

 **FATHER**

by Arsen Saidov

## PROLOGUE

This book is not for the public.

It is not a manifesto.

It is not a system.

It is not philosophy.

It is simply a son speaking to his father.

I have written many books.

In them, I spoke about structure, discipline, strength, clarity, vision.

But I never clearly said where those things came from.

This book says it.

## CHAPTER 1 — BEFORE I UNDERSTOOD YOU

When you are a child, you don't understand your father.

You see rules.

You see seriousness.

You see expectations.

You don't see pressure.

You don't see responsibility.

You don't see weight.

As a child, I only saw that you were firm.

As a man, I now see that you were carrying everything.

I didn't understand that silence meant stress.

I didn't understand that discipline meant protection.

I didn't understand that "no" often meant sacrifice.

Now I do.

## CHAPTER 2 — THIRD CHILD, OLDEST SON

I was the third born.

Not the first.

Not the baby.

But I was your oldest son.

That position is different.

It means:

You are watched.

You are tested.

You are expected to grow faster.

You never said it directly.

But I felt it.

You were shaping me.

You were making sure I could stand on my own.

Not emotionally fragile.

Not dependent.

Not weak under pressure.

At the time, I thought you were strict.

Now I understand you were preparing me.

## CHAPTER 3 — WHAT I LEARNED WITHOUT YOU SAYING IT

You didn't sit me down and give long speeches.

You showed me things.

You showed me:

Work comes first.

Complaining solves nothing.

Responsibility is not optional.

A man protects his family.

You show up even when you're tired.

You fix what breaks.

You don't quit when it gets uncomfortable.

I absorbed those things quietly.

Later, when I wrote about discipline and strength in my books,  
I was writing about what I saw at home.

I just didn't say it.

## CHAPTER 4 — YOUR SILENCE

You are not overly emotional.

You are not dramatic.

You don't overshare.

When something needs to be done, you do it.

When something needs to be handled, you handle it.

As a boy, I sometimes wished for more softness.

As a man, I understand something important:

Softness without structure doesn't build stability.

You built stability.

You created a foundation where we didn't have to worry about survival every day.

That kind of love is quiet.

But it is real.

## CHAPTER 5 — WHEN I BECAME A MAN

There is a moment in every son's life when he stops seeing his father as "just father" and starts seeing him as a man.

A human being.

Someone who:

Had dreams.

Had stress.

Had fear.

Had pressure.

Had expectations on him too.

When I reached adulthood, I began to understand the level of responsibility you carried.

Family.

Work.

Money.

Future.

Protection.

You were not just raising children.  
You were holding the entire structure together.

That is heavy.

And you did it without asking for applause.

## CHAPTER 6 — THE THINGS I NEVER SAID

There are things sons don't always say.

We assume fathers know.

But I want to say them clearly.

You taught me how to stand straight.

You taught me how to endure.

You taught me that weakness is not something to display — it's something to overcome.

You taught me that a man's word matters.

You taught me that responsibility is not negotiable.

Even when I disagreed with you.

Even when I resisted.

Even when I wanted to do things my own way.

The base you built never left me.

## CHAPTER 7 — I AM NOT YOU, BUT I COME FROM YOU

I am different from you in many ways.

I write.

I express.

I think out loud.

I build publicly.

You build quietly.

But even in my differences,  
your imprint is there.

My discipline.  
My drive.  
My refusal to quit.  
My sense of responsibility.

Those did not appear from nowhere.

They came from watching you.

## CHAPTER 8 — THANK YOU

Thank you for:

Working when you were tired.  
Providing when it was difficult.  
Holding structure when things were uncertain.  
Carrying weight without complaining.  
Expecting more from me.  
Not letting me become average.  
Not letting me collapse under pressure.

You may not realize how much of you lives inside me.

But it does.

## FINAL PAGE

I have written many books.

This one is the simplest.

It does not try to impress anyone.

It does not try to teach the world anything.

It says one thing clearly:

Father,

I see you now.

And I am grateful.