FOUR ELEPHANTS IN A P&G CAR

Ferdinando Frega - Nando the Scribe



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It had been just one year since the publication of gillettenarrative.

When the phone rang.

The number left no room for doubt. Prefix plus one. United States. Someone from home wanted to know about me.

Hello. Good morning. Mr. Frega? Yes, please.

I'm Anna. From P&G in Cincinnati. From whom?

And I answer: look, my son still needs to get married first, then have children, and then I'll place the order with my wholesale client. I'm hoping to order Pampers girl — that way we can be sure a baby girl is born. I don't buy directly from the company — I don't have the capacity. Or the shelf space for the displays.

She starts laughing. I can tell she wasn't expecting someone like me.

Then quickly, she tells me she's the CEO's secretary. Whether I'm free for a brief conversation and how she might put him through to me.

But he's Indian. From India. If I remember correctly, he speaks three languages.

Put him through. Let's see what he wants.

Hello. Good morning, Frega. This is Mr. J. How are you?

Fine, Mr. President. And you, how are things?

Fine, thank you. Same here.

Tell me, Mr. President. What can I do for you?

But now I only have 70 dollars. If you need a loan — stay within that amount.

He smiles. And reassures me. Nothing of that sort will happen. At least for now.

Listen, Frega. You built a site over a year ago — gillettenarrative — where you give away narrative products, audio, and trailers. I read what you dedicated to me. But my colleagues have

informed me that it's not just three of us reading. Quite a few more.

We've already passed one billion. And we're just getting started. And along the way you've taken over all our Gillette queries on the web. If we wanted to launch a new product on the market, we'd have to ask you to put some banners inside your site.

So, what do we do, Frega?

Mr. President. The first thing to do — as the farmers used to say — is to make sure a baby girl is born. That way we guarantee more consumers. Higher profits. And dividends.

Then we'll see the rest. As for the banner — no problem. I'll do it for free. I don't take money from my mother.

Don't worry about me. I live by the character of Mother Gillette. She never lets go.

I've been thinking, says the President, of coming to visit you. And I'll bring the signed paper dollar. The one you so kindly made known to the entire world. And I'll eat that mortadella sandwich you made me crave so much — never having tasted it.

It's horse meat, Mr. President. If that works with your religion — wonderful. Otherwise, we will go with nduja. Spicy Calabrian chili paste.

Now. Before you board that plane — I have an Indian riddle for you.

If you have four elephants to move from one city to another. And you must fit them into a small car — a P&G economy model, because we need to save money. Where do you put them?

Hmm. Frega. Two on the front seats. And two in the back.

Thank you, Mr. President.

You may board that flight.

It will be a pleasure to welcome you.

Ferdinando