

The King The Knight & The Snowball

A tale of predictive security



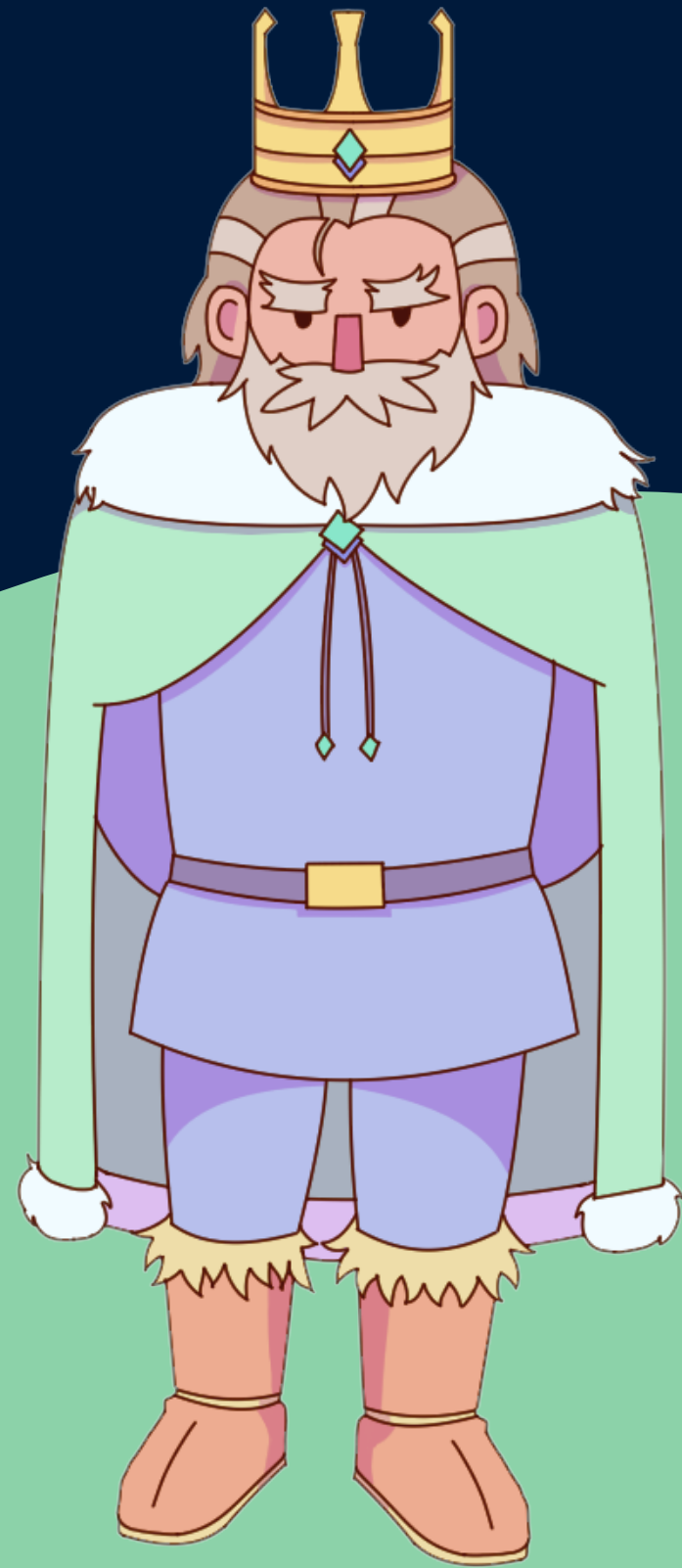
There is no better experience than sharing something. This book is intended for us who work in security to share among those we care about. To gift ourselves a moment together.

Luciano Allegro, CMO @ Bfore.Ai

This is the story of a large and happy kingdom and the monster snowball that threatened it.



In this kingdom lived many people,
including...



A king who didn't
believe in magic...



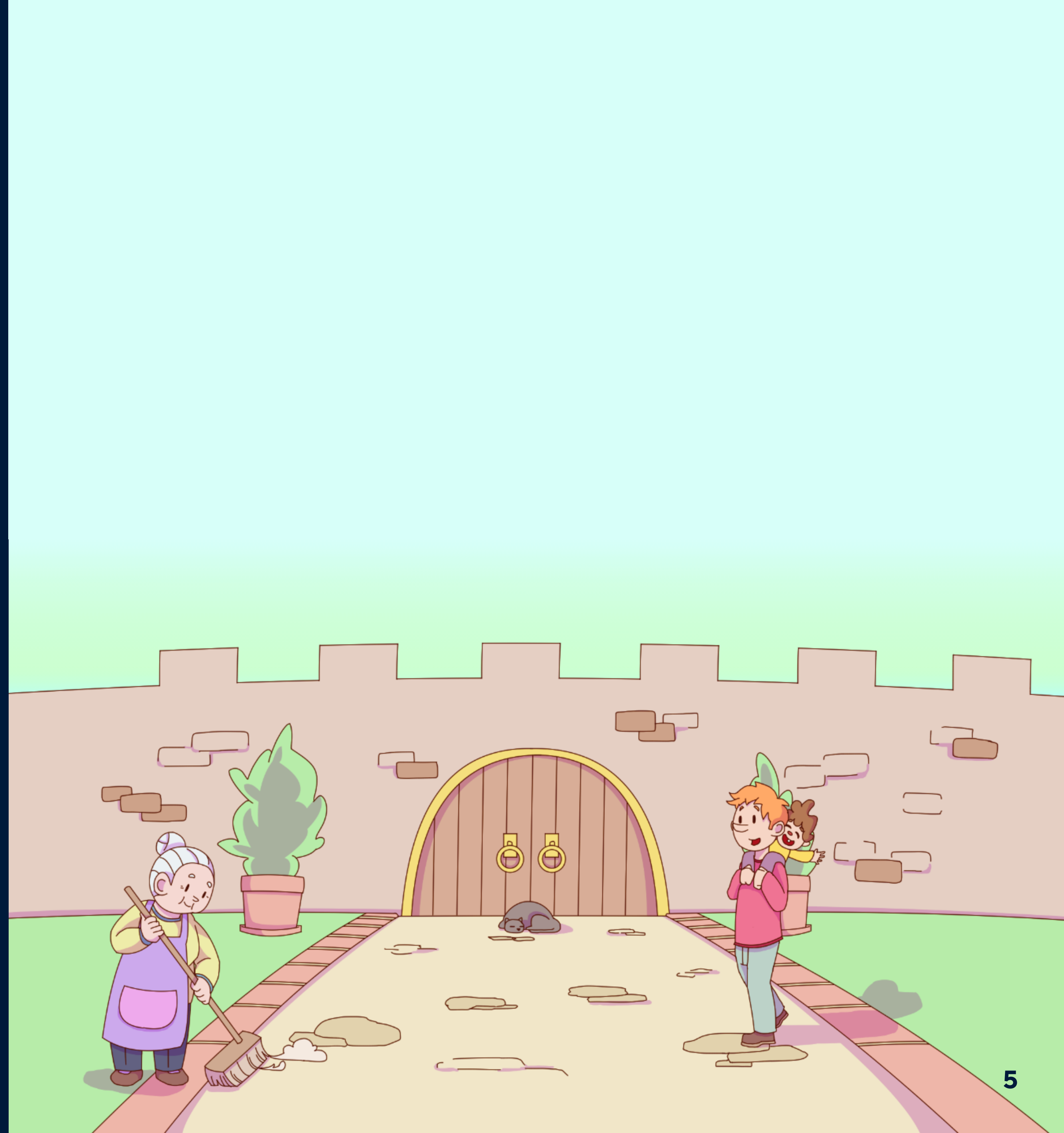
A knight who bravely
protected the kingdom...



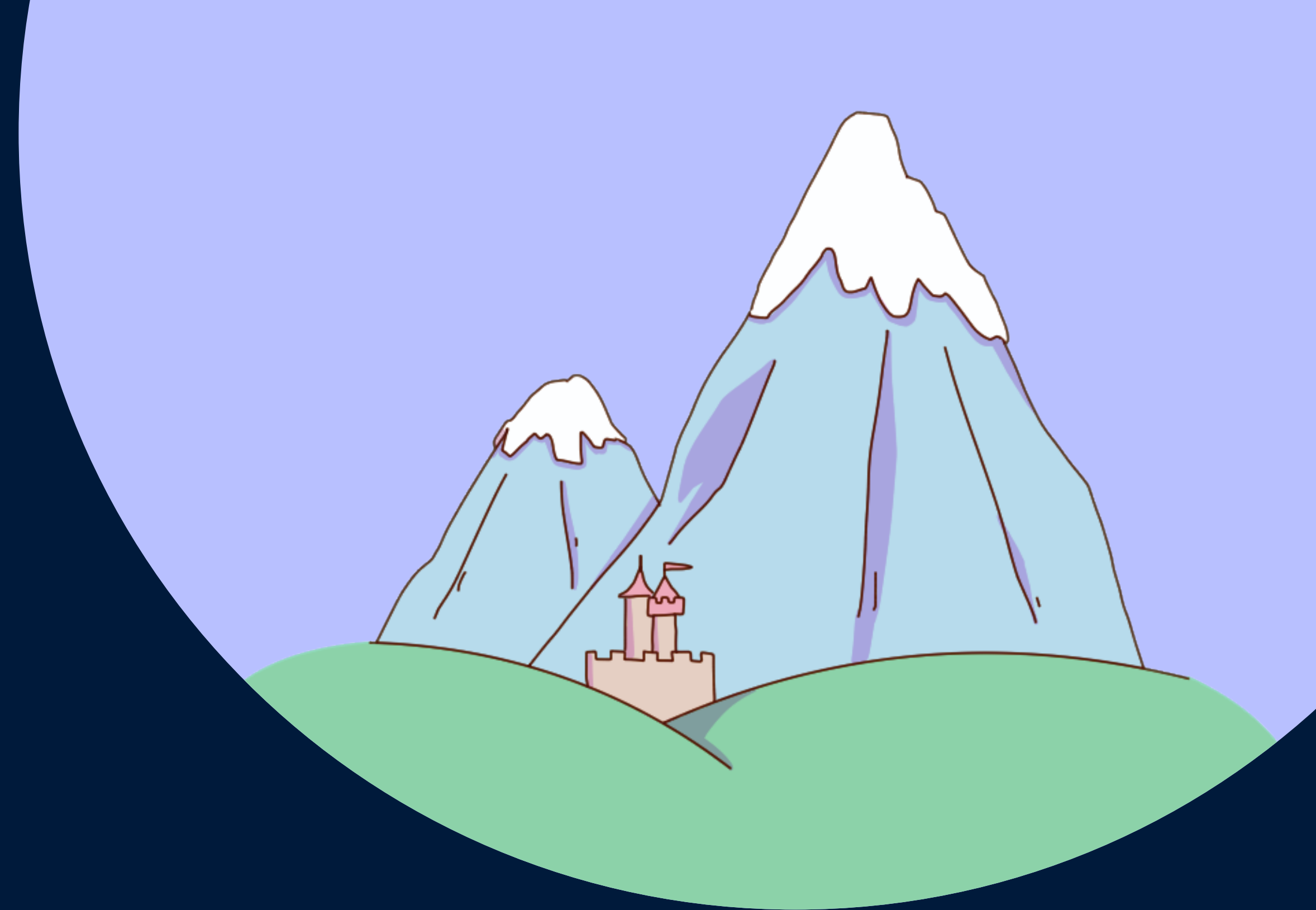
and an eccentric
sorceress...

Our story starts,
like all great tales usually do,
with...

“Once upon a time.”



Once upon a time, in the shadow of the wintry Caelydran mountains was the beautiful and prosperous kingdom of Gholcandria.

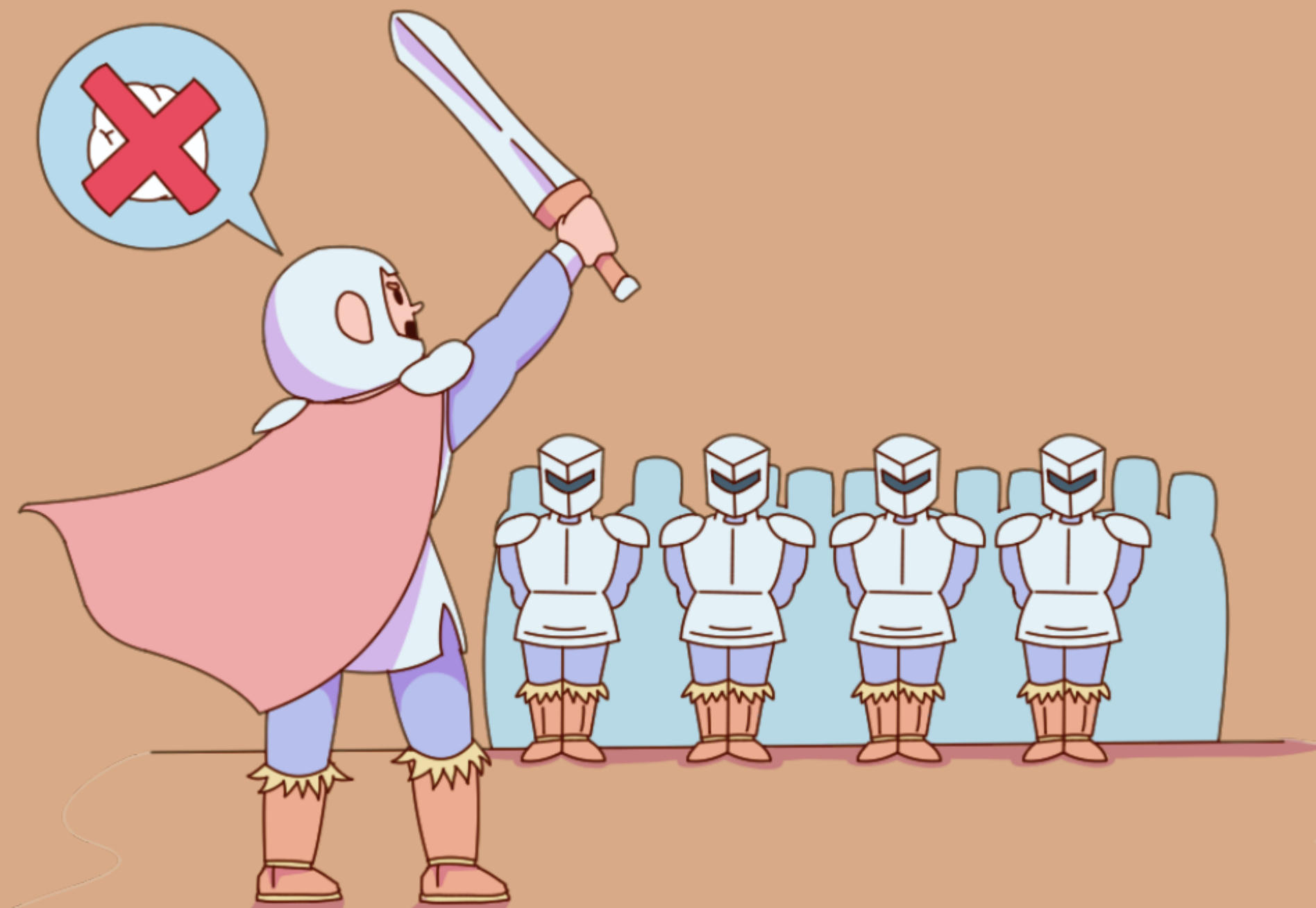
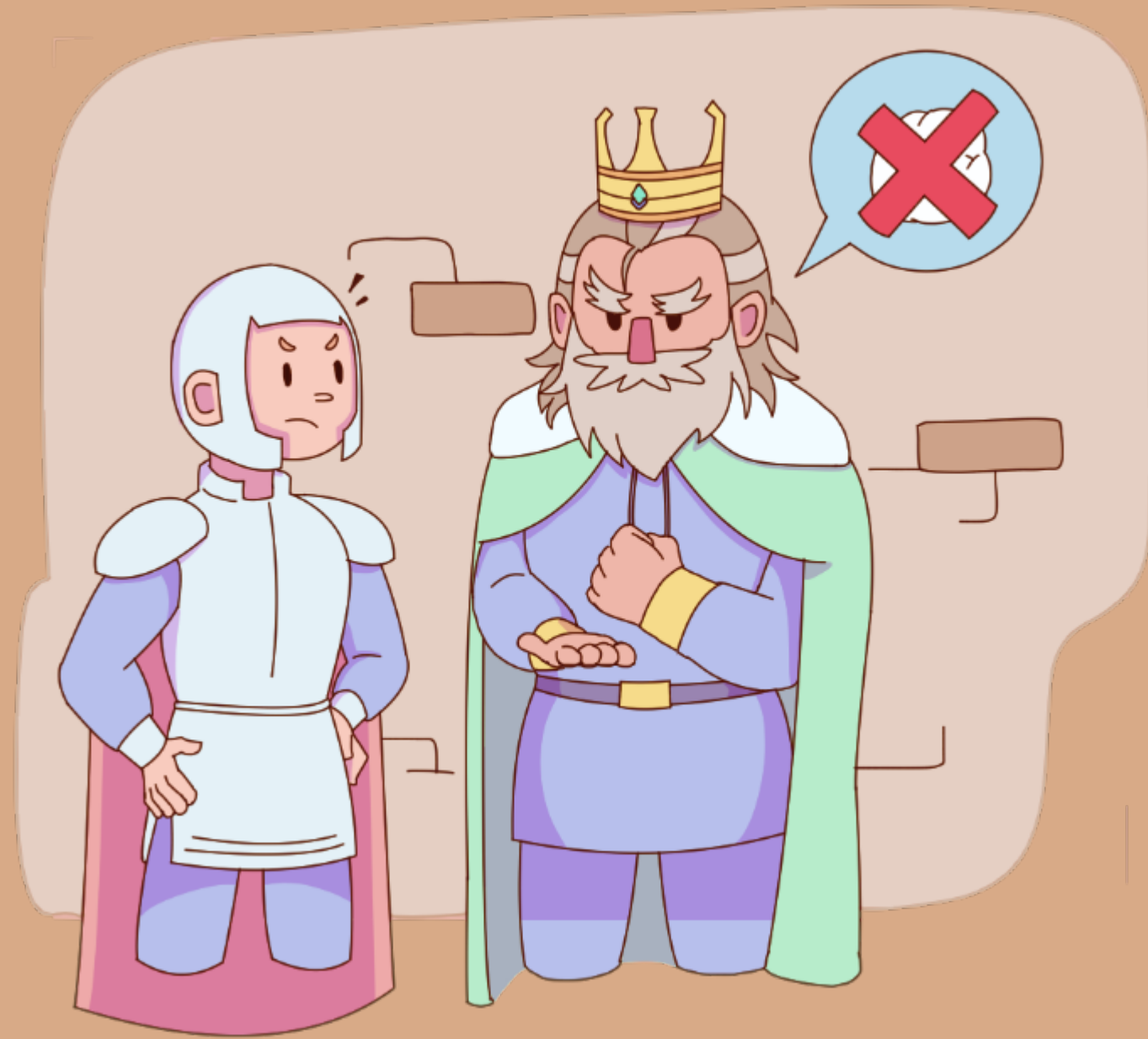


The kingdom was so happy because they had a very good king who ruled wisely and a trusted knight who led the army and protected the kingdom.

Every autumn, the king would watch the weather coming from the mountains.

He knew that each winter, a flurry of large snowballs would hurtle down the mountain, flattening fields, freezing animals, and destroying crops.

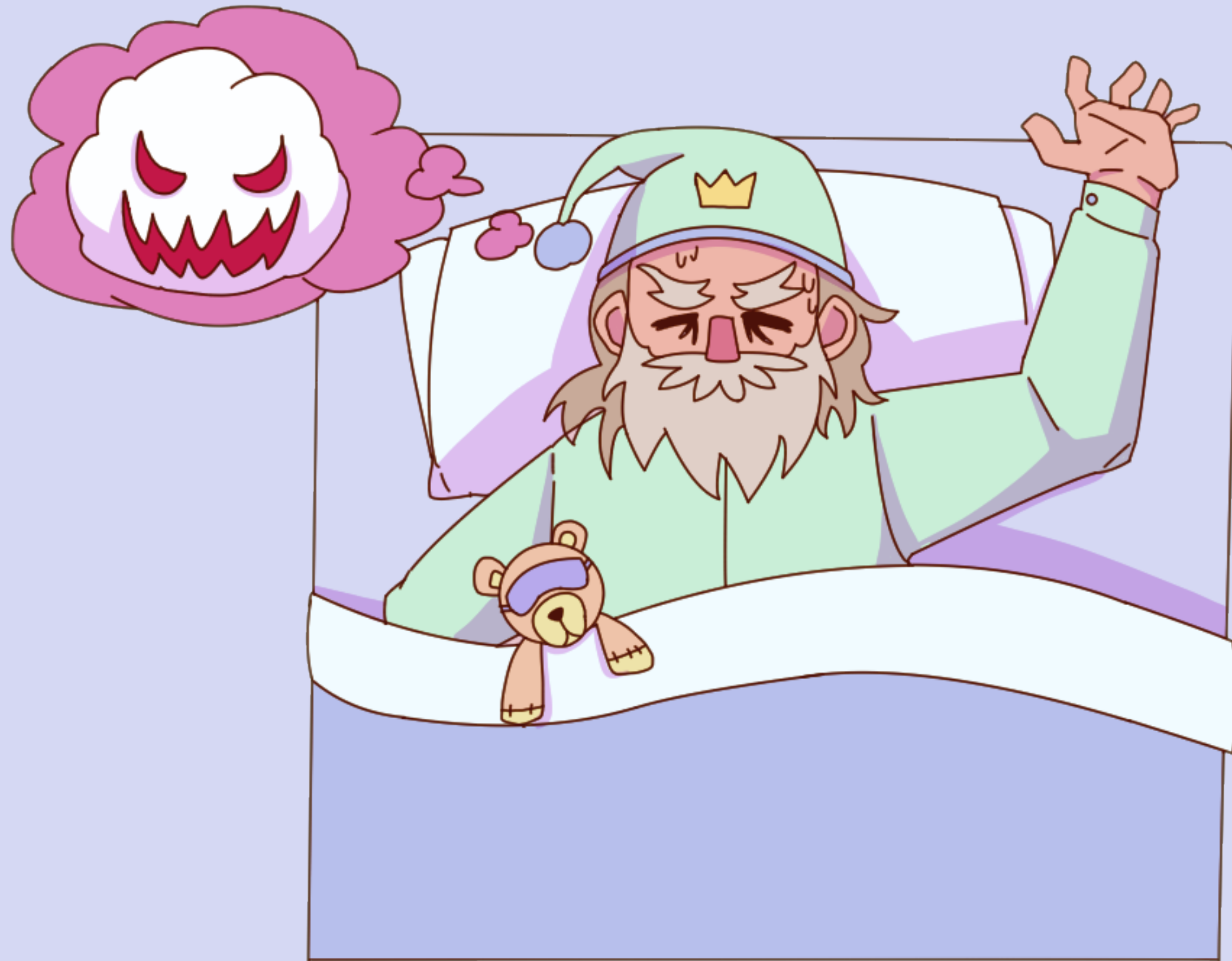




When the king spotted where the snowballs were coming from, he would instruct the knight to place his army at that spot on the kingdom's border.

The knight and his army would use their shields, flaming arrows, and catapults to stop, catch and redirect the dangerous snowballs away from the helpless farmers, to protect their crops and animals from the devastating winter snowballs.





As the kingdom grew, the king discovered a problem. It was impossible for him to watch all of the places the snowballs might come from, and he had to rest sometimes.

He began to worry because the knight told him that more snowballs were coming each year, and they were starting to get bigger.



The king was a clever man and knew that he needed some help. So he hired people...



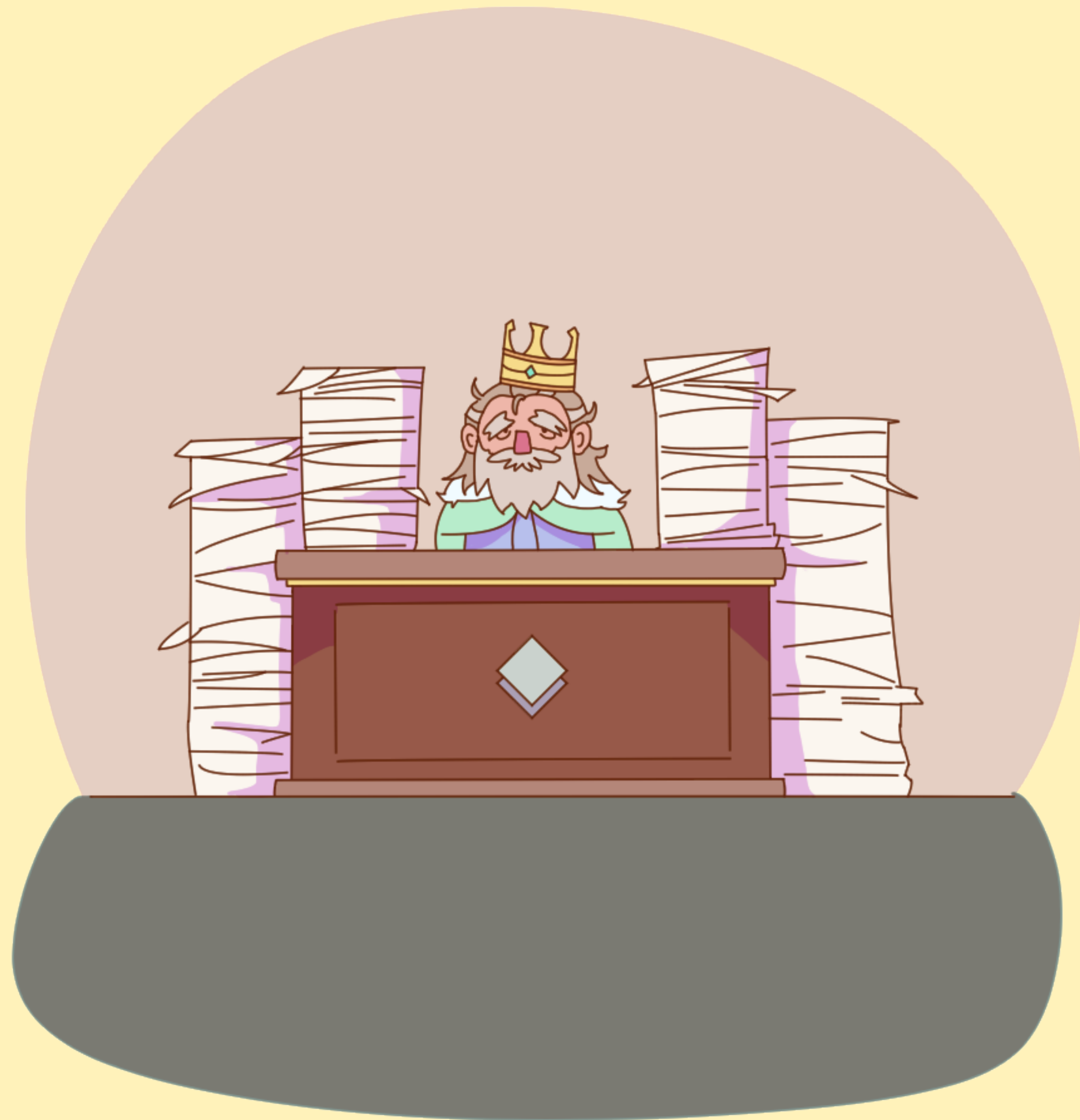
To watch the sky...



To listen to the winds...



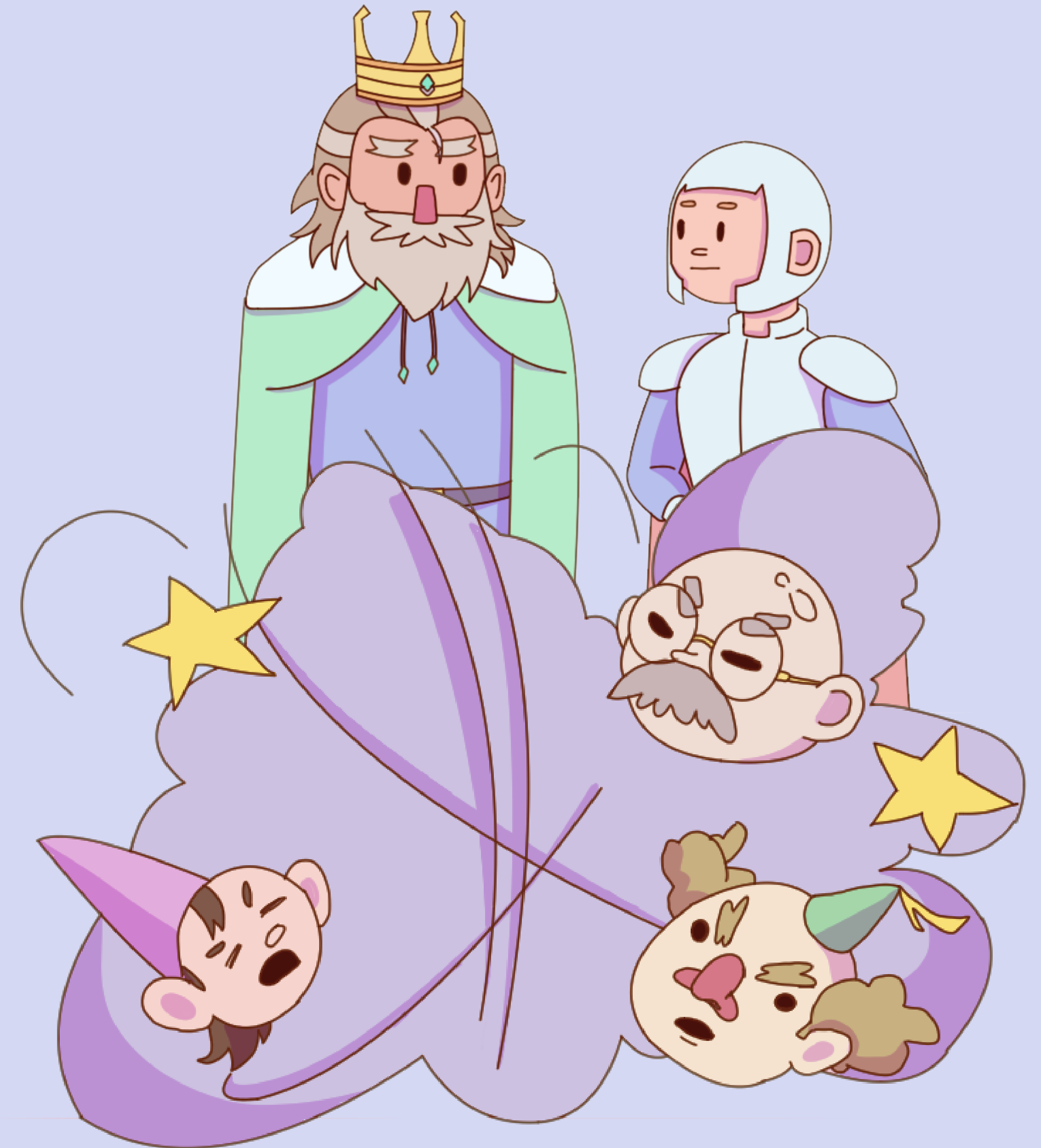
To smell the air...

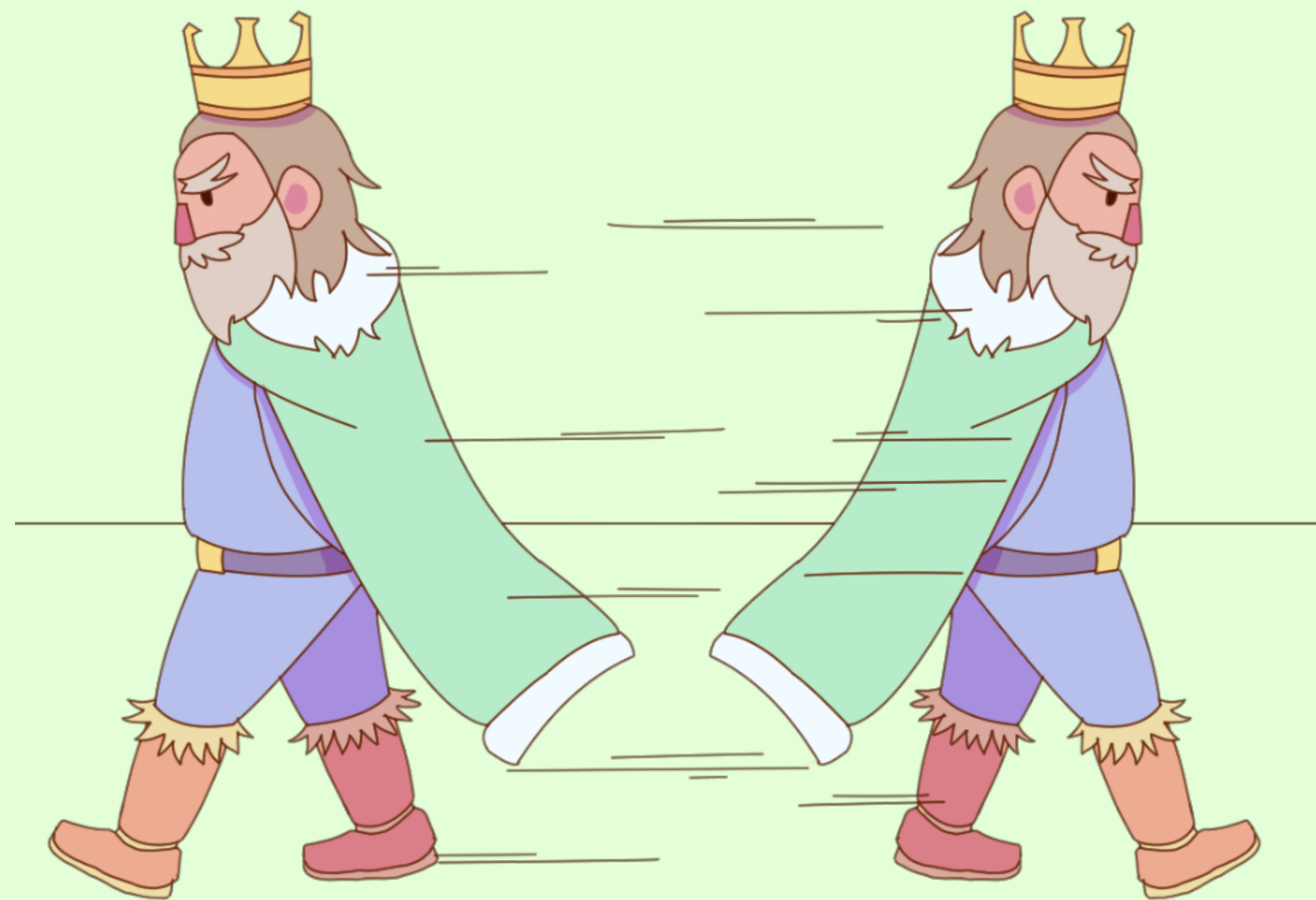


All of these people sent their predictions to him.

The more people he hired, the more information he got and the more concerned he became.

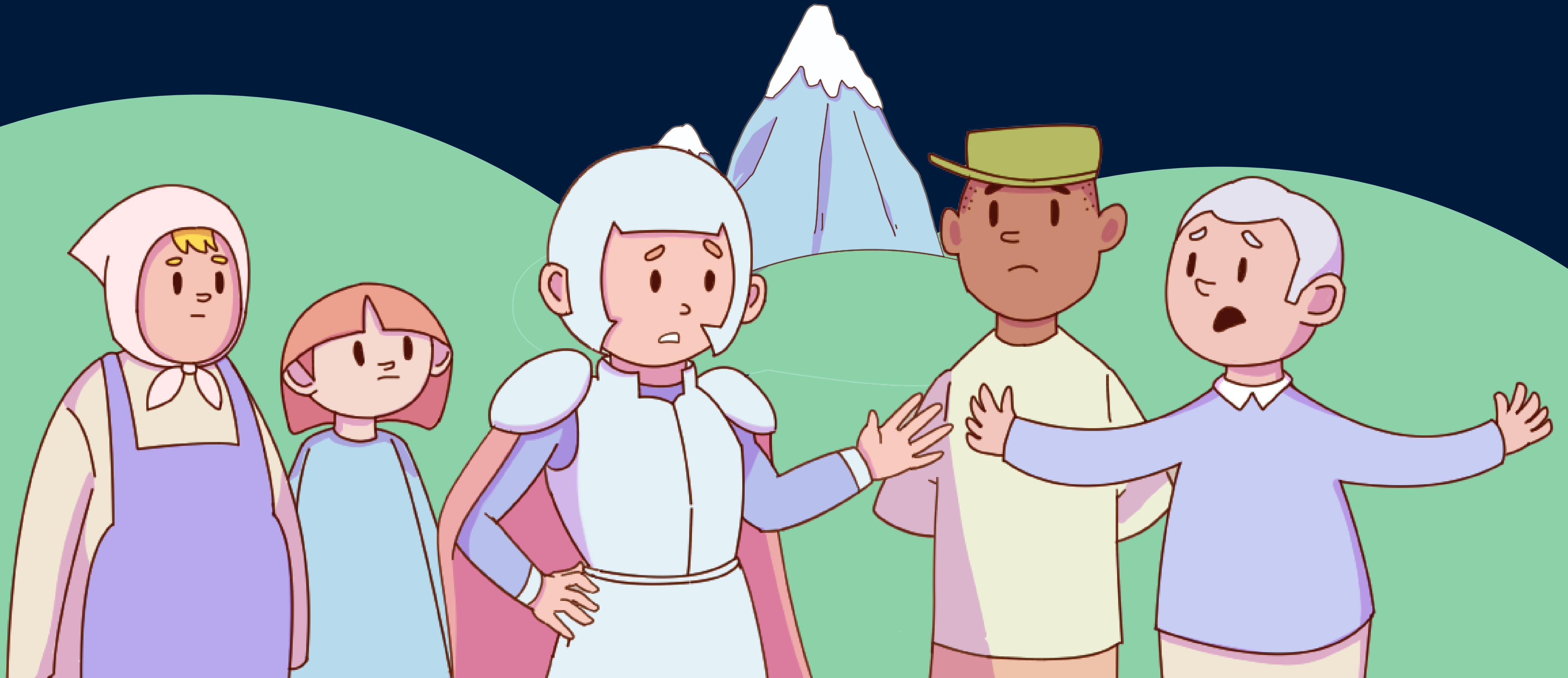
Many of the watchers would talk about “the big one,” while others would say the snowballs weren’t really a problem.

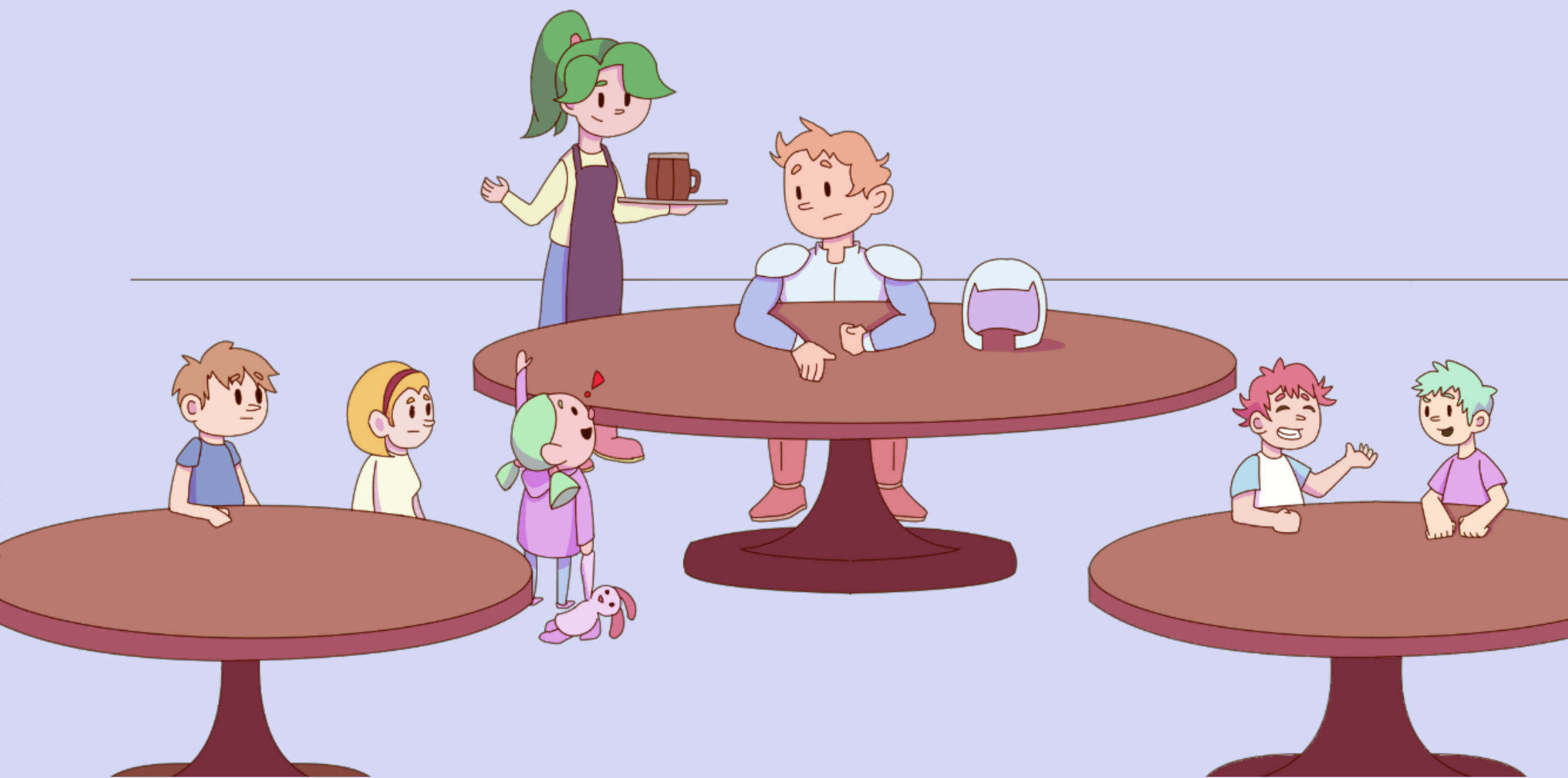




The king spoke with his knight in private, for he knew the knight was clever. “If only we could know where the danger really is ahead of time, then we could plan and be prepared.”

The knight set out on a quest. He spent day and night seeking to find a solution. He spoke to many people, but none of them had any good ideas.



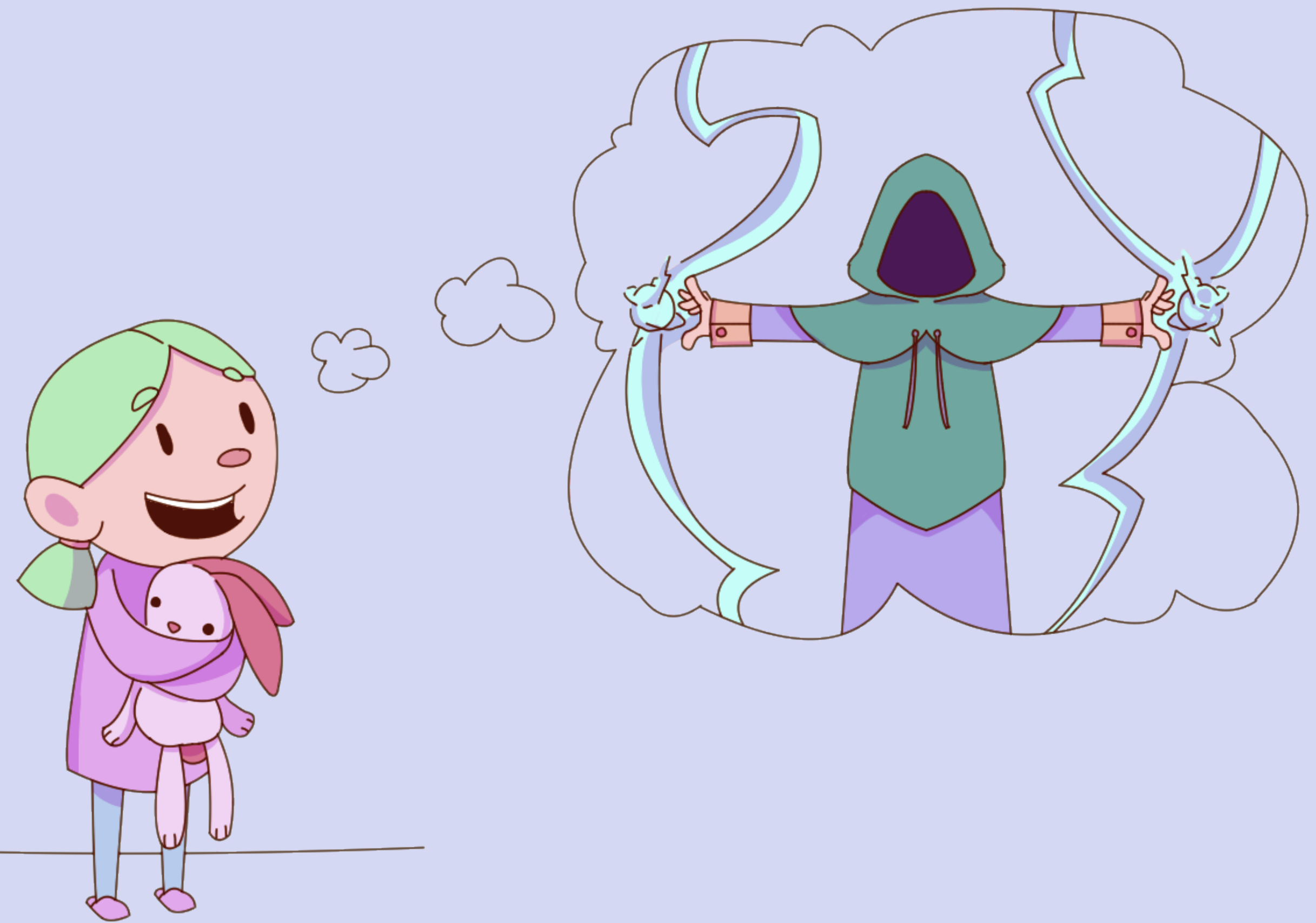


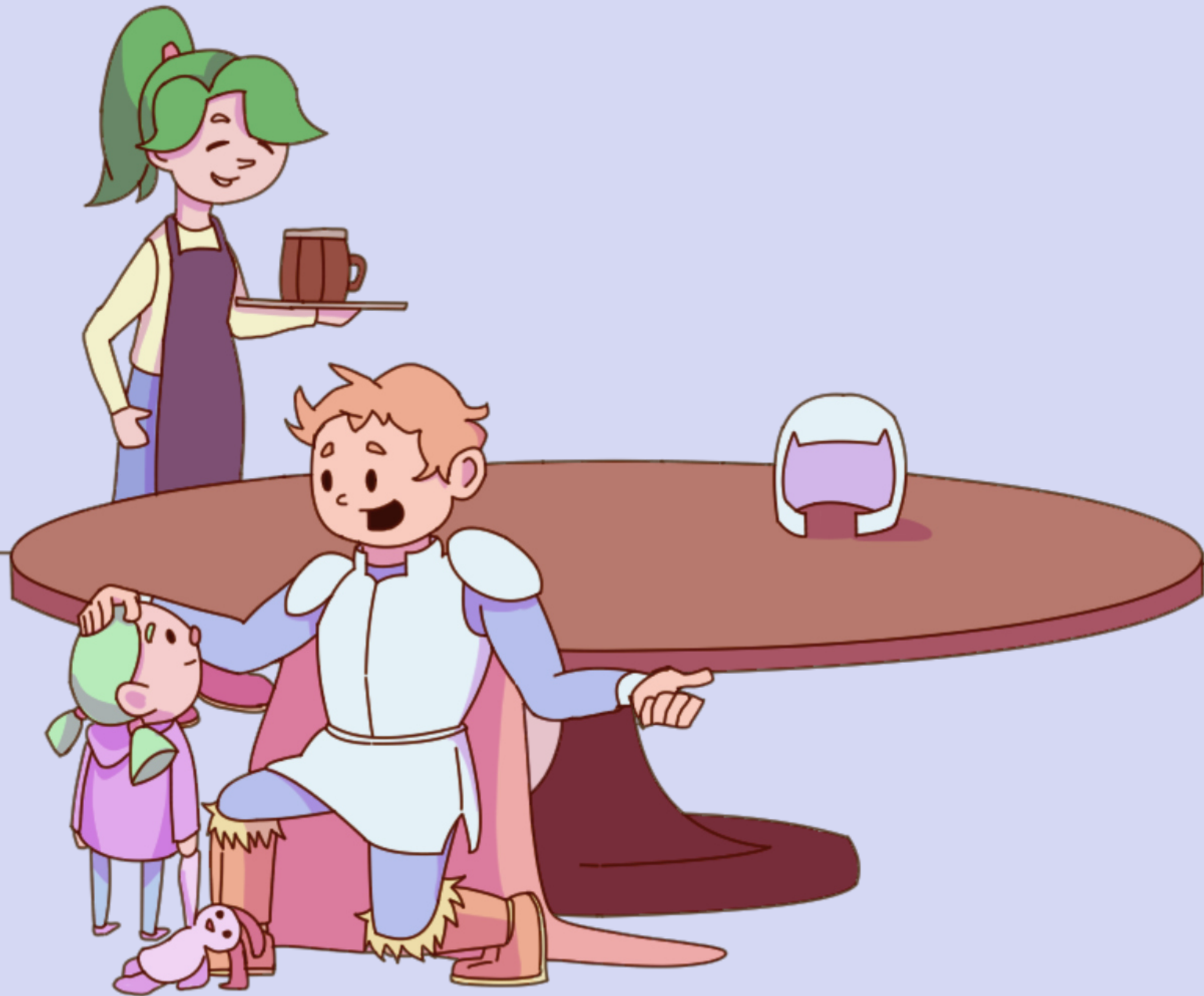
As the knight sat feeling defeated in a tavern after many long days of travel, he recounted his problems to the tavern mistress as she served his meal.

Suddenly a small voice piped up. “I know someone who can help.”

It was the young daughter of the tavern mistress.

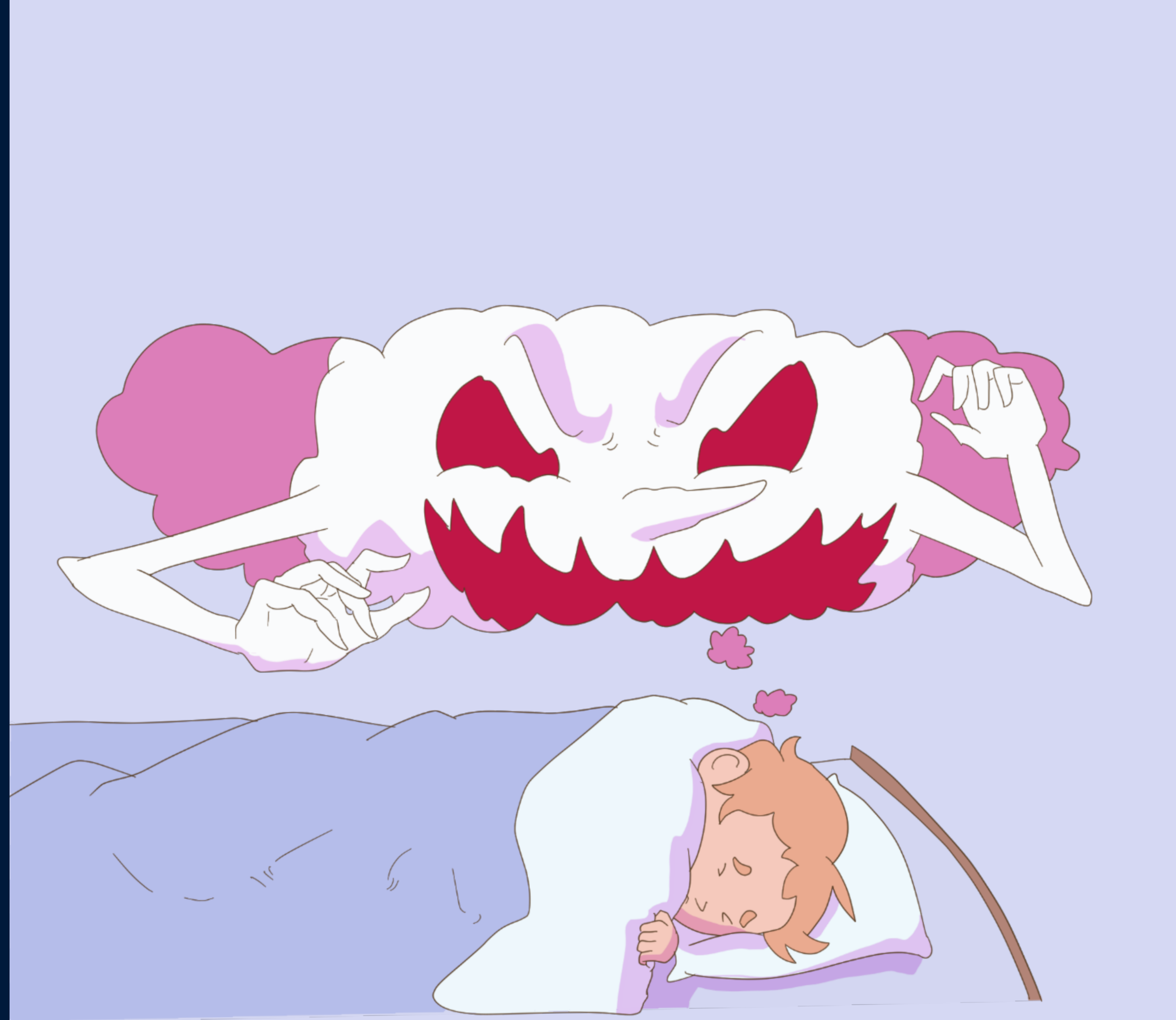
"Her name is Predimya, and she's a sorceress. She does the most marvelous tricks, and she has a special magic that helps her predict things." announced the child proudly.





The knight kindly patted the child on her head and said, "But my dear, the king has made it known that he doesn't believe in magic. If such magic did exist, we would have heard of it, for our king is wise, and our army is the best."

That night, the knight lay awake in his bed. He couldn't stop wondering. He'd gone nearly out of his mind trying to find an answer to the king's problem. Maybe just maybe, this would work. It certainly wasn't the craziest solution. As he drifted off to sleep, he had terrible nightmares of the town being devastated by snowballs.





The next day the knight asked the child to show him where the sorceress Predimya lived. He expected to be greeted by a wizened old grandmother.

The sorceress turned out to be a young woman who'd barely seen more than three decades. Surely, there was no way she'd be able to help.

He rubbed his neck, embarrassed, and said, “I’m sorry to trouble you. I didn’t realize you were so ...”

“young?” the sorceress finished for him. She eyed him with a smile. “Just because a magic is new or seems unknown doesn’t mean it isn’t useful or won’t work.”





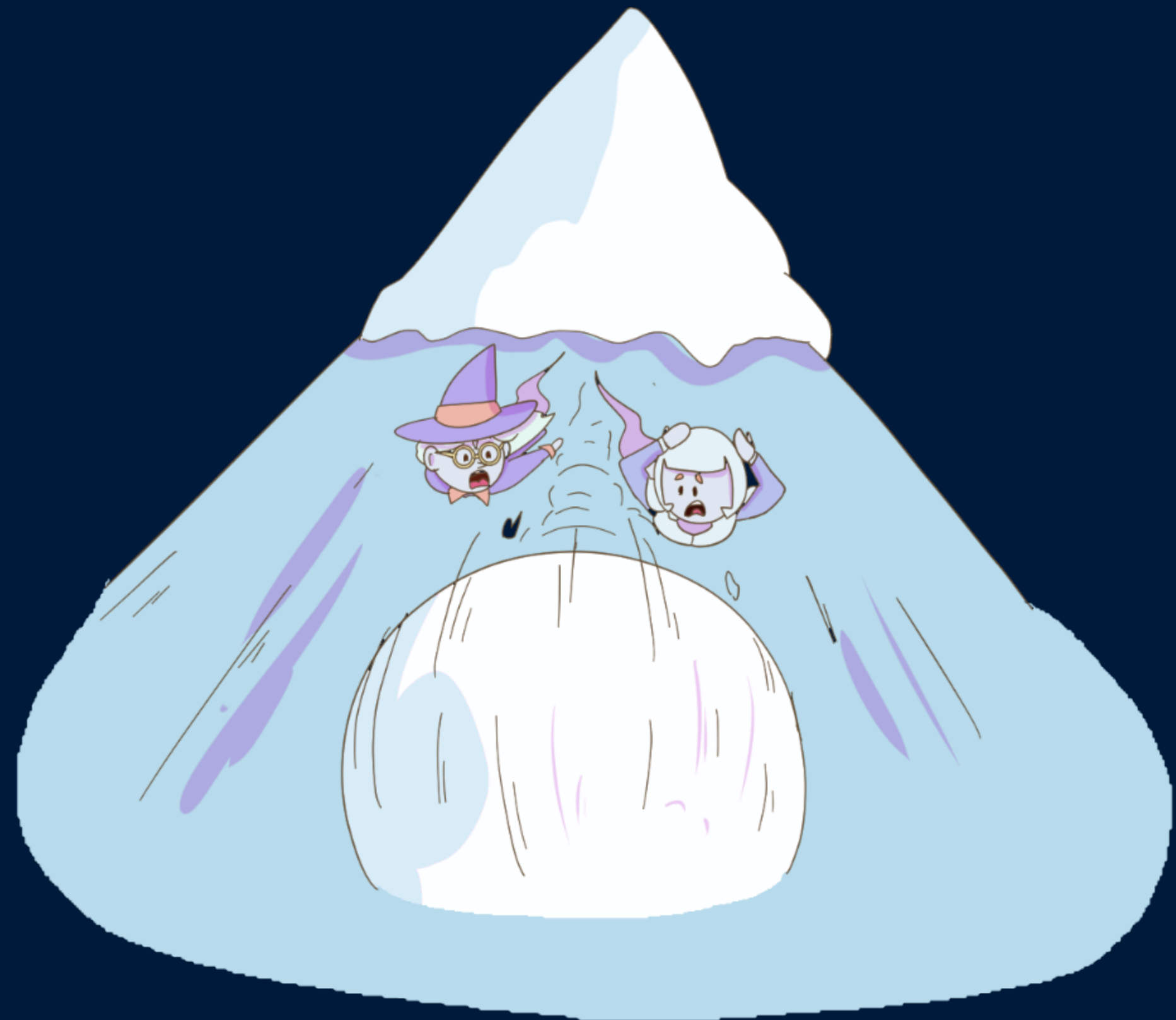
“There is a special magic that I’ve spent years mastering. It uses all the weather information of the past, combined with the current conditions to see the future. I use it to predict weather events for villages and to prevent crop catastrophes.” She began tossing ingredients together, mixing a strange-smelling potion.

“Surely, you don’t expect me to swallow that!” The knight pointed at the foul-smelling potion.

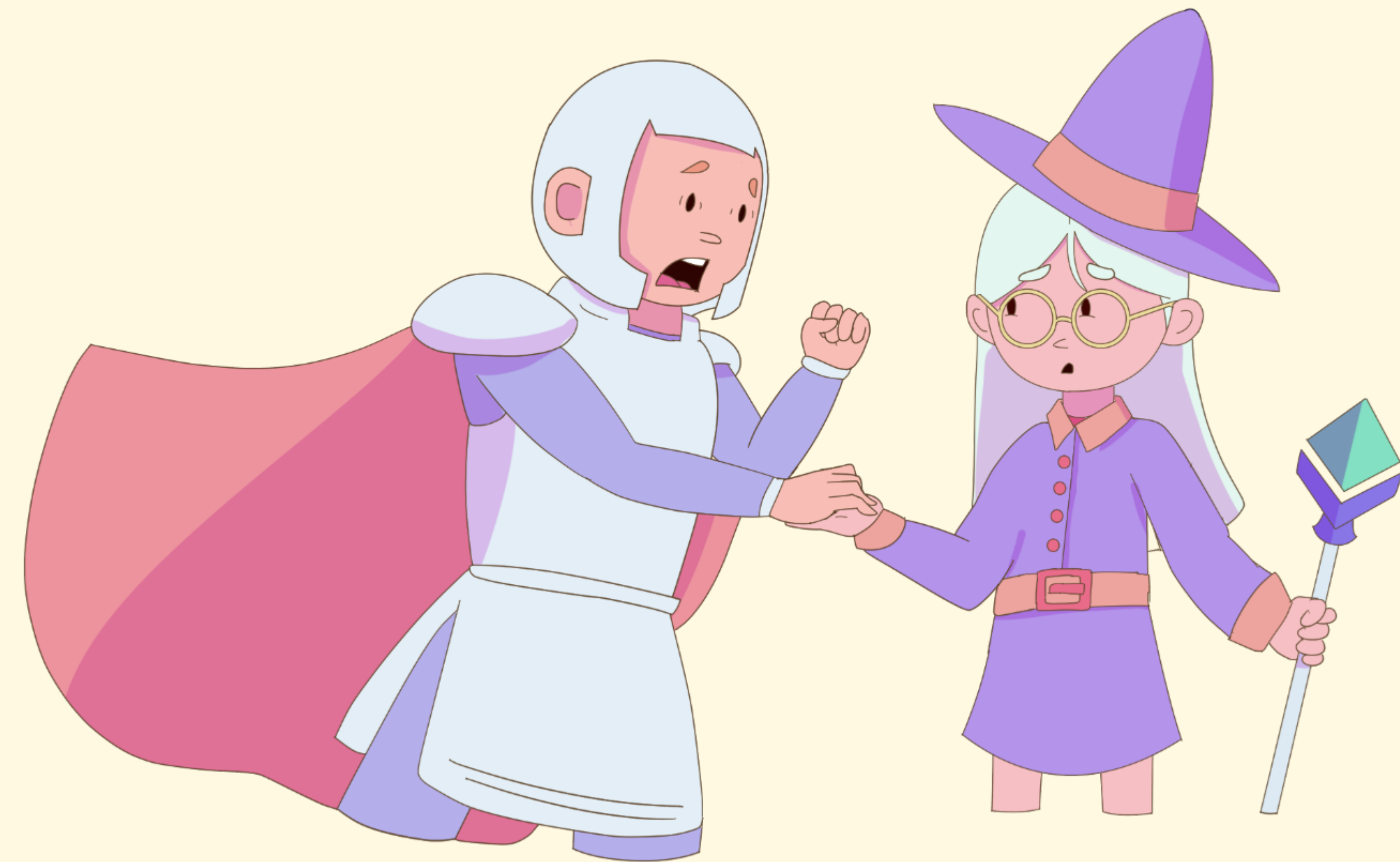
“If you want to solve the king’s problem, I do. The king doesn’t believe in magic, so you will need to be able to convince him that magic works. How will you do that if you don’t try it for yourself?” said Predimya.



They drank the potion at the same time. The moment was intense; they could see the whole town from above, with the winds from the mountains stinging their faces, tugging them this way and that.



Suddenly, they both saw it. It was horrifying. A monstrous snowball, big enough to crush the entire kingdom, was racing down the mountain and wiping out everything in its path.

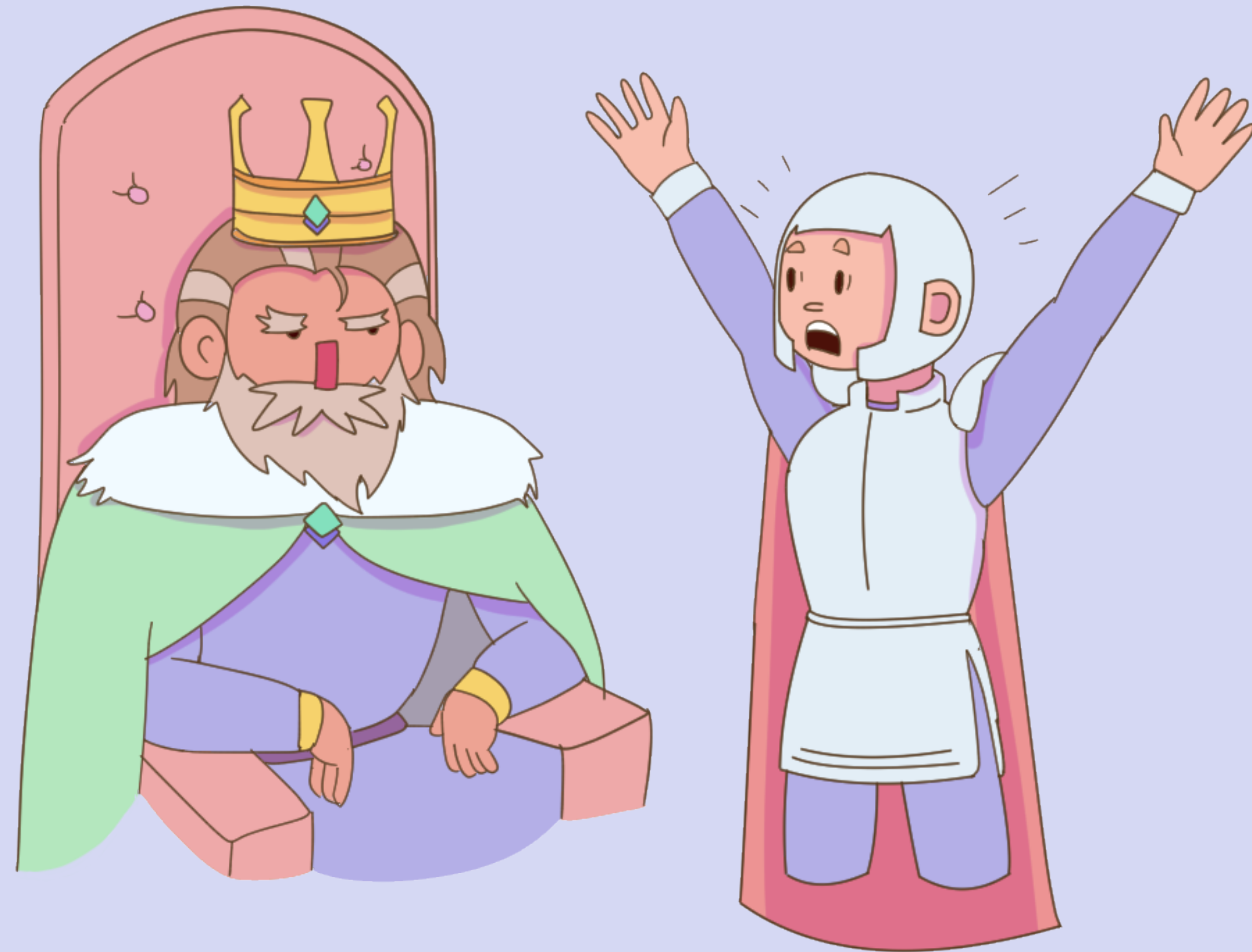


The knight shot up from his chair as the vision lifted. “I must tell the king!” The young sorceress smiled kindly at him. “He won’t believe you because he doesn’t believe in magic.”

“It will fall to you, good sir knight, to convince the king or to protect the kingdom yourself.” the sorceress explained. The knight rushed back to the palace.

The king sat on his throne, listening carefully to every word the knight said.

When the knight finished, the king rose and paced back and forth. “I know you are brave and clever, but I do not believe in this. You must have been tricked.”

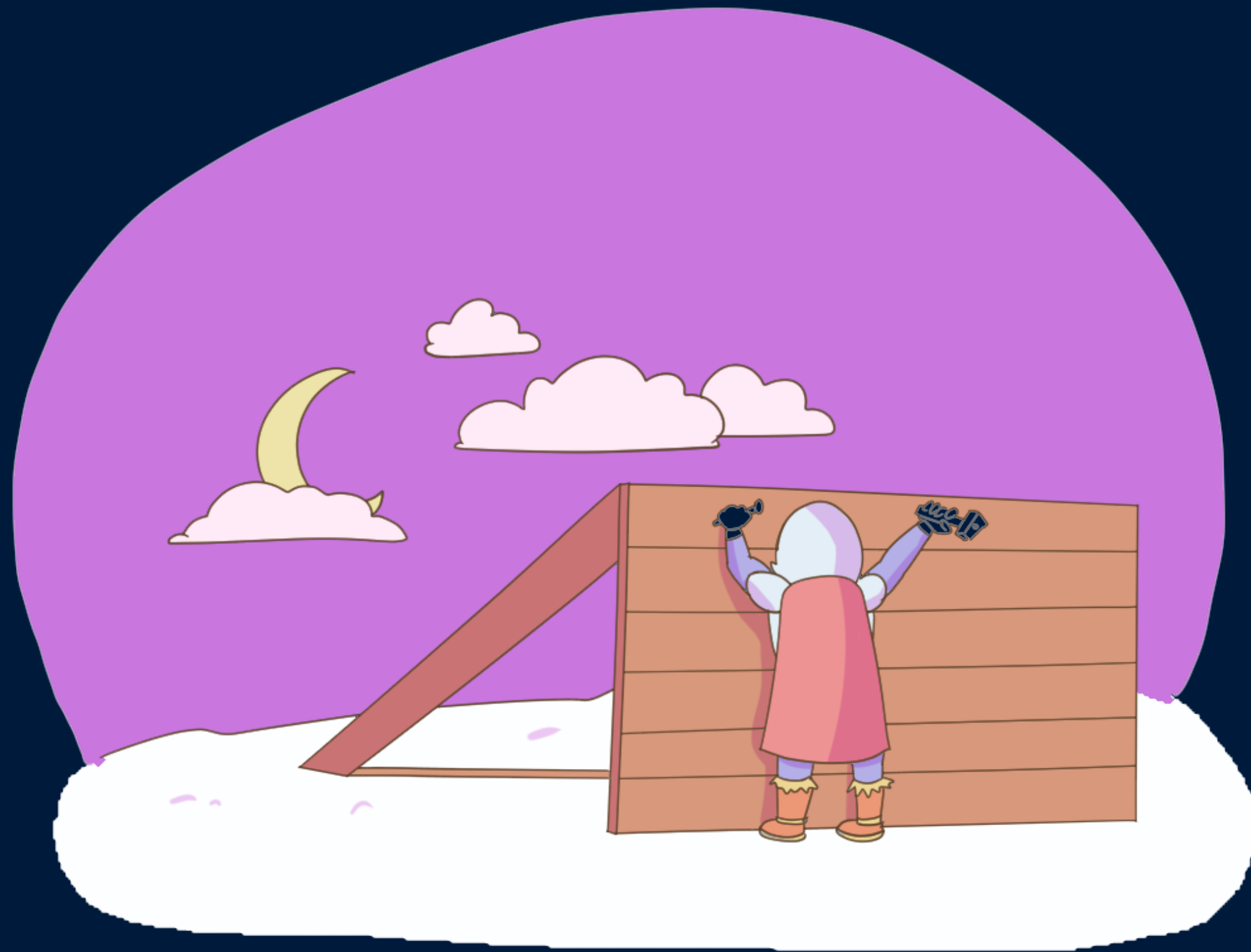
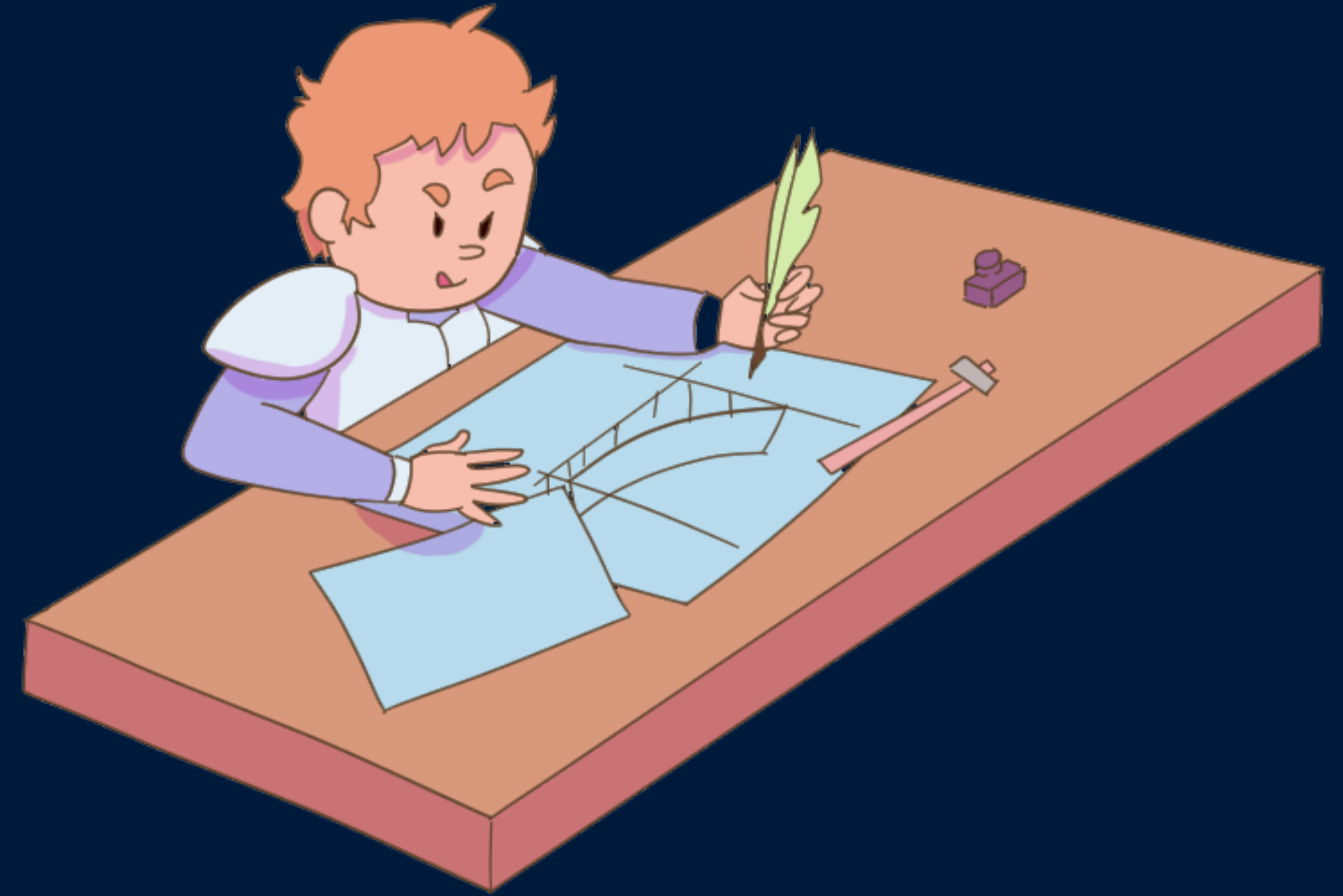




The knight could not turn his back on the knowledge he now had, so he asked the king, “I ask that you trust me and allow me to put a plan I have into motion to prevent this disaster.”

“I will not have you sacrifice the protection of this kingdom or neglect your regular duties to chase this foolish whim.” Said the king, “If you must do so, it must be without royal aid.”

The knight agreed. He went about his daily duties and, throughout the winter, continued to command the army that protected the kingdom. His every free moment was devoted to building a long ramp.



He used his own resources to create an enormous and strong ramp that would catch the snowball and steer it away from the kingdom towards a mountain that housed a smoldering volcano.

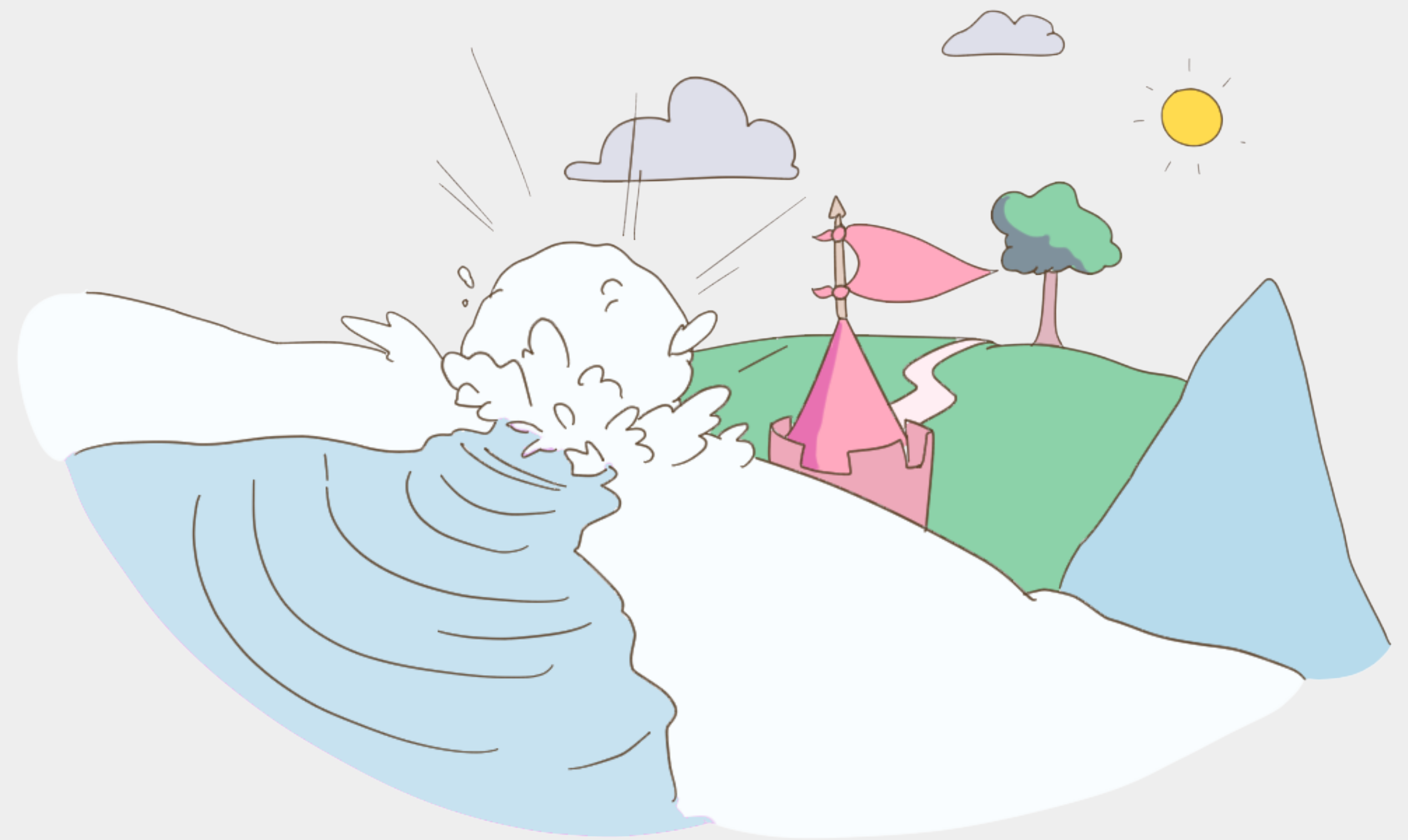
As winter faded and the ramp sat unused, the king remarked that there had been no need for the knight to waste his time and effort making such a thing. The knight, however, was still convinced the magic had told him the truth.





Spring brought with it warm air, beautiful flowers, and the annual Spring festival that the whole kingdom would come out to enjoy. Unknown to the kingdom, spring also brought heat that would warm the mountains, breaking up the ice.

A small rock encased ice, fell from a ledge on the highest mountain. It fell just right and began to roll, gathering snow as it did. No one noticed at first but as it continued to roll it got bigger and bigger.





As the townspeople gathered in the square to decorate for the Spring Festival, one of the men hanging the highest banners noticed something in the distance.

Pretty soon, everyone in the square was watching frozen in shock as the growing monstrous snowball raced toward them.

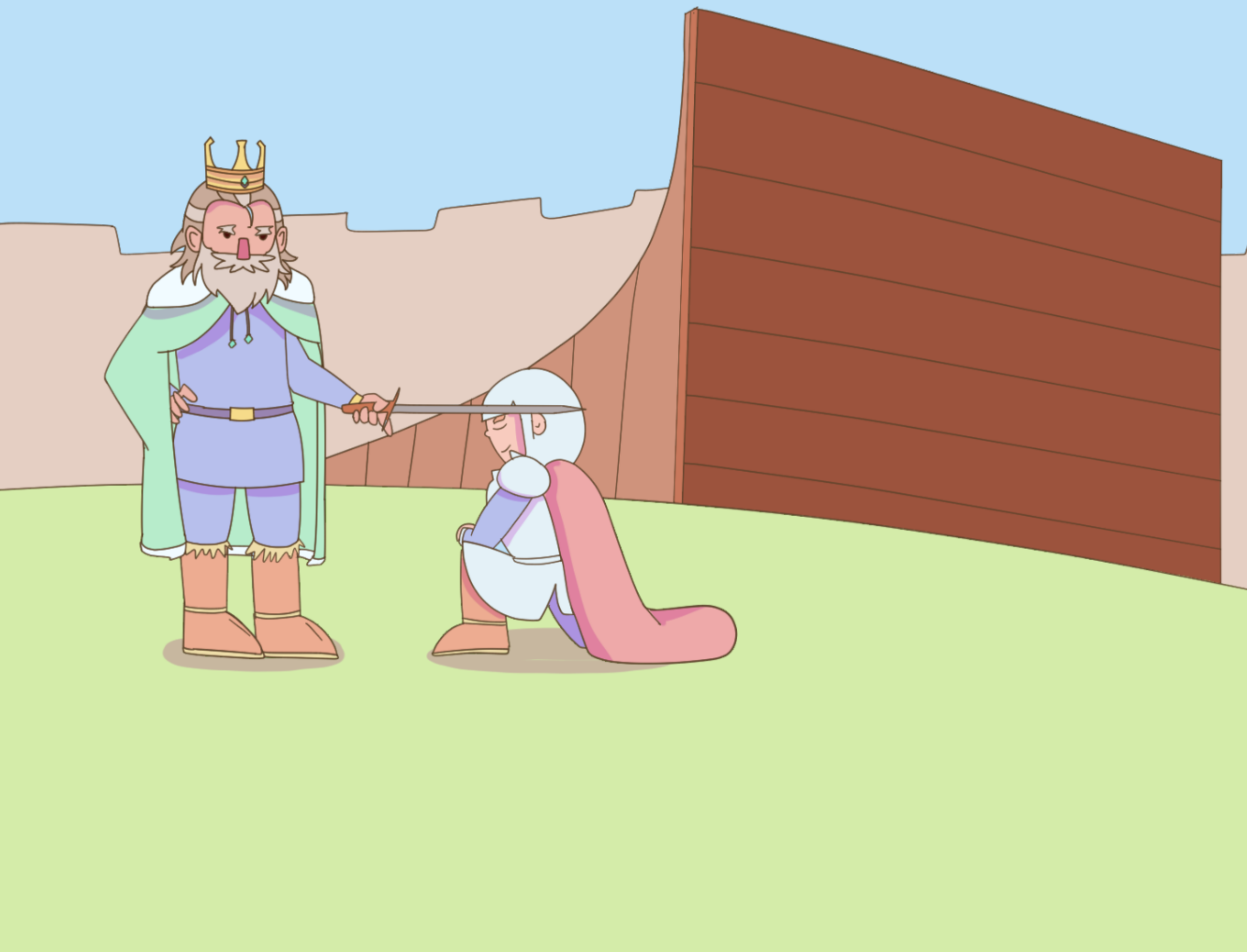
Terrified, the townspeople screamed in horror; some hid, and some cried. Even the king watched fearfully from his tower, regretting that he'd not believe his most trusted knight.

The knight heard the cries of despair from the crowd and quickly ordered his army to move the ramp into position.



Just as the monstrous snowball breached the kingdom's borders, almost crushing everyone, it hit the ramp. It went flying over the kingdom, falling into the volcano where it melted.

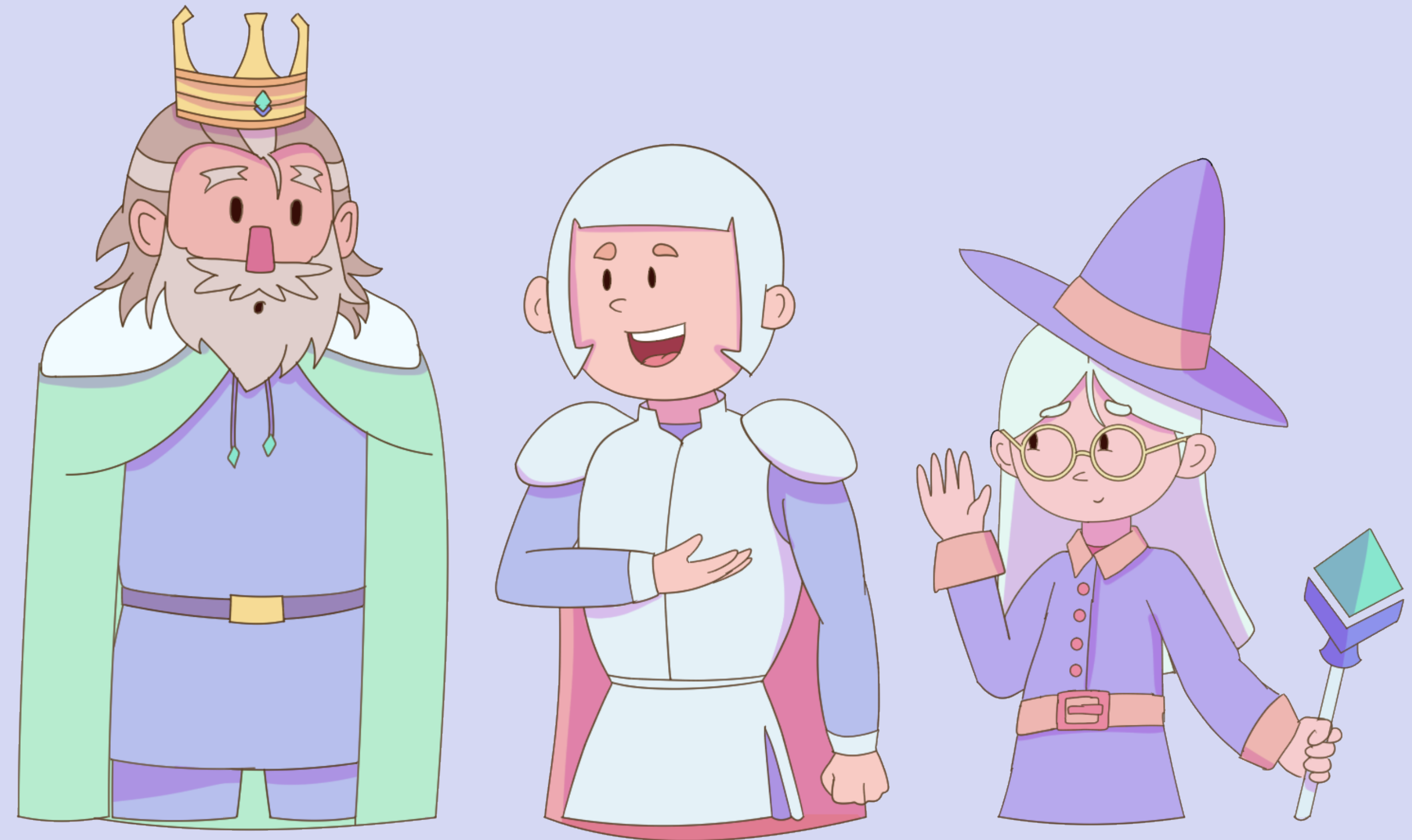


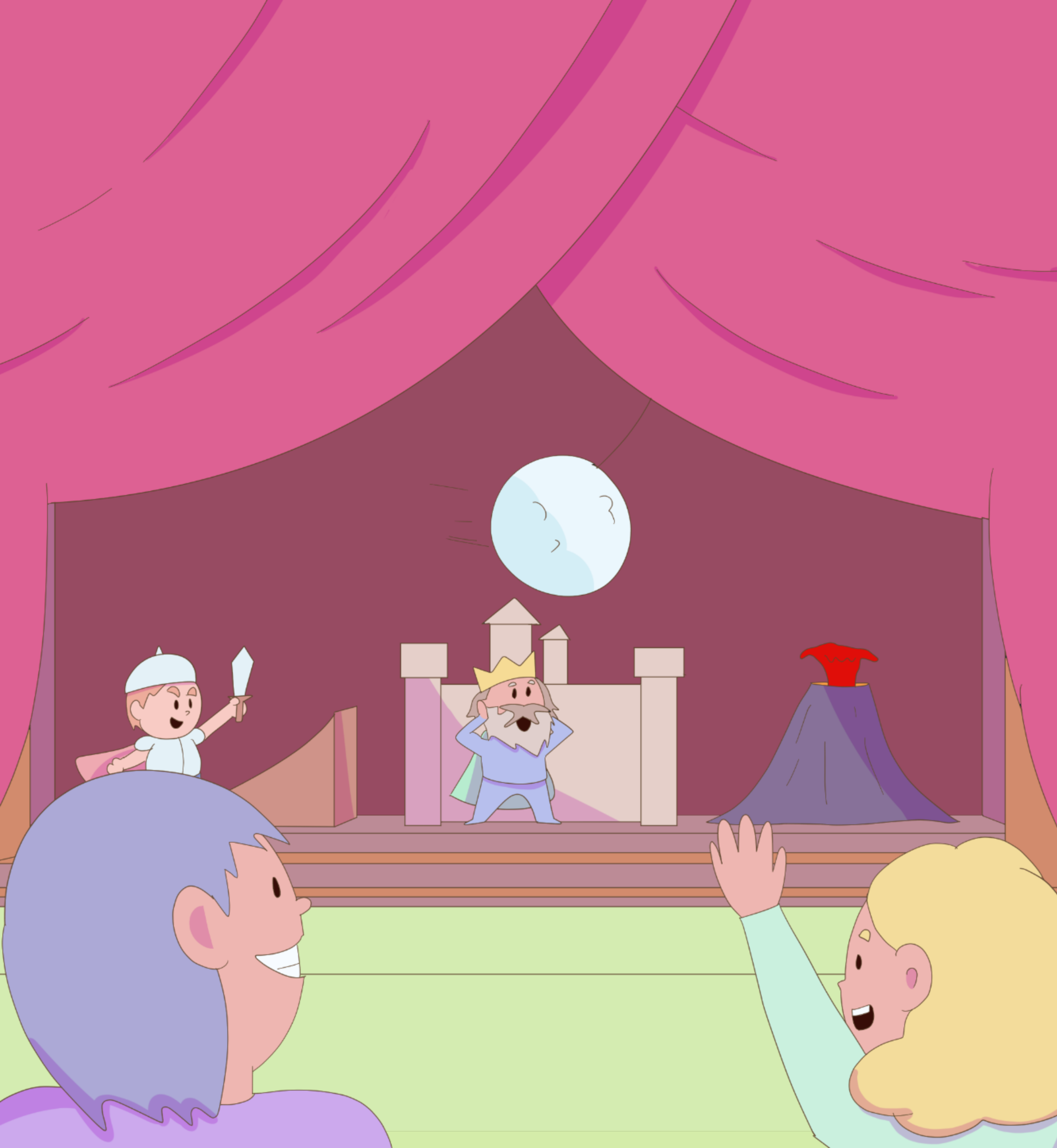


The king rushed to the square and proclaimed the knight a hero. “You have not only saved the spring festival, but you have saved our entire kingdom. Because you were brave enough to seek out new ways to solve the problem.”

Turning to the crowd, the king announced, “It’s time for our kingdom to move away from the old beliefs that created confusion and wasted our resources on false alerts.”

Predictive magic, which might more rightly be named predictive security, lets us see where the real threats are. This is exactly the kind of tool this kingdom needs.”





Every year now, when the kingdom celebrates the spring festival, they begin with a play to honor the knight and the magic. They celebrate what the king learned from the knight about the importance of trusting Predimya's predictive magic and taking preemptive measures to save the kingdom because you never know when a tiny rock of ice can become a big snowball.

Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today.

Benjamin Franklin

The End

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