

FOR THEM ALONE

Gillette Trailer 29 — Nando the Scribe

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I had just retired. Forty years of sales at Gillette Italia. Like many men my age, I had few choices but one certainty: the time that once felt endless had, by some kind of magic, become measurable. It was pointing toward a finish line — one that, for me, would be a new beginning.

I'd had few vices in life. The product of an upbringing built on principles and duty — not on needs and wants. That day I was walking down the street with my books under my arm. My true passion. GILLETTENARRATIVE had captured me — no suspenders required.

Then I heard voices. Women's voices. And behind me: a group of women. And what women. Beautiful and striking like the ones in the movies — without a single flaw. They moved fast, leaving a trail behind them like Formula One cars — the kind other drivers chase, trying to steal an advantage. I followed them.

I had no ticket. No invitation. No money. I didn't lose heart. We Gillette men know how to do one thing well — always the same thing: find solutions. Never problems.

I approached one of them and gave her a book. She smiled. Asked my name. And in silence, took my hand and led me into the theater — without a word.

The magic of women. The power of women.

I expected a conference. A short performance. An interview with journalists. What I never expected was the launch of a new educational campaign titled:

THIS IS NOT DONE.

They were exactly the words every woman in the world uses — first on children, then on men.

It lasted nearly an hour. Just enough time — the average cognitive window a man needs to accept an idea before processing it, and only then change it.

And it was all true. We are born from a woman. We come into the world crying and we leave it crying. We spend our lives searching for a woman's shoulder to lean on. And in the end, we always find ourselves alone — with one mantra ringing in our ears:

this is not done.

Nando the Scribe