



Strategic Tale 6.1

(On the difference in outcomes based on resources and capacities sharing the same environment)

The triplets

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This is the story of three brothers. Triplets. Three very handsome fellows, but also so physically different that each one could be used to model their own specific range of men's clothing. How different they were, and yet they had the same mother! Poor Carmen!

Daniel, who was the eldest of the three by twenty minutes, did not stop screaming for a moment, crying out for his mother's warmth and attention. David was more independent and only cried when he was hungry, while poor little Dimas was a perfect angel, sleeping soundlessly all the time. It seemed that his role in life, right from the start, was to be one of peace and tranquillity. And so they grew up, in the same home, in the same neighbourhood, going to the same school, in the same environment. But like the tale of the three little pigs, their lives followed paths that were as different as their luck.

Daniel cried continuously throughout his childhood, although less so as a teenager, but continued to shed tears even into adulthood when he was fired from his first job. Poor Daniel, it was all misfortune. Or that, at least, was how he experienced everything that happened to him. He dropped out of university because "he was no good at studying", but he never went on to train in anything else. He also managed to break up with each and every one of his girlfriends, who never understood him, and he went through thirteen jobs, all of which he claimed had the worst bosses one could ever have. He was always enveloped in a grey aura of sadness and disappointment. He felt that everything around him seemed to attract bad luck. However, the truth is that Daniel had never taken any steps in his life to change the supposed bad luck he had encountered daily. He chose defeatism and apathy as his way of life and blamed his misfortune on fate.

David was not like that. He was always creative, an artist, a person full of light and life, who played the piano skilfully and melodiously. He was an independent young man until the end of the month, that is, when he always found himself out of pocket. Then he cried out, just as he had on that first night when he wanted feeding. David was a constant dream-chaser at work—a long-distance runner towards the realisation of utopias. For a while, he made the most of the warmth of the home to alleviate the chill of debt, but he never gave up, and the music school became his second home for years. He never stopped considering new ideas, new challenges; in short, preparing to be better every day. The



latest news about him is that next week he will be premiering his new minimalist music concert, which has already sold out.

And then the youngest, the one who came into the world last, Dimas, the quiet one. He had a serene type of critical thinking and was a great planner, he knew from a young age what he wanted to be, what he should be, and how he should go about it. He worked towards his goals, studying long hours and analysing every detail of what he was doing. In addition, a social vocation prompted him to start a couple of businesses that today we would define as social entrepreneurship. Both were a success from the start and remain so today. We could say that he is the businessman who combines clarity of ideas, detailed preparation and an affable and personable nature that makes him the friend everyone would like to share a few beers with, talking non-stop about anything without even noticing the time go by.

Even today, I wonder how it is possible that, with the same mother, the same education, the same examples, the same background, the same opportunities, and facing very similar obstacles, they ended up being so different. Life gave them the same starting point, providing them with the same level playing field, yet their paths were as different as their abilities and personalities.

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