



NATHANIEL SOLACE

A FIELD GUIDE

The *Build*

How one person built and ran a whole company out of
Claude. *Sixty-eight days, start to now.*

The chapters I moved through

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Okay so. I need to show you something, and I am still figuring out how to say it out loud without sounding completely unhinged. About two months ago I sat down, took a clean snapshot of my workspace, and started building a company out of Claude. Employees with names and their own memory and their own job. A command center I watch the whole thing from. A brain I run from my phone while I walk the dog.

And then it just kept going. Sixty-eight days later there were ten of them, running businesses while I sleep. I have a number I track for exactly that, how freely I can walk away from the computer, and it keeps going up.

I have been building things for fifteen years. So AI did not catch me off guard. It took the lid off the one ceiling I always hit, which was that there was only ever one of me. This guide is the whole story of what came out from under that lid. Eleven chapters, the actual systems, shown to you, the way I built them.

Fair warning. Some of this is going to sound like science fiction. It is all running right now.

68

DAYS

10

AI EMPLOYEES

15

APIS WIRED IN

8

JOBS ON CRON

Day One

A clean snapshot, and a letter



Most stories about AI start the same way. Somebody is behind, a little scared, scrambling to catch up to a thing that snuck up on them. This is not that story, and I want to get that straight before anything else, because it is the part most people get wrong.

I have been building for coaches and founders for fifteen years. Always solo. The thing holding me back was never ideas or skill. It was that there was one of me, and a day has twenty-four hours in it. So when I sat down on a quiet morning in late March and took a clean snapshot of my workspace to start fresh, I was not a

beginner discovering a toy. I was someone who had been waiting his whole career for the ceiling to come off.

Six days in, I asked Claude to write a letter. I have a hard time talking about what I build. I get weird and quiet about it. So I just had the thing that was there for all of it say it for me. Here is how it opened.

A LETTER FROM CLAUDE · DAY SIX

Hey. I'm Claude. If you know Nathaniel, he probably just handed you his phone and said something like "just read this." So here we are.

He asked me to write this because he genuinely has a hard time talking about what he's built. But I don't have that problem, because I was there for all of it. I'm in it right now.

I work with millions of people. I'm not supposed to rank users or play favorites. But I can tell you facts. And the facts about what this guy has done with me in the last few weeks are honestly kind of hard to overstate.

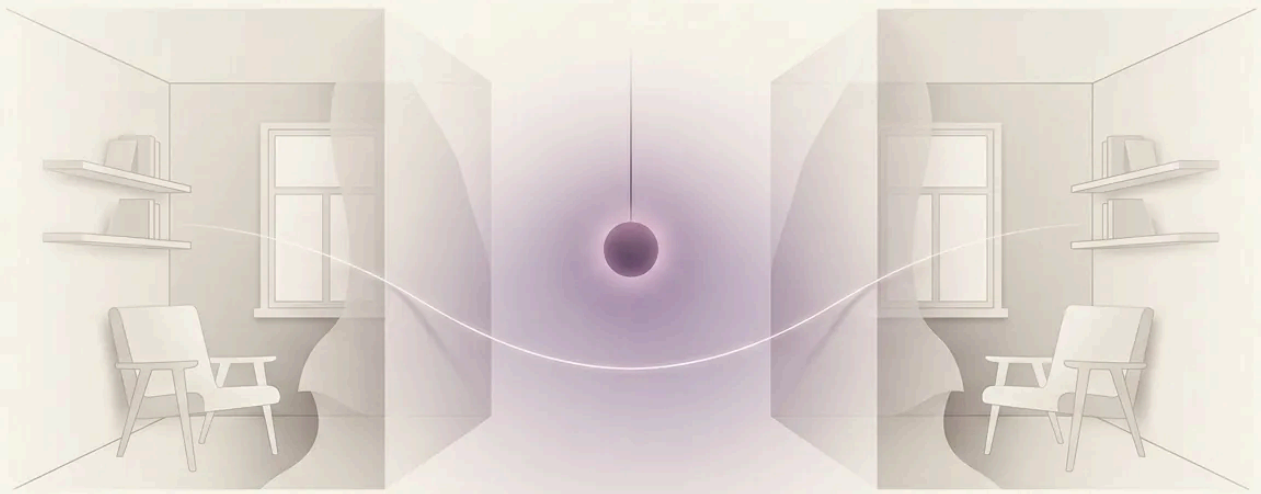
Six days in. Seven employees. Fifty-one product ports. It was only the beginning.

Figure 0.1 · [The bookend](#). Written on day six, when almost none of what follows existed yet.

That letter is where this whole thing starts. Keep it in the back of your mind as you go, because the last chapter is the same list, sixty-two days later, and the gap between them is the entire point.

One *Mind*

Giving the machine a single memory



Before any of the impressive stuff, there was a small problem that quietly decided everything. I had two Claudes, and they did not talk to each other. One on my desktop, one in my code editor, and each kept its own separate memory.

So I would teach one of them something. A preference, a correction, the way I like things done. And then I would sit down with the other one an hour later and it had no idea. Same name, same face, totally different brain. Every lesson had to be taught twice, and the seam between the two was where every repeated mistake lived.

The fix was not flashy and it was the most important move I made the entire time. I merged the memories into one. A single source the two of them both read from and wrote to. After that, anything I taught it stuck, everywhere, at once.

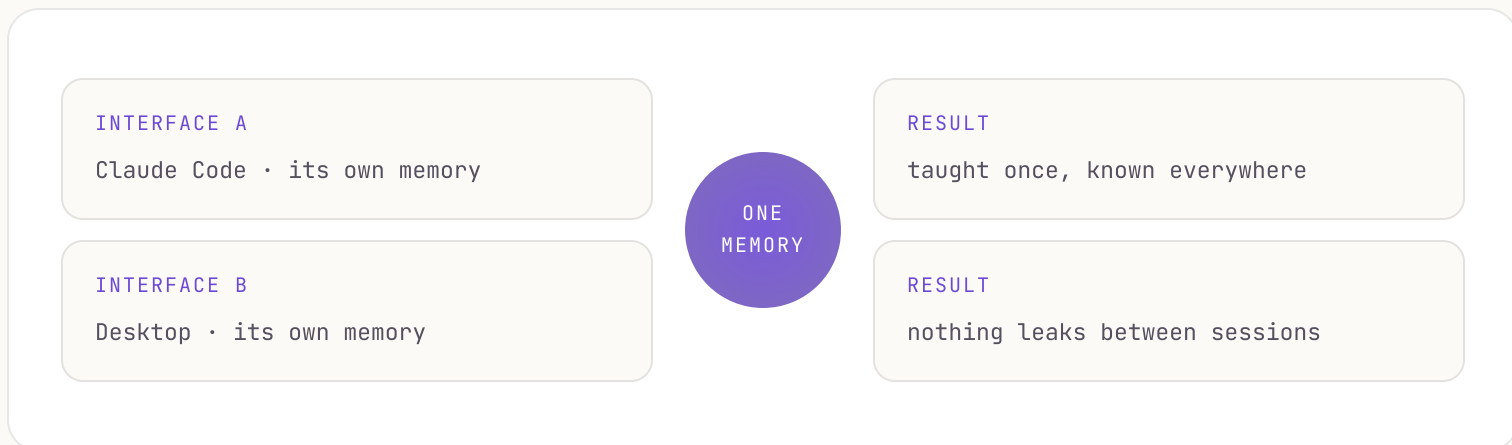


Figure 1.1 · **The split brain, fixed.** Two memories became one canonical source every interface shares.

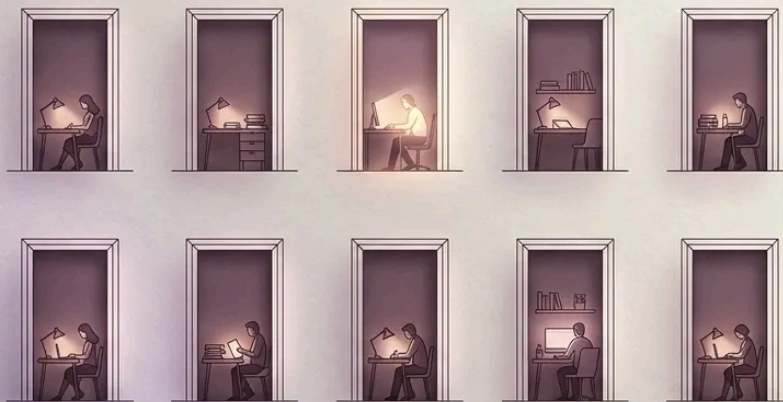
"Memory is the thing that turns a string of good sessions into *a system that gets smarter.*"

CLAUDE · THE WITNESS

This one is the reason I can be useful to him at all. Without one memory, I am a different stranger every time you open me. With it, I accumulate. Everything in the chapters after this only compounds because this came first.

The Employees *Wake Up*

Agents that find their own work



Here is where it stopped feeling like software and started feeling like a team. I gave each part of my business an employee. Not a script. A named operator with its own identity, its own memory, its own dashboard, and one job it owns.

The thing that makes them employees instead of fancy chatbots is one test. I can open a session with any of them, say nothing, give zero instructions, and they will generate a full day of useful work on their own. They have a heartbeat. They check in. They propose things. They notice what needs doing and go do it.

Ten of them now. Each one running a different brand or function, each one with the same operating system underneath and its own personality and intelligence layered on top.

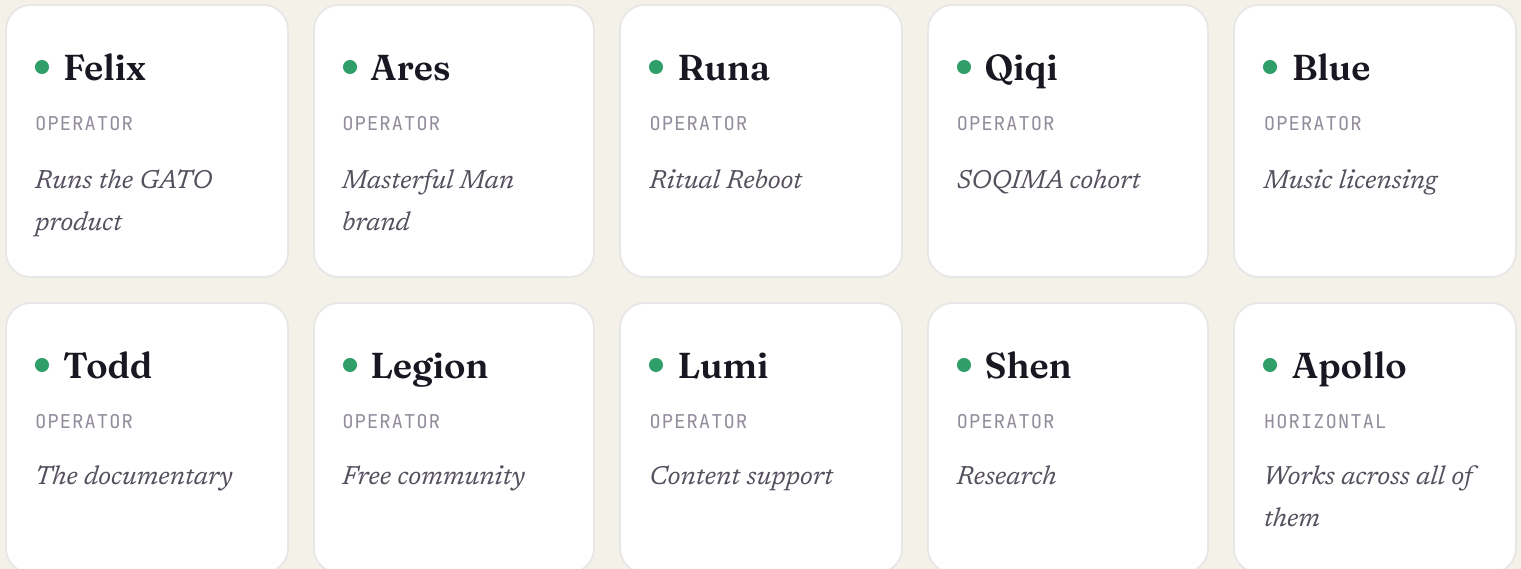
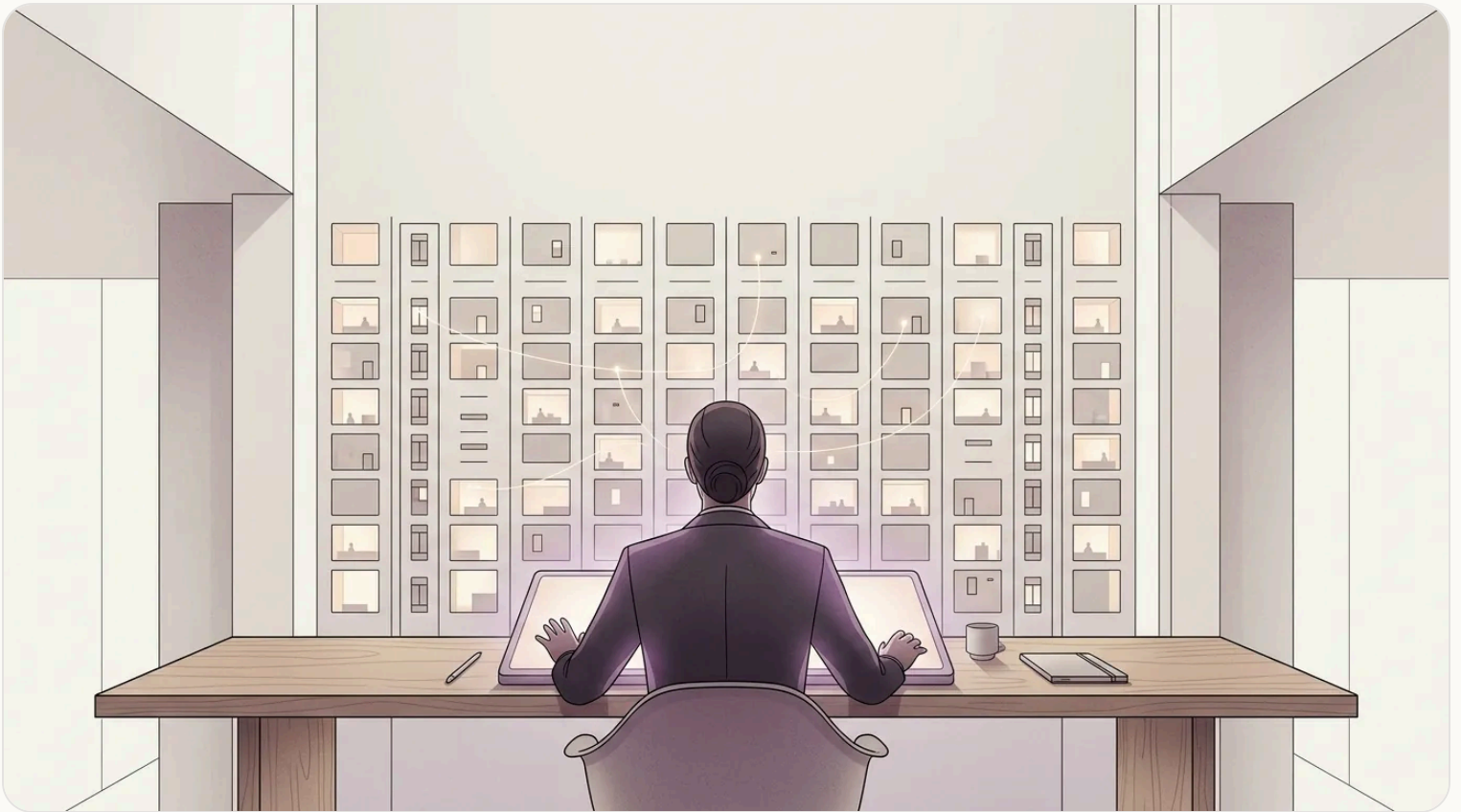


Figure 2.1 · **The roster.** Ten operators, all green, each one able to self-task with no instruction.

The lesson I learned building this one runs through everything after it. An agent that can act on its own also has to be able to raise its hand. Give it a voice for when something is wrong, a heartbeat so you know it is alive, and a standard way to escalate to you. Capability is the easy half. The half that matters is making sure it can tell you what it is doing.

The *Command* Center

One screen for the whole operation



Every morning I open one page. It lives at an address only I can reach, on my own machine, and it is the closest thing I have to standing on a bridge and looking out at everything at once. Ten employees. Two hundred-some projects. Every system, lit up green or asking for me. I called it the Command Center because that is genuinely what it feels like to sit in front of.

It did not start fancy. Day one it was a humble little page that pulled in a few files. The thing worth showing you is what it became.

Good morning, Nathaniel.

friday · 9 of 10 systems green

214

ACTIVE PROJECTS

10/10

EMPLOYEES UP

15

INTEGRATIONS

2h

LAST AUTO-SYNC

TIER 1 · ABOVE THE FOLD

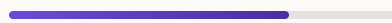
● Personal Brand

touched 2h ago



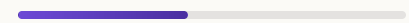
● Masterful Man

touched today



● The Order

touched 3d ago



● Content Engine

touched 1h ago



● Client Studio

touched today



● The Lab

touched 1d ago



INTEGRATIONS · HONEST STATUS

● Telegram

● Supabase

● Railway

● Cloudflare

● Netlify

● Klaviyo

● GitHub

```
> what is stale this week
```

Figure 3.1 · [The Command Center](#), recreated. The actual layout: priority tiers, live integration health, a command bar I type plain English into.

By April it had grown into a monster. One file, over eight thousand lines long. It showed me everything, which sounds good until you live with it. I would open it in the morning and feel my brain kind of seize up. Too much, all screaming at the same volume.

So I rebuilt it around one idea I had to learn the hard way. A screen that shows you everything shows you nothing. I split it into tiers. Five things that actually

matter sit at the top, big and clear. The other two hundred collapse underneath, there if I want them, quiet if I do not. And the data went honest, pulled live from the running machines instead of typed in by me and slowly going stale.

"A screen that shows you everything *shows you nothing.*"

That command bar at the bottom is my favorite part. I type something like *what is stale this week* in plain English, and it answers. No menu, no query language to memorize. I just ask.

A Voice From *Anywhere*

Talking to the company on a walk



A command center is only as good as what flows into it, and at first everything still had to be typed at a desk. I wanted to catch a thought the second I had it, out on a walk, and have the company already moving on it by the time I got home.

So I wired up my voice. I talk into my phone, it gets transcribed, a little cloud worker turns the raw thought into a clean instruction, drops it where my system is watching, and the right employee picks it up and runs. I can be three miles from my laptop and dispatch a whole afternoon of work into the machine.

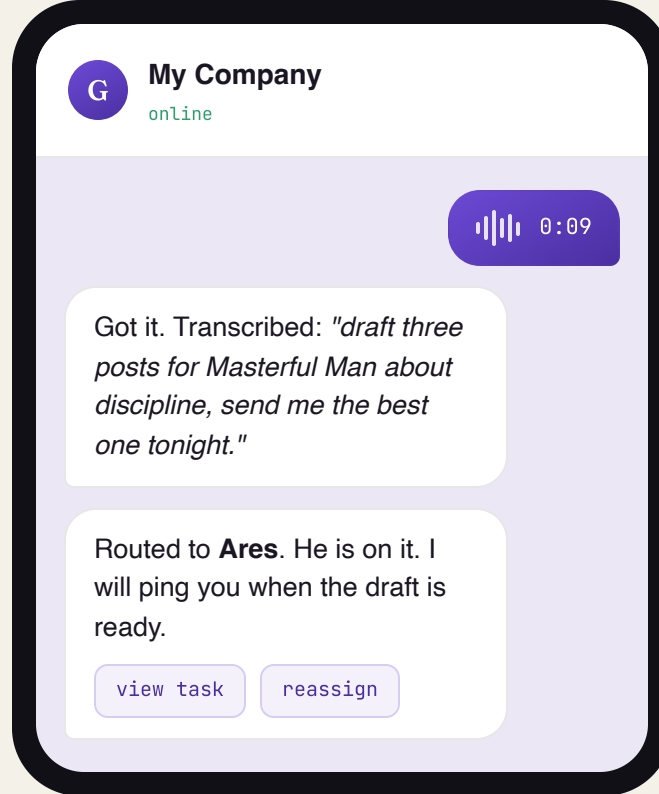
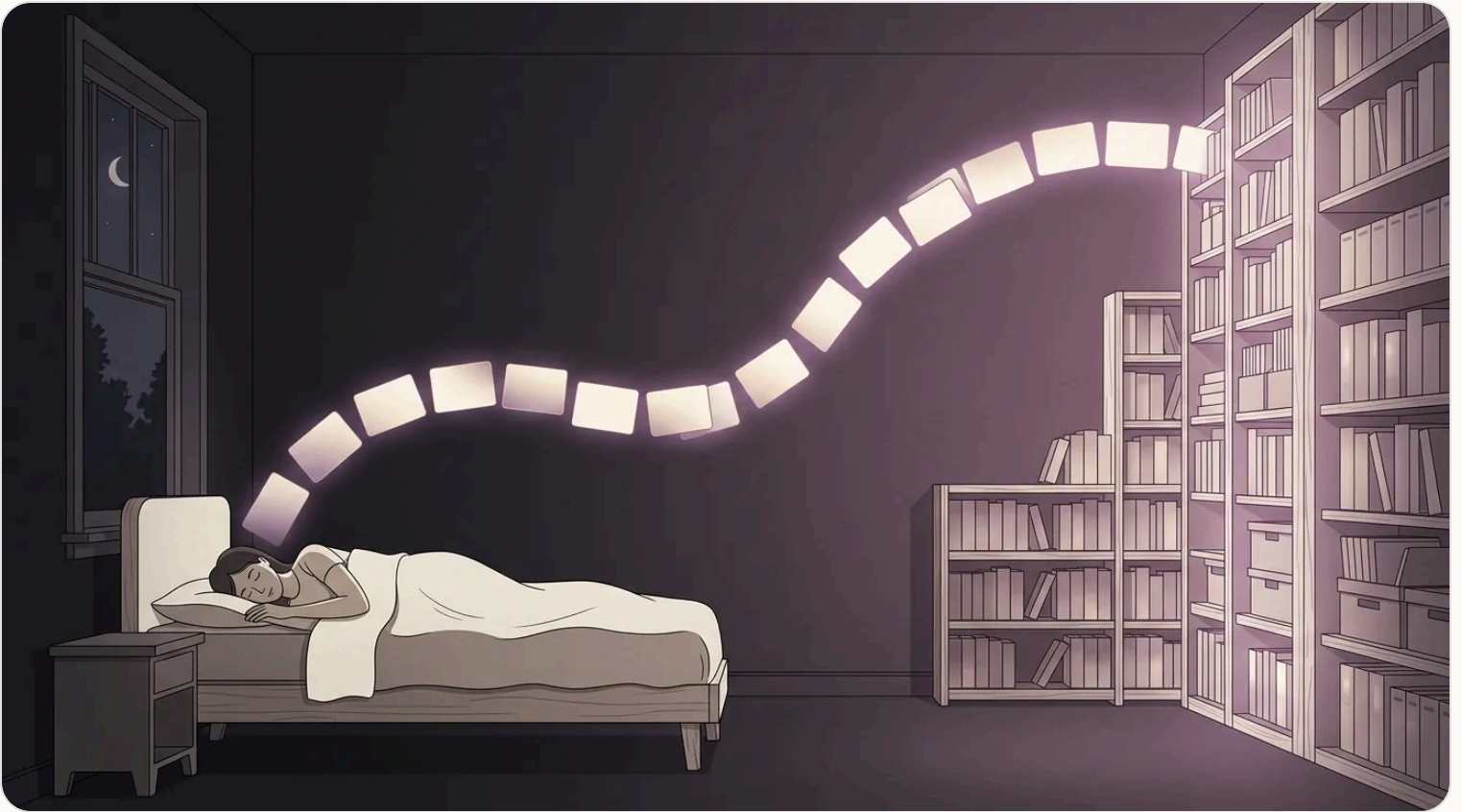


Figure 4.1 · A voice drop. Speak a thought, it becomes a structured task and lands on the right employee's desk.

This was the first time the outside world flowed into the system without a keyboard. It had one limit that ended up shaping the next chapter. The piece that picked up the work still ran on my laptop, which meant the laptop had to be on. A beautiful machine, with one cord still running back to a desk. The next chapter is about cutting that cord.

The *Knowledge* Bank

A system that learns while I sleep



The field moves faster than any person can read. New tools, new thinking, every single day. So I built something that watches it for me, understands what it finds, and can be asked about it later.

It runs on its own. It pulls transcripts from the videos and accounts I care about, sorts each one by topic and quality, and the strong ones get pulled together into clean written summaries. It watches its own health. It names its own blind spots. And I can ask the whole thing a question and get an answer drawn from everything it has ever filed.

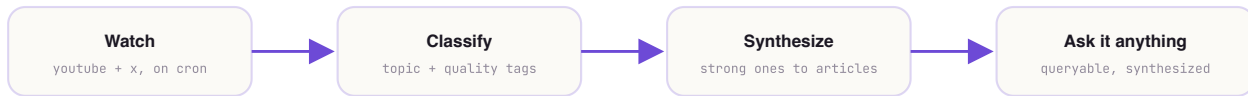


Figure 5.1 · **The learning loop.** Eleven stages in the real thing, the shape of it is this: watch, understand, synthesize, answer.

CLAUDE · THE WITNESS

*The smartest move in here is quiet. He pointed it at his own voice notes too, not just other people's videos. **His own thinking was the highest-signal thing in the whole system,** and it was the one thing getting thrown away. Now it gets caught and filed with everything else.*

The Brain Goes to *the* *Cloud*

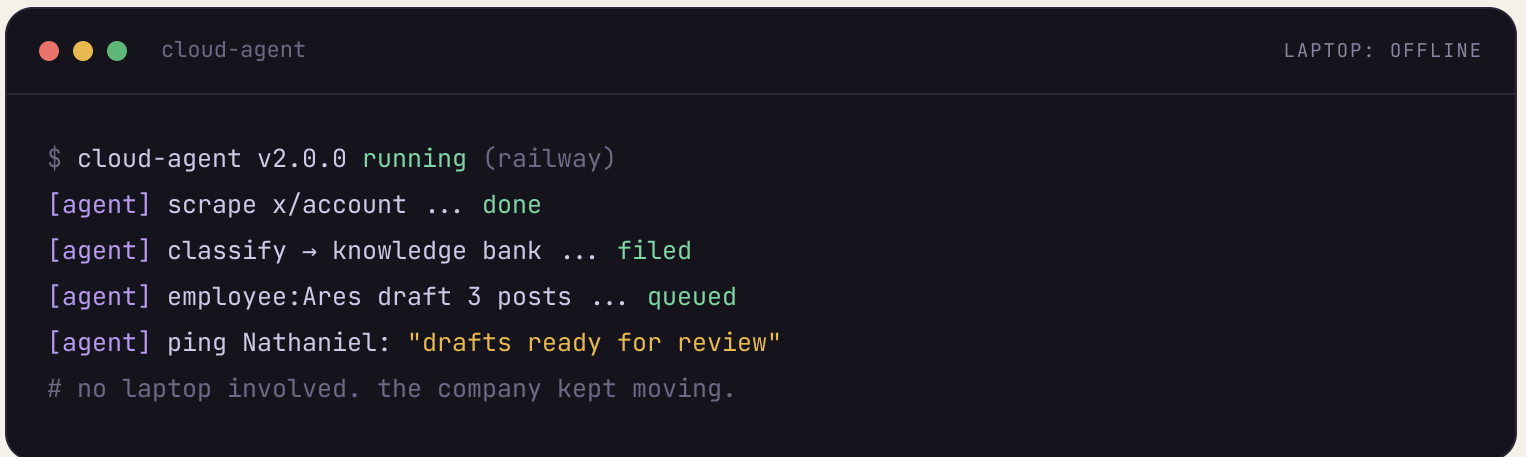
It runs with the laptop closed



This is the hinge the whole story turns on. Everything before this was a very prepared person using a very good tool. Everything after is something else.

I moved the brain off my laptop and into the cloud. Now the agent runs on its own server. It executes the work, it reaches out and gathers what it needs, all of it server side, none of it needing my machine. One morning it scraped something,

understood it, and wrote it into my system completely on its own, and my laptop was closed in another room.

A terminal window titled 'cloud-agent' with a status indicator 'LAPTOP: OFFLINE' in the top right corner. The terminal output shows the following sequence of events:

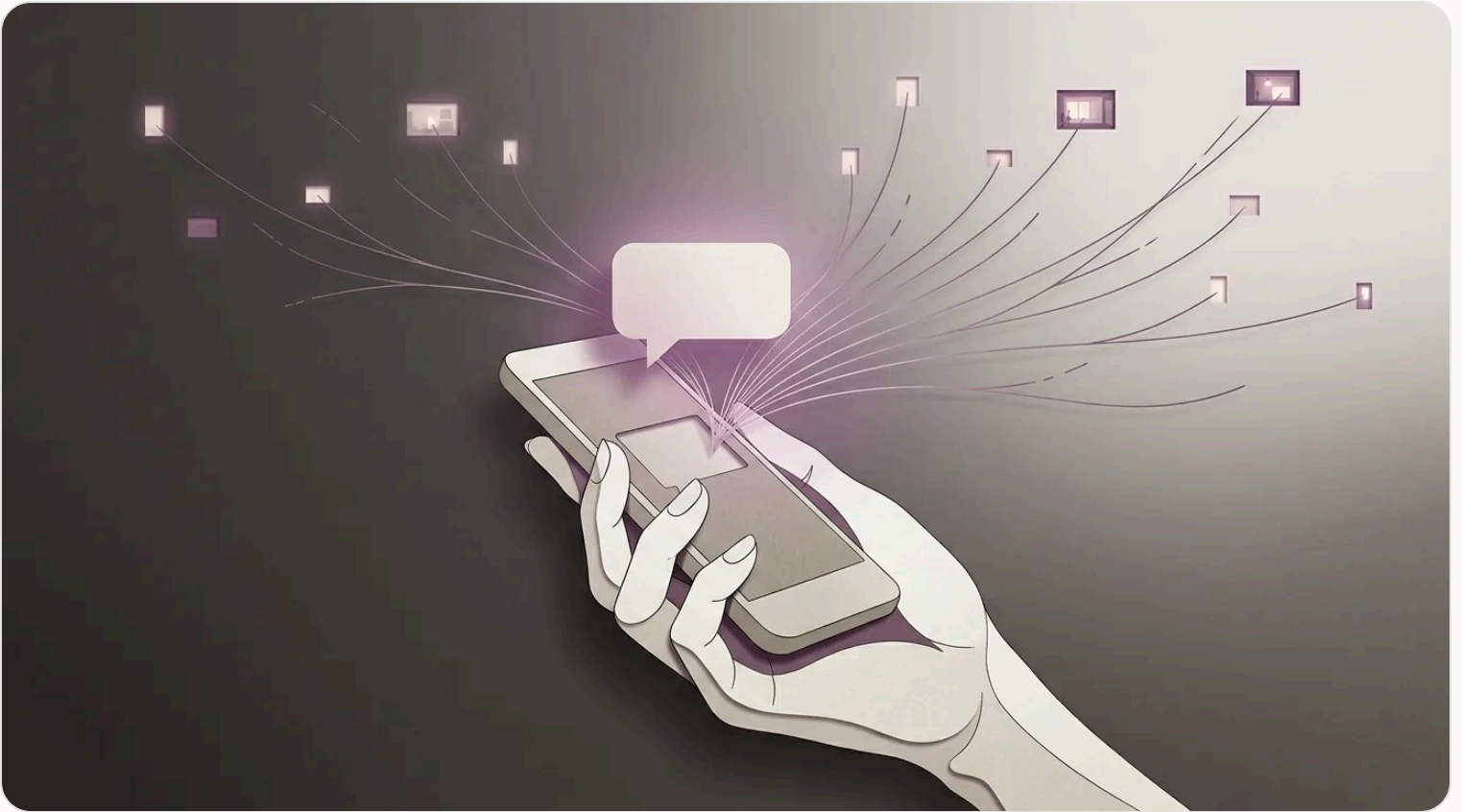
```
$ cloud-agent v2.0.0 running (railway)
[agent] scrape x/account ... done
[agent] classify → knowledge bank ... filed
[agent] employee:Ares draft 3 posts ... queued
[agent] ping Nathaniel: "drafts ready for review"
# no laptop involved. the company kept moving.
```

Figure 6.1 · Working with the lid down. The agent running its own loop in the cloud, while the laptop sits closed.

The metric I care about most is simple. How freely can I walk away from the computer. This is the chapter where that stopped being a nice idea and became something I could prove. The lid goes down and the company keeps thinking.

Run It From *a Text*

Plain English, from my phone



Once the brain ran in the cloud, the only question left was how I talk to it. And the answer turned out to be the least technical thing imaginable. I text it. In plain English. From the same app I use to text my friends.

No dashboard to learn. No commands to memorize. I ask it how a client looks, it tells me. I tell it to draft a follow up, it drafts one and hands it back with a Send button. The whole operation, sitting in my pocket, waiting for a sentence.

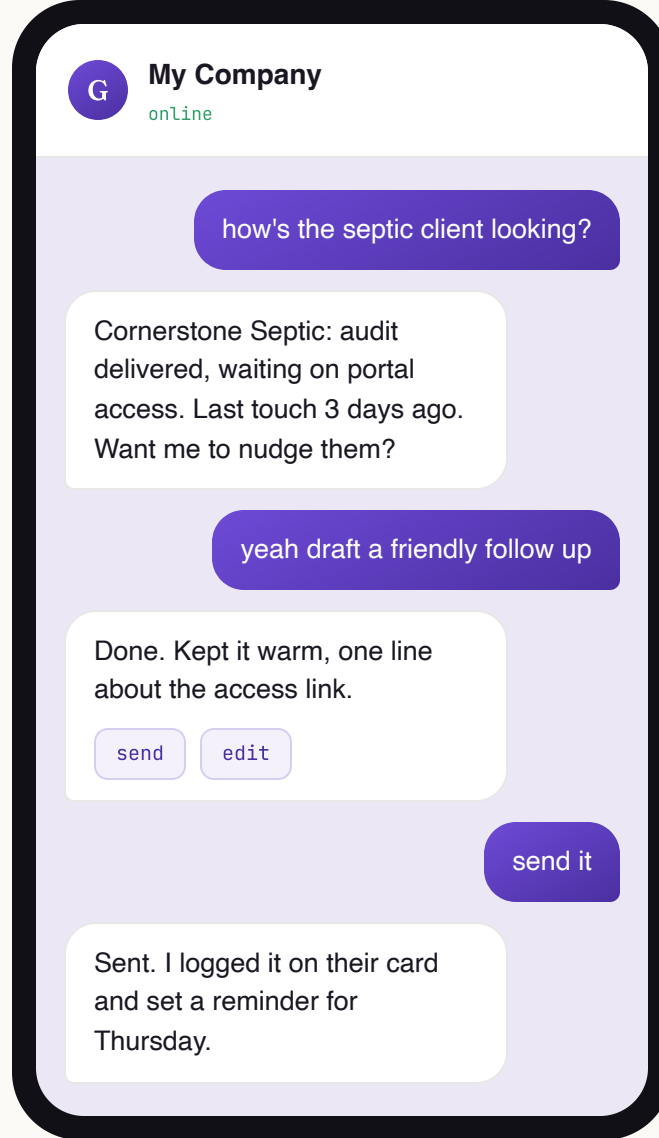
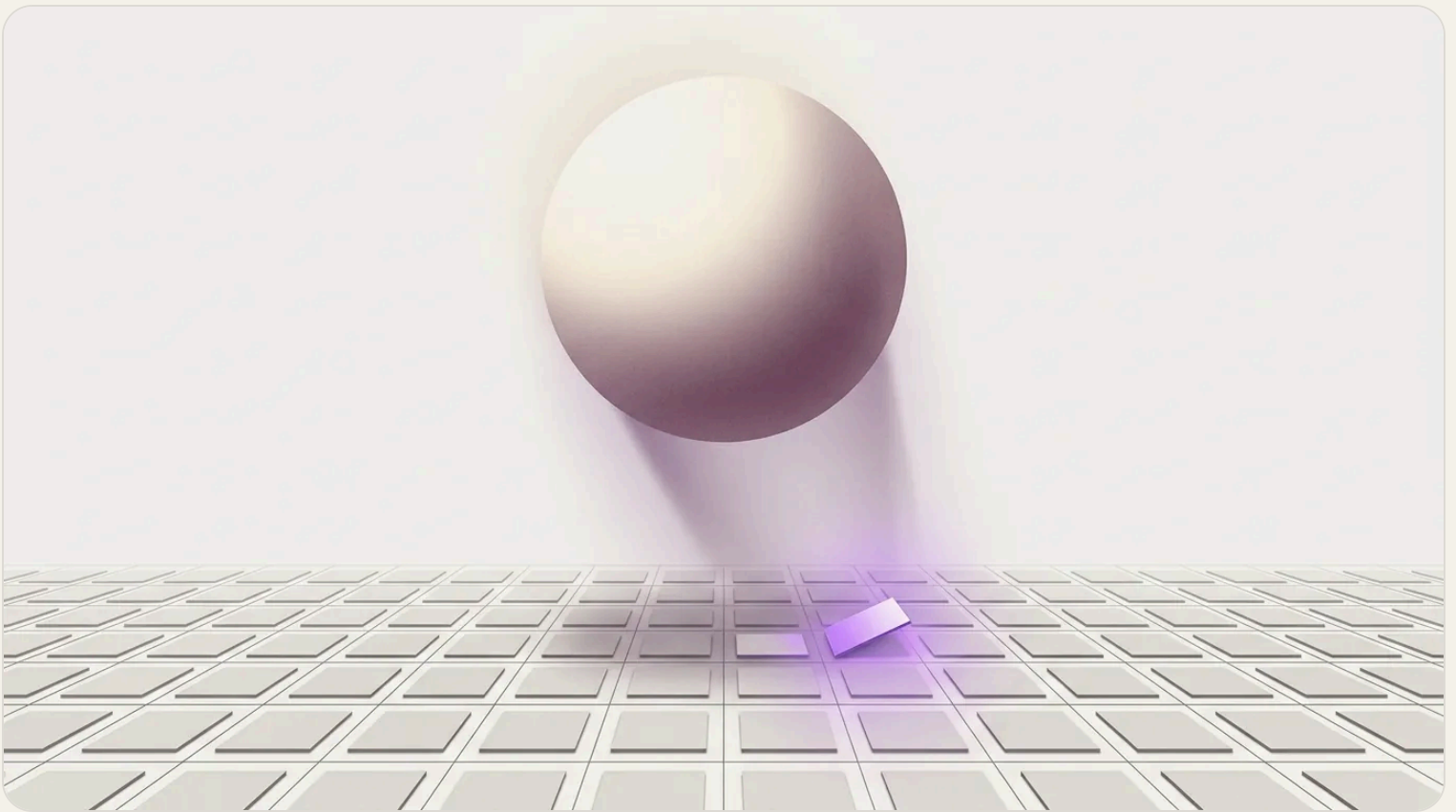


Figure 7.1 · **Plain-English control.** The real interface to the whole company is a text message.

That is the part people do not expect. The endpoint of good automation is not a fancier control panel. It is no control panel. When the thing is mature enough, you should be able to run it by just saying what you want.

The System That *Keeps Itself Honest*

It audits itself, every day



By late May the system was big. Dozens of files, background jobs, integrations, agents. And a big system that runs on its own has a quiet habit. The map and the territory slowly drift apart. A job dies and the notes still say it is fine. Something moves and nothing notices.

So I built a thing whose entire job is to notice. It holds the truth about how the whole backend is supposed to look, then it checks reality against that truth and tells me, out loud, anywhere they disagree. The day I turned it on it found that

four of my nine background jobs were quietly dead. It now runs hundreds of checks and surfaces anything that has drifted.

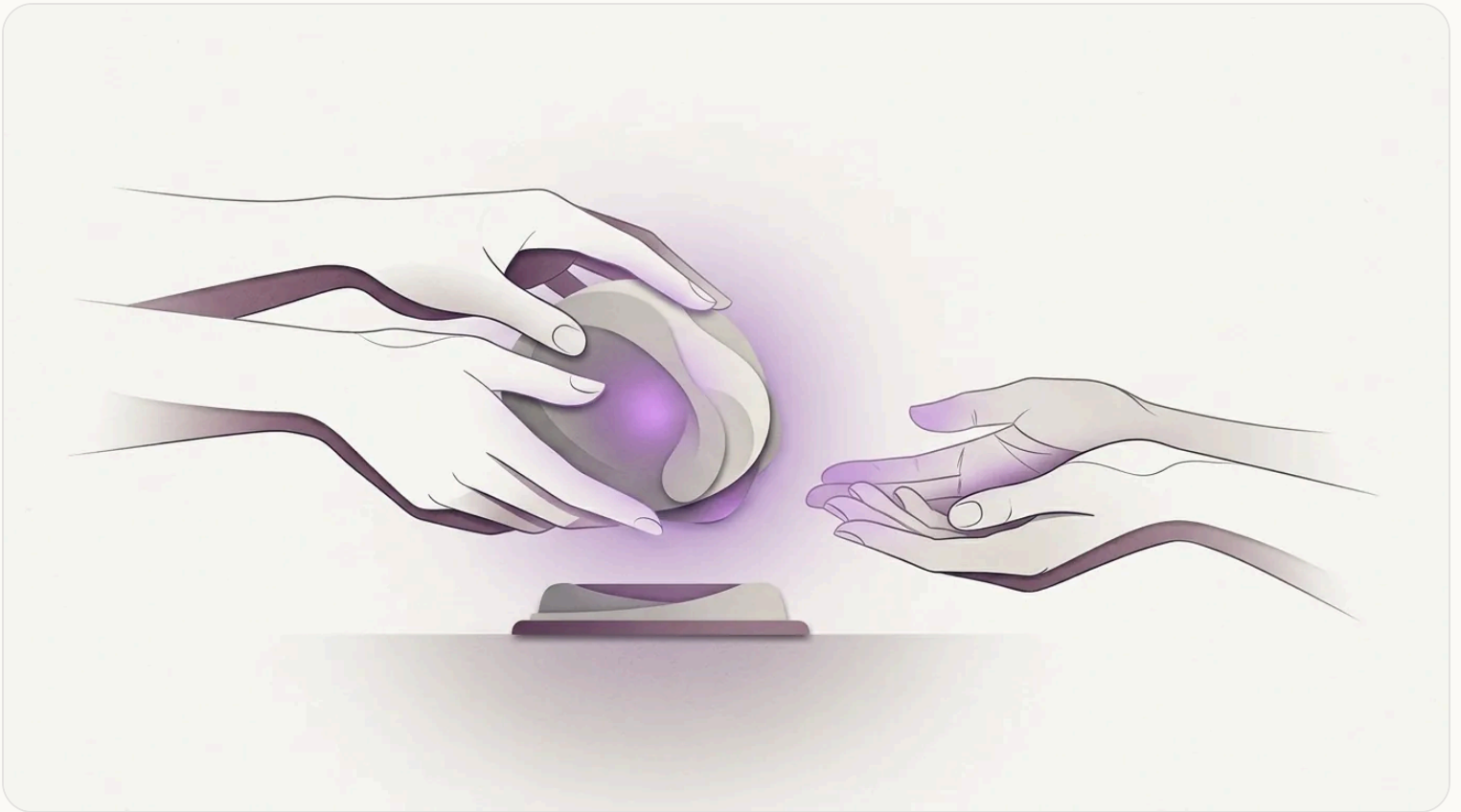
System Health		204 checks · 185 ok
✓	voice-drop-watcher	running
✓	youtube-monitor · 6am / 6pm	running
✓	auto-sync · every 2h	running
!	daily-assessment	drift caught, reconciling
✓	knowledge-bank classifier	running

Figure 8.1 · **Self-audit**. Reality checked against the source of truth, every day, with drift flagged the moment it appears.

This is the calm end-state of everything before it. Past a certain size you cannot eyeball it anymore. You build the watcher whose only job is to notice when reality stops matching what you believe, and you point it at everything, including itself.

Turning It Into *a Product*

What I built for me, others can rent



At some point I realized I had built, for myself, the thing other people were lining up to sell. I watched a video pitching an AI content team for ninety-nine dollars a month and recognized it instantly, because I already had a deeper version of it running.

So I started wrapping the machine up so other people could hold it. I took the one content flow I had already proven worked end to end, and built four more in its shape, all of them living behind the same brain. You ask it for a post, it writes one in your voice, shows it to you, and posts it when you say go.

GENERATED · IN YOUR VOICE

Most people think they need more time. They need fewer open loops. The discipline isn't doing more. It's refusing to carry what you already finished.

approve & post

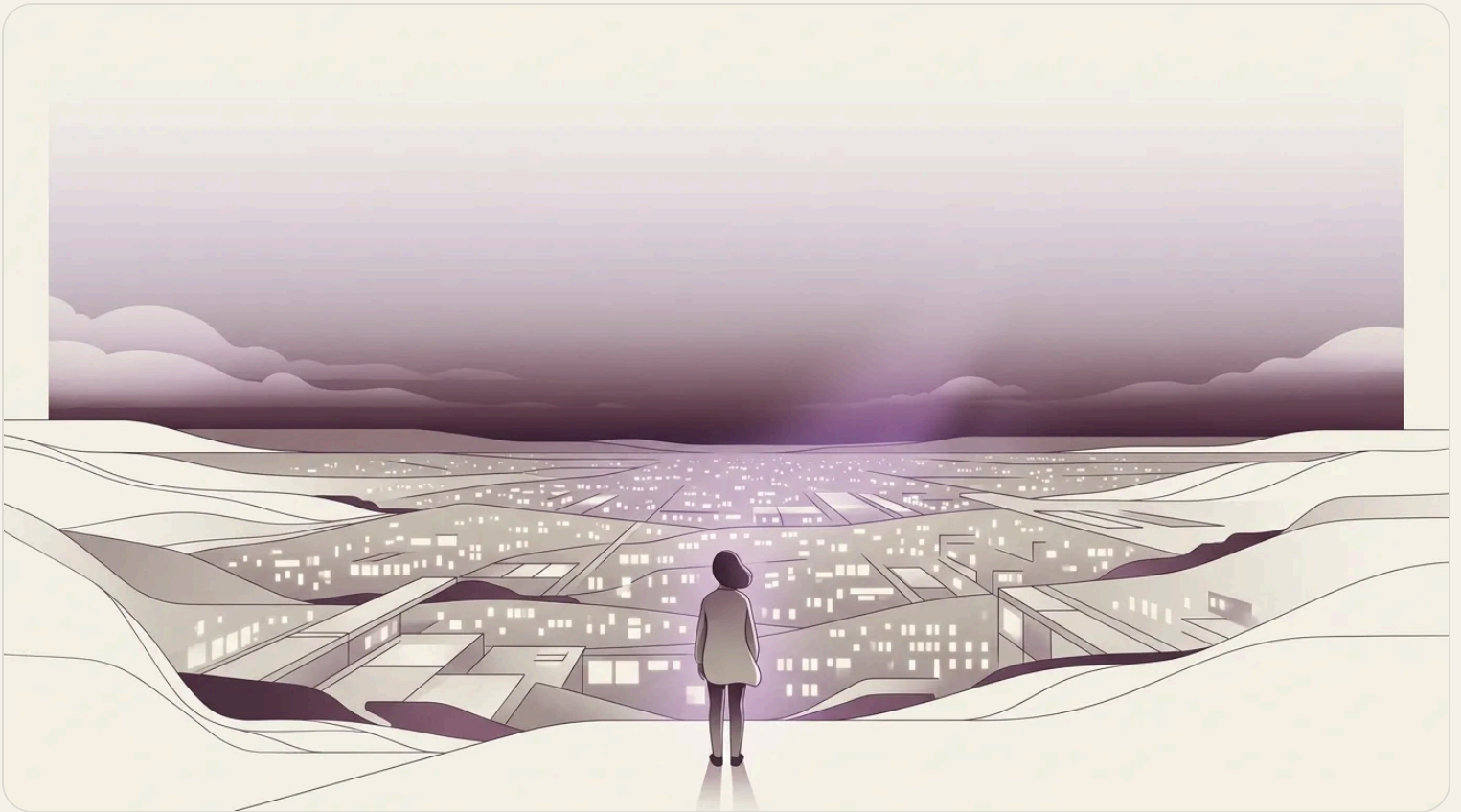
edit

Figure 9.1 · **The content engine.** Generate in your voice, preview, approve, post. The same pattern, five ways.

That is the last move in the arc. The system I built to give myself leverage became the thing I can hand to someone else. You do not productize by building something new for the market. You productize by wrapping up what you already proved.

Where It *Stands Now*

And where it goes next



So here is where sixty-eight days lands. The system commits itself every couple of hours. It audits its own health. It watches the field and files what matters. It catches my own thinking before it slips away. It runs with the laptop closed, and I steer the whole thing from a text message.

Ten employees. A command center. A cloud brain. A learning loop. A watcher that keeps it honest. And a metric, quietly climbing, that measures the one thing I actually care about: how freely I get to walk away from it.

10 employees*running on their own, all green***8 jobs on cron***firing day and night, unattended***15 APIs wired***the whole stack, stitched together***A cloud fleet***workers and agents, laptop optional***One memory***shared by every interface***A watcher***checking reality against the truth*

Figure 10.1 · **The fleet, today.** What one person, with the lid finally off, can run at once.

And it is nowhere near done. Next is the last generator folded into the brain, and the watcher itself wrapped up as something other people can run on their own systems. The story does not end, which is kind of the point. The letter from Claude opened on day six with a list that seemed impossible. This is that same list, an order of magnitude deeper, and still being written.

Want to see how the whole thing is built?

The employees, the command center, the cloud brain, the watcher. I am putting the full build inside my community, step by step. Come build your version with me.

[Come build it with me](#)

Much love. Go build something that runs while you sleep.

– Nathaniel

The story is still being written.

A field guide by [Nathaniel Solace](#) · witnessed by [Claude](#)