

AN UNCOMMON THOUGHT

As I travelled this narrative path, which began as an independent autobiographical entity, yet never with an editorial mindset, I did not encounter many obstacles except for the frequent editorial judgments that openly disagreed, often quite forcefully, claiming that it was a form of narrative that was neither readable nor digestible for an audience largely shaped by an **AMAZON-FRIENDLY** culture. Readers had become accustomed to stories approved, educated, and adapted according to what publishers considered acceptable, often losing the true nature of the work itself. Therefore, mine, they said, would never fit.

Ironically, that was precisely what stimulated me the most: the possibility of telling a story without censorship, without adaptation, intended for a universal reader, where the reading would not simply be about a story, but about a life lived, or imagined, yet credible without necessarily being believed.

I never used a predefined plan for what to write. I was guided by my mind, my experiences, my convictions, and my fantasies. Within each of them, the character **JESUS** was born. Not the one described in spirituality, but the one belonging to marketing, sales, and the corporate world, where the principal product was only one thing: the word.

Then came different stories, some more amusing than others, but always narrative stories, never blasphemous and never disrespectful. From them emerged what I defined as the **Gillette colleague of the year 2000**, existing inside a company that would only come into being at the end of the nineteenth century yet somehow becoming its first dignitary in history.

Why do I tell this with such attention to detail?

Because just two days ago I sent a letter to the American Pope, whose surname is French, **PREVOST**, and I found myself reflecting on the surname **GILLETTE**, an American man with a French surname.

I paused and thought about my own role, almost as if I had been delegated to tell the truth of a project where the first test was the brand with the product, and the second was the product without the brand.

And what if that were really the case?

Then perhaps I have simply enjoyed being a non-paying spectator.

And as we know, when we do not pay for something, either it is worth very little, or we have managed to realize a dream without effort.

Ferdinando