



Anecdota: El Imperio que Dejó Rodar la Rueda

Cuentan que, en los últimos días del Imperio inca, los niños jugaban con pequeños juguetes de madera montados sobre ruedas. Perfectamente tallados. Perfectamente equilibrados. La idea estaba allí, rodando por el suelo, a la vista de todos.

Pero cada vez que aquel concepto intentaba ascender —del poblado al curaca, del curaca al administrador, del administrador al consejo— alguien en el camino murmuraba: “No encaja”, “No es el momento”, “No es así como funciona el imperio”. Y la rueda quedó relegada a los patios infantiles mientras la administración seguía avanzando a pie.

Luego llegaron los españoles con caballos, hierro y ruedas que giraban sin pedir permiso. Y el imperio descubrió, demasiado tarde, que la brillantez en la cúspide no compensa las cegueras en los escalones intermedios. Algunos historiadores se preguntan si, de haber dejado crecer una sola de aquellas ruedas, la historia habría tomado otro rumbo.

Hoy la inteligencia artificial avanza con la velocidad de esos caballos. No espera a ningún imperio, ni a ningún comité, ni a ninguna cadena de aprobación. Y en algún rincón de “*Tomorrow Tech Inc*”, una idea pequeña —pero con la forma exacta de una rueda— rueda discretamente por el suelo, esperando no ser apartada antes de llegar a quienes sí pueden ver lo que realmente es.

*A*FTERWORD

“The pursuit of a perfect life often feels akin to seeking the Holy Grail—an elusive quest for happiness and abundance.”

So began the foreword to this book. What followed was a series of anecdotes: fragments of experience offered as a cryptic portrait of the many energies that shape a life.

Because that is the point. Life itself is energy in motion.

Knowledge and experience are simply its consumption, and nowhere is this more visible today than in the vast power plants built to sustain artificial intelligence platforms. Humanity’s newest engines of knowledge run on immense reserves of energy—just as every human life does in its own quieter way.

Even energy itself offers small lessons. In the depths of winter or the height of summer, a brief burst from an air-conditioner or convection heater is often more appreciated than the constant, comfortable drone that sustains a predictable life and a monthly bill—easily paid by a monthly salary—along with everything that accompanies modern mediocrity.

Yet people tend to pull together when the power fails. An energy blackout reminds us that comfort is fragile. Solidarity emerges in the dark.

But sooner or later the lights return, the moment passes, and life resumes its steady hum—until the final blackout arrives and leaves you cold, with nothing remaining but the legacy you leave behind.

My parting message, therefore, is simple: do not lead a normal life.

Never drift into the comfort, conformity, or pretentiousness of the middle class, nor into the cautious mediocrity of middle management—what I colloquially call middledom: middlingness, bourgeois complacency, middlebrow thinking, the quiet acceptance of the normie suburbanite mentality.

Anecdote Five, “*Mediocrity Sucks*”, describes it well:

“On life’s racetrack, the middle lane is a mirage. True champions floor it through every turn, knowing that half-throttle leads only to the pits of regret”.

And never give up.

Anecdote Afterword: “The Empire That Got the Wheel Rolling”

It is said that in the final days of the Inca Empire, children played with small wooden toys mounted on wheels. Perfectly carved. Perfectly balanced. The idea was already there, rolling across the floor in plain view of everyone.

Yet each time the concept tried to rise—from the village to the *curaca*, from the *curaca* to the administrator, from the administrator to the council—someone along the way would murmur:

“It doesn’t fit.”

“It’s not the time.”

“That’s not how the empire works.”

And so the wheel remained in the playgrounds while the administration continued to advance on foot.

Then the Spaniards arrived with horses, iron, and wheels that turned without asking permission. The empire discovered—too late—that

brilliance at the top does not compensate for blindness in the middle ranks.

Some historians still wonder whether, if only one of those wheels had been allowed to grow, history might have taken a different course.

Today artificial intelligence advances with the speed of those horses. It does not wait for empires, committees, or chains of approval.

And somewhere inside *Tomorrow Tech Inc*, a small idea—shaped exactly like a wheel—rolls quietly across the floor, hoping not to be pushed aside before reaching those who can recognise what it truly is.

And then life happened.

Leaving a career to prioritise single parenthood. Losing a wife.

Building an online procurement business to help rebuild Iraq—only to see it bankrupted by insurgency.

Refusing a board position in order to honour a friend, and losing another job.

Refusing a one-million-dollar bribe in order to keep a soul—only to later blackmail a corrupt employer simply to survive.

Losing a three-million-dollar commission to appease a greedy company owner.

Losing a second wife.

The list goes on.

The lesson is simple.

Sometimes life is shaped by forces beyond our control. Sometimes it is shaped by the decisions we make in response to them.

Looking back, it is difficult not to wonder whether the losses, the stubborn refusals, and the strange turns of fate were simply preparation.

Because history has a habit of placing small ideas on the floor in plain sight—like those wooden wheels rolling across the floors of the Inca Empire. Most are ignored. Some are quietly pushed aside by the middle ranks who decide what fits and what does not.

But occasionally the moment arrives when the world suddenly needs the wheel.

Today artificial intelligence moves with the speed of horses once seen on the horizon of an empire that thought it still had time.

And somewhere inside *Tomorrow Tech Inc*, a small idea—shaped exactly like a wheel—continues to roll quietly across the floor.

Waiting for the moment when someone recognises what it is.

The moment when the wheel is finally understood.

And allowed to turn.