

Paolo Salvini

S.A.D.

Sureness about Destiny

T.I.M.E.

Trust in Majestic Errors



Albatros



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TIME
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INSTINCT TO CRY

Beginnings are never easy, that's why the first thing we do when we come into the world is cry. But if we have to identify a beginning for this story, then that is the day. The rude and insistent alarm clock demanded attention and, in order to turn it off, stretching an arm out wouldn't have been enough, as it had been strategically placed far from the bed, on the metal coffee table, at the other end of the room.

He knew that if he had been quick, he would have fallen asleep again, but he realised that nature was calling. The boy got out of his bed begrudgingly. Once his business in his private bathroom was over, he stopped in front of the bed on his way to the wardrobe, and the warmth of the sheets attracted him like sirens attract sailors. He only managed to resist and stop when he was a couple of steps from the bed, but he couldn't help swearing out of dissent. He hated mornings sincerely, especially when he had to wake up early. He hated the loose elastic band of his pants, his socks that never fit, his itchy trousers and the shirt that barely covered his forearm. He hated his tie too. Especially his tie. All of a

sudden, his elder brother opened the door. He was still wearing his pyjamas, yawning, and rubbing his bruised eye, said, "Hurry up! We are going to be late!" He would always managed to make his little brother smile, in particular when he would see him sad or sullen.

"If you don't move, I'll wolf down your breakfast", said the younger brother.

"Don't you dare. Or I'll kick you down the cesspool again" replied the older one as he walked back to his room, showing his middle finger to the other boy, who smiled and shook his head. Unfortunately for him, his gesture did not pass unnoticed, and a slipper coming from the kitchen missed him by a whisker. Their mum was a sharpshooter with every kind of objects, and when she got angry she didn't care about what she could grasp. In other words, you were lucky if the cutlery drawer was out of reach. "Don't you ever do it again, son! Now go get dressed. It's late."

"My God, please stop your last Pillar of Hercules! Don't let it break the majestic seal, there, in Nazca, where it lies! Cast it away, before it fulfils the fatal destiny! Our mortal life is like ash in the wind. Make what is vacuous meaningful in this miserable time. Please hear my prayer! Do we disgust you so much that you don't even look at us? Can't you see how many sparks of your fire go back happily to your womb, filled with new and

pure experiences? They are clear from iniquity, while your devilish hounds shall devour what is corrupt and spoiled in the Tartarus! Appease your fury, Lord of the clouds! Do not wash our fate in the blood.”

A strong wind rose from the sea. Vortexes and tornados scattered across the stormy surface. It seemed that the smoke spirals were not disturbed by that, actually they kept on marching toward the firmament, throne of the red-coloured moon, which was slowly eclipsed by the dense miasma. The whole sky became dark and loaded with clouds as black as the abyss, as green electric lights crossed them like some kind of northern lights in the night. A heavy rain, accompanied by thunder and bolts of lightning of the same colour, permeated the gloomy atmosphere.

“And here comes the long night again. It comes to hide his own mad self-massacre from the eyes of God like a patient that looks away while a rock hits the chisel placed on his decayed tooth. Here comes the revenge of Mother Earth, for the pain and the shame we caused to her because of our recklessness (we were about to choke her). Fools! Justice will descend onto us, and our own world, our cradle, will crumble on our heads with a last vibration! Be prepared, because the truth will be overwhelming! Pandora’s box, the gates of Tartarus and the seals that used to keep closed what we were not ready to face, are about to be torn apart. All of them!”

SAD

Sureness about Destiny

It was surely a hard beginning. Finding the courage to take that jump was not easy. Those few steps represented an immense gap and a terrible storm raged over the cockpit. And yet, it was just one of the many enemies of the list that kept on getting longer and longer. He was so scared that he could not move. He was about 25 metres above sea level and felt dizzy. Furthermore, it was cold and the route there had been exhausting! He could not move his feet, unable to accept his unlucky fate. “If this weren’t strictly necessary, I wouldn’t be here”, he said to himself, then he concentrated and prayed silently. He prayed for his dormant strengths, the meanderings of his heart. He prayed for his mind, so that it forgot its fears and remembered only its Aim. He prayed to God, so that his responsibilities remained steady. Nothing and nobody answered his prayers.

His discomfort persisted. He had to convince himself, he knew he had to, he had to know how to do it, but he didn’t. He repeated to himself that running away from life and from its challenges was useless. “Problems are like the rain. They come even though you don’t want it, but it’s up to you to decide whether to turn the rain into a problem or not. After all, water is just water.” After all,

that was just a jump, “Yes, but a big one”, he thought shortly after, lingering.

These attempts at self-encouragement did not stop even when his senses got lost in the darkness of the night outside the window, in the undefined illusion that separated him from the impact point, not even when discomfort took over his mind and his guts started to twist. If every prelude has its own conclusion, his could not be that one, not that moment. He had a very good reason not to give up.

After a while, he started to feel dizzy and strangely light. It was as if the unexpected trauma had frozen him on the outside and melted him inside. He just walked, unable to do differently. It was strange. The time after the bite seemed even more unreal and futile than it actually was, like the silence after the burst of a firework, like a frivolous conversation after a passionate debate. The eclipse was there. All he had to do was wait for the total and permanent darkness. His mission, his wife, his son, his family, his inheritance, his passions and every little worry of his long short life, was now unimportant, or was about to become so. Everything would end as it began. Irrelevant events for such a huge universe. He started to understand how silly it was to distinguish between life and death. He suddenly realised that, from the moment you were born, you die every day, and

every breath you take is a second that vanishes from the countdown of your existence.

Your time, your chapter, is yours and only yours. It doesn't matter how big you are, how happy or sad you are; what matters is being, living, seeing, feeling, touching, tasting, deeply and with true authenticity. We are the judges. Every detail has to be observed; every chance has to be taken. If you really want to do something, every possible consequence should be irrelevant. The more he got to the end, the more deeply he understood the meaning of everything, of the true goal. Happiness lay in small things. It wasn't an unchanging condition or a certainty to seek shelter in. It was a small explosion of light in a vast and dark ocean, something to treasure. And if life was just an anomaly out of nothingness, you might as well have lived it to the fullest. The idea of disappearing for good hurt him, breaking his heart.

Infinity was the total of infinite units. The universe was made of infinitesimal particles, and the history of humankind was the sum of countless drops of blood shed in order for it to be written.

So he tried to find a meaning for his own history, to chase away his fear. Nostalgia pervaded him, regrets dug in his soul. He wished he had lived as light as he was now, aware of being mortal.

The real shame is being blind before the beauty of life.
Blood-freezing Terror

I woke up and tried to open my eyes. I felt dazed. I saw the wood flooring run under me, a few centimetres away. I felt as if they had smashed my face, and had a metallic taste in my mouth. The skin on my arms was bruised and my wrists were tied in a painful grip. I was handcuffed, and someone was dragging me on my house's floor. I managed to grasp the handcuff key from my jailor and tried to run and hide in some dark corner of the room, but a kick in my ribs made me double up with pain. I fell, and another kick hit me, then again, and again, always targeting the same spot.

I couldn't breathe. It was like trying to catch your breath in the pause between two waves in the middle of the stormy sea. Another kick in my face made me unconscious for a second, and then the screaming took me back to my senses. That atrocious, distressing and muffled screaming, coming from the kitchen, woke me.

[...] I heard my mother scream again, as they dragged her towards me. I tried to fight as hard as I could, yelling and yanking, but it was as if the two madmen didn't even feel my weight. The only thing I got was another punch and a half grunt. They made me violently fall onto the floor, my tears dropping on the carpet. A man grasped my mother and pushed her to my feet.

I hesitated, and the old man in front of me smiled, “I think that you understand the vastness of your mission. Address the sky, because good sometimes acts through cruel events. Just like Jacob, you have been given a special gift, to the detriment of your time on the Earth. A gift that has nothing to do with the individual, especially if they are unaware of the truth! In order to accomplish the mission, free will becomes unnecessary, and individual rights disappear.



Paolo Salvini was born in 1989 in Livorno. He attended the “Enriques” High School and, later, the Faculty of Advanced Biotechnologies in Pisa. He is fond of martial disciplines, History, Philosophy and Theology and inherited a true passion for literature from his family when he was very young. After his father died prematurely when he was just 19, Paolo Salvini began to face a series of challenging life experiences, which are echoed in his novels.

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S.A.D.**Sureness about Destiny**

S.A.D. is a well-structured mix of different genres, from the coming-of-age story to the thriller, from the horror to the adventure novel, where the male characters keep moving from “local” places – like Montenero Hill – to Japan or legendary and exotic islands, until they develop an ascensional movement of the Ether, where a certain sureness about destiny unveils the arcane meaning of the story. The title has a double meaning – sad, which highlights the unhappiness of human beings on the Earth, and sureness about destiny, which is the certainty that we are all part of a broader picture that we are unaware of.

Even though this is a debut novel, Paolo Salvini’s book is a page-turning novel that you won’t be able to stop reading, a story that penetrates the psyche of contemporary human beings, with all their daily fears and worries.

T.I.M.E.**Trust in Majestic Errors**

“On the skyscraper in front of the one where the People of the Stars had found refuge, a huge creature destroyed the last two floors, reared furiously and roared, making the still intact windows shake.”

**DO NOT OPEN THIS BOOK IF YOU ARE NOT READY TO READ IT TO
THE VERY LAST PAGE.**

ONCE YOU BEGIN IT... THERE WILL BE NO TIME TO REST

A safe nest, from where defeated mankind has been banished. There lives the boy, in the bunker, since the seals that used to preserve mankind’s survival have been broken. He is a privileged boy, but everything is about to end, to collapse, perhaps forever. This is an apocalyptic novel, set in the distant future, where technology and monstrosity prevail; overshadowing each other, confining what is left of the human race in ever narrowing spaces, and making emotions burst into mighty manifestations of violence and power. T.I.M.E. is the last room of a wrecked castle on the edge of the abyss, it’s the last word before the end comes, the shiver that permeates those who recognise that destruction is before us, and that we have to fight to defeat it, even though it bewitches us. Mythological creatures that have inhabited the most ancient stories and legends of our culture, take here the shape of the darkest parts of humankind. In the book, we find bunkers, castles, citadels and imaginary planets, all in a fantasy novel that draws from the reality and casts incredible visions into a future with all the makings. Paolo Salvini, whose imagination and ability to surprise never fail, portrays Good and Evil, which contain passion, causes for reflection and creativity, catching the reader’s attention thanks to an incredibly fast-paced plot.

With illustrations by
ANTONELLA BALDACCI

AUDIOBOOK**BOOKTRAILER**