NANDO, WE'RE HOME

A Return To The Place That Called First



Ferdinando Frega – Nando the Scribe

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It's been weeks now that a moment from my life keeps coming back to me. We were in 1993, and for the launch of a revolutionary shaving system for that time, my father and I flew to Washington. He kept asking me if I was happy, and he smiled. I didn't see him like that often, and it intrigued me — as if he were waiting for the right moment to tell me something important.

One afternoon, after work, we were walking along a pier by the river. He grabbed my arm, pulled me closer, and said:

“Nando… we're in America. Nando… we're home.”

He was happy — eyes full, almost emotional, almost ready to cry. But I was too young to understand what he really meant beyond the words.

Today, I can't forget it. It's been almost seven months that this memory keeps returning, cycling through my mind. Thirty-three years have passed, and he's been gone for one. But his signal is loud and clear: he wants me to understand that I must be ready to leave again — to go back home. The home that didn't receive me 61 years ago only because of a FedEx stork error… but that's another story.

Here in Italy, I feel like I'm stuck inside a fruit crate — confined by something that never belonged to me.

How I'll get there, I have no idea. My 70 USD a month are my only resource, and I don't chase anyone for money. I only chase beautiful women — if they're intelligent. Not a vice, a passion. A debt of gratitude to the one who never needs advertising — the woman who exists even when she stands alone.

And when I finally walk into some room over there, I'll have three Calabrian chili peppers in my pocket. I'll introduce myself by saying:

“This is the fire — the only thing that keeps us alive and keeps us from getting sick. It starts in the mouth and ends in the ass. Just don't ever let the opponents know.”

Nando

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