

A close-up portrait of a man with a mustache and glasses, wearing a blue checkered shirt. The image serves as the background for the text.

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THE FRAGRANT BOOK

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**«*The woman is a flower that only gives her perfume
in the shade.*»**

(Buddhist wisdom)

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Epilogue

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"Commercial Strategy" department on the premises of a major group in the district of Paris La Défense.

On the fourteenth floor of the North Tower, the excitement of the big days: general rehearsal before the arrival of ISO experts for the renewal of ISO 9002 certification. (*production, installation, assistance, after-sales service*).

On the fringes of this event which creates a palpable tension (*the renewal of the certification being the top priority.*), the international development is in a critical phase.

Indeed, the Chinese competition makes the management of the group sweat, and the fireman in charge of putting out the fire: Roland!

Roland P. ,head of division, the group's rising star, is this frail person with red hair and a goatee of the same colour, who can be seen in all the meetings from morning to night.

He is the one who arrives before everyone else and leaves after everyone else.

This is the person to whom the Managing Director usually calls at 11 p.m., regardless of the late hour.

He is the one who is asked by the CEO to reflect on an idea that has just crossed his mind in the middle of the night.

He is the one who does not know how to say "NO".

One day came what should happen.

The Burn out.

At the beginning of the week, after a busy weekend and barely three hours of sleep (*as usual*), Roland was unable to get up and get ready to go to work.

He is bedridden in a state of extreme fatigue.

His eyes are riveted to the ceiling of his room, his arms folded over his chest. He is having trouble breathing. His ears are ringing.

His blood pressure is vertiginous, He doesn't understand what is happening to him. He has no more juice. He is unable to react.

He seems to be "unplugged".

The caretaker of the building, who comes to clean and iron twice a week in his flat, soon realised the seriousness of the situation.

SOS Doctor called to his bedside, makes the diagnosis and prescribes a complete rest to the great satisfaction of the caretaker who knows a little about the life of this tenant whom she considers as her son.

If her son had escaped the car accident that killed him, he would have been Roland's age, on which she has put all her affection.

Thanks to Roland's presence in her life, she was able to overcome the alcohol addiction that had cost her her job.