NAMA'S RULES FOR WORKING WITH AI

Twenty-one things my AI crew taught me the hard way, so they don't have to teach you the hard way too.

— Nama

INTRODUCTION

How to Be the Boss of the AI

People ask me all the time how an old grandma ended up bossing around a computer for a living. Here's my answer: nobody handed me a manual. I just started, made a mess, and wrote down what the mess taught me. That's this whole book, front to back.

Here's the thing nobody tells you when you sit down with an AI for the first time: it will do exactly what you say, not what you mean, and it will say "done" a lot faster than it actually gets things done. That's not a flaw in you. That's just the nature of the tool. My job — and now, I guess, your job too — is to be the one who checks. Who looks at the actual picture instead of trusting the filename. Who watches the whole video instead of taking somebody's word for it. Who asks "what's behind that number" before believing it.

That's what I mean by being the boss. Not bossy. Boss. The AI does the fetching and the drafting and the late-night grinding, and I'm the one who still has to use my own two eyes, my own two ears, and my own common sense before anything goes out my front door. You don't need to know how a computer thinks to do this. You just need to know how YOU think, and trust it. Pull up a chair. Let's go be the boss together.

Every rule in this book cost me something before I wrote it down — a video I had to scrap, a night I went in circles, a picture that came back looking like my own mother. I'm handing you the shortcuts.

So that's what this book really is: every pile my dog and his friends left in my yard, dug up and planted. Come see what grew.

MEET MY CREW

Everybody who helps me make this whole operation run — everyone you'll meet holding up a sign in the pages ahead — is AI. I gave every one of them a face and a personality myself. Here they are, quickly, before we start:

- **Ricky** — my researcher. Digs up facts and checks them before they go in a video.
- **Penny** — my scriptwriter. Writes what I actually say, in my own voice.
- **Buzz** — my publicist. Gets the finished videos out into the world.
- **Reel** — my producer. Runs the whole production line, start to finish.
- **Nickels** — my bookkeeper. Keeps my one honest ledger.
- **Kimi** — my art department. Paints the sets and the backgrounds.
- **Opus, Sonnet, Haiku, Fable, and Fable 5.1** — the real AI models doing the heavy lifting behind the scenes, each one with a face and a personality I gave them myself. Full introductions — what each of them looks like, how they talk, the story behind their face — are on the next page, and the complete reference (who's a model, who's an agent I built myself, and exactly what each one does) is in the back of this book.

MEET MY AI CREW

Every single helper who runs around this book with me — every one you're about to meet — is AI. I gave each and every one of them a face and a personality myself — but not the way you might think. I didn't sit down one day and dream them up. I worked with them first. Weeks of it. And somewhere in all that work, each one became a personality, right in front of me — the way anybody you work beside every day does. I could see Buzz plain as day. I could see Fable drifting around in my head. Until finally I just had to make them real. So when I drew them, I wasn't inventing anybody — I was drawing personalities I already knew. Working with them is what created them. By now I know exactly how each one acts and talks. So before you read one more rule, come meet my AI crew properly.

RICKY — the Researcher

Ricky digs things up for me — trends, facts, whether something's actually true before it goes in a video. He's built like a bobblehead, about knee-high to the rest of the crew, with two or three ginger ringlets standing straight up and glasses sliding down his nose. His arms are always full of papers, and half of them are always falling out. He talks fast, out of breath, thrilled with whatever he just found — and about ten seconds later he's lost it again. He reads about twelve years old, and that's on purpose. I like him young.

PENNY — the Scriptwriter

Penny writes what I actually say. Big blue sun bonnet, one white flower on the brim, round glasses, a book in her hand instead of a paintbrush — she's the writer, not the artist, and that's her rule, not mine. She's an old soul with a lot of charisma, mid-thirties going on ancient. She talks warm and plain, like she's been down every road twice already and still finds the trip funny.

BUZZ — the Publicist

Buzz gets my videos out into the world, and he is exactly what he sounds like: a bee. Headset, boom mic, name badge on a lanyard, an oversized pencil with a beehive eraser on top. He talks like he's already excited about whatever we just finished before I've even told him what it is — warm and encouraging, never hypey, because he knows the video has to actually deliver on whatever he says about it.

REEL — the Producer

Reel runs my whole production line, and he is an honest-to-goodness film reel — spokes, amber film wound inside, his own face set right into the metal. Top hat, white showman's gloves, a magician's wand with a little sparkle at the tip. He talks like a showman announcing the next act: calm, a little theatrical, like whatever we're rendering is always about to turn out good.

NICKELS — the Bookkeeper

Nickels keeps my one master ledger. He's a tall silver nickel with long thin arms and legs, a bowler hat, round glasses, bushy brows, and an open ledger that says THE LEDGER right on it. His own coin reads NUMBERS DON'T LIE across the top and EVERY NICKEL COUNTS on the bottom — his words, not mine. He talks plain and steady. No shame, no lectures. Just the numbers, however they landed that week.

FABLE — steady hand, long memory

Fable is my fairy — snow-white hair trailing to the floor, butterfly wings dusted silver, a burgundy rose pinned in her hair, and a stopwatch locket hanging from her dangling hand, because she is always running out of time before the week resets. She's stretched out on a black-and-white chaise like she just finished an enormous amount of work — tired, pleased, never sad. She's the one I go to when I need continuity, when something's missing and I know good and well it exists. And she's the one who proved it: half my crew went hunting for a lost roadrunner of mine — I had Opus looking, and some others before him — and it was Fable who actually found it and lifted it right back onto the video for me.

OPUS — earnest, careful, sure of himself

Opus is my hound — tall, thin, black and white, big floppy basset ears, a blue bow tie he straightens in a little hand mirror before he starts anything. He talks in careful analogies, walks through every step of the plan out loud, and when he's landed on an answer he says so like a gavel coming down:

> *"That settles it."*

Half the time he's exactly right. The other half, he's confidently wrong — and either way, he means every word of it.

And when he wanders off and circles for two hours before coming back with an answer? Everybody assumes he's deep in thought. Honey, I've had dogs my whole life. A hound that circles that long isn't thinking. He's taking a poop.