
THE SILENCE
BEFORE THE BANG
Action without noise.
Ferdinando



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Every beginning generates enthusiasm. The unknown does not move toward us; it is we who move toward it. It is a beautiful feeling. Adrenaline, dopamine, and their entire family propel us forward with effortless conviction. Small, intimate moments remain, all born from the same purpose. They do not follow a trend, a pattern, or a format. They create one. Then comes the expectation of results. It is a natural consequence of action. Sacrifice, effort, and invested time always seem to ask for something in return. Sometimes the outcome announces itself through noise: that space where things have produced a visible effect. Other times it arrives through silence: that space where things have produced an effect all the same, but without making us aware of it. They may seem identical, but they are not. Noise generates voices, criticism, words, social signals, declarations, and manifestations. Silence produces the same movements, only far from our eyes. Yet the common ground between these two worlds is often just one thing: money. It appears in many forms. An interview. An advertisement. A convention. But the most concrete, the least symbolic, and the most widespread remains the bank transfer. Capable of generating both well-being and unease, though almost always with temporary effects. And there

I was, on a hot and humid August evening, having already decided to go to bed. What did I do instead? I jumped up, walked to my desk, opened my computer, and began writing this reflection. But why? I have no projects, expectations, or ambitions. I live from what is already mine, and that is enough. I do not expect to change my life, and I thank God every day for keeping the lights on upon the stage of my own existence. So, what happened? I had just reviewed the traffic data for my website. There is a certain pleasure in seeing how many people visited, from which countries they came, and which pages they explored. All this while knowing I was not looking for a purchase, because I had chosen not to sell literature, not to monetize it. Bezos's children were already doing that job. It was never mine. In recent days, the web had reported an 80% decline. A general collapse. No conversations. No emails. No external signs. Only silence remained. A silence that spoke and announced a detonation. Earthquakes had taught me that lesson. And nature is rarely wrong. But I was not worried. I was simply full of smiles and reflections, aware of what was about to happen to me. It was the silence before the bang. For many, it was noise without action. For me, it was action without noise. Then, at dawn, someone knocked at the door. It was not a courier. It was a letter. Sealed with red wax. The sender was simple: **DYNAMITE.** But I returned it to the sender. I was only hoping for the bangs. I was not aspiring to that much.

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