THE DAY RIGHT BECAME EXPENSIVE



FERDINANDO FREGA

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For years I had repeated the same thing.

Nobody believed me.

Not because I was a liar.

Not because the clues were missing.

Simply because nobody had any interest in listening.

People do not fight against the truth. They fight against the moment the truth arrives.

When the proof finally surfaced, everything changed, but not right away: even energy needs a little resistance to learn its manners.

The documents were real, the facts evident, the emotion hidden.

The testimonies matched, the prosecutors were all in agreement.

The facts were verifiable, the courts were out of work.

I had been right from the very beginning, but nobody added a comment.

The men observed the facts.

The women had always known the ending.

The friendships that had broken did not come back, and that was a good thing: it proved they had not been solid.

The lost opportunities did not return; not having seized them in time only made room for new ones.

The years gone by could not be given back, but a good diet gave you better health and more strength.

At that point I understood a lesson that was hard to digest, but it had been cooked really well.

Being right and winning are not the same thing, and the women of the last 61 years had shown the effects at more than one latitude, but I was not a woman, so I could not understand it.

Sometimes the price of truth is paid long before the truth is recognized, and nobody expects a refund.

And that is why some people no longer try to convince anyone, but the doubt never went quiet.

They keep the evidence.

They wait for time.

And they let reality speak.

I have learned one more thing.

If you want to be right, always be willing to look defeated. You will avoid many useless conflicts.

Ferdinando