

GILLETTE ATTRACTS

Ferdinando Frega — Nando the Scribe

Gillettenarrative.com

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In my life I have always paid close attention to three fundamental things: learning without teaching but by demonstrating, observing with intention but never constraining, and then what I have always loved most — the dialogue and communication of women, the only form that in silence, through their own gestures, says everything, touches everything, without ever using their hands.

And the idea of gillettenarrative is creating feminine effects that are, to say the least, surprising.

There are young authors who write to me — stories, fantasies, truths, half-truths, and everything that writing can offer — to earn their place, carve out a space, try to get published. And I understand them perfectly, in their intent, where expectations and hopes meet but a true evaluation between necessity and need is always missing.

I have always answered them by saying that I am nothing more than a Calabrian scribe, who got a four out of ten in Italian, last in the class, off any ranking entirely — and that to reach one's goals one must always persevere and move forward, always observing the capacity of one's own mother, the one who tells us how much our X factor is truly worth.

Among the stories I received, I selected three that made me smile, think, and reflect. I want to attach them here and share them with the readers of gillettenarrative.

The one about Bezos could not be missing.

Some of his market operations went badly. He sold almost everything in Amazon — he holds only around eight percent of the share package now — and remains in history as the person who built the brand that was then sold to others.

One of the most important decisions he made in recent years was to invest in production by diversifying, moving from door-to-door newsstand vendor to publisher and publicist, and then beginning to finance manufacturing — specifically, also the cellulose industry.

It would seem that his wife was not in agreement with him. He had already divorced once before and had not lost the habit of marrying again. At a certain point he found himself poor.

His wife took pity on him and called her friend, Mrs. Watson — for those who may not know who she is, she is the owner of Walmart, the world's largest food distribution chain — asking her to hire him at a store far from home, so that she would have more time to dedicate to herself.

First day of work. The department manager dressed him in a uniform and took him to the reading section. You will not believe it — but it was stocked with GILLETTE AMORE ONE WOMAN. And when he read the name Ferdinando Frega on the books, it reminded him of someone. It did not take him long to realize it was the person who had once exploded his algorithm.

The author of this story concludes with this line: by luck or by love, but always for a woman.

And then he asks me:

Reading your books, you never talk about women — but you talk with women. How did you manage that?

The answer is simple: as soon as I figure it out, I will keep you informed.

Ferdinando

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