Ferdinando Frega – Nando the Scribe

REMEMBER THIS DAY



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REMEMBER THIS GILLETTE DAY

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I thought I had seen everything. Not much time had passed when an email arrived requesting urgent phone contact: WALMART USA.

I figured it was another joke — but it was not April 1st. Just June 22nd, one day after the summer solstice began. Perhaps the first sun had kissed someone a little too hard.

I immediately asked my wife if she had paid for the groceries — maybe the card transaction had been declined. She reassured me: she does not shop there. She goes to the neighborhood stores, where the human relationship is always stronger than the brand.

But what could they want? I do not recall ever meeting the owner's children, nor having any commercial dealings with them in the past. No manager, no department head — only a long time ago, a brief love story with a cashier, but it lasted only as long as a receipt.

I took a shower. I wanted to be fully awake before calling. I had a coffee and asked my wife to sit beside me — not because she knows English, but because a woman's presence never hurts.

I dialed the number. A secretary answered. The moment I said my name, she jumped and shouted: it's him, it's him — please hold, I'll put you through to Mrs. Walmart.

Good God, she has the same name as the owner. What luck — she must be a namesake.

From the other end of the line: Suzann Walmart. I did not ask whether she was a relative or a distant cousin of the founders.

They want to meet me. They want to see me. They want to talk. And they ask me what my terms of engagement are.

Well — first, come to Reggio Calabria. Second, bring just 1 USD, signed by your owner.

That's fine. I'll sign it myself.

Good God. She is the owner.

She asks me only one thing: how do I see a woman's approach to my writing — Gillette Narrative — inside one of their stores?

The answer came immediately. And I do not have a degree.

I don't see it. Women never ask for things. They take them. They always have.

I will send her a cover — my vision of women inside her store. But one condition: they must never pay for one of my books.

She smiled. And then she said the thing everyone always says:

But who the hell are you?

Just someone you never expected.

Nando

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