

THE BOY WHO REPAINTED HIS FERRARI

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*I would like to learn how to play the piano.
Sometimes I envision myself in the future, playing it in an airport in
the early hours of the morning, while people are just starting to wake
up.*

I still have unconscious visual reproductions of my past. They continually invade my current abstract world: my mind and my thoughts.

My sixth chakra, the one associated with visualizations, visions, and imagination, often brings back images of when I was fearless and had the attitude that in my opinion, a twenty-three-year-old should have.

It was a time in my life when I was financially secure and generally unburdened by my seventh chakra, or better, untroubled by thoughts of responsibility. In short, that moment when you have no family obligations and don't owe anyone any explanations. At first glance, I was free.

I still feel that sensation of having the world at my feet.

People often criticized my bold behavior. They confused confidence with arrogance. But now that's all over.

Three years ago, I was living in Geneva, and when I went home to my mother for a few days, I felt like a little king. What did I do to deserve all those negative thoughts coming from people trapped in their own unhappiness and their monotony?

Nothing, I tell myself today. They were probably just envious.

Money has never interested me, and perhaps that's why I had it. But I believe that in the future, I will have even more,

much more than I had in the past. And if you are reading these pages, it means I am on the right track.

Since I was little, I have always been considered the black sheep of the family. To be honest, I think I still am.

You know there's always one cow in a field in the mountains that's different from all the other ones? That was me. Over time, though, as I lost touch with my origins and the self-awareness that others stripped away with their words and beliefs, I found myself becoming just an ordinary brown cow. A poisson rouge (goldfish), actually.

In my life I have always tried to do something to have more money. I've never accepted a compromise. Not in a material sense, but in terms of self-fulfillment. For example, I learned French after failing the exam miserably a few years earlier when I was at school, which opened more doors for me in the world.

My family, especially my mother's seventh chakra (thought), always impacted mine. She was convinced that money was everything to me. This wasn't true, but try explaining that to her.

When I worked in the Geneva canton, like I said before, I used to go back to her house.

To be honest, we never owned one, and when I went to school, we rented for a few years. Later, she and her employer agreed that she could work more hours and in return, she was given an apartment free of charge in the building where she worked: a residence that rented out apartments. We lived there for almost ten years.

Two bedrooms, a living room with a kitchen, and a terrace of about 10 m² bathed in sunlight from early morning until the sun went down. It wasn't a beautiful house; it had its

flaws, but waking up and stepping out onto the terrace, the sun would caress you, the sky was blue practically every day, and you were surrounded by greenery.

The classic Ligurian landscape of untreated lemon trees and green-and-white striped vertical awnings, typical of the Italian town where I grew up: Bordighera. A small, beautiful town near the Côte d'Azur.

I would return to the French Riviera, or rather, near the French Riviera to avoid upsetting my French neighbors, just to reconnect with that family chemistry, that connection of thoughts.

The word "family" is foreign to me: I had a mother and a half-sister. My parents split up when I was eight, and I spent most of my adolescence going back and forth between Bordighera and Turin to see both of them. Over time, my mother rebuilt her life, but when I came home from Geneva, her partner's jealousy and fucking unhappy mind would come to the surface, and he directed everything at me. I still don't understand why, but maybe it depended on his dissatisfaction with his monotonous life. Or perhaps he had problems with my mother that I wasn't aware of. Maybe he was frustrated with his job, or sexually frustrated. I believe this is one of the most important factors in a couple's relationship. Or simply because he had no self-esteem. But I don't know, and I don't even fucking care to find out anymore. What I believe is that he stayed with my Mom solely and exclusively because he didn't have to pay rent because of the agreement between my Mom and her employer.

But now that I'm thinking about it, there are other factors that contributed to the longevity of this romantic

cohabitation, such as the fact that he didn't want to wash his own clothes, or maybe he didn't want to start a new life without a woman, or simply because he had someone to wash the dishes after meals, since he was usually the one who did the cooking.

You should have seen him... or rather, heard him above all. He fancied himself as a chef, like the Italian Gordon Ramsay, who put onion in his carbonara, and in those moments his chakras would elevate to higher levels.

But he was unaware that these were and still are just illusions. Everything you compare in your mind is just an illusion.

When you talked to him about the restaurant business, he reckoned he knew everything and heaven forbid you contradict him. He would start yelling, raise his voice, and say, "You don't know shit! That's not how it is. You have to believe me!"

On one hand, self-esteem is important in life, I agree, but there are realities outside our beliefs that we can't even imagine. So, we think we are someone, living in that illusion, as I said before.

Sometimes, I had the stupid idea of using my fifth chakra (the voice) to say what I thought and, above all, to express in words what I had learned from my experiences abroad, but going against someone you already know isn't on your level is like disrespecting yourself. In short, you don't feel like fighting someone you already know you can easily destroy. There's no satisfaction in that.

We are animals at our core, and challenges unconsciously appeal to us. Competition, after all, is a good thing in life. Proving to yourself that you can face certain situations and

topics makes you feel alive. And it's fascinating when you find strong minds around the world: minds full of personality, some powerful, and others worthy. We can learn a lot from them. But arguing with ignorance is pointless: you can only keep quiet when faced with that.

But he was just like so many other people, trapped in the mentality typical of someone who lives all his life in a small town with just over 10,000 inhabitants.

I always felt indifferent towards him, but it was mutual. And honestly, I don't even blame myself for it. The way he behaved was what led me down this path, ever since I was little. Over time, I became totally indifferent to him. He never raised me as a dad should, at least not as Ajna (my sixth chakra), my imagination, suggests.

I understand if you don't want to raise me as a son, since you're not my birth father — that's what I think today. But he didn't even raise me as a friend or as a man should when deciding to take on a woman with a child, knowing full well that the child needs a father.

Thinking about that, I remember when I was a child, I mean ten or eleven years old. I was motionless as I watched him in his bedroom from the living room, since I slept on the couch. He played on the PlayStation while I sat there alone.

I don't recall that he ever said, "Hey kid! Come here, let's play car games."

Nothing. And I still remember what I thought, suggested by Sahasrara (my seventh chakra): "Why doesn't he call me to play with him? Why does he play alone?"

That was the thought of a child who didn't understand. Your lack of awareness at that moment makes you wonder

whether maybe you're the one who's wrong. But you're not. It's the person in front of you who is.

But at that moment, you're just a child. You don't think about all this stuff. But I wonder today: how does a child grow up in an environment like that? How will they see the world? What will their perception of reality be in the future? I remember he only ever minded his own business; in ten years, he took me out for arrostitini [meat on skewers] once, for a kebab another time, and once to McDonald's. That's it. Nothing else.

In ten years, he never even gave me five euros.

He never took me to the park, not even to see a movie at the cinema or simply to play football with me. But don't worry, when it came to money, as I grew up a bit, I felt something inside me saying: "Steal it from his wallet during the night." And when he had more than one identical banknote, I'd take one. But unfortunately for me, he didn't carry much cash, and I usually took five euros a week or whatever coins he had.

"Fuck you..." I think today about that unconscious behavior of mine. "You chose a woman with a child. Don't you want to raise him? No? Then I'll steal your money; you have to give me something. You can't just have my Mom!"

And now, my seventh chakra (thought) suggests: according to Article 649 of the Italian Penal Code, if you steal from parents, siblings, or cohabiting family members, it won't constitute a crime, and no charges can be pressed. So, technically, taking something in your own home isn't even a crime. But when you're a child, you don't think this way. When you're a child, you use your heart because you're good. You have to behave and listen to your Mom and Dad.

That's what they teach you. If you listen to your parents, you absorb their thoughts, their beliefs, and you become like them.

In some cases, the way they imagine your future.

But if they don't have much imagination, it's not the child's fault. If you listen to them, they're happy, and consequently, so will you be in that moment. Mom and Dad are an essential pivot in that unformed seventh chakra of a child. But you never think that, apart from the fact that it's hard to think at all when you're little: "Shit... maybe my parents are just two idiots!"

Now, after leaving my old life behind, I am here. I'm lying on a bench that feels as hard as marble, in the scorching sun at a small harbor in Sardinia. A ferry is arriving soon and it will take me to a private island near Corsica. They call it "Isola di Cavallo," or rather, "Île de Cavallo" in French, as it belongs to them.

I'm going there for work, one of the many jobs I find online. I'm a bartender who works in luxury locations.

This was the best thing my parents could imagine for me. But I like it, anyway. However, I want to make it clear that my charisma has helped me evolve, and I could hold higher positions. After all, I speak four languages and have worked in places not everyone gets to. But I don't want to lead sheep or lazy people. One day, it will have to happen, I know that, unless my little dream comes true.

I don't know if you know about chakras, but lately, I've been obsessed with them. I've been studying books and applying the principles in my life for five years now. And they say that if you avoid responsibilities, the ones your awareness gives you, based on your true potential, that thing inside you that tells you that you can become more than your present self in the future, and you ignore it, you automatically block your second chakra.

Running from responsibilities.

But right now, my seventh chakra, and one of the many conscious or unconscious thoughts it produces, keeps tormenting me: "I don't want to lead a herd of sheep."

I want a staff with a human side, with dreams. I don't want to deal with weak and needy people.

I also think consciously: "What difference does it make? In the end, if you take power, you become a dog, but even dogs are a kind of sheep."

Of course, I'm referring to my field, the restaurant industry. This world is currently a mess. "I don't know what to do, so I'll become a waiter or a bartender." That's the general mindset. But that's not the point.

The point is that this job is tough, exhausting, and sometimes even soul-crushing; it requires passion, not just the need for money. Otherwise, it requires dreams.

If you have a dream, you work with more dedication, you have that feeling inside, that thought that tells you: this will end soon. So, when these aspects are missing, you automatically find yourself surrounded by unmotivated people or, even worse, by those who suck up to other people because they have to. They need to pay the rent, support their family, and have the illusion that they will eventually get a promotion and be successful. The worst kind. I can't stand them. I'd rather be a bartender, work out in the morning, and read.

As always, I've sent out my resume so I can go to new places, experience new traditions, cultures, food, and everything that makes one place different from another. I still can't believe it. I'm down to just four euros in my wallet, with no idea how things will go or how it will all end. But to be quite honest, I'm not worried. On the contrary, it's a challenge

that will help me grow and push myself. Besides, I've been through worse in my life. I'm at peace.

I won't need any money on the island, everything is included. That alone eases my concerns. Plus, there's nowhere to spend it, which is a huge advantage: it settles things once and for all.

Think about it: when you're in town, you're full of thoughts that come from the collective global unconscious and you automatically think: I'll go and have a drink. It's normal. But here, you don't think that. You can't! And that's amazing! That thought simply cannot exist here. There's only this hotel, a five-star resort, and another restaurant within the one-square-kilometer stretch of island.

Going back to the beginning, I left Milan.

I stayed in a hostel for several days because I didn't want to go back home, to that family made up of weak people who judge and give unasked-for opinions, the family I grew up in.

I used the term "family," but actually, as I've already said, it never really was one. My parents divorced when I was eight, after my biological father got drunk one night and slapped my mother.

I ended the evening on the street with her at midnight, crying like an idiot affected by the adults' decisions. So... for that reason, I can literally only imagine what having a real family feels like, and most of the time, one's imagination doesn't match reality.

When we imagine, we are alone; when we don't, we are with other people.

Of course, it also depends on the kind of imagination one allows oneself to have. But I never pushed my imagination

toward something like having a wealthy family or big expectations. Right now, what I imagine is simply going to the closet and taking the first thing I'd find, not mine, but my Dad's. But I never had that privilege. I never had thoughts like, "I'm wearing my Dad's big shirt" or "I'm proud of my Dad."

No. I don't know what those things mean; they are foreign to me. And as I said, right now, I'm only imagining them.

In Milan, I spent my days job-hunting in an internet café run by an Indian family. I spent entire mornings and afternoons sending out my resume, evaluating and turning down unconvincing offers. I had no home, not much money, and many people could have criticized my attitude: "You have no money, and you dare refuse or negotiate conditions?"

Yes. I don't care what other people think. I don't pay any attention to what people say. You can do good things in life, but the vast majority of people will remember you for the "bad" things, or rather, for the things they wouldn't do. Yeah, it's a cliché, but it all depends on the reality it's applied to.

I'm the kind of person who believes that in life, you have to take risks in order to bring about a real change. But obviously, you have to feel the need for it and be aware that you really can do it, so you don't end up disappointed.

Like me, in this case.

This gradually stirs up trouble; it turns you against everyone: relatives, friends and acquaintances who have different perspectives and life philosophies, people who follow the masses, that mindset. That's when the judgments and opinions start pouring in from people who think they

care about you, and who you, in turn, believe care about you. But real care isn't about holding someone back for your own selfish needs or anchoring them to your perspective.

Real care is saying: go, that's the door. Go and face life however you want, but you must be strong! And if you fall, come back. I'll help you get back up if I can. Then, if you want to try again, go for it. And if you fall again, I won't judge you, but I'll be here. I'll be happy when you're by my side, and I'll be sad when you leave. But at the same time, I'll be certain that one day, you'll be successful.

That's what it means to truly care for someone; giving them the freedom to do what they believe is right for them.

I dropped out of school to start working. Actually, I started working first, and then I dropped out after working during a summer season in the town where I grew up. An entire summer bringing toast and Coke to people I knew, mainly friends and acquaintances.

Or at least, that's what I thought back then. But my seventh chakra (thought) at the time was comparable to that of a monkey or a poisson rouge. When you consider everyone to be a friend, and then, when you really need help, maybe for the first time in your life, all those thoughts you had before, in your abstract world – that invisible world made only of thoughts and beliefs, vanish.

You end up alone, as lonely as a stray dog.

It hurts, not so much because of the way they behave, but because you feel stupid, and you think: "Fuck... where was I at?" At that moment, you realize you were living in an illusion. When you're doing well, everyone looks at you in a certain way; then, when you ask for something, everything disappears.

That's when you find yourself at a crossroads: live or die, become a wolf or stay a stray dog.

I've always hated being pitied, so my path was clear: become a wolf, a strong lone wolf who, when hungry, either eats or gets eaten.

At the end of that summer, I ended up with a few thousand euros in my wallet, which gave me a sense of mental and financial independence. Perfect! I was ready for the working world, so I decided to leave school.

Yes. I was lousy at school, but not because I'm not smart. I just didn't want to listen for hours and hours to teachers who make you part of a process they call "development". Then you end up with a permanent job, working eight hours a day, where every day feels exactly the same as the one before – and the same as the one that follows – a monotonous life that leaves your mind longing for your day off. And if you're lucky, you'll have a few hundred euros or dollars left in your pocket at the end of the month – I repeat, only if you're lucky. All this without even mentioning the looming unhappiness or shadow of depression that we call reality – real life.

Anyway. I still remember my literature teacher telling my Mom during parent-teacher meetings: "Raul has a Ferrari! But he doesn't use it." Sure, I think now, I've kept it parked my whole life, but maybe it'd be a good idea to take it out now. It helped me understand a few things. And besides... how do you expect me to take my car out of the garage when all I see around me are Fiat Pandas?

I had to take my exams in September again and then I failed because of my French. Flat, unmusical kind of French,

unworthy in the ears of my teacher. Math? Don't even get me started. Laisse tomber! as my French friends would say today. All that concentrating burned my neurons. But my average grade was a seven out of ten. Geometry lit me up. I got a four when I had to combine numbers and signs, and a ten when it came to acute and obtuse angles. Perfect, an average of seven. Until they took geometry out of the curriculum... Screw them all.

Now I speak almost perfect French, and I've studied math systems I can apply in my life: the important thing is to go your own way. You have to break free from those thoughts and beliefs that those clueless people around us keep repeating, friends included, and even the ones we think care about us. A lot of people try to drag you down saying things like: "You'll never make it, it's too hard, it's impossible!" Not to mention the way they look at you and the tone they use when they say things like that. Here's what I tell them all: that's the beauty of it, the fact that it's hard. What joy can something easy give me?

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