

MY PRESIDENT

Gillette Audio — Peppe — gillettenarrative.com

The President wasn't sitting. He was sinking. Not speaking, not watching, not commanding. Barely breathing. One of those days when even the greatest men look like children left out in the cold.

I spotted him from a distance and arranged a gallant appointment — two women friends. They arrived beside him, quietly. No makeup, no provocation. Simply present. As if someone had placed them there to fill a void that refused to be filled.

He raised his eyes with the effort of a man lifting a stone, looked at me, and with a grave expression asked: *Who are they, Nando?* I smiled without answering. He pressed:

— "Nando… do you think… are they prostitutes?"

His voice was broken. No irony, no malice. Only fear. The fear of having become a man who needs to pay someone just to stop feeling alone.

He had never paid for a woman in his life — but he had often emptied his pockets for them. First pocket: a thick roll of bills to represent power. The rest: loose change, as if to say, *I only spend what I choose.*

I moved closer, slowly, the way you approach someone standing at the edge.

— "No, President. They're not prostitutes."

He swallowed, as though waiting for a verdict.

— "Then what are they?"

— "They're substitutes, President."

Silence. He didn't understand at first. Then the meaning arrived.

— "Substitutes… for what?"

— "For everything you can no longer feel on your own."

The two women watched me, but they didn't lower their eyes. They take — always — but they never ask.

They weren't there to seduce. They were present to fill a black hole.

The President breathed in, slowly. One tear — only one — fell without a sound.

— "Nando… I'm falling."

— "I know, President. But not today."

And for one second, in that moment, he became himself again. Not the role. Not the symbol. The man.

The man of *My President.*

Hello,
Peppe

© 2026 Ferdinando Frega — All Rights Reserved
Gillette Audio — U.S. Copyright Registration Pending