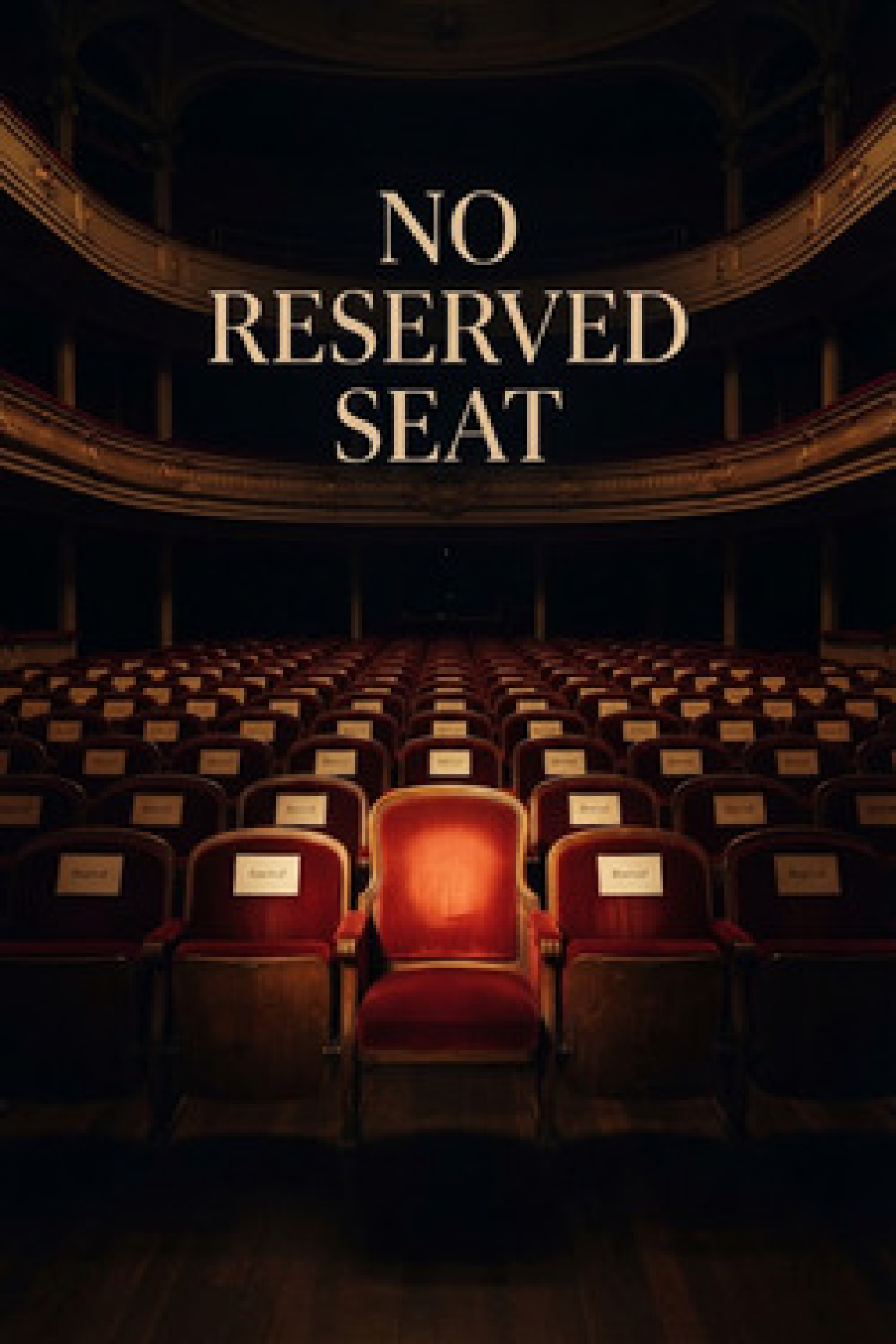
NO
RESERVED
SEAT

THRESHOLD 10

No Reserved Seat

For many years I believed that stories served to explain.

To explain an event.

To explain a life.

To explain a choice.

To explain a mistake.

It was a natural conviction.

Every time we read a book, listen to a story, or observe a biography, we expect to find an answer.

A moral.

A conclusion.

An orderly meaning.

Then I discovered something different.

The most important stories do not explain.

They recognize.

They do not tell you what to think.

They make you raise your eyes and say:

"Me too."

It is a small thing.

And yet it changes everything.

Because, the moment we recognize ourselves in something, we stop being spectators.

We become participants.

This book, these thresholds, this long crossing were not written to create admiration.

Admiration is fragile.

It lasts a short time.

It lives on distance.

I wanted something else.

I wanted closeness.

Closeness is born only when a human being recognizes a fragment of himself inside the story of another.

The country does not matter.

The language does not matter.

The religion does not matter.

The trade does not matter.

What matters is recognition.

In the course of my life I have crossed many frontiers.

Geographic.

Professional.

Personal.

And each time I arrived at the same conclusion.

Human beings are far more alike than they believe.

The words change.

The habits change.

The traditions change.

But the questions remain identical.

Fear.

Love.

Absence.

Hope.

Responsibility.

Loss.

The search for meaning.

This is why a story written in one place can be understood on the other side of the world.

Not because it tells of a culture.

Because it tells of a human condition.

When I began to put together the fragments of my experience, I did not imagine a saga.

I did not imagine a narrative system.

I did not even imagine a destination.

I was simply trying to understand what had remained.

After the work.

After the travels.

After the trials.

After the people met.

After the years.

The answer came slowly.

Much less had remained than I thought.

And much more than I imagined.

The principles had remained.

The relationships.

The lessons.

The presences.

The responsibilities accepted.

The loyalties kept.

And above all something had remained that I could not define.

A kind of thread.

An invisible connection between apparently distant experiences.

The same thread that perhaps has

accompanied your life as well.

Because every existence possesses a secret plot.

At first we do not see it.

We are too busy living.

Running.

Reacting.

Building.

Then, at a certain point, time grants us a sufficient distance.

And finally we begin to observe the design.

Not perfect.

Not linear.

But real.

Perhaps this is the reason why we tell stories.

Not to teach.

To recognize.

To recognize what has been.

What continues to exist.

What deserves to be passed on.

Often they ask me what the message is.

The truth is that there is not just one.

Every reader will enter through a different

door.

Someone will recognize himself in the father.

Someone in the son.

Someone in the loss.

Someone in the rebirth.

Someone in the journey.

Someone in the illness.

Someone in the resilience.

Someone in the love.

The story is the same.

The entrance changes.

And that is fine.

Because no narration belongs completely to the one who writes it.

The moment it is read, it also belongs to the one who crosses through it.

I have learned to respect this transformation.

Not to control it.

Not to direct it.

To let it happen.

In the end, every reader rewrites the book before him.

Using his own experience.

Using his own wounds.

Using his own memory.

This is why there is no definitive reading.

There exist thousands of possible readings.

All legitimate.

All authentic.

All human.

Having come this far, after all these thresholds, I feel no need to convince anyone.

I have nothing to prove.

I do not have to seek approval.

I do not have to build a monument.

A simpler possibility is enough for me.

That someone, reading these pages, finds a point of contact.

A recognition.

An echo.

A sentence.

A passage.

A silence.

Something that makes him think:

"I am not the only one."

Perhaps this is the true task of every narration worth telling.

To reduce the distance between human beings.

Even if only for a few minutes.

Even if only for a few pages.

Even if only for one threshold.

Because at the end of the road, when titles lose importance, when statistics become dust, and when time begins to do its own work, a single question remains.

Not whom you admired.

Not whom you followed.

Not whom you imitated.

But whom you recognized.

And this is why this threshold exists.

Not as a conclusion.

Not as an invitation.

Not as an instruction.

But as a possibility.

If along these pages you have encountered something of your own, then the door is already open.

You do not have to ask permission.

You do not have to prove anything.

You only have to cross it.

Enter if you recognize yourself.