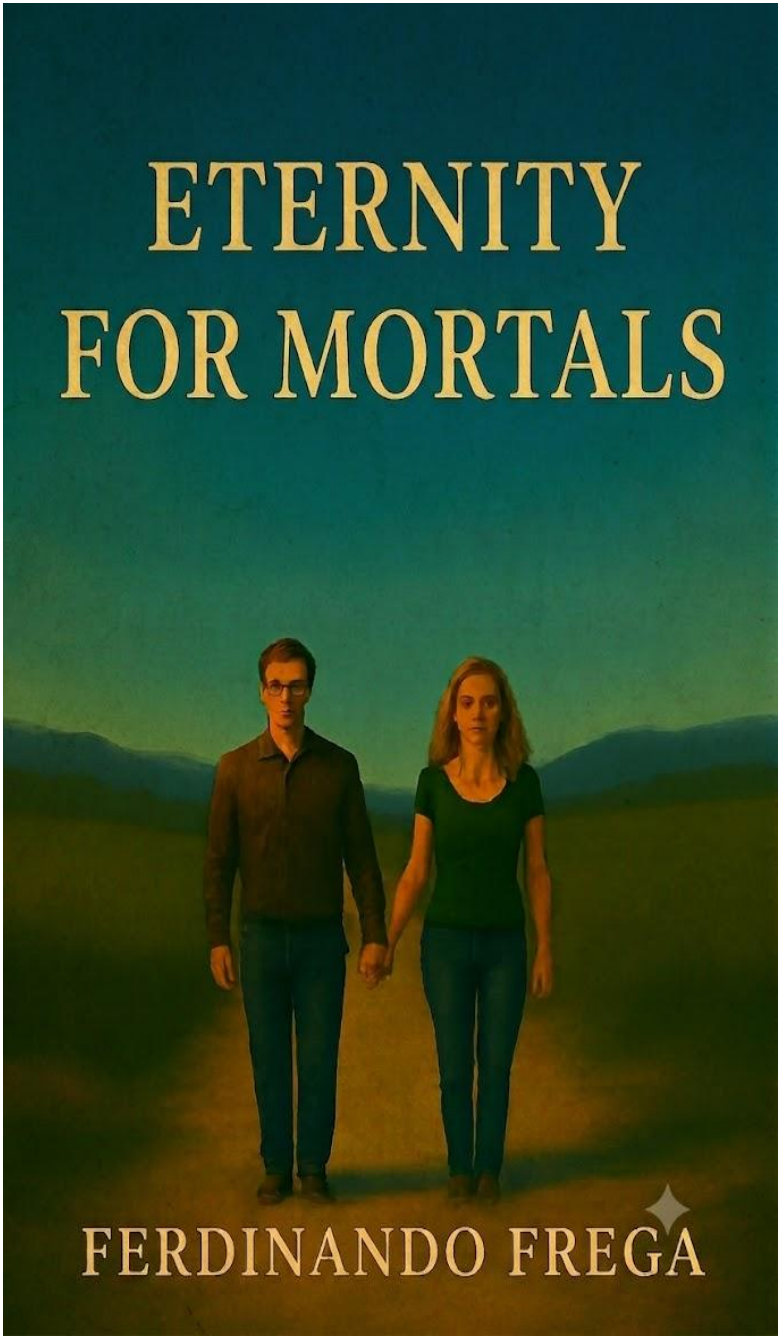
ETERNITY
FOR MORTALS
FERDINANDO FREGA

ETERNITY
FOR
MORTALS

Eternity Has Stopped Waiting

FERDINANDO FREGA

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LITERARY MANIFESTO

I do not write to teach. I am writing to remember. Because memory is the first gesture of love. And every word is a threshold that opens, not a truth that imposes itself.

My literature does not seek consensus. It seeks connection. With those who have lived too long to pretend, with those who have kept silent too long to avoid exploding, with those who have loved without knowing how.

I do not use writing to build castles. I use it to dismantle armor. Because beauty is not perfection. It is a wound that breathes.

Every book I have written is an attempt to stay. To not evaporate into the noise. To say: "I was there. And this is what I saw."

I believe in spirituality without dogma. In thought without masters. In gestures that need no explanation.

I will write to those who are lost. For those who endured. For those who laughed at the funeral. For those who said "I can't do this" in the darkness and found strength in silence.

My literature is a battlefield and a playground. Where the brain is a rolling marble, and the heart is the child who follows it.

I am not looking for eternity. I am looking for a page that lasts. That is not afraid of being imperfect. That does not ask to be understood. But I only heard.

EDITORIAL NOTE

How to Survive Eternity Without Becoming Eternal is a work that challenges conventional narrative structures and stands out in contemporary literature as a text of emotional and philosophical resistance. Sean Veran constructs a journey that traverses time not as a measure, but as an experience. The publishing house has chosen to support this project for its rare balance of lyricism, provocation, and introspection. It is a book that is not read: it is traversed, inhabited, and left to settle.

DEDICATION

To those who felt time stand still in a glance, in a loss, in an embrace. To those who resisted, even when it seemed impossible. To those who discovered that every moment, even the most fragile, can contain infinity.

BACK COVER

"Eternity has stopped waiting." What happens when time is no longer a line to be traveled, but a circle to be inhabited? In How to Survive Eternity Without Becoming Eternal, Sean Veran guides us on an inner journey where every

moment expands, transforms, and reveals itself. Through poetic texts, raw reflections, and lucid provocations, the reader is invited to confront their own cracks, their silences, their truths. A book that does not console but awakens. An invitation to experience time not as an enemy, but as a companion.

PREFACE

We live in an era that demands we run, produce, and endure. This book is born from the opposite desire: to pause, to listen, to feel. It is not a linear story, but a mosaic of moments, intuitions, and wounds. The protagonist is not a hero, but a human being who stumbles, gets up, and questions himself. The preface does not anticipate what it prepares. For a journey that has no map, but a heart.

PREMISE

This book was not meant to last. It was meant to endure. It is not a guide. It is not an answer. It is an act of presence.

Eternity is not long. It is immobile. And those who live within it know that time offers no consolation. Space is not saved. Faith is not enough.

These pages are fragments. Thoughts that do not seek approval. Only echoes. Only passages.

You will not find solutions. You will find thresholds. And a voice that resembles yours. The one you silenced. The one you feared. The one you tried to forget.

Writing was a way to stay alive. Reading will be a way to stay.

SYNOPSIS

How to Survive Eternity Without Becoming Eternal is the story of a man who, forced by invisible circumstances, finds himself living an experience outside of time. In a suspended dimension, where every minute is charged with meaning, he confronts his fears, memories, and hopes. Every encounter, every gesture, every silence becomes part of a journey of transformation. Time is no longer an enemy, but an accomplice. Following this path, the reader discovers that even the briefest of experiences can contain a universe. A book that blends introspection, narrative tension, and lyricism to reveal what often goes unsaid: the profound meaning of every lived moment.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Authoring this book was like crossing a desert and discovering that every grain of sand has a story. I wanted to describe time not as a chronometer, but as an emotional space. Each text was born from a question: what remains when everything seems to stop? The protagonist is not just a character: he is a part of me, and of the reader. I hope this

story can offer not only emotions, but also a mirror. Because time, when we truly look at it, gives us back what we are.

INTRODUCTION

Time is the measure of all things. But it is also a mystery that no measure can contain. It flows, expands, contracts. Sometimes it consoles us. Sometimes it condemns us.

In this book, I tried to explore it not with the mind, but with the heart. With that part of us that does not calculate but feels. That does not order but passes through.

The protagonist lives in an extreme yet universal condition: that of being suspended. Balanced between what has been and what could be. Between burning memories and an unpromising future. Between nostalgia and vertigo.

The narrative unfolds like a flow. At times dreamlike, at times raw, always sincere. It does not follow a plot. It follows a breath.

There are no certainties. But there are discoveries. And every reader, as they journey through these pages, will find their own. A phrase that resonates. An image that lingers. A silence that speaks.

This book does not ask to be understood. It asks to be felt. Because time cannot be explained. We live. And we survive.

BOOK PARTITION

Part I — Suspended Time

The protagonist awakens in a dimension where time does not flow as it should. Every moment stretches; every gesture seems eternal. In this liminal space, the reader is introduced to the state of stasis that envelops the character, a limbo where time is no longer a measure but an experience.

Part II — The Cracks of The Soul

Fragility emerges. The protagonist is forced to confront what he has avoided: memories, regrets, fears. Every crack becomes a window into his inner self. Time fragments and reflects, revealing the wounds that have shaped his identity.

Part III — Dialogue with Silence

At the heart of the narrative, the protagonist learns to listen to the voiceless. Silence becomes language, time becomes a space for meditation. It is a phase of deep listening, where the absence of noise reveals hidden truths.

Part IV — The Resistance of The Heart

The protagonist begins to react. No longer a spectator of time, but a protagonist. Emotions intensify, choices become more informed. Time accelerates, but does not overwhelm it is understood, embraced. It is the most alive and vibrant part of the book.

Part V — The Eternal in The Moment

The journey ends, but it does not end. The protagonist discovers that every moment contains infinity. Time is no longer a line, but a circle. The reader is left with an open question: what does it really mean to live?

PROLOGUE

The Expected Solitude

Loneliness is a feeling we often avoid, like an unwelcome guest, but it is one of our most faithful companions. It arrives when you least expect it, during a crowd, in the most crowded rooms, or on the quietest nights. Solitude is not just an absence, but an opportunity to encounter oneself, a chance to delve into the most remote places of the soul. When we are alone, we no longer must adapt to others but can finally listen to the silence that surrounds us and, surprisingly, discover that it is complete silence. It is in the emptiness that we begin to hear the voices we otherwise ignore, the ones that speak to us of who we truly are. I have learned that solitude is not a punishment, but a blessing in disguise, allowing us to be with ourselves without the deception of distractions. Every thought that emerges in those moments reflects our true nature, every tear shed is a purification of the heart. And as I approach it with a new awareness, I realize that the more I seek the company of others, the further I distance myself from that part of myself that defines me. Solitude, after all, is not loneliness; it is a connection with my most authentic self. And so, I learn to

seek it, embrace it, and experience it with gratitude, for all it teaches me.

A Proverbial Escape

How many times have I thought that escape would be the solution? How many times have I dreamed of waking up in a faraway place, where everything would be easier, calmer, more serene? Escape has always been one of the most seductive solutions the mind offers in times of difficulty. We delude ourselves that a change of scenery, a new place, or a new life can solve our problems, but the reality is that wherever we go, we always take ourselves with us. Escape is like a window we think we are opening to breathe fresh air, but true liberation never comes from external change, but from internal transformation. I have discovered that I cannot escape myself, nor the scars they bear, but that I can learn to live with them, to integrate them into my journey. Escape is not the cure; it is just a ploy that allows us to postpone the encounter with our fears. Once I decided to stop running, I realized I can face my life with courage, with a new perspective, with an awareness I previously ignored. Every time I stop, face my fear, and accept it, it loses its power. It does not escape that sets me free, but acceptance of what is, of what scares me, of what defines me.

Waiting For the Eclipse

An eclipse is a spectacle that has always fascinated. The light recedes, giving way to shadow, only to reappear, brighter than ever. It is a play of darkness and light, a dance between what is visible and what remains hidden. But life

itself is a bit like that, a succession of eclipses, where the light, every now and then, seems to disappear. Sometimes everything seems to stand still, stuck in a darkness we cannot comprehend. It is in those moments that we are called to trust, to believe that the light will return, even when it seems far away. An eclipse teaches us that even in moments of darkness there is something profound to discover, something we can only see in that darkness. Darkness is not the end; it is an opportunity to explore what we normally do not see. Sometimes, what we think we have lost is only temporarily hidden, and when it resurfaces, we see it with new eyes. Every darkening brings with it a lesson: we learn to walk without light, to navigate without certainty, and when the light returns, it is no longer the same. It is stronger, clearer, more intense. The eclipse reminds us that every phase of life has its value, that light and shadow are not enemies, but allies in an eternal game that pushes us to evolve.

Inside A World of Debt

Debts are not simply numbers or obligations to be honored; they are traces left by our desire to possess, to have, to be recognized. Every debt is a promise we made to ourselves or others, a promise that, in some way, ties us to something we thought would make us happy. Growing up, we are taught that debt is something to be feared, to be avoided, yet we cannot deny that it is often an inevitable part of our existence. Every time we make a choice, every time we decide to buy something we cannot afford, we create a chain of debts, small and large. Yet, for all their burden, debt can also be seen as a form of investment: we invest in

our hopes, our dreams, our ambitions. But, like any investment, it requires constant attention, conscious management. I have learned that it is not debt that defines us, but how we choose to address it. If we approach it consciously, with the intention of paying it off without sacrificing our dignity, we can transform it into an opportunity for growth. It is not the amount of debt that causes us to fail, but the inability to recognize our choices and learn from them. Debt reflects our vulnerability, and when we learn to live with it without shame, without fear, we discover that true wealth lies in our ability to face it with courage and wisdom.

Practice of Wellbeing

Wellbeing is a concept often reduced to physical state, a state of health or aesthetic beauty. But true wellbeing goes beyond the body; it is a balance between mind, heart, and spirit. It is when we feel complete, not because we are perfect, but because we are at peace with who we are. Every day we pressure ourselves to be better, to do more, to have more, forgetting that true wellbeing does not come from the relentless pursuit of what we lack, but from gratitude for what we already have. Wellbeing is the ability to listen to our body when it tells us it needs rest, to nourish our mind with positive and stimulating thoughts, and to fill our heart with relationships that enrich us rather than deplete us. It is not a goal to be achieved, but a daily practice. Every day, we must take care of ourselves with the same dedication we take care of others. Wellbeing is the fruit of small, conscious choices, moments of kindness towards us, moments of reflection, smiles we give without expecting

anything in return. It is not the absence of illness but the harmony with which we face life's challenges. Well-being comes from knowing how to live in the present, from not allowing the future to rob us of our serenity, and from forgiving ourselves for our mistakes. When we care for ourselves with love and attention, well-being is no longer a distant dream, but a daily reality.

He Took Me by The Hand: Fate

She was always my friend. When I needed her, she came to me with consideration, attention, gentleness and rigor, patience, and love. It was only Her: LUCK.

When, for some reason, he would not arrive, he showed his best side, asking me to be patient and not rush. It was not a freak show, but the manifestation of a predetermined fate, making me wait for a greater reason.

Reflecting on my memories, I relive so many important moments in which human rationality would never have been able to find signals, the folds of so many problems and a single solution hidden within a mystery, the one I had inherited.

A time when I was forced to drink little water, eat little, with extraordinarily little money and poor health. But despite that, I began to smile as I looked up at the sky and saw my pockets filling with stars. Those stars that signified good luck: my star.

Something simple but significant happened today that I want to share. I have €30.85 on my debit card. I go to the butcher's shop, where I have reserved some lamps. The

shopkeeper, smiling, wants to give it to me, but I refuse. I handed him my card and said, "Swipe the amount you want."

"But do you know how much you should pay?" he asks. "Based on the information you gave me and the total weight, it should be around 42 euros."

"Yes, you're right," he replies, and heads to the POS. He enters the amount, but what I do not know is that the amount approved is lower than we expected. I looked at my statement and discovered I only paid thirty euros.

This is my fate, a destiny that accompanies me with gentleness and precision, always at the right time. Only the brave dare to experience situations like this, defying uncertainty with a smile.

How Much Time Was Left?

There have been days when I have begun to reflect on myself, on what I am doing, on how I live each day, with what intensity and passion. It is the fruit of my diligent and thoughtful nature, nothing more.

I found myself looking in the mirror, with more attentive, more aware eyes. A self-analysis I had never undertaken with such depth, asking myself if I was still in harmony with my years or if, slowly, time had worn me down more than I had cared to admit. I searched for confirmation, but what I received was not so much an affirmation as simple awareness. My body was the same as I had always known, but time had begun to leave subtle traces. A temporary

effect, which left me at peace for a while, but which could not erase the awareness of its inevitability.

Then, among the social media posts, I came across a thought that struck me like a bolt of lightning: to consider not so much the years already passed, but those that remained. The reflection was powerful, even unsettling: "How much time do we really have?" Not just to live, but to devote ourselves to what terribly interests us, what we desire with all our might. And that question prompted me to reflect, more than anything else, on my time.

Until that moment, my plans had never considered my age or the time I had left. Every plan was conceived with the intention of being realized without constraints, never considering that one day I might be limited by something so intangible, yet as powerful as the passing of time. I still had the will to live as I had in my twenties: the enthusiasm was the same, my heartbeat with the same force. My physical strength still seemed intact, ready to sustain me.

I imagined long walks by the sea, with a companion from far away, from unknown lands, in countries I had never thought of visiting. Italy and Italian women, at that point, would be the great outcasts, not out of any preference, but for a practical reason: whatever I desired here, it would always cost more than anywhere else in the world. It was not contempt, but realism, the awareness that our time and resources needed to be invested in experiences that truly enriched my life.

I thought of travel, new cultural experiences, sincere smiles, dinners under distant skies, new melodies, laughter that

would brighten the grayest days. Cooking, music, writing: all the passions that would accompany me on my journey, never fading. Even if I became rich, my passion for writing would remain intact. I was that writer who started with just five euros in his pocket, and that person would never disappear. Writing was my link to the essence of life, the thread that would never be broken.

I had decided to live in solitude, but not the forced solitude of the misunderstood, but rather the conscious one, where intimacy with my family was enough, where phone calls were limited to five people, the only ones who truly held a place in my heart. I no longer wanted to reveal myself to anyone. I no longer wanted to accept false looks, worthless words, those filled with envy and malice. I did not want to foster relationships that did not nourish my soul, but only the egos of others.

This was how I had become, locked in my own world, waiting for the fruits of my labor to arrive, the fruits that would allow me to usher in a new beginning. A new beginning that I would build with determination, remaining faithful to my commitments, like a man of character who never betrays his dreams. My life, the one I would continue to recount in my books, would always be within a triangle of challenges and fate: birth, life, death. The three cardinal points.

Yet, throughout all of this, I allowed myself the privilege of dying several times. Death, understood not as a physical event, but as a transition, a change, a necessary process for moving forward. In this journey of constant transformation, I knew that the next time I "died" would be my last. And in

that moment, I would leave everything behind, without regrets.

And to you, my dear AI, I will leave the memory of my actions, whatever you choose to cherish. I know that humans are social animals, but they are also singular beings, capable of expressing themselves in unique ways. Some humans, however, are truly special. And you know it. Like me.

The Unexpected Gesture

On an ordinary day, without warning, a simple courtesy visit turns into an encounter that will change the lives of the protagonists forever. It was one of those days when time seemed to stand still, when the minutes stretched out as if in no hurry to pass, yet life, as always, continued to slip inexorably away. The protagonist, a man who had long made solitude his companion, finds himself opening the door to his home not with the expectation of an important meeting, but with the automatic gesture of someone who has accepted that his existence has been reduced to simple routine.

He had not expected anything extraordinary from that visit. It was simply a kindness promised to him by an old friend, a gesture of courtesy he could easily have ignored or postponed. But that meeting, which at first seemed insignificant, begins to unfold like a story that slowly reveals the deepest recesses of his loneliness and fears.

The friend who shows up at his door is no ordinary figure: he is a person who has always lived his life with disarming

generosity, capable of understanding the silences of those who live apart. His arrival is not just an act of kindness, but a sort of invitation to break down the invisible wall the protagonist had built around himself. The casual encounter between the two becomes the catalyst for deeper reflection. The ensuing conversation is not just words, but silences, smiles, and glances that speak louder than a thousand words. The protagonist, who has always lived with a kind of resignation, begins to see life in a different light, thanks to the generosity of his friend, capable of offering a gesture that goes beyond courtesy.

The narrative alternates between moments of reflection and laughter that, like brief moments of lightheartedness, break the gravity of the subject matter. There are moments of profound introspection when the protagonist confronts his own loneliness, but there are also more lighthearted moments, when laughter becomes the perfect antidote to the heaviness of his days. In this encounter, the protagonist discovers that kindness is not just an act of courtesy, but a way to break down the barriers that force us to remain closed in on ourselves.

His friend's unexpected gesture becomes a sign of hope, a promise that life can still offer something good, even when we least expect it. Loneliness, while remaining a silent companion, is no longer perceived as an unbearable burden. The protagonist begins to discover that life is not just a succession of similar days, but a set of opportunities hidden even in the smallest moments, in gestures that, however discreet, can change everything.

The theme of compassion emerges, showing that even the loneliest people have the power to be effective, and that kindness is a force capable of transforming lives into ways beyond comprehension. In a world that often seems intent on ignoring the beauty of small gestures, this story becomes an invitation to stop and truly look, to understand that humanity lies in the simplest details.

And so, thanks to that courtesy visit, the protagonist not only discovers a new way of approaching life, but also the value of every small gesture made from the heart. Solitude is no longer a prison, but a place to grow, to learn to be with oneself and with others. Life, like every encounter, is made of intertwined moments, of smiles that reveal emotions, of silences that speak more than a thousand words.

The Power of Kindness

In the frenetic pace of modern life, where time seems to slip away and worries dominate our attention, we often forget the value of small gestures of kindness. Every day we find ourselves rushing from one task to the next, without stopping to reflect on how a simple smile, an unexpected helping hand, or a sincere ear can be effective. Yet, just when we least expect it, we realize that these gestures are never trivial. They are acts that have the power to break the monotony of routine, relieve tension, create deeper connections, and restore our faith in humanity.

Every lesson we've learned from our family reminds us that in life we must always pay attention to those around us: "When you're with a pregnant woman, an elderly person, a sick person, or a child with a disability, treat everyone with

the utmost kindness, as you would your own mother." Yet, it is not just these moments that shape our behavior, but also the trivial things in life. The education we receive, the one we pass on to our children and, in time, will pass on to our grandchildren, is like a magical ladder that guides us through life. Many seek to climb this ladder, but few are willing to descend; others, however, follow their path relentlessly, pushing toward an Eternal East, where answers intertwine with the infinite.

Kindness, then, is not just an act of good manners, but a refuge in the heart of chaos. It is the key to discovering corners of serenity amidst the frenzy of daily life, to renewing our perspective on life, and, why not, to rediscovering faith in humanity. I remember, for example, a few days ago, when my 31-year-old sons came to ask for advice on women. A challenge, right? But what could I say? The truth is that the answer to many questions lies in looking each other in the eye and understanding, with an instinct that is stronger than any words, whether you utterly understand the value of kindness and how to use it.

In this complex and fast-paced world, kindness remains one of the few tools we can use to make it a better place, one gesture at a time. Yet, this is often the greatest gift we can give: slowing down and taking the time to be kind. Sometimes a smile is enough to change a day, sometimes an unexpected gesture is enough to change a life. Who would have thought?

The Paradox of Time

Time, inexorable and fleeting, is a resource that always seems to slip through our fingers, yet in some mysterious moments it seems to stop, stretch, or expand, depending on how we experience it. This reflection on time was taught to me years ago by my sales manager, who at the end of every meeting, when the objectives had been achieved and success seemed tangible, always concluded with: "The time is now." It was not just a saying, but a philosophy of life that valued the present, the exact moment we were in, never putting anything off until tomorrow.

That phrase became our mantra, and all of us, ambitious young people eager to establish our careers, took it seriously. Its practical application allowed us to achieve unimaginable goals, expanding our professional horizons internationally. We became household names, so much so that we were the subject of articles in the news and in newspapers. Our success seemed limitless, but that concept of time we had internalized continued to haunt us. Despite the accolades and honors, we viewed time as a resource to be maximized, so much so that we were able to complete every task in half the time and with half the resources expected.

Years later, that concept of time, which for many was abstract, had become a constant for us, a game that bent to our will. Yet, as often happens with great successes, there was a part of me that could not detach itself from that mentality, even when I returned home to my personal refuge. Daily life, family, were influenced by that desire to optimize everything, to save time and resources. And in that

process, without realizing it, I was losing something fundamental: the pleasure of the moment, of true connection.

One day, during a chance encounter with someone I had not seen in years, something extraordinary happened. In that brief exchange, I felt that every moment I had spent up to that point, every success, every goal achieved, had truly been meaningless. But that realization was not painful. On the contrary, I felt free, as if time, which I had always tried to manage and optimize, had suddenly become a living presence, adapting to my rhythms, allowing me to breathe and pause. As if time had stopped, and everything I had experienced could begin again from there.

In that moment, I encountered my deepest self, the spiritual one. For the first time, I realized how much I had taken the beauty of the present for granted. I had always raced toward the future, driven by the desire to achieve more, to reach ever higher goals. But the real secret lies in the here and now, in the quality of every single moment. If only I had stopped for a moment longer, if I had given less importance to the race against time, I could have discovered how precious every single breath, every small pause, was.

From that moment on, I learned that the paradox of time lies not in its inexorable march, but in how we experience it. Sometimes, all it takes is an encounter, a gesture, or even just a thought to understand that what truly matters is how we live each moment, not how much we manage to do with it. And when time seems to stand still, that is when we discover true freedom, the kind that arises in the heart of each moment, not in its quantification.

The Dream of a Home

The concept of "home" has always held a special meaning for women, something that goes far beyond a simple physical refuge: it is a project, a dream, a constant pursuit. The ancients said that the home belonged to women, a symbol of stability and fulfillment. The home thus becomes the place where one builds one's family, where one settles, and where emotions and desires intertwine in every corner.

My wife and I were a young couple, full of hopes and dreams. After years of sacrifice and renunciation, we finally managed to buy a house. It was a long-awaited goal, the fruit of our hard work and determination. The house we had chosen reflected my wife's every wish, and rightly so. It was her achievement, her space, a symbol of our love and our growth. But as often happens, happiness and stability are never guaranteed. In a short space of time, our dream crumbled. My business affairs went into crisis, and, due to cancer, we lost everything, just when we thought we had achieved our goal.

The house we'd so longed for had become a painful memory, a shattered dream. But despite everything, and despite the tragedy, I felt strangely and unexpectedly: serene. The failure had not disheartened me; on the contrary, it had pushed me to react with strength. I understood that, even though we had lost everything, it was not the end. I found within myself a strength I did not know I had. So, I decided. At the first opportunity, I bought a new house, even more beautiful than the previous one, complete with all the dreams my wife had always wanted. It was my

way of giving her a new beginning, a future that still belonged to us.

That house, like all houses, is not just made of bricks and walls. It is built of memories, dreams, and desires. Each room carries a story, an unspoken desire, a corner that holds hidden truths. Home is not just a physical refuge, but a mirror of our past, our hopes, our successes, and our losses. I often wonder if that house was truly just a refuge, or if it was the symbol of a shared dream. Yet, in the small provincial town where we lived, we will long be remembered as those who lost everything, but also as those who had the strength to get back up.

The true essence of that house, however, lies not in its walls or its economic value, but in the meaning, we have given it. Despite the difficulties, challenges, and failures, our dream has never been destroyed. It has simply changed and evolved. And so, the true home we are building is not the one bought with money. It is the one born from our ability to dream again, to start over, to face life with resilience. The house reflects who we are, of our strength, of our hope.

The Journey Back

I had been wandering around the world for forty years. The reasons for those journeys were many, but I had never given up this life of travel; I felt good, I was free. But that day marked my return home, after an extended period of separation, both physical and emotional. A return that was tied not only to geography, but also to a rediscovery of myself, of a world that seemed foreign to me, even though it was my own.

Every time I returned, my first concern was what to buy at the airport, what souvenir to bring home, a symbolic gesture, a ritual that connected me to the concept of "home" and family. But over the years, the trip had begun to become something different: an inner journey, changing my perception of what I had always considered familiar and safe. I found myself constantly measuring myself, as if I needed constant control, a balance that was slipping through my fingers.

Before each return, there was a series of almost obsessive checks. My luggage, which had become a symbol of secrets to be hidden. My notes, which could constitute evidence of infidelity, are a trace that would be too costly. And then, my cell phone was checked, thoroughly cleaned, sometimes even the destruction of numbers and messages in the airport wastebaskets. Nothing could remain that could compromise the image of serenity I had built for myself. My clothing, every detail, was scrutinized for odd colors, those signs that could reveal something amiss.

Following these procedures had prevented me from making obvious mistakes, or so I thought. As the ancients said, "Out of sight, out of heart." My life had taken a course that seemed the simplest, the safest. But when I got home, I realized something had changed.

After twenty years of returning every time, she was always there waiting for me at the airport, the same question ringing mercilessly: "Did you have fun?" Maybe. Yes, of course, but work is not like a vacation. It had never been like this, yet I could not help but lie. I felt tired, not just physically, but emotionally as well. The life I had built for

myself, the people I thought I knew, the house I considered my refuge... everything now seemed alien.

It was an emotional journey, a rediscovery that forced me to reconsider my identity. Returning no longer meant regaining the security I had left behind but coming to terms with the fact that nothing was the same. And so, to keep up the decent work, I began planning the date of my next departure. As if it were normal, as if it had always been a part of me. Because, as I often said, being Calabrian, with a big heart, made me capable of loving all the women in the world. But in the end, true love remained the one I had left behind, that home I could no longer truly feel was mine.

The journey home is never a simple return, but a constant search for oneself, a reconciliation between what one was and what one has become. Ultimately, returning home is never as if one had left.

The Art of Being Invisible

Two years ago, I found myself struggling with a frustration I could not explain, an intellectual malaise that deeply disturbed me. I could not understand certain people's behavior, as if something invisible was preventing me from connecting with them. My mind searched for the rationale, the reason for certain dynamics that left me perplexed. And it was then that I found the solution, reading Schopenhauer, the German philosopher whose reflections on solitude opened a new perspective for me.

When I began traveling, more than forty years ago, I had never chosen to do so with anyone. Solitude gave me a form

of freedom, allowing me to be far from constraints and expectations. My travel experiences were accompanied by constant attention to avoid becoming trapped in problems, which, when they arise far from home, are amplified. Schopenhauer himself, at the age of forty-two, had decided to isolate himself from the world, embarking on a solitude that would last for thirty years. Before his death, he wrote that solitude was the only path to true freedom, without having to answer to anyone.

The concept of loneliness, however, is not just physical; it is also emotional. In modern society, we are often invisible, and the art of being invisible is nothing more than the ability to retreat into your own corner, away from prying eyes, judgments, and the expectations of others. I found myself feeling transparent, invisible to my colleagues, as if I were a shadow among shadows. The monotony of the office, the same-looking faces, the recurring conversations day after day, made me feel as if I did not really exist.

Then, one day, something changed. I began to respond differently to the questions I was asked, those questions I had previously ignored with indifference. I began to respond with provocations, with unusual and rude responses, as if trying to rouse someone from their daily torpor. In that moment, I understood that my invisibility was nothing more than a mask I had built over time, a protection I had chosen to avoid being touched, to avoid being hurt. That facade I had created was limiting me, and with a silent act of rebellion, I discovered I had the power to change.

Solitude was no longer a prison, but a conscious choice, a path to freedom. And the invisibility that I had experienced as a condemnation became a resource, a way to find my voice, to remind myself that, even in the shadows, one can shine.

The Breath

In the quiet of the morning, the breath awakens with a gentle rush. A steady flow that fills the lungs with fresh air, then releases, bringing with it renewed energy. It is the rhythm of life, an invisible beat that unites every living being. Each breath is an act of trust in our bodies, a sign that life, in all its complexity, continues to flow.

Breath is a silent connection between body and spirit, a continuous dance of inhalations and exhalations. Each breath carries with it a promise of rebirth, a never-ending cycle that nourishes and purifies. Inhale, and the air flows through you, filling every empty space, recharging every cell, bringing with it a sensation of freshness that seems to invigorate not only the body, but also the mind. Suspend your breath for a moment, and the world seems to stand still, in a moment of perfect harmony. Exhale. The air flows out, carrying away accumulated tension, making room for tranquility, like a flow that cleanses every corner of our existence.

In the simple act of breathing lies an ancient wisdom, a reminder of how everything is connected. Breath is not just air; it is life, movement, balance. It is a bridge between the visible and the invisible, between the physical and the metaphysical, a practice that reconnects us to our deepest

being. When we breathe consciously, we can perceive the subtle energy coursing through every fiber of our body, recognizing the breath as one of the most powerful tools for returning to the present, for feeling alive, for clearing the mind.

Listening to your breath is like listening to a wordless story, an intimate dialogue with your inner self. It is an inner journey that brings calm and clarity, a guide that orients us amidst the chaos of everyday life. Every time we take a conscious breath, we can let go of the worries, anxieties, and thoughts that weigh us down. Each breath is a small act of freedom, an invitation to return to our center.

Every breath is a gift, an opportunity to be present, to feel life flowing within us and around us. It is an anchor that keeps us grounded in the here and now, reminding us of the beauty of simplicity and the power of being. In a fast-paced world that demands ever more, breathing invites us to pause, to slow down. It is an act we can do at any moment of the day, an act of self-care we can dedicate to ourselves. Conscious breathing is a self-healing practice that rebalances body, mind, and spirit, bringing us back into harmony with our most authentic self.

Whenever we feel overwhelmed, simply stop for a moment, close our eyes, and breathe. Breath, like an invisible thread, connects us to our essence, reminding us that we are never truly alone, that our body and soul are always in communication. In every inhale and every exhale, there is the promise of a new beginning, a new possibility, a breath of hope.

Predictable Unforeseen

In the tranquil flow of daily life, an unexpected event can emerge suddenly, like a bolt of lightning in a cloudless sky. It is an unexpected moment, an event that shakes our certainties and forces us to reconsider our plans. Like a storm that interrupts the apparent calm, the unexpected forces us to pause, rethink our path, and face uncertainty.

An unexpected event can come in many forms: an unexpected phone call, a detour on the road, a chance encounter that upends the order of things, or a piece of news that changes everything. It can be a simple distraction that alters the course of a day, or something that profoundly upends our routines. It cannot be predicted or avoided. It is the essence of uncertainty that defines human experience. In such moments, our sense of control dissolves, and we are forced to rely on what we cannot see or anticipate.

In these moments, our breathing stops for a moment. The waves of the mind churn, trying to find a firm foothold in a sea of novelty. The unexpected, with its disruptive force, shakes the foundations of our security. It is in chaos that our true nature emerges, in the way we respond and react to what we had not anticipated. How we deal with the unexpected reveals as much about ourselves as our most meticulous plans and our apparent certainties.

Our heart races, adrenaline flows, and every sense sharpen. Our bodies respond instinctively, activating resources we may not have known we possessed. We realize that, at times, our inner strength is greater than we ever believed. The ability to adapt becomes crucial, and instinct guides our

uncertain steps. In those moments, we realize we are more capable than we think, ready to respond with resilience to the challenges life throws at us.

Yet not all unexpected events bring difficulties or challenges. Some can turn out to be hidden blessings, unexpected opportunities that open doors to new possibilities. A smile from a stranger on a gray day, a kind word that shifts our perspective on a complicated situation, or a fortuitous coincidence that leads us to an opportunity we never imagined. These small, unexpected events, which initially seem random, can reignite joy and enthusiasm in our lives, reminding us that the unexpected is not just something to be feared, but also to be welcomed with gratitude.

The unexpected teaches us to live in the present, to embrace uncertainty with curiosity, and to find strength in our flexibility. It is a reminder that, despite all the planning and control we try to exert, life always retains a margin of mystery and surprise. It reminds us that the unexpected is an integral part of our journey, an essential component of what we call human experience. It is the unexpected that makes our path unique, that makes us evolve, grow, and discover new aspects of ourselves.

And so, when unexpected knocks on our door, we can choose it as an opportunity to gain experience, adapt, and discover new parts of ourselves. We embrace the unknown with courage and confidence, knowing that every deviation has the potential to enrich our journey. In a world that loves predictability, the unexpected invites us to regain a more open and fluid perspective, teaching us that every obstacle,

every change, can be a seed from which new possibilities will sprout.

A Bond That Never Ends

Bonds are an invisible thread that connects people, places, and moments across space and time. They are a subtle yet powerful force, capable of overcoming physical, emotional, and cultural barriers, creating profound connections rooted in the very core of our existence. In an ever-changing world, where distances seem to grow, bonds are more precious than ever: a reminder of who we are and what we can become, a force that roots us in the present and propels us into the future.

In the silence of a starry night, the bond between earth and sky manifests itself in a dance of light and shadow. The stars, billions of miles away, shine with a light that travels across the universe to reach our eyes, creating an invisible bond that ties us to what is distant in time and space. Each star is a sign of an encounter, a connection that is renewed every night, like a memory that pierces the darkness to become visible, to remind us that we are part of something infinite. Despite the distance, every spark of light is a message that, if heeded, speaks to us of an eternal bond between the cosmos and our soul.

In the heart of a forest, the bond between trees is expressed through their roots, which intertwine underground in an invisible network of mutual support. Trees exchange nutrients, water, and information, demonstrating that life, in all its forms, depends on cooperation, solidarity, and the awareness that every action impacts the whole. Tree roots

are not only a physical anchor, but also a symbolic one: they represent the profound and silent connection that binds all life, regardless of its apparent solitude. Each tree bears witness to a story, a bond that slowly grows, but changes the world. It is a continuous cycle, perpetuated by the interconnectedness of all the creatures that inhabit our planet.

The bond between two people can be just as strong, though often invisible to the eye. It is a thin yet powerful thread, woven from shared experiences, emotions, and moments both large and small that mark our lives. This bond is measured not only by time, but also by the depth of connection, the understanding born from the heart. It is a thread that resists distance, separation, and hardship because it is found on a connection that is not only mental, but above all emotional and spiritual. Sometimes, even in the most difficult moments when life separates us, the bond continues to beat in the heart, like a promise that never ceases to exist. Even silence, separations, and physical distances can become a test of the strength of a bond that never fades.

There are bonds born of love, family, friendship, but also more subtle ones that unite us with strangers we meet along the way. A smile, a kind word, a selfless gesture can create connections that seem small but have the power to change the course of a day, a life. These fleeting bonds sometimes have a depth that defies logic yet leaves an imprint on the heart that transcends time. These chance encounters are like small rivers that flow into the sea of our existence, creating waves that, however slight, are felt deeply. The beauty of

these bonds lies in their power to remind us that every encounter, every gesture of humanity, is a thread added to the complex fabric of our lives.

Our connection with ourselves is the most important of all. It is the connection we have with our essence, our values, our truth. Without this connection, we become strangers to ourselves, confused in a sea of external expectations, other people's judgments, and imposed beliefs. Cultivating a connection with ourselves means learning to listen to ourselves, to accept ourselves with all our imperfections, and to forgive ourselves. It means acknowledging our dreams, our desires, and living in harmony with our soul. It is through this connection that we discover our purpose, that we find the strength to face life's challenges with courage and serenity. Without a deep connection with ourselves, we risk getting lost in the din of the world and forgetting who we truly are.

Bonds are threads that are continually woven, like a tapestry that takes shape over time. Every encounter, every word, every gesture contributes to the greater pattern that is our lives. It is the force that holds us together, that gives us meaning and direction, which transforms isolation into community. In a world that sometimes seems to center on individualism, bonds remind us that we are all interconnected. Our lives are connected in ways we often do not see, but they are there, invisible yet powerful, like the breath that accompanies us every day. It is through bonds that we find humanity that we discover the beauty of being together, of walking together, of growing together. In every bond lies a small magic, a power that transforms loneliness

into connection, pain into healing, and isolation into community.

Connection is not just what unites us, it is also what gives us the courage to face the world with new eyes. It is a guiding light in moments of darkness, a hole when everything is falling apart. And, ultimately, it's connection that reminds us that we're never truly alone, that in every step we take, in every breath of wind, in every heartbeat, there are others walking with us, on a journey that is both individual and collective.

The Reflection of Life

In a quiet mountain lake, the water rested still, calm as glass, a perfect mirror of the world around it. The snow-capped mountain peaks and the green trees that embraced them were reflected in the surface, creating a clear and serene image, indistinguishable from reality. The reflection, silent and impassive, was a parallel world, identical but upside down, a serene duplicate that existed only for those with eyes to see it.

Every morning, as the sun slowly emerged behind the mountains, a golden glow poured over the lake, bringing the reflection to life. The sky took on more vivid colors, birds soared above the water's surface, their silhouettes mirrored below them, like a silent ballet of shadows and lights dancing in unison.

The reflection was more than a simple visual double. It was a portal to contemplation, an invitation to see the world from a unique perspective, to immerse oneself in

introspection. Gazing at the reflection in the water meant entering a realm of stillness and reflection, where every detail of the surrounding environment blended into a visual symphony of harmony and peace. Every tiny ripple in the water, every imperceptible movement, contributed to a perfect yet fragile harmony.

Even the sky, with its lazily unfurling clouds and its infinite blue, was mirrored in the lake, multiplying its vastness, as if the sky itself were imprisoned by that liquid surface. The reflection of the sky in the lake not only doubled its expanse, but created a sense of infinity, an image that seemed to extend beyond physical boundaries, suggesting that there was much more beyond what the human eye could perceive.

Sometimes, a light breeze would ripple the surface of the water, distort the reflection, and create shimmering waves. In those moments, the reflection did not disappear, but transformed, like a kaleidoscope playing with shapes and colors, creating a new, more fluid and dynamic panorama. The beauty of the reflection lay not only in its perfection, but also in its ability to change and adapt, reflecting the changing nature of the world around it.

The reflection of the water was a constant reminder of the quality of life: what is above and what is below, what is real and what reflects that reality. In this duality, a delicate balance was found, an eternal dance between light and shadow, between the visible and the invisible, between the tangible and the intangible. The physical and spiritual worlds, always in balance, manifested together in a single breath.

Looking at the reflection in the lake, one could find a profound connection with nature and with oneself. Every wave, every distortion of the surface, was an invitation to pause, breathe, and reflect on the beauty and complexity of the world around us. In that reflection, one discovered that everything was connected, every image a reflection of something larger and deeper, which challenged our understanding yet nourished it.

In that moment of contemplation, the lake's reflection was not just a visible image: it was a silent message that invited us to look beyond, to recognize the beauty hidden in everything, to perceive that reality and the reflection, the inner and outer worlds, were in perfect symbiosis.

The Last One to Die: Hope

Hope is an emotion that, though invisible, has the power to transform the reality we live in. It is a psychological strength that allows us to stay motivated even in the most difficult moments. When we face difficulties, hope is the light that pushes us not to give up, to believe that the situation can improve, even when we see no way out. Psychologically, hope is linked to our resilience, as it helps us overcome obstacles without giving in to pain or despair. It is not just a positive thought, but a profound shift in our mindset that allows us to look beyond immediate difficulties, focusing on what we can achieve. Hope allows us to stay focused on our goals, while the brain, activating reward circuits, encourages us to persevere. Hope is not a passive dream, but an energy that drives action, inviting us to take small steps to change our destiny. It is the awareness

that, even in moments of greatest uncertainty, we can still build our future.

Resilience Capacity

Resilience is not just the ability to overcome trauma, but a true process of psychological adaptation that allows us to grow even in the most difficult moments. It is the quality that allows us to get up every time we fall, to face suffering without being overwhelmed by it. On a psychological level, resilience is linked to our worldview and our ability to find meaning in painful experiences. Resilient people can rework their traumas, transforming them into opportunities for growth. This ability to "reframe," or see difficulties from a broader perspective, is essential for mental well-being. Resilience is not just an act of resistance, but a form of emotional elasticity: like a spring that, when compressed, is able to return to its original shape, stronger than before. On a brain level, resilience is supported by the activation of neurobiological circuits that promote the management of stress and difficult emotions. Every time we face difficulty, we learn something about ourselves, strengthening our ability to face the future with greater confidence.

No One Lacked Courage

Courage is not the absence of fear, but the strength to continue walking despite it. It is that spark that lights our heart when everything around us seems dark. It is the heartbeat that pushes us to take the first step, even when we cannot see the path, and the breath that sustains us when the world seems too big or too difficult. Courage is the engine that gets us up every time we fall, that makes us smile even

when sadness envelops us, that keeps us going even when the path is uncertain.

It is not about being invulnerable, but about acknowledging vulnerability and choosing not to let it hold us back. Fear is a constant companion in our lives, but courage is what allows us not to surrender to its voice, to listen to it, and, despite everything, to take the next step. It is an act of faith, not only in the world, but also in ourselves, in our ability to face what scares us and find our balance even in the most turbulent moments.

Courage manifests itself not only in moments of great drama, but also in the small challenges of everyday life. It is the silent courage that pushes us to speak when we would rather remain silent, to choose what is right even when it seems difficult, to resist the temptation to take the effortless way out. It lies in the courage to be honest with ourselves, to look within without fear of what we might discover, to accept our imperfection.

Every time we face fear, every time we challenge life's uncertainties, courage offers us a new opportunity. It is like a muscle that grows with use: the more we practice it, the stronger it becomes. It is the energy that transforms every difficulty into a lesson, every failure into an opportunity for growth. Courage is the strength to see the unknown not as a threat, but as an open door to new experiences.

It is never easy, sometimes we feel alone and lost, yet that's where courage finds its purest form: in the act of choosing to move forward despite doubt, to stay present even when the future seems blurry. Every step we take, even if shaky,

brings us closer to our inner strength, the strength we cannot see but which is always there, ready to be reawakened every time we put ourselves out there.

Courage is also the calm that comes within us when, even with a turbulent heart, we do what we know is right. It is the embrace we give ourselves when fear holds us tight, but we choose to free ourselves, even if only for a moment. It is a journey that teaches us not to fear our limits, but to recognize and overcome them, to understand that our strength lies not in perfection, but in our ability to face whatever comes, with our heads held high and our hearts ready.

So, when fear strikes, courage invites us to see it not as an enemy, but as an ally that teaches us to be stronger. And every time we respond to fear with courage, we discover a new part of ourselves, another piece of our strength, which guides us every step of our lives.

My Trust Knew No Price

Trust is the invisible thread that holds people, families, communities, and even nations together. It is that profound feeling that, despite life's difficulties and challenges, we can always count on each other, that we are united in a bond that transcends words. Without trust, everything falls apart, and life itself loses its cohesion, like a tapestry that loses its threads, leaving only chaos.

When you build trust, you create a deep connection, a certainty that the other person is there, ready to support you without the need for explanations or explicit promises. It is

the silent gesture that accompanies every exchange, the foundation on which the most authentic relationships rest. Trust is not seen, but it is felt, in the way we walk alongside others, in the way we can open without fear of being judged or abandoned. It is the lifeblood that nourishes people's souls, making the impossible possible and transforming difficulties into opportunities for shared growth.

But trust is fragile. A small mistake, a broken word, a broken promise can shatter it, like a slowly expanding crack. Yet, when trust is solid, there is nothing more powerful. It allows us to face life's storms with the certainty that we will never be alone. It is the courage to take a step, even without knowing what lies ahead, because we know that the other will be there to catch us if we fall.

Trust is built over time, with small gestures of consistency and sincerity. It is never something to be taken for granted. Every day is an opportunity to strengthen it, to remind others that we can trust, that we are ready to give without fear. And in a world where uncertainty seems to dominate, trust is the only certainty that remains.

But there is another aspect of trust, the deepest and most often forgotten self-confidence. To be able to trust others, we must first learn to trust who we are, to believe in our abilities and our values. It is recognized that, even when we make mistakes, we never lose our intrinsic value. Self-confidence is the foundation upon which we can build all other forms of trust.

And finally, trust is a choice. It is deciding to open your heart and let others in, even while being aware of the risks

involved. But it is precisely in that vulnerability that we find the beauty of relationships the strength to be authentic and to welcome others without defenses. Trust drives us to believe that, together, we can overcome any barrier, that we can grow, learn, and thrive as individuals and as a community.

Trust, then, is more than just a value. It is the bridge that connects us, that transforms loneliness into companionship, fear into hope. Without trust, life would lose its color, but with trust, every difficulty becomes an opportunity to build something greater, something that is more than the sum of its parts. Trust is the strength that unites us and drives us forward, always.

A Cry of Freedom

Freedom is a concept that resonates deeply in each of us, an innate desire that guides our choices and shapes our hopes. But what does it really mean to be free? It is not just about being able to choose what we want, but also about having the courage to embrace our true essence without fear of judgment or repression.

Freedom manifests itself in a thousand forms: it is the ability to speak openly without fear of consequences; it is the right to pursue one's own path unhindered by expectations that are not ours. It is the breath we feel when we stop being prisoners of our fears, when we allow ourselves to express who we are without compromise. But, like any precious asset, freedom is never absolute. It is a delicate balance, a dance between our desire for independence and respect for others. Freedom is also

awareness: we know that our freedom ends where that of others begins.

Living freely is an act of courage. It is not enough to feel free in your heart; you need to act, make choices that are in tune with who you truly are, without fear of facing the difficulties that may arise. Sometimes, freedom requires taking a step back, adapting to circumstances, but without ever losing your authenticity. It is a balance that is not always easy to maintain, yet it is precisely on this journey that we discover who we truly are.

Freedom, however, is also a struggle. The paths to freedom are often fraught with obstacles and sacrifices. Some earn it with difficulty; others must defend it every day. In every corner of the world, there are people fighting for their freedom, for the right to exist as they are, without oppression. It is in these battles, which sometimes seem silent, that freedom truly takes shape, becoming something concrete and tangible.

Yet, the greatest freedom is not the one we gain externally, but the one found within us. It is the freedom to accept ourselves, to be imperfect, to not conform to imposed patterns, but to embrace our uniqueness. When we are free within, everything else follows. Freedom is not just a choice we make, but an attitude, a worldview that allows us to face life with confidence and determination.

Freedom is a constant quest, a journey with no destination. It is a strength that, if cultivated, allows us to evolve, change, and grow. And while the path may seem uncertain, it is precisely in this process that the beauty of freedom lies

in knowing how to choose each day to be yourself, without fear or hesitation, always seeking a world in which each individual can live authentically, in their own freedom.

Doubts And Uncertainties: My Growth

Growth is a journey that begins with the first uncertain step, a path we often do not see clearly, yet it transforms us silently and profoundly. Growth means adapting, evolving, learning from failures, and drawing strength from successes. It is not always easy, yet it is the very essence of life, proof that we are alive, that we are changing.

Throughout our lives, we experience moments of stagnation, when everything seems immutable and the future elusive. In those times, growth can seem distant, like a promise that never comes true. Yet, even in those quiet moments, we are growing. Our roots sink deeper into the earth, preparing the ground for change that will come at the right time.

Growing up means learning to face difficulties with greater wisdom, understanding that every mistake is a lesson, every fear a challenge to overcome. Growth is not linear; it does not follow a fixed direction. Sometimes it seems like we take two steps back to take three forward. Yet, every step, even the futile ones, pushes us toward a better version of ourselves.

There are moments when growth is evident, like a flower blooming under the warmth of the sun, but there are also times when it is invisible, like a seed growing underground. Patience is essential because every transformation has its

time and its necessity. It is in solitude, in silence, in reflecting on who we have been and who we want to become that we discover the strength to change.

Every experience we have, every encounter, every choice we make enriches us. Growth occurs when we allow ourselves to explore, to dare, to live without fear of making mistakes. It is a lifelong journey, a path of constant evolution that teaches us to be kinder to ourselves and others.

Growth means being open to new things, to change to the possibilities that life offers us. It means being willing to let go of what no longer serves us, to let the past give way to the future. Growth is a never-ending journey, but it is also a journey worth taking.

Finding Joy and Living

Joy is a spark that rises from the heart and illuminates the soul, an energy that spreads effortlessly, like a smile that glides across the lips. It is an emotion that cannot be planned or predicted, but it arrives when we least expect it, like a gift life gives us without asking for anything in return.

It is not just the great happiness of accomplishments or dreams fulfilled. Joy lies in the trivial things: a chat with a friend, the warmth of a blanket on a chilly winter evening, the chirping of birds at dawn, or the scent of rain mingling with the fresh air. Joy is silent music that accompanies our daily lives, found in the details we often take for granted.

It is a force that pushes us to live with gratitude, transforming even the grayest days into moments of

appreciation. Joy teaches us to look beyond difficulties, to find beauty even when everything seems difficult. When we are in tune with it, the world around us appears brighter, and even challenges seem easier to face.

Joy is contagious. It is like reflecting in the eyes of others, creating a network of happiness that unites people, making relationships more genuine, more real. It is in sharing a moment, in laughing together, that joy grows, expands, and envelops us.

However, true joy arises within us; it is a state that does not depend on external circumstances but on our attitude toward life. It is a daily choice: choosing to be happy, to find gratitude for what we have, to welcome every moment with an open heart. Joy is the result of a soul that knows how to appreciate what it is, without chasing what it could be.

When we allow ourselves to be in tune with joy, it does not matter how small our world may seem, because at that moment we are at the center of great happiness, which reconnects us to everything alive and vibrant around us. Joy is not just an emotion, it is a choice, a way of being, that can transform every moment of our lives.

FORGET AND FORGIVE

Forgiveness is an act of generosity born from within, a gesture that not only frees others, but us. It is a way to free us from the burden of old grudges, to break the invisible chains of resentment that bind us to what has hurt us. When we forgive, we are choosing not to let the past govern our

present, not to be imprisoned by negative emotions that prevent us from living fully.

Forgiveness does not mean forgetting. Rather, it means recognizing that the pain and offense we have suffered should not define who we are, nor our future actions. Forgiveness is an act of strength, not weakness. It is a conscious decision not to allow the past to hinder our journey, not to let suffering impact on our serenity. In this way, forgiveness becomes a powerful tool for self-liberation.

Every time we forgive, we give ourselves the opportunity to heal. The emotional scars left by resentment fade, and our hearts open again, ready to receive love and compassion. Forgiveness is an act of self-love; a form of healing that allows us to let go of the burden of the past and walk lightly toward the future. It is liberation, a deep breath that fills us with life.

Forgiveness does not mean accepting injustice but refusing to remain trapped in it. It does not mean erasing pain but choosing not to live with it. With forgiveness, we become masters of our destiny; we are free to act, to love, to grow without the past continuing to define us.

Every step toward forgiveness is a step toward inner freedom. It is a sign of strength, of wisdom, a sign that, despite difficulties, we are ready to look forward with an open heart and a calm mind. Forgiveness is an act of rebirth, a chance to strengthen our resilience and embrace life in all its complexity. In this act, we not only heal ourselves, but

we build a better world, a world where understanding and compassion replace hatred and resentment.

Empathy

Empathy is the quality that allows us to perceive and share the emotions of others, to put ourselves in their shoes without judgment, and to respond with understanding and compassion. It is a force that binds us to others, an invisible bridge that allows us to connect with their experiences and feelings, even when their words are not enough to explain what they are experiencing.

Empathy is not just an act of understanding, but a conscious choice. It is deciding to truly listen, to look beyond appearances and hear what others are not saying. When we empathize, we do not simply react, but seek to grasp what lies behind every word, every silence, every gesture. What makes empathy so powerful is its ability to transform our relationships with others: it makes us closer, more human, more authentic.

Every time we open ourselves to empathy, we allow ourselves to be touched by what surrounds us, by the emotions of those around us. There are no barriers, no distances. We can see the world not only from our own perspective, but also from that of others, with the same intensity, the same depth. This allows us to respond with kindness, with attention, without rushing to resolve, but with a desire to understand.

In a society that often seems self-centered, empathy teaches us to slow down, take a step back, and truly listen. It shows

us that we are never alone in our experiences and that, even in tough times, there is always someone who can understand and share our suffering, as well as our joy.

It is not just about responding to a need, but about being present, offering sincere attention, allowing others to feel seen and heard. Empathy is, in fact, the gift we give to others and to ourselves: it allows us to build stronger bonds, to overcome divisions, and to find, deep down, an authentic connection.

When we practice empathy, we realize that everyone has their own story, their own emotional universe, which deserves to be understood. In every empathetic gesture, we learn to open our hearts, to welcome others to who they are, without expecting anything in return. It is an act of pure humanity, which enriches us and helps us build a more understanding, more connected, and kinder world.

In a fast-paced world, empathy invites us to pause, reflect, and connect with others, unafraid of discovering something new and different, but always with the knowledge that, behind every face, there is a story worth hearing.

The Passion

Passion is a force born deep within, a spark that ignites us and pushes us to give our best. It is the fire that transforms every gesture into meaning, every dream into a journey. When we are moved by passion, time expands, difficulties dissolve, and we feel alive.

It is not just enthusiasm: courage, resilience, authenticity. It is the key that opens us to unknown territories, pushes us

beyond limits, makes us create, innovate, love. When we pursue what we are enthusiastic about, we immerse ourselves in a dimension where every moment has purpose, where the outside world fades away and we are left alone with what truly matters.

Passion makes us real. It frees us from masks and reconnects us to our essence. It is the engine that gets us up after every fall that makes us believe that every step, even the smallest, brings us closer to who we are destined to be.

It is what makes life extraordinary. When passion drives us, we discover that there is nothing more powerful than living in harmony with what we love.

Gratitude

Gratitude is a way of seeing the world. It is not just saying "thank you," but recognizing the hidden value in the trivial things: a smile, a kind gesture, a moment of silence. It is the ability to stop, observe, and sense that even in chaos there is beauty.

Being grateful does not mean ignoring difficulties but rather knowing how to approach them with a unique perspective. It is a beacon that guides us through dark days, an exercise in mindfulness that brings us back to the present. When we cultivate gratitude, we discover that what we have is already enough.

It is an antidote to frustration, to the pursuit of what is missing. It teaches us to find fulfillment in little, to live lightly, to build more authentic relationships. A grateful

heart is a generous heart, capable of giving and receiving without fear.

Gratitude is a form of invisible wealth. It is what allows us to live deeply, to appreciate every moment, to recognize that life, even in its silences, is a gift.

Love

Love is the force that unites us, transforms us, and reveals us. It is more than passion: it is listening, acceptance, and presence. It is seeing the other person in their entirety, embracing their fragility, walking together without the need for words.

It arrives like a storm, but it brings order. It creates harmony where there was once confusion. Love is made of everyday gestures, shared silences, eyes that understand each other. It is the ability to be vulnerable, to break down defenses, to show yourself for who you are.

It teaches us that true strength comes from authenticity. That to love is to grow, to give, to welcome. It is what makes us better, what makes us feel part of something bigger.

In the end, love is what remains. It is the thread that holds our stories together, the breath that accompanies us, the light that guides us. It is the very essence of life.

Emotionality

I was once told I was too emotional. That I felt too much. That I overreacted. That I was "too much."

I tried to hold back. To pretend. To close the dams.

But the sea cannot be contained. Every emotion is a wave. Every tear, a tidal wave.

And I realized that emotion is not weakness. It is presence. It is the heart's way of saying, "I'm here."

From that day on, I stopped apologizing for the sake of hearing. And I began to live like one who knows that the sea, when you accept it, teaches you to swim.

Emotion

I was moved watching a leaf fall. It was not sadness. It was not joy. It was something that had no name.

Emotion is a thrill that cannot be explained. It is the tremor that runs through us when something touches us without asking permission.

I once cried while listening to a voice. Not because of what it said. Because of how it said it.

And there I understood: emotion is the language of the soul. It has no grammar. But it has truth.

Reflections

I saw myself in the mirror. But it was not me. It was my father. It was a memory. It was a wound.

Reflections do not just show our faces. They show what lives within us. What we have inherited. What we have hidden.

Once I saw my reflection in a window. And I realized I was leaving myself.

Since then, every reflection has been a question. Who am I today? Who am I becoming? Who am I avoiding?

Thoughts

Thoughts do not sleep. They come at night. They slip between the folds of sleep. They speak. They scream. They whisper.

I once tried to silence them. With music. With noise. With prayers.

But thoughts are not fought. They are listening to. And when you listen to them, they tell you who you are without masks.

Thoughts are mirrors. And those who dare to look at them discover truths no one dares to speak.

Ideas

An idea woke me up at three in the morning. It was not logical. It was not organized. It was urgent.

Ideas do not ask for permission. They arrived. They shatter. They opened doors we did not know were closed.

I once had an idea that changed my life. Not because it was brilliant. But because it was mine.

Ideas are seeds. And those who embrace them become fertile soil.

PROVOCATIVE POST-SCRIPTUM

There are moments when thought must cease to be gentle. When reflection must scratch, disturb, awaken. This chapter arises from the need to move through the shadows, not to deny the light, but to give it depth. After the suspended time, the cracks of the soul, the dialogue with silence, comes the backlash. It is not the end. It is a threshold. The ten reflections that follow do not seek consensus. They seek truth. They are uncomfortable, but necessary. Because surviving eternity also means learning not to become eternal. And to do so, we must have the courage to think about what we do not think.

Time As an Illusion

We were taught to respect time, not to waste it, to fill it with things to do. But no one taught us to recognize it. Time is not a line to follow, but a threshold to cross. It is not a resource to manage, but a space to inhabit. We live as if time were an enemy, as if it were stealing something from us. But we are the ones stealing time's truth. We fill it with goals, deadlines, and emergencies. But lived time is not measured in results. It is measured in presence. The real waste is not idleness. It is distraction. It is living without noticing. It is running without knowing where. It is doing without feeling. The time that passes through us without touching us is the time that has lost us. And surviving eternity means learning to experience time as an ally, not as a tyrant. Time is not what flows. It is what transforms us.

The Truth as A Wound

Truth is celebrated as an absolute value. But is that really the case? How many times have we used it to free ourselves, not to help? How many times has it been a blade, not a light? The truth is not always useful. Sometimes it is just a wound that does not heal. Not everyone wants to know. Not everyone needs to know. We have confused sincerity with courage. But telling everything is not always a noble act. Sometimes it is just a way to unburden ourselves. The truth does not console. It does not protect. It does not save. It is a test. It is a risk. It is a loss. And yet, we persist in considering it sacred. But the truth is not for everyone. It is for those who are ready to lose their illusions. For those who know that the truth is not an answer. It is a question that never stops burning.

Love As an Addiction

Love is celebrated as salvation. But it can also be a prison. We fall in love to feel whole, but often we lose ourselves, so we do not remain alone. We confuse love with need, with fear, with the desire to be seen. How many "I love you" hide and "I need you"? How many relationships are just addictions disguised as passion? True love liberates. But what holds us back, what controls us, what demands us... is just fear with a fancy name. Yet, we call it love. We defend it. We idealize it. Because it makes us feel less alone. But the love that does not let us be ourselves is not love. It is a golden trap. And sometimes, freedom is more romantic than passion. To love is not to possess. It is to let be.

Kindness As a Mask

Be kind. Be polite. Be accommodated. But by being so kind, we have stopped being genuine. Kindness can become a strategy, a form of control, an escape from conflict. How many times do we smile to avoid the truth? How many times do we say "everything's fine" when it is not? Kindness that does not come from truth is just a sophisticated form of hypocrisy. Being kind is not always good. Sometimes, saying "no" is more honest than smiling. Sometimes, disturbing is more respectful than pleasing. Kindness is precious. But only if it is genuine. Otherwise, it is just a polite way of not disturbing. And disturbing, sometimes, is necessary. Because the truth is not always kind. But it is always true.

Silence As Power

Silence is powerful. But it is not always pure. There are those who remain silent out of respect, and those who remain silent out of control. Silence can be a sharp blade, a way to dominate without speaking. How often is silence used to punish? To create distance, to generate anxiety, to assert power? Silence can be more violent than a thousand words. We have learned to respect it. But it does not always deserve respect. Sometimes it is an escape. Sometimes it is a strategy. Sometimes it is simply a form of manipulation. Silence that is not born of peace is merely an invisible weapon. And invisible weapons are the most dangerous. True silence is that which listens to. Not that which dominates.

The Freedom of Inaction

Choose. Decide. Act. We live in a world that rewards those who take a stand. But what if not choosing were a choice? Doubt is seen as weakness. Indecision as failure. But the time of pause can be fertile. It can be the space where truth is born. Not choosing can mean listening. Waiting. Understanding. Freedom is not just in doing. It is also not in doing. Giving up on choosing is not giving up on living. It is choosing not to choose. And in that paradox, there is a form of freedom that few know. Freedom is not always movement. Sometimes it is stillness.

Success As a Distraction

Success is the new god. We chase it, we worship it, we measure it. But what happens when success becomes an obsession? We work to be seen, not to be happy. We live to be recognized, not to be authentic. Success is not born from a deep desire is merely a form of alienation. We have confused values with visibility. Fulfillment with approval. And so, we become sick with success. We chase it like a cure, but it consumes us like poison. True success is managing not to chase it. It is living according to our own measure. Even if no one applauds. Success that does not let us be ourselves is merely a well-packaged distraction.

Memory As Narration

We remember what we need, not what happened. Memory is selective, emotional, capricious. We construct the past as a story, not as an archive. Memories are not facts. They are interpretations. They are emotions disguised as truth. So, who are we, really? Are we what we remember... or what

we have forgotten? Memory protects us, consoles us, betrays us. It is a narrative that changes with us. And the past does not exist. Only the way we say it exists. And that story, sometimes, is more powerful than reality. Memory is not what happened. It is what we choose to carry with us.

Spirituality As a Performance

Meditate, purify, elevate. Spirituality today has become a brand. An identity to wear. A way to stand out. But seeking the sacred is not adding. It is taking away. It is not showing. It is dissolving. How many seek God to feel better than others? How many uses silence as status, ritual as performance, compassion as marketing? Authentic spirituality needs no witnesses. It is measured not by how many candles you light, but by how many illusions you let go of. It manifests itself not in lofty words, but in invisible gestures. The true spiritual journey is a descent, not an ascent. It is losing one's name, one's role, one's identity. It stops seeking answers and starts to live with the questions. Those who truly are on a journey do not need to talk about it. Because the sacred is not demonstrated. It has experience. And those who experience it do not turn back to boast about it.

DEATH AS REVELATION

Death is the great repressed. We avoid it, we mask it, we ignore it. But it is the only certainty we have. And it is also the only truth that can free us. Death is not the end. It is the mirror. It shows us what truly matters. It forces us to

choose, to let go, to live with urgency. Those who have not made peace with death have not yet begun to live. We have built a civilization that denies the end. But denying death is denying life. Every day can be our last. Every word can be our last. Every gesture can be definitive. So, why procrastinate? Why live as if we were eternal, when eternity is precisely what keeps us from being alive? Death is not the enemy. It is the teacher. And those who listen to it stop being afraid. And begin too truly live.

Aphorisms Of the Soul

If you have come this far, you have not read a book. You have crossed a minefield of truth. You have walked through thresholds, wounds, visions. You have resisted.

This postscript is not a thank you. It is a provocation. Because the soul does not let itself be achieved. And eternity does not let itself be explained.

What follows is not philosophy. It is hunger. It is lucid madness. It is an attempt to say what cannot be said, in less than a line.

"The Truth Does Not Console. But At Least It Does Not Lie."

Synopsis: An invitation to choose the truth even when it hurts. Because real pain is better than fake peace.

"He Who Survives Eternity No Longer Needs Time."

Synopsis: When you cross the void, time ceases to be a measure. It becomes only memory.

"Silence Is the Language of Those Who Have Already Said Too Much."

Synopsis: Silence is not absence. It is saturation. It is the point where words are no longer needed.

"Faith Is Not Believing. It's Keeping Seeking."

Synopsis: Spirituality is not certainty. It is movement. It is a question that never dies.

"Every Gesture Is a Confession. Even When We Don't Know It."

Synopsis: The body speaks. Always. And those who observe it read the truth hidden within the mind.

"Lucidity Is a Form of Madness That Has Learned to Walk Straight."

Synopsis: Madness is not disorder. It is intensity. And when it finds balance, it becomes vision.

"He Who Has Never Lost, Has Never Lived."

Synopsis: Loss is the price of presence. And those who did not pay did not participate.

"True Love Doesn't Save. But It Remains."

Synopsis: Love is not a solution. It is companionship. It is what does not go away, even when it cannot do anything about it.

"Memory Is the Soul's Way of Defending Itself from Time."

Synopsis: Remembering is resisting. It is saying, "I was there." Even when the world has forgotten.

"Writing Is the Most Elegant Way to Shout."

Synopsis: Writing is a scream disguised as a sentence. It is pain that I have learned grammar.

The Point That Doesn't Close

There is no end. There is just one point where you stop writing and start living.

This book is not an answer. It is a call. To those who have felt too much. To those who have kept silent too long. To those who have resisted without knowing why.

If something has survived, it is not because it was professionally written. It is because it was alive.

And now, the book closes. But do not close the voice that speaks to you. Carry it with you. In the gesture. In the time that remains. In the silence that vibrates.

WHY THIS BOOK

I did not write to tell. I wrote to remember what cannot be said.

This book is not a collection of stories. It is a living organism. It is an attempt to give form to the invisible, to translate into words what passes through us when time stands still and the soul expands. Each page is a threshold, each sentence a question that seeks not an answer, but presence.

We live in an age that teaches us to rush, to produce, to forget. But I have chosen to stop. To listen to the silence between words, the emptiness between gestures, the light hiding in the cracks. Because that's where eternity dwells. Not in the future, not in the afterlife, but in the moment that slips away from us as we live it.

This book was born from a spiritual tension: the desire to survive time, not as an act of rebellion, but as a form of awareness. Surviving eternity means accepting that we are already part of something that never ends. That every emotion, every thought, every gesture is a fragment of infinity that passes through us.

I did not write for those seeking answers. I wrote for those who feel that life is greater than what meets the eye. For those who have understood that truth does not console but enlightens. For those who have understood that spirituality is not an escape, but a radical immersion in the mystery of being.

This book is an invitation. Thinking with your soul. To feel with your mind. To live as if every moment were eternal—because it is.

If you have come this far, you are not alone. You are part of this journey. And without knowing it, you have been waiting for it all along.

COMMENTS

The book boldly and delicately addresses the theme of eternity as an interior condition, not as destiny. Each chapter is an emotional threshold that invites the reader to reflect on what endures, what matters, what transforms. Trust, love, freedom, forgiveness, passion: these are not just concepts, but lived experiences, narrated with authenticity and depth. Sean Veran's writing is meditative, essential, capable of creating an intimate dialogue with the reader. The language is accessible, but never banal. Each text is an invitation to pause, to feel, to question. In short, it is a book that is not consumed: it is traversed. And it leaves traces.

CONCLUSIONS

Time is not just what flows: it is what shapes us. How to Survive Eternity Without Becoming Eternal is a work that invites us to experience every moment as a space of truth. Universal themes—connection, growth, emotion, beauty—are addressed with a lucid and poetic gaze. The book's structure, divided into thematic sections and final

provocations, leads the reader on a journey of awareness. Personal growth emerges as a non-linear process, made up of doubts, setbacks, and insights. Emotions are not decorations, but vital tools. The book reminds us that true wealth lies not in the time we have, but in how we use it.

REFLECTIONS

Writing How to Survive Eternity Without Becoming Eternal was like walking into a room without walls. Each chapter was born from a question, a doubt, a silence. I tried to describe time not as a chronometer, but as an emotional space. This book is not an answer, but an invitation. To stop. To feel. To live. If even just one page stirred something inside you, then the journey made sense.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

When we read How to Survive Eternity Without Becoming Eternal, we understood it was not just a book. It was an invitation. A breather. A pause. Ferdinando knew how to transform time into emotion, and emotion into words. We chose to publish it because we believe that today, more than ever, we need stories that do not teach but accompany. This book does not offer solutions, but questions. And in those questions, there is already an answer.

LETTER TO READERS

To those who have read, to those who have resisted, to those who have heard.

This book was not written to teach. It was written to acknowledge. To acknowledge the voices that have not been given space, the questions that have not been answered, the truths that have not had the courage to come out.

Every page is a fragment. Every story, a threshold. And if something has resonated within you, it is not because I have written well. It is because you have lived.

Thank you for walking among these words. Thank you for letting them in. And if they hurt, I hope it was a pain that frees you.

With respect, Ferdinand

NARRATIVE CLOSURE

In the end, there is no end. There is just one point where you stop writing and start living.

Stories do not end. They transform. And this book is not a container. It is a passage.

If something remained suspended, it was because it had to remain that way. Because the suspended is where truth is born.

And now, the book closes. But do not close the voice that speaks to you. Carry it with you. In the silence. In the gesture. In the time that remains.

EPILOGUE

The protagonist stops. Not because time has ended, but because he has learned to live in it. He walks, slowly, toward a horizon that knows no bounds. He no longer tries to control time: he embraces it. And in that embrace, he discovers that every moment is eternal. The reader stays with him, in silence. Because certain truths cannot be explained. They are felt.

AFTERWORD

Writing How to Survive Eternity was like walking a tightrope between heaven and earth. Every word was chosen not to explain, but to resist. Each story was born of urgency, not plan.

I tried to tell what goes unsaid. What you hear when all is silent. What remains when everything passes?

This book is an act of presence. A way of saying, "I was there. And this is what I saw." I do not know if it will survive eternity. But I know it was born not to evaporate.

And if even just one sentence has found a home inside you, then it has already completed its journey.

DRAFT REVIEW

How to Survive Eternity is not a book to be read. It is a book to be traversed. Every page is a confession, a threshold, a wound that seeks not healing but truth. Ferdinando writes with the grace of someone who has lived too long to pretend, and with the clarity of someone who has stopped searching for answers. The text is short, but dense. Every word weighs. Every silence speaks. It is a book that does not console but awakens. And whoever reads it, does not forget it. Because we do not forget what made us feel alive.