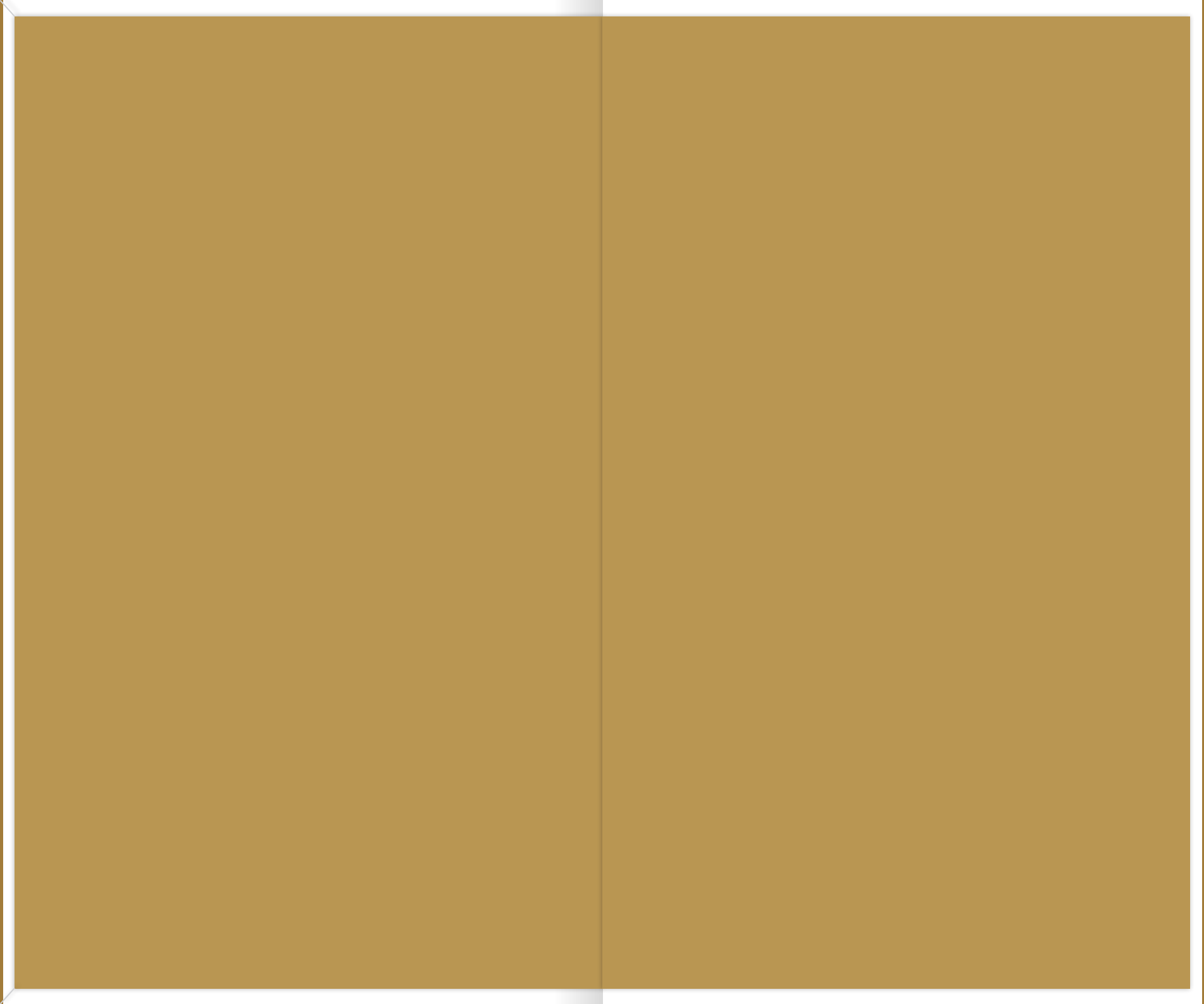


**Soul of the bag:  
Anya's journey**







bu  
wood

**Soul of the bag: Anya's journey**



The greatest destiny I wish for this handbag  
is to find its lover on the same divine path  
through which it was created.



## FOR YOU

This bag is more than a bag;  
it is the most precious gift I can share with you.

It is a transmission  
born in alignment with my soul.

My mind could never understand  
the miraculous journey of its creation.

It is the story my heart wants you to know...



## BEFORE THE BAG

In 2010, I experienced a desire to have an object next to me that represented me. An urge to express who I truly am.

I always felt drawn to bags, dowry chests, and treasure chests in fairy tales. They were repositories of magical qualities—primary, mystical objects holding special power for the heroine, sacred links between generations, symbols of heritage, guardians of secrets and treasures. A bag was the most powerful object through which I could express my soul.

I wanted a handbag that would represent excellence on all levels and capture my ideal world: royal, structured, refined, graceful, timeless, one of a kind.

### My **Treasure Box.**

I had no idea what this bag would look like. But I was crystal clear what it would *feel* like. This was the birth of my desire to create the bag of my dreams.



## TURNING POINT

I had been aware of the invisible existence of this bag, but it took me two years before I was fully ready to receive it.

For a decade, my world had been my mind. It had been security, comfort, and a successful business career. My life looked right, but it did not feel right. I was no longer connected to myself. I felt the urge to change my life completely.

Could I make my soul the captain of my life?

Would my life feel right then?





## A CHILDHOOD STORY

The last time I remembered being creative was the age of six. In kindergarten we had different craft lessons. I was deeply engaged in these lessons, so much so that when they ended, it always felt like an inspiring beginning. I'd run home to ask my mom to buy me all the materials so I could carry on repeating the same lesson. My passion was to produce the best possible version of each creation until I reached excellence. It resulted in hundreds of versions.

I recently read a quote by Aristotle that said, *'Repetition is the only way to perfection'*.

Only then did my childhood experimentation begin making sense for me. But I had not known it as a child, and neither had my mom.

Mom loved cleaning. One day I found all my paper lanterns in the trash bin. I still remember the pain. They were my precious creations. This experience led me to believe that whatever I created would eventually end up in a bin.



## JUMPING INTO THE UNKNOWN

For twenty-three years after that, I was convinced I was not talented. Calling myself a designer stirred up my greatest fears. Only by removing all labels about myself could I consider making my handbag. It gave me the freedom to manifest anything my way.

How could I hope to produce this bag? I had no contacts, no friends in the fashion world, no education in design, no experience, and no idea how the production process worked.

But I felt connected to the infinite universe that holds all the answers. I began a quest to create my handbag. I could not see the path ahead, but I trusted it would be revealed to me. I would sense deeply how I felt with everyone at all times. My inner excitement upon meeting someone, what I called my soul dancing, would indicate someone was perfect for me. This would be my GPS.

Italy is known as the home of the finest craftsmanship, but I did not speak a word of Italian. Trusting in divine guidance, I booked a one-way ticket to Milan.



## GODSEND

I arrived in Italy. After two weeks of seeing people I did not resonate with, my soul finally danced when I met a factory owner in Florence. I could not identify what role he would play; I simply called him my godsend guide.

I paid full attention to everything he said and it felt as if some words held special power for me: clean, clear, and concise.

Since I had no idea what design my bag would be, that had to be the starting point. If my being had all the answers, how could I find my bag's design inside myself?

My intuition told me I needed a vintage shop. Naturally, my godsend guide had the address. When I got there, I immediately felt drawn to an ordinary looking briefcase. Some connection with this bag made me buy it.



## BIRTH

Back in my hotel room, I found myself staring at the briefcase. Suddenly it struck me that it was different because it had a sloped line!

That was it. Seeing that an object can have an unconventional shape but retain its essence felt so empowering.

My vision for the design was born. Every inspiration I've ever had, had its place in this design: French elegance from the 60s, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, my favorite wooden Pinocchio, the Russian avant-garde, Japanese Zen, even my grandmother's beloved briefcase. I could not believe how much of my life was encapsulated in one bag.

The vision didn't come from me; something else moved it through me. Something I had never experienced with such clarity.

My soul celebrated.



## IMPOSSIBLES

The next twenty months could be defined as one endless nightmare: visiting factories from north to south, receiving hundreds of ‘impossibles’, getting terrible samples from every factory, experiencing others’ belittling my idea of perfection.

Everything about producing this bag was not possible. A pure design? Not possible because it left no place to hide imperfections. My treasured craftsmanship? Not possible because no one knew how to assemble rigid-core bags flawlessly. Supple leather in colours I loved? Not possible because it had not been available for rigid objects. An elegantly sculpted handle? Not possible because it required great attention to details and was too complex. Petite accessories? Not possible because they were not practical to apply to wood. Precise lines? Not possible because wood is ever-changing and imprecise. Wooden frame? Not possible because it required in-depth expertise that none of the fashion factories had.

How could everything about my bag be impossible in the world’s best country for bags?



## WOODEN HEART

Wood is the core of my bag. It had to be perfect.

I went to hatbox makers because they had been working with rounded wood since the 1950s in Italy and were the industry experts. Despite hundreds of trials with skilled artisans, not one could make the right base for my bag. Their entire approach wasn't precise enough because hatboxes never have to be perfect.

I felt alone in this. I knew nothing about wood, yet I had to find a solution that had never existed before. I had to look beyond traditional ways of thinking. I returned to my heart and felt the impulse to visit a village of furniture makers. When I arrived, I saw one carpentry factory with a unique facade—golden, old, charismatic trees were lying beautifully on the ground. It looked like a fairy tale.

My inner guidance had been precise: I found my wood craftsman. He gave me a carved wooden heart he had made. If he only knew what it meant to me! He didn't know anything about bags, but he had a big heart, loved what he did, and understood precision.

Thus, the ideal wooden foundation was born.



## DEDICATION

Now I had the perfect wooden base, but still no factory to make the bag. Everybody believed it was impossible to produce this bag. I had to prove it was possible. Could I make this bag myself? It seemed crazy, but I was determined to do anything for this bag to exist.

I turned my kitchen into a laboratory and started experimenting as I had in childhood. I was passionate about learning how to produce this bag: playing the role of an Italian master with his rare tools, selecting materials, cutting the leather, identifying the right thickness, investigating the weight of every element. I delighted in moving closer to perfection.

I created two bags. Although not ideal, they felt better than some of the factories' samples. They contained a missing ingredient—love.

If I could do this, I wondered what true masters, those who have both skills and love, could accomplish. It must be cosmic greatness.

This adventure made me understand that true perfection can only come from within, where love is.



## ALIGNMENT WITH TRUTH

Through endless trials with dozens of factories across Italy, I had tried everything to produce this bag, but no one could do it. I had no idea where else to go, and I had no money to continue my experiments. My situation did not look promising. But something in me just wouldn't give up. I wondered what had gone wrong.

In this journey, everything had been a miracle: jumping into the unknown of Italy, meeting my godsend guide, witnessing the remarkable birth of the design, discovering the wood craftsman, creating the novel wooden base. I realized that from the beginning I had been deeply connected to my soul, until I began my search for a factory—now I was functioning from my mind. I had to return to my heart in order to fulfill the purpose of this journey.

What was my deepest truth? *The bag of my dreams could only be produced in the factory of my dreams.*

It seemed impossible, but deep inside, I knew that in alignment with truth anything was possible.





## RESONANCE

I had seen many factories, but not all. I purchased an official list of every factory in the country. In Italian culture, a face-to-face meeting was the only way to establish a relationship. Why couldn't I just call the factories?

I didn't speak Italian. But I knew 'hello' and 'high quality' in Italian. That was enough. I started calling factories with three words: Buongiorno. Alta qualità?

When an artisan said yes, I would sense whether his voice radiated passion, love, and confidence. With just one question, I could understand his lifelong relationship with quality.

The phone adventure brought me to the first voice that felt right. We met, and he introduced me to his colleague, an angel, who said, *'You need to be with the best factory to produce this bag. I know one place. It's the best place I've seen in my entire life.'*



## THE FACTORY

When I saw the factory, I was speechless.  
It was beyond my imagination.

Light, bright, spacious.  
A world of joyful creativity.

People were almost dancing.  
A place of the highest mastery.

Abundance of knowledge and experience.  
Different kinds of expertise, all for the finest bags.

Endless experimentation.  
My secret dream since I was six.

Everything was exact. Like a Swiss timepiece.  
Laboratory tests with scientific numbers.

Open-mindedness.  
Width and depth to their understanding.

Enormous respect for creations. For the first time, recognition of the importance of every millimetre of my design.

It felt like a different planet because it was not their profession—it was their life.

This factory was home to a legendary brand dear to my heart. It was a timeless connection to a different era. The creator of this fashion house had always been my biggest secret inspiration.





## THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

But this was a private factory. They were not open for external projects. For the first time, the decision to produce the bag was not up to me.

I met Claudio, the owner.

How could I express to him what it meant for me to find them? How could I put the meaning of my spiritual search into words? How could I convey that his 'yes' would mean my dream could come true?

I looked into his eyes and I spoke from my heart.

'I believe this bag would become a success no matter what. I hope you could be a part of this. I understand there is no logical reason for you to take my project, but could you just help?'

I felt as if I was channeling the divine, and the words flowed through me. My truth felt like my strongest power. I had done everything I could, and the only thing left was to surrender. Surrender and trust.

Claudio said **YES.**

I could not believe it. It was as if all Christmases came at once.

My soul was on clouds of pure joy.





## MASTERY

Who are the truest masters?

Those who align their hearts' truth with their talents, a union in which anything is possible and creations are divine. The essence of their nature is to do their absolute best, because they can't do otherwise. This comes directly from within.

The perfection of my factory is the expression of divine alignment. Finding them felt like discovering gold because it is truly rare.



## RENAISSANCE OF PERFECTION

Each bag is composed as a unique work of art.

Every element is  
handcrafted exclusively for it.

When the pieces merge in harmony with the design,  
their synergy creates a virtuoso ensemble.

The birth of the bag is a sacred ceremony,  
each moment is fuelled with love.

Every masterpiece is numbered  
in appreciation of its individuality.



When the pure essence of a tree  
comes into alignment with  
the spirit of the bag.

**IT'S MAGIC.**





## PRICELESS

My intention was always to give this product the very best I could. I would not compromise on anything because I believe our main responsibility is to bring to the world the highest and best that we are capable of—all our precious gifts and talents that hold the beautiful truth of who we really are.

The mystical qualities I always sensed from treasure boxes in fairy tales were revealed to me when I followed my heart.

I discovered a greater magic: when I am in alignment with my deepest truth, there is no greater perfection on Earth.



**BU**

BU means B(e) (yo)U.

It is my personal reminder to be who I truly am.



