ERROR 404: FAMILY NOT FOUND



FERDINANDO FREGA

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Every day passed, relentless, almost unaware of time itself — of its measure, of its reasons.

And yet, one sentence from my father kept coming back to me:

The hardest moment is not the one you have passed, nor the one still to come. It is now, inside your own family.

I did not understand why. I had no way of understanding — until I received a call from my lawyer.

He told me I had been summoned by his colleagues, representing my two brothers, for the division of our parents' inheritance from 2025, and of my sister's estate from 2024.

My wife and my children were happy. They thought they could finally get their hands on one third of the estate: cash, bank accounts, real estate — about 150,000 euros.

And it did not take long to understand why everyone was in such a hurry to cash in.

But I was the poorest of the three brothers.

So, I refused.

I said no.

Because my father had taught me that the code of honor comes before blood. Before family logic. Before any reason.

My brothers had already taken part of the inheritance, in secret, without any agreement, without a real division, without telling me anything. What was left still needed to be approved.

It still needed to be shared.

And that did not seem right to me.

My children did not understand. Neither did my wife.

One of my brothers even went straight to my son, saying loudly that I did not need money.

That put me in a difficult position.

The real problem was getting out of this family misunderstanding without being able to explain it — without being able to make anyone understand.

I would have to win with facts, against men who still did not know one simple truth:

A man who steals is never willing to give anything back.

Everyone wanted something from me.

And I had nothing left to divide. I was not asking anyone for help.

I had just learned that playing poker from under the table is not for everyone.

No one could see your face. No one could see your cards. No one knew how much you had at stake.

And a bluff was not just a surprise.

It was an unknown.

You never knew where it would take you.

Meanwhile, only a few days were left before the end of the month.

I had survived that obstacle too.

My daughter told her mother:

Go talk to him. Try to understand what the fuck is going on in his head.

But December was already carrying the air of Christmas — of memories, celebrations, and absences.

I would have given anything to have my loved ones here with me again.

But I could not.

And without money, that was the only way I could still be and feel truly free.

Ferdinando