

# AI-Enhanced

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Waking Up Upgraded in the Age of AI

## Introduction

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Trends are tricky. They come, they go. Hair, cars, clothes, ideas, food, coffee. Some stay, most go. Trends entertain us, appeal to our vanity, give us variety, create bonds, produce discussion and foment change.

Artificial intelligence is a powerful trend. Social media posts abound, salespeople chatter about it, television reports on it, and movies. Well, movies and books have been prognosticating it for ages.

But AI isn't just here as a party conversation topic.

Think of yourself. You've worked hard to become the person you are: your skills, your intelligence, your aura, your decisions, your leadership, your breadth, depth, and capacity for growth.

A trend can't enhance your core qualities. Most trends don't amplify your ability to influence others, allow you to reach deeper into ideas, and broaden your grasp for more of them.

AI can.

If you let yourself become AI-Enhanced.

## The Stories in this Book

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The stories in this book are fictional, based upon no actual entities, people or events. Yet they mirror reality today. They aim to capture the essence of people working to become AI-enhanced, and to entertain you while you absorb the ideas in this book. They're not shallow ideas. They're not trends. They're opportunities. Opportunities, that if you do not seize them, someone else will. Possibly someone in your job market, in your industry, and eventually, an AI itself. Unless you begin to become AI-enhanced.

Therefore these stories serve as inspiration and guidance, but also serve as a warning.

People and organizations that are becoming AI-enhanced are already winning: Google, Facebook, Amazon, Netflix, and many, many more. In fact, the companies leading our industries and our world are, by and large, leaders in AI.

But you've heard all this before. Sure, it's hype. But it's also now the world we live in.

We live in a world driven and powered by AI.

And when the wheel, the automobile, electricity, computers, Seattle coffee, and the Internet were born, those who allowed themselves to become enhanced by them? Those people have steered the direction of the world.

So grab your coffee and get behind the wheel.

# Chapter 1: AI Is Like Coffee

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Marva Lenna, visionary executive for her high-octane firm, Razorbeam, stood at the center of the morning office chaos, swirling her coffee cup as if it held the secrets of the universe. "You know," she began, "AI adoption is a lot like coffee. It's fast, jittery, and essential. Yet, just like tuning an espresso machine, it can be tricky to get right. Sometimes you need a barista with a soul patch and strong opinions, other times, it's as simple as a Keurig."

Marva paused, taking a sip of her coffee. Too hot. She powered through. The significance of her words brewed in the minds of her colleagues as they pondered the growing intersection of artificial intelligence and daily routines. Someone clutched a mug tighter.

With a knowing smile, she waved her arm toward the floor where the companies Razorbeam and DriftLoaf collided in a symphony of caffeine-fueled competition:

"Your job, my friends, is changing," Marva continued, her eyes glinting with anticipation. "No more just grinding beans—now, we're brewing ideas. So get used to waking up upgraded."

A panicked analyst asked, "Does this mean we've been using decaf our entire career?"

That landed.

"The fusion of AI with our daily routines isn't about making work easier," she went on. "It's about redefining roles. Expanding capability. And yes, realizing that some tasks you've been fiercely protecting are basically a French press with a crack in it."

A low murmur rippled through the room.

Quinn, the operations manager who alphabetized his own thoughts, nodded. "I've been thinking about this a lot," he said carefully. "How do we transform without losing the human touch?"

Marva smiled. She liked Quinn. He worried in spreadsheets.

"You don't lose the human touch," she said. "You lose the busywork. Big difference. You engage with the tools. You experiment. You break things quietly before they break loudly in front of clients. You keep what works and throw the rest in the sink."

Vernon, sales guru and professional hype engine, saw his opening immediately. "Alright, team," he announced, already halfway into a motivational posture, "I've scheduled time with the AI specialists. If this thing can help us close deals faster, I want it trained, fed, and wearing our logo."

The room buzzed. Ambition does that when it smells leverage.

Tyler, the intern, took it all in, his mind racing with possibilities. He turned to Marva, eyes wide. "Do you think even our intern projects could benefit from AI?"

Marva nodded. "Absolutely, Tyler. Why not draft your next report with an AI tool and see how it compares? If it outperforms you, congratulations—you've learned something. If it doesn't, congratulations—you still have a job."

As the conversation drifted and recombined, ideas stacking on top of ideas like mismatched mugs in the breakroom, Marva watched it all with quiet satisfaction. This wasn't a revolution yet. It was a caffeine adjustment. A few headaches now. Better mornings later.

Soon enough, people returned to their desks. Screens lit up. Coffee cooled. The future didn't arrive with a bang —just a steady hum, like a machine warming up.

And somewhere between the first sip and the second refill, Razorbeam woke up a little more upgraded than it had been the day before.

## The Interoffice Olympics

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The atmosphere at Razorbeam was electric as the company prepared for its annual Interoffice Olympics—an event that promised not just competition, but a celebration of camaraderie and ingenuity. Employees gathered around the central hub where Miranda Quill, the dynamic CEO, stood poised to ignite the festivities.

Violetta, the ever-analytical data scientist, sat beneath a banner that read 'AI-Assisted Seeding.' Her laptop was open, and she was meticulously entering data into a prompt designed to predict team matchups. "Balanced teams based on past performances and office synergy," she explained to a curious colleague. "Of course, there's always a chance for surprise!"

"AI-Assisted probably means she fed our names into ChatGPT.", scoffed Oscar. Overhearing the barb, Violetta countered, "Gemini. And I also included games from the past ten years, which is why you're fourth string."

**Gemini** — A GPT-class model family built by Google, designed for tight integration across Search, Workspace, Android, and developer tools, with strong multimodal chops and an emphasis on reasoning, coding, and real-world productivity at scale.

Tyler, the eager Razorbeam intern, was particularly excited. He had heard tales of the intense rivalry between departments and the spectacle of creativity that the Olympics usually showcased. "I can't wait to see how we fare in the paper airplane contest!" He stood next to Quinn, Razorbeam's operations manager, who was pragmatically working through logistics on her clipboard. "Remember, Tyler," Quinn advised, with an amused glance, "it's not just about winning. The aim is to bring us together and let us have some fun outside of our usual work tedium. The games are meant to be leisure. Competitive leisure."

Across the table, Vernon, the ambitious sales guru, was enthusiastically encouraging his team. "Make sure to register today, guys. We have some titles to defend!" He nodded towards the engraved trophy that sat pride of place behind Miranda's desk.

Meanwhile, DriftLoaf approached the games with laid-back enthusiasm. Greg, the CEO, encouraged his team to savor the experience, swapping bread recipes and competition strategies. Their relaxed attitude only added to the charm of the day.

As the AI-generated tournament bracket was revealed, animated discussions erupted. "We're up against IT in the first round?" echoed a playful groan from the admin department. But Miranda stepped in, her smile unwavering. "Remember, AI's unpredictability is its own challenge. Let's enjoy the games and discover where our true strengths lie!"

Miranda Quill launched the event: "Welcome, everyone, to the opening of the Razorbeam DriftLoaf Interoffice Olympics!" Miranda's voice carried across the room, full of an enthusiasm that made even the most indifferent employees perk up. "The stakes are high this year, with new events and the infamous finals ahead. But first, let's get you all signed up!"

The announcement sparked a flurry of activity, with employees forming lines, ready to put their names down and sizes in for the team t-shirts. Registration stations buzzed with activity as employees joked, strategized, and entertained visions of glory. Some shared stories of last year's mishaps, while others plotted their strategies for this year's events, which included speed-typing and the infamous chair racing.