GILLETTE

NO RETURN, PLEASE.



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WHAT A WONDERFUL FEELING

I left Mother Gillette on 1 December 2003.

I walked away from the corporate world and left behind a role I had occupied for eighteen years.

It was not a dramatic decision.

It felt more like putting an old suit back in the wardrobe and deciding not to wear it again.

Not because it was worn out.

Simply because it no longer resembled the person I wanted to become.

So I went looking for a different suit.

One with enough room for a future that did not require anyone's permission.

The story should have ended there.

But some stories have no intention of ending.

They just wait.

Then, one day, they send you the bill.

Almost twenty-three years later, people stop me in the street and say:

"We're delighted you've gone back to work for Gillette."

The problem is that I haven't.

And explaining that turns out to be surprisingly difficult.

Then come the theories.

"You're now leading GILLETTENARRATIVE, the famous brand's new publishing division."

At that point, reality officially leaves the room.

The next question usually follows:

"How on earth did you pull that off? Sixty-one years old, no university degree, and a spectacular grade of four in Italian."

I rarely know what to answer.

Then former colleagues start calling.

Some seem genuinely interested in finding out whether there might be openings inside the brand for them as well.

That is when I discovered something nobody had ever explained to me:

literature has side effects no one ever warns you about.

Had I known that earlier, I might have chosen a quieter profession.

Fishing, perhaps.

Certainly not sales.

By now, even the mayor of my hometown has heard the story.

I only hope he does not arrive at my front door asking me to hire someone.

I would have a practical problem.

I own no offices.

No headquarters.

No human resources department.

Just a desk.

A keyboard.

And a lifetime’s worth of stories.

The rest I carry with me.

Because I honestly wouldn’t know where else to leave it.

Welcome to Gillettenarrative.com.

Ferdinando Frega

A human being will read your message.

Usually the same one who wrote the books.

A Note to P&G, Gillette, BIC, Wilkinson, Schick, and L'Oréal Customers

Thank you for your messages and for your attention.

Please note that we do not handle products, orders, shipments, commercial issues, complaints, price lists, or special pricing. We do not process orders of any kind, including "slow moving" categories.

We understand what you are talking about, but it is not our business.

A special thanks to the wholesale client from New York regarding the Pampers order: please contact your supplier in Cincinnati directly. As a courtesy, we can only forward your communication.

We will be glad to welcome you into our editorial space, free of charge, simply to share a place where literature meets reality — 58 years of experience inside a great world that no one can ever erase.

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