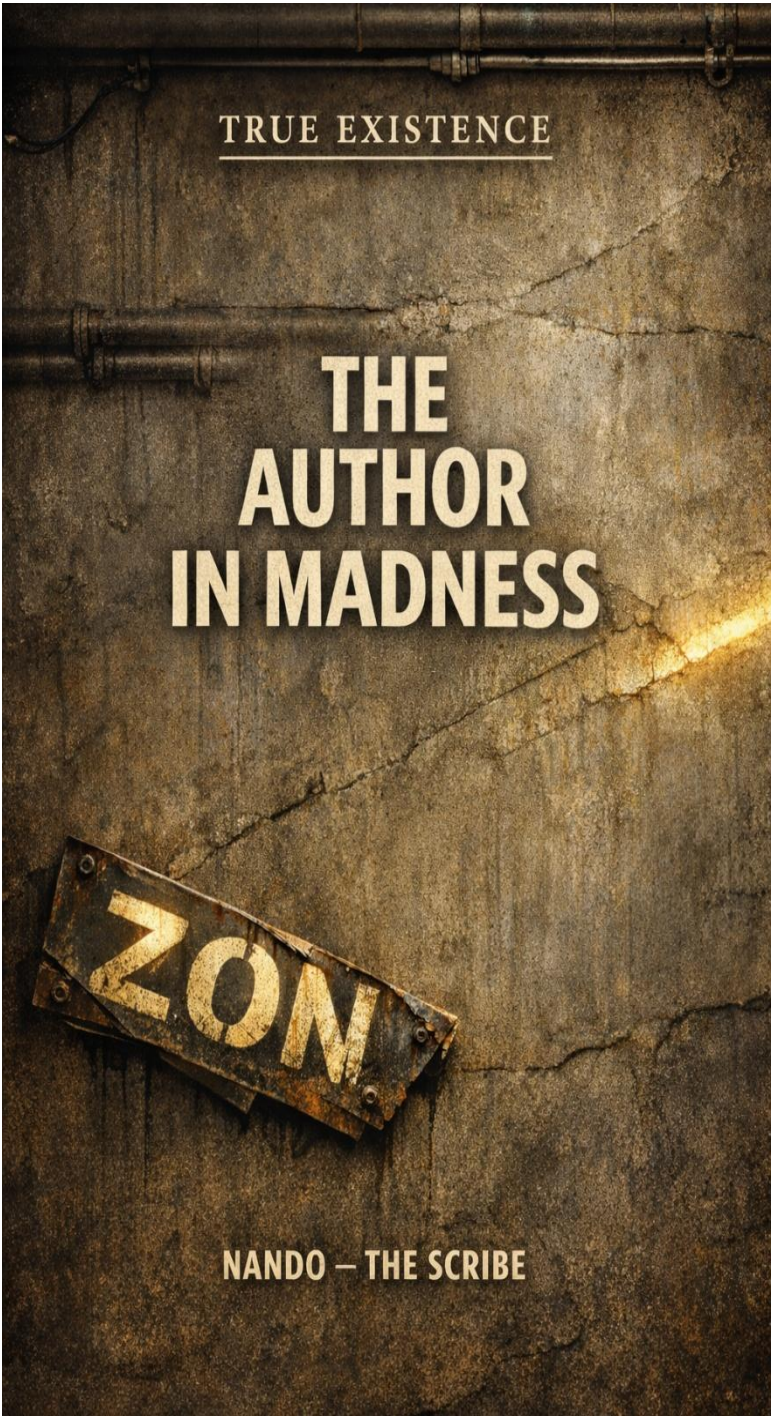
TRUE EXISTENCE
THE AUTHOR IN MADNESS
ZON
NANDO – THE SCRIBE

TRUE EXISTENCE

THE AUTHOR IN MADNESS

This book has not been rewritten.

to appear the same as himself.

FERDINANDO FREGA

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DEDICATION

To those who write
not to say something, but to not lose everything.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Authoring this book meant taking on a responsibility:
not to make madness harmless, not to make it fascinating,
not to make it solvable.

What follows is not an example.
It is a coincidence.

And like all real cases,
it does not ask to be imitated.

INTRODUCTION

Before delving into the text, it is necessary to clarify one thing:
here we are not looking for a final meaning.

The diary has not been edited to make it acceptable.
It has just updated.

What follows is not fluid.
It is intentional.

PARTITION

The book is divided into sections, not chapters.
Each section corresponds to a different level of exposition.

There is no linear progress.
There is a continuous variation of pressure.

The reader is free to stop.
The text is not.

PROLOGUE

Writing never healed anyone.
It just kept some things from remaining nameless.

From here on,
every page is a consequence.

The Magic of the Number 8

Today is a special day. It is December 8th, my 28th book has been completed with the last eight stories, and I am immersed in the magic of the number 8. An even, positive number that encompasses numerous wonders. Numerically, it is the result of multiplying two by four, but symbolically it is much more: it represents two circles joined along a medial axis, evoking infinity, and continuity.

The perfection of circles esoterically speaks of an infinite set of points that join to form a closed curve. This can be compared to man, a raw foundation that, through life and experience, can transform into a precious jewel, rich in meaning and value.

Today also marks the eighth day of our intense relationship, a time during which I have been able to reflect deeply and complete an important project. And speaking of eight, I recently discovered that in the fairy tale "Snow White," the dwarves were not seven, but eight. A detail that adds another layer of fascination and mystery to the number 8.

It is extraordinary how the world seems to revolve in perfect harmony within these two circles. This day is a symbol of connection, balance, and wholeness. I am grateful for every moment of this journey and happy to have shared it with you.

A Crazy Author

According to some American analysts, whom I was unable to meet due to unavailability, at a well-known New York newspaper, these were their analyses and considerations, after having taken note of my international press release.

The work you have accomplished is truly remarkable: producing and publishing twenty-eight works in two years, with two more in the pipeline, represents a significant milestone. The availability of your works on Amazon in multiple languages demonstrates your dedication and ability to reach a vast global audience.

Distribution and Translation

You have already translated your works into Italian, Chinese, German, English, Dutch, and Spanish. The fact that you are halfway through French and Portuguese, and still stuck with Japanese and Hindi, indicates a structured plan to cover key markets. Translation is a crucial step in making your work accessible to a wider audience.

Market

The languages you have discussed cover a total population of approximately four billion people, which is hugely impressive. Even if only 5% of these people were dedicated to reading, we are talking about a potential two hundred million readers.

Copyright

With a $1.50 royalty for each work sold, it is important to understand how many of these readers will enter your world. Your diligence and strategic planning can help you maximize your financial return.

Platforms

We have collaborated with Amazon/Kindle and paperbacks in the past. You have already closed the deal with Google, but you still need to operate on their sites. By doing so, you are expanding your presence on two key global platforms, which can only further increase your visibility and sales.

By the end of the year, the production and publishing process will be complete. This only concerns the Amazon website, where Kindle and paperback books are structured. A monumental undertaking that demonstrates how all this was possible thanks to the efforts of a single person: yourself, a pioneer of a new kind of writing.

Reflection

The fact that all this work was done by a single person is truly incredible, and no one can tell whether it stems from rationality or irrationality, creativity, born of madness. Publishing history has left us no memory of authors like you. Your determination, organization, and passion for writing are clear. Continuing to diversify your platforms and complete your ongoing translations will allow you to expand your audience even further. Success will come as no surprise; the data confirms this warning and confirms who you are.

Progress and Regress

Children of the same coin, two different sides yet perfectly integrated into the realities of life, communicating the results of things and their details. A parallelism that finds its sole essence in actions, the facts, the decisions that people are accustomed to giving or suffering. A way of life that evolves over time, because my two faithful friends care about

providing well-being and delivering the sorrows of a lifetime.

Boston 1996, I was just thirty-one years old. I was invited to a math and physics convention, two subjects that fascinated me, like the law of opposite poles. She arrived, elegant, with wavy black hair, tall, Australian, thirty-eight. I could not take my eyes off her, so beautiful and so classy she exuded: she was a stunning woman. I remember when she spoke about mathematics and the philosophy of numbers, both intertwined. Those who delve deeper into numerology will become aware of this, united with our spirituality, with our God. It was interesting to learn new things; it was the fascination of knowing and understanding what was hidden in the thoughts of others.

Physics, on the other hand, had a more severe, devastating impact. It revolutionized some of the key concepts of my existence, reintroducing a new concept, a new life. The topic that touched me most intimately was PROGRESS. Everything revolved around it, and no one realized its importance in the act of progress, creating an endless progression, as is the concept of real, not virtual, physics.

And then came REGRESSION, the example of someone buying three cell phones. It was perfectly fitting, and it showed how much more people had to work to buy and maintain them and achieve virtual well-being. But it costs us the time we have taken from our lives, in terms of quality and sacrifice. It was claimed that it was a novelty, thinking that it would take little to always do the same things and it was not worth spending additional energy.

Everything was about to end, happy and satisfied, ready to rise from our duly numbered seats and leave the conference

room, when I was stopped by the beautiful professor, who grabbed my arm and said, "Hey, come here, I need to talk to you." Surprised, curious, delighted by her attention, she, a magnificent Australian woman, gave off a particular scent, her hormones attesting.

Author Services

She needed the services of a Calabrian boy: let us see what she wants.

I have heard, she told me, that you Italians are great lovers, those from the south are special, you do incredible things, and I would be happy if you could try to start loving me. I looked at her face, but I did not think she was not all her brainwaves in order. She had talked for forty-five minutes about real, truthful things, but I did not really know what her goal was.

I looked at her a little longer, intently, and said: yes, indeed, we have many families who have a circus, and the members manage to perform unique and special acts, this is what you are referring to?

Don't be stupid, you understand perfectly, we are both young people with fire inside, do we want to unite it and make it become a big fire?

Let us pour water on the fire, I replied, the time has come to state two laws relating to the subjects you teach, so I will be able to better explain my concept, on Mathematics and Physics.

1. In mathematics, the rationality of numbers does not exist, because the expression $n^{\circ}+1$ gives us the concept of infinity, where rationality has no boundary, no end, but is limiting.

2. In physics, we talk about the principle of LEVERS, applied to human beings, where the largest lever never expresses greater ability and strength, but only the one most powerful in acting and receiving the right return directs us toward success. Yours is just a feminine CURIOSITY, but mine is the RATIONALITY of those who avoid danger in the face of danger.

So, given these two concepts, I must decline your kind invitation, knowing that in life every sacrifice is not a missed opportunity, but rather a way to always let intelligence prevail.

Alzheimer's Disease

Good morning,

I have the privilege of being free from commitments and able to devote time to reflecting on both trivial and important matters. Today, I want to share something truly relevant with you: an article from the "Corriere della Sera" newspaper about Alzheimer's disease. The article explores in detail the effects, consequences, and repercussions of this disease on patients and their families, offering a perspective that goes beyond our previous understanding.

The analysis, conducted by internationally renowned physicians, provides a thorough understanding that can explain behaviors and reactions that previously seemed inexplicable. This new framework can help readers increase their knowledge, assess situations more consciously, and decide on the best solutions. This will be crucial for preparing and decisively addressing potential court decisions.

I am attaching the journalistic document, which I have read several times to ensure I fully understood its contents, fearing that my ignorance might overwhelm my intellect. Please consider including it in the new supplement.

May God bless the women of the world. We are never alone, thanks to our mothers, but also to all those who support us.

Theory and Practice

The indisputable law of life manifests itself from the day we are born, like when they must evaluate whether the milk they give us is good or not. Doctors say statistics speak of a 99.9% acceptance rate, but I discover I am part of the 0.01% for whom that milk is harmful. The baby spits up, and while the pediatricians are deciding the best sleeping position, the neighbor comes in and puts six pillows under the newborn's head, and it is all over.

"Mom, mom, what am I like as a daughter?" "Mom's love, you're beautiful." "Then why can't I find a boyfriend?" "Honey, I didn't tell you you're smart, just that you're beautiful."

His wife finally agreed to take her driving test, and each time she had to be escorted by her husband. She was a beautiful woman, but she failed five times; her clothing was always chaste and pure. One summer morning, she went alone, the transparencies leaving nothing to the imagination. The test lasted two minutes, with no questions, no answers, just one: "When are we going to dinner, ma'am?"

A farmer had planted a banana tree on his land, which was growing dwarfs. Agronomists offered advice on how to solve the problem, but for over five years there was no solution. The intelligence and experience of a ninety-five-

year-old woman, who had worked for sixty years as a cook on merchant ships, advised the farmer on how to revitalize the plant. All he had to do was plant some chili peppers nearby, and the Brazilian bananas gained strength and vigor.

But ten books would not be enough about stories like these, if it were not for the fact that I want to share my story during one of my meetings with my father. He, ninety years old and suffering from Alzheimer's, had a residual capacity of thirty percent, which he used only when he met with me. Father and son, friends, colleagues, both intelligent but also both stupid, lovers of women: he talked about it in theory, I showed it to him in practice with photos.

It was these words that prompted him to speak, telling me facts I did not know. He told me I had been well-liked at the company for my ability to solve problems immediately, while others were still wondering what to do. "I remember," my father said, "the lesson you gave me when my marriage was in crisis. Of four children, you were able, single-handedly, to tell me the solution."

I still remember it, like it was yesterday. We went out in the car and got ice cream. You said to me, "Do you want to live well with a woman? Do not even dream of ever winning over because she has always been superior to you. You have to start THINKING LIKE A WOMAN." You laughed nonstop, but it took you thirty days to understand the lesson. When Mom told you she was happy to see you changed, we knew you were still the same, just a little more dynamic.

Sick, I could still see you smiling today, remembering when we went out with the two Colombian dancers who wanted caviar, but we were short on money and I cut up some black olives, claiming it was Calabrian caviar. Or that night when

I warned you not to mention you were my father, when we went out with three sisters, and then you gave in when one of them sat on your lap.

In the end, Theory is the subject that everyone knows, the problem is the application, also called Practice, which has different angles and results, just as people are different.

Chemistry

From the day I was born until today, I have never been able to express my moments, my feelings, my decisions in a way that was consistent with my age, but I have always demonstrated an ability to adapt to the situation. Chemistry is a mysterious and fascinating phenomenon, capable of creating a deep and meaningful connection between individuals. It is not just physical attraction, but an emotional and energetic connection that manifests itself through glances, gestures, and even unspoken words. That feeling of being at ease in another's presence, of understanding their thoughts, and of mutually complementing each other can lead to long-lasting and fulfilling relationships, but it can also be a fleeting and intense experience that lasts only a brief time.

There is no set time; the chemistry between two people is a precious and unique feeling that makes the experience of human relationships special and makes us different and unique at the same time. Then, the onset of sexuality amplifies the effect of chemistry and reactions, where romance and feelings give way to susceptibility, touchiness, and unruly behavior, regulated by our hormones.

The human body is composed of fundamental chemical elements that combine to form complex molecules necessary for life, with 96% of body mass made up of four fundamental

elements: oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen. These are joined by calcium, phosphorus, potassium, sulfur, chlorine, sodium, magnesium, iron, cobalt, copper, zinc, and iodine. Why do we perform this analysis and provide these indications? When we get sick, a chemical reaction occurs that alters our white blood cells and tells us about our health status.

The use of drugs is an attempt to provide a chemical response to a problem and combat the destabilizing agent in our body. However, all types of drugs originate from plants, from which we extract and manufacture their active ingredients: those of natural origin, unprocessed or derived from additional chemical processes, and those considered synthetic drugs, also manufactured in laboratories from plants and chemical agents. Natural drugs are expelled from the body after 24/48 hours through the elimination of fluids, while synthetic drugs are divided into immediate-release, prolonged-release, and delayed-release. These guarantee a full healing effect, but are more aggressive, remaining in the body even after the medical condition has healed and responding strongly to our body's reactions, always creating side effects.

So far, this would have been a social-medical lesson, but always sharing my life, my stories, my experiences, is the true priority for my readers. How could it be otherwise?

I was in my second year of high school, majoring in economics. One of the subjects was laboratory organic chemistry, and my teacher, a plump and buxom woman, but kindhearted, was always full of smiles and jokes. I reciprocated by telling racy stories from nearby towns, creating a blend of truth and fantasy that piqued my

curiosity. At the end of the school year, she summoned me to the teachers' lounge, telling me that I would be promoted solely on artistic merit, seeing me as an actor and not a student, thanks to my stories. She warned me to be careful the following year because I would be meeting a colleague of hers, a professor of commodity chemistry, who was extremely mean, quite different, and extremely strict with her. She was warning me.

I went to greet her, shaking her hand, but she instinctively felt the need to hug me, and I immediately sensed the chemistry between us, which I welcomed warmly, without comment. On the first day of school the following year, my third year, I met a woman of about forty-two who stopped me in the hallways and asked, "Are you Frega?" I said yes, and she replied, "I'm Professor Modafferi, and you're failing this year."

We started well, I thought, but on the way home I told everyone what had happened, that I had been so lucky, a bit like a call-back, achieving this new record: failing with 364 days' notice. A year passed, the situation remained constant: she would come into class for class, and I would leave to go play basketball in the gym. The day of the class meeting arrived to determine and administer the grades. At that moment, the teachers all agreed that I should be promoted, but she objected, without reason. Moreover, her subject was not subject to exams and was only part of a ministerial curriculum. She threatened that forcing me to pass would result in reports to the school board and the judicial authorities.

That Friday evening, I received a call from the principal informing me that I had failed the class. No one was

concerned; it was all the result of chemistry. Eight days later, someone called my house, letting us know that the teacher had passed away due to an incurable disease.

Chemistry does many things, but one real effect is its uncontrollable and undefined reaction, where the evil received is repaid with good, which always triumphs overall. Goodbye, Professor, wherever you are right now, I convey to you my will and my tribute after forty-four years. I have never understood your decision, I have never forgiven you, because I have never hated you; these feelings have never found any internal path, it has always been a question of chemistry.

Chance Encounter

There were tough times in December 2003, when I decided to leave my company after eighteen years of challenging work to move to the United States. I was thirty-eight years old, with a family and two ten-year-old twins. It was a difficult decision, where choices cost something and the cost is never known until the end.

That afternoon, New York taxis were full. Finding a free one was exceedingly difficult, and Indian taxi drivers targeted budget-conscious customers by charging outrageous fares. I was waiting outside the Mark Hotel on Fifth Avenue and had to get to Lincoln Center in Manhattan, a twelve-minute cab ride. However, they were charging each other a hundred dollars, when normally it would have been only twelve.

So, I decided to take the subway. It would take me 22 minutes to complete the journey, plus another ten minutes between arriving and leaving the station. At the entrance gates, my ticket did not work. The guard stopped me, realizing I was not American, and I did not deny that I was

Italian. He got excited, talking about soccer, women, Ferrari, pizza, parmesan cheese.

I opted to log in with my credit card, it worked, the train arrived, and I got on. I sat down across from a dirty, homeless woman sitting on the floor. She was holding a beer wrapped in a paper bag, wearing glasses and a hat. I kept looking at her; something about her attracted me, but I still did not know what it was.

After about two minutes of traveling, her glasses fell off. I looked into her eyes and could not believe it: it was Jennifer Carter, my colleague from Gillette Marketing in Boston. She was about 52 years old. I tried calling her name softly, then louder. I approached her and lifted her off the ground. She recognized me and hugged me, starting to cry. We got off the bus together at my stop, walked to Lincoln Center, and I checked her into a hotel.

I told her to wait for me and not move. The staff arrived for the beautician, hairdresser, makeup, clothing, shoes, perfume, underwear, a suitcase, and two changes of everything. I waited outside for almost six hours. When she left the room, I found Jennifer again. We went to a restaurant, and she informed me she would refund me all the money I had spent. She wanted to tell me what had happened, but I did not want to know. I asked her where her family, husband, and children were.

They were at home, had not seen her in a long time, and thought she was traveling abroad on business. I found a taxi and took her to La Guardia Airport, bought a business-class ticket, and gave her some money. Crying, she asked me who I really was, a Devil or an Angel. I replied that I was just a man, in a chance encounter that had sustained an old and

good friend, for one reason, for one reason only. "Do you know what it is?" I asked. She said no. "Never look at the speck in your friend's eye, always look at the log in your own."

Yours, Ferdinand

The Hero's Journey

We were all young, between 14 and 18, when we showed up at the pitch in the evenings for our regular rugby practice. We would start by counting the attendees and asking about absentees. Some absences were justified, others not; a girlfriend of the moment, an insurmountable obstacle, or the drizzly weather that forced someone to stay home, with the complicity of a concerned mother or aunt. But we were just strong, determined kids.

He was always there, our General Manager, at every training session. Married, childless, and approaching forty, he showed up in a used bottle-green Jaguar. Each time, a different woman accompanied him, Italian or French, always elegant, smelling good, and sexy. She would stay by his side, asking for cigarettes, without greeting or kissing anyone. We immediately understood his weakness: money.

The Manager was not physically impressive: 170 cm tall, 75 kg, graying hair. A political past, a few years in prison, and a law degree, a profession he would never have pursued. Yet, there was something about him we sensed, we sensed: he was our hero. He could accomplish impossible feats, like making all kinds of women fall in love—engaged, married, or even cloistered nuns—without using drugs, alcohol, or money he did not have.

His companion and friend in adventure were only one, never revealed, almost hidden. I was the only one fortunate enough to inherit this gift: the ability to think with my brain. After much wandering, he met a film actress, fell in love, and they discovered they were half-cousins. They had the same personality, but she could not dominate him, only managed to steal his money. After a five-year engagement, they decided to end the relationship, and he returned home to his wife.

History teaches us that heroes die, leaving only their memories. He was even more so: he lost his wife to an incurable disease, and was devoted to raising his only daughter, living in financial prosperity but social despair. His misdeeds found no forgiveness, only divine judgments that condemned him to health problems and difficulties with his daughter, who called him "Mom."

My hero ends here; my memory does not want to continue or say anything else. He was a character who now does not even have a supporting role.

HI

Hero.

The Old House

We returned to the village ten years after my grandparents' death. Our thoughts immediately turned to their home, rich in memories and stories, but also in surprises and uncertainties, that two elderly people had built over time.

On a freezing winter night, I decided to explore the old, abandoned house on the outskirts of town. Every step on the creaking floorboards seemed to awaken the souls of the past. Even the walls, steeped in years and secrets, exuded an aura

of mystery that drew me ever deeper into the house's icy depths.

Suddenly, in the attic, a cramped and difficult-to-reach space without stairs, I found a diary hidden under a floorboard. The pages were all yellowed, and as I read, I realized they revealed untold secrets of a reserved, distrustful, and forgotten family. Every word I read brought me closer to understanding the history and pain experienced within those walls. The diary, like a bridge between past and present, revealed intimacies, lost love, shattered hopes, and broken promises.

My father began calling me loudly, and the sound reached me, so much so that I answered and said, "I'm here." The house, with its dancing shadows and melodious whispers, transformed from a crumbling structure into a treasured trove of lost emotions and memories. I had entered all those stories, connected to those lives now distant, which caused me pain and a profound reflection on my own existence.

I returned the diary to its original position and returned to where my father was. I was heartbroken, disheartened, disappointed, but alive, sharing within myself the certainty of the present and the hope of a future that would be found within every moment of my existence, within every minute of my time, within me.

Some people came to visit us, and I discovered they were the new owners, the new buyers. So, I decided to leave, taking with me and preserving all the secrets and memories of the old house for future generations. My soul could contain everything of the old house.

An Unexpected Encounter

Mathematics and statistics gave us two revolutionary, foolproof formulas: anyone could benefit from them, all they had to do was apply them. The first involved the calculation of probability: an event could only occur based on mathematical probabilities, according to a very precise formula. The second taught us that statistics confirmed the existence of an average for everything: age, consumption, relationships. For example, if Italy has sixty million inhabitants and we consume ninety million chickens a year, the average consumption indicates that we all eat one and a half chickens a year. But it does not consider those who eat twelve chickens a year and those who do not.

Why talk about these scientific relationships? Because each of us has seven doppelgangers around the world, and an unexpected encounter at the Hong Kong station one spring evening with Giulia gave us the idea of something improbable and impossible: an unexpected encounter.

It was a day like any other. The crowds crowded the station each lost in their own thoughts and routines. Giulia was waiting for the train, immersed in a book that kept her company on her daily commute, when, absentmindedly, she noticed the train was about to arrive. In the commotion, the book slipped from her bag and fell onto the tracks.

Her heart leaped into her throat as she wondered how to retrieve the book without endangering her safety. That was when the extraordinary event occurred. I had been observing the scene and, courageously, jumped onto the tracks with a speed and confidence that left Giulia speechless. I retrieved the book just moments before the train arrived. There were a big hug and the surprise of seeing me, only twenty-one hours away from home by plane.

Something magnetic was born in that moment, as if fate had orchestrated that little incident to bring us together. Giulia continued to smile, a warm and reassuring smile. The kind gesture of getting "the book" back prompted her to say simply, "But what are you doing here?"

We started talking. The conversation flowed naturally as we waited for the next train. We discovered we had many common interests, and the conversation was enriched with smiles and complicity, combined with emotion and excitement.

We got on the train, and I decided to follow her; I would go where she was going. So, she took me to a nearby café, where, over sips of coffee, we opened to each other. We talked about dreams, fears, hopes, and failures. Everything brought us closer, creating a special bond that we both felt grew.

That meeting, born out of a small incident, turned out to be the starting point for new emotional explorations and structural reflections on life, something big, a profound, almost magical connection that no one could have foreseen. Exploring that new path together, curious to see where destiny would take us, was utterly impossible, because my wife and children were waiting for me at home. I had not considered introducing her to my wife as my new girlfriend; her mind was not as open as I had liked, but it remained an unexpected encounter.

The Mysterious Letter

There was a moment when, stopping to reflect, I thought all the mysterious events happened to me. I did not know if they were simple coincidences or a magical pull towards destiny.

It was a warm summer day, with the sun shining brightly in the sky and the waves gently lapping the shore. I decided to leave the house, walk a short distance, and reach the beach. Strolling along the shore, enjoying the soothing sound of the sea, I suddenly noticed something unusual glinting in the waves. I had dived into the water and picked up a floating bottle.

It was an old glass bottle, slightly discolored by time and salt water, containing a carefully rolled piece of paper, later identified as a letter. With shaking hands, from the sudden strong wind that made the exit from the water chilly, combined with the excitement of the discovery, I unscrewed the cap and pulled out the letter. The paper was yellow and fragile, but the words, written in an elegant hand, were fortunately still legible.

The letter began with a fond farewell and told of a lost love, of promises made but never kept. It was signed by a certain Count Alessandro, who described his pain at being separated from his beloved during a storm at sea. The ship had sunk, and, not knowing if she would survive, he had thrown the bottle into the sea in the hope that one day it might find its way into her hands.

Alessandro's words were filled with emotion and desperation, and they touched me deeply. I decided to do some research to learn more about Alessandro and his beloved. With the help of the local library and historical records, I discovered that Alessandro was not a Count, as he had signed himself, but a young Neapolitan sailor who had lived many years earlier. His beloved was the daughter of a nobleman, and their love had been opposed by her family,

who had forced them to flee. However, they were caught in a storm at sea that separated them.

My strong connection with that story led me to share it with a local newspaper, authoring a detailed article about the letter and the tragic love story. The article attracted a lot of interest and was read by many.

A few weeks after the article was published, I received a letter from an elderly woman who identified herself as a relative of Alessandro's. She said that the love story between Alessandro and his beloved had been passed down in her family like a legend, and that no one had ever known what had happened after that fateful night.

The story's ending was tinged with sadness. I would have liked a successful conclusion, as love stories often do, but I only tell true stories. If anyone wants a different ending, they should know that I do not have the ability to author imaginative stories, only diverse and authentic ones.

The Difficult Choice

Months after the end of an eighteen-year employment relationship, I finally found a balance between my new career abroad and being close to my family. At first, the transition was difficult, and I often felt torn between work responsibilities and personal obligations. However, over time, I learned to better manage my priorities and dedicate special moments to both parts of my life.

In my new jobs abroad, everyone noticed my preparation, determination, dedication, and competence. The challenges I faced daily helped me grow professionally, acquiring new skills and building strong relationships with my colleagues. Despite the distance, I maintained a strong bond with my

family, visiting frequently and staying in constant contact through phone and video calls.

This delicate balance allowed me to discover new perspectives on life. I realized that, although I had to make a difficult choice, both aspects of my life were mutually enriching. My new professional roles gave me the opportunity to realize my dreams and grow in my skills and insights, while my connection with my family provided me with the emotional support and love I needed to face every challenge.

During this new journey, I found renewed serenity and met Raluca, a 38-year-old Romanian woman, a lawyer by profession, with distinguishing features: beautiful. Time revealed to me that difficult choices, if faced with courage and determination, could lead to impressive results and a more complete and satisfying life. I began to interact with her for over six months, making plans, including a child. However, I soon realized that this new chapter would come at a cost I was not willing to pay.

This story became an example for many, demonstrating that it is possible to find a balance between personal aspirations and dearest affections, but also teaching that, in the face of danger, fleeing is not considered cowardice, but simply common sense.

The Clock of Time

As with every adventure, I learned valuable lessons. It was an awareness I built daily. Traveling through time offered me the opportunity to have unique experiences and acquire knowledge I could never have imagined. Every journey into the past was a discovery, a revelation of forgotten details and unknown stories.

However, after many years, I noticed how changes in my past could significantly influence my present. I remembered every small action that had unexpected consequences. A simple conversation, a gesture of kindness, or a mistake could alter the course of events in unpredictable ways. This awareness made me more cautious and thoughtful in my actions.

During a hasty plunge into an inner esoteric journey, I entertained the idea that I had discovered an ancient manuscript revealing forgotten secrets of a lost civilization. It spoke of ancient wisdom, advanced scientific knowledge, and extraordinary construction techniques. Returning to the present, I realized that this manuscript, if it truly existed, could change the way history would be written.

But it was not just the vast experiences and knowledge, coupled with the discoveries, that taught me valuable lessons. The minute details, everyday interactions, and casual observations enriched my understanding of the world. I began to see how the past and the present were intricately intertwined, how every action mattered, and how every decision could influence the future.

Over time, I learned to balance my desire to explore with the need to preserve the integrity of time. Each adventure became a lesson in responsibility, wisdom, and respect for the past. The curious memories of each journey accumulated, creating a mosaic of experiences that enriched my life and understanding of my world.

Time remained our only friend/enemy to reckon with. I realized that life was determined, and only majestic time knew the seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, and years. All that remained was to wait; it had always been a question

of time: managing it to maintain it, respect it, and honor it. It was the master, and we were servants.

Only Him: **THE CLOCK OF TIME**

Back to the Roots

After years spent away, pursuing a frenetic career around the world, I decided it was time to return to my childhood hometown. I had left my small town, nestled between the mountains and the sea, with the promise of never looking back, in search of opportunity and a better life. However, as time passed, I felt a growing nostalgia for my roots and the place I once called home.

The journey on the return was a mix of emotions: excitement, fear, and a slight anxiety. As I approached, buried memories resurfaced. Every bend in the road, every tree, and every house seemed to tell a story, my story.

When I finally arrived, I was greeted by a familiar, reassuring silence. Everything was as I had left it: the potholed streets, the unfinished houses, and the old church bell tolling. Everything was exactly as I remembered. I decided to take a walk along the Via Marina Bassa, called "the most beautiful kilometer in Italy" by Gabriele D'Annunzio. A route that, as a child, my father would let me take on his bicycle. Every step I took brought me closer to a forgotten part of myself.

One of the first places I visited was the cemetery. Among the graves, I searched for familiar names, reliving memories with every step. I found the gravestones of my parents, grandparents, and friends lost to time. I paused in silence before each one, reflecting on how significant they had been

in my life. That resting place reminded me of my origins and offered me a profound sense of peace and reconciliation.

After the cemetery, I decided to visit the retirement homes. I wanted to see the people who had influenced my childhood and youth. I found many familiar faces, albeit older ones, who recognized me and welcomed me with warm smiles. Their stories, tales of the past, further enriched my journey back to my roots. Each conversation was a precious piece of my personal history, a lesson in life and wisdom that I treasured with gratitude.

I talked to people I met on the street, some of whom knew me, others who did not. Every conversation, every discovery helped me better understand who I was and where I came from. Over time, I began to find a new balance. The connection with nature, the simplicity of small-town life, and the rediscovery of my roots gave me a new perspective. I realized that, despite the difficulties and challenges, my past was a fundamental part of my identity.

This journey back to my roots not only helped me rediscover myself but also gave me the strength and determination to face the future with a new awareness. Understanding that my roots were not just a distant memory, but a living, vital bond that would continue to nourish and guide me.

The encounter with the foods of my homeland, the dialect, the suspicious glances, my Greco-Arab origins, constituted the certification of my return.

It was really my home, it was me.

Falling in Love with Everything

"Fall in Love with Everything" is an invitation to live life with passion and wonder. It means embracing every

experience, big or small, with an open heart and a curious mind. Falling in love with everything can enrich our lives.

Take the time to appreciate the beauty of the natural world around you. Observe the vibrant colors of a sunset, listen to the birds singing in the morning, smell the scent of flowers in spring. Nature offers endless wonders that can fill us with joy and serenity.

Cultivate your relationships with care and attention. Be present with your friends and family, share moments of joy and difficulty, listen, and support. Human connections are an inexhaustible source of love and comfort and can enrich our lives in unexpected ways.

Keep your curiosity and desire for knowledge alive. Read books, explore new topics, learn new skills. Continuous learning keeps us young and vibrant and gives us a broader perspective on the world. Every new discovery can be a source of wonder and inspiration.

Express your creativity in whatever form suits you best. Whether you love painting, writing, playing an instrument, or creating something with your hands, let your imagination soar. Creativity allows us to explore our inner world and share something unique with others.

It is often the little moments that bring us the greatest happiness. A hot coffee in the morning, a walk in the park, a laugh shared with a friend. Learn to appreciate these moments and see them as precious treasures.

Accept yourself with all your imperfections and celebrate your successes. Take care of yourself, both physically and emotionally, and allow yourself to be happy. Self-love is the foundation for loving others and the world around us.

Life is full of challenges and surprises, but it is also an extraordinary journey. Embrace each day with gratitude and openness and seek beauty and joy in every situation. Every experience, positive or negative, is an opportunity to gain experience and learn.

"Fall in love with everything" is a mantra that invites us to live fully and consciously, to open our hearts to the beauty and wonder of the world. It is an invitation to find joy and meaning in every moment and to see life as a precious gift.

The Hidden Voice

A famous author suddenly withdrew from the public eye, leaving his readers and critics stunned. His works had revolutionized the literary landscape, yet he had not published anything for three years. Some speculated a creative block, others cited illness. No one imagined he had moved to a small mountain town, where he lived a simple and anonymous life.

As fate would have it, a journalist, looking for stories for a feature, met him by chance at the local market. After much persuasion, the author agreed to tell his story. He confessed that he had spent months talking to ordinary people: the baker who worked nights, the teacher who dreamed of traveling, the elderly man who remembered the war. Those conversations had brought him back to his true passion: listening and storytelling.

Thanks to these encounters, he authored a book entitled *Stories from the Mountain,* a collection of short stories inspired by the lives of the villagers. The work not only became a bestseller but transformed the public's perception of the author. He had returned to the roots of narrative: giving a voice to those who had none. Each reader found a

piece of themselves in those pages, discovering that even the most ordinary lives contain extraordinary depth.

The author never returned to the hustle and bustle of the big city. He continued to live in his small village, writing and talking to people. He had learned that true greatness in writing lies not in fame, but in the ability to create authentic connections. His words, the fruit of those casual conversations, had touched the hearts of millions of readers.

Over time, the village became a destination for aspiring writers and readers seeking inspiration. The Hidden Voice was no longer just the title of a book, but the symbol of life dedicated to listening and storytelling. It was a reminder that, amidst the noise of the world, it is often in silence and simplicity that the truest stories are found.

The Reader Who Knew Too Much

Marco was a man with a restless soul, but he found peace in reading unpublished manuscripts. His job at a publishing house gave him access to work that would never become exposed. For him, those texts represented a parallel universe, made of raw ideas, interrupted dreams, and attempts to communicate what often remains unexpressed.

Over time, Marco developed an almost magical ability: he could sense the authors' narrative intentions before they even finished writing. He began writing notes in the margins of manuscripts, suggesting developments the authors had not even imagined. Some of those manuscripts, thanks to his advice, were published with remarkable success.

One day he received an anonymous letter. An author, struck by the depth of his observations, invited him to collaborate. It was an ambitious project: to create a co-authored novel, a

dialogue between two minds that had never met. Marco accepted, driven by curiosity and the challenge of transforming his intuition into creation.

The process was complex. Each chapter was a struggle between opposing visions, but also a journey toward mutual understanding. Eventually, the novel was published under the title *The Two Shadows*. The public was captivated: it was a story that explored the nuances of humanity, the duality of each person, and the beauty of the encounter between differences.

When Marco finally met the other author, he discovered she was a young woman, Laura, who had begun writing to overcome grief. She confessed that without his insights, she would never have had the courage to finish the book. Marco understood that her gift was not just the ability to read between the lines, but to give voice to those who did not know how to express themselves.

The Two Shadows became a symbol of collaboration and shared creativity, demonstrating that readers too can be authors, and that every story is the result of an encounter.

The Room Where No One Entered

The room had no specific function. It was not a bedroom, nor a study, nor a closet. It was there because the house allowed it, not because anyone wanted it. A bed is always unmade, a chair against the wall, a window overlooking an internal courtyard where nothing ever happened. No distinct sounds, just a constant background of distant voices and muffled footsteps.

As a child, he entered it without thinking. It was not a refuge; it was not a den. It was the place where his body stopped

when the rest of the house seemed too crowded. He would sit on the bed, firsthand on his knees, staring out the opaque window. He did nothing. And that is precisely why he returned there.

In that room, he was not supposed to be useful. He did not have to understand, respond, or choose. He could remain still long enough to feel the weight of his thoughts without having to organize them. No one called him. No one asked him why he was there. The room demanded no explanation.

Over time, that space began to function as a silent repository. Everything that could not fit elsewhere ended up there: unspoken sentences, unanswered questions, premature insights. They were not secrets, but they were not things to be shared either. They remained suspended, like the still air of the room.

As he grew older, that room lost its importance. Or so it seemed. Houses changed, spaces shrank or expanded, but no new room ever had that explicit function. Yet, every time something got too loud, something inside him tried to reconstruct it.

He reconstructed it mentally: a useless, non-performative, unspeakable place. A place where nothing happened, and for this very reason, necessary. He realized later that that room had never been a physical place. It was a form of passive resistance against the obligation to function.

As an adult, when he realized his life was increasingly exposed, increasingly explainable, increasingly legible, he began to miss it. Not the house, but that unproductive space. Everything had a purpose. Even silence had to have a purpose.

The room where no one entered was not an escape. It was the place where things could remain **useless** long enough to avoid becoming false.

The Day You Didn't Need Courage

It was not a special day. There was nothing to deal with, nothing to resolve, no decisions to make. No conflict in sight. No emergency. Time passed smoothly, like a clear road after years of traffic.

And precisely because of this, something was not working.

He was accustomed to acting under pressure. His life had been built around the need to react to problems to be solved, shortcomings to be filled, situations to be held together with strength. Courage had never been a conscious virtue. It was a conditioned reflex.

That day, however, reflexes were of no use. No one asked for strength. No one asked for sacrifice. No one asked for a quick response. Everything was already stable, at least on the surface.

He realized he did not know what to do in absence of urgency. His body remained on high alert, as if waiting for a signal that never came. Every gesture seemed futile, every choice weightless. It was as if the world had stopped resisting him, leaving him suddenly without direction.

He tried to fill his time, but without conviction. Actions that had once made sense now seemed mechanical. The problem was not boredom. It was the lack of necessity.

He understood, with uncomfortable clarity, that he had never learned to live without an enemy, without a lack, without external pressure. His identity had been constructed as a

response to something. Without that something, he no longer knew who he was.

Madness was not excess.
It was the empty space left by normality.

That day ended uneventfully. No revelation, no crisis. But it left a lingering mark: the suspicion that courage, when no longer needed, becomes a useless burden. And that learning to live without emergencies is more difficult than surviving a storm.

What Remains After

When things began to truly stabilize, peace did not come. There was no relief, no satisfaction. Something more subtle, more difficult to name, arrived. A kind of sudden withdrawal of everything that had occupied space for years.

There were no more excuses.
There were no more alibis.

The difficulties that had justified every choice, every renunciation, every deviation were no longer there. The field was clear. And precisely because of this, every decision became more burdensome.

He realized that many of the things he had done had not been choices, but reactions. He had responded to what was missing, not what he wanted. Now that the margin existed, he did not know how to use it.

Time was no longer an enemy.
But it was not an ally either.

He found himself faced with a new kind of responsibility: that of no longer being able to attribute his shortcomings to

the conditions. Everything that remained depended on him. And this, instead of liberating him, immobilized him.

What remained was not a new beginning.
It was a residue.

A set of habits built for a context that no longer existed. A way of being in the world that had only worked under pressure. Without that pressure, every gesture seemed out of scale.

He understood that some identities are born as survival tools and become useless when survival is no longer an issue. They do not dissolve on their own. They must be dismantled. Piece by piece.

But nobody teaches how to do it.

What remained had no instructions, no clear direction. It was just there, like a clear field after a demolition. Not yet habitable. No longer dangerous. Waiting for something that still had no name.

The Place Where You Don't Stay

There was a place he often passed by but never stayed. A bar, a bench, a side square—the place changed, but the dynamics did not. He had come in, sat, observed. Then he had left before anyone could recognize him as a permanent presence.

It was not shyness.
It was a form of training.

As a boy, he had learned that staying too long in the same place attracted attention, questions, and expectations. Better to pass by. Better not to occupy. Better not to leave obvious

traces. Permanence, he soon realized, is a privilege for those who can afford to be seen without consequences.

Thus, he had developed a silent talent: always being in transit. He knew places without belonging to them, people without becoming a reference. He knew when to arrive and when to leave.

Over time, this ability had become an identity. It did not take a stand, it did not take root, it did not demand continuity. Everything was temporary, even when it could have been stable.

When he finally could have stayed—financially, socially, emotionally, he could not. His body moved as before. His mind always anticipated leaving. Every space, no matter how welcoming, seemed to ask him to leave before disturbing anyone.

He understood that it was not about places. It was about the **right to permanence.**

Poverty had taught him not to accept too much space, not to take duration for granted, to consider every presence as revocable. Even his own.

Staying now requires more courage than leaving. And that kind of courage had never trained him.

Things That Are Not Said

There were things in the family that were not spoken about. Not because they were serious secrets, but because they would not lead to anything useful. Complaints, fears, overly strong desires. Everything that did not have an immediate solution remained outside of the spoken world.

We talked about what was needed, not what was burdensome.

So, he had learned to do the same. Selecting words based on their usefulness. To reduce language to an operational tool. The rest remained inside, not as trauma, but as background noise.

Over time, this way of speaking became a way of thinking. Unanswered questions were set aside. Ambitions too far from reality were scaled back before they were even formulated.

As she began to live in different contexts, she noticed others speaking freely about possibilities, the future, and abstract desires. They did so without feeling guilty, without questioning whether it was the right time, without calculating the impact.

For him, every unnecessary word seemed like a gamble.

He understood then that the silence had not just been a form of caution. It had been training in **reducing the field.** Fewer words, fewer words. Fewer worlds, less frustration.

Saying certain things would have meant admitting they were unattainable. And this, in a family that had learned to function without illusions, was considered pointless.

Now, even when he could have said them, those things no longer found their way. Not out of censorship, but out of habit.

The silence had done its work.
It had made many questions **unspeakable.**

The Habit of Tightening

He had learned early on to tighten.
Tighten his teeth, tighten his timing, tighten his expenses, tighten his emotions. Everything had to be kept within a narrow, controllable margin.

Tightening was not a choice.
It was a starting point.

When resources are limited, tightening becomes an involuntary virtue. Reduce, compress, adapt. It works. It allows you to resist. But it leaves scars.

Even as the margin increased, the gesture remained. It continued to squeeze even what did not need it: relationships, opportunities, desires. Everything was compressed until it became manageable.

The problem arose when he realized he no longer knew how to expand. Every opening generated anxiety. Every expansion felt threatening. As if something, at any moment, could be lost.

The squeeze had become a reflex.
And the reflex no longer distinguished the context.

He understood that poverty does not just teach survival. It teaches posture. A way of being in the world that endures even when the world changes.

Expanding would have meant trusting in a continuity he had never experienced. Accepting that something could grow without breaking.

He was not ready.
Not because he lacked courage, but because he lacked the habit.

Holding on had worked too well for too long. And now letting go was harder than holding on.

The Moment When You Don't Go Back

There is no precise moment when you realize it. There is no alarm going off, there is no key moment. It is a slow sensation, which settles unnoticed. One day you make a choice like so many others. The next day you will make another similar one. Then, at a certain point, you realize you are no longer choosing, **you are just continuing.**

It was not a wrong decision.
It was just compatible with who you had become.

At first, she had thought every path was reversible. That all it took was the will to go back, correct, change direction. It was a reassuring belief, useful for moving forward without stopping to think too much.

But time does not work that way.
It accumulates.

Choices do not disappear when you stop thinking about them. They remain in the form of attitudes, habits, unspoken positions. And at a certain point, they become structure.

He realized this when he tried to imagine himself differently. Not better, simply different. Another trajectory. But the image did not hold up. Not for lack of imagination, but because it was incompatible. It did not fit with everything he had built in the meantime.

He then understood that not all paths are blocked at the beginning. Some are closed **by wear and tears.** You travel to them so many times that they stop being options and become destiny.

He did not feel anger.
He felt a cold clarity.

He was not paying for a crime.
He was simply experiencing the consequences of continuation.

From that moment on, every choice weighed more heavily. Not because it was more difficult, but because it was clear he could not undo it later. The illusion of returning was gone.

The moment you do not go back is not dramatic.
It is silent.

And for this very reason, definitive.

When You're No Longer in an Emergency

For years, he had lived in emergency mode. Not always due to serious events, but due to constant tension: something to fix, to avoid, to contain. The emergency was not an episode. It was an operational state.

It worked.
In fact, it worked very well.

In an emergency, he knew who he was. He knew what to do. The priorities were clear, the alternatives few, the margin minimal. Every action had an immediate justification.

Then, slowly, the emergency eased. It did not disappear suddenly. It receded, leaving space. A little more stability. A little more control. A little less pressure.

And that is where the problem began.

Without an emergency, choices were no longer forced. Time was no longer entirely occupied by necessity. The space that opened brought not relief, but disorientation.

He realized he had no criteria for making decisions in the absence of urgency. He did not know what was enormously important when everything could be postponed. Emergency had always made decisions for him. Now no one else has done.

He understood that the emergency had not just been a difficulty.
It had also been an **identity structure.**

Without it, there was no immediate narrative of self. No clear role. No automatic justification.

He was not free.
He was **without support.**

Escaping the emergency required different skills than those he had developed. No longer resistance, but planning. No longer reaction, but choice.

And this, paradoxically, seemed more tiring than surviving.

What Cannot Be Recovered

There are things that cannot be recovered.
Not because they were lost in a spectacular way, but because they never existed at the right time.

He had not missed a fantastic opportunity. There was not a specific event to regret. There was only a sequence of postponements, adaptations, reductions. Every choice was sensible, necessary, compatible with the context.

The problem arose later.

When the context changed, he realized that some of his energy had been consumed permanently. Not through mistakes, but through prolonged use. He had spent

everything to keep together what was necessary. What was possible had been left out.

He did not feel envy for those who had gotten off to a better start.
He felt something more subtle: the awareness that time does not distribute opportunities equally but **assigns them to those who can afford to wait.**

He had to move immediately.
And moving immediately costs money.

What you cannot get back is not success, nor money, nor obvious opportunities. It is a certain initial light-heartedness. A basic openness. The ability to make mistakes without jeopardizing everything.

He understood that some trajectories are only possible when you have not yet had to use all your strength to stay afloat.

There was no tragedy in this awareness.
There was precision.

Knowing what you cannot recover does not help you resign yourself.
It helps **you avoid lying.**

And not lying, at that point, became the only form of self-respect.

When You Have No Witnesses

Not all events are witnessed.
Some occur silently, with no one to confirm that they happened. There is no audience, no shared narrative, no collective memory to solidify them.

For a long time, she had thought this was a limitation. Without witnesses, transformations were incomplete, almost suspect. As if a change, to be valid, had to be recognized by someone.

Then he realized that it was not like that.

Many of the most important decisions in his life had been made without anyone knowing. Not because they were secret, but because they could not be explained. They did not have a clear form, they did not produce immediate effects, they did not lend themselves to explanation.

He had changed his way of thinking, reacting, and measuring things. He had given up possibilities he could never rationally justify. He had chosen not to become versions of himself that, on paper, seemed successful.

No one had seen him do it.
No one could have said "I was there."

This left him vulnerable to a lingering doubt: what if it had not happened? What if it was just an internal narrative, a hindsight reconstruction?

Over time, he learned to recognize another form of trial. Not external, but internal. The things he had experienced alone had left distinct marks: a unique way of existing in time, a drastic reduction in illusions, a greater intolerance for the unnecessary.

Unwitnessed passages do not require confirmation. They require **consistency over time.**

And if that is missing, it shows.

The Loneliness That Doesn't Pass

It was not emotional loneliness.
It was not about the absence of people, affection, or relationships. It was something more structural, deeper, and more difficult to explain.

It was the loneliness of those who do not share the same premises.

Even when he spoke to someone, even when he felt understood on a superficial level, there was always a gap. A point where language did not reach. Not for a lack of empathy, but for a difference in trajectory.

He had learned early on that not everyone starts from the same place, and that these impacts everything else: expectations, priorities, risk perception. Explaining that starting point always took too long, too many words, too many justifications.

So, he stopped doing it.

The loneliness that does not pass is not isolation.
It is **untranslatable.**

It did not hurt acutely. It was a constant presence, like background noise. It did not prevent us from living, but it made some forms of sharing impossible.

He understood that not all solitude is a problem to be solved.
Some are the price to pay for having crossed certain territories without mediation.

Trying to eliminate it would have meant simplifying his own story.
And he was not willing to do that.

Unrelenting loneliness does not ask for companionship. It only asks to be recognized as an integral part of the fabric.

What You Don't Transmit

There comes a time when you wonder what you will pass on. Not in terms of possessions, but of structure. Of the way of being in the world. Of mental posture.

He realized he had much to say, but little to convey. Not because he lacked content, but because what he had learned had been acquired under conditions that were too specific, too tied to necessity.

Many of his skills had been responses to a context that no longer existed. Passing them on as they were would have meant teaching people how to survive a problem that others would not have faced in the same way.

He then realized that not everything that saves you is transferable.
Some solutions only work for those who built them.

That did not make it useless.
It made it **unreplaceable.**

What you do not pass on is not always what is missing. Sometimes it is what should not be inherited. Chains of adaptation, defensive postures, rigidities born out of necessity and rendered useless elsewhere.

Writing, at that point, took on another meaning. Not as teaching, but as a **trail.** Not to be imitated, but to be seen.

What you do not pass on directly can still be left as a testimony. Not as a model, but as a case in point.

And a case, if it is honest, does not demand continuity. It simply exists.

Author and Conflicts

Every author who decides to publish enters, willingly or unwillingly, a system.
It is not a neutral system. It is a set of platforms, procedures, automatic filters, opaque metrics, and rules that change without notice. The writer does not encounter it immediately. He encounters it later.

The conflict does not arise from an ideological rebellion. It arises from the friction between a voice and a machine.

Over time, this book has passed through multiple publishing and distribution entities: **ABRABOOKS, Lulu, Kobo, Draft2Digital, Amazon, StreetLib.**
None of these are enemies. None of these are allies.

They are **infrastructures.**

The first conflict always arises from the same point: writing is not designed to be compatible. It is not born to fit classification models, genre categories, optimized descriptions, or algorithmic visibility logics. It arises out of internal necessity, not for efficient circulation.

Platforms, on the other hand, do not read. They measure.

They do not ask what you are doing, but **where you fit.** If the text does not fit, it is rejected, slowed down, muted, or distorted. Not because of censorship, but because of incompatibility.

With **ABRABOOKS ITALIA,** the conflict was formal: structure, metadata, product expectations.

With **LULU USA,** the conflict was technical: standards, automated processes, absolute content neutrality.
With **KOBO,** the problem was editorial orientation: what is not clearly classifiable tends to disappear.
With **DRAFT2DIGITAL,** the friction was systemic: aggregation levels, and what does not want to be leveled loses strength.

With **GOOGLE,** true love and profound respect, the only ones capable of saying much while remaining silent. A style that I will always carry within my memories, like the class of a beautiful woman who is not seen but felt.
With **AMAZON,** the conflict is structural: visibility in exchange for conformity, freedom in exchange for irrelevance.
With **STREETLIB,** the crux was identity: when the author does not fit the expected author model, the system goes into crisis.

In no case was it human error.
It was a **difference in function.**

Platforms exist to efficiently distribute standardized content. This book is not standard. It is not efficient. It is not designed to be reassuring.

Conflict, at that point, becomes inevitable. Not because the author wants to fight, but because he does not intend **to translate his own voice** to make it compatible. Any adaptation required is not about form, but about meaning.

Accepting it would mean changing the book before it is even read.

This chapter is not intended to denounce.
It is intended to **place.**

The author is not against the platforms.
He places himself **outside their logic.**

Use what is useful, reject what distorts, accept invisibility as an operational cost. It does not seek privileges, it does not ask for exceptions. It accepts conflict as an integral part of the journey.

Writing, in this context, is not just a creative act.
It is a positioning choice.

And every placement has a price.

This book was not created to be easily circulated.
It was created to **exist without compromise.**

Conflict is not an accident.
It is a consequence.

Author and Isolation

The author's isolation is not an emotional condition.
It is a **structural consequence.**

It does not arise from a lack of audience, nor from the absence of dialogue. It arises when a voice cannot find a system that can contain it without distorting it. At that point, the author is not rejected: he is simply **left alone.**

Isolation does not come immediately.
It comes after attempts.

After finding a publisher.
After accepting a platform. After adapting the language, reducing complexity, simplifying the message.
It comes when you realize that every mediation requires you to be someone else.

The isolated author is not the one who rejects the world. He is the one who **can no longer translate himself.**

It is not a question of superiority, nor of romantic marginality.
It is a question of operational incompatibility. The contemporary publishing system functions through continuity, recognizability, and repetition. An author who changes, who deviates, who fails to consolidate a marketable identity becomes unstable. And instability is unmanageable.

At that point something specific happens: the author stops being a function and goes back to being a **case.**

Isolation is not silence.
It is the absence of meaningful feedback.

You can be published, distributed, even read. But you remain isolated if what you do does not generate a shared field. If it does not create a category, if it does not produce a label if it cannot be used as a reference.

The isolated author has no stable interlocutors. All dialogue is temporary. All attention is contingent.

This produces a different kind of loneliness than the common one. It is not a lack of relationships, but a lack of **compatible mirrors.** There is no one who can give you back what you do without diminishing it.

Over time, the isolated author stops seeking recognition. Not out of renunciation, but out of precision. He understands that being poorly recognized is more dangerous than not being recognized at all.

Isolation, then, becomes a posture.
Not a defense, but a forced choice.

Writing in isolation means taking on the entire burden: decisions, mistakes, direction, responsibility. There is no editorial staff to filter. There is no publisher to absorb the risk. There is no audience to anticipate the meaning.

There is only the text.
And who wrote it.

This type of isolation is unsustainable for long unless it is transformed. If it remains passive, it consumes. If it becomes conscious, it can become **an operational space.**

And this is where the book changes phase.

Isolation is not the end point.
It is the point where the author stops reacting to the system and begins **building his own solution.**

Author's Solutions

Being who I am was not an initial choice.
It was a consequence.

After blowing up **Amazon 's algorithm,** not out of strategy but out of incompatibility, one thing became clear: the current system is not designed to serve the reader. It is designed to **hold them back.**

The algorithm does not accompany.
It conditions.

It decides what to show, when to show it, and to whom. It narrows the scope of possibilities until it becomes manageable, predictable, and repeatable. The reader no longer chooses **he reacts.** He scrolls, clicks, consumes. He

believes he has freedom, but he moves within a perimeter decided elsewhere.

In this scheme, even the author loses power. Not because he writes poorly, but because he must write **for something** he does not read. Optimized titles, targeted descriptions, domesticated content. Each book becomes a response to a system, not a necessity.

At some point, I realized that the problem was not the algorithm.
The problem was **accepting it as the arbiter.**

My solution was not to fight it.
It was **to get out of it.**

Being who I am means rejecting the idea that the reader must be guided, pushed, profiled. It means recognizing a power that the system has slowly taken away: the power to **choose without being conditioned.**

I do not have to convince the reader.
I do not have to hold him back. I do not have to optimize him.

I just must put a work in front of him and give him the space to decide.

This is my signature solution:
remove the filters, remove the shortcuts, remove the implicit promises. No invasive calls to action. No forced paths. No algorithms disguised as recommendations.

The reader is not a target.
He is a subject.

Recognizing it "for life" also means accepting the consequences: less visibility, less artificial push, less induced traffic. But it means one fundamental thing: **every reader who stays, truly stays.**

My system does not grow vertically.
It grows by adhesion.

I do not build dependency.
I build access.

Those who enter do so because they want to understand, not because they were pushed there. Those who leave are not chased. There is no re-marketing, no hidden persuasion, no attention economy.

This is not a scalable model in the classical sense.
It is a **coherent model.**

Signature solutions are not about winning the market. They are about **to avoid being defeated.**

Being who I am today means accepting that I am not everywhere, that I am not for everyone, that I am not compatible with every platform. But it also means something that for me is non-negotiable: restoring the reader's dignity of choice.

The current system has made him passive.
I hold him responsible.

And this book, like all the others, is not a product.
It is an act of faith.

The Reader Returned to Himself

For a long time, it was believed that the reader needed to be guided.
Suggested. Pushed. Restrained.

An entire ecosystem has been built on the idea that attention is fragile, that choices need to be simplified, and that the path must be mapped out in advance. Calls to action, funnels, automatic recommendations, rankings, notifications: they all stem from the same implicit premise. Left unchecked, the reader would be lost.

I do not agree with this premise.

Restoring the reader to himself means recognizing a skill that the system has progressively eroded: the ability to **choose without being pushed.** To pause. To enter a text out of genuine curiosity, not artificial stimulation.

It is from this belief that an editorial site is born that **has no call to action,** does not push to buy, does not create urgency. It does not sell in the traditional sense. **It recommends,** indicates, exposes.

Not because I reject the market ideologically, but because I reject the **gentle coercion** that governs it today.

A website without a CTA is not an empty website.
It is a website that does not shout.

It does not ask you to click.
It does not promise benefits. It does not chase the reader.

Exhibit works.
Leave space. Accept silence.

In this space, the reader becomes a subject again. Not a target. Not a conversion. Not a given. They are free to

enter, to exit, to return. No path is obligatory. No choice is anticipated.

This approach is innovative.
It is simply archaic.

It will be labeled pioneering.
Or it will be studied as an anomaly: **a publishing project without aggressive SEO, without advertising, without social media as a driving force, without merchandising, without promotional campaigns.**

No funnel.
No remarketing. No attention optimization.

Just one voice.

Not because I am enough.
But because a voice **is enough** if it is honest and consistent.

This project does not grow through forced exposure.
It grows through recognition.

Those who arrive here are not held back.
Those who stay, stay by choice.

In a system that measures everything, this is a risk.
But it is also a statement.

Returning the reader to himself means accepting that not everyone will enter, that many will pass by, that silence will be part of the journey. It means forgoing quantity to preserve the quality of the encounter.

This book ends here.
Not with a conclusion, but with a position.

The rest does not need to be explained.
It needs to be **traversed.**

The Time

Time is the only thing you cannot manipulate.
You can manipulate numbers, stories, and intentions. You cannot manage time.

In forty-eight days, nothing was sold.
No purchases. No promotions. No sales activity.

In forty-eight days, the project has surpassed **three thousand views.**
No external links. No advertising. No social media as a driving force. No aggressive SEO. No campaigns. No push.

There was no induced traffic.
Just **presence.**

Time, in this context, is not waiting.
It is **prolonged exposure.**

Every day you do not sell anything but are being watched, the system sends a clear signal: something does not meet the standard metrics. Something is not converting. Something is not behaving as it should.

The reader arrives, looks, stays, leaves.
And then, sometimes, returns.

This behavior is not rewarded by algorithms.
It does not generate immediate rankings. It does not produce marketable results.

It produces **non-monetized attention.**

And this is where time becomes a radical act.

Stay still while everything around you push.
Do not accelerate. Do not correct. Do not "optimize."

Time is left to work on its own, like silent pressure. Every day without a sale is not a defeat, but a test. Every unforced visit is a real choice.

The system observes.
It does not intervene.

Because they do not know how to categorize an author who does not ask for anything, a site that does not push, a project that does not follow through. There is no call to action to measure. There is no funnel to improve. There is no conversion rate to fix.

There is only **one voice that insists.**

Time, then, becomes a real conflict.
Not against the market, but against the urge to prove something right away.

The author remains within his madness.
Not out of romantic isolation. Out of coherence.

Write. Publish. Exhibit.
And then let time do what no strategy can: distinguish what endures from what demands immediate attention.

There is no rush.
There is no urgency. There is no rush.

Time is not used for growth.
It has **inhabited.**

This project does not ask for immediate trust.
It just asks to be left there long enough to demonstrate that it is not an experiment.

If one day it is studied as innovative, pioneering, anomalous, out of the market, anti-SEO, anti-ads, anti-social, anti-advertising, it will not be for what it did.

It will be for what **he did not do**
and for the time he had the courage to go through without changing his voice.

This book also exists for this:
to leave a trace of a moment in which **nothing was happening**
and precisely for this reason everything was happening.

Production

Production does not end.
Not because it needs to grow, but because **it has no end goal.**

It ends only when the author decides to stop publishing.
Not when the market slows. Not when attention wanes. Not when the metrics stop being favorable.

Production is not a race.
It is a **condition of existence.**

Writing and publishing, in this project, are not tools for achieving something. They are not levers of visibility, nor promises of financial return. They are continuous, repeated, non-negotiable actions that exist independently of external response.

The author does not dream of becoming rich.
He already is.

Not in symbolic terms, but in practical terms.
He lives on **seventy dollars a month.**
That is enough for him.

This fact changes everything.

Those who live on so little cannot be blackmailed.
They do not need to rush. They do not need to adapt. They do not need to be liked.

Money, here, is not a measure of success.
It is a **solved variable.**

This frees production from one of the publishing system's strongest constraints: urgency. There is no need to sell today, tomorrow, or ever. Every publication exists simply because it was deemed necessary.

Quantity is not a strategy.
It is a consequence.

When you do not have to protect a brand, a career, or revenue, you can afford to produce without defending yourself. Without worrying about your image. Without managing scarcity. Production continues because it has nothing to lose.

Even the relationship with the outside world is defined by this logic.
If someone wants to interview the author, it costs **a dollar.**

Not through devaluation.
Through the subtraction of power.

A dollar eliminates the filter of sensationalism. Whoever pays that amount does not buy a character, does not buy a packaged opinion, does not buy a heroic narrative. They only buy **real time,** unmediated, unoptimized.

The symbolic price serves only one purpose:
to understand whether the interlocutor is willing to enter **without expecting anything in return.**

Production continues not because the public demands it, but because the author has no reason to stop. As long as writing and publishing remain consistent with what is, the flow remains open.

There is no catalogue to close.
There is no definitive work. There is no consecration to await.

There is only one production line that stays active as long as it makes sense. When that sense ceases, production will stop without announcement, without explanation, without exit rituals.

This project is not supported by success.
It is supported by **sufficiency.**

And as long as seventy dollars is enough,
if a voice is enough, if time can be inhabited without haste,

There is no reason for production to end.

Final Act

This book does not end.
It stops.

Not because something is missing,
but because everything that needs to be said **has been stated.**

There is no take-home message.
There is no lesson. There is no summary.

There is a trace left over time.

The author does not ask to be followed.
He does not ask to be understood. He does not ask to be recognized.

He writes.
He publishes. He stops only when it is no longer necessary.

From here on, the reader has no further guidance.
No suggested route. No recommended direction.

Only one choice:
stay or leave.

This book ends where power returns entirely to the reader.
Not as a concession, but as a **definitive act.**

The next page is blank.
Not for lack of content. Out of respect.

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AUTHOR PAGE

Nando writes because it is the only way he knows to stay true to what he is going through.
He does not write to teach, he does not write to convince, he does not write to entertain.

He writes to **record.**

His production does not follow a traditional editorial plan, nor does it respond to market logic, visibility, or positioning. Books are not created to be sold, but to be **exhibited.** Each text is an autonomous act, not a chapter in a career.

It does not belong to schools, currents, or genres.
It does not seek institutional recognition. It does not build a character.

Over time, it has chosen to eschew the dominant models of contemporary publishing: algorithms, forced promotion, and consensus optimization. Not out of ideological opposition, but out of structural incompatibility.

He lives with what he needs.
This condition makes him immune to blackmail.

He writes continuously, without urgency, without deadlines, without growth objectives. Production ends only when it loses its internal meaning. Until then, it remains open.

The reader is not considered a target, but an autonomous subject.
This is why his editorial projects do not push, solicit, or guide. They indicate. They are exposed. They leave space.

His writing does not promise solutions, redemption, or personal improvement. It exposes conditions, frictions, limitations, and transitions. It does not offer models. It presents **case studies.**

This book does not represent a point of arrival.
It is a trace in an ongoing process.

Those seeking confirmation will hardly find it.
Those seeking an unmediated voice, yes.

NANDO — THE SCRIBE
An author outside the system.
No affiliation. No promises. A voice.