THE SPARK IN THE RAIN

From 30 $ in the bank to a 300k app, success after 100 failures.

Rosario Martorana

Preface

Thirty euros in the bank,
a dream too big
and no plan B.

There were no investors, no funding, not
even a lifeline to cling to.
There were only thirty euros in the bank, a
pile of failed attempts and an idea that
seemed impossible.

This book is not the story of a genius who
found the magic formula for success.
It is the story of an ordinary man who,
with all his flaws and fears,
decided to try again...
and again... and again.

Until, after a hundred failures, they gave
way to one great success.

This isn't just a story.
You'll go behind the scenes of every choice, every stumble, every insight, and every mistake I made before arriving at a single, specific truth.

You'll discover how a project born in total solitude can become an international company worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

And above all, you'll understand that you don't need to have everything to get started:
you need to start with what you have,
you need to make pasta with what you have in the fridge.

This book is dedicated to those who feel it's too late, to those who think they have no energy left, to those who look at their bank account and think it's the end.

It's not.
Sometimes, it's just the beginning.
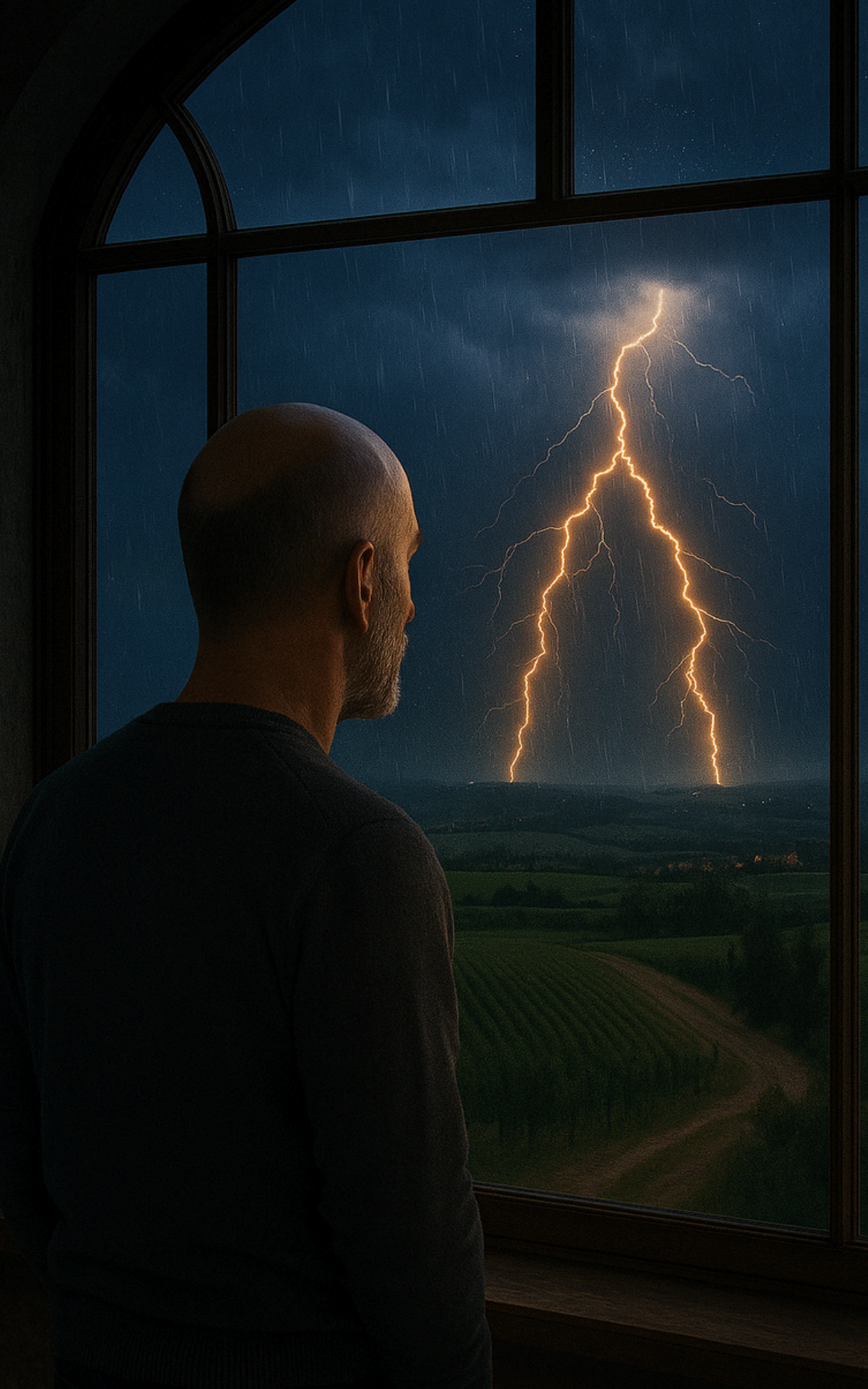
CHAPTER 1

The obsession with 95%

On March 17, 2025, I looked at my online account screen for the umpteenth time:
Available balance: thirty euros and fourteen cents
But the tragic thing was the Excel spreadsheet that I didn't have the courage to print: Debt to date Eleven thousand nine hundred and twenty-three euros. Payments at the end of the month another four thousand seven hundred and twenty-six euros and in the cash flow expected income ... zero euros

I had left the construction industry, which for three years had given me the illusion of earning a lot of money. I had invoiced more than two euro million, but at the end of the day, I had spent everything I had earned, plus what I had invested, on materials, workers, equipment, etc.

My bank balance was not just a snapshot of my financial situation: it was a reflection of my state of mind.
It was at that moment that I realized two things. The first was that I no longer had any margin for error.

The second: I was already running out of time. I couldn't afford to wait for the right opportunity... I had to create it myself.

I had spent the last six months in a sort of productive trance, building a piece of software that I had fallen in love with:
a landing page editor created entirely with the help of dozens of artificial intelligences.

The truth? I'm not a programmer, there, I said it, I'm not... I imagined what I wanted in this program to create landing pages and I argued, first only with chat gpt...and then with every new AI I found... a new agent, promising new Chinese chat platforms... I used everything I came across to write my software, my landing page editor.

 I, who had never written a line of code in my life, added features every day, fixed bugs, tested, improved. It felt like I was living in a dream... I could create software! All by myself.

And every day, the finish line seemed to get closer... only to slip away again.

The software was always "95% ready."
Never 100%.

Yet that missing 5% seemed like an abyss. I was afraid to release it to the world. Afraid that someone would tear it apart in a comment on Reddit, that an experienced programmer would dismiss it as "amateur stuff," that no one would see its value.

So, like a psychopath, I kept correcting, adding, removing, modifying, testing functions... and the various AI chatbots from ChatGPT onwards... solved one problem....and created two more... they wrote perfect code for the new feature "yeah, gradients and shades and crazy cool blurring!!" and then they destroyed the HTML export that had taken me two weeks to figure out how to do... the tunnel of euphoria and despair creates a kind of addiction... one moment you feel like a failure... I'll never make it,

And then, a moment later, you feel that you will succeed and that everyone will want to work with your program and that it will be a resounding success...
There was a part of me that knew the truth: it's not the product that makes you fail, it's the silence around it.

But I kept putting it off, hiding behind perfectionism.

That morning, however, the feeling was different. Looking at that ridiculous number in my account, I realized that time was no longer on my side.
Either I launched, or I disappeared.
It was the moment when I either became an entrepreneur... or remained a hobbyist with an impossible dream in my drawer.

I couldn't have imagined that from that day, from those few coins and an incomplete idea, a journey would begin that would take me from financial ruin to founding a startup with thousands of users around the world.

Blue Lime Editor was my masterpiece... at least in my head.

I had built it one pixel at a time, one feature at a time, like an obsessive craftsman sculpting the same statue for months without ever delivering it.

Every night I would say to myself, "Just one more small improvement and then it will be ready."

Every morning I would discover a new flaw, an extra idea, a "if I added this too..." that would delay the launch another day.

It had become a toxic ritual: I only felt satisfaction when I corrected something, but I could never declare it finished.

I was convinced that a product was only worth it if it was perfect.

I didn't yet know that in the real world, 95% ready but published is worth more than 100% ready but hidden.

My 95%, on the other hand, remained locked in a browser, accessible only to me.

The problem was that this obsession was costing me much more than time: it was consuming my self-confidence.

Every bug I fixed became proof that the software "wasn't ready," and every new feature was another excuse to procrastinate.

There were nights when sleep wouldn't come. I would lie awake in front of the screen, staring at lines of AI-generated text, evaluating whether that formula was the most efficient...
...while the world outside, and the market, didn't even know my work existed.
In hindsight, it's clear: perfectionism is the silent killer of ideas.

That missing 5% was just a mental trap that kept me from the only step that really mattered: putting the product in front of people.

But I didn't understand that then.

I only saw that damn 5% as a huge wall.
And with each passing day, the weight of not
having launched yet added to that of my debts.

I didn't know that I would soon learn one of the
hardest lessons of my life: the world doesn't
wait for you to be "almost ready."

CHAPTER 2

The spark in the rain

When I finally found the courage to show something from Blue Lime Editor, it wasn't a big launch.

There were no conferences, professional videos, or advertisements.
There was me, my laptop, and a few posts thrown on Reddit, LinkedIn, and the mailing list I had painstakingly built over the previous months.
I wrote words that I thought would spark curiosity.

I chose screenshots that, to me, were proof that I was creating something different.
I pressed "Publish" with the same tension as an actor stepping onto the stage at the premiere of a packed theater.
Then...
Silence.
No comments. No likes.
Not even a reply email, not even to say "I'm not interested."

Nothing.

It wasn't just disappointing.
It was as if the world was saying to me, "You're not even good enough to be criticized."
And that feeling, for a creator, burns more than any insult.
In the days that followed, I reread my posts looking for mistakes: maybe the text wasn't persuasive enough, maybe the images were wrong, maybe... I was the problem.

Then came the thought I feared most: "I got the wrong product."

I was convinced I had failed miserably.
That conviction was a heavy burden.
I looked defeat in the face, and for the first time, I felt like I had to accept that it was all over.
It was raining outside.

And in the rain, as I stared into space, something happened.

It wasn't a loud voice, it wasn't a theatrical epiphany.

It was almost a whisper...
a spark in the rain.

I listened: "Don't give up now! ... Not yet...
Believe in yourself. You'll only make it if you
keep going."
I don't know where that voice came from.
Maybe it was the last drop of pride, maybe the
fear of admitting that I had wasted seven
months.

But I know that listening to that voice took more
courage than I had ever had.

Believing in yourself when
everything is going well is easy.
But believing in yourself despite everything and
everyone, when the odds are stacked against
you, when there isn't even the slightest positive
sign to cling to... when you look around and see
nothing but problems to solve... then, believing
in yourself... once again,

trust me, is really hard...

Despair is a powerful driving force, an unnatural force that springs from within you because you do NOT want to admit defeat. I had a sort of continuous epiphany... everything seemed clearer and I had stopped feeling sorry for myself. Anyone who saw me thought that everything was fine.

I was pumped up!
I realized that this is the moment that separates the winners from the losers.

It was at that moment that I realized:
The problem wasn't my product!
The problem was the way I was presenting it!
I wasn't taking the right steps.

I wasn't talking to people, I wasn't communicating anything! There was no story!

And from that realization came the first small step toward the turning point.

CHAPTER 3

A programmer without code

bluelime Editor wasn't just software.
It was a living paradox: a technological product created by someone who had never written a single line of code in the traditional sense.

Its architecture was the result of an unconventional approach.
I had used dozens of artificial intelligence tools, orchestrating them like modules in a virtual assembly line.

Every component, every function, was generated, tested, improved, and reintegrated without me having the formal skills of a traditional programmer.

It was a work of "assisted" engineering in which the human role was not to write code, but to ask questions and formulate the right ideas to achieve the desired result.

This feature, which I had previously perceived as a technical limitation, began to reveal itself as a strategic narrative value.

In a market saturated with products built by teams of experienced developers, my project had a substantial difference:
it was concrete proof that, with emerging technologies, it was possible to break down barriers to entry and bring a complex solution to market without going through traditional channels.

However, the operational reality remained difficult.

Although most of the software components were functional, it still suffered from imperfections: unstable functions, unoptimized interfaces, and non-linear flows.

Each correction required hours of work, code generation, prompt refinement, output validation, and so on.

Making sure that every change didn't mess up what was already working .. which happened all the time because of the limits, hallucinations, and incomprehensible errors of all the AIs I tried, from the good chat gpt 4.5 and all its versions, to Replit, Lovable, DeepSeek, Cursor, Copilot github inside Vscode.. and all the crappy assistants I found... Big mistake... constantly changing assistants thinking that the next AI I use will be the right one! No! They all do more or less the same thing! You have to decide on a system and be patient, be consistent... don't constantly change everything!

Damn it!

One day I'll publish the 'swearing' chats from 4 a.m. in which I cursed the unfortunate AI of the moment and wished it a slow and painful death there in the hyperuranium where it was, and I told it all sorts of things.

Completely forgetting that it wasn't... and isn't a person who hates you and plays tricks on you just when you were about to see the light and finish this blessed editor... but it's just a tool.

This experience has put my understanding of what artificial intelligence is to the test... and this opens up a consideration... a reflection that I invite everyone to share... technicians, programmers, digital entrepreneurs, web designers...
...but also those who know absolutely nothing about code and the "digital" world... how will the world change when AI stops making mistakes? What if it makes more serious mistakes once it takes on the "body" that will be given to it by robots, by the beautiful androids we are already building? What kind of world will we live in... in a few years?

Are you thinking about it?

Between nightmares of a dystopian future à la Terminator and idyllic paradises where we live immersed in nature and well-being and robots prepare delicious meals for us... I often fell asleep on the keyboard... and returned home to my partner... who was already asleep... and understood less and less what the hell I was doing.

But I had realized something: my approach as a non-programmer, as a creative person, as a designer... could be the key... I began to have a new vision of my project...

CHAPTER 4

When courage costs more than money
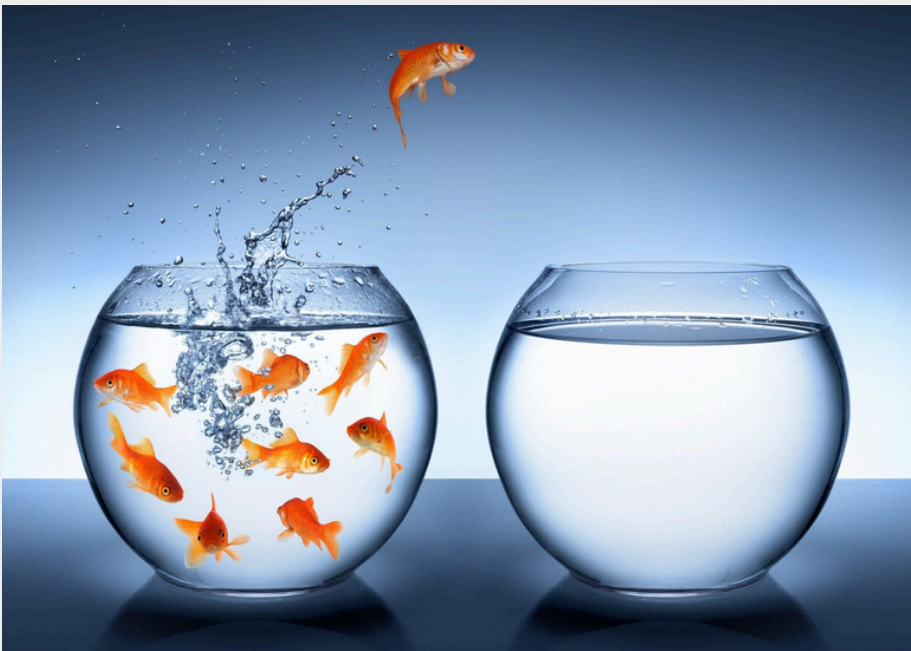
The new awareness I gained in the previous chapter led me not to hide this "non-programmer" approach, but rather to emphasize it.

The strength of Blue Lime Editor was not its technical perfection, but the story behind its creative process: a journey that proved that even without specialist training, an idea could become a real product thanks to the synergy between human intuition and the power of AI, and that this product could breathe new life into a landscape of editors that were all too similar. I could create something different... why not?

I decided to turn this feature into a central element of my communication, shifting the focus from "what the product does" to "how and why it was created."

Perhaps it was the first concrete step towards a narrative capable of generating emotional connection and, consequently, real interest.

Having a new vision does not mean having certainties.

I had figured out how to present the project in a more authentic way, I had found a strength in my story... but the doubt remained there, like a shadow behind me.

There was no guarantee that the world would respond positively.

In fact, every day I was reminded that the chances of failure were still very high.
My bank account confirmed it: there was no margin for error, advertising investments, or major maneuvers.

Yet, precisely because of this, every decision weighed heavily.

The biggest obstacle was not technical.
It wasn't even financial.

It was psychological.

Pressing the "Launch" button meant exposing everything: my work, my choices, my credibility.

It meant risking hearing what I feared in silence:
"It's useless."

There is a hidden price that few people mention
when they talk about business:
courage costs more than money.
Because while money can be earned and lost,
courage must be built from within, and you
cannot borrow it from anyone.
I spent days imagining scenarios:

- The launch went badly, the silence
  continued, and I had to admit defeat.
- Or the software exploded with bugs and
  users tore me apart.
- Or worse: nothing happened at all, and the
  world went on as if I had never existed.

But inside me, that voice I had heard in the
rain... the spark... though faint... had not gone
out.
It was weak, but it persisted:

$$\text{"Try, Take a risk"}.$$

You have nothing to lose, but you could have
everything to gain."

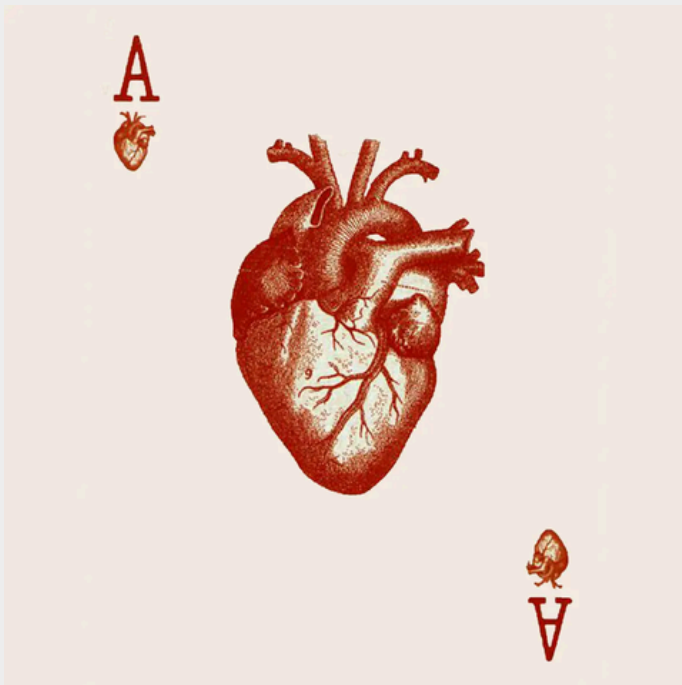In the end, I realized that "the right moment" would never come.

The right moment was now,
and the price to pay was fear.

So I made the decision: I would take the leap, knowing that I could still fall.

Because if there's one thing I've learned, it's that standing still for fear of making a mistake is the only irreversible mistake.

CHAPTER 5

The last card...

The voice in the rain hadn't told me how to do it, but it had told me not to stop.
It was a whisper that lingered, a ray of light in the middle of a storm that seemed never-ending.

I clung to that spark as if it were an invisible anchor, and I began to think:
"If I can't sell the software as it is... maybe I need to completely change the way I offer it."

That's when the spark turned into a flash:
I wasn't just going to sell a product. I was going to create a marketplace where people could sell their digital products, only digital products, and I was going to create a community around it, inside the marketplace! A chat room that could create a sense of belonging for those who wanted to create something new in the digital world, someone like me... and I would sell my story, this story, along with the product.

Not just a technical manual, not just ready-made landing pages, but dozens and dozens of courses, ebooks, templates for Notion, for Canva, for everything new that could be created in the wonderful world of digital products.

The idea was born of an ecosystem for creators of new things, of ideas that didn't exist before, and of telling the world something. Me and my tribe, me and all those who, like me, want to take this journey into the new world as protagonists, as creators and not as mere spectators.

It seemed presumptuous, but this was supposed to be bluelime.cool
Not a series of cold and impersonal features.

But a living story: my journey from to success! To creating, without being a programmer, a tool that could give creative power to anyone.

bluelime.cool would have been tangible proof of that story.

This ebook, the beating heart that would allow people to enter my mind, my fears, my hundred failures before getting there, because it's never about selling a product... it's never just that, believe me. There is a need for stories and emotion, there is a need to believe in it and to want to change what already exists at all costs... there is a need to believe in it, until the very end.

Now bluelime had taken on a clear and precise identity, it was a unique package: those who purchased the ebook also received access to the community and, of course, to the editor, the marketplace, and the other tools I was creating. Those who became passionate about my story, our story, wanted to try and share their experience, praise me, criticize me, scold me... in short, they wanted to "interact"... Boom!

Those who tried it became part of that story, part of something that was being born... a sense of belonging that became real... a group of people who want to CREATE something... not just for money... but to tell something about themselves... or something they don't yet know...

And if I could make people feel part of my battle, they would cheer for my victory... and make it possible.

The spark in the rain had truly lit a fire.

CHAPTER 6

The day I pressed "PUBLISH" again!

The morning of the launch was nothing epic.

No rays of sunshine piercing through the clouds, no triumphant music.
There was only the patter of rain against the glass, a gray sky, and the cold light of my screen.
The package was ready: ebook + bluelime Editor.

On one side, my story laid bare, with all its scars on display.

On the other, the tool that had been born from those very scars.

Two worlds that complemented each other: the 'why' and the 'how'.

My hands were shaking.

The cursor flashed on the 'Publish' button like a racing heartbeat.
I knew that click was not just a technical act: it was the frontier between shadow and light, between remaining invisible and being seen, judged, loved or demolished.

I was aware of everything that could go wrong.

Of all the ways the world could respond with the same silence as before.
But I remembered the spark in the rain.
I remembered that courage is not the absence of fear, it is acting despite fear.
I took a deep breath.

Click.

For a moment, nothing.
Then the page reloaded and the package was officially online.
My story and my editor, out there, at the mercy of the world.
The next few minutes were endless.
I refreshed the sales page every thirty seconds.

Zero.

Still zero. Then, after what seemed like an hour, it came... >

1 new sale – seven euros
and ninety-nine cents

It was as if the world had changed color.
It wasn't the amount.
It was the sign.

Someone, somewhere, had read my story,
believed enough to open their wallet, and in that
gesture, said to me, "I'm in." It wasn't just a
customer.

It was the first piece of a domino effect that I
couldn't even imagine yet.
Because from that moment on, the notifications
never stopped.
Two sales, four, eight.

Then the first email:
"I finished your ebook. You made me
want to try to build something too."

That's when I realized that the launch wasn't
just a product.

It was the launch of an idea.

And once an idea catches fire, there's no putting it out.

CHAPTER 7

The domino effect.

The first sale was a sign.
The second was confirmation.
The third was proof that something was finally working.
Then came the magic part.
Sales no longer came one at a time, but in sequence.

Notifications lit up like lights in a city at night.
Every "New sale" was a heartbeat, every "New user" was a breath.
I hadn't pushed the project with expensive advertising.

I didn't have any important contacts or a pre-existing community to support me.
Yet my ebook and Blue Lime Editor were spreading... on their own.

I discovered that people weren't just buying.

They were talking. They were sharing links, writing posts, quoting phrases from the ebook, telling how they were using the editor for their projects.

They were no longer just customers: they were becoming ambassadors.

Word of mouth is an invisible and uncontrollable force... you can't force it, but when it happens, it's like a current pulling you out to sea.

Every reader who identified with my story became the spokesperson for that same story.

Every user who created a landing page with Blue Lime Editor was, in essence, a living testimony to what I had written.

Within a few weeks, the numbers took on a form I had never seen on my screen before: hundreds of copies sold, hundreds of active users.

Every day, new feedback, new stories of people who had found courage thanks to my story.

One message struck me more than any other:

"I didn't just buy your editor. I bought your story. And it made me realize that I can write my own."

It was at that moment that I understood:
I hadn't just launched a piece of software.
I had lit a chain of sparks in other people.

And when fire passes from hand to hand, **it becomes unstoppable**.

CHAPTER 8

From ebooks to ecosystem

The initial success of the ebook and bluelime.cool wasn't the end goal.

It was the beginning of a radical change.
I had a choice: stop and live off that wave of sales... or turn that fire into a solid structure capable of growing on its own.
I chose the second path.

The first step was to understand that Blue Lime Editor, the marketplace, and the community could become more than just a platform for selling digital products.

The community was already using the tool in ways I hadn't anticipated: to sell products, promote courses, launch startups.
They needed to be given more power.

This led to the projects we are launching now, such as crowdfunding for innovative startups and collaborations with publishers and creators around the world to obtain important exclusives.
bluelime.cool is becoming not just a platform, but a way to create modern, ethical, and visionary businesses.

CHAPTER 9

Beyond the abyss
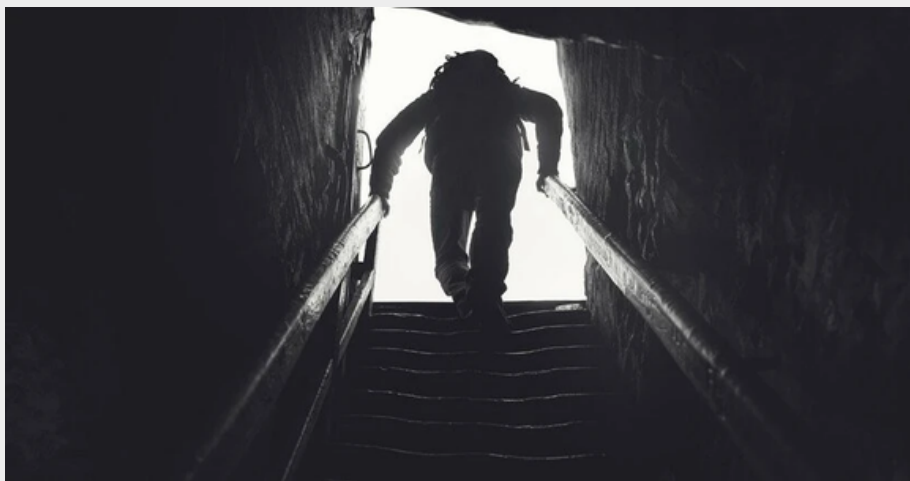
If someone had told me, on that rainy day, that a few years later I would find myself here, I wouldn't have believed them.

Not because it wasn't possible, but because at the time I couldn't imagine how it was possible to get there starting from almost nothing... and with thirty euros in the bank.

Today, Blue Lime Editor is no longer "my" project.

It is our project.

I work with people I chose one by one from among those who initially wrote to me to thank me or tell me their story after reading my ebook. They have become partners, friends, and traveling companions.

They didn't join the company for a contract: they joined because they believed in the idea.

As I mentioned earlier, we are opening an international company with the mission of creating Apps and tools for creators of digital products (and more).
Our goal is simple and ambitious at the same time: to give those with ideas the tools to turn them into reality, without technical or economic barriers.
And yes... this is a new beginning.
At 58, while many are thinking about slowing down, I am accelerating.
I don't have the urge to prove anything to anyone: I have the joy of building something with those who want to do it with me.
The biggest difference compared to those dark days is not in the numbers, the turnover, or the downloads.
It's in the way I look ahead.
No longer as a man who fears the future, but as someone who shapes it, piece by piece, with his own hands and those of those who have chosen to walk alongside him.

And the sun...
yes, today it's shining.

Not because there are no more clouds,
but because I know that when they come,
I have the team, the tools, and the
strength to get through them.

Because, in the end, true victory is not
avoiding the abyss.

It is learning to build bridges over every
void.

Rosario Martorana

EPILOGUE

Catch your spark in the rain.

If you've made it this far, you've traveled through a story.

My story, but also, in some ways, yours.
I wanted to tell it to you like this, as a novel about life and business, with all the fears, failures, and rebirths. And it's all true... at least up to a point.
Because the truth is, this isn't the end.
This is a pause.

What you've read so far is 100% real: the 30 €, the failures, the nights spent searching for a way forward, the falls and the choice, every time, to get back up. But there is a part that, today, still belongs to the future.

The editor you saw come to life, the tool we dream of making accessible to anyone who wants to write, tell their story, and grow, exists. It's already here, working, ready. But it's not complete yet: we're at that famous 95%...

...that limbo where you feel like you're touching the finish line, but you know there's still a bit left to go.

And this is where the truest part of all comes in: I'm not the one finishing this story. We're writing it together.
I didn't want to deceive you, I wanted to involve you. It wasn't just a motivational story, it was the seed of something that I hope will sprout with you. Because a book ends when you turn the last page, but a dream only becomes real when someone else chooses to believe in it.
The spark I held in my hands in the rain wasn't magic. It was a promise.
And today, I'm passing that promise on to you.
If you've read this far, it means you're not giving up.

It means that you too are ready to take
the next step,
to find your spark in the rain.

My story isn't finished yet.
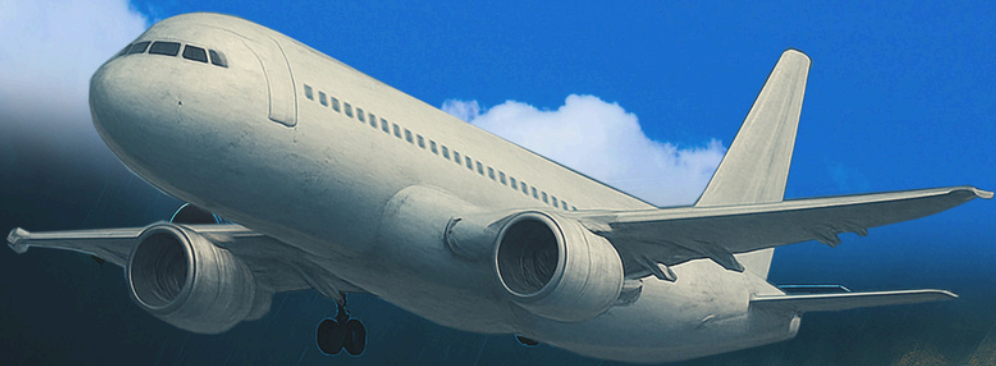
Yours, perhaps, has yet to begin.
And who knows, maybe one day
they'll intertwine, because I'm happy
to interact and respond to everyone.

Because books come to an end.
But dreams, when you share them,
become infinite.

Have you read the past,
the present,
and future of
bluelime.cool

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above the clouds there are always clouds

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