THE FIRST GILLETTE MAN IN GALILEA



FERDINANDO FREGA

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Nobody had ever written it. Because nobody had ever worked for Gillette.

— Ferdinando Frega

He had only recently left his parents' home. Joseph was happy. He knew he would accomplish something. After all, he was still his son.

Mary, his mother, followed him with her eyes as he walked away. She was happy too, because she knew her son was going to fulfill the will of his Father.

And yet, after 2,000 years, that same happiness has disappeared from many families. When a child leaves home, it feels as if we have suffered a loss, without realizing that before long many more will return, and there will not even be enough room to accommodate them all. Ahahahah.

His name is Jesus, and I use the present tense for one obvious reason. After all this time, even without selling on Amazon, he has become unforgettable. But not for the reason you may think. No Kindle to prepare, no EPUB to build. He simply had the good fortune of selling words, the kind that the human voice gives away freely, without copyright.

But in recent days we have learned about the gift he wanted to leave to certain men, simply to help them understand that women remain the only truly invincible human figures,

remembering that even he was a victim of them.

And then there is the fact of never being able to keep a woman, a love, a wife, or even a mistress, while being cognitively compelled to keep buying everything, through silences and secrets, and never knowing what the final bill will be.

So, one day, walking along the sea, he gathered twelve people. Some worked. Some pretended to work. Others had never worked out of passion for anything. He decided to put them together and create his first team board.

He already knew that English would become the language of the millennium and that French would survive mainly to provide that touch of femininity men find so irresistible.

It did not take him long to decide that his message should speak English while carrying French origins, and the two famous names will not be mentioned:

GILLETTE & PREVOST.

At the time, sales took place in bazaars, open-air markets, and conventions held out in the countryside. Competition was always around the corner, ready to practice cancellation strategies, though not yet imitation.

Two wholesale detergent merchants, FARSI / FAIRY, sitting inside the Sanhedrin, approached him to discover what exactly he was selling and what his offers looked like.

They quickly understood that they would not be buying volume. Deliveries by twenty-four camels would never happen. What he sold was a small product with high added value, and its first effect was cognitive, while the second was

unforgettable.

They wanted it at any cost. They made every kind of proposal, but he could not be bought, because the greatest sale of all remained only one:

To give.

And I, who never truly loved books or school, find myself telling the story of a colleague from 2,000 years ago who did, in his own way, what I have somehow found myself projected into doing.

With little money. Just enough to buy some bread and three fish.

Welcome to a world that sees us and never forgets us.

Ferdinando

N.B.

Now you know why the GILLETTEVATICAN saga exists. The book I published was intentionally placed at the end, because a beginning should never be amplified. Distance gives narrative greater depth, allowing the story to emerge more vividly and naturally.