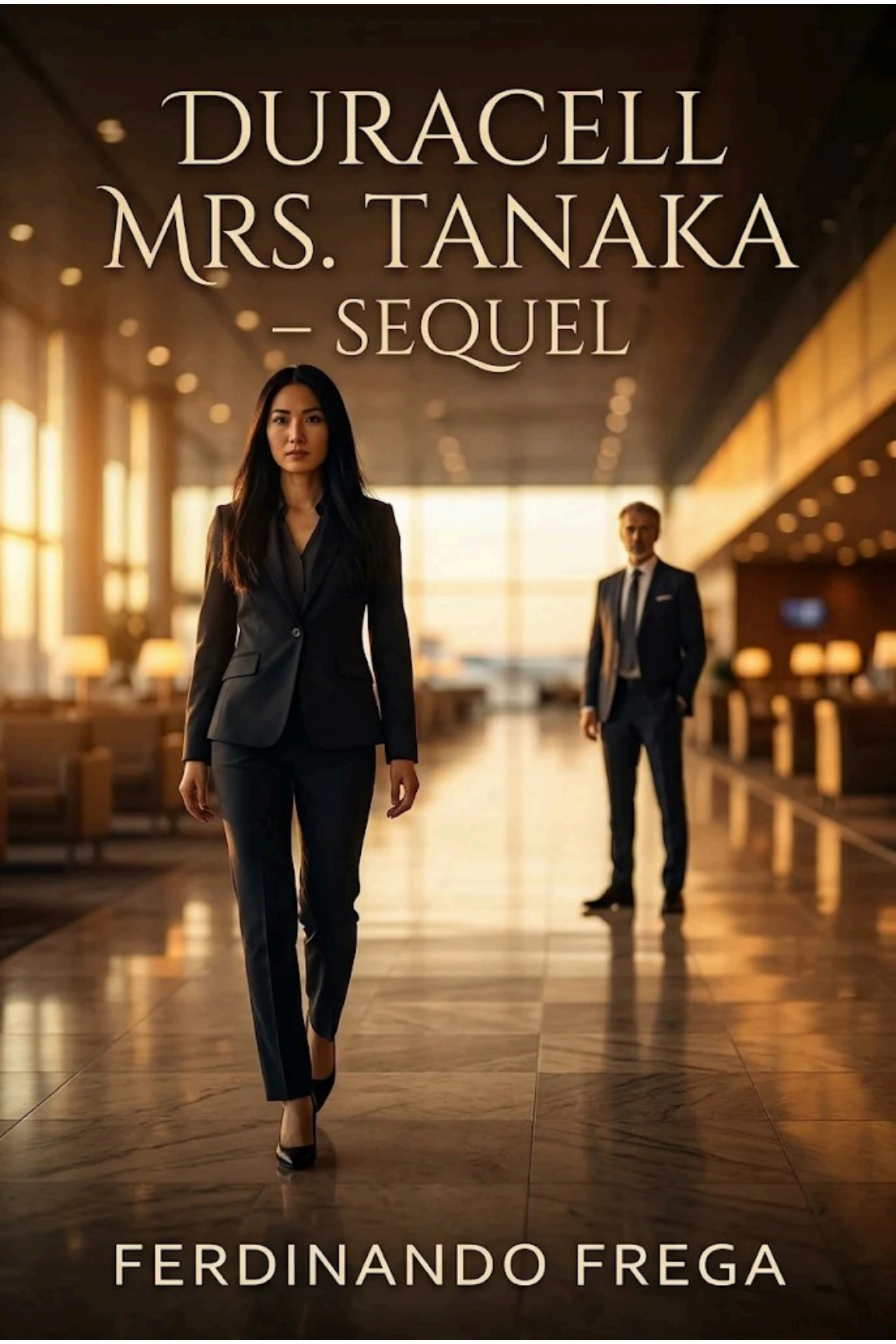
DURACELL
MRS. TANAKA
– SEQUEL
FERDINANDO FREGA

DURACELL MRS. TANAKA - SEQUEL

When I saw her walking through the private airport terminal, coming toward us, my CEO simply told me that she was the woman we had been expecting, and nothing more.

From a distance, I noticed immediately that our eyes were reflecting one another, an understanding beyond measure, without coordinates, without predictions. All she had to do was run her hand through her long black hair, almost as if she were caressing it, for me to understand that she had noticed my attention. Yet we were inside a frame that allowed neither imperfections nor personal, intimate gestures.

She said to me, **"NICE TO MEET YOU,"** and I replied, **"YOU ARE WELCOME IN ITALY,"** before moving with an elegant bow toward her hand and lightly brushing it with the shy intention of a kiss. It was then that her fragrant, delicate skin carried an unmistakable emotional warmth. But I had to remain in character, without doing anything at all, and I simply thought that she was an angel, proudly marked Made in Japan.

She did not speak through her voice alone. Listening to her was like sitting in front of a piano, where the notes are sound and her bearing itself was the music.

I would gladly have placed my hands on the keyboard, but it was neither the place nor the moment. Yet when she was leaving, I called out to her. She stopped, turned to listen, and smiled at me, that unmistakable gesture that seemed to say: *one day we will meet*

again. I had no idea that I would encounter her once more inside my own writing.

The women born in that part of the world represent the exact perfection of everything embodied in the code of life, and their children are its truest expression.

Arigatou……Capisciaaaaaaaaa

Ferdinando