

THE IMPOSSIBLE BIC DEAL

Today, GILLETTENARRATIVE turned one month old.

A birth that came after four years of gestation, where character, perseverance, and discipline met three generations of corporate blood: fifty-eight years of Grandpa Camp, forty years of my father, eighteen of mine.

The delivery was natural. No contractions. No labor. No pain.

The midwife was copyright law. I had chosen the best one. There was nothing to worry about — copyright always knows what to do, and nobody is foolish enough to wage war against it.

That day, the web placed a GILLETTENARRATIVE post among the queries that mattered. The title was a takeover, declared without shame.

Then something happened that always happens in these conversations. A woman told me I wasn't acting like myself — that gratitude toward people who had shown me nothing but distance and hostility didn't suit a man named Frega.

So another climb began.

The kingdom of heavy steel. The technology of systems. An old emblem of crossed blades that seemed built for a single sentence: I am a blade.

Then the kingdom of skin and water, sleeping under the same roof as the first.

One check. Two centuries of metal.

The architecture assembled itself. I never designed it on paper. Plastic at the bottom. Steel and skin at the top. Mother Gillette caught in the middle, like something held in a vise.

I arrived at Wall Street. Not the way they expected. No suit. No tie. Security watched me walk in wearing wooden clogs and Bermuda shorts.

The owners of the Exchange came out to meet me. Cameras went off without stopping. Two networks were already live.

Nobody said a word. I had ten billion dollars, and with ten billion dollars in your pocket, you can dress however you want.

The bank opened the room. Nobody asked if I was ready — they just started counting. Due diligence never asks whether a deal can be done. It asks where to sign before someone else gets there first.

One check. Two centuries of metal.

I didn't buy companies. I closed a circle Grandpa Camp had left open.

The first kingdom held plastic and paper.
The second held heavy steel.
The third held skin and water.
I held only one thing: GILLETTENARRATIVE. And a real name weighs more than three factories.

The bankers in their jackets kept staring at my feet, not the paperwork. The paperwork was already signed before I walked in.

The brands didn't disappear. They changed their surname.

The first stayed on supermarket shelves, in stationery stores still selling pens to people who wanted nothing to do with Amazon.

The second carried its crossed blades straight into my manifesto, as if they'd been forged for one line alone: I am a blade.

The third took skin and water and put something else on top of them — not performance. Self-care.

The old names stayed on the boxes. The real name moved somewhere else.

People stopped buying Gillette. They bought GILLETTENARRATIVE — not because it cost less. I aligned prices with quality, not with profit. They bought it because behind every blade there was a true story, and no agency in Manhattan knows how to write one that doesn't sound fake.

Then the analysts asked their usual questions: who are the new CEOs, where's the headquarters, how will it all be organized?

My answer was simple. Give me three days in Boston and I'll hire the people from Gillette. Not all of them. Only the real ones. The ones like me.

Gillette moved from mother to grandmother, and like every elder, she already knew the road ahead. The board was shaved clean in under twenty-four hours, for incompetence. Three questions echoed through every room:

What were you thinking, while he was tearing you apart online?
How did you expect to beat a man who didn't want your money — only one dollar?
Why did you never once talk to him?

That evening, an emissary arrived, carrying a name printed on an empty box — a warehouse that no longer made anything I couldn't already build better, cheaper, and with more soul. He looked at me and said:

People don't buy a razor. They buy the person selling it.

And to think — I walked in wearing clogs. And bought everything.

Ferdinando