

I'M STILL HERE

THE STORY OF A MAN
WHO REFUSED TO DISAPPEAR

— 3 • 6 • 9 —



ADRIANO KOROMAN

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The Story of a Man Who Refused to Disappear

Adriano Koroman

3 — *ALPHA*

The beginning.

6 — *THE PATH*

The journey between beginning and ending.

9 — *OMEGA*

The ending.

*And somewhere between Alpha and Omega, a
human being learns how to live.*

Author's Note

This book is written in English because the story is meant to travel beyond one country.

It is an autobiographical work built from my memories, my answers, my professional history, my creative projects and the ideas that have shaped me. Where I have chosen not to describe something, I have chosen silence deliberately.

I do not want this to be a book about revenge, accusation or proving that I was right. I want it to be a book about what a human being can carry and still choose love.

Some facts can be measured. Education can be listed. Jobs can be dated. Revenue can be calculated. A certificate can be printed. But the most important parts of a life cannot be reduced to a spreadsheet.

This is my attempt to tell the story underneath the spreadsheet.

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PROLOGUE

I'M STILL HERE

There are moments in life when everything becomes quiet. Not peaceful. Quiet. The kind of quiet that comes after the noise has finally exhausted itself—after the plans collapse, after the phone stops ringing, after the people who promised they would stay are gone, and you are left alone with the one person you cannot escape: yourself.

I have known that silence. I have sat in it. I have carried it with me. But I have also learned that silence does not have to be the end of a story. Sometimes it is the room in which the next chapter is born.

My name is Adriano Koroman. I was born on September 30, 1987, in Rijeka, Croatia. If you want to understand the man writing these pages, you cannot begin with a company, a title, a song, a computer or an idea. You have to begin with a child.

A child who laughed. A child who loved his sister and his friends. A child who kept helping people even when his own world was not always kind to him. A child who wanted a world with more love and more laughter.

That child is still inside me.

This book is not a claim that I have always been right. It is not a polished version of my life in which every decision was brilliant and every failure was somebody else's fault. It is an attempt to look at the whole road: the

work, the ideas, the love, the faith, the mistakes, the rebuilding and the stubborn decision to keep creating.

There is one sentence that explains the road better than any résumé ever could: it does not matter how many times I fell. What matters is how many times I got back up.

And beneath all of it is the belief that God is my strength.

I am still here.

PART I

THE BOY WHO CHOSE LOVE

My earliest memories are not only memories of difficulty. When I look backward, I see my sister. I see friends. I see people together. I remember laughter and the simple energy of being around people I cared about.

I was a cheerful child. I smiled easily. I had a bright spirit even when life around me was not always bright. There were loud voices, violence and trauma in the home. Those parts of my childhood are real, but they will not be described here. Some things do not need to be retold in order to be understood.

What matters to me now is what I did with the experience. I did not want pain to become my personality. I did not want suffering to teach me that the world was only cruel. Somehow, even then, I wanted the opposite.

I wanted a world filled with love and laughter.

I also wanted to help people. Looking back, that instinct was present before I had a vocabulary for it. I could not explain why helping someone mattered so much to me. I only knew that when another person needed a hand, I wanted to give one.

Christ was my example. Not because faith made life easy, but because the example of carrying suffering without allowing suffering to become hatred stayed with me. I would return to that idea many times.

If I could sit beside the little boy I was, I would not give him a perfect future. I would simply put a hand on his shoulder and say: Hang in there, little one. You are going to make it.

That sentence belongs in this book because it is what I wish someone had said to me, and because it is what I eventually learned to say to myself.

PART I

FIFTEEN

At fifteen, I started working. I was young, but I already understood something about responsibility: if I could help my family, I wanted to help.

Work was not just about having money in my pocket. It was about being useful. It was about knowing that I could contribute something. It was the beginning of a relationship with work that would last for decades.

I did not know that the boy working at fifteen would eventually move between technical work, sales, management, hospitality, coffee, e-commerce, branding and artificial intelligence. At the time, I was simply learning how to show up, solve a problem and keep going.

That habit became one of my quiet strengths. I learned by doing. When something was unfamiliar, I tried to understand it. When a customer had a problem, I tried to solve it. When a process did not work, I wanted to know why.

Years later, when people saw titles on my résumé, they could see progression. What they could not see was the invisible accumulation underneath it: thousands of small lessons about people, machines, money, communication, pressure, responsibility and trust.

I never wanted to be a boss. I wanted to be a leader.

To me, a boss is someone who can stand above a problem and give an order. A leader should be willing to stand inside the problem with everyone else.

That distinction would follow me through every company and project that came after.

PART I

LEARNING HOW SYSTEMS WORK

My education took me in two directions that eventually met in the middle. I studied Informatics at the Polytechnic of Rijeka from 2005 to 2008. Later, I studied Economics and Financial Operations at the Faculty of Tourism and Hospitality Management from 2009 to 2012.

Technology taught me to think in systems. Economics taught me to think about money, operations and decisions. Neither, by itself, was enough. The missing subject was people.

Over time I kept adding practical knowledge: marketing and design, barista and bartender training, coffee roasting, alcohol production and, later, artificial intelligence and digital tools. My certifications included Microsoft AI Product Manager, AI and Digital Tools, and several Specialty Coffee Association diplomas covering café work, roasting, coffee trade and sustainability.

On paper, the subjects look unrelated. In my head they are connected. Coffee is a system. A company is a system. An online store is a system. An AI platform is a system. A team is a system. The real skill is learning how the pieces interact.

I never wanted knowledge just to collect certificates. I wanted to use it. I wanted to take an idea out of my head and make it function in the real

world.

That is probably why my career never stayed inside one narrow category.
I kept moving toward the next problem that interested me.

PART II

FROM TECHNICIAN TO LEADER

My professional path began close to the technical world. Electronics, installation, refrigeration systems, coffee machines and service work taught me to diagnose problems instead of being frightened by them.

Technical work has a useful honesty. A machine either works or it does not. You cannot negotiate with a broken component. You inspect it, identify the problem and repair it.

Later, sales taught me a different lesson. People are not machines. A customer does not only need a product; they need trust. A long-term relationship can be worth more than a single transaction.

At Mokint, I started as a technician and progressed into commercial and managerial roles. The CV records a progression from technical work into sales and service management, and notes that I became the youngest director in the Mocarabia ecosystem at twenty-seven.

Being young in a leadership position was not a trophy to me. It was responsibility. People were watching decisions I made. Customers were relying on promises. A company had to function after the excitement of a title disappeared.

That experience taught me the difference between authority and leadership. Authority can be assigned. Leadership has to be earned.

I learned to listen. I learned that a good process can protect a team from unnecessary stress. I learned that numbers matter, but so does the person standing in front of you.

Most importantly, I learned that leadership is not about becoming bigger than the people around you. It is about helping the people around you become stronger.

PART II

THE WORK BEHIND THE TITLES

My CV contains titles, years and responsibilities. A life contains much more than that.

At Convoy, I worked across sales, service and relationships with key B2B customers. I led a cross-functional team involving sales, service and logistics, introduced clearer processes and KPIs, and worked on the service model and communication. The result recorded in the CV was an increase in customer retention of around thirty-five percent.

At Suza Craft Distillery, I led sales and commercial activities, worked with clients, restructured sales channels, pricing and terms, and contributed to the development and launch of the Mella Cannela product line. One quarter showed a reported revenue growth of 144 percent.

Those numbers are impressive on paper, but numbers are not the reason I remember work. I remember the pressure behind them. I remember decisions. I remember conversations. I remember the responsibility of knowing that a strategy is not a presentation—it is something people have to execute on Monday morning.

I learned that a leader has to move between the big picture and the smallest detail. One minute you are thinking about market position; the next you are solving a practical problem. That ability to move between

levels became central to the way I work.

I also learned that success can be temporary. A good quarter is a good quarter. It is not a guarantee about the next one. That keeps a person humble.

Material things never defined me. I understood money and respected what it could do, but I never measured my life by cars, watches, houses or status. I cared much more about what I could create, who I could help and whether something I built could become meaningful.

I did not want to own the world. I wanted to leave something good in it.

PART II

THE LEADER

I have said the sentence many times: I am not the boss. I am the leader.

For me, leadership starts with going first. If the road is difficult, the leader should not send everyone else down it while staying safely behind. If the team has to change, the leader should change too. If a process is broken, the leader should understand the process before blaming the person using it.

That philosophy also came from childhood. The child who wanted to help others did not disappear when the adult learned business. The form changed, but the instinct remained.

This is one of the reasons I never became comfortable with purely material definitions of success. A bigger office is not necessarily a bigger life. A larger bank balance is not automatically a larger contribution. A title is only a word if the person carrying it has not earned trust.

I wanted people to feel that they could bring me a problem without being humiliated for having it. I wanted to be able to say, 'Let's solve it,' rather than, 'Who is to blame?'

I did not always get this right. I am human. But the direction mattered.

The leader I wanted to become was not perfect. He was present.

And presence became more important as life became harder.

PART II

CUPIDO CAFFE

Coffee became one of the projects where my technical, commercial and creative sides met.

Cupido Caffe was built from scratch as a premium coffee brand. The work involved the visual identity, blends, sourcing, logistics, web shop, digital marketing, SEO and the network of clients. The idea was not simply to sell coffee. I wanted to create a world around it.

The phrase 'Aroma di amore' captured something I liked about coffee: it is a product, but it is also a ritual. It brings people to tables. It creates conversations. It slows time down for a few minutes.

I became fascinated by the details. Packaging. Names. Blend profiles. The visual identity. The web store. The story behind the cup. The relationship between product and emotion.

That project also connected with the education I continued to build around coffee. Roasting, café management, trade and sustainability stopped being abstract subjects and became practical parts of a real brand.

Eventually, the brand itself became something that could be transferred. I had learned how to build not only a product but a system around the product: processes, customers, suppliers, identity and a reason for people to remember it.

Cupido Caffè taught me something I would later apply to technology: a good product is not only what it does. It is also how people feel when they encounter it.

That lesson stayed with me.

PART II

THE DIGITAL TURN

The internet gave my restless mind another playground.

E-commerce allowed me to combine product selection, branding, marketing, SEO, logistics and technology. I explored dropshipping and premium fashion, including a warehouse-free outlet model built around designer brands and supplier relationships.

The important part was not the number of products. It was the system: how to connect supply, presentation, customer demand and digital distribution without carrying every piece of inventory yourself.

I became increasingly interested in automation. Why repeat a task manually if a system can do it? Why move information from one place to another by hand if software can connect the steps? Why make a person work around a badly designed process instead of redesigning the process?

Those questions slowly moved me toward artificial intelligence.

AI did not arrive in my life as a fascination with robots. It arrived as a practical answer to an old business question: how can one person accomplish more without losing the human part of the work?

The more tools appeared, the more obvious another problem became. People were jumping between them. One tool for writing. Another for images. Another for research. Another for data. Another for video. Another for project management.

My instinct was to connect the pieces.

PART III

THE YEARS THAT CHANGED THE DIRECTION

Every life has a point where the old map stops working.

I have had periods when plans that once looked solid stopped being solid. Some things were lost. Some expectations disappeared. Some doors closed. There were consequences I had to carry and lessons I could not learn from a book.

I will not describe the violence in my life. That is not the story I want to publish. But I will say this: there were periods when my cross felt heavier than I believed one person should have to carry.

And yet that cross changed my understanding of people.

This time, my cross was the greatest one I had ever carried—perhaps so I could understand everyone: the broken, the angry, the lost, the forgiven, and those still searching for their way home.

I do not need to explain every wound. I need to explain what the wounds taught me.

The lesson was not that suffering is good. Suffering is suffering. The lesson was that pain does not have to become the only language you speak.

There is a difference between remembering what happened and allowing it to decide who you are.

I wanted the second half of my life to be about what I could build from what remained.

PART III

THE FALL DOES NOT GET THE LAST WORD

I have fallen. More than once. More than I would like to count.

But the number of falls is not the number that matters to me.

What matters is the number of times I got back up.

It is easy to admire resilience when you see it from a distance. Up close, resilience is often boring. It looks like answering another email. Making another plan. Learning another skill. Starting another morning. Trying another idea. Opening the laptop again.

There were moments when the easiest story to tell myself would have been that everything was finished. But I kept finding another reason to continue.

Sometimes it was an idea. Sometimes it was music. Sometimes it was faith. Sometimes it was simply stubbornness.

But beneath all of them was God.

God is my strength.

I do not believe faith means a person never falls. I believe faith means falling does not have to become the final chapter.

That is the spiritual meaning of the title of this book. I am not saying that nothing broke. I am saying that broken things can still have a future.

I am still here.

PART III

FOUR LOVES

I have loved four women in my life. I will not write their names. They have their own lives, their own stories and their own right to privacy.

My first great love came when I was twenty. Today she is happy and has a family, and I am genuinely glad for her. Some people belong to one chapter without needing to remain in the whole book.

There were four significant relationships for me: at twenty, twenty-five, thirty and thirty-six.

Each arrived at a different stage of my life. Each relationship met a different Adriano, because I was not the same man at twenty as I was at thirty-six.

I loved each of them. I do not say that as a romantic exaggeration. I mean that each relationship mattered and each one left something behind.

There were things about my life that I did not know how to explain. My past was heavy. My road was difficult. There were truths I could not easily place into ordinary conversations.

So I let them go.

Not because I did not love them. Because I did.

I did not want someone I loved to become a prisoner of a story they had never chosen.

Maybe I was wrong. Maybe love is supposed to be trusted enough to hear the truth. But at the time, letting go felt like a form of protection.

I do not regret loving them. Love was never my weakness. It was proof that, underneath everything else, I was still human.

Love first. That remains one of the simplest sentences I know.

PART III

THE MAN WITHOUT A MASK

There is a strange thing that happens when you have lived through enough different versions of yourself: people begin to recognize the titles before they recognize the person.

Founder. Director. Manager. Developer. Producer. Songwriter.
Entrepreneur.

Those words are useful. They are not me.

I am the person underneath them.

The person who started working young. The person who wanted to help his family. The person who still smiles. The person who can spend hours thinking about a logo, a song, a product or an AI system. The person who can become obsessed with solving a problem simply because the problem exists.

I have made mistakes. I have made decisions I would make differently today. I have trusted people and been disappointed. I have disappointed people myself.

The goal of this book is not to erase any of that. It is to put it in context.

A person is more than the worst decision they made. More than the best thing they built. More than a job title. More than a bank balance. More than a chapter written by someone else.

I wanted this book to be honest enough to contain the contradictions.

PART IV

ANNO — WHEN MUSIC BECAME ANOTHER LANGUAGE

Then there was music.

Music gave me a different kind of freedom. In business, an idea has to become a product. In music, an emotion can become a sound before you even understand why you feel it.

ANNO Music became a home for that part of me. House. Afro House. Worship-inspired music. Balkan influences. Remixes. Original songs. Visual identities. Covers. Videos. Distribution.

I learned that making a song is only one part of being a modern independent artist. There is writing, production, arrangement, artwork, metadata, publishing, distribution, social media, video and the strange challenge of asking an algorithm to give a human being a chance to hear what you made.

I did not want to be only one thing. Producer. Songwriter. Creative director. Visual designer. DJ. Creator.

Why choose one label when the work itself crosses the boundaries?

ANNO also gave me a visual language: black and gold, cinematic light, the lion, the crown, the cross, the energy of a stage and the feeling of a story larger than one track.

Some songs were made because I believed they could reach people. Others were made because I needed to hear them myself.

That distinction matters. Art can be both a product and a place to breathe.

PART IV

THE SONGS THAT CARRY WHAT WORDS CANNOT

There are songs written for an audience and songs written because the person creating them needs somewhere to put an emotion.

I have made both.

Sometimes a lyric is a question. Sometimes a melody is an answer that arrives before the words. Sometimes a beat is simply movement when standing still has become too difficult.

I explored songs and projects with different emotional worlds: love, freedom, faith, endings, beginnings, desire, distance, return and the strange modern loneliness of trying to connect through screens.

I also began working with my own voice more directly. That was different. Producing someone else's sound gives you a certain distance. Putting your own voice into a song removes some of the armor.

Music became another way of saying what I could not always explain in conversation.

Once a song is released, it no longer belongs entirely to the person who made it. Someone else can hear their own life inside it.

That is one of the reasons I kept creating.

If one person hears a song and feels less alone, then the song has already done something worthwhile.

PART IV

THE CHILDREN I COULD NOT FORGET

One of the ideas that stayed with me during the COVID period was a humanitarian organization for children experiencing violence and difficult homes, something connected to what I understood from my own childhood.

I did not want the past to be useful only as a source of pain. I wanted it to become a source of protection for somebody else.

Children should not have to earn safety. They should not have to become strong enough to survive what adults failed to protect them from.

The idea of helping children was not separate from the entrepreneur in me. It was actually one of the clearest expressions of the person underneath the entrepreneur.

Build something. Make it useful. Give it a purpose.

That philosophy appears in different forms throughout my life. A business can create work. A product can solve a problem. A song can give someone a moment of connection. An AI system can save someone time. A humanitarian project can give a child a hand when they need one.

The scale changes. The principle does not.

Help when you can.

PART IV

MASTERPRIME AI — ONE MIND, EVERY SOLUTION

Artificial intelligence eventually became the place where many of my interests collided.

I did not want to build another chatbot. I wanted to build an intelligence system organized around outcomes.

The idea behind MasterPrime AI was Intelligence Orchestration: instead of forcing a person to become an expert in dozens of disconnected tools, create a system that understands the objective and coordinates specialized intelligence to help achieve it.

The project grew from a simple frustration. Why should a person have to jump from strategy to writing, from writing to design, from design to video, from video to research, from research to data, and then manually assemble everything?

The concept became a platform with specialized agents for content, analysis, operations, creative work and decision support. In the project materials, the architecture evolved toward more than one hundred specialized AI agents and the philosophy 'One Mind. Every Solution' and 'Intelligence Orchestrated.'

That phrase describes something deeper about how I have always thought. I do not naturally see isolated boxes. I see connections.

Coffee connects to branding. Branding connects to commerce. Commerce connects to technology. Technology connects to automation. Automation connects to time. Time connects to freedom.

MasterPrime was my attempt to build those connections into a system.

Whether the project reaches every ambition I have imagined is not the point of this chapter. The point is that the idea came from a lifetime of asking the same question: how can separate pieces become one useful whole?

That is what Intelligence Orchestration means to me.

PART IV

THE CREATOR WHO COULD NOT STOP CREATING

There is a recurring pattern in my life. Whenever one project becomes difficult, another idea appears.

Coffee. E-commerce. Fashion. Marketing. AI. Music. Design. Video. Branding. Technology.

To someone outside my head, it might look chaotic. To me, it feels connected.

I am curious. Sometimes too curious. My mind does not like empty spaces. If there is a problem, I want to understand it. If there is a tool, I want to know what it can do. If there is a limitation, I immediately wonder whether it can be redesigned.

That curiosity has produced mistakes. It has also produced some of the most meaningful work in my life.

I have learned not to demand that every idea become a monument. Some ideas are bridges. Some are experiments. Some are lessons disguised as failures.

The important thing is to keep learning.

That is why the word 'creator' feels more accurate to me than any single professional title. A creator can move from one medium to another without losing the central identity: the urge to make something that did not exist before.

I am still that person.

PART V

3 • 6 • 9

The numbers 3, 6 and 9 became part of my identity, but not as a claim that mathematics has proven a private theory of the universe. They became a personal symbolic language—a way of organizing the story I was already living.

My birth date is September 30, 1987.

Thirty reduces to three. I associate three with beginning, with Alpha.

The ninth month gives nine. I associate nine with ending, with Omega.

The year 1987 gives $8 + 7 = 15$, and $1 + 5 = 6$. I associate six with the path—the journey between beginning and ending.

I also use the century as an additional symbolic layer: 19 becomes 1, which I associate with source, beginning and water.

So the code becomes a story rather than a calculation: 3 is Alpha, the beginning. 6 is the path, the journey. 9 is Omega, the ending.

And between Alpha and Omega there is a human being trying to understand what the journey means.

That is why the sequence matters to me.

PART V

THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE

The numbers 3, 6 and 9 have acquired a powerful cultural mythology, especially around Nikola Tesla and the idea of a hidden order in the universe. I do not need to turn that mythology into a scientific claim to find it meaningful.

For me, the question is more interesting than the answer.

What if the secret is not hidden in the numbers themselves? What if the numbers are simply a language we use to notice patterns?

Beginning. Path. Ending.

Every life has those three dimensions.

A relationship begins, travels and changes. A business begins, grows and ends or transforms. A song begins, develops and resolves. A human life begins, travels and eventually reaches its ending.

The mystery is not that every pattern proves a cosmic theory. The mystery is that human beings cannot stop searching for meaning inside patterns.

I am one of those people.

Maybe $3 \cdot 6 \cdot 9$ is a secret of the universe. Maybe it is a symbol I created to help me understand my own universe.

Either way, the path between the numbers is where life happens.

And I am still walking it.

PART V

ALPHA, THE PATH, OMEGA

Alpha is the beginning. Omega is the ending. Between them is the path.

That became the simplest architecture for this book.

My beginning was a child who wanted love and laughter.

The path included work at fifteen, technical education, business, leadership, relationships, projects, coffee, e-commerce, AI, music, mistakes and rebuilding.

The ending is not written.

That matters because the title of this book is not 'I Was Here.' It is 'I'M STILL HERE.'

I do not know what Omega will look like. I only know that I have not reached it.

So the six—the path—is the most important number in the story. It is where choices happen. It is where mistakes happen. It is where forgiveness happens. It is where songs are written and businesses are built. It is where a person becomes who they are.

Between Alpha and Omega, we become ourselves.

PART V

GOD IS MY STRENGTH

I have fallen more times than I can count.

But it does not matter how many times I fell. What matters is how many times I got back up.

God is my strength.

That sentence is not an escape from responsibility. It is the opposite. Faith gives me a reason to keep taking responsibility for the next step.

I do not believe that being faithful means being protected from every storm. I believe it means that a storm does not get to decide the final meaning of your life.

Christ has been my example. The cross has been a symbol I return to. Not because I want to romanticize suffering, but because the cross represents a willingness to carry something heavy without allowing that weight to erase love.

This time, my cross was the greatest, so that I could understand everyone.

The sentence is personal. It is not a doctrine. It is how I understand my road.

I have met people at different points of their lives. I have seen how quickly a person can be judged by one chapter. I know what it means to want somebody to see the whole human being instead of the label.

That is what faith asks of me: to keep seeing the human being.

PART V

WHAT I ACTUALLY VALUE

Material things never interested me as much as people sometimes assumed.

I understood money. I worked for it. I built businesses that depended on it. I knew the pressure of not having enough and the responsibility that comes with having something to manage.

But I never wanted possessions to become my identity.

I did not want a life that looked successful from the outside and felt empty inside.

What I value is harder to photograph: love, loyalty, freedom, creativity, faith, trust, usefulness and the ability to help someone when they need it.

A good conversation can mean more to me than an expensive object. A song that reaches someone can matter more than a number in a bank account. A project that solves a real problem can be more satisfying than a status symbol.

That is also why I kept creating. Creation gives something back to the world.

Maybe not everything I make will survive. That is okay. I do not need every object to last forever.

I want the intention behind the work to be worth remembering.

PART V

THE LEADER, THE CREATOR, THE MAN

If I strip away the titles, three words remain: leader, creator, man.

Leader, because I have always wanted to go first rather than simply command from behind.

Creator, because my mind keeps building things even when life would be easier if it stopped.

Man, because underneath every role I am still a human being trying to understand love, faith, responsibility and purpose.

The résumé can tell you what I did. It cannot tell you why I kept getting up.

The company names can tell you where I worked. They cannot tell you what I learned from people.

The songs can tell you what I released. They cannot tell you what I was feeling when I made them.

The AI projects can tell you what I wanted to build. They cannot tell you why building matters so much to me.

That is why I am writing this book.

Not to prove that I was always right. To show that a life can contain contradictions and still have a direction.

My direction has always returned to the same four words: love, faith, creation, leadership.

EPILOGUE

I'M NOT FINISHED

A biography is usually written when the story is over.

Mine is not.

I am still building. Still learning. Still making music. Still thinking about technology. Still imagining products and systems. Still asking questions about God. Still trying to become a better man than the one who entered the previous chapter.

There will be new projects. Some will succeed. Some will fail. Some will become something I cannot predict yet.

I no longer need every idea to become a monument. Some ideas are bridges to the next idea.

If there is one lesson I want this book to leave behind, it is simple: your worst chapter does not get to name your whole life.

You can fall. You can lose. You can start again. You can change your direction. You can love and let go. You can build something new after something old disappears.

You can carry a cross without becoming the cross.

You can walk between Alpha and Omega and still discover that the journey itself was the point.

So I do not know what the final page will say.

I only know that I am not there yet.

God is my strength.

Love first.

Keep creating.

Keep helping.

Keep walking.

And when I fall, I will get back up.

Because I'm still here.

CAREER & EDUCATION

THE FACTS BEHIND THE STORY

The autobiographical narrative is supported by the professional materials supplied by the author. They record education in Informatics at the Polytechnic of Rijeka (2005–2008) and Economics / Financial Operations at the Faculty of Tourism and Hospitality Management (2009–2012).

The CV history begins with technical education and work, including electronics and installation, followed by refrigeration and coffee-machine technical work. It then moves through coffee distribution, commercial roles, sales and service management, and leadership positions.

The supplied CVs record work with Mokint, including progression from technician into commercial and managerial responsibilities and the statement that Adriano became the youngest director in the Mocarabia ecosystem at age twenty-seven. They also record Convoy sales and service leadership, Suza Craft Distillery sales management, and entrepreneurial projects including Cupido Caffè, an outlet fashion/dropshipping business and MasterPrime AI.

The CVs also record certifications and specialist training including Microsoft AI Product Manager, AI and Digital Tools, Algebra Marketing and Design, Barista and Bartender, Coffee Roasting, Alcohol Production / Distillation, and Specialty Coffee Association diplomas covering café work, roasting, coffee trade and sustainability.

These facts are included as a factual backbone. The book itself is not a résumé. The purpose of the narrative is to explain the person behind the chronology.

About the Author

Adriano Koroman is a Croatian creator, entrepreneur, business and sales professional, music producer and AI builder whose work has moved across technical service, commercial leadership, coffee, e-commerce, branding, digital tools and artificial intelligence.

His projects include Cupido Caffè, ANNO Music and MasterPrime AI. Across different industries, the same instinct continues: understand the system, connect the pieces, create something useful and keep moving.

He describes himself not as a boss, but as a leader. He has never measured his life primarily by material possessions. His recurring values are love, faith, creativity, freedom, helping others and the courage to begin again.