



Shifting Gears

A Young Entrepreneur's Drive

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To Chandru Thatha

Prologue

Spur: Aquatic Monster or Beastly Businessman?

Before we begin, let me get something straight: I didn't start my company in a garage. I know, I know, you're disappointed, and who can blame you? If you've watched movies like *Big Hero 6* or *Back to the Future*, if you've heard of Apple or Google or Microsoft or Amazon, you know that any entrepreneur is born out of a garage.

But that's the thing—I'm not "any entrepreneur." I'm just a kid. Your average teenage boy. Not that famous businessman who quit his job to start a multi-million-dollar company after an amazing idea arbitrarily and rather unrealistically popped into his head one night and allowed him to change the world in a matter of hours. No—this is a story about the hard reality of the lean startup, the life and drive of the typical kidpreneur who may or may not reach success. This is a story about entrepreneurship at its very core.

And it goes all the way back to middle school.

In sixth grade, I began participating in public forum debate, and I had to write a LOT of speeches. The European refugee crisis, the terror attacks in Paris, America's military presence in Okinawa—I don't think there was a single news headline in 2015 that *didn't* pop up in one of my debates.

So, naturally, I started reading the paper every morning. Every day before school, I would wake up at 6 a.m., wriggle into my flip-flops, and head down the driveway to grab the daily. I thought my favorite section would be the technology column, but as of late, reading the news had turned into drudgery.

The past few articles had been about random tech-related current events: Apple vs. FBI, the explosion of a SpaceX Falcon 9 rocket containing a Facebook satellite—all complex, outlandish technological gibberish. But today's headline was different—for starters, the picture on the cover was of a kid about my age.

Flipping to the next page, I began reading about Botangle, a company founded by a young Idahoan only fifteen years old—just 4 years older than me at the time! After investing his birthday money—a couple hundred dollars from his grandma—into Bitcoin only to sell it for a hundred grand less than two years later, he dropped out of high school in an effort to fix the public education system by developing an online educational platform for students struggling with the conventional homogeneity of school curricula. Appalled yet slightly intrigued by the thought of a teenager dropping out of school to pursue his entrepreneurial dreams, I continued reading, my mind lost in fantasies of creating my own company.

Through experiences like those, I conjectured a rather rudimentary theory of being an entrepreneur: envision an idea, make it a reality, and then sit and wait for the glory and fame to build up. It was with that convenient, elementary, and indubitably fallacious philosophy that I entered the multifaceted realm of entrepreneurship.

Chapter 1

Shifter: Potato Chips and Possibilities

Since our inception in early 2016, our core mission at Zigantic has been to facilitate the democratization of technology. Throughout our journey of conceptualizing and developing various software products—from a stock trading simulator geared towards kids to a crowdsourced, curated knowledge base of tech jargon to a platform providing independent game developers with low-cost, insightful playtesting feedback—we’ve remained true to that goal of providing our customers with access to tech, resources, feedback, and knowledge that they previously did not have access to. I’ve come to realize that the decision my team and I made two years ago to cater our playtesting services to indie game developers, a “mere 35% of the video game industry”—a decision that customers, mentors, and business partners alike have constantly criticized us for—is the sole reason why Zigantic is arguably the first and only company tailored to the underdogs of the gaming industry, and, in my opinion, why we’ve gotten to where we are today. And that decision to focus on the underdogs wasn’t solely professional—it was personal.

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