

Unknown

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My Soul Cries

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

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"She is Emily, Emily Marchionne: my life and my joy" in the book there are two interwoven stories between autobiography and romantic and dramatic tale. With an important message. In the first story we find Simone De Rosi, a sensitive guy, a dreamer who believes in love. Funny, dramatic situations are created around him that will change his life. In the course of the story he will fall by Emily Marchionne. In the second story appears Giorgio, a quiet boy, who was also a dreamer, who hopes to meet his rematch in love. It will cross the passions of protagonists, projects for the music, all narrated by a particular place and a particular person, which intrudes into the plots of the stories; to make sure everything goes the right way, but comes to terms with himself. The novel deals with various issues. It's an autobiography, in fact there are events in the two stories actually lived, but also fictitious events. It's psychological because enters the hard "Pathology" of bipolar disorder, a shadow that falls on people that is really hard to pinpoint and then "treat". More generally it's romantic, because the love story of the characters is crucial in the evolution of the latter. And of course is dramatic because it happen get very sad, that disrupt the lives of the protagonists. Can easily identify with them because the author is a young man who has tried the emotions and experiences that for better or worse we all lived. What dumbfounding, in a good way, is that reading page after page we ask ourselves what message or shall we say the moral of the text. Probably each of us will do a different effect. Curiosity will push to read line after line, devouring every word.

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MY SOUL CRIES

FIRST PART

Of Giorgio De Ritis

MY SOUL CRIES

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MY SOUL CRIES

FIRST PART

Of Giorgio De Ritis

The smile was your gift,
with that I grew up and with that you're gone.
To my second soul,

MY GRANDFATHER GABRIELE.

CHAPTER I

I strongly believe that the time does not age the skin or heal our pains most unbearable. I believe that the same time take care of us, me and you.

To be noted: each of us chooses his own destiny and its own way to go, then every path you decide to implement, life puts before great challenges. It depends on the people decide on final act of their stories.

Life, in this case, decided for him: she was there.

In a February colder than usual on Saturday afternoon, Simone, a young soul of just fifteen years struggling with adolescence, did not know that from there in a few hours the fate could change his life, in a snap of the fingers. He lived with his mother, paternal grandparents, with his brothers Sebastiano, Valerio and Giorgia and a lovely dog.

The father has decided to embark on a road of no return and Simone already knew that in the future he would find a void difficult to fill.

The separation from his parents weighed on the outcome of his adolescence and especially the school had become a disaster in recent times, the art school taken right to the last train, one of those who pass once in a lifetime. In the classrooms with numbers like the universities, their eyes had crossed.

In the 3rd of that year there was a big party from 8:00 at 13:45. It was a pretty weird a little bit for everyone but especially for Simone.

"Simone! Instead of sitting there idling on the bench tell me if you have studied Dante? " the teacher of letters said.

"Dante's Cock! UH prof look ... Yesterday I had to dedicate myself to my grandfather. You know, he's got a bad disease. "

"Okay, but next time come up with a better excuse, Sleepyhead!"

Simone inwardly he knew he had to study, but what would the Professor of letters, however, believed on the word. Now Simone knew he had already played the confidence of all teachers of that school because of its many lies but how could they know that the guy this time was telling the truth and that destiny has decided the way of her beloved grandfather, because of that illness which had taken possession of him?

No one believe him anymore because now no one could really figure out when he was telling the truth or not.

Day in the life of Simone became more gloomy, grey and cold every morning had become just like that beloved February and felt that something inside him was already changing, but was not yet ready to understand life.

The school continued to be a complete disaster and the long-awaited day had come: the school Assembly.

Here wishing I could make you smile, but only now I see the shame that a mother can feel.

On the morning of the bloody meeting shone a radiant sun, kind of like his classmate and adventures Gonzalo was. He came from Argentina, he was in Italy for seven years and he was a very nice guy with many girls around him. I was wondering if it weren't for the fact that he was muscular or because maybe he knew just how to get pleasure.

While the two were talking with their gang of friends, suddenly they saw to get a mix of a goat and Mahatma Gandhi with drawing equipment in one hand and in the other his purse where always had a seasonal fruit for your morning snack. As is his custom, he opened the classroom window to change the air but I don't know if you could tell he was got out the winter and that that sun had been put there by the creator only to deceive.

"Good morning 3A!" he said with a beautiful voice ringing, "are you ready to paint?". "Professor doesn't explain, right? Wait at least the second now!" the entire class exclaimed in chorus.

The Professor knew they could find a way to keep lesson but, despite everything, sometimes their demands satisfied.

Made the customary appeal, all were preparing to draw except three boys, the usual: Gonzalo, Simone and Leonardo.

Oh I forgot, how can I let him! Leonardo may seem strange to the impact, but getting to know him over the years can be understood as in him, besides his sympathy and a touch of extravagance, he concealed a boy with all my heart and soul good, always willing to help out when there was a need.

Simone turned and waved at Sandra, Lucia and then her, Cecilia, what possibly could be his girlfriend, just that, again, fate would have it there was a different course.

"What did you do yesterday afternoon?" he asked.

"Nothing," Lucia and Sandra replied simply.

"I went to the course of the license," said Cecilia.

Simone, Gonzalo and Leonardo were informed more until, at some point, it was time bet. Simone was drinking and pretended to spit water on Cecilia. "Simone so you don't have the guts to spit water on drawing", the girls challenged, Sandra and Lucia.

"You think I don't have courage? You watch," retorted Simone, and in no time at all the water ended up on Cecilia.

The staggered faces she commented on from sun and Cecilia, incredulous and irritated, he raised his finger furiously calling the professor.

Fate would have it that day did not take one of those notes you would remember for years and in less time than it takes to say Simone was the outline of Professor of geometric pattern in front of him who reproached him to redesign the table to poor Cecilia and threatened to tell the fact to the mother during the afternoon meeting.

"No, she professed, stop! I will remake it, for God's sake!" the girl replied dryly knowing that the quality of Bill Simone was equal to buy expired food at discount stores. But then he was there for photography and not for design.

That was a strange year where Simone in his heart already knew that the rejection was imminent.

One thing I've been able to admire by Simone is that whatever problem he was always able to rise again, it wasn't a boy yielding, knew motivate yourself and fight in front of every evil.

Finally arrived that afternoon. It was December, outside the sky was already turned black, a neutral colour in the mind of every human being which the soul can really understand its nuances.

Elena's mother, Simone, appreciated the darkness even though she had already travelled in darkness in the past and knew how to react to every hurt, every little nuance of that colour.

That Simone was known for his sympathy could tell him as soon as he had the chance to talk to them and they knew it for up all parents of his friends.

Little detail on Elena: she had a beautiful complexion on the skin, I would say of peach blossoms, but everyone is free to imagine.

Professor after Professor was a bitter pill to swallow for that woman that perhaps she could beat her son for good. But she didn't, she knew the punishment she'd given by just repeating the year.

In Elena's eyes you could tell he was looking for help, comfort, but if only he knew I was there by his side to give him strength maybe I could prolong the colour and that spirit, instead, exit floor, she changed her expression and complexion like switching between autumn and winter when the leaves fall to the ground.

Simone knew the situation, tried to play down but failed in his effort and inwardly he was happy because he just had to be patient and his mother would return as the sun had always been.

Sometimes the weather can destroy, it can throw you into a limbo where there is no more return, but it wasn't in the case of Elena.

Months went by and that 2009 for Simone was perhaps to forget, to be closed in a drawer. He arrived in February, a month as all but the coldest, and did not begin to better knowing having to retrieve several subjects to hope at least to spend the school year.

But after a final period of his life, very twisted Simone you fancy a girl and I was still there to spy on him. I could really see him with those brown hair, bright smile framed by an appliance, slender physique and delicate face.

After a period of acquaintance came that Saturday, February 13, the day he had to leave. He was the first to arrive and he wanted to see the sea, his smell, the sound of the waves and feel ready to plead. But it is known that in the streets can be holes where you stumble and only then you understand that it is better to walk in the opposite direction.

Simone from afar saw that two girls are coming: on the right there was a chick like the Hunchback of Notre Dame and on the left a Smurf style girl with braces gleaming.

You know how girls are made: never go to the bathroom alone let alone when they have to go out with someone unknown.

"I'm Simone", the boy presented to the unknown girls.

"You are ...", the protagonist of that fight started talking.

"If you allow we've got a mouth to speak, little whore" the Hunchback of Notre Dame took the word.

They smiled in unison.

Then she continued. "Pleasure I am Giovanna".

And then it fell to nana. "Pleasure I'm Emily," she said with a big smile showing her dental appliance.

The afternoon passed between a chat and a stroll, they teased each other and don't stop to call themselves "Hooker."

Simone a bit felt uncomfortable when the two began to insult, to him it was something completely new. The advantage was that it was the only boy and before his eyes there was all that God and didn't want to miss an opportunity, especially now that there was his friend Gonzalo, who often stole women of others.

The adrenaline came out in body and he heart made a strange noise like the change of a Vespa 80 years with its "pum pum": he had no eyes for that.

But just at that moment Giovanna said: "My father is already in the station. I gotta go! ". The world was spinning much faster than normal in Simone's head and out of nowhere managed to

perceive that a person was talking about but it felt far away despite being just a few steps from him, was Giovanna.

"Simone sorry, where are you?", she asked him impudently.

"I live in Montesilvano Colle", he answered not understanding well what could get you know.

"Then to come home do you catch the bus?", Jeanne took a guess.

"Yes, the 38," he exclaimed .

"Perfect. EMI, you can go with him, " Giovanna said.

The girls greeted them. Simone and Emily took the road that was to lead them to their bus stop. Boarded Simone did not hide the disappointment of not having taken the first step with the Smurf but now before his eyes had that sad and he didn't want to be seen.

They spoke in general, but in his heart, Simone had hidden bad bigger than him and he was unable to hide it much longer. Emily understood that.

Behold, the demand for a small unknown that I never expected, "are you the son of separated parents?".

That question blaring in the mind of Simone who couldn't do anything but sit there and enjoy the bitter pill, expect him to do effect then explode again to say "Yes, I am."

Simone didn't want to try to make it or compassion, sought only a wing where you can cry or simply blow off steam. Had a heavy burden on his soul and wondered how this unknown, after just thirty minutes, he didn't realize that he was in a very delicate point in her life.

That little voice that for all that time had bewitched Simone, for one last time said, "I have to get off here. Look, if you want to feel on MSN. OK? ".

"Of course, I would. Would you give me your nickname? " Simone asked almost embarrassed .
"emi95@hotmail.it"

"Thanks, see you later," the boy smiled as he watched her get off the bus.

Meanwhile the head of Simone the world formerly stormy now sailed in the quiet. All the time he could not help but think of that unknown, about how it was enough just to enter his soul.

Simone was changing road and this time was deciding him. But when trying to change the course of things, and it never mature to understand when to stop, that fate will bring the account for their actions. In the end he always wins.

What can I say, Simone was finally knowing a girl. Yes a year smaller but felt pleasure in seeing that more days passed and more things turned in the best possible way for both.

It wasn't enough that a dingy but helpful chat, their shared more, even that same school, just what Simone gave satisfaction. Those four walls now playing for him.

Too weird was that 2010 was going too well, the school improved and he, while he was in the prime of his adolescence, he enjoyed but above all he was knowing Emily who gave a lot of attention.

That nice to thank fate sometimes, because there are people who can change a whole life, they're there in the hardest moments. And the little Simone had already had so many bad times in his family, but he still had to swallow the bitter when he became aware of his grandfather's disease.

The deepest sorrow was seeing that family hanging on the thread of life but especially watching his grandfather bend to evil, "him" that resembled a little Elvis Presley for Simone, the way he wore his hair and care, the person carrying the family on the heart with pride and did nothing but argue with his wife : they were completely different in everything.

Hard-working, passionate about markets. He was a collection of foreign coins, had the cure to check which country came to then put it in his book.

Wasn't much to bed, woke up early. If it happened at four in the morning was already working to then go home at night and yet never missed the moment to try to do something.

Discussions with the wife were on the daily diary, they were discussing about everything but in the end, after a "screw you, things were returning to normal. He was a very passionate in his say agriculture, staying in the city.

Simone, will perhaps also for the fact of age, understood as late as spending nice days with his grandfather was important to appreciate the beauty and the soul of that person. Those two souls had the opportunity to speak for the last time on a background created by the very high. Felt like a painting by Monet: the sun rising behind the mountains, there was happiness in the sky, yellow, orange, birds chirping happily their cream sat on the bench outside, on her balcony.

No philosophical discourse. Simply he said, "Simone, I need to find the button to operate the air conditioning in my car. Read the booklet ".

"OK grandpa, let me help! But after we go to try. "the boy answered promptly.

Simone looked long and said with air as a child "of course but now let's hurry! We must find the button on the booklet before grandma back from church. We make a joke! "

How he longed to Simone who that day would never end! With that day then everything seemed perfect.

Eventually the coveted button had been found. Simone's eyes twinkled simply because the joke could now be implemented.

The two went down in the parking lot, they boarded the car and tried if the button really worked as the booklet. Everything was in its place, the grandfather was happy and now he planned to put the air conditioning so that, when they brought home Simone that evening, the plan would be accomplished.

The bells rang: the mass was over. By rite grandma on her feet at home and on the way in the meantime gossip as much as he could. Was so surprised to see grandpa parked in the central square waiting for her. Mounted drive quizzically and greeted lovingly Simone while they left again to bring him home.

At that very moment, while they chatted, the grandfather asked his grandmother to turn on the air conditioning. Simone laughed, he had witnessed the ingenuity of his grandfather. The finger approached slowly and Simone tingled the urge to start one colossal laugh. Here we go! grandma pressed and that hair so well ordered ended up while doing it all in one shot. Of course, as he imagined his grandfather, set off a nice "fuck you", Simone could not help laughing and he realized suddenly that the way home that day had become too short. Got out of the car, gave a wink accomplice to grandpa and grandma greeted him with a kiss.

That picture is now hanging in the memories of Simone. Now the road to the grandfather went out hard, fate had decided that its time to walk was finished.

Now I had to think only of being outdoors, maybe on that same bench, with the same sky. This don't know exactly but Simone still tells a story that comes from the sky and into the dream world make of cooked and raw vegetables. I guarantee, now is really happy. He smiles again. As everyone knows, we are bound to be called to go back to basics and fate could not choose best day to knock and enter without asking permission.

The Church was full, rejoiced at the resurrection of Christ and one of those benches had sat the family of Simone.

Alongside Sebastiano was there, his grandfather, who, in addition to attend mass, a chat with his nephew the traded again. They talked about cars, to be precise in his car, and it was there that Sebastiano had the last chance to talk with his grandfather, had him debating just something that could unify the two.

For lunch they moved all home of brother of Elena. The warm atmosphere, the good food and the joy to be in the family favoured the happiness. But in the end, when he was about to pass through the entrance gate, something in him to a halt. His way broke off and, you know, when the road ends, there is no turning back. No one has this power, we can only be satisfied with making a leap of faith.

He jumped, the others were hoping you didn't. But you can't beat a something stronger than you, eventually you succumb to his feet.

They were all there, hopeful. Even Elena naturally was, she noted a drastic change: that beautiful complexion was dying along with his father, day after day. The pain was just born and over time it would be fed to all that life would give her negatively.

In the end the terrible news came: brain cancer. Was an earthquake that uprooted all and Simone realized at that time that, in his heart, his beloved grandfather died the same day. Unfortunately the disease had rendered what nobody expected. Unconsciously my grandfather was went back in time and in the years before jumping into the void. The cures were premature but at least they avoided a death too vain. The small one day he came to look after his grandfather. There were just the two of them and for Simone came to think while they were out on his balcony, which was how to look after a mischievous child. Simone was very afraid because he did not know how to do but this helped him more than expected in his growth phase. The days were getting heavier, the months pushy and every moment was the good one for farewell. And here the year was passing, out there was the night and the phone started to ring.

"Hallo?" replied Simone to that phone that didn't want to stop playing.

"Run!" The grandfather is sick, run! " the grandmother cried on the other end of the phone. J

Immediately Simone said to his mother the words of his grandmother and in a huff they ran up from the house. The young man saw a lot of movement and especially the surge of the grandfather who suddenly slumped in bed, panicking, looking for a doctor.

In the night he was taken to the hospital, where he improved but the doctor warned that it was all a matter of hours. Simone was at school and as usual he was doing his usual jokes, maybe even a little for himself not to get too down. Here's the phone vibrated on the table.

Mom, new message.

Simone opened the message and hoped. In vain.

THE GRANDFATHER DIED.

The time stopped for an instant in Simone and the memories of a lifetime spent as a time lapse in his mind.

Later then he became aware of a finale to tell in every books: while his wife was going to home and rest, he gave her a final farewell with a beautiful smile. He did the same thing for his brother, gone a moment before to get something to eat. On his return he found him without a soul. But he was happy because he was smiling in the face of death.

New message: MY GRANDFATHER DIED. Send.

"Professor can I go out please?".

"Sure," the professor replied absently.

Simone opened the door.

CHAPTER II

The bad times are never alone but they occur in good company.

Simone had to live with a seed that had unknowingly, each day it was fed, until it grew to cause problems.

Let's go with order. That Simone had great relationships with the father was known since his birth. A boy sought only what a child looking from his father: be heard, get the right attention. Don't make the children just to get noticed, you do so with the intent to raise them, heal them and give them the attention deserved. Luck wanted that this stranger met unconsciously Elena, too weak and brittle for a being like that.

Simone tells me about all the nuances of this unknown called "father." He doesn't overlook all the evil and cruelty waged on Elena. In spite of everything, that peach tree bloomed every time he received the poison, there flourished and maintained its beautiful colouring. Even the peach tree grows old as all that is present in the world, but Elena had become suddenly strong, decisive, too.

Simone, with his brothers and with Giorgia, helped his mother to liberate her from that bad: they wanted to implant her wise idea, just to see her again flourish.

The time of the K.O. came in two parts.

The first came when Valerio, returning from one of his stormy evenings, saw a light in the bedroom where their parents were sleeping. Only that the mother was not there. From there came the voice of the stranger who was at the phone in version of "romantic plush". Valerio was holding a weapon, a weapon that, like all, could either destroy or improve the outcome of a war. He had a tremendous weight.

He told everything to his mother and, trust me, he did the wise thing because that stranger had remained all too in our lives. Especially in the life of Elena. Maybe she waited on that misstep, but it wasn't enough.

In the summer Valerio had been chosen another time by fate to put an end to everything. The road was too wet, the speed was not on his side and the car did the rest. That night Elena was scared to death: his son had bad view. In panic he asked for help to the unknown but he did not think twice about not caring. She turned and left flying the sharpest words of a sword: "so next time back before!" Cut down those words but, while Georgia and Simone slept without worries, Sebastiano was already there, ready to help his mother and especially his brother.

By stranger there were no explanations or meetings with the son in the days that followed. He had studied his moves, I don't deny that he was a great architect. He did anything to leave. And to think that a few months ago there was the staging of the celebration of their 25 years of marriage.

In that December, so cold even for a peach tree, there was the farewell: the stranger had abandoned the family and beyond.

Simone told me about all the nuances of what had happened and I was struck by what remained imprinted in the mind. In that strange night that much remembered, he had lost sleep, he flocked in that room, he climbed in silence on the big bed stealing away in his mother's arms while she was talking to the stranger. They chatted and at one point he found himself in the middle. He laughed always when his delicate little face was in contact with the man's beard so far from him. Simone remembered as Sunday was a joy and all in all in his heart the escaped of sweet words that could be heard in the distance. That stranger turned Sunday, though little, and Simone suddenly wasn't entirely a stranger: he was called dad.

It was hard, then, to Elena to continue her life. But the time was on her side and looked after her, trying to lift it, to revive her. She succeeded in part, until one day she found love again. She deserved to be happy too, after all. Evil had taken possession of her and something good had to happen.

But fate, if it agrees, is just bastard: it decided to throw Elena on the ground, it did not accept to see that woman always get up again and this time hit her hard, mercilessly.

Her health fell steeply, however was envious of the strength of this woman, attempted even to kill her and apparently was going to succeed. But it had to stay back with its mouth open in seeing her again rise from the ground.

Simone was considered a lucky guy to have a mother like that and during his growth he sought to acquire some of her skills.

It was great to see Elena! Years have passed, this is true, but she is always there, standing, and with that complexion that most likely will take until the end of her days. As much as I want to tell you about this woman's willpower, there's still a story not to be missed: happiness of Simone.

The time was propitious, the school was better at that time. Something in Simone was changing, perhaps because he was going through the most intense moment of his existence. Long hair - sometimes he had the courage to bind them-earring and he dressed in a gloomy way. He carried inside him the evil, he was still feeding after all, and then it led him outside in his manner of dress.

He spent his death mornings walking in the hallways with Leonardo and Gonzalo and at the hour of recreation they seemed a star. They had acquaintances throughout the school and it was easy to exchange a word with anyone.

Simone that morning had the pleasure to chat with Emily, not that he doesn't already. When he came back home he ate hurriedly and in fury, he turned on the pc and he checked if it was connected. They didn't speak of great things, but they were having fun.

On Tuesday, at school there was always the return and Simone with his trusty henchmen roamed the halls. In one of those Tuesday saw Emily's class and he invited her to come along with them. She agreed of course, they had some nice chats, they were seeking an approach to a friendship. Simone, despite his negativity, smiled with her and he tried not to think, darkened evil for a short time, he did not want Emily discovers something of his life.

He had to think even studying but he never did: along with his "cronies" he had become the class clown. If those three had never been there, that class would never known positive days.

Professors now surrendered before a subject like that but rightly they had to do their job, and then appeared again on Simone's report card debts. It was hard to believe that a child like Simone could pass the year: it was good to fool anyone with his eyes and his words were honey for professors. Then he surpassed all debts with little trouble but with great cunning. This was Simone, good to you to think that all he had done was right but it really was a total rip off.

The year arrived in which in class some professors changed: one came from the North. Here you have to wonder: "How could she not end up in the cross-hairs of Simone?". Obvious she had to go there! He imitated everything of her: from the voice to the gestures, the mimicry was similar, not sparing anyone.

A few weeks later, one morning the bell rang and it was the time of art history, the north professor time: the class had to reach the courtroom 25 and wait for one before leaving the courtroom. Arrived in class Simone began before together with inseparable Gonzalo. And then there was Lucia in the middle, between the boys, because both did not take ever the book. Behind them, tanned more than it should to be in march, there was Cecilia who had just had a very eventful cruise. The teacher arrived, put her bag, took the call and she began with the explanation. At a standstill of the explanation Simone raised his finger and said, "Prof, do you heard television these days?"

"No," the professor replied dry not understanding where Simone wants to go there.

"Then I tell you there where she, in the remote North, the digital terrestrial has just arrived. I if I were you I would buy a set-top box! ", Simone informed her with innocent air.

Lucia and Gonzalo couldn't help but laugh at this exit off a Bernini and Borromini and the prof could not fail to miss a smile despite her size from icy and mighty warrior.

In the years that followed, though the latter had become more hard and cold towards us and Simone did not understand why, maybe he was never used to always get a smile and was still a baby inside him.

That day there was a discovery, if we may so call it: Gonzalo liked to anyone even if he doesn't was George Clooney – but they liked him . In the course of his growth, Simone had views of cooked and raw and he has seen many girls in the arms of his friend who perhaps wanted him too. In his class there was one that did not hide the feeling for Gonzalo: she was Lucia. Everyone thought that Gonzalo exploited Lucia for anything and even then the time gave reason to the voices: the facts were immediately proven.

It was now late in the day and Lucia and Sandra, her great ally but always great enemies, went out to go to the bathroom. That time Lucia absent-mindedly forgot in the class her cellphone and there was in the character of Simone and Gonzalo meddling more and everything. So they took the phone and it was easy to penetrate in the phone memory. Instead of reading the classics messages, their prey this time was to find out if between the pictures there were some shots a little hot. Right there, at the bottom, there was a folder called "Gonzalo". At that exact moment the two looked stunned and then they pressed by the curiosity: there were all pictures taken from internet, from the site of Gonzalo. He stayed a little on his thinking about how there were people actually they got this far, to take photos to be stored in their phones. But you could see in his eyes that he liked. This was the biggest mistake

of Gonzalo: using his beauty to bribe people. But for him the fate was about to make him a surprise sweet-sour flavour and learned not to exploit them more, not to leave them in the middle of the road but to love them and then to know the pain of being dropped in the middle.

Well after the discovery, they sided with the phone in the exact place where it had been left by Lucia and the recitation lasted at least two years, before finally close its doors.

Gonzalo has always been a great actor, he had impressive qualities, he could hide an uncomfortable even years until you are presented with the bill. He knows how you can believe many things and, commercially speaking, he is good at "selling the product", in this case himself. Ultimately, however, he's still an amazing person if you capture his best side.

Lucia came in with that snake of her "friend" and they went next door to the boys. In the same moment Simone got up and he went to Cecilia as he often did, just to play around a bit.

"Then Ceci, who have you done in the ship?" Simone asks as brazen in his usual. "I got acquainted with a Sicilian boy and later that day, we were alone in the room and we did. It was wonderful! " Cecilia retorts naively.

"That's my little piggy! In addition to screwing the world you get the sun, you are darker than usual! ", the boy noted stopping to watch her dark complexion. "Oh Yes. Then there was an evening and I got drunk. I don't remember anything of what I did, I found myself in the room to sleep, " she related content.

Simone in his mind perhaps already knew what had happened, he built a bluey to envy anyone. Talking with Cecilia excited him even if she could be very verbose, she spoke to the point of exhaustion and her naivety was also about things I had better not tell.

Cecilia came from a southern village, she had the rose-coloured skin and her wavy hair made believe to be among the waves. In her eyes it was easy to miss, erotically speaking she had a breast of a three-year-old girl. Simone was often jokes about her breasts considerably small, but she was the girl Simone could fall in love with.

Something could arise between them but fate decreed that both were similar but divided from each other's roads. There were approaches but never completed.

I still remember when Simone, along with Lucia, Gonzalo, Sandra and Cecilia, after school were getting to the station to take the bus. Simone asked Cecilia to kiss him but Cecilia was ashamed, she wanted to stay in a secluded place. Then Simone looked around, he saw a phone booth at a few feet from their friends, he went inside and waited for Cecilia's arrival, but she hesitated for too long. Simone was tired, he did not expect her, but eventually Cecilia thought she was going back and kissing him right there. But that kiss brought the wind away.

Despite the scars that grew between the two to many misunderstandings, they had the same love in their hearts but they never had the opportunity to try.

Cecilia also grew too much for Simone's eyes, he saw a different girl in a short time. She started smoking, she started attending a boy with whom she only shared the bed and had become stingy. Simone could not even warn her of the dangers she was facing.

But on a summer day the wind was hot, torrential, the sky was burning, and that morning both Cecilia and Simone were seizing the school to see themselves: it was a comparison, a clarification. She got to the train and immediately afterwards they walked in search of a bench that they eventually found in a nearby park.

They spoke very intensely, despite the hot heat, and for the first time, maybe, they really did, even though she was always naive.

At some point came that wind blowing a few years before.

"But if a boy wants to kiss you now, how would you react?" Simone asked, smiling.

"A woman does not ask such questions! You act without thinking of a second, "she replied with a grin and smile that might have sprouted a few years ago.

She knew that Simone would have kissed her, or at least she wished him. So without ending it, the boy ran into Cecilia's lips.

They stayed together all the morning, talking and kissing. As she picked up the train and gave the last kiss, Simone knew that that train might have been unconsciously taken by him too, so as not to miss the opportunity given to him by the girl. But he stood there, standing still, looking at the train leaving. Then there was the dream of both, that of finally being united. So doing the days left only bitterness in their mouth, but none of them knew that fate would reappear. This time, however, he could really join them.

They went to a party and drank a lot. Given the inability to go home they stayed to sleep with their friends and found themselves sleeping in the same bed. There was a horrible smell of alcohol and smoke coming from rooms and people: it was really nauseous and in the night one could hear who was vomiting, who spoke aloud, and who gave us sex with them.

Simone and Cecilia spoke up to sleep, but in the middle of the night, both of them suddenly woke up, they decided to have sex and, still under the influence of alcohol, and the inability to hold back to Simon, the relationship was consumed.

Cecilia woke up and began to connect her brain to what had happened in the night. He was afraid he had been pregnant. Though Simone tried to calm her down, she did not succeed. You know, women are too scary and insecure, let alone at that age and with the idea of growing a creature.

So he decided to test, until he came to the visit and denied any positive results. Simone lived with anguish in those harrowing hours, had become an unrecognisable person, was silent, laughed, had become serious. He had a great fear of having done a nonsense, and in his mind the skeletons left by his father were alive. He did not feel ready but reminded himself that he would have done better than his father and that he would not have made the wrong choice.

Fate was almost there, he almost made it but was defeated again. Simone came to know the news, and he rejoiced. He was happier, it was as if he had freed himself from a weight on his stomach, bigger than an anvil. He did not want that son to be a mistake, he did not want to repeat his father's deed.

Cecilia thought that the moment was good, she thought it would have joined both and so the train passed again but Simone did not want us to climb. His heart intended for another, he thought that loving Cecilia was right but he realized he was not his ideal type.

He had done something big now, he had put in Cecilia the idea of being a couple but Simone missed that train, perhaps by purpose, and he saw it disappear again.

The train snorted, it was a rainy day.

Simone turned for the last time and he walked off the train station steps, realizing that the obvious decision was to let her go.

Poor Cecilia, sorry to see her weep and despair! She had taken a great step and perhaps in her naivety she wanted that son. He most likely could have changed his final.

On the floor, young Simone's daggers joined, and during his growing period there were infinity of people who helped him to make him become a man. Certainly one of these was his professor of graphics Matteo Ferrucci.

Ferrucci appeared in the early years of school as a hard man and respectful of the rules, he did not translate to anything. Over the years, in spite of all, his heart melted.

A great life teacher, wise with the camera and ideas, he always knew how to spin you and how to implement what he had in mind. An adorable companion followed him in his adventures, and his German Shepherd Tex and a little girl named Alicia, who came from his previous wife, who died as a result of a car accident. In short, a man in the pursuit of adventure.

Simone was for the Professor Ferrucci a big challenge, like many captains in life. In the early years, he felt a strong frustration of the class over what he loved and for what he taught. The challenge had just been launched, could not leave that indifferent class in the world. It was not in its character.

There was no day when he did not remind everyone of the great mistake we were doing in not listening to his wise counsel, Simone was among the foolish. Simone saw Ferrucci as all the other professors, a servant of the school structure, only good to vote and to judge. But the professor turned out to be different when finally everyone opened up to his ideas and how to do it.

Simone also opened completely and in the last year a good friendship based on esteem and respect for ideas was born.

Even the most wise can happen to fall into a precipice and do not know if, when it comes to the bottom, it eventually wakes up. Love, if you put it, can be bastard and can reduce you to a tiny and insignificant being.

The companion abandoned him without motivation. She decided that it was just so, to run without talking, because she knew how powerful the professor was, his words could again make her fall in love like a high school girl. She left a post-it, attached to the table, writing "I found pleasure in following you, I found joy in seeing how I knew how to love and you knew how to appreciate what I was. I hate to discover that for me it was just an adventure and at the end of a climb I did not want to stay up there with you. I just wanted to get off early and run away, goodbye. "

Ferrucci took some time but eventually she resumed and made it great. Simone saw a different man, suddenly crazy but full of energy and pro-positivity: he had been able to do negativity with a fuel to reinvent positivity.

When the school came to the final stages and there was a maturity exam, Simone had written to the professor for the first night before thanking him for all those years, for having had patience, for believing in him, for having made a stronger and more mature person. She waited all night long, but there was not.

The following morning, Simone came all excited and entered the room where the professors and the commission were. His turn came and, after one of his countless shows, he looked at Matteo carefully hoping for a nod to a glance. There was nothing of this.

After all, something came to mark Simone's life: Ferrucci Matteo, a professor with a thousand facets and shades, got up and headed for Simone and handed him a tie made with a large black plastic cord of remarkable thickness, putting it around his neck.

"Gentlemen! It is necessary to remove the tie in front of this boy, in front of his performance and in the face of his great desire to always challenge others and above all with himself. But most of all, it's about to get rid of the tie because he, like so many, has been one of my biggest wins, one of the most beautiful," the professor made. Everything is framed by an endless applause.

Both Simon and Matthew had their eyes glistening, the young man did not expect this shot. That professor did not answer in the night just to create a tie, to thank a pupil who, after so many bad things, had made him excite.

Simone thought that the challenge this time had lost with Matteo but for the first time he saw in front of him not a professor but a friend who smoked, with a jeans and a shirt, a headset always stuck in his ear, his Nikon and the passion for adventure: simply Matteo Ferrucci.

It was a rainy day, Simone stepped down the steps, walked long as his mind fell into deep confusion. He did not want to escape that train but at the same moment he did not stop thinking about Emily a moment.

He strongly believed that girl could really change his life. Simone was struck by the moment she made that famous question, so she did not know anything about his life. On the other hand, he did not want to let Cecilia escape, they had shared everything, they had pushed over without taking into account the consequences.

Simone worshipped adventures, he wanted someone to care for his most fragile side and share his growth with a younger girl than him. Emily was perfect.

Emily Marchionne came from a modest family farm. They lived away from the chaos of the city and in the relaxation of nature, her father Benito, in addition to making the farmer, exported his

products throughout the region with his truck and every Saturday he was in the market of the city. The mother did not like to stay in the country, she preferred the city noise; for her comfort was first of all, in fact, besides going with her husband on Saturday at the market, she worked as her right arm in a cosmetics company.

Benito and his wife built a beautiful family made up of Emily, his sister Eleonora and a sweet pincher named Ali.

Emily was a pretty girl with the appliance and glasses, her face glittering, slim and low in height. She was not bad but she had her because. She liked to travel, in her eyes you could read it: "rebel spirit." She often argued with her parents, especially because of the problems that the little sister created.

She had struggled hard to have Ali, who felt her an indescribable joy. Thanks to him she could feel free and happy, when they slept together she even spoke as a crazy with her dog ..

Emily had a great admiration for her father. She was always with him, she liked to stay in the truck, and every now and then the Saturday she earned double the money on the market thanks to her talk and her ability to be convinced.

She also loved the mother, but with her it took a long time before getting a great relationship. She hindered her growth path, and made her choices. Emily was always afraid and she was always at a crossroads, her two sides never agreed. This led her to have problems with herself and with others in the future.

On one side there was her rebellion, her being free and frustrated, and then there was the most docile part of her that of great respect for feelings and for people.

Emily was changing and someone had to hide her worst side but no one tried it.

Eleonora, on the other hand, was the opposite of her sister, much more reserved, she preferred to see the TV awake at home, fill her with food and do nothing. She had her companion of friends and never wanted to go further, she was afraid of finding love, something that was totally unknown to her. She did not even like herself, if she remembered it whenever she was in front of a mirror.

She was phobic, she was afraid to become obese, so she decided to go to the gym and join the Montesilvano volleyball women's team where, by surprise, she had become the best of all. she put passion and love in what she was doing and she decided to become a chef one day. Parents, therefore, enrolled in high school hotels.

Eleonora wanted a great deal to her sister, though she sometimes did not hide the jealousy she felt for her, perhaps because she was bigger and also because she struggled to have something she had never understood-love.

She adored her mother and had respect for her father for what she did for her family.

Eleonora has a concept of old-fashioned family to be sixteen, she believes in her strength and this idea could only be passed on by her father as strong as Benito was.

"Time is healer," they told me. Even today I rock it like a necklace between my fingers, rocking with the fear of falling to the ground, with the fear that that time was not really healing but traitorous, as it was the train that maybe had to pass some time before. But you know, the trains are late and then they apologize to you and if they do not go in time, they do not wait. They leave.

Simone then made his decision twice. That day he walked long in the rain, risking the bronchopneumonia, but he came to his choice: he wanted Emily, he wanted to grow, to learn, and to love.

Saturday, February 27, 2010, at 10:45.

The recreation at school played. Simone ran by Emily, he did not want that story end to as it had ended up with the previous ones.

In his desperate run, however, he find a problem: Emily was attending a boy of Simone's age. His name was Matteo, a hairy, shaved boy, the typical guy of girls.

Simone did not want to believe what he saw, he was afraid he was too late and that train had already passed.

Matthew saw Simone as an insect to crush, for him it was all easy: he had muscles and a tough face to envy. Emily liked this.

Simone had nothing from him, the only weapon he could show was sympathy. For the rest you could throw it off. He wondered who would like a guy with long, dirty hair, a neck kefia, a chain in his jeans, his pants down, the total absence of a muscle, and above all the fear he was doing as a mistress.

Emily waited for Simone until 10 and 55 but he left because he believed the stranger had stolen the girl.

Simone could not think of anything else and at 12:27 he thought of writing a message.

"Hi Emy, sorry but before I was a bit busy. I wanted to ask you if this afternoon you would go to see us, will you? " The heart had come in his throat, cold sweat, the fear of being too late.

A few minutes later the answer came. "No, do not worry, no matter what time?"

"Let's do at 16:00 at the station," Simone said, all excited and reassured.

"Perfect, does it happen if my sister also comes?"

"No, but indeed! Then after that, hello Emy. "

"Fine, see you later".

What an indescribable time for Simone! Reading those messages was definitely a success, albeit small: he had been able to have an appointment with Emily. Yes, of course, there was also her sister, but all in all she could even make friends with her if things were going wrong.

They arrived at 4pm and Simone was already there. He saw her come from far, with her sister. He pulled out the hand of Emy's sister, who found himself called Eleonora, and just as they were deciding what to do, the girl saw her friend with whom she decided to go leaving him and Emily alone.

Simone this time did not want to throw the opportunity given to him by fate, then he decided to take a walk in the main course.

"I can not, sorry I can not," Simone said in a showcase and the other, and a chatter.

"What can not you do?" Emily asked with a question mark on her face.

"I can not look in your face, I do not do it! You are too beautiful and I look at those eyes and the more I want to kiss you. " Simone had thrown all the axes on the table, he had taken that train and he did not intend to get down.

Emily had become tomato-like in the meantime.

"Then look at it again, so I kiss," she replied in embarrassment.

Simone did not believe what he heard, he had gone up in time on that train and he had what he wanted: the girl wanted that kiss, which of course did not hesitate to arrive.

Simone and Emily kept walking until she got to the bench. There the two were now loose and, besides kissing and being embraced, Simone remembers when Emily received a message. It was Matteo who wondered what she was doing while she simply replied that she was with Simone. "Blow the metal boy" was Matteo's obviously irritated response. Simone had won.

Back at home they continued to speak, at school they did the same but without any sign that they understood that they were actually a couple. But Emily asked, "Simo. We kissed, we were together that day and we just do what you say beautiful words. Only I did not understand if we are together or not !! "

"Of course we are together!" Simone replied firmly.

"But then are we together since 27 or today March 2?" She wanted to take off her last pebble from her shoe.

"Of course, from 27," Simone confirmed, satisfied and finally happy.

Simone and Emily finally joined their souls. And still today, fate keeps my mind, my days, and finally my memories, dropping in that number and phrase laughing in my face. Naturally.

It took days to get full confidence that this was a great couple. Emily took care of Simone right away and vice versa Simone made for her.

One day, while walking around the park, Simone revealed to his girlfriend a promise made to himself. "I've always been a disaster, I can never keep a serious relationship. But now, today, here in front of you I can say something that I am certain now. I want to stay with you and if I fall with you then I have failed with myself. "

That promise Simone had well printed in his heart and mostly remained imprinted in Emily's mind.

In the first period, as both attended the same school, they were always together. Simone then decided that it was right to introduce her his trusty friend Gonzalo and Emily chose to present in turn Giovanna and Alessandra, better known as the "Hollywood diva" to Gonzalo.

Gonzalo, like a script, was fascinated by the beauty of Alessandra who in turn swore by holding any thought or emotion.

After the classic handshakes, they decided to go out to make a chat before the end of the recreation.

When the bell sounded Gonzalo spoke privately with Simone.

"But did you see how beautiful that girl is there?" Gonzalo began the speech.

"Eh, sure she is pretty." But now Simone had who to think about and he was completely lost for Emily.

"She is in love, I intend to conquer her. You will see, I will, I will use the Gonzalo method. "

In fact, Simone was lost and did nothing but think of his girlfriend but, in spite of everything, he did not escape the phrase "I'll use the Gonzalo method." That method consisted of adding the lucky on Facebook, waiting for her to accept friendship and then giving free vent to the romantic vein that Gonzalo had; He was only a few days old and he was happy to go to school, with the number of the girl who had somehow managed to have it after having been baptised.

This time, Gonzalo had the fact that Alessandra was a girlfriend of Simone's girlfriend and so it was really a kid's play.

One morning he came to school all singing and Simone understood, by now he knew his friend perfectly. There was only one element missing to be certain that he had been able to have what he wanted: if he had said to the class that that morning he would bring the churros - a typical sweet of his parts - to everyone, he was certainly gone smooth as oil. That morning he offered the whole class the "churros". Gonzalo went hungry, risking almost diabetes.

After these two classic episodes of the "conquistadores" version of Gonzalo's mood, Simone wanted to know how this time she had made her fall at her feet.

"Then, tell me! Do you have her number?" Simone asked curiously.

"Of course, did you have any doubt? It was all too easy!" Agreed Gonzalo with a wink. The boy knew how to make us with the women who really interested him but he exulted too early this time, that diva was quite difficult to conquer.

In the days that followed Gonzalo tried everything: go out with four with Simone and Emily, movie invitations and the more you put it. However, the diva did not seem so interested in Gonzalo.

Obviously this for Simone's eyes was a scoop from the front page, no one had given the Argentine how little she was doing. Emily, to help her, decided to talk to her friend asking her if she felt something for Gonzalo.

"What should I tell you? Yes, I'm nice, it's very nice but it does not tell me anything. He is not really my ideal boy!" Alessandra said, little enthusiastic.

After having had the precious information, Emily passed the hot potato to Simone, which in turn told everything to her friend. Gonzalo did not give up and tried it all for a whole week.

On 30 May 2010 it was Simone's birthday, he was 16 years old and he had not planned a party. This was what Emily thought of having prepared a surprise, calling all of her closest friends, including Alessandra and Gonzalo.

Simone was exalted by the fact that someone had organized a surprise party, he had always wanted one. Emily, who had discovered this desire of Simone, did not hesitate to make him happy, but in that party there was to make another person happy, in fact two: Gonzalo and Alessandra.

As they all danced, sang and ate, they completely lost the traces of Gonzalo and Alessandra who had finished out on the balcony to speak.

The air was tight between the two but Gonzalo threw himself and asked the diva if she wanted to follow him out to talk.

Simone worried, along with his girlfriend, went searching, saw them speaking in a dark corner on the balcony and he decided to listen to the speech without being seen.

"By now I think you understand why I brought you out here and I think you have understood what my intentions are," Gonzalo began.

"Yes, but look, I tell you right away: I do not want to have a relationship with you! I swear to you you are nice, sweet, affectionate but I prefer to have you as a friend, " Alessandra, said not a little embarrassed by the situation.

"But why? Try at least, I can give you so much love! Try it, you will not regret it! "

"No, let's stay friends! Please come back inside? " And these were the definitive words of the girl, there was no tripe for cats.

For Gonzalo it was hard to accept that rejection. He who had never been rejected by anybody now had to live with that choice.

In the following days there was a bit of detachment but time also solved that problem. The two remained great friends until they did not talk about it when she fell in love with a boy: the diva finally got engaged. One thought of someone coming to his beauty but everyone was disappointed to see that he was just the opposite of it. He was a very asocial and jealous guy, as high as a basketball player, with short hair and a face that was just like a lumpy fish.

What a defeat hard to send down to Gonzalo! But destiny also took care of him, he did not leave him alone. Love would come to him too soon.

CHAPTER III

I lost too many times in the sky. I remember the first time I came: I was thrilled to run on clouds like Heidi and I felt so young, wild and free. No one was telling me what to do, no one hindered me. I was only at first, but then the light came.

Simone often looked at the sky, He liked to lose as he watched the clouds pass. It looked like sheep lost in search of her shepherd, and among them she could see her grandfather.

It was March 2009 when the disease attacked him with presumption, like a spoiled child when he did not get his play. Humans, however, are not games and they are not even feelings. The problem was that it was too complicated to talk about fate and Simone knew it well.

Emily had not yet had the pleasure of knowing it, but Simone was merely telling her about life, death, and grandfather miracles so he could stimulate the girl's desire to see him. But he did not do it in time.

It was too early to let an entire family know about a little girl of just 15 years, especially on St. Stephen's Day. So Simone, through his latest generation cell phone, showed his Emily to his grandfather.

"Good grand-nephew, good shot!" grandpa said with a smile.

He liked it, could be read in the eyes and in the eyes of all those present in that table.

Days flew, Simone could no longer control his time, and April 2010 came in a lash of eyelashes. When at 12:45 the message came, he was completely destroyed. If it had not been for Emily, at this time it would not be the person everyone knows.

New message: MY LOVE IS DEAD. Send.

"Professor, can I go out?"

"Sure," the professor replied distractedly.

Simone opened the door and she was already there waiting for him. The two guys hugged more than they could and Simone, for the first time, let go in front of a woman. He cried too much and Emily at that moment felt a swirling of emotions she could not handle, she did not know how to move but she knew that the only thing to do was hugging. She remembered what the boy said to her: "Hugs are the nicest gesture a human can have. Bringing a hug is such a magical power that for a moment makes me think that the whole world is a better place. "

Simone, he was happy with Emily's presence and what she had done for him. She was always there, she always was.

In the following days, Emily met Simone's family, caressed her spirit, and in a short time she was fond of the warmth she had emanated, to the great humanity and passion that she had.

She watched the pain of the boy and realized that she had a mission in her heart to make him come back happy.

Emily Marchionne had completely opened to Simone, she was living a dream, she had put him in front of everything and everyone. There was only that boy with long hair, earring and dark period that still flowed in his veins.

After that tragedy in Simone's life, time adjusted almost everything. That girl had done some real miracles. The first was when she organized that amazing party for surprise for the 16-year-old Simone. They had just celebrated their first anniversary and Emily was not content. So, being a good programmer, she was already preparing the surprise party he liked so much to Simone.

She was just ripping off a smile behind her and seeing her boyfriend smile was for her really the best.

After calling all the friends, Emily met at 18:00 at Simone's home where everything was ready and ready. To help her, of course, there was Elena who, after the hard times and the death of her dad, had come to see her happy son.

Meanwhile, as the guests slowly arrived, Emily came out with Simone and took her to the sea, the place she loved most of all. They talked to fool the time, but after a while, the girl made a small mistake. As she walked away for a moment to make a phone call with Simone's phone, as her was unleashed, she let it go hand his. That Simone was curious was not a novelty, so he picked up the cellphone and at that exact time came Alessandra's message: "I am at Simone!"

The young man made calculations in mind, and despite having two in maths, he knew that Emily was organizing something behind him, maybe a nice surprise party.

When Emily came back she said she was leaving, it was time to get back to bed. Simone already knew but did not want to ruin what someone had never done before in his life, that is to make him really happy.

So they came home, waited a while, and when Emily gave the signal up the voice, all his friends came out of the room and shouted "SURPRISEEEEEEE".

Simone was really impressed with how his mother had decorated the room and how Emily had cared for every detail. She had done her best to see him smile, and she had succeeded in great.

The days began to run faster than Usain Bolt and you did not know how to stop or deceive him. The fate however this time wanted to test Simone: after being impressed by Emily, the girl did more and planned a very special meeting.

Emily at school that morning suggested that Simone go with her to see the Pescara ball game.

Simone naturally accepted but wondered if they were just the two of them.

"Love, let's go with my family and some friends. My dad told me he wants to meet you, the ticket paid you him, "Emily smiled.

Simone was embarrassed, he knew that only a saint would help him, and in his mind he repeated that he would not like Emily's family and that he would be misled all the time.

The afternoon came. Simone was agitated, it was almost a piece of ice, full of fear in the body.

Emily tried to dissolve him, to calm him but he could not, and when the driveway was over, Simone saw people with flags and scarves. There was above all he, Benito the boss, his wife, some friends, the little dog Ali and finally Eleonora.

Simone, awkward and with Emily next to him, approached him, shook his hand firmly and he presented. He thought that an important step had already been made and the man answered all proudly by presenting himself.

When the presentations were over, he left to get to the stadium. There was harmony in the car and Benito was driving his Fiat Stilo station wagon, with its darkened windows and a screaming system to envy every vulgar in the area. Inside, they were listening to dance pieces from 80s, but above all he could not miss the compilation of Barry White, he loved it.

They were chatting in the middle of the smoke. Benito and his wife smoked two packs of cigarettes each day and if they did harm to them or to the people around them.

Meanwhile, Simone had already melted enough and, when he came to the stadium, he had a great time to see Benito inside the stadium, teasing to the last saint, smoking and celebrating with his family and friends. The boy was happy, there was in the middle of him and being in the graces of a father for him was really the best, since he did not have one.

At the end of the game everyone came back to their own homes and Simone came to resume from her mother. As she greeted Emily's family, she realized how the girl was really excited about what he had done for her. She was really proud of Simone.

Things were always going to swell and sail. Problems could not arise at that age, the real problems always come when it grows because when you are young you make it believe that life is a fun carousel that never ends. But in the end you have to go down and give up on the fact that you grew up and that carousel no longer matters to you.

Despite all this, Emily and Simone were a wonderful carousel, one of those in the city, decorated with beautiful lights and fairy tale music. Their fable continued and nobody could stop them, maybe only Simone himself could destroy this couple with his fears. He still had to defeat them, but it takes time, a long time.

On a Sunday morning, the two guys met. It was a hot day and they decided to shelter themselves in the park, where they were covered by the trees and were embraced by the light wind and the song of the birds.

At that almost enchanted place Emily, looking at the hour, offered Simone to eat at home. Simone became ice, even the strong heat could not dissolve him but in his insecurity he still had the strength to accept the invitation. She tried to call her mother to tell her she would not have lunch at home.

"Daddy, can Simone stay with us?" Meanwhile Emily alerted her father.

"Okay, but do you eat that fish?" Benito asked.

Simone hated fish since childhood since he had swallowed a plug. Since then he had been afraid of the fish in general and completely stopped eating it.

"Mmmm, no ..." Emily said, knowing Simone's tastes.

"But what fucking boy is he does not eat the fish? All right, we think about it!" the girl's father giggled. And there the call ended.

They arrived at Emily's house and Simone could not help but admire the vast lands and the smell of the countryside that reminded him of his home. And then how did you do not love that beautiful puppy who was Ali! The two became so great friends right away, they did not stop for a minute.

When he finished playing with Ali, the boy came into the house and he was struck by the great cleansing and the gentle order that was reigning, and by that scanty smell of fish coming from the kitchen.

Benito was in front of the PC to play, after spending a long morning in the fields, and greeted the boys.

"Hello chest, today fish can be left without food!" Benito joked.

"Well, you see that I'm not, so I do not get fat," Simone said, not to remain in complete silence, as every time he did not know what to say laughs.

His wife reassured the boy, revealing to him that she had cooked the excellent meat from animals reared in their stables.

Emily encouraged the young man to tell him that his father was just joking and Benito smoked his twentieth cigarette, a smile that made him run away.

In the afternoon Emily, Simone and Eleonora decided to go out together and make a leap into the centre. Before leaving the boy he apologized for not having eaten the fish with them and thanked for the welcome.

The day was about to end, and after that good morning and an afternoon in company, he did not really feel what life was giving him.

The carousel revolves, rotates, and no one intends to stop it. One day, however, he decided to do so inexplicably.

The days went by and without even knowing it went even the year, arrived in 2011 and started counting down to celebrate a year of engagement.

But before, Simone had to think of Gonzalo, January 31 was his birthday and, like every year, he was celebrating at his home.

The invitation also came to Emily and, as every birthday, Gonzalo received from Simone the usual 10 Euros in a greeting card. Simone never knew how to make gifts and, to have no doubts or problems, she gave the money so they could do what they wanted.

In his heart he could not wait for his friend's party to arrive, too, because his mother prepared, in addition to the churros, even the shorts. Simone was leaving at least with her full stomach, always eating at least twenty pants and churros at will. Eventually the stomach raised white flag, not even the Malox would have made an impact.

Emily, on the other hand, tasted those delicacies with pleasure, without coming to the comatose state of the boy.

The party was always cheerful thanks to the "Latin" effect of Gonzalo's kinship but, on a timely basis, it would have been well accepted by a translator to understand what they were saying. The party had almost come to an end and besides eating and talking to everyone else, nothing was done. At some point it was better to go home.

That night Emily was just saying how excited she was to celebrate their first year together in less than a month. It was also a joy for Simone, who had never been to such a long time with a girl that his stories lasted for a couple of months.

Inside, Simone was thinking of what to do and how to hit his girlfriend straight into the heart, because this time Emily had to stay open.

The idea came on February 1 after a rather hard school day. Back home, Simone saw his grandfather father working the wood and suddenly he lit a light bulb in his brain: that afternoon he went on to the story as to how Simone had a brilliant idea and at the same time very useful to improve his builder ability.

He had decided that every day until February 26 night he would write a letter describing everything he was preparing in those days with his feelings, just as scientists do when they record their own voice to document a discovery. Simone did it on paper and really did. He was sweating on the ground day and night, and after school he was in a hurry to go to work.

Time ran almost over him, he put his breath on his neck, but stumbled right into the end giving victory to Simone.

On the 26th night Simone concluded the writing made by him in the wood saying "1 year I love you". He had taken care of every detail, painted it and polished it in an impeccable manner, without splinters.

The letter, however, ended up writing it just when the clock marked the 00:00: it was then the 27th day, the most important day of their life.

On Sunday, February 27, 2011, Simone was excited. The sun was shining and the sky was so blue that you could mirror it.

After stole a dry wine from the house and took the letter and his writing, the boy left for Emily Marchionne.

The two met outside the girl's house. Emily kissed Simone until she was exhausted and she continued to do so, especially when the young man showed her his work and the letter. Emily was upset, this time she was receiving the benefit of the good gesture and Simone embraced her.

The day had been well-structured and Simone had foreseen first to reach their bench. Then they would move to the sea where they would be able to enter an establishment.

Everything went in the right direction, and once on the beach, they saw a cliff nearby. It was there that they toasted, with the prose stolen by Simone, between one photo and the other. It seemed to be in a scene of such romantic films: two young loving boys celebrating their anniversary, a catchy and slow musical background, the sun burning on the gentle and endless streams of stones and effusions.

It came in the cold afternoon and it was better to go back. They decided to go back to Emily and the girl was no longer in the skin: she still had a gift for Simone. Simone closed her eyes and there it opened when Emily told him to reopen them. A plush with a central heart appeared in front of his eyes and the word "LOVE FOREVER".

Simone, who did not know how to hide the feelings, remained so happy but in the meantime even a little disappointed by the simple fact that he wanted something more exciting, something that was just as much of the effort he had made in arranging that wonderful anniversary.

After this small negative note of the afternoon of Simone's anniversary and character, the day continued and came in the evening with a great dinner out.

They went to the restaurant where Elena worked and when they got there the atmosphere was wonderful. There was a soft light and a very romantic climate waiting for them. Obviously Emily was really breathless, she did not think that Simone could get so much.

The food was great and the two did nothing but talk about how they planned their future together. Love seemed to triumph that night even though on one side there was the fearsome and timid boy of the earth and on the other a young girl full of prospects and a desire to love to envy the angels.

Elena, maybe that night, was the only one not to be happy seeing that dinner had been deducted from her salary. But what would not a parent do to see a happy son?

I remember how Emily talked to me that night and it was really hard to get her out of her face. And how could I do it? I am the first to want happiness. Simone did it, he spoke with me and his grandfather for a long time. He said he was happy, that he had finally found happiness and did not want to leave that girl anymore.

But Simone's character, unfortunately, tended to be like his father's, never took anything from his mother but everything from him and that character was coming out slowly. I knew from the discussion about that stupid plush. In fact, Simone only had to understand that he had to accept it without putting the brunt as Emily had changed his life for him, she had done anything to make him smile after the violent thunderstorm that had passed on his life and almost killed him. He had to understand that Emily was his girlfriend, the one who was giving him the most beautiful thing, the most repressed feeling of today's men, Love.

That evening something in Simone changed, or at least I was hoping.

Meanwhile, I had paid pledge for my sins in the earthly life and I was allowed to do anything without getting over exaggerated. I decided to walk between the sun and the stars, and since I had time, time, I took my jacket and I went to play far away light years. Nobody here judges you, no one hurt you, here you eat at 13:00 on a table over a mile and there are people who were my friends first but who have now become brothers. I would still be there with them to help them, to make them understand how to deal with the serenity, I would give them some advice but the days of the soul have ended up for me as well. Still, I never stop watching Simone and Emily.

In the meantime, it was day and it was time to return to everyday life. Simone, after the anniversary, had become another person. It was good to see, this situation for him was like a new lymph, which loaded him every day.

The results were also visible in the school context. Emily had also changed her into that, it made her study and respect for the professors. The professors also became aware of Simone's change and they were really excited about it.

Meanwhile, the situation had remained stable: the brothers worked, the mother still struggling despite her age, and Giorgia attended increasingly silly and stupid males.

One day he brought home a young boy with clever air, but then a flop. His name was Pietro and he was a nerd who had met at school with two big glasses due to myopia. Simone was nothing more than fooling him.

That day Pietro was wearing a short-sleeved shirt with the word "Bazinga" and found that he had a vocabulary all of it, of course good nerd that can be respected. He boasted of having three consoles, the most crazy games and he knew how to tell you more about Pokemon than the inventor himself.

On the weekend, he and his friends and Simone met for the classic match at "Dungeon and Dragoons" where he clearly fired everyone.

When he went to find Giorgia, he always acted polite, just as his rich family wanted, the owner of an oil company in the land of the Emirates.

They went out often, never tried to miss respect and above all hide to be the richest guy in the city. But Giorgia did not care about the economic factor, she always felt her way of acting, made her feel like a queen and he had no eyes for others.

Giorgia was the smallest of Simone's family, seeing her 14 years old, but she had a rather strong character, and since she was little she was respected by anyone. She was just a pretty girl.

Like Simone and like all teenagers, she had her strange times, but she did not exaggerate.

When time also passed to her, one day she made a mistake.

She was celebrating the anniversary with Pietro. They had been together for 4 years, a luxury finish especially for the nerd.

Both of them were now older and they were thought to have reached a certain maturity. That night was fatal for both of them.

Simone always spoke good to her sister, saying that for him it was like finding the most precious treasure in his life. He worshipped her to the unbelievable, really, but that evening he could not stop from making her a fucking bullshit.

Giorgia and Pietro decided to spend a night in his house at the sea where, between one glass and another, they found themselves drunk. It was very hot that night and, taken from the excitement of the moment, they made sex.

Giorgia did not take pills or strange things to not get pregnant, she did not want to get hissed. She preferred to have a stock of condoms to give to the boy rather than swallow dirt, but the mistake was just there: Pietro, with the blurred mind, forgot to use them, and between the excitement and the wine that did the rest that night A totally helpless creature appeared in the belly of the young man.

The next morning they woke up and tried to discuss what had happened the night before but both did not remember anything.

In the following weeks, Giorgia began to have some symptoms. She was at school when one day she became white milk. Pietro, who was in class with her, saw her so distressed and worried as the professor invited them to go out a little way out of the classroom to take the air.

The only sentence that Giorgia pronounced in that franchise was "Love, I come to vomit! Take me to the bathroom! "

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