You end up in a foreing country, not to make the tourist, not to visit the city and go through museums, but to create a daily nature, that means ''***normal days***''.
When you are in your own country, it's enough to have a look around, to remember who you are, what you own, what you are still longing for, like a catalogue of your goods.
When you're elsewhere, instead, you cannot identify with anything and you cannot even describe yourself anymore!
The challence is then ***ASSIMILATION*** or ***INTEGRATION***?
Let's face it, it's a fact that everywhere now, especially in the South Italy, there is no certainty of a future, not even the possibility to allow yourself to DREAM.
The future is happening in this precise moment: you can catch it, or let it go forever.

You have to leave.
Leaving not to wake up anymore in the morning with a hollow stomach, leaving not to see anymore your sister prostituting to assure you the daily bread.
In my village in Senegal we get up at 5 every morning to collect the water, we don't have sinks in our houses; often the nearest source is 6 kilometers apart.
No one knows what breakfast is, one sip of water each, and there you go! School waits for you, if you're lucky.
And school is also 6 kilometers far away. But school is important. The place where you can allow yourself to throw your life into a future. ''In 20 years I'll have a house, a wife, some children, a horse, a bycicle, ...' and be someone!''
But it will not last: I come home and feel my mum's hand on my shoulder, whispering ''Son, from today you will stop going to school, 'cause you cannot manage it''.
Since that day, I've never been back to school, I went to work in a dump instead, and I've become an adult.
I had any clain no more for my existence. And when you get to this point, the only possibility which is left, is to LEAVE.

The desired destination is France, so far but still so near.
So many beautiful images I had in my mind, that evening sitting on a plane to Paris.
Paris welcomed me with an incredible weather, -6 degrees; besides the cold, I had to pee all the time... And the only place where I could use toilets were bars... But you know, you cannot just go in and lead to the toilet, no!
You have to consume something. The only thing I could afford was obviously the cheapest. Coffee.
Well, that night I got drunk in coffee.

[...]

I heard that in Italy there could have been better possibilies for me...
This is why I want to go there now. There I'll be able to fulfil myself.

''Train to Milan is arriving on platfom 3''

[...]

I couldn't talk to my boss in the last 2 years.
When I was in trouble in Italy, he was there for me, he helped me, he gave me a job, he garanteed my DAILY BREAD.
Now he needs me, and I can't be there for him.
MEN ARE THE REMEDY OF MEN.
This is why I want to go back to Italy. Even with one leg, but I should be there for my boss, show him my gratutide.
And now I'm asking you, take me to Italy with you.