

THREE BLADES. ONE GILLETTE.

Ferdinando Frega — Nando the Scribe

Gillettenarrative.com

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Everything we truly possess — without noise, without awareness — moves forward anyway.

Like time.

It doesn’t ask. It doesn’t warn.

It arrives.

It has a name: Destiny.

A man once decided he would be remembered.

Not locally. Not temporarily.

For humanity.

He had one chance.

One afternoon in America, he picked up a discarded blade from the ground.

Someone else had invented the bottle cap.

He saw something else.

He didn’t improve a product.

He rewrote a gesture.

Shaving became a system.

The blade became disposable.

The name became permanent.

When people bought the product,

they said his name.

King Camp Gillette.

Freemason.

Author of The Human Drift, 1894.

My father.

Son of a miner and a noble mother.

Raised with care. Built without limits.

At 12 years old, grown men feared him.

Not because he was violent —

because he didn’t hesitate.

One night, on the way to the cinema,

he was attacked by a group older than him.

Alone.

No escape.

He found a razor blade on the ground.

Picked it up.

Marked one of them across the face.

They ran.

That moment never left.

Fourteen years later:

120 candidates.

One position.

He came third.

The first two negotiated.

He didn’t.

He entered Gillette Italy.

And stayed 40 years.

After retirement, nothing changed.

People still stopped him in the street.

Still recognized him.

Not by his name.

By what he represented.

Frega.

The man from Gillette.

The blade.

Every Monday he left early.

Every Friday he came back.

Never complained.

Never explained.

He was my father.

One day, he told someone I was the only son who truly resembled him.

I found out years later.

That was his way.

No declarations.

Only direction.

I was 19.

Military service.

Police exam passed.

He met me in Naples, May 1985.

It wasn’t a father-son meeting.

It wasn’t about work.

It was something else.

He asked me one question:

“What are you going to do with your life?”

No pressure.

No advice.

Just that.

I took seven days.

Then I entered a consortium linked to Gillette.

Lowest role possible.

You start at the bottom

if you want to see the top.

Eighteen years.

I reached it.

Then something ended.

Not the money.

Not the position.

The interest.

So I left.

He saw me again, in private.

Already retired.

He didn’t try to stop me.

He said he understood.

He always knew it would happen.

Because I was like him:

unpredictable.

Always moving toward something better.

November 30, 2003.

I left my mother Gillette.

But I didn’t lose the DNA.

Three stories.

Three moments.

This is the fourth.

Freemasonry since 1993.

Pythagoras.

Esoteric discipline.

You take raw stone

and you turn it into something that holds weight.

The mind sharpens

what the heart feeds.

I became an international manager.

Traveled the world.

Another eighteen years.

Then one day

I started writing.

Not one book.

Not two.

Not ten.

Not fifty.

Not one hundred.

More than 1600.

I stopped counting.

I want to be recognized.

But I don’t sell books.

I give access.

The system doesn’t know where to place me.

An independent author who gives everything away

is not a category.

It’s a problem.

I don’t attack the system.

I do worse.

I remove value from it.

They read me.

But they can’t manage me.

They can’t price me.

They can’t frame me.

I cannot be controlled.

I have no price.

Because I don’t sell anything.

Destiny is never expected.

Like me.

But it exists.

And I’m still moving toward it.

Nando

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