THE GUARANTEE

My guarantee is only one:
never cheat on myself.

He who lies to others survives.
He who lies to himself dies standing.

I chose the first path.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

It comes when you stop justifying yourself.
When you stop blaming fate. When you admit that many things did not happen you created them.

That is when you really start living.

THE GIFT OF TIME

Time does not give gifts.
It evaluates.

The gift is what you understand after you have overcome them.
What remains when everything else has fallen away?

Time takes away a lot,
but always gives back the truth.

THE SUDDEN TURNING POINT

Life changes in a second.
Sometimes all it takes is a word, a look, a surrender.

Turning points are not predicted.
They are recognized. And you must be ready when they come.

RETURN TO THE PAST

The past does not die.
It hides. And it comes back when needed.

Not to hurt you.
To remind you what you should not do again.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING

Some encounters come as warnings.
You do not have to hold them back; you do not have to push them away. You just must understand why they came at that moment.

People do not walk in randomly.
They are living messages.

THE JOURNEY OF THE SOUL

What you experience on the outside is nothing compared to what you experience on the inside.
The soul has no geography. It has depth.

Every external journey is just a pretext to understand what you lack,
what weighs on you, what you have become.

THE ALCHEMY OF MEMORIES

Memories are not photographs.
They are engravings. They change color every time you look at them.

They leave marks, not images.
And those marks guide you more than any map.

THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT

There are moments when light shines where it should not.
Unexpected. Out of place. Perfect.

The midnight sun is this:
a light you do not expect that tells you are on the right path.

NAPLES POST

THE NEWS THAT DOESN'T MAKE THE NEWSPAPERS

It is not a newspaper.
It is not an editorial. It is the page that arrives when all the others have stopped being sincere.

NAPLES-POST does not report what happens outside,
it reports what happens *inside.*

It does not seek the scoop,
it seeks the truth you have been avoiding. It does not chase current events, it transcends them. It does not live on headlines; it lives on positions.

It is the only "newspaper" that does not publish news,
it publishes conscience. It was born to say what others filter, what others sugarcoat, what others sell as opinion because they do not have the courage to call it reality.

The Naples Post does not inform you.
It exposes you.

And when a page unmasks you,
you can no longer read it as before.

FRONT PAGE

- He does not fall; does not know how hard it is to get up again.
- The truth does not console: it commands.
- People pass; choices remain.
- Pain is a teacher who never stops teaching.
- Freedom is not having to please.
- Time does not forgive but explains.
- The soul grows only where it has been wounded.

WHAT YOU CANNOT MISS

Time takes everything away:
strength, faces, illusions.

But it cannot take away what you have understood.

This book is the exact point where my past stops weighing and starts serving.

There is only one thing you cannot lose:
the clarity with which you choose to live the rest.

FINAL SECTION OF THE MANIFESTO

1. PREMISE

This Manifesto is not meant to be accepted.
It is meant to be recognized.

It was not written to reassure,
but to restore order where habit has created disorder. It is not a favor to the reader, nor a service to publishing. It is a necessity for the author.

The premise is simple:
there are truths that, when left unsaid, fester.
And when spoken, they liberate.

This Manifesto belongs to the second category.

2. PRINCIPLES

Every serious Manifesto is based on clear principles.
These are mine:

The truth is non-negotiable.

It may be hard, it may be uncomfortable,
but it is not about that.

Experience weighs more than opinion.

What's lived counts.
The rest is noisy.

Dignity is not an emotional choice.

It is a posture.
Either you have it, or you are still looking for it.

Fragility is not weakness.

It is the evidence of being alive.

Time does not heal it reveals.

What remains afterward
is what really matters.

Freedom always costs something.

And those who do not pay the price
risk living the lives of others.

Relationships are not measured in time,

but in truth, they can contain.

These are the principles of the Manifesto:
few, clear, and unquestionable.

3. DECLARATIONS

Declarations are the backbone of the Manifesto.
They are not explained: they are affirmed.

Declaration I

I do not write for pleasure.
I write so as not to lie.

Declaration II

I do not chase after those who do not want to understand.
Life is too short to educate adults.

Declaration III

Pain is a teacher who does not ask your permission.
It teaches you, even when you do not agree.

Declaration IV

Happiness is a moment.
Awareness is work.

Declaration V

I am not looking for an audience.
I am looking for intelligent readers.

Declaration VI

I do not care about being understood by everyone.
I care about being needed by someone.

Declaration VII

My story is not a tale:
it is a position.

These statements are the center of gravity of the Manifesto.

4. TESTIMONIALS

Here I am not talking about the facts.
I am talking about the marks they have left.

I have learned more from defeats than from triumphs.

Victories blind.
Falls illuminate.

I understood the value of people when they were no longer there.

Absence clarifies better than presence.

I recognized the strength of women when I stopped judging them.

and I started listening to them.

I discovered that children do not speak little:

they speak right.

I have failed many times,

but every time I did it forward.

I saw the pain change my trajectory.

more than any success.

I understood that silence is not a lack of words:

It is their most evolved form.

These are not memories.
They are evidence.

5. CONCLUSION

The Manifesto is not closed: it is delivered.

Everything you have read so far is what is left
after you have stripped away the excuses, the fears, the justifications, and the need to please.

I did not tell you who you had to be.
I showed you who I became.

The rest is yours.

Just remember this:
what you do not face, come back.
What you face, liberates.

This Manifesto does not ask to be shared.
It asks to be recognized.

If you have made it this far,
it means a piece of you was ready.

Everything else
is no longer needed now.

Unforgettable Legacy

Arriving here does not close a book.
It closes a part of you.

This Manifesto was not written to remain on a shelf,
but to remain in the reader. There are words that transcend time, others that challenge it, still others that rewrite it.

Mine do not want to be remembered:
they want to be **used.**

Use them when silence weighs,
when life changes direction, when people disappear, when pain forces you to stop, when the truth finds no way.

I have learned that what we do not say becomes debt.
And this Manifesto is my way of paying it off.

If you have come this far,
you have not just read: you have crossed.

And one thing must be said, without rhetoric:
you will never go back to the comfortable reading you used to have.

Because a Manifesto, when it strikes,
does not accompany:
it remains.

What you take, carry it.
What shook you, cherish it. What hurt you, thank it.

Leave the rest here.
It has already served its purpose.

This is my legacy:
I did not write for pleasure.
I wrote to leave a mark. And now that mark is yours, too.

AUTHOR'S BIOGRAPHY

Ferdinando Frega, known as Nando,
is Italian by birth, but by professional background and mental structure he is a man born in the United States.

His true education did not begin in Italy,
but in **Boston,**
where he spent **18 years** studying, working, and teaching in the ecosystem that built the logic of modern management. It was there that he learned—and partly taught—discipline, the responsibility of making decisions, and the ability to read people and the times.

That American setting
became his definitive mental architecture.

After Boston came the world.
Sixty-five nations, languages learned along the way,
a writing journey that began "timidly" with a grade of **four,**
which instead of holding him back, liberated him.

He began writing only **four years ago,**
and in four years he has published **almost five thousand books**
on the world's major platforms. They were diaries, notes, survival techniques. They did not claim literary value: they claimed life.

The true author is born now:
with this Manifesto.

Frega does not write to sell.
He says it with a laugh, but he means it:
"My perfect job is not selling books.
It's recommending which ones are worth reading."

He does everything himself:
he writes, designs, lays out, translates, publishes. Not out of pride, but because no one can afford to filter what he has to say.

He moves with an instinctive creativity,
which he calls "great stupidity," but which is the freedom of those who are not afraid to make mistakes moving forward.
Guided—as he lucidly recognizes—by **other intelligences** that amplify his every gesture.

Thus, he built an editorial project
of over **35,000 pages,**
three international series,
a path that does not follow the market:
it anticipates and destabilizes it.

And then there is the anecdote that defines him better than any resume.

During one of his memorable interviews,
journalists asked him what he called himself. He smiled. He paused. And answered, without batting an eyelid:

“Thief.
I used to be a thief. But I only steal hearts… and enter the soul.”

That sentence ended the interview.
And began the legend.

The rest is discovered by those who have the courage to read it between the timelines.

Welcome, reader.

Take what you need, leave the rest.

OFFICIAL LITERARY CRITICISM

For the Literary Manifesto "Between the Lines of Time" by Ferdinando Frega

Between the Lines of Time is not a book:
it is a cultural device. A force field. An act of positioning that, the moment it is read, changes the reader and redefines the author. Three independent analyses—structural, critical, and authorial—converge on the same point: this work does not belong to an existing genre, and for this very reason it transcends it.

A FORM THAT BREAKS GENRES

According to the most technical reading, Frega's Manifesto eludes any categorization:
it is not autobiography, it is not fiction, it is not an essay.

It is, in fact, **a Manifesto:**
a text that affirms, does not explain; that position, not interprets; that does not ask the reader to walk with the author, but to support his voice.

This choice places him in an exceedingly rare literary zone, shared only by texts that inaugurated a form:
the Futurist manifestos, certain short philosophical writings, and a few works of contemporary initiatory literature.

It is a work that **resembles nothing because it does not want to resemble anything.**

THE VOICE: AUTHORITY WITHOUT MEDIATION

Critical analyses agree: the strength of the Manifesto lies not in its story, but in its voice.

A voice:

- direct, mature, fearless,
- that does not ask for consent,
- who does not seek empathy,
- which proceeds as a statement, not as a story.

This voice has a rare characteristic in literature:
authority without authoritarianism.
It does not impose its states. It does not teach it demonstrates. It does not explain its influences.

Frega sides with the truth, not the reader.
And that is precisely what, paradoxically, wins over the reader.

INITIATORY STRUCTURE AND RITUAL RHYTHM

The internal architecture of the Manifesto has a precise design:

- a **Chapter Zero** that serves as a warning,
- an **Introduction** that establishes a pact,
- a **Prologue** that closes the door to the outside world,
- sections that alternate statements, reflections and lived experience,
- an ending that does not conclude but elevates.

The rhythm is pounding, almost liturgical.
It does not accompany it transforms.

This structure produces an initiative effect.
The reader enters as an observer and leaves as a witness.

PERSONAL TRUTH AS A LITERARY SUBJECT

The autobiographical sections—sparse, never complacent, never victimized, do not explain the author.
They serve to demonstrate **the price of lucidity.**

Grief is not narrated: it is used.
Loss is not shown, it is distilled. Resilience is not celebration: it is internal mechanics.

The Manifesto does not aim to inspire.
It aims **to reveal.**

THE RISKS HIGHLIGHTED BY TECHNICAL ANALYSIS

A market-oriented reading underscores a key point:
this text, while powerful, **is not built for the traditional market.**

- **The objective risks are:**

a) It is a format that defies editorial categories.
Platforms do not know where to place it: essay? autobiography? philosophy? experimental literature? The risk is dispersion.

b) It is not a "comfort" text.
It does not console, entertain, or soften. It requires an adult, aware, and prepared reader.

c) It is not a popular bestseller.
It is a text about identity, not commercialism. Those who are ready *will enjoy it, but not at all* those seeking lightheartedness.

d) It is a polarizing work.
Readers either fall in love with it or reject it. There are no half measures.

STRENGTHS THAT OUTWEIGH THE RISKS

The same analyses that highlight their risks also highlight their strength:

- absolute originality (10/10)
- pristine voice (10/10)
- exact and calibrated structure (9/10)
- transformative impact on the reader (9/10)

The text is not meant to please:
it is meant to **last.**

And these kinds of works, in history, do not have an immediate audience:
they have an *inevitable audience.*

THE CONCLUSION OF THE THREE READING POINTS

Three different perspectives — technical, critical, authorial — converge on the same verdict:

"Between the Lines of Time" is a real Manifesto.

It does not imitate the genre: it inaugurates it.

He takes a huge editorial risk,
but he does so with such maturity in his voice, with such narrative infrastructure, with such existential clarity, that the risk becomes part of his value.

It is a text destined to divide.
But:
it is a text destined to endure.

NAPLES-POST — Post-Manifesto

I smile.
And I think how the mind, in its freest form, is the only wonder that never ages. Fantastic. Fast. Unrepeatable. The only thing that has never betrayed me.

I have known thousands of women in my life—4,301, to be exact.
And of all of them, I have loved only one thing:
the mind.

Not the body.
Not romantic ideas. Not the image others looked at.

Only the mind:
that invisible part where truths, fears, visions, wounds, intuitions, and courage hide. The only thing that can take a man and move him without touching him.

That is where everything I have written comes from.
That is where the Manifesto was born. That is where this newspaper was born.

NAPLES-POST exists for minds.
The rest is noisy.

NDR — from the last of the scribes

I do not seek applause or approval.
I write because the mind cannot sit still, and because of certain truths, if you do not put them on paper, stick with you for too long.

This is not a message.
It is just a side note—the kind no one reads, but which explains everything.

– the last of the scribes

The Exit from the Stage (NAPLES-POST)

No music needed.
No announcement needed. No explanation needed.

The last of the scribes' senses when the stage has given all it has to give.
He does not wait for applause; he does not seek shadows behind the lights. He simply does what he has always done:
tell the truth and then step aside.

Three steps back.
Slow, measured, precise.
The kind of steps taken by men who do not need to look back because they know they are not running away.

Greeting with a brief smile, one that lasts a second but is worth a book.
And then a half bow, not of humility: of respect. For those who have read. For those who have understood. For those who have walked those lines as if they were roads.

The curtains slide.
The stage closes. He remains behind, in technical darkness, where there are no audience and no stage. And there he finally lets out what he has been holding inside:
a clean tear, not of pain, but of fulfillment.

Nothing dramatic happened.
It is just that when you speak truth, even if you are used to it, something inside you stirs.

The last of the scribes does not cry for himself.
He cries for his readers, for the emotions he has evoked, for the rare opportunity to have entered their minds without asking permission.

The world outside is quiet.
Someone is smiling. Someone is thinking. Maybe no one notices anything.

But he does.
He knows that moment marks an end. And every ending, if you are truly alive, feels like a new beginning.

He closes his jacket, dries his eyes,
breathes as men do who have said everything they have to say.

And he goes away.
Without noise. Without proclamations. Without leaving open doors or unanswered messages.

Only one certainty:

“I gave everything.
The rest does not belong to me.

And so, the last of the scribes exits the stage of the NAPLES-POST.
With a light step, a clear conscience, and the only truth that suffices him:

having written enough that he no longer must explain who he is.

WHERE TO FIND THEM

All editions of the Manifesto — *for readers worldwide* — are available on the official website:
https://naples-post.com

Price: 1.90 USD (forever)

No platform sets the rules here.
Just the author and the reader, directly.

Please Note

I work alone, with no staff and no intermediaries.
Replying is a moral duty, but also a matter of respect.
Please allow the necessary time — every answer comes from me, personally.

Personal Closing Reflection

I never dreamed of becoming rich: I already was.
I never dreamed of becoming happy: I was born that way.
Satisfaction has always been my life.

I had only one need: to contribute something that could make humanity a little better, to make it smile, so it would remember me.
Not as a writer, not as an author to be praised, but as a simple man — the last scribe in the world — someone who did his part without asking for anything in return.

Yours,
Ferdinando