
THE DAY NOTHING HAPPENED
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For years I looked for the moment.

The date.

The episode.

The decisive event.

I looked for it with the seriousness of a detective and the discretion of a man who has lost his keys: rummaging everywhere, except where they were.

I thought every important change needed a scene. A stage, proper lighting, maybe a soundtrack. A thunderstorm at the right moment would not have hurt.

Then I looked more closely.

Many transformations do not begin with an explosion. They begin with a small change. A new habit.

A book opened by chance.

Five more minutes of walking.

A person you meet without planning to.

A thought that keeps coming back, like relatives at Christmas: sooner or later it sits down and stays for dinner.

The next day the same thing happens.

And the day after that.

Nothing seems different. The mirror is the same, so is the coffee, and Monday keeps its vocation for disenchantment intact.

And yet, something is shifting.

Great changes often have a visibility problem. They do not let themselves be seen while they grow. They are the worst guests for biographers: no date to frame, no ribbon to cut, no photographers.

They are like the dawn. Nobody can point to the exact second when the night ended. You only know that at a certain point you no longer need the lamp, and nobody remembers turning it off.

That is why many turning points are recognized only afterward.

When you look back.

And you realize that the day everything changed was precisely the one when it seemed nothing had happened.

A perfectly anonymous day, in short. Which, in hindsight, turns out to be the most brilliant of the lot, and without so much as giving us a heads-up.

Ferdinando