

GILLETTE ATLAS OF A BLADE

01 APRIL 2058

I had entered the last month of my life, a deadline that could no longer be postponed.

Ninety-three years old, and I had always thought I was a fisherman.

Turns out I didn’t understand a fucking thing.

Someone had portrayed me in a photograph: wooden boat, fishing rod in hand, Vesuvius behind me.

As if I were the man who had learned where to cast the hook. The man who knows.

Then I looked at the picture more carefully.

The fish I caught isn’t moving. It isn’t gasping for air.

It’s reading. It’s reading GILLETTENARRATIVE. In English, in Spanish, in Chinese, in Amharic, in Urdu, in Arabic.

I caught the fish. The fish is studying me.

For years I believed evolution meant speaking more languages, having more maps, more editions.

Twenty-two editions. Five with many volumes. Seventeen without even counting them. But how the fuck much did I write?

Then I understood that evolution is not how much water you’ve travelled through. It’s whether, when you’re hanging from a hook, you still have the clarity to read.

The April Fool is not a joke you play on others. It’s the joke life plays on you when you think you’re the fisherman and discover you’re the fish.

And if you’re lucky, on that day, you learn how to read as well.

I learned it that day. But I was already at the end, and a finish line leaves no memory. Only the possibility of being unforgettable.

Ferdinando