

GILLETTE SUCCESS

You taught me that a lifetime would not be enough to find it.

In results.

In numbers.

In markets.

In promotions.

In the countries I crossed.

In the titles printed on my business cards.

I thought it was a summit.

Then I discovered it was a shadow.

The faster I ran, the farther it moved away.

It was never meant to be chased.

So I changed professions.

I stopped pursuing it.

I started observing.

People.

Stories.

Failures.

Missed opportunities.

Women.

Especially women.

And then I understood something that no school had ever taught me.

I needed the road.

Without it, I would never have understood.

Success is not a conquest.

It is a recognition.

It is not taken.

It is received.

A man does not decide when he has arrived.

Life decides.

And sometimes life wears the face of a woman.

That is why I suspect something very simple.

That success is not waiting for me somewhere.

That it is not hidden behind a contract, a book, an award, or a number.

It will arrive.

Quietly.

Without announcements.

Without fanfare.

From a woman.

When she decides.

And she will never speak Italian.

Ferdinando