

GAMES FOR HEALTH EUROPE

2026



GAMES FOR HEALTH
EUROPE

DISCLOSURE SLIDE
for presentations at the

GAMES FOR HEALTH EUROPE 2026 CONFERENCE

I herewith confirm that there is not any conflict of interest with the conference organization or any of its sponsors.

The image features a minimalist, abstract line drawing of a human face in profile, facing right. The drawing is composed of thick, black, hand-drawn lines on a white background. The lines are fluid and somewhat irregular, capturing the essential contours of the face, including the forehead, nose, lips, and chin. The overall style is reminiscent of a gestural sketch or a calligraphic drawing. The word "Fragments" is written in a serif font, italicized, in the center-left area of the image. In the bottom right corner, the text "Written and drawn by O.B." is also written in a serif font, italicized.

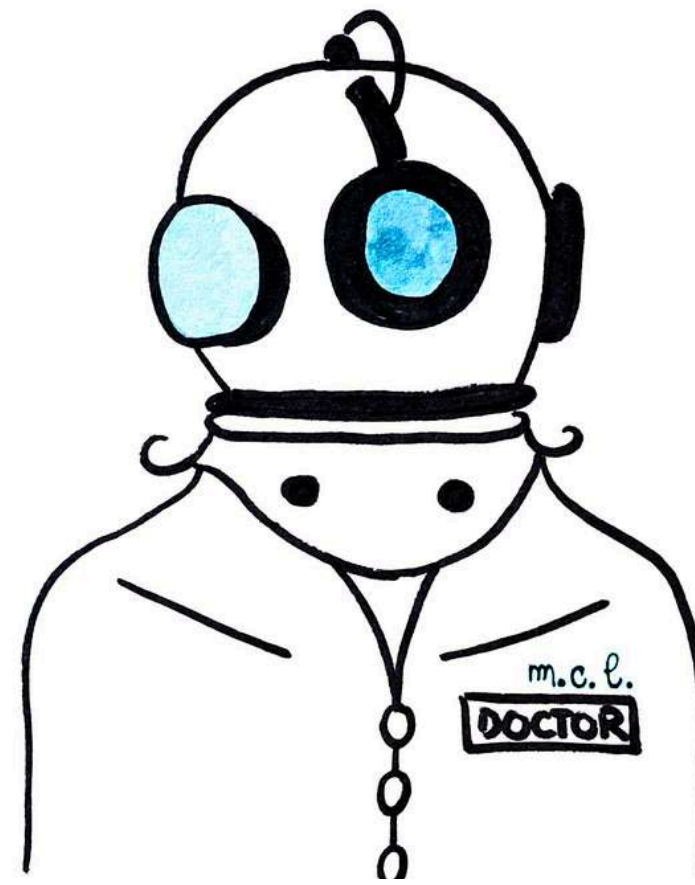
Fragments

*Written and
drawn
by O.B.*

Chapter 1

Endless sleep

I WAS DYING. AND I DIDN'T KNOW.



- PREVENTION OF
INFECTIOUS DISEASES

RESTING.
In the depth
of my unconscious.



The wind blows,
on the eve
of the New Year.

A stork
awaits
her transport,
ready to fly
towards the South.

Will it be her last journey to the sky?

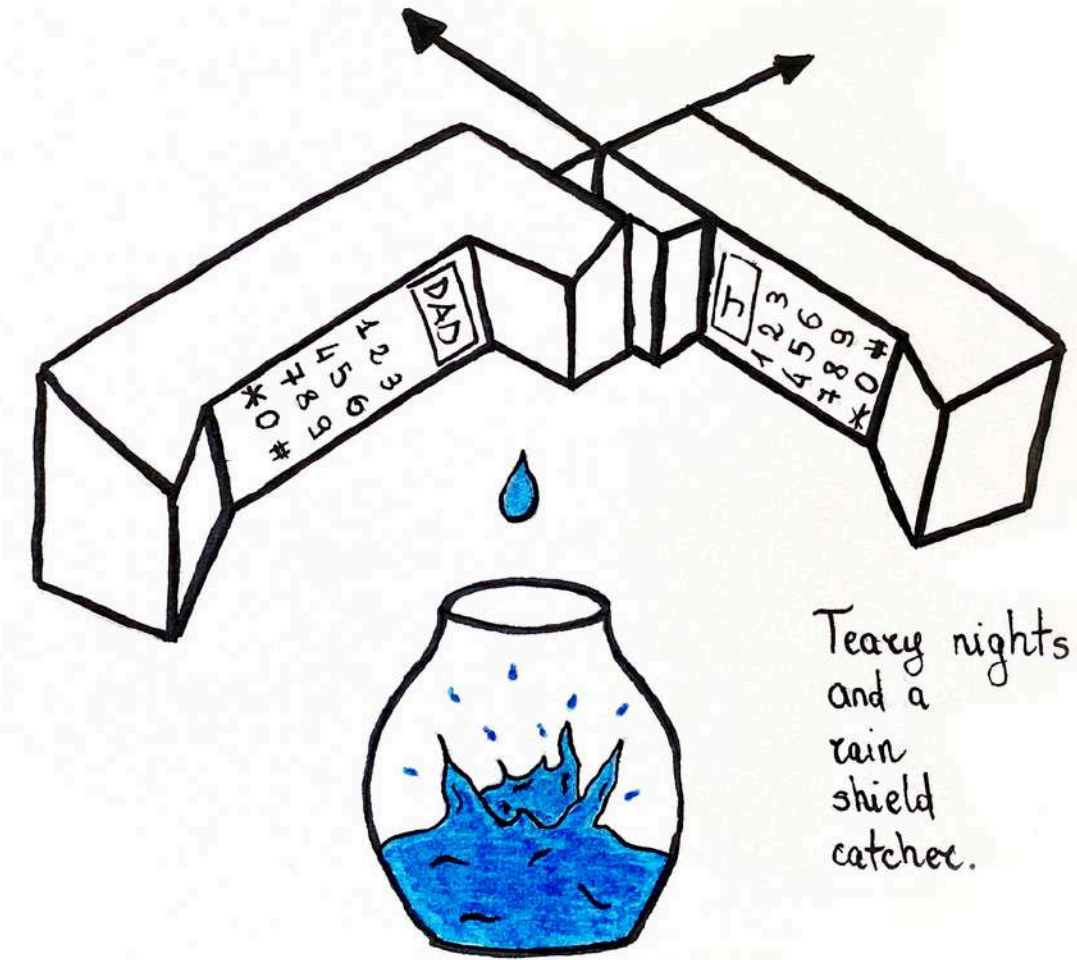
-Make a wish



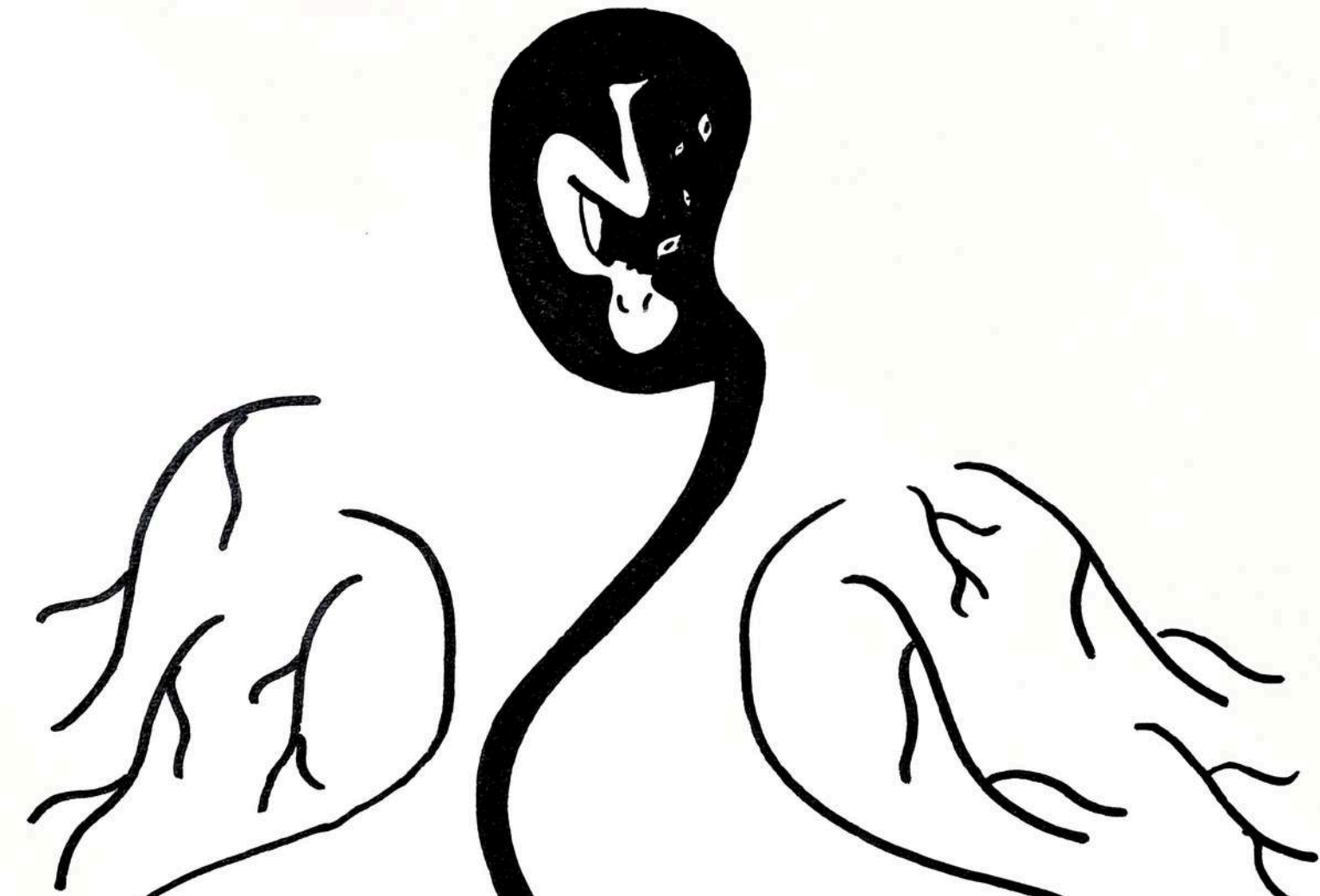
“Non ti preoccupare,
Stai tranquilla.
Allah vede e provvede.
[...]
I nostri ragazzi
si salveranno!”

-Incontri di fede in
rianimazione

17



Tearful nights
and a
rain
shield
catcher.



R: “Svegliati, Svegliati!”
She shook me
violently
on the bed.
Intensive care practice
or
loss of hope?

Chapter 2

Awakening

"I got dreams,
dreams to remember you
[...]"

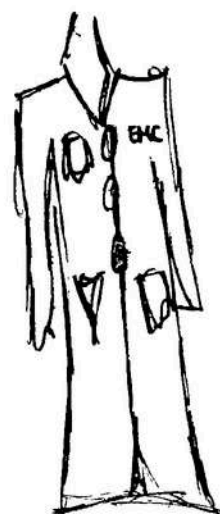
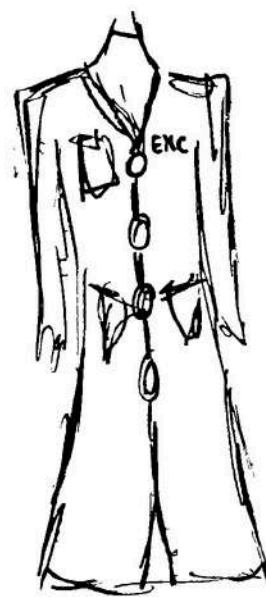
Gravity is working
against me,
yeah."

-AWAKENING



- ROOMMATES

GHOST DOC.



EMERGENCY
BUTTON

"Help".
Laughter.
Indifference.
[VOICES FROM THE TV
TALK TO ME].
Drinking coffee,
chatting,
midnight shift.
"Help"
[...]
Nobody hears me.
I can't move.
"Please come inside".
Left alone.
Laughter.
Indifference.

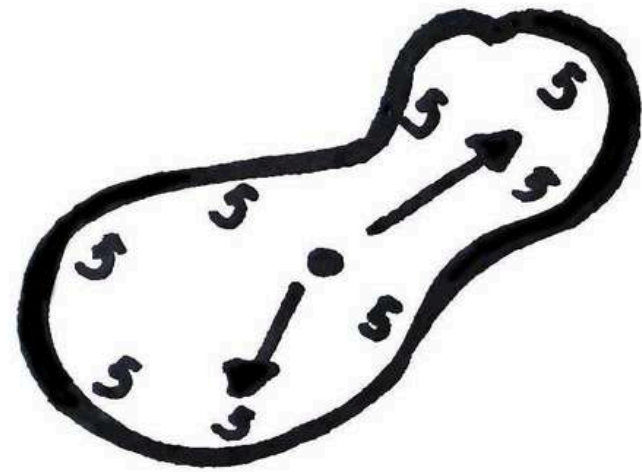
-ICU through my window



Help!
Help!
Help!

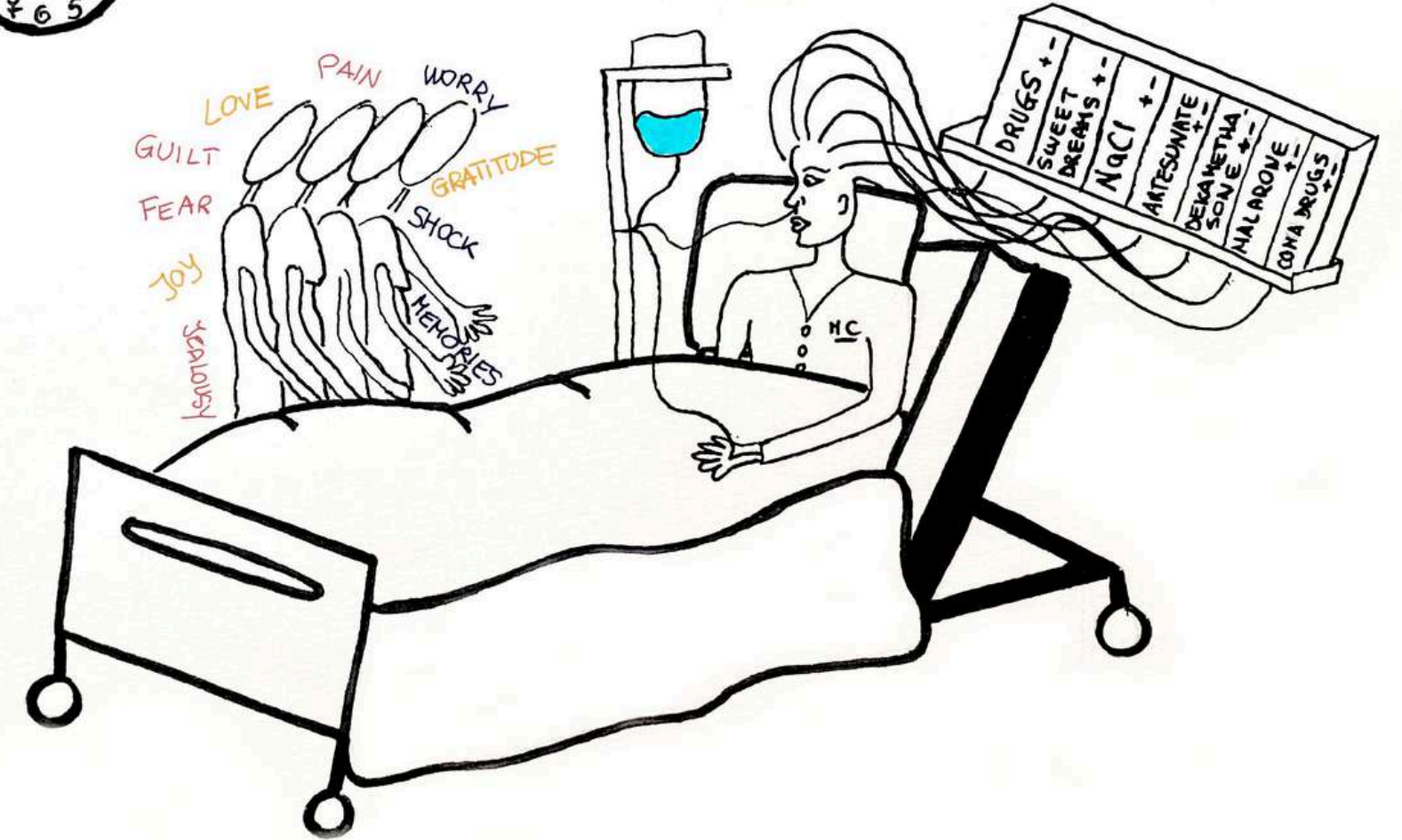
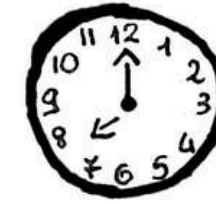
Chained to my
old deathbed,
trapped
in my own body.

[...]



Relentlessly,
looking
at the hands
of the clock
signing
a deceptive time
that seems
to never end.

-ICU



I WAS AWAKE FOR THREE DAYS.



And I drank.
It was pure bliss.

-Mysterious vision

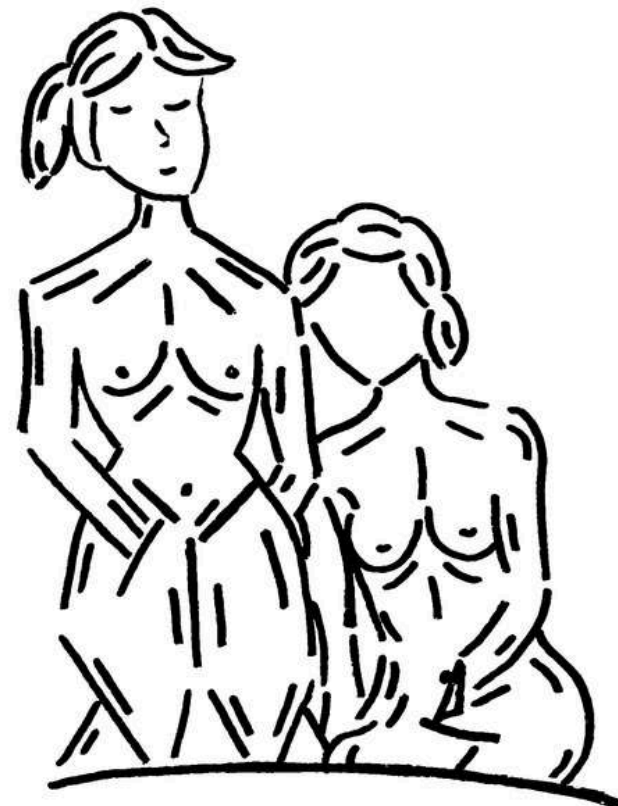
Chapter 3

The healing

Is consciousness
making us
who we truly are?

Where is the
being
when the brain
stops acknowledging
their existence?

-Edema



I wish
I could
let myself
go.

-Mum&I



Finding
calm,
comfort
and love
in the arms
of a MOTHER.

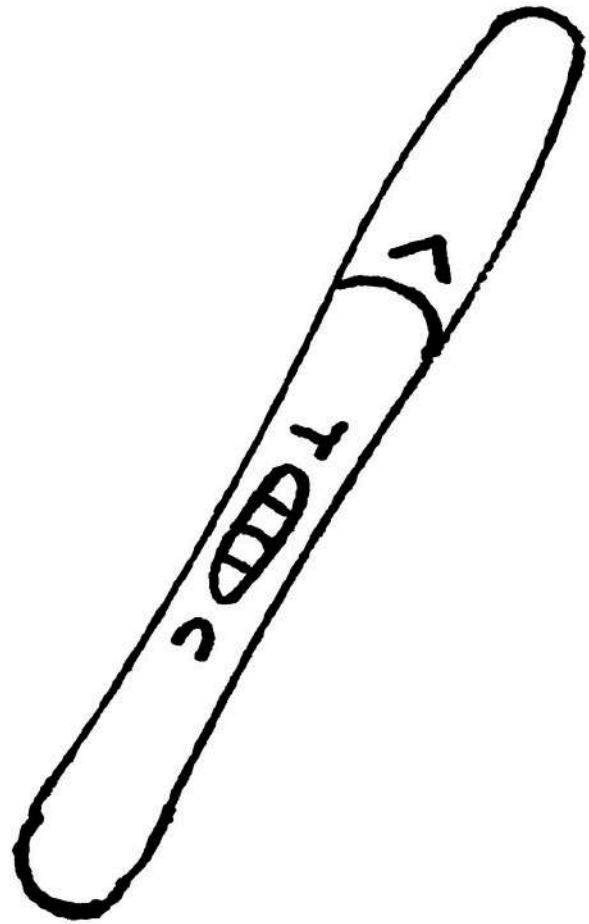
Today,
I refuse
in the fear
of holding on
to HER.

-Let myself go



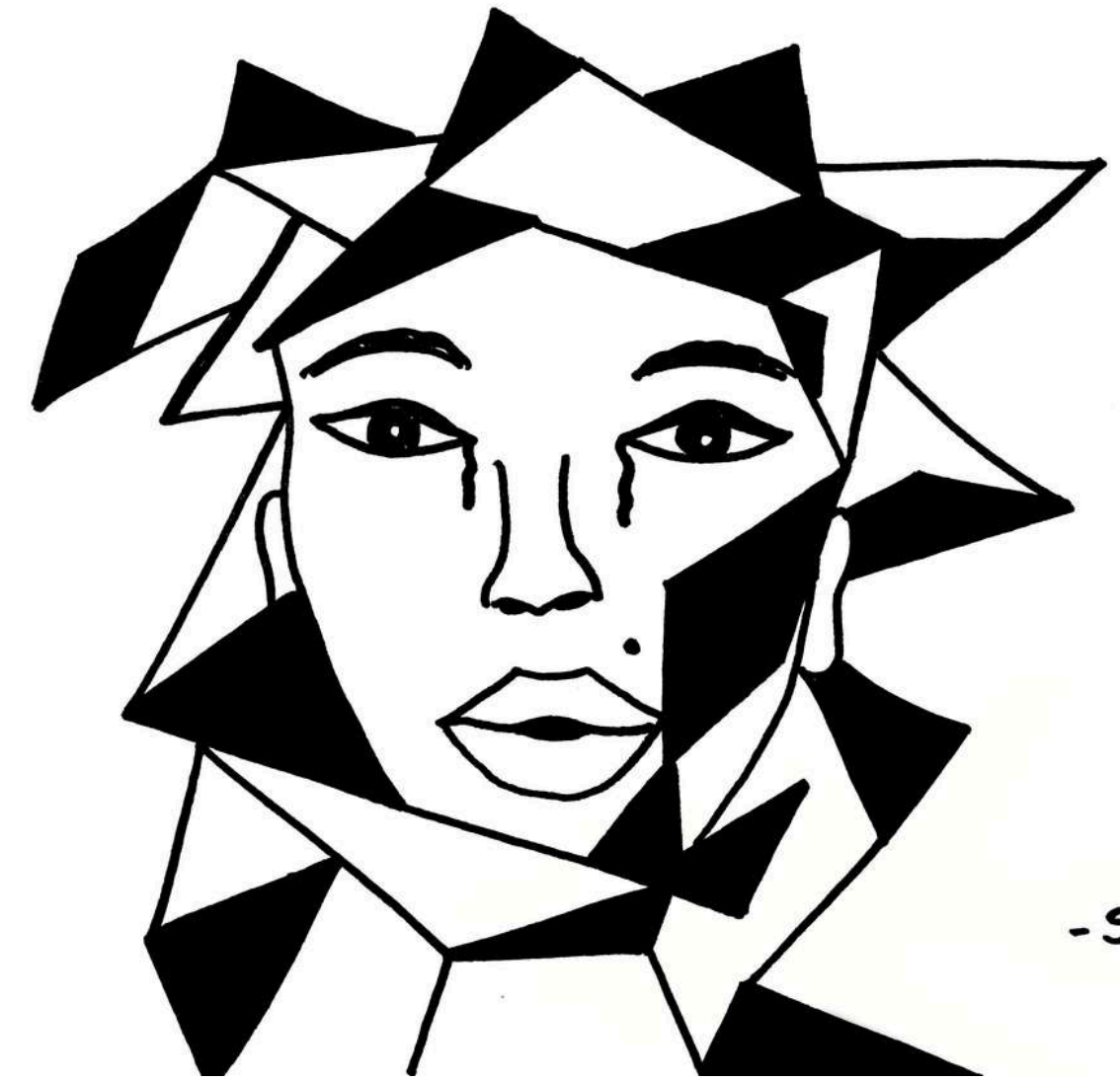
Trapped
in a deceptive time
(re)living
days
I have
never lived.

-December Nostalgia



I have never
let myself feel,
in fear of
confronting
sorrow.

-Denial



- SHARP MIRRORS

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The addictive
taste of
death
lies
on the tip
of my tongue.

-Memento mori





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