TWO P&G JOB INTERVIEWS

Ferdinando Frega - Nando the Scribe



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Two Job Interviews

FERDINANDO FREGA · GILLETTENARRATIVE.COM

It was May 2030. Things had gone as I had predicted. Everything happened at once. It was not planned. It was not scheduled. It was not even necessary.

But when you are the Owner of Gillette Narrative, certain things are not decisions you make — they come to meet you.

The FREGA TRUST had already been established, its stock assets in place, the FREGA generation guaranteed for the next 2,000 years — much as a colleague before me had once started with a book and 12 fishermen, while I began with 12 books and a single fisherman: myself.

That morning, as the sea of Reggio behaved as it always does — flat, innocent, indifferent — two notifications arrived.

Appointment at 11:00 AM. Sheraton Hotel, my city. Two job interviews. One gentleman from India. One woman from Brazil.

Two people who, in the real world, had commanded billions. Now retired. Now knocking on doors.

In my world, they had chosen to knock on mine — drawn, perhaps, by something they had read. A book. A post. A sentence that had stayed.

INTERVIEW 1 · THE INDIAN

He enters with the calm of someone who has seen everything. The posture of a global CEO: shoulders back, diplomatic smile, a voice that does not tremble.

«Good morning, Mr. Frega.»
«Good morning. Please sit down. We don't need billions here. We need character.»

He nods. He is not accustomed to being evaluated by a Calabrian who sells nothing, buys nothing — but gives access.

«Tell me about your morning ritual.»

Silence. He did not expect that.

«Ritual?»
«Yes. We don't hire people who work here. We hire people who prepare.»

He smiles. He understands that this is not a corporate interview. It is anthropological.

And he speaks. He speaks as he has never spoken before a board of directors.

When he finishes, I tell him:

«Perfect. You are hired. Not to work. To exist in my universe.»

INTERVIEW 2 · THE BRAZILIAN

She enters without asking permission. As all women do who have never asked permission to exist. Calm. Intuition. That thing which is not femininity, not beauty, not power. It is form.

«Good morning, Madam.»
«Good morning. I was told you are not an employee.»
«No. And you, before being a woman, are a Brazilian female. Please sit down.»

She smiles. Not because she is polite. Because she has already understood that we are not talking about Gillette here. We are talking about Gillette Narrative.

«Tell me what you see when you watch a man prepare himself.»

She does not answer immediately. Brazilian women do not answer — they decide.

Then she speaks. And when she speaks, the room changes shape.

«Perfect. You are hired as well. Not to lead. To exist in my world.»

CLOSING

Two CEOs. Two continents. Two real powers.

And one Owner.

Me.

Gillette Narrative does not hire people. It hires presences.

And that day, without intending to, I hired India and Brazil.

The rest is cinema.

Ferdinando Frega

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