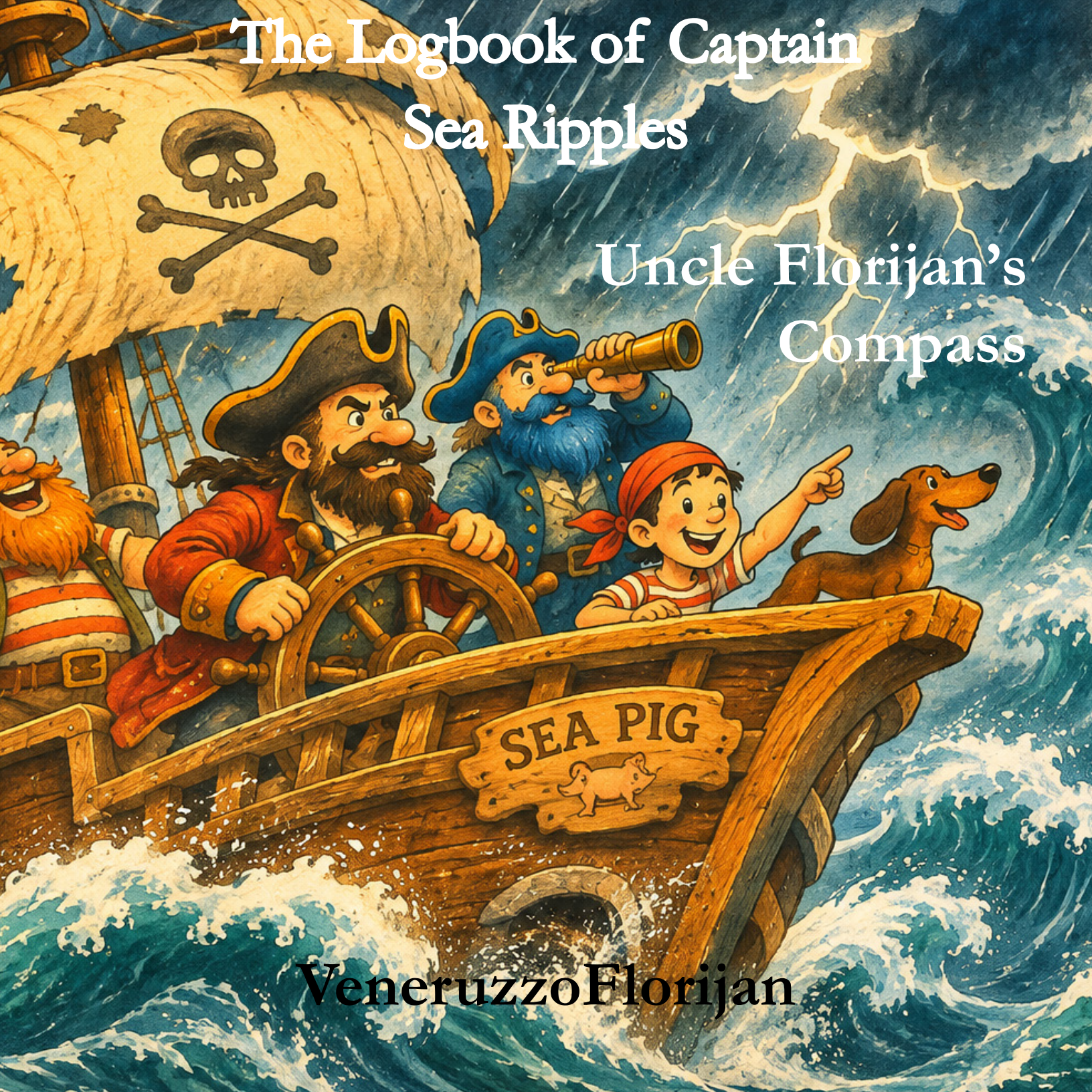
The Logbook of Captain Sea Ripples

Uncle Florijan's Compass



VeneruzzoFlorijan

The Logbook of Captain Sea Ripples Uncle Florijan's Compass - A tale of storms, friendship, imagination, and decisions.

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The characters and adventures in this story are fictional, inspired by bedtime stories originally created by the author for his son.

Gausspeak is a decision-support software platform created by Florijan Veneruzzo.

Decision support, not decision replacement.

www.gausspeak.com

For the little boy who once sailed the world's oceans without ever leaving his bed.

The Logbook of Captain
Sea Ripples

Uncle Florijan's Compass

Veneruzzo Florijan

Once upon a time, long, long ago, when I was a young pirate... There was Bluebeard, Speedy, Pegleg, me — Sea Ripples, little Manu, our cabin boy, and Toto, the dachshund sea shark.

One day, we found ourselves in the middle of a terrible storm. Our ship, the Sea Pig, was rolling and tossing so violently that we could barely stay on our feet! Pegleg was drunk on rum and hadn't the slightest idea how much trouble we were in.

Bluebeard, the cleverest of us all, declared: "We must find a way to reach Tortuga! If we carry on like this, we'll end up at the bottom of the sea!"

Speedy, who wasn't exactly the sharpest sword in the armoury, looked puzzled. "What would we do at the bottom of the sea? You can't go any further once you're down there. Besides, we don't know how to breathe water!"



We all stared at him for a moment, then simply continued our conversation. When Toto heard this, he covered his snout with both paws. A proper doggy facepalm. Or rather, a facepaw.

Meanwhile, I was struggling to keep hold of the ship's wheel when little Manu appeared. "Look! I've got a special compass that Barba Floro from Pula gave me!" Pegleg immediately perked up. "Did he give you a bottle of rum as well, by any chance?"

We all laughed. "Go on, Manu," I said. "Tell us about this compass."



Well... I didn't quite understand everything he told me. But apparently, this thing can show us exactly where we are, what might happen to us, and then we can figure out for ourselves how to reach Tortuga."

Bluebeard, being the cleverest and most suspicious of us, interrupted. "And what exactly do we need that for? As if we didn't already know we were in trouble!" "Yes," I replied, getting a little irritated. "But do we know exactly where we are?" "No." "Do we know whether we're actually heading towards Tortuga?" "No." "Do we know whether the ship will survive this storm?" "No." "Do we know whether organising ourselves differently might get us out of this bloody mess of a sea?" "No." "Well, then?"

I looked at Bluebeard. "Can't you see? It's a compass, not a solution. We'll find the solution ourselves, with its help." Then I added: **"You know how to sail, brother. But everyone knows how to sail when the sea is reasonably calm!"** I must admit, I was getting a bit worked up. Toto had already disappeared in search of a biscuit.



So I called the entire crew into my cabin to investigate this mysterious "compass from Uncle Florijan." We opened it. And discovered that the bloody thing ran on electricity! What a disaster! But little Manu, being the brightest among us, suddenly had an idea.

Why don't we get Speedy to sit on a bicycle and pedal? We can connect a dynamo and use it to power the compass!"

Now, Speedy might not have been particularly bright, but he was strong as an ox. And so he started pedalling. Puff! Pant! Puff! Pant!

It takes an awful lot of pedalling to generate electricity aboard a ship in the middle of a storm. If the sea had been calm, things would have been much easier.

The compass, of course, was actually a laptop running an application. But pirates in those days didn't use laptops. Little Manu knew something about these things, though, so we trusted him. After all, they say the future belongs to the young. And then, finally, the screen lit up!


Gausspeak

A strange symbol appeared, shaped like a wave. And underneath it was a name. Ganus? Gions? Gus? Gas? Something like that... Ah! Now I remember! **GAUSSPEAK!**

Anyway, quicker than a squirrel racing up a palm tree, we began to understand where we stood, what was happening around us, how much trouble we were really in, and what we could do about it.

We gained a clearer picture of our situation, figured out how to organise ourselves better, and adjusted our course.


Gausspeak
Where we are now
What might happen
How we are organized
What we can change
Possible directions

And would you believe it? We made it safely to Tortuga! Toto was wagging his little tail. Pegleg was furious that we had to leave the ship because there was still rum left aboard.

Bluebeard pretended that none of it had anything to do with him. He never liked admitting that he might have been wrong.

As for me, Sea Ripples, little Manu and Toto, we went off to feast on boiled crocodile. It was the Feast of Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of us pirates, and the whole island was celebrating!


TORTUGA

But just as we stepped ashore, we remembered something rather unpleasant. Our ship had suffered serious damage during the storm. It needed repairs. And we didn't have a penny.

I looked at little Manu. Without saying a word, he had already taken out that compass from Uncle Florijan.

Without saying a word, he had already taken out that compass from Uncle Florijan. But that, my friends... is another story.

capt. Sea Ripples



What This Fairy Tale Is (And What It Isn't)

This story grew out of the tales I used to tell my son when he was a little boy. Stories I later published on Amazon, and which I intend to continue publishing someday.

Naturally, writing something like this wasn't particularly difficult for me. Not just because I've done it before, but because I love what I do, I know how to write, and I want to show that even complicated things can be explained simply. Even through a fairy tale. Why not?

Remaining a little boy, at least from time to time, means keeping your creativity alive. It means being able to approach the very same problem you might otherwise struggle with, wearing a deadly serious expression, and tackle it with a lighter heart.

This isn't an introduction to Gausspeak. It's just a little glimpse of it, something to spark the imagination. And perhaps, if someone finds it interesting enough, they'll ask, try it, and see for themselves.

Behind all of this lies an extraordinary amount of work, effort, sleepless nights, happiness, frustration, struggle, and everything else that makes something worth using. Because it means it was built with brains, heart, and an unbelievable amount of stubbornness.

You don't do something like this twice in a lifetime.

My respect goes to those who manage to do it over and over again. As for me, it would probably send me straight to Davy Jones's Locker.

The original stories, by the way, were born during real evenings spent under the covers with my son. We would dream, laugh, and set sail on adventures, travelling straight from our bed into the world of imagination.

This particular story is a spin-off for grown-ups. It's my way of showing that complex problems can sometimes be approached more simply. Occasionally, even without tears.

Thank you for becoming part of this story, too.

Florijan Veneruzzo

Once a young pirate, now a father, storyteller, and founder of Gausspeak — a decision-support SaaS, a compass for the rough and unpredictable seas of business.

Quite a few roles for one man, wouldn't you say? Hahaha!

Fair winds, fellow pirates!

And remember one thing:
You don't have to be a pirate to use Gauss-peak — Uncle Florijan's compass.



Decision support,
not decision replacement.
The case study is on its way.