

NOT A MYTH, JUST A GILLETTE LIFE

Eight years in a Catholic boarding school, which he entered at just five years old, shaped his formation. The nuns, with discipline and rigor, tried to mold his character and ethics, teaching him that respect, punctuality, and a given word are forms of freedom. Later, his birth mother tried as well, without much success.

Then came the grade meant to leave no survivors: a failing mark in Italian. Not a simple school error, but a fall that would have stopped many.

Not him.

Ferdinando Frega chose to rise and rewrite everything: his story, his destiny, and even the way he would tell it.

From that experience came what many call style and class. Not an affectation. Not a rule of life. Rather, a different way of being in the world, outside the format.

At thirteen he discovered rugby, and for ten years he carried it alongside his work. From that field he learned endurance, sacrifice, and the silent strength of the team.

He has been married for thirty-three years and is the father of three children.

His professional career carried him well beyond Italy's borders. After eighteen years in sales for Gillette Italia and its subsidiaries, he made a decision that would change his life. He left his mother and set off into the world in search of new professional experience, going on to operate across sixty-five nations and five languages.

He returned to Italy for love of his own family. What awaited him, however, was another, unexpected profession: defendant.

Eighteen criminal and administrative trials. Eighty-five years of detention requested in total.

Yet the courts kept repeating the same formula:

acquitted — the act does not constitute a criminal offense.

He has always been a man of facts. He handed the burden of proof to the prosecutors himself — but they didn't believe it.

The unofficial translation always seemed to be the same: “We're sorry, but we can't understand what you do, how you do it, or why you do it. We filed

you away with the others. The problem is, you're not like the others.”

Just when it seemed every storm had passed, the next challenge arrived.

The hospitals.

Six episodes of clinical coma. Life expectancy ranging from forty-eight hours to thirty days at most. And every time, beside his bed, lay a coffin.

He watched it.

He smiled.

And he always left it there.

One day the funeral home's invoice even arrived.

6 hearse stops. Funeral casket reservation. Double-shell, XXL size. Eight pallbearers occupied for thirty hours. Handling and standby. Taxes and VAT. 3,500 euros.

It didn't take long to understand that this was the ideal moment for his literature to be born.

Where others see obstacles, he sees detonations.

Opportunities to learn, to solve, to transform.

Like the time he set off Amazon's algorithm: an incident that would have cost most people dearly, and that instead earned him a gift signed by Bezos.

Independence.

From this life came gillettenarrative.com, a literary, musical, and cinematic project built around a single brand and a single legacy.

At its center is the Saga Gillette, fifty volumes registered with the United States Copyright Office.

The whole project lives by one simple philosophy:

we don't sell, we give access.

And everyone looking for the same thing.

The scam. Because someone who doesn't sell, doesn't monetize, and doesn't cash in must be hiding something.

At least according to them.

My family thinks I've compromised my mental balance. Formally, they avoid calling me crazy or insane.

They prefer a more elegant word:

unbalanced.

Maybe it's true.

Maybe there's more truth in this story than it seems.

But my mother Gillette taught me a simple rule:

if you want to sell something, you have many options, and the first one, not the last, is to give it away.

One thing, however, is certain.

When Ferdinando Frega stops writing, it won't only be his words that remain.

The facts will remain.

And inside those facts, everyone will find a piece of him.

And whoever truly wants to know who he was won't have to look for him in courtrooms, in hospitals, in books, or in legends.

He will simply have to hope the world gives birth to another one.

Ferdinando Frega