

BIC WRITER READER

BicGillettenarrative — Nando the Scribe

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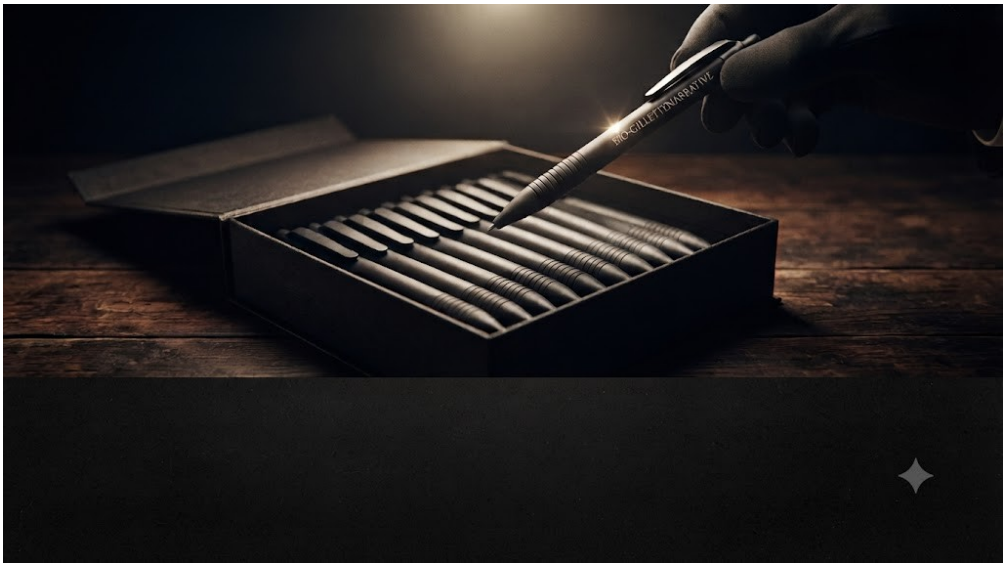

When I returned to the meeting area, everyone looked serious.

I immediately noticed that the only woman in the room had composed herself. She had closed every window overlooking the beautiful view, almost like a nun, although her clothing suggested an entirely different profession of the spirit.

The adjustment helped the discussion.

My attention shifted directly toward the men.

They were clearly concerned. Afraid of losing the authority attached to the office title written on their doors. That alone revealed a great deal about their abilities.

They were employees.

Almost nobody remembers that anymore.

They were not the owners.

I began with a short introduction and a simple observation.

When a man or a woman enters a room carrying cleaning supplies, everyone immediately notices whether the broom is brand new, because a new broom makes a different sound.

They stared at me.

My schoolboy French helped, although years of speaking other languages occasionally influenced the pronunciation.

I smiled.

Then I explained that Bing had transformed my post into a point of reference, placing it within Gillette-related queries and allowing Wall Street analysts to smile and reflect upon it. Google, on the other hand, had treated it merely as a presence with little influence inside its web ecosystem. As for Yandex in Russia, it had effectively removed it from relevance altogether.

And yet there I was.

Standing in my hometown.

With the entire board of BIC France outside my front door.

Accompanied by Chanel, who remained the only true added value of the meeting.

I was still just a writer.

More than ever, I understood the power of narrative. Having was becoming more interesting than owning.

And people remained the first resource of every company. The intelligent solution was never to send anyone home. The intelligent solution was to change things through ideas. It is exactly what women do to men the moment they are born.

Before leaving, I opened my work bag. As I prepared to say goodbye, I placed a sealed package on the table. Inside were ten pens. I asked them not to open it until I was gone.

Chanel turned toward me. "Where are you going?"

I smiled. "I am going to write a story and change the world of people. I finally know how it is done. The only difference is that what I propose through my writing is always better."

After I left, they opened the package. Inside they found a name printed on every pen: BICGILLETTENARRATIVE.

It had been born during a simple meeting. And like so many simple things, it became unforgettable.

Ferdinando

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