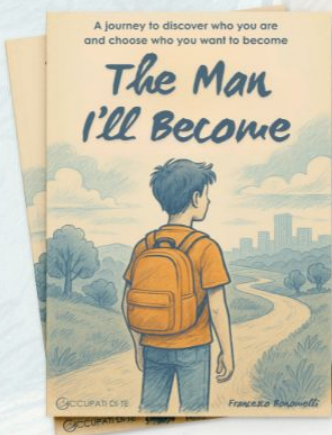


The Man I'll Become

THE FIRST 50 PAGES

A book designed for children
who are becoming adults,
and for adults who haven't stopped
wondering who they want to be.



EXCERPT
from the paperback book
published on
amazon

CCUPATI DI TE

Hi,

my name is Francesco Bonomelli, and I'd like to welcome you to this small yet important excerpt from my book: *The Man I'll Become*.

These first 50 pages mark the beginning of a journey. I chose to share them with you because I believe that, before giving a book to a boy or a girl, it's only right to breathe in its tone, listen to its voice, and understand its true value.

This is not a book meant only to be read.

It is a journal, an invitation to self-discovery, a journey made of doubts, dreams, and possibilities.

The protagonist's name is Leo. He is 14 years old, in middle school, and like many teenagers we know, he is not a hero: he is real, imperfect, and finding his way. Just like the reader.

The book is written for adolescents aged 12 to 16, but also for those who walk alongside them during their growth — parents, teachers, uncles, aunts, grandparents, and educators. It does not offer ready-made answers, but rather creates space and prompts for reflection together.

Why these pages?

To give you the time and space to understand whether *The Man I'll Become* can truly be helpful for the young person you have in mind.

Perhaps it will be just a taste.

Or perhaps, the first step toward something deeper.

If, by the end, you feel these words could help someone you care about, then you'll know it's the right moment to pass them on.

Maybe as a gift, maybe as a tool for dialogue.

Thank you for your time.

Enjoy the reading and... take care of him. Always.

Francesco

New Release: English Edition Launch

The English edition of the book, The Man I'll Become, will be released on Amazon on January 27.

To celebrate the launch:

the digital edition will be **free for 3 days**

the paperback edition will be available at a special price of **€14.70 instead of €18.70**

To make sure you don't forget the date and miss the offer, visit:



<https://themanillbecome.com/next-book-release-the-man-ill-become>

You can set a reminder there and let it remember for you.

Francesco Bonomelli

The Man I'll Become

**A journey to discover who you are
and choose who you want to become**

The Man I'll Become

A journey to discover who you are and choose who you want to become

Francesco Bonomelli

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Preface

I wrote this book for my son, but to do so I had to go back.

I wrote it thinking of the boy I once was—his questions, his silences, his insecurities, and his deep need—though he couldn't yet say it—to feel accompanied.

Each chapter of this story is the fruit of honest reflection. Nothing was left to chance.

Every stage, every encounter, every character was born from real exchanges and experiences—from conversations with other parents, with educators, with professionals who care about the inner growth of young people.

Even the name Lio wasn't chosen at random. Lio is short for Lion—because right now he's still a cub, but inside him, as in every boy, there's a strength waiting to bloom.

The journey he takes in these pages is exactly that: a path of growth, discovery, and courage.

My hope is that every young reader, as he reads this story, will feel that he too can become strong—not perfect, but authentic; not invincible, but able to fall and get back up with courage—and that one day he may grow into a true man: solid, self-aware, and loyal.

Strong as a lion. Inside and out.

With affection and trust,

Francesco

Introduction

A book to live, not just to read

This book is special.

It wasn't made to be simply read—it was made to be lived.

It's a journal, a handbook, a travel companion.

It's a safe space where you can pause to breathe, reflect, write, and color.

Yes, you read that right: to color.

Every page has been designed to welcome your version of what you're about to read.

You'll find stories, yes—but also drawings to complete, sections for taking notes, blank spaces to fill with the thoughts you like, perhaps a bit messy, but yours.

And at the end of each chapter, you'll find a question, an invitation, a spark—because every reading should leave a mark, not only in your heart but also on the page.

Coloring these pages isn't just a pastime. It's a way to leave traces, to relax, to slow down, to go back to being little—yes—but also to grow bigger, more aware, truer.

When you color, you're not just filling a shape: you're making this book yours. And when you write, you're putting in black and white what we often keep inside for too long: thoughts, emotions, questions, little secrets.

Every word written here has value—it gives you back to yourself.

This book has almost certainly been given to you by someone who cares about you.

It didn't arrive by chance. Someone thought it might help.

Someone who, silently or with a smile, wants to tell you:

“I see you. I'm rooting for you. I believe in who you can become.”

That's why this book will become truly special only when you put yourself into it.

When you underline the lines, you like.

When you use the margins to ask questions.

When you color the drawings while you think or listen to music.

When you write your truth next to the truths of the characters you'll meet.

In the end, this isn't a book that explains growing up.

It's a book that grows with you.

Page after page.

Question after question.

Silence after silence.

Keep it close.

Carry it in your backpack.

Use it whenever you feel like it.

Write on it as if it were yours alone—because it is.

Part 1

**Everything begins when you stop
and start asking yourself the right questions**

The Spark



The Morning Crisis

(I'm Lio)

My name is Lio, I'm fourteen, and today—for the first time in my life—I thought that maybe I'm getting everything wrong.

I haven't done anything terrible, okay? I didn't steal, I didn't flunk a test in some dramatic way, I didn't fall out with anyone—yet this morning I woke up with that feeling... as if something inside me was crooked. As if I were living a life I didn't choose.

I opened my eyes and looked at the ceiling of my room, which I



know by heart: the crack above the window, the posters hanging wonky, the buzz of the baker's scooter that always goes by at 7:12. Everything the same, everything normal.

Except today I didn't feel normal.

At school there's this anxiety that's been drifting through the air for weeks—like an invisible fog. Everyone talks about choosing high school path, about open houses, about the schools “with better prospects,” about “passions to follow.”

*But no one really tells you how you choose something
if you don't even know who you are.*

I don't know whether I want to do a college-prep track, a career & technical education program, or drop everything and open a bookstore in Iceland.

But it's not just about school. It's that I don't know who I want to become—and worse, I don't know how you become anything.

I said nothing at breakfast.

I ate my biscuits in silence while my dad read the paper and my mom talked with my sister about her first day on job shadowing. I watched them and wondered: when did it happen that they became adults? Was there a moment when they suddenly understood everything? Or are they still in “let's keep going and see how it turns out” mode?

I don't want to arrive there by accident. I want to become the kind of man I choose to be—someone with values, who doesn't run away, who can face life with his head held high. Someone who, when he has to choose, does it with both heart and mind—not someone who jumps just because “it's time to decide.”

So, while I was pulling on my hoodie to go to school, I made a decision.

I won't be one of those people who waits for life to teach him everything with slaps and regrets.

No.

I want to learn first.

I want to understand how to really live. I want to know how to become the person I want to be and, if no one teaches me, then I'll go and find them—the mentors. I'll find them, listen to them, put what they say to the test, and then I'll try it myself, on my own skin.

My name is Lio, I'm fourteen, and today my journey begins.

It won't be on a train or on a plane. It'll be stranger than that: inside myself, but also out in the world. A journey to become free, strong, true.

A journey to become a man—in the way I choose to be one.

The Mirror

I don't know why I went in there. Maybe because I was tired of being in class, or maybe because it was the only place where no one could bother me.

The school bathroom.

No one there. Just me and the hum of the neon light above the mirror—that thin noise like a mosquito crawling into your head.

I looked at myself—not just to fix my hair, but to really look—and there, in front of that mirror, something happened.

I asked myself:

Who am I?

Not name, surname, address. I know all that.

But who am I really—
under the hoodie,
under the sneakers,
behind the eyes?



Am I the one who makes others laugh even when I don't feel like it?
The one who says “yeah, all good” even when there's a mess inside?
The one who sometimes gets an eight and sometimes a five and pretends he doesn't care?

The one who asks questions no one else even seems to notice?

Who on earth am I?

At a certain point I heard a voice.

Not loud, not even whispered like in a horror film. A calm voice, deep—mine, and yet not mine.

“To discover who you are, you need to stop saying who you're not.”
I spun round. Nothing. Just the mirror. Just me.

But the voice was still there, inside.

“As long as you compare yourself to others, you’re describing yourself with a cookie cutter. You’re not a copy, Lio. You’re an original.”

I felt strange—and at the same time, good. As if someone had finally said out loud what I’d been thinking for months, only I’d never had the courage to tell myself.

“Every person carries a seed inside, not a label. That seed needs to be listened to, not judged. Cultivated, not hidden. “

I kept staring and, for the first time, I began to see myself without having to judge myself. Not as “the one who isn’t good at Italian,” or “the one who isn’t popular,” or “the one who doesn’t know what to do when he’s older.”

I saw a curious boy. Someone hungry for meaning. Someone trying to keep his head up even when he’s afraid. And then, almost without noticing, I smiled. Not a selfie smile. A small, real smile—just for me.

***THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS BECOMING A MAN
IS ACCEPTING THAT YOU'RE A BOY,
WITH ALL YOUR QUESTIONS.***

The voice had faded.

But I understood: that had been my first mentor.

Not a person. Not a teacher. It had been the mirror—or perhaps the deepest part of me finally answering back.

I walked out of the bathroom with a new, quiet courage. I didn’t have all the answers, but I had found the right question.

Who am I?

And maybe, at last, I had started looking for the answer—for real.

LIO'S DIARY

3 key ideas:

- You are not your grades, your clothes, or other people's opinions.
- To understand who you are, you must first stop comparing yourself to others.
- Your identity isn't fixed: it's something you discover, day by day.

3 questions for you

1. When do you feel truly yourself?
2. Which labels have you given yourself—and which would you like to throw away?
3. If you could write one sentence about yourself, what would it be?

1 exercise: Look into a mirror for one minute, in silence. Then write: "I am..." and keep going without stopping for two minutes. Write everything, without overthinking. You'll discover things you didn't know about yourself.

I am

[Space to write]

The Inner Voice

Do you know that voice in your head that never stops talking?

The one that says, you're not capable?

The one that drags you back to that cringe moment three months ago, when you messed up reading in front of the class?

The one that starts shouting every time you want to try something new?

Yeah. That voice.

It's always there and, sometimes, it feels more powerful than anyone else in the world.

Today something absurd happened.

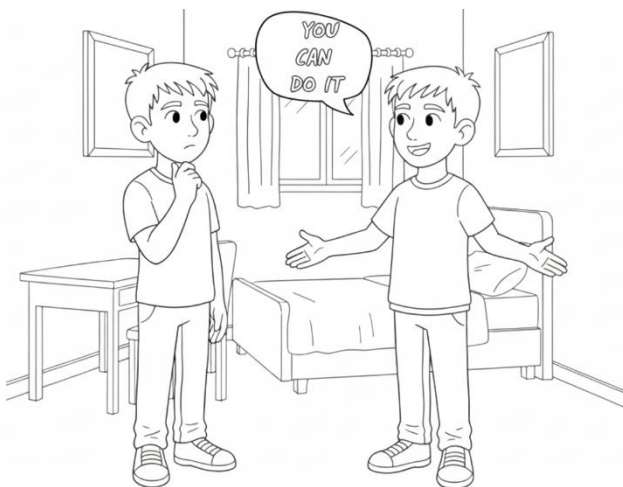
I was in the school courtyard, sitting on the low wall behind the gym. I'd just argued with Luca, one of my closest friends. Something silly—but it hurt.

And then, without meaning to, I heard myself say:

Nice one, Lio. Well done. You've ruined everything—like always.

Like always?

I froze.



But who said that? Who decided I always ruin everything?

In that moment I realized that voice wasn't my friend.

It was a sort of inner judge that did nothing but question everything I did—even when there was no need.

Then I heard another voice: calm, warm, quiet. It was inside me too, but different—softer, kinder.

“Maybe you made a mistake, Lio, but you are not a mistake.”

A simple sentence, but it hit me deep.

Until that moment, every time I made a mistake, I thought I was a mistake.

But no.

Getting something wrong is one thing; feeling wrong is another.

That new voice kept me company all afternoon and taught me something precious: **you can choose which voice to listen to.** You can train a voice that encourages you instead of tearing you down. You can learn to talk to yourself the way you would to a real friend.

And you know what? It’s harder than it looks.

Because we’re used to being our own worst judges—telling ourselves you’re worth nothing before we even try; laughing at ourselves first so no one else will do it for us.

But I don’t want to be my enemy. I want to be my first ally—

my coach, my teammate. And if I’m going to become the kind of man I choose to be, then I want to learn to speak to myself with respect. A man who makes mistakes, sure, but doesn’t humiliate himself. Who falls, then gets back up with a kind phrase—not an insult.

I went home and did something new.

I stood in front of the mirror—not to fix my hair, but to tell myself something true:

You’re on the way, and you’re doing your best. Well done, Lio.

I felt ridiculous for half a second, then proud, then free.
And I won't ever forget that feeling.

LIO'S DIARY

3 key ideas:

- The way you speak to yourself changes everything.
- You are not your mistakes; you are what you choose to do after you've made one.
- Treat yourself the way you'd treat someone you love.

3 questions for you

1. What's the negative line you tell yourself most often?
2. If a friend felt the way you do, what would you say to them?
3. What's a kind phrase you could start repeating to yourself?

1 exercise: Write a letter to yourself from your kind self. Start like this: "Dear me, I know that sometimes you feel..." Write at least 10 lines. Then read it as if a special friend had written it to you.

Dear me, I know that sometimes you feel

[Space to write]

When You Start to Really See

Up to that moment I'd been living like in a half-dream.

I asked myself questions, yes. Sometimes I looked in the mirror. But it was as if I were waiting for something: a voice, a sign, an answer.

Then I realized that answers don't arrive all at once.

They come in pieces—through meetings, phrases, sudden flashes of insight—and above all, they arrive when you're ready to see them.

Have you ever noticed that when you fixate on something, you start seeing it everywhere?



A friend of mine got it into his head that grey was the perfect color, so the scooter he was going to be given for passing the year had to be

grey, full stop. He said you hardly ever saw them around and he'd be the only one with one. The next day he counted five. All identical. They'd always been there—he'd just never noticed before.

The mind is like that: it sees what it decides to see.

When you switch on a thought, it's like switching on a radar, and you start to pick up things that always used to slide past you: details, words, chances.

That's when I truly felt the spark. ***A deep need to discover myself—not just in theory, not only in my head, but above all through experience.***

I understood there were questions I could no longer ignore.

Questions about me, my body, my emotions, the world. And to find my answers, I needed to set out.

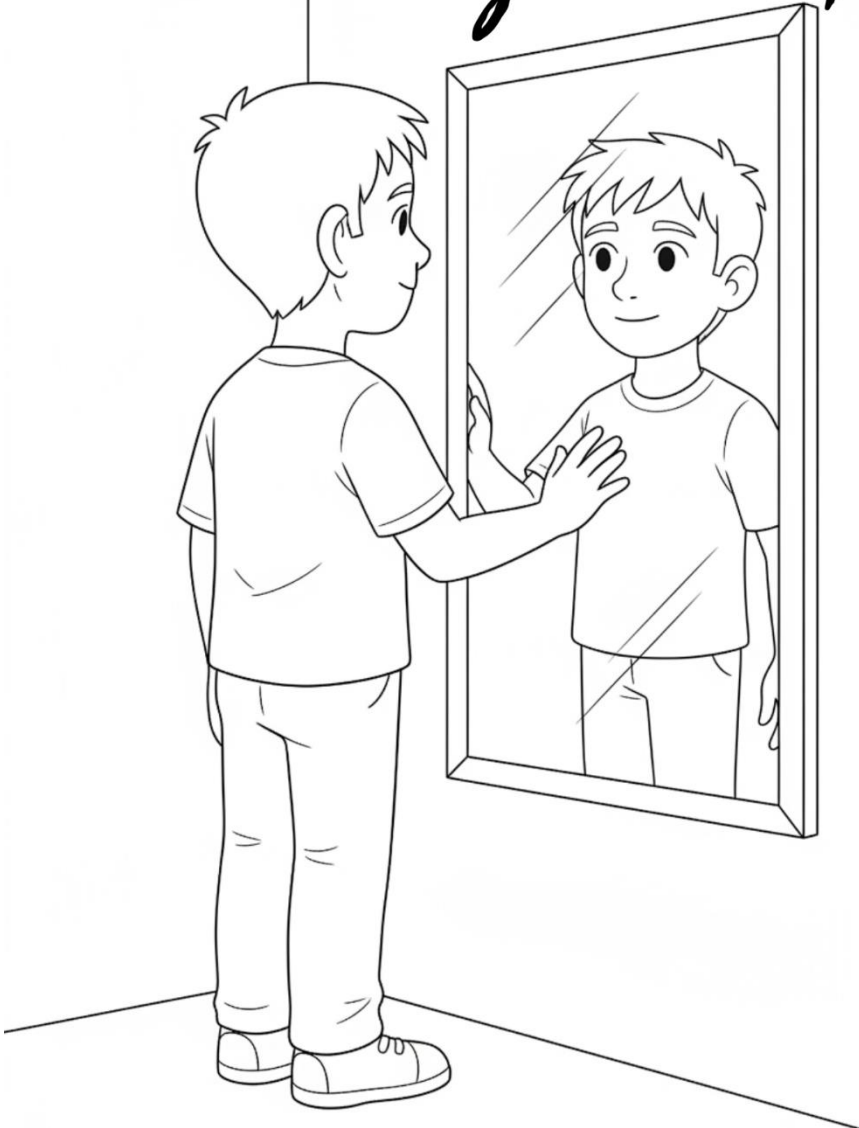
Not a fantasy trip with dragons and magic portals—a real journey, on foot, through the streets of my city, among familiar corners and unfamiliar faces.

Because sometimes *the mentors who can change your life are closer than you think* and I was finally ready to meet them.

Parte 2

The first step to facing the world...
is understanding who you are

Discovering Yourself



The Merchant

Know yourself

It was the first Sunday of the month.

The sky had that grey tone typical of winter days and the air was sharp—enough to make you keep your padded jacket on.

There was a second-hand market in the square, as always, and as I looked at the stalls and the people selling, I thought: what makes them stand here in the cold?

I passed by now and then, without ever really stopping. I'd throw a distracted glance over the jumble: old watches, scratched vinyl, books that smelled of time. I was never looking for anything—yet that day, something made me slow down.

A very small stall, almost invisible, sat in the middle of the square, near the fountain.

A man was perched on a stool. He wore a simple T-shirt and a light sleeveless vest, as if the cold didn't concern him. He looked like an alien among all those people bundled up in sweaters and coats.

And yet, though he clashed with the scene, he didn't seem out of place. It didn't look like he'd dressed by accident—he seemed simply immune to the cold... and not only that.

He hadn't said a word, nor made a gesture to draw me in.

And yet it felt as if he were there for me.

I went closer, almost without realizing.

On the stall were strange, quiet objects—as if they weren't waiting to be bought, but discovered.

An hourglass with pink sand slipping slowly down, a hand-drawn map full of curves and secrets, a notebook tied with a thin string, worn as if it had been used by a thousand different hands.

Then, suddenly, a small glint caught my eye and my gaze fell on a pendant. It looked old, but it was smooth and clean, as if someone had just polished it with care.

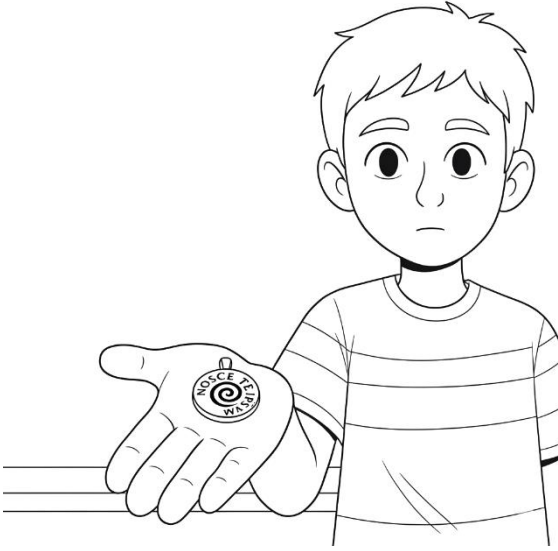
I picked it up.

It was heavier than it looked.

On the front there was a circle engraved with a dot in the center.

On the back, two words in Latin: NOSCE TE IPSUM.

“Do you know what it means?” the man asked, calmly.



I shook my head.

“It means **know yourself**. This sentence was carved on the pediment of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, in Greece—one of the most sacred and important places of the ancient world. It’s an ancient phrase, but it isn’t a quotation, Lio—it’s an invitation.

The circle is you; the point in the centre is who you truly are.

Everyone will ask you where you want to go, what you want to do, which job you dream of. But if you don’t first learn to return there, to the centre, all the rest will just be noise.

It came naturally to ask,

“How much is it?”

“Ten dollars,” he answered without hesitation.

I rummaged in my pocket. Five dollars, exactly.

“I’ve only got this.”

He nodded slowly, then looked me in the eyes.

“Let’s do this: I’ll ask you a question. If you can answer it, the pendant is yours.”

I waited.

***“Who are you when no one is watching,
no one is guiding you,
and no one tells you what to do?”***

I didn’t answer—not because I didn’t want to, but because I truly didn’t know.

I was about to put the pendant back, gloomily, when he made a small gesture with his hand.

“Keep it.”

I stared, confused.

“But the debt...”

“I said that if you answered, it would be yours—not that if you didn’t, I wouldn’t let you keep it. It isn’t a gift, it’s a loan—I’m giving you my trust. When you find the answer—the real one—the debt will be settled.”

Something tightened inside me.

I closed the little pouch in my fist, almost to protect it.

“Will you be here next first Sunday of the month?”

He smiled with the calm of someone who knows how to wait.

“Perhaps yes. Perhaps no.

But that isn’t what matters.

You’ll see—we’ll meet again when you’re ready to give me the answer.”

The Poetess of the Evening

Sometimes it's when the light fades that we truly start to see inside ourselves.

Sometimes it's when the light fades that we truly start to see inside ourselves.

There are days when it feels as if the world keeps moving... while you're stuck. Days when you can't even explain why you feel empty. You wake with a weight on your chest and go to bed hoping that, by morning, it will have gone.

But sometimes... it doesn't.

I know what that's like—because I've been there too.

There were days when no one seemed to really understand me. Days when even if I was laughing, inside me there was only silence.

I wondered whether it made sense to speak, to explain, to ask for help.

And meanwhile, somewhere inside, a dark, quiet, slippery thought crept in.

Maybe I'm no use. Maybe if I disappeared... no one would notice the difference.

But I didn't tell anyone.

Out of shame.

Out of fear of seeming weak.

Because I thought it was a fault to feel that way.

Then one evening, after closing my math notebook without managing to solve a single exercise, I felt a kind of jolt inside.

It wasn't anger, and it wasn't sadness.

It was the urge not to stay shut in with that weight any longer.

So I put on my shoes, went out, and walked.

I really walked—aimlessly—as if I were looking for something... or someone.

I needed air, and silence—but above all, I needed not to feel alone in that darkness.

Then, as I passed beneath a window left ajar, I heard music. A piano. Slow, deep notes.

I stopped.

It was as if the melody knew me.

I went closer and peeped in.

In a room in half-light sat a woman, alone. Her hands moved across the keys. She had no sheet music—only heart.

When she looked up and saw me, she said,

“Are you lost?”

“No. Or maybe yes. I don’t know.”

“Then stay a while. Here we welcome even those who don’t have answers.”

I don’t know why, but I sat down—and for the first time, I decided to speak.

Not about everything, but about something.

I opened up.

She listened—without interrupting, without judging, without saying, “it’ll pass,” “it’s nothing,” “it happens to everyone.”

She was the Poetess of the Evening.

Someone who had crossed the storm and was no longer afraid of the dark.



“Sadness isn’t the enemy,” she told me.

“The enemy is pretending it doesn’t exist.

If you’re unwell, it doesn’t mean you’re broken. It means you’re human.”

She explained that even the heaviest thoughts have a right to exist.

That we mustn’t be ashamed of pain. That loneliness is a room with the door closed—but not locked.

Then she sat me at the piano.

“You don’t need to know how to play. Press a key—just one—and let it speak for you, in its own way.”

I did.

Just one sound—but something moved inside me.

She looked at me, and in a calm, steady voice said:

“When you feel the dark swallowing you, speak, write, ask for help.

You are not a burden; you are a person—and your life has value. Always.

Even if you don’t believe it now, even if you can’t see a way out, remember this: there are people waiting for you, who can understand, who’ve been through it, who won’t let you sink.”

That evening, when I got home, I shut myself in my room and took a blank sheet of paper.

I wrote a letter to myself.

I put everything in it: the sadness, the confusion, the feeling of not being enough.

I didn't really know why I was doing it—but writing made me feel a little lighter.

Then, with my heart hammering, I went into the sitting room.

My dad was on the sofa, reading.

I sat beside him and said, “Dad... I need to talk to you.”

I handed him the letter. He read it in silence, all of it, to the very last word.

When he looked up, his eyes were wet.

No explanations were needed.

He hugged me tight—and then we talked. For a long time. All evening.

It wasn't easy.

But it was the first step out of the dark.

LIO'S DIARY

3 key ideas:

- Sadness isn't weakness; it's an emotion that deserves respect.
- Speaking up is hard, but staying silent is worse.
- No one is 'wrong', and your life has value—always.

3 questions for you:

1. Have you ever felt that no one understands you?
2. Who could you tell what you've been holding inside for too long?
3. What's one thing you could do today to ask for help, bravely?

1 exercise: Write a letter to yourself saying everything that comes into your head—no censoring, with truth, with heart.

Then add a second line: "I am not alone and it doesn't end here."

[Space to write]

The Choreographer of the Soul

I used to think only what I said mattered. Then I realized my body was speaking before me.

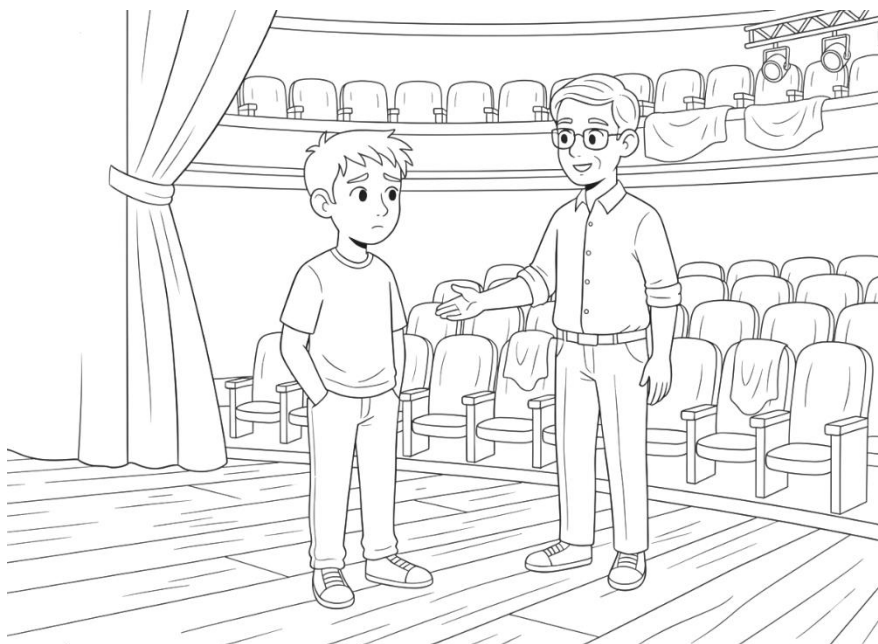
I used to think only what I said mattered. Then I realized my body was speaking before me.

I'd walked past that old theatre a million times without ever noticing it.

But that day I stopped.

I needed a quiet place—a blank space where I could sit with my thoughts, without eyes on me, without expectations.

Nothing specific had happened, and yet inside I felt a knot, as if something weighed on my chest and I couldn't give it a name.



Sometimes it's like that. You feel out of place even when you're in the right place. You feel dim even if there's light all around you.

I needed to breathe. To understand what was happening to me—and, above all, not to feel wrong for feeling that way.

The theatre was closed for restoration, but the side door was ajar.

I slipped in almost without meaning to.

Inside: silence and dust. The curtain half torn. Seats covered with white sheets.

But on the stage—there he was.

An elegant man in a black shirt and loose trousers. He walked slowly, as if each step were a note.

He looked at me and said,

“Fancy stepping on stage?”

“But... there’s no one here.”

“Exactly. It’s the best time to see who you are—when no one’s watching.”

He was the Choreographer of the Soul—a man who didn’t teach you to dance, but to walk through the world with dignity.

He beckoned me to come up.

“Walk towards me as if you were carrying an important message.”

I did.

“Well, how did it feel?”

“Awkward.”

“And yet, Lio, the way you enter a room can change everything.”

Your shoulders speak before your voice.

Your gaze announces your presence.

Your smile opens doors before words do.

*And your stride says you know where you’re going—
even when you’re not sure.*

He showed me how to keep my back straight without stiffness. How to walk slowly but decisively. How to be still without looking stuck.

“Bearing isn’t appearance—it’s coherence. It’s when who you are inside lines up with how you move outside.”

He had me practise again and again until I felt something shift.

I wasn’t just a boy walking; I was a presence taking its place.

Not to impose—but to be there, with respect, with strength, with style.

Before I left, he only said,

“Lio, remember this: even when you say nothing, the world is listening.

Every gesture, every step, speaks of you.

Walk as if each step were a word—your story is being written that way too.”

LIO'S DIARY

3 key ideas:

- Your body speaks before you say a word.
- Lifting your gaze, opening your shoulders, and walking with a steady step change not only how others see you, but how you feel.
- The way you move is a silent statement: “I’m here, and I matter.”

3 questions for you:

1. When you walk, how do you feel in your body?
2. Which part of your bearing would you like to improve (gaze, posture, stride...)?
3. What message do you want to send when you enter a room?

1 exercise: For one day, try walking as if an invisible cord were gently lifting you from the crown of your head.

Your shoulders open, your gaze rises, your breathing grows fuller.

Don’t force anything. Let your body follow that light thread—as if it were reminding you who you really are.

In the evening, take a sheet of paper and write how you felt.

Then ask yourself: “Who did I become today, simply by changing how I move through the world?”

[Space to write]

The Seamstress of Being

The way you dress can hide—or reveal—who you really are.

“The habit doesn’t make the monk.”

You’ve heard that proverb, right?

And in part... it’s true.

But only in part.

Because the truth is: **the habit doesn’t make the monk—but it says a lot about the monk you’ve chosen to be that day.**

I realized this the day I was wandering down a back street in the center and found myself in front of a little shop with no sign.

Inside: warm lights, silence, and a woman sewing with slow, almost ritual movements. Effortlessly elegant, with a calm made of measure and precision.



They called her the Seamstress of Being.

As soon as she saw me, she looked up and said,

“You don’t yet know what you want to say about yourself—but your body is already trying.”

She showed me to a velvet armchair, then

asked,

“How do you dress, Lio?”

“Dunno... whatever’s to hand. Comfortable. Without thinking about it much—basically always in sweatpants and a hoodie.”

She nodded—not to judge.

“That’s a message too.

Every day you present yourself to the world. Every outfit you choose says something before you even open your mouth.”

She had me stand and walk past a mirror.

“This isn’t for judging. It’s for understanding.”

She explained that dressing isn’t about being fashionable.

It’s about being aware of what you want to tell yourself—and others.

“Choose clothes that represent you, that make you feel strong, that make you walk tall, that remind you who you’re becoming.

When you dress just to hide, you lose yourself. When you dress to express yourself, you find yourself.”

Then she set down needle and thread, placed a hand on my shoulder, and added,

“Lio, dressing well doesn’t mean dressing expensively. It means choosing with care—and care shows.”

Those who take care of themselves send a powerful message:

“I matter.”

That evening I opened my wardrobe and, without rushing, went through every piece.

But it wasn’t like other times—this time I looked at my clothes with different eyes.

I wasn't just hunting for something to wear; I was looking for something that spoke about me.

I chose a T-shirt that reminded me of a special trip—one of those times when I'd felt free, curious, full of life.

Then I picked a pair of jeans that truly fit me—not only because they were comfy, but because when I wore them, I felt better in my own skin.

And finally, I pulled out a jacket that had been sitting there for months. I'd chosen it ages ago, but never had the courage to wear it.

“Too showy,” I used to tell myself. “Too different from what everyone else wears.”

But that evening, something had changed.

That jacket represented the part of me that wanted to come out—the part that didn't want to hide anymore.

Putting it on was like telling the world, and myself, that I was making room for a new version of me.

Braver. Truer.

LIO'S DIARY

3 key ideas:

- The outfit doesn't make the person, but it does tell part of who you are.
- Choosing how to dress is an act of self-respect.
- When you feel at ease in what you wear, your body knows it—and shows it.

3 questions for you:

1. What do you want to communicate with the way you dress?
2. Which item makes you feel most yourself?
3. Are you hiding—or expressing yourself?

1 exercise: Choose an outfit or accessory that truly represents you. Wear it on an ordinary day. Notice how you feel, how you walk, how you speak.

Write one sentence: "Today I presented myself to the world with..." and finish it however you like.

[Space to write]

The Pilgrim of Silence

"I used to think faith was something you either had or didn't. Then I realized that, sometimes, it's simply a road you set out to find."

That afternoon I needed silence.

Not to run away from the world, but to feel myself—at least for a moment—outside the noise.

I was walking near a small monastery, one of those hidden places on the hills just outside the city, surrounded by trees and low stone walls.

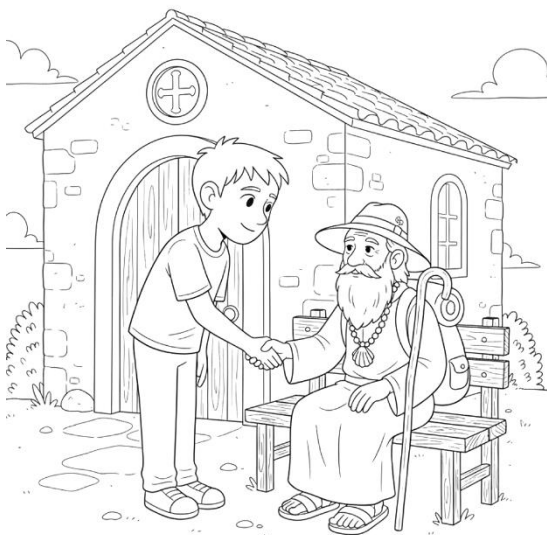
There, on a wooden bench worn smooth by time, sat an elderly man. A calm gaze, one hand resting on his stick, the other beckoning me closer.

"Excuse me, lad, would you give me a hand to stand?"

I helped him. He straightened slowly, then said,

"If you're not in a hurry, would you walk with me to the monastery entrance?"

"Of course."



And so we set off. Small steps.

I walked beside him, but I could feel it wasn't just a stroll for him.

He seemed immersed in something bigger. As if each step were carrying him further—and also deeper inside himself.

At a certain point he turned to me and said,

"You're carrying a question inside you, aren't you?"

I nodded slightly, words failing me.

"But I don't even really know what it is," I whispered.

He smiled, as if he already knew.
“Then it’s the greatest kind there is.”

He was the Pilgrim of Silence.

A man who didn’t want to convince—only to accompany.

He explained that **faith isn’t a list of rules. It’s an invisible dialogue between you and something larger**—something some call God, others Spirit, and others simply presence.

“It’s normal to have doubts. True spirituality doesn’t ask you to know everything. It asks you to listen, to open up, not to be afraid of the mystery.”

He told me that over the course of his life he had believed, then lost his faith, and then found it again in a different form: freer, truer.

“Faith isn’t certainty. It’s a daily choice of trust—in goodness, in others, in a meaning that sometimes slips through our fingers.”

When we reached the little cloister, he stopped and pointed to an open door.

“In there you don’t need to say anything. But if you have something to ask, you can. Even only inside yourself.”

I went in.

Inside, time seemed to have stopped.

The stone paving was polished by centuries of quiet footsteps.

The arches held up the sky with ancient grace, drawing a perfect square of stillness.

Light slanted in from one side, glancing off the pale columns and sketching soft shadows on the floor.

There was peace: a full peace, that listens.

I sat on a stone bench, rough and cold.

And I stayed in silence.

I didn’t ask for answers.

I simply asked to understand my path a little better.

Before I left, the Pilgrim of Silence placed a small holy card in my hand.

It was Saint Francis, eyes lifted to the sky, a tiny bird perched on his hand.

I'd seen that image many times at my grandmother's house—but in that moment it felt different.

It wasn't just a picture; it was an invitation.

On the back, it said:

"Start by doing what is necessary,

then what is possible.

And suddenly you will find yourself doing the impossible."

I read the line several times. At first I didn't fully understand it. Then I thought of my journey—of small steps, of fears faced one day at a time—and I understood that maybe you don't need to have everything clear from the start.

You just need to begin. Do the first right thing.

The rest comes.

Perhaps slowly, perhaps in ways you can't imagine—but it comes.

And maybe that is what makes the difference: having faith in something greater than us.

Something we cannot touch, but that can give us strength when we feel small.

Something that reminds us that we are not alone—even when it seems that way.

LIO'S DIARY

3 key ideas:

- Spirituality isn't necessarily religion: it's connection, listening, meaning.
- Sometimes you don't find answers, but you learn to ask deeper questions.
- Faith can be a personal path—free of rules, yet full of meaning.

3 questions for you:

1. What does “believing” mean to you?
2. Is there a place or a moment when you feel most at peace with yourself?
3. Have you ever experienced something that made you feel part of something greater?

1 exercise: Sit in a quiet place, switch everything off for five minutes, then write one question you've been carrying inside for a long time. Don't look for the answer straight away—let it accompany you for a while. Read it again in a week and perhaps something will have changed.

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This journey does not end here.

If you wish to continue exploring, reflecting, and growing,
you can find additional content connected to this path online.

The book's official website: **themanillbecome.com**

Inside, you will also find access to the dedicated app:
app.themanillbecome.com

A digital space where, over time, the following will be published:

- audio and video content
- images and aphorisms
- accompanying texts
- games and interactive experiences
designed to support you along your path of growth.

It is an additional possibility.
Use it when you feel the need,
at your own pace, in your own way.

Because becoming the person you will be
is an ongoing journey that continues every day.

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The English edition of the book, The Man I'll Become, will be released on Amazon on January 27.

To celebrate the launch:

the digital edition will be **free for 3 days**

the paperback edition will be available at a special price of **€14.70 instead of €18.70**

To make sure you don't forget the date and miss the offer, visit:



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The Man I'll Become
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