

*Gerardo D'Orrico*

**The fact that it wasn't me, it  
wasn't you**



Letter from the book:

**“An Ash Ceiling”**

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It seems to work better after this installation, which lasted a whole day. My new notebook is also nice, just as I expected. It could last for a long time. I'll buy a leather case for it if it remains as it is today. I'll wait for the next few days to test it out. I still can't believe it, but this thing works. A valuable object must and will work with just one installation. A new black color to distinguish it. I have a DVD to restart, then I'll go to the ATM to reimburse dad. The second time is okay... the usage is all normal, the applications, internet, and Bluetooth.

Tomorrow it becomes what it was supposed to be, just a reminder. You didn't have the desire to travel, instead, you return to where you stay to avoid falling. It works like this: here, things change from day to day, even though for me the homeland, uh, the game seems already over, they say we need to ask again about the State where it doesn't exist or isn't there, they say. Who's wrong in which place we are, and

where we haven't yet arrived, landed, fitted with the ground but, without remaining in mid-air. It's true, who knows, who doesn't know about accidents, inconsistencies, places not visited, ailments, memory losses, or even more, what's yours, won't be yours anymore. Whoever thinks there's still evil in our days, when there's only evil and boredom, where we get lost and will never be again... instead, for those who believe in the government as all-healthy, they only have to go further to see who they've hit once again, without fault or reason.

Anyway, everything here is serious, weighs as much as nobody realizes their due, some believe they failed to conclude a deal that partly isn't even theirs.

Tomorrow I'll leave for vacation in search of peace and serenity, of fish and sea. By now, I'm on vacation, it's 7:02 and it's Sunday with the usual puzzles! Existence and opportunities, as always, could have been entirely different... I think they're

reversals or inventions of what they are now. Explaining or trying to explain will be a waste of time, or perhaps people must understand the truth by themselves, but they're never alone. Their evil... the worst, they don't see it, they don't hear it while the elders say to keep going on our path which is better, great, full of important people who will come through its trails. It would be necessary to explain, I think. Ultimately, there must be a reason even for those I met on the bus, they seem not to know what reality is, but upon closer inspection, they don't know when it happens. It might be the quantities that move our politics and the economy in general.

Non-being, non-existence is the same reality for everyone, in the past in those places or acts that many people have forgotten, they tell you: it seems like this is what's not there... daytime offenses, while among us, we were already talking about skies this morning, well, it works just like when alive only that

here utility truly matters. Foods taste different, life seems of a different color or tone... what was said nonexistent or false is instead the only real thing, the world. The rest is boredom or a commission act of offense, nothingness, but even in Italy, I've heard they teach how not to look at the vulgar. Consider and overcome that terrible scene, figure, or act in any form or entity. Certain actions are not done, even if you can't see why or what at that moment because they hadn't deceived you, only a few people understand. It's a disaster, the soup is made of clay or Greta... everything seems occupied, they've left it as a dream. You don't believe it, there's no good, and then suddenly in front of us, we encounter it. Hunger knows no time, you still haven't understood. They must redo it, or they destroyed it because they didn't like it. Now it's their business, there's no belief in good in the place where you live. You think the puzzles can't be solved anymore or they've gone out of fashion, just turn on the light then, find a reason

to stay standing, not see that strange guy anymore, or that kind of idea that keeps coming back, damn that state roadblock.

When talking about an interrogation, you almost always fall into a dead form, a still life painting, or like in a movie. Meanwhile, time passes and things get fixed, don't believe yourself. It won't be right behind the doorstep of the house the obstruction that ruins the world, without ruins, you don't live, but what does it matter, without light, you don't breathe, without law, you don't recover a house that burns or has already burned. The absence of what it was supposed to be believed to be at home is its only master, the speeches all seem finished, now we remain silent, there's an order for everything but, if you don't use conscience, they don't work, like men have been trapped, there are habits that cannot be broken, the law regulates all the units that these funny people don't see as real.

What's for lunch today, someone shoots at everything and everyone, or intellect enters instead of oblivion, cause or effect... it melts like a popsicle in the Sun, that dark monster. But the law must remove it, it's a rat, it must be destroyed, it must pay for everyone, matters of us all instead we don't exist, we're ornaments of the house. I'm going to have breakfast, the qualities of the place are evident, they've all stayed, nobody has left, there must be many aspects I don't know about. The quality of these people is extraordinary, but around here, something more is always needed, we must remain human, we must think that humanity is the greatest good, it's our life, our dream. Because all this can be achieved, we can have everything we want, we can do everything we want, we can be everything we want. There's nothing that's impossible, everything is possible.

I seem to see something strange, something incredible. I seem to see a light, a light that illuminates the darkness, a light that shows us the way. Yes, it's a light, a light that guides us, a light that points us in the direction. It's a light that shows us the truth, a truth that perhaps we didn't want to see. But now that we see it, now that we know it, we must face it, we must accept it. We can't ignore it anymore, we can't hide in the darkness anymore. It's time to face reality, to face the truth, to face ourselves.

I look out the window and see the world moving fast, I see life flowing like a river in flood. It's a continuous flow of experiences, emotions, moments that will never return. And I realize that I must seize the moment, that I must live every moment as if it were the last. I can't afford to postpone, to procrastinate, to waste time. I must act now, I must make the right choices, I must pursue my dreams.



And so, with this new awareness, I open the door and step out into the world. I don't know what the future holds for me, I don't know what I'll find along the way, but I'm ready to face it. With courage, with determination, with the awareness that every step I take is a step towards my fulfillment. I'm ready to live my life to the fullest, to enjoy every moment, to learn from challenges, to grow through experiences.

The sun is rising on the horizon, and I walk towards it with confidence and hope. Life is an extraordinary journey, and I'm ready to live it to the fullest.



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