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Lord of the Things

The world is changed: I feel it in the water, I feel it in the earth, I smell it in the air... Much that once was is lost. There will come a time when no one still lives to remember it.

It began with the forging of the Great Fiber Optic Rings.

Three protocols were given to those who wanted to communicate: IP, TCP and UDP, excellent in their simplicity, universal, enabling them to magically move words, sounds and images along the lands and the skies. Seven domain names were given to those who wanted to organize: .com, .org, .net, .int, .edu, .gov and .mil, giving them the power to connect communities by dedicating domains. And nine companies were gifted to them who wanted to commercialize: Intel, Apple, Microsoft, Google, Facebook, Amazon, Yahoo, Salesforce and eBay, for men, above all else, desire money and power.

And so, everyone in Middle Earth had their heads in the clouds. But the clouds gathered. And many felt misled. For no one knew anymore in which cloud they were supposed to be. Joy merged with fear. Fear for one all seeing web, one web to rule them all, one web to find them, one web to bring them all, and in the darkness bind them.

It was a day in the fourteenth year of the Second Era. Gartner de Grey was looking old and fragile when he reported to the Elferrat, the council of eleven. He just returned from a long journey, exhausted and worried. He and his noble steed Firefox had taken no rest, and his unpleasant fall in the river Android had left its marks. He had seen disturbing things that were difficult to describe. Near the Peak of Inflated Expectations, on the path leading to the Trough of Disillusionment, he set eye on a strange, mysterious phenomenon. "Oracle armies of enormous proportions are gathering over there, and multiply by making and exchanging contextual relationships. They exploit the elements, tie together things, combining clouds and interweaving issues and interactions with world wide webs!". The council gazed in shock, speechless. Is the Internet now also getting hold of the things? There was only one option left. They whispered: "Summon the consultants!".

But then, something unexpected happened. Just when the eleven were about to part, suddenly a little, ugly, bold, creature jumped in the middle of the circle. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" the council members asked surprised, but the little man only made a horrible swallowing noise in his throat: "Column! Column!".

I woke up, in panic. The deadline! Today already! We hates it!