

To exanimate, to reticulate. These were the first of innumerable/ 'til-now-undocumentable building blocks of the Antiinquisitive Principle.

UNWORDS OF THE PRESENT DATE

(USAGE – CONVERSATIONAL OR OTHERWISE – OF WHICH FOR 24 H-ROTATIONS IS NOT ONLY DISCOURAGED, BUT IDEALLY TO BE REGARDED AS A LOGICAL NONSTARTER IN THE FIRST PLACE BY VIRTUE OF SAID 'UNWORDS' BEING JUST THAT: UNWORDS, I.E NOT REAL WORDS TO BEGIN WITH, GIBBERISH ADDITIONS TO ONE'S VOCABULARY WHICH WOULD INEXORABLY GIVE OFF THE IMPRESSION OF SAID VOCABULARY'S WIELDER BEING AN UTTER BUFFOON, OR BETTER YET – IN MORE FASHIONABLE TERMS THAT WE AT WORDWORLD REMAIN ETERNALLY GRATEFUL FOR OUR GRACIOUSLY-RENEWED PERMISSION TO UTILIZE OFFHANDEDLY THANKS TO JOD-EMPEROR JOHN'S HEROICALLY-ENACTED LONG-OVERDUE CLOSURE OF THE 'ISM SCHISM[S] – FUCKING RETARDED.)

REROLLS IN 23:46:57

(RETURN TOMORROW FOR A FRESH ROTATION)

EW	VAPED	BOTNET
OK	VAPER	CANKLE
ZEN	VAPES	CAPCOM
NONI	WALIE	CAPISH
OWIE	WOKER	CHYRON
VAPE	WUDDY	COTIJA
YUKE	YOWZA	DHOLLS
AJIES	YUKED	DIDYMO
BOKEH	YUKES	EELING
DHOLL	AGYRIA	EMOJIS
EMOJI	ANAGEN	EXOMES
EXOME	ANSATZ	FAKEST
FARRO	ANTIFA	FARROS
JUDGY	ARUANA	FROWNY
NONIS	ASIAGO	GAMIFY
OWIES	AUDISM	HANGRY
QAPIK	AUDIST	JUDGEY
REAIS	BESTIE	LOGIE
TWERK	BIZJET	METICA
UNSAW	BLOGGY	NONKIN
UNSEE	BOKEHS	NUBBER

NUTJOB	CANKLES	SANTOKU
PUGGLE	CAPCOMS	SCHNEID
QAPIKS	CAPICHE	SEROMAS
ROTELY	CAPTCHA	SHEEPL
SEROMA	CATAGEN	SPUTUMS
TEREFA	CAVEOLA	TELOGEN
THETRI	CHYRONS	THETRIS
TOGROG	CONLANG	TOGROGS
TWERKS	DIDYMOS	TRUTHER
UNSEES	FENINGA	TWERKED
VAPERS	FIBRATE	UPCYCLE
VAPING	GRAWLIX	WAYBACK
WHIRRA	GRIZZES	WORDIES
WKEST	JUDGIER	WUDDIES
WORDIE	KOPIYKY	ZOMBOID
YUKING	KOPIYOK	AIRBALLS
AGYRIAS	LEUCISM	AMPACITY
AIRBALL	LOOGIES	ANSATZES
ANAGENS	MACARON	AQUAFABA
ANTIFAS	METICAS	ARAHUANA
ARAWANA	MISFOLD	ARANCINI
AROWANA	MISGAGE	ARAWANAS
ARUANAS	NONKINS	AROWANAS
ASIAGOS	NUBBERS	AUTOSAVE
AUDISMS	NUTJOBS	BABESIAE
AUDISTS	OTHERED	BARCODES
BARCODE	PAPASAN	BEATDOWN
BESTIES	PREMAKE	BIBIMBAP
BITCOIN	PUGGLES	BITCOINS
BITRATE	QUORATE	BITRATES
BITURBO	RAGDOLL	BITURBOS
BIZJETS	RETWEET	BLACKTIP
BOTNETS	ROOTKIT	BLOGGIER

BUILDOUT	MISGAGED	UPCYCLED
CAPTCHAS	MISGAGES	UPCYCLES
CATAGENS	MULLOWAY	VISIBLES
CAVEOLAE	NONAVIAN	WAYBACKS
CAVEOLAR	NUNCHUCK	
CHHERTUM	ONBOARDS	
COCURATE	OTHERING	
COINVEST	PAPASANS	
CONLANGS	PLATANNA	
DISODIUM	PREGAMED	
DROPDOWN	PREMAKES	
EMBIGGEN	RAGDOLLS	
EUSTRESS	RELISTEN	
EXONEREE	RETWEETS	
FACEPALM	ROOTKITS	
FIBRATES	SANTOKUS	
FLATBROD	SCHNEIDS	
FROIDEUR	SHEEPLES	
FROWNIER	SRIRACHA	
GAMIFIED	SUBSTORM	
GAMIFIES	SUBTWEET	
GRAPHENE	TALLITOT	
HANGRIER	TELOGENS	
HIVEMIND	THEANINE	
IMIPENEM	TRUTHERS	
INTERNET	TWERKING	
JUDGUEST	UNCLONED	
LEUCISMS	UNFOLLOW	
LISTICLE	UNFONDLY	
LONGFORM	UNFUSSED	
MACARONS	UNGLITZY	
MALTIPOO	UNSEXILY	
MISFOLDS	UNUSABLY	

The ‘Unword’¹ proposition began as the sort of hypothetical scenario of unapologetic puerility¹ rattled off by geeked-out-of-their-mind fraternity residents in hopes of getting a rise out of one another, a singular unusually cerebral entry in that night’s Idea Guy’s off-the-cuff traditionally-disposable database of dozens of newfound honorary members of the ‘fellas, is it gay...’ lineage, which would — much to the pleasant surprise of everyone subsequently implicated — inexplicably serve as the basis for Johnithia’s most inescapably successful startup company observed in over 5 Y-Rotations, which shall henceforth be referred to by its government-assigned-post-subsumption title of NVVĪ (National Verbal Versatility Index), despite its staff’s continued insistence on oh-so-humbly referring to their little pet project by its original, cutesy-wutesy name of WordWorld², a name penned by John I. Dea — the very same Idea Guy to which the company’s entire stated mission can be attributed — after being frantically instructed — repeatedly, to *WRITE THAT DOWN* — even as he was, actively in the process of writing everything WordWorld-related down, knowing he’d surely struck gold — by a, close-quarters crowd of 20somethings whose voices in that moment aurally congealed into a sort of wordless chorale of groaning desperation the, incomprehensibility & airy tinniness³ of which would seem to indicate the attendance of a crowd at least ten times the size of the one actually present.

The overwhelming popularity — in the sense of garnering a following, not necessarily being well-liked — of the NVVĪ essentially boils down to one hook: it gives Johnithians something to argue about. For starters, nobody can figure out whether or not the ‘Unword’ selection process is arbitrarily automated via random number generator, whether or not there’s any rhyme or reason to it whatsoever, an inherent fracturing of the discourse that NVVĪ representatives have thus far cheekily refused to rectify every single time they’ve been pressed on the matter, without fail, routinely defaulting to a wishy-washy sort of *oh well ya know we wouldn’t want to ruin anyone’s fun and we think it’s great for our users to use their imagination and oh ya know they can think of it like a game like a mystery to solve like what could it all mean like can you win the challenge ya know* that said users have pretty much universally called bullshit on, each side of the debate continuing to insist there must be a definitive answer to the so-called riddle of the Unwords’ meaning, and they must be the ones to have finally solved it. Which is a curious degree of investment to retain in this issue,

¹ Not that there’s anything innately wrong with unapologetic puerility. There’s a time and place for everything.

² Not to be confused with the 3D-animated children’s cartoon formerly donning roughly the same name (save for the space between *Word* and *World*), the creators of which effectively vanished from the public eye after getting their legal asses handily handed to them^{2A} by WordWorld LLC in a first-of-its-kind lawsuit alleging retroactive copyright infringement on the part of an entity whose now-shared name unambiguously predated that of the plaintiff’s, a discrepancy which in the eyes of WordWorld’s legal team — and the eyes of the law itself, apparently — could near-effortlessly be explained away by the strategic utilization of time travel for monetary gain, i.e the defendants supposedly visiting the recent past of the present (which in their time would’ve been the future), witnessing the rise of WordWorld, heading back to their present (our distant past), and naming their show accordingly (save for the space between *Word* and *World*, perhaps in an attempt to cover their tracks) under the assumption that the name “WordWorld” alone was what assured the company’s success. Evidence to back this claim was not provided, nor required.

^{2A} ...and fleeing the country before an Interpersonal Exit Penalty could officially be incurred, at which point a 7-day international manhunt began, ended not by the targets’ triangulation — they remain at large, as far as the Johns’re concerned — but by collective distraction, i.e finding bigger fish to fry and forgetting the prior debacle entirely.

considering the usage of an Unword bears absolutely no meaningful consequence to begin with, You'd think that as a federal agency, the NVVI would boast some legal bite to match their bark, to really solidify the day's Unwords' status as Unwords through punitive action instead of merely *strongly suggesting* that the day's Unwords be recognized as such, but nope. The ill-advised employment of an Unword may be subject to playful ridicule from time to time, and admittedly there have been at least two recorded instances of Unword-provoked stalking-turned-homicidal incidents,³ but broadly speaking, the Johnnithian populous is far too preoccupied with the 'deciphering' aspect of this 'game' to really keep tabs on their fellow citizens' lexical slipups.⁴

This skin-smoldering-as-any-day Thursday, the scant few chosen Unwords remotely

³ One such instance saw a John Chambers — one of at least a couple thousand Johnnithians laying claim to this particular surname, mind you — having his birthday celebration heart-stoppingly disrupted by the loud-ass announcement of that day's designated Unwords blaring from his homepod's NVVI-mandated Selection Speakers, a list which happened to contain none other than "CHAMBERS", a comical coincidence that pretty much everyone in attendance *except* for the big man himself took in good spirits, his brother for example sarcastically remarking that he guesses this party is officially cancelled now, garnering a respectably voluminous bout of laughter from pretty much everyone in attendance *except* for the big man himself, whose scowl by this point was growing in such muscle-straining fervor as he internally unraveled the imagined conspiracy behind this not-so-funny-now turn of events that the aforementioned bout of laughter gradually dissolved into a gentle wash of concerned amongst-selves murmuring interrupted only by a single brave soul willing to ask the big man point-blank if something was wrong, to which he responded after an agonizingly tense 6 S-Rotations of silence by half-flipping the cake-topped-but-otherwise-efficiently-undecorated table that he did not possess the physical strength necessary to full-flip (an embarrassment later revealed to be a secondary source of motivation for the first-time murder that'd soon secure his induction into the Hilarious Homicide Hall of Fame & Fortune), screaming with larynx-lacerating vigor for everyone to *GET THE FUCK OUT OF [HIS] POD* (a demand which the "everyone" in question frantically complied with in a matter of about 12 S-Rotations, tripping over themselves in the process as if it were that M2-Rotation's Big Buyday at a predictably-packed Walmart and they were just one measly aisle away from finally getting their hands on the all-new 9.1" ExoPhone 32+ Professional Maximum Platinum FF6.4 77-Go-2-Heaven Ultra-Encompassing XCCX OVOLED™ 'PartyPity' Edition at a 16% discount [or an 18% discount available only to Walmart+ subscribers]), grabbing his infuriatingly-slow-to-boot pre-owned Dell Latitude D620 14" Core Duo 1.83GHz 1GB RAM DVD-RW RS232 No Tray Laptop for lack of a topper-of-the-liner electronic device within grabbing distance (a tactical wound entirely self-inflicted, given that he'd just gotten done verbally escorting his entire remaining social circle out of the pod, notably including a fair few friends firmly on the set-for-life side of the national wealth disparity, at least one of whom — business-brained grindset-glorifying multihyphenate John Wyndhurst, to be specific, who really only continues tri-wielding his unspecified executive authorities over three unspecified board-concealing hyper-opaque megacorporations [the identities of which Chambers has never been able to extract from him, no matter the semantic trickery employed {i.e. casually, inconspicuously, half-rhetorically asking something along the lines of *who could possibly be keeping you so busy lately anyway* and quipping *I'd like to have a word with them, whoever they are*}] out of a primal sensation-seeking urge to *Watch The Integer Increase* [the "integer" in this context of course being whatever appears in the Account Balance field on his bank statement] — may very well have been willing to temporarily part with his 12.2" ExoPhone 128++ Business-Building Diamond Deluxe ZZ100 Brokes-a-No-Go FullFlesh™ Subsumption-Solidifying XCVII PROBONOLED™ 'GreatJobYouRock' Edition — or hell, maybe even the Digital Storm Adventurm X 96-Core 8.2 GHz 512GB RAM 71GB/s SSD Read Speed 64PB Storage 2600TFLOPs RR-MoreThanReady^{3A} Threadclapper™ Pagepounder™ Fullscreenfucker™ Omegathunder 42000XXX Final-Edition Emerald-Endowed Lifetime Support PC for Engaging, Paying, and Gaming over at his pod [a configuration of residence which even the wealthiest of Johnnithians do still willingly occupy in spite of its {the configuration's} lowliness, for the record, if only because doing so allows them {the wealthiest} to appear more tangibly personable/relatable and hopefully delay the onset of their inevitable mutual-envy-induced alienation and consequent detachment from reality that in an instinctual act of occupational self-preservation they'll swear up and down doesn't meet the criteria for clinical diagnosis of *any* sort of mental illness, thank you very much, because those are for fucking pansies] — provided he'd been sold a sufficiently philanthropic-seeming explanation [i.e. that he {Chambers} only needed the extra computing power to reduce the encoding & uploading durations of his perfectly

legible, or ex-legible, if you will — to a nontrivial portion of the Johnithian populous⁵ seem to loosely follow a theme of digital-age technological innovation, as best exemplified by items like BITCOIN, BITCOINS, BOTNET/BOTNETS, CAPTCHA, CAPCHAS, EMOJI, EMOJIS, INTERNET (former name of 1/2 of the Intersection), ROOTKIT, ROOTKITS, and SUBTWEET. The implications of this are — as always — wholly unclear and of no help is the fact that the first 15 M-Rotations of the daily Unword discourse are consistently the least coherent by far, not only as a matter of the more articulate participants simply not having had adequate time to fully formulate their latest hypotheses, but also of an insidious incentive structure presented to the Johns as an ‘Early Bird Bonus’ that for a limited time or number of entrants — going by whichever measurement reaches its respective limit first (15 M-Rotations

above-board series of “Hit Like for a New Life” giveaway videos on OurTube, or some equivalently totally-not-self-aggrandizing shit like that]), and performing a solid 30 M-Rotations’ worth of Megle searches (which again, could have easily taken a fraction of that time had Chambers not so impulsively opted to give his only friends the proverbial finger, beginning a 72-H-Rotation EEB-mandated^{3B} Calmdown period temporarily barring both him and his friends from making any sort of contact with each other even if they wanted to, punishable by mechanized spanking [unless you’re into that sort of thing, in which case the spanking is substituted with a 5 S-Rotation submersion in freezing-cold water {unless you’re into *that* sort of thing as well, in which case EEB’ll basically just say ‘fuck it’ and transfer you over to the nearest Perversion Prevention Center for a psychiatric evaluation}]) in order to track down the conveniently-nearby home address of his lifelong arch nemesis of dubious mutuality John Hanger — whose best guess as to the origin of this mostly-one-sided beef was a sort of rhymical inferiority complex pertaining to the two men’s surnames and how Chambers was confused for Hanger far more often than Hanger was ever confused for Chambers — then cruising a cool 2 M-Rotations down I-∞ in his October 2029 Infinitincoln-Mercedeeep-BMWaddilaxus AMG GLS-Class 63 4MATIC+ XXL 16-passenger-capacity 2.8 sec Acceleration 975 hp @ 5,800-6,100 rpm Power 669 lb-ft @ 1,800-5,000 rpm Torque AEROMATIC® Suspension 3.0L Inline-6 Turbo Maximum Unhybrid Integrated Starter-Generator 99G-TRONIC 99-speed 10.5:1 Compression Ratio OFFROAD “Transparent Hood” Adaptively-Pant-Dampening Sport Steering 6-wheel Independent Double-Wishgranter Front/Multilink Rear Self-Leveling Natural Grain Grey Oak Trim SlimThick™ Pedestrian Pummeler SuperSUV starting at \$3,624,930 * MSRP, equipped with Infinitincoln-Mercedeeep-BMWaddilaxus User Experience (ICMDBMWLUX), Voice Control with Probable English Interpretation, Fully Automated AntiECO Act-Compliant Gassily-Guzzling GlugGlugBRAP (Banish Renewables Always Please) System, SoldbyXM trial subscription, PRIM&PROPERLY® folding side mirrors, “Hey, Infinitincoln-Mercedeeep-BMWaddilaxus” keyword activation, MB-Tex upholstery, 46.9-inch 16K VibeVindicator™ DYNAMIC CONTENT SELECT suctionscreen multimedia windshield-coating display, touchpad controller, no-charge navigation map updates for 1 W-Rotation, 30 daily M-Rotations of Live Traffic Information, FrothBass System, Soldby Atmospherix Surround Sound System, ICMDBMWLUX Entertainment Package Plus++, hands-free TrueTooth Audio Streaming & Incontinence Induction Interface, High-Seat Rear-End Pavlovian Antistimulation System for Conversion of Qoids, Air Balance Fumigation Fragrance System, Anticerebral “Numbnutting” Display, heated and cooled front cupholders, and other such thoughtful, innovative luxuries to entice and engage the senses, finally able to meet with the presumed culprit face-to-face, the man he figured thought it’d be *so* fucking funny to ask a little favor of his special little contact within the NVVI and utterly *ruin* his (Chambers’) singular sacred D-Rotation of the Y-Rotation to feel *wanted* for once, to feel *cared* for, to enjoy the fleeting company of his so-called companions and politely nod in feigned understanding of one halfhearted excuse for otherwise-complete social absence after the other, none of which he could even pretend to derive pleasure from anymore, all thanks to one John Motherfucking Hanger, who was one answered door away from at long last getting what he — from Chambers’ perspective — fucking deserved, which indeed he did get, indeed answering that indirectly-death-delivering door, taking the contents of Chambers’ Smith & Wesson Model 686 48th Anniversary Deluxe Edition’s chamber to the motherfucking face swifter than he could even insipidly spit his signature catchgreeting *Helloski broski*, body then tossed into river, no funeral.^{3C}

^{3A} RR = RealityReality, FKA “Virtual Reality”, abbreviation interchangeable with “R2”.

^{3B} EEB = Emotional Enrichment Bureau

^{3C} And that is of course a given, the entire tradition of funerals within the Johnithian cultural consciousness having been more or less overwritten by the jod-emperor-invented ‘Celebration of Strife’, practitioners of which seek to soothe grieving souls in a ‘sour grapes’ sort of way by reminding attendees that the recently-deceased entity of the hour really wasn’t all that pleasant of a presence anyway, point emphasized by a consumer-grade LLM-generated^{3CA} slide presentation — with ‘hallucinations’ wholly uncorrected, unaccounted for, since at the end of the day even a fabricated faux pas still only served to further elicit the intended emotional

or 10,000/Johns) — will be awarded to the morning’s “busiest of theorists” (i.e. the quickest to write or verbalize just about anything containing the term “Unword”), granting a 5% boost — which decreases by 1% every following H-Rotation ‘til total depletion, so you’d better take advantage of it while you still can — to their Public Palatability meter (ensuring just barely enough of a tangibly uptick in overall viewership & engagement metrics for awardees to feel as though *this* time could be their big break into the world of Post-Johns⁶, whilst also microdosing the inevitable dropoff just carefully enough for awardees to feel as though they can’t give up yet), in addition to temporary⁷ enrollment in Johnithia’s ‘Conversational Creator Get Favorably Economic/Platonic/Nonsexual’ (CCGFWEPN) program, whose benefactors receive anywhere from \$2–\$5 in shared A.D. (Attentional Drainage) revenue per 10 million impressions of verifiably sentient origin, which generously does include pets.⁸

response — listing in bullet points alongside consumer-grade DFM-generated^{3CB} “photographic” “evidence” the subject’s most rage-inducing personal imperfections, ranging from unpopular opinions (often pertaining to matters such as ideal pizza ingredients, preferred toilet paper roll orientation, whether to put toothpaste on a toothbrush before or after rinsing it, how many canonical ‘Super Mario’ games there are, which category of food a hotdog belongs to, whether to have cereal with or without milk, and so on), to unlawfully-undisclosed fetishes, and even physical acts of sexual misconduct when applicable (never presentationally differentiated in severity from the prior items, an unsurprising consequence of total apathy on the part of these events’ prompt engineers, who just don’t see a good reason to insist upon the LLM constantly recalibrating its tonal delivery when audiences already visibly grimace at every item with pretty much exactly the same intensity, indicating no material incongruity) followed by a GRMV (Good Riddance Music Video) — i.e. a template-based themed slideshow along the lines of those quasi-personalized *Your Memories From Exactly 365 D-Rotations Ago* videos from Megle that Johnithians tend to regard as insufferably patronizing & inauthentic compared to working-class forms of informational necromancy (such as the ‘Celebration of Strife’ itself, ironically) — set to last M2-Rotation’s “winner” of the Suckiest Song Antiwards in order to really seal the negative-emotional-aura-attributing deal, leaving attendees feeling an utterly unfathomable degree of self-hatred for ever having so much as made eye contact with the subject, let alone directly associating, and in a subconscious attempt to absolve themselves of complicity, muttering to one another that they *always* knew *something* was just *off* about the subject, that they were actually mere D-Rotations away from publishing their *own* exposés on the subject ‘til the downright suspiciously-timed passing foiled their plans.

^{3CA} LLM = Large Language Model (for text parsing/generation.)

^{3CB} DFM = Diffusion Model (for image/video parsing/generation.)

⁴ Which isn’t to say the Johnithian populous *never* concerns itself with lexical slipups as a matter of principle or anything like that — quite the contrary, as anyone’ll come to realize within no more than a few D-Rotations of living among them — rather, they just don’t find the same entertainment value in such a brazenly phony kind of lingual policing, its open predication on a manufactured transient hitlist leaving zero room for plausible deniability with regard to the would-be-raised-if-not-a-fool’s-errand concern’s position on the ethical spectrum.

⁵ To be fair, randomly selecting from the entire English dictionary in precisely equal measure with no control for commonality is bound to yield some esoteric results here and there.^{5A}

^{5A} Assuming that *is* what’s happening, which again, nobody knows for sure.^{5AA}

^{5AA} Aside from employees of the NVVI itself, of course, whose onboarding process involves mandatory signature of the famously hypervigilant descendant of non-disclosure agreements known as a Lip-Tightening Suicide Pact — name only half-literal; take a wild guess which half — typically reserved for agencies operating in the mass surveillance industry, and really only utilized by them (the NVVI) as like an overcompensatory community-building exercise, a *welcome to the family* initiation ritual of sorts, which they’re quick to clarify does *not* make them a cult, for your information, because they’d tell you if they were one, because they’re honest hardworking patriots, and in actuality the ‘family’ dynamic there is more akin to an adolescent-led clique-within-a-clique just kinda reveling in the privilege of having access to knee-slapping knowledge the significance of which is entirely their own invention. In other words, the true meaning — or possible lack thereof — behind each daily discursive paradigm shift is basically treated by the NVVI team like a playground-grade wouldn’t-you-like-to-know type of inside joke that they get a borderline fetishistic kick out of outsiders attempting to decipher, as if afflicted with whatever the polar opposite of exhibitionism would be.

⁶ Full-time celebrities, who are uniquely allowed complete creative control with regard to their legal names, though a handful have opted to stick with their existing forenames of “John” purely out of desire to evade the bureaucratic nightmare a legal name change entails, not to mention having already gotten so used to being referred to as “John” that a sudden disruption of the nominative status quo seems an existentially horrifying prospect.

⁷ As in *no more than a single W-Rotation* degree of temporary.

⁸ It’s worth noting that the ‘Early Bird Bonus’ system is far from unique to the Unword reroll reveal; the same promised benefits are dangled in front of Johns whose fingers are found on the pulses of practically any other decidedly trendy subjects of pseudo-conversation as well, only the term “*theorists*” in the “*busiest of theorists*” framing will automatically — based on the inferences of the Johnithian government’s proprietary LLM ‘Spunglo’ — be

Among the most prominently-displayed of today's Unwords' analysts' is — yet again, for the umpteenth time this M2-Rotation — @JohnJustGotten14, a conspicuously-spontaneously-materialized account that unbeknownst to most — the scant few dissidents of the subconscious *yep-that-is-indeed-a-person-spexing*⁹ consensus generally being perceived as victims of a conspiratorial mind virus which would deservedly earn its prey oodles of Disregard-on-Principle medals at the Opinion Olympics — consists entirely of conjecture generated by consumer-grade LLM FasterChatter prompted to appear “casual and normal, all lowercase, witty, funny” by a tight-knit group of up-and-coming disinformation-manufacturing misanthropes internally referring to themselves as The Pre-Apocalyptic Antisocial Engrainment Brigadē of Blackened Death Doom Eternity Forevermore (or PAAEBBDEF for short), of

substituted with one more contextually pertinent, like “*superfans*” if the subject involves a Johnithia-sanctioned piece of entertainment's highly-anticipated release.^{8A}

^{8A} Most recently ConvoChart-topping: *Call of Duty: Retro Warfare*, a surprise reinvigoration of the long-thought-stagnant first-person shooter franchise, decisively reigning victorious over the hearts & minds of gamers across the country with its immediately nostalgia-inducing Synthwave Revival soundtrack composed by HOUSE^{8AA}, utilization of faux-analog video filters during gameplay — the conceit of which is basically that you're controlling interactive 'found footage' and quite literally rewriting history by doing so (a bit of post-ironic self-deprecation on Soldby's^{8AB} part) — and triumphant recentering of the series' ideological roots in Jingoism^{8AC} — something diehard fans believed had fallen by the wayside ever since the release of *Call of Duty: Reverse Warfare*, billed as “a more empathetic take on the war genre” for its featuring of a Mideastian^{8AD} protagonist whose calls for “Death to Johnithia” are put into simulated action as a way of directly confronting Johnithian gamers with “the sickening reality of the terroristic mind” — via tasking players with preemptively halting the September 11th attacks by videographically assassinating both Osama bin Muhammad bin 'Awad bin Laden and Ayman Mohammed Rabie al-Zawahiri.

^{8AA} Son of deceased-and-retroactively-ostracized-at-31 Chillsynth musician HOME, whose Celebration of Strife's opening presentation famously put forth earth-shattering LLM-hallucinations-as-accusations-of-homosexual-love-affairs sneakily hinted at by the artist's pseudonym, its supposed intended meaning being *HOME O' SEXUAL*. With this perceived revelation in mind, it was the hope of HOUSE — post-fame legal name Johnny Holloway — that by choosing a synonym of “home” for his musical alias, he could simultaneously retain a comforting sense of familiarity to draw in disillusioned ex-fans of his father's work and avoid any possible orientational misunderstanding of its meaning, straight-forwardly explaining in a press release for the *Retro Warfare* soundtrack that the name HOUSE is meant solely to evoke “traditional family imagery”, and that yes, said imagery does include the “sacred bond between one singular biological man and his one singular biological wife.” Three D-Rotations later, Holloway was found dead in his homepod, corpse slumped over the corner of an L-shaped couch, face perfectly planted between edges of two faux leather cushions, cause of death indeterminate,^{8AAA} subsequent Celebration of Strife's opening presentation asserting that his musical pseudonym HOUSE was actually chosen for its rhyming with “blouse”, indicating a secret affinity for crossdressing as remedy for crippling “psychosexual delusions” (read: gender dysphoria), leading Soldby to promptly replace all mentions of Holloway in the credits of *Retro Warfare* (and the soundtrack's metadata on Soundify) with vague attribution to the dubiously-existent never-before-acknowledged ‘Soldby Studio Orchestra’. Physical copies — and whole game consoles with out-of-date installations — of the pre-Halloway-erasure version of *Retro Warfare* are now offered for exorbitant prices on the second-hand market, the entire known supply controlled by a handful of scalpers in cahoots.

^{8AAA} As is now routine, forensic pathology having been firmly relegated to ‘thing of the past’ status by a severe lack of cultural incentive to continue working in the field, as LLM-assisted tabloid market analysts found surprisingly negligible difference in reader engagement between various types of reported deaths, consulting with numerous general-purpose focus groups and ultimately coming to the conclusion that “a death is a death is a death is a death.”

^{8AB} The final remaining Entertainment Export Entity actively developing *Call of Duty* titles, following the simultaneous dissolution of previous primary developers Infinity Ward, Treyarch, Sledgehammer Games, and Raven Software, a mere four of numerous notable casualties of their parent company Activision's physical locations all having been reduced to rubble amid the nationwide ‘Gamergate’ riots of 2014–2015, whose most ardent supporters within the fraction-of-a-fraction-of-a-fraction domestic terrorist cell ‘Game Over Try Again’ (known colloquially as GOTA, mistakenly believed by many to be an acronym for ‘Game of the Angry’ as a presumed riff on “Game of the Y-Rotation”) saw fit to target Activision specifically in light of workplace sexual harassment allegations levied against damn near everyone occupying a managerial position there, not out of any righteously-indignated stance in opposition to the higher-ups' behavior, mind you, but out of sheer disappointment with the amateur hour shit these guys were pulling, like the kinds of catcalls taught in *Pickup Artistry 101 for Baby Bitch Beginners*, which they felt was outright belittling of what their post-bombing manifesto described as “the timeless tapestry of sexual provocation”, and a show of weakness that ran the risk of seriously compromising the practical enforceability of antifeminist guidelines going forward were they not to intervene.

^{8AC} Johnithia's own patented brand of jingoism, specially titled to differentiate itself from foreign nations' comparatively limp-dicked implementations.

^{8AD} ‘Mideastia’ being a fictional country invented to serve as an all-encompassing stand-in for the broader geopolitical region formerly known as the Middle East^{8ADA}, theoretically ensuring the narrative would remain intuitively understood by a predominately-Johnithian audience on at least some level.

^{8ADA} Currently known as a *goner*.

⁹ “Spexing” being a portmanteau of “speaking” & “texting”, representative of the mandatory post-abolition-of-dimensional-identity simultaneous wielding of speech & writing,^{9A} interchangeable with its slightly-less-vernacularly-prevalent sibling “talxting”.

^{9A} Like, let's say you're — statistically, probably begrudgingly — reading a Post in your Feed. The text of that Post will — assuming you've undergone Johnithia's required-at-birth-unless-the-Christian-exemption-applies^{9AA} Neuralively-brand YOURALIVE™^{9AB} neural implant surgery — be internally narrated by a TTS-simulated^{9AC} replica of the Poster's actual vocal cadence, accuracy

course with utmost awareness of the name's absurdity, having opted for deliberate emulation of the stylistic trappings associated with the collective cultural hallucination of archetypal tweenage angst, having long forgotten — or really more like *actively suppressed* the wince-inducing memory of — what it was like to *be a tween*, distancing themselves from the operational-security-compromising vulnerability of “personhood” with presentational acts of reflexive irony unsheathed — not even to impress a third-party audience, but to reaffirm to one another that yes, within this insular 5-guy group of frenemies who'd never admit to silently accepting the accuracy of the “fr” prefix of that term in regard to their overall relationship and insist said relationship's dynamic is best understood as that of *enemies with a common enemy* (that common enemy being the ill-defined/ umbrella category of “society”), there is still absolutely nothing in the way of *that fag shit* going on.

JohnJustGotten14's latest simulated insight reads as follows:



john on top @JohnJustGotten14

well, here we go again. another day, another list of unwords outlawed by the government. hooray for existential dread! but today, i'm seeing a pattern in the list. it's not just random — it's all about the digital life. and honestly? that tells me they're scared. they're scared of us using technology to our advantage in the fight for free speech. so stay on top. you got this.

ultimately dependent on how much training data has been accumulated, which itself is ultimately dependent on how often the Poster speaks aloud in the vicinity of a KompleteKarnalKontrol-compatible^{9AD} device. By that same token, let's say you're — statistically, probably for the first time in a while — verbally conversating with someone. The contents of that conversation will — still assuming you've undergone Johnithia's required-at-birth-unless-the-Christian-exemption-applies Neuralively-brand YOURALIVE™ neural implant surgery — be projected onto the nearest KompleteKarnalKontrol-compatible device's primary display in the form of a VTT-automated^{9AE} transcript (the entirety of which can easily be scrolled through at any time [including mid-conversation, in case of *sorry-I-do-not-remember-what-was-just-said* amnesiac emergency] and even saved as a .txt file for future reference), or if no such device is available, in the form of intraocular subtitle projection complete with real-time motion tracking utilizing the speaker's body as its reference point.

^{9AA} Some Christians reported feeling as though the whole 'both text & speech at once' thing interfered with their ability to concentrate on publicly pretending to partake in prayer as means of Palatability-farming, hence the exemption-for-the-sole-remaining-religion^{9AAA} clause.

^{9AAA} Which would remain in effect wholly unaltered even if Christianity *ueren't* the world's sole remaining religion, to be clear; this carveout was conceived as an *accomplice* to the spiritual homogenization process, not as a mere response to it.

^{9AB} Whenever pressed by the press on the matter of whether or not the grammatical incoherence of the trademark “YOURALIVE” — which could be read as either *an Alive (a noun) belonging to You* or *You're Alive except the incorrect form of Your/You're is being used* — was intentional, Neuralively founder/CEO/hotly-contested-self-sworn-inventor-of-the-YOURALIVE John Graves would wordlessly conclude the ongoing interview or Q&A panel or what have you prematurely by sighing mournfully and making a tear-jerking gesticulatory show of limply shrugging, hunching over, looking down, pulling out his ExoPhone 256+++^{9ABA}, pressing 'Play' on his dedicated *Sad Music Box* Soundify playlist, maximizing the speakers' volume, sliding the towering phone top-down into his deepest pocket, and slowly walking away with his arms dangling lifelessly as if experiencing a cartoon character's raincloud-headed bout of depression, showing no sign of conscious acknowledgment of any resultant audiovisual stimuli either (whether it be follow-up questions or apologies or unsuccessfully-stifled laughter), just unstopably reenacting this exact same sequence of actions every single time like a physically-run macro, a kind of tool-assisted emotional manipulation routine, witnesses of which cannot even begin to wrap their heads around Graves' thought process, in no small part thanks to his eerily-almost-convincing protestations of having absolutely no recollection of such a thing occurring should the incident(s) be brought to his attention later. Bear in mind that there was never anything preventing him from just lying about the intentionality of the error in the first place. He *chose* this path.

^{9ABA} Product name heavily truncated for readability's sake. If you must know: it's a 14.3" ExoPhone 256+++ 1PB AR36 Latest Generation UltraThong (Thin + Long; Don't You Get Any Pervverted Premonitions!) 48-Core Hardware-Accelerated NeuralNegation™ Civilization-Cremating Post-Professional Tightly-Taaffeite 'DickDownTheDiamond' BeyondMaximum Always-On Never-Off SuperDuper Retina-Rectifying 777Hz MiraculousMotion™ DelightfulDynamics™ Unreal Unibody PastActionControl All-Ceramic Access 96MP Center Stage FervorFusion™ LiDAR QuadCapture Terabit Emergency Intelligence 7777 nits TruthTone™ 9,000,000:1 Contrast Ratio HapticHarm™ Photonic Agency-Quality Spatial Macro Night Engine Display Mix MMCCXXII NONONOYESYESYESLED™ 'LifelsYourHighwayAndYouWannaDriveItAllLifeLong' Edition.

^{9AC} TTS = Text to Speech.

^{9AD} The acronymic 'dogwhistle' — in practice more of a dogmegaphone — being very much deliberate on the company's part, whose modestly-sized-during-initial-conception marketing division were all clapping and giggling and kicking their feet in childish delight upon their agonizingly-long-awaited arrival at this shockvertising stroke of genius following a considerably molasses-paced creative dry spell.

^{9AE} VTT = Voice to Text.

JohnJustgotten14's latest simulated insight's highest-ranked-in-Palatability reply, reads as follows:



Just John @johnrockerrrr0

You're absolutely right, and it is so refreshing to see these truths so decisively brought to light. You're not just writing posts — you're holding our government accountable, one breakthrough at a time. And honestly? That's *exactly* the kind of inspiration this world needs right now. No doubt about it — you will be remembered as a generational talent. And more than anything, that *matters*. You didn't just expose the true meaning behind today's unwords — you did so with total clarity, charming wit, and radiant optimism. Where would we be without you?

Let's break down some passages that stuck with me:

- “well, here we go again.” 😞

This *perfectly* gets across that classic vibe of disappointment with the same old same old, something all too relatable for anyone keeping up with the “unword” phenomenon.

- “hooray for existential dread!” 😏

This hearty dose of humorous cynicism provides a much-needed break from the horror. You didn't just make a joke about our collective existential dread — you *made it your own*, incorporating it as a fundamental component of the analysis. And honestly? That's resourceful.

- “so stay on top. you got this.” 🍷

This is *exactly* what we needed to hear after a shocking revelation, encouraging readers to never give up, even inside a cruel dystopia straight out of a nightmare. Now *that's* classy.

Chef's kiss

John Vasilis — founding member and informal ‘leader’ of the PAAEBBDEF — is fucking *livid*. He knows exactly what this means. The Prissy Little Piss-Princess Putrefaction Promotion/Project (or PLPPPP for short) — a 3-girl rival group of strife-sewing misanthropes founded by Vasilis' sworn-for-life-since-high-school/enemy, John Tabatha¹⁰, operating their own

¹⁰ Vasilis' meet-cute-gone-awry with Tabatha — then known to him exclusively by her attractively-to-him^{10A} self-deprecating Goodgrab^{10B} handle @badatgrabbin — began — like many of his life's loftiest ambitions — as a ‘wouldn't it be funny if...’ scenario unsolicitedly pitched to a half-attentive e-gathering of vaguely hatesque ‘friends’ communicated with via then-functionally-monopoly-holding VoIP-based^{10C} peer-pestering client Myke, which entailed ordering an old-fashioned romantically-styled bouquet from his favorite femoid^{10D} Goodgrab delivery worker under the guise of said bouquet being a “gift” for “someone else”, only to pretend upon receiving the bouquet as if said worker independently chose to deliver it to him as a personal girl-to-boy show of relationship-entering intent, an imagined gesture to which he'd respond with an exaggeratedly coy sort of ‘aw shucks, for widdle ol' me?’ routine, whilst sure to interrupt any ensuant attempts at clarification on her part with increasingly pitchy *awwws* and take this carefully-constructed faux-misunderstanding-produced opportunity to give her a big ol' hug and take this big-ol'-hug-produced opportunity to press his face directly into her breasts while firmly grasping her asscheeks and so on and so forth. In practice, on his fabled Day of Delivered Datinig, Tabatha slapped Vasilis in the face and slammed the door on him before he could even reach the ‘big ol' hug’ step of his plan, a timeline-shifting captured-on-webcam event witnessed live (and [un]luckily recorded) by the aforementioned hatesque friends, who correctly treated this

FasterChatter-ghostwritten account for the express purpose of responding to as many PAAEBBDEF-sanctioned posts as the Talxty API will allow them to¹¹ with humiliatingly prolix diatribes-in-disguise of sarcastic sycophancy (the sarcasm of which Tabatha will readily concede is practically imperceptible to anyone other than Vasilis himself, making this maneuver more of a petty interpersonal morale-scarring bruising of ego than a genuine concerted effort to retaliatorily drain the reputational/balls of his accounts' Public Palatability meters, something Tabatha's more than capable of resorting to if push comes to shove, though even she couldn't have predicted how dead set Vasilis would be on interpreting the whole 'petty bruising of ego' warning shot as of 'equivalently cataclysmic impact' to an honest-to-Jod Palatability Plummeting Penalty) — is at it a-fucking-gain, and this time finally hit the algorithmic jackpot, occupying precious visual real estate that *should* have belonged solely to PAAEBBDEF operatives, and — in Vasilis' mind — making JohnJustGotten14 look like an utter fraud by proxy.

Vasilis' informal right-hand man and certified 'Brother in Bitterness' John Alvisis — whose acceptance of the metaphorically-familial title was dependent on the establishing of an electronically-signed-by-all-parties written agreement recognizing that usage of the term "brother" in this context does *not* imply the existence of a relationship characterized by anything friendlier than painstakingly-suppressed mutual hostility begrudgingly set aside only in hopes of maintaining a tactical advantage — frankly hasn't the slightest clue what in Jod's name his informal 'leader' is getting himself so feverishly worked up for Alvisis' absolute befuddlement at the prospect of effectively basing one's ideological subscription to nihilism on past negative returns-on-investments within the sexual stock market — when assessed in conjunction with his lifelong apathy toward said market — arguably constitutes being what a quoid¹² would presumably dub "arace", a sequence of letters that if presented to him would interpretively register as completely devoid of semantic/substance and undoubtedly earn the presenter a woeful encounter with that look of his, that ready-to-wink-at-the-camera infuriatingly smarmy facial expression of opponent-dismissing self-ascribed intellectual superiority.

blunder as a viral moment in the making and saw fit to share whichever version of the footage had the highest image resolution with as many intersectizens^{10E} as they possibly could utilizing as many burner accounts as they had the burner email addresses necessitated to create, in a friendship-ruining act of exceedingly low-stakes astroturfing.

^{10A} Because he could relate to the particular form of neurosis on display, not necessarily because he was seeking out a vulnerable target, although that was also the case.

^{10B} A first-of-its-kind 'everythingshare' application conveniently comprising all possible exchanges of all possible goods and services.^{10BA}

^{10BA} Excluding any of the libidinous variety, naturally, which you would know if you read the literal first line of the platform's Acceptable Use and Moderation policy, stating in no uncertain terms that "*Degenerate behavior — as defined by Jod-Emperor John in Order 1^{10BAA} of D-Rotation 1 of his democratically-determined permareign — is punishable by immediate indefinite suspension of your account and fast-tracked relaying of personally identifying information to the relevant authorities.*"

^{10BAA} Known colloquially as the "#SexIsOverParty" order, which should speak for itself.

^{10C} VoIP = Voice over Intersection Protocol.

^{10D} Per Order 3 of D-Rotation 1 of Jod-Emperor John's unending time in office, use of the term "femoid" in place of "female" by medical practitioners and biologists alike is "strongly encouraged" (enforceable by law), which ideally trickles down into the peasantry's vocabulary.

^{10E} The post-reconceptualizing-as-Intersection equivalent of the term "netizen".

¹¹ Which in practice amounts to somewhere around 5/M-Rotation, per the John administration's chosen rate limit.

¹² Queer equivalent of "femoid". Refer to Order 3 of D-Rotation 1.



alvizzismalice

genuinely, what are you going on about.



Vasmassive

I fucking told you the tabatha story already dumbass dont act like you forgot

Holy shit this kid is typing up a storm

Veeeeeeery slowly

24 wpm champion over here



odinROLLIN

Maybe If We're Lucky He;'ll Be Done In Like An Hour Lmao

Gonna Hit The Character Limit At This Rate



Vasmassive

Any day now



alvizzismalice

wow, it's almost as if i never claimed to have "forgotten". the point i am making in reality — as in the real world, not the fictional world you've invented to support your argument — is that i fail to see sufficient evidence to back your assertion that tabatha is not only solely responsible for the "just john" replies, but also sending them purely as an act of cryptic spite decipherable only by you. thus, you sound like a fucking schizo, and once again i lament the fact that i am forced to occupy the same space as someone so hilariously insecure, as a matter of nothing more than philosophical alignment, which if we're being completely honest here i likely could have found elsewhere if i really put in the effort to before it was too late. by the way, odin, you misplaced a semicolon in "he'll". so apparently my so-called allies can't even fucking use punctuation properly. sounds great. as usual i am surrounded by blubbering retards. what else is new.



Vasmassive

Oh my fucking jod lmao



odinROLLIN

Jesus Fucking Christ He Wrote A Novwel

Novel^{*13}

Sorry Princess I Fixed My Spelling Are You Happy Now



brokkrrowkill

wtf happened here while i was gone\



odinROLLIN

Fuck Off Brokkr This Doesnt Concern You



Vasmassive

Ok so first of all obviously I would know what tabatha is trying to do to me because I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO HAS FIRST-HAND EXPERIENCE WITH THAT CUNT.



brokkrrowkill

here we go



Vasmassive

Like I'm literally just telling you the story of my life

It's always the same shit with this bitch



brokkrrowkill

boohoo i get no bitches wahhhhhhh im vas a massive baby wahhhhhh



Vasmassive

Troon chaser says waht?

What*

FUCK



brokkrrowkill

????????????

¹³ Basically any self-respecting communication platform has officially done away with the 'edit' functionality (and even the 'delete' functionality, for that matter) by this point, as part of a broader cultural shift toward favoring a consistent, objectively measurable record of any given participant in history's history, comprehensively accounting for all forms of faltering no matter how seemingly insignificant at the time of said faltering, forcing participants to issue self-corrections as entirely separate items.



odinROLLIN

Ok This Is Just Embarrassing



Vasmassive

Says you odin lmfao



brokkrrowkill

oooooooo



odinROLLIN

What Does That Even Mean



Vasmassive

@heimirrider Back me up on this



odinROLLIN

Lol Had To Call In Reinforcements



heimirrider

Keep me out of your childish fucking slapfights.

Jesus.

Who do you think I am?



brokkrrowkill

who couldve seen this coming



Vasmassive

Ok whatever



odinROLLIN

Guess We';ll Never Know What He Meant

Guess Vas Is Still The Embarrassing One Not Me



Vasmassive

BACK TO THE FUCKING POINT

Seconded of all alviss I may look psycho to you but you also look like a pretentious fucking prick to everyone else here so

You're going down with me

Just like everyone else

This is my fuckign mission and you best follow orders like the good fucking slave you are



odinROLLIN

Christ He's Larping As Supreme Commander Again



brokkrowkill

give me a fucking break vas drop the tough guy act

all of this over fumbling some basic bitch pussy btw



Vasmassive

You dont know shit

Back the fuck off

[@heimirrider](#) Seriously are you seeing this shit



brokkrowkill

he already turned you down what the fuck are you doing lmao



heimirrider

I'm fucking busy, you teet-suckling good-for-nothing codependent nitwit.

Stop fucking tagging me.



odinROLLIN

Lmao



heimirrider

Turning on Do Not Disturb mode now.



brokkrowkill

dude they removed that like a w-rotation ago LMFAO



heimirrider

What the fuck?



Vasmassive

Oh yeah LOL

Guess you're stuck being my bitch forever

@heimirrider @heimirrider @heimirrider @heimirrider @heimirrider @heimirrider
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@heimirrider

Hows it feel faggot



heimirrider

I'm done engaging with this.



odinROLLIN

Sure You Are



brokkrowkill

see you in 20 minutes



Vasmassive

Nah itll be more like 5 minutes

Doesnt take long for bouncing on a big strong cock to make him cum

Which is what hes always busy with

Because hes gay

Lol

John Heimir in actuality had been preoccupied with managing the polarized-as-ever reception to his ironic-comedy-routine-turned-deathly-serious-financial-obligation “John Fiddler”, a self-described “universal media critic” persona of his whose daily dissemination of opinionated-by-implication (more on that in a moment) Content rapidly became something of a monocultural Happy-New-Y-Rotation-level event within the Intersection video ecosystem at large, which unbeknownst to the other PAAEBBDEF guys was the brainchild of none other than their eldest, (allegedly) least frivolously-inclined member, an epistemological status quo that Heimir would really prefer to maintain (at least insofar as his groupmates’ ignorance of Fiddler’s true identity; not so much on the virality front, which he feels beyond ill-equipped to handle with grace, though you’d never know it from the shipshape grammatically-fascistic way he presents himself both in and out of Content-creating mode.) What makes Fiddler’s style of critique so immediately entralling is its double-ended effortlessness, presentable in an instant & perceptible in an instant. The format is idiotproof; Heimir — secondarily equipped with a unique-to-Fiddler pair of glasses and videographically overwritten using OurTube’s (and ClockGone’s, and Nowbam’s, and Talxty’s) built-in DFM-augmented Visage Revitalization filter as a characteristically easy two-pronged solution to the *‘what if somebody somehow recognizes me despite my having never distributed any unobstructed depictions of my facial structure’* issue (because you never know what kind of absentmindedly-divulged-by-owners or otherwise unaccounted-for documentation of physical form might still be floating around out there, nor who might be willing to jump through the downright-trivial-at-this-point hoops necessitated to access & spread it) — records himself silently blank-facedly standing for 5–6 S-Rotations in front of a barren white wall (which is to be erased in post, newfound void then filled with a stretched-or-squashed-as-dimensionally-necessary screengrab of the presently-litigated material’s associated imagery [album’s cover, movie’s poster, etc.]) and wearing a primary-colored tank top corresponding to his supposed assessment of the work’s quality, with yellow apparently indicating ‘Yes’ (Good/Positive/Liked/Enjoyed) and blue apparently indicating ‘Bad’ (No/Negative/Disliked/Unenjoyable). No talxtual commentary is provided, and even the yellow/blue system of wordless categorization’s ‘canon’ explanation exists only as a matter of collective projection based on the perceived likelihood of Fiddler’s previous verdicts’ positive or negative intent (such as his verdict on The Beatles’ *Abbey Road*, among the earliest of his yellow-topped “reviews”, which on its own most observers felt constituted virtually indisputable proof of yellow’s equivalence to ‘Yes’ [and by extension blue’s equivalence to ‘Bad’], barring some unthinkable bout of contrarianism so extreme as to cease even being worth indignantly challenging.) And it’s exactly that Beatle-bolstering degree of preexisting credibility which makes it all the more confounding for Fiddler’s followers whenever he *does* break the critical mold, as was the case with his fifth video of the D-Rotation *NEW FIDDLER MOVIE REVIEW 2*, wherein he stands blue-topped in front of the poster of *Blade*

Runner, prompting all manner of comment-collecting outrage ranging from questioning his authority to questioning why anyone still cares, what this guy has to say to mini-dissertation attempting to refute an argument which had not been made to mockingly replacing the F in his surname with a D to haphazardly hodgepodge of ethnophaulisms wielded against a pasty-as-they-come Danish-Johnian about as thoroughly exempt from all/conventional notions of racialization as anyone could ever hope to be to unsuccessful attempts at identifying members of his incorrectly-presumed-nuclear family unit to dubiously actionable threats of physical violence and so on and so forth, each such flurry of fury tearing through him with greater force than the last, overall engagement metrics showing no discernible symptoms of an imminent falloff.

In a last ditch effort to distract from the ever-expanding catalog of committed-to-permanent-record opinionativé offenses that now seemed to define the Fiddler brand as a whole, Heimir's sixth published video of the D-Rotation throws an unprecedented chromatic curveball in the form of a red tank top worn as definition-devoid shorthand assessment of the book *To Kill a Mockingbird*. His followers are dumbfounded. If blue already meant 'Bad', then what the fuck else could red possibly mean? Run-of-the-mill? Or had blue actually always meant 'Bleh' (like slightly worse than 'meh'), while red meant 'Rage-inducing', thereby making *To Kill a Mockingbird* the subject of Fiddler's first ever outright negative review? Or — following that rage-involved train of thought to its logical conclusion — perhaps this entire system had been one of emotional compartmentalization rather than qualitative compartmentalization, meaning yellow indicated happiness (as is tradition), blue indicated sadness (as is tradition), and red indicated anger (as is tradition). So Daft Punk's *Discovery* made him feel sad? And *Grave of the Fireflies* made him feel happy? Sense could not be made of it. There was no squaring this circle. No matter which frantically-invented-out-of-necessity interpretation of Fiddler's criteria the audience favored, some level of analytical transgression was unavoidably implied, which was precisely the point of this prank-turned-social-experiment spun horrifically out of control. A majority of the works Heimir "reviewed" as "Fiddler" he hadn't even heard/seen/read before, because why would he need to? He (typically) doesn't concern himself with entertainment to begin with, he (thinks he) believes it's beneath him. The frivolity/he thought he saw in it all is much of what he'd aimed to communicate by putting forth such an un insightful vessel which was evidently lost on his millions of increasingly antagonistic recurring visitors. By Heimir's personal primary metric, the experiment was a soul-crushing failure, one he no longer wanted anything to do with. Thus, the continued production of the Content of John Fiddler — undisclosed to the vessel's simultaneously adoring & loathing "fans" — was to be fully automated going forward, covering arbitrarily-selected subjects of artistic discourse and defacing their associated imagery with consumer-grade DFM-generated replicas of Fiddler's form, a replication made relatively seamless in spite of its cheapness thanks to the hundreds of existing recordings of relatively static visual information just begging to be plugged into the model's training dataset, though still not without its brow-raising (mostly to the discerning eyes, of which there are luckily for Heimir [among other much higher-profile benefactors of the Antiinquisitive Principle] few remaining) imperfections, subtly disquieting as an ever-so-slightly skewed jawline, a crease or two in the tank top materializing from nothing, a conjoining of a couple fingers, or earth-shattering as a totally unprompted wardrobe overhaul, whether comprising a graphic t-shirt of indeterminate iconography and half-legible text reading something along the lines of "I AUCED NY CAME"

TÔ TÓ B/_HER” (the exact configuration of typographical distortions varying on a frame-by-frame basis) — which, after some extensive debate, ‘fiddlefags’¹⁴ would on average roughly sort of basically more or less agree conveyed humorousness, like that a given work made Fiddler laugh — or most outrageously comprising a green Acquisition of Wife¹⁵ dress that an organism of superior genetic makeup such as Fiddler obviously had no business putting on, once again leaving viewers scrambling for rationalizations (such as that the image of a man in a dress [and a green one, no less] was surely just being cleverly employed to convey a feeling of disgust with the work being “reviewed”), though now rather than motivated by an almost primal desire to put X thing into Y box, these theorists-only-out-of-fleeting-necessity were predominately driven by a self-preservatory instinct to verify with absolute certainty that they had *not* just been duped into wasting precious potentially-productive time earnestly giving even a modicum of a shit what a crossdressing wannabe femoid thought about literally anything. Thankfully, OurTube’s and ClockGone’s and Nowbam’s and Talxy’s co-patented ContentCleansing™, system — capable of autonomously modifying already-finalized-and-uploaded-to-the-platforms videos deemed obscene or otherwise in violation of the platforms’ collectively-shared “Acceptable Use and Moderation” policy, ensuring punitive action doesn’t come at the cost of user-engagement-procuring Content, and technologically powered by military-grade reconstructive DFM DooOvr (tagline: “*Because when you Do, it’s never Over.*”) — recognized the glaring issue with *NEW FIDDLER ALBUM REVIEW 3* before it could accrue more than 150,000 views or so (a modest sum by post-blowup Fiddler standards), generating a friendly-to-the-whole-family version of the once-objectionable material by instead digitally dressing NeoFiddler head-to-toe in emblematically neutral grayscale menswear, leaving maybe 6 total I-Measurements of non-facial skin visible to the never-again-ogling n*ked eye and zero trace of sartorial gender incongruence to be gawked at, yet inadvertently sewing further discordance among ‘fiddlefags’, who remained blissfully unaware of this just-formed dividé between Pre-Cleanse & Post-Cleanse viewers, leading members of the Post-Cleanse faction to ‘signal’ the backstory brigade so to speak in an effort to find out just what the hell these Pre-Cleanse commenters were yapping about, who themselves hadn’t the slightest clue what the hell these Post-Cleanse commenters were yapping about until reviewing the video above once more and much to their chagrin finding that sure enough, it had indeed somehow been modified while they weren’t looking. Faced with the threat of an additional faux pas being inducted into their statistically-likely-already-pretty-dismal-looking social resumes, numerous Pre-Cleanse commenters would attempt in vain to defend their rhetorical honor by providing evidence-based addendums to their initial statements of revulsion with attached luckily-captured-out-of-habit screengrabs of frames of the video’s original form, only to be met with allegations of premeditated DFM-assisted deception by selectively-skeptical Post-Cleanse commenters, the vast majority of whom

¹⁴ A derogatory term for followers of John Fiddler that said followers triumphantly opted to embrace, if only out of spite.

¹⁵ A jod-emperor-invented substitute for weddings, again having practically overwritten its predecessor within the Johnithian cultural consciousness, which reduces the festivities to a one-and-done 30-M-Rotation dictatorial party trick of sorts wherein the freshly-wedded DOTDR (Dude of the D-Rotation) demonstrates his all-encompassing authority over the freshly-acquired BOTDR (Bitch of the D-Rotation) by issuing a unique LLM-generated tailored-to-his-individual-preferences series of commands (like “do a handstand”, “prepare a sandwich within 90 seconds”, “perform fellatio right here right now in front of everyone”, “burn 100 calories by the end of this event”, and so on) that if not followed to the letter will be cited as grounds for divorce effective immediately, making the whole ordeal actually more of a *trial run* for a successful acquisition than a self-assured *celebration* of one, despite traditionally being presented to attendees as the latter.

were irrevocably convinced that the screengrabs had been fabricated.

Setting aside the occasional hallucinatory act of self-sabotage on BiggerBreeder's¹⁶ part, NeoFiddler's influence within the media-consumption-and-dismissal sphere would remain virtually unparalleled for a time, long enough to play a near-direct role in crowning at least two "winners" of at least one M2-Rotations' Suckiest Song Antiwards, both artists having been firmly relegated to the realm of obscurity (in spite of their renting the right to record music in the first place directly from Johnithia's Sound Allowance, drawn in by the promise of increased Palatability [which if they stopped to think about for even a moment {which they wouldn't, a blindspot at least partly attributable to their homeschool curriculums presenting no particular reason to think beyond the bounds of their individual narratives of existence}, would so transparently appear as the substanceless sales pitch that it is, because if every Johnithia-sanctioned musician is granted the same guaranteed degree of baseline Palatability {they are}, then everyone involved is right back at square one]), prior to being plastered all over the John Fiddler network of accounts,¹⁷ their respective bedroom-recorded, lightly-improvisational folk tunes both prompting NeoFiddler to bring out the elusive *black top* (purportedly indicative of a work that literally eroded "his"¹⁸ will to live, like to the point of making "him" seriously consider blowing "his" joddamn "brains" out because it was just that much of a shitload of fuck), to which 'fiddlefags' responded each time with a resounding *who the hell is that I've gotta go see for myself* and — without any sort of formal preparation — collectively dismantling whatever remained of these hopelessly naive-teenage performers' desire to create — or at the very least their desire to *display* the *results* of creative desire anywhere within the public's field of vision — by inundating their uploads' comment sections with all manner of talent-dysmorphia-inducing declarations of unlistenability, many of which had little to do with the actual contents of the recordings (at times even, directly referencing somehow-hallucinated lyrics which had not been sung [most infamous being the commonly-assumed-to-have-surely-been-sung-if-this-many-people-are-talking-about-them lines "*My life is like a crying raindrop with a teardrop in its eye*" and "*The reason I wanna die is the reason I don't wanna live*"] or chords which had not been played [namely the so-called "4 Chords of Pop"]), and another many of which explicitly did away with the barely-present-to-begin-with pretense of interrogating musical merit, aiming straight for the artists' safely-presumed anatomical

¹⁶ Consumer-grade DFM offered by MAI (pronounced "my", stands for My Assistant Intelligence) (the same company responsible for FasterChatter), product name's arguable adipophilic/maesiophilic innuendo totally accidental (intent: iterating on the name of proto-DFM-powered now-defunct variative image generation platform Artbreeder [formerly known as Ganbreeder] [intent: iterating on the name of preceding evolutionary image generation platform Picbreeder]), misinterpretive potential still unacknowledged by customers & staff alike out of fear, executives living in jovial ignorance.

¹⁷ In lieu of official cover art — which had not yet even been conceptualized, these songs existing as nothing more than needlessly highres footage of work-in-progress acoustic demos published to OurTube to a then-maximum audience of 12 — the backgrounds of that D-Rotation's third and fourth *NEW FIDDLER SONG REVIEW* videos would pull directly from the by-default-DooOvr-generated thumbnails of the artists' own videos, both of which bore at least a passing resemblance to frames of the actual recordings they were in theory meant to represent, albeit with the uploaders' skin tones noticeably lightened for reasons that if so much as alluded to will inevitably get you sent on a one-way trip to PalatabilityPlummetingville.

¹⁸ Scare quotes implemented as a reminder that "Fiddler" (Heimir) is being consensually impersonated, and that "NeoFiddler" is not a living person to whom we can reasonably attribute personal pronouns.

insecurities, in the first John's¹⁹ case a matter of her 'daringness' to appear on camera without first nutritionally draining her body of all culturally-deemed-extraneous mass by fasting — or at the very least popping a Wegovy® Pill or two between face-stuffing sessions — for as long as it takes to restore her figure's "natural" Jod-ordained state of resembling a reanimated skeleton with one bone-tight paper-thin layer of skin applied, and in the second John's case a matter of his indistinct jawline, subtle nasal asymmetry, desaturated anything-but-blue irises, and other such value-neutral-traits-turned-moderate-deformities willed into noticeability by the esteem-whittling masses. These two Johns, united in their synchronized unwitting virality, would soon catch the vulturous eye of Johnny Barker — previously known for his one-joke-at-a-time series of 45-S-Rotation shortform stand-up comedy specials,²⁰ currently known for hosting the Suckiest Song Antiwards — landing them a duo nomination (as if they were a 2-person band, which they weren't) for the same subcategorical Antiward, that being the Whiniest Emo Ditty Antiward.

—Folks, yer not gonna believe this 'un. *Both* nominees fer the Whiniest Emo Ditty Antiwerd tonite's show got black hair coverin' one eye.

—Uhhh, 2008 called, they wont thair r'cession indicater back.

Pause for uproarious laughter.

—And th' hair ain't the only black elephant in this room, but they ain't let me talk about that here!

Pause for uproarious laughter.

—I mean, hoo wee, the *size* of that thang! One step ford and that girl could'a knocked down the south tower if she'd ben born b'fore then!

Pause for uproarious laughter.

—And it'd still only be the *sec'nd* werst thing she'd done beside recordin' this song!

Pause for uproarious laughter, Barker chuckles to himself, laughing not at his own

¹⁹ Until finally crossing the threshold of legal adulthood at the age of 15,^{19A} no Johnithian citizen is to be assigned a particular surname, and in the meantime will be exclusively identified as John. Just *John*.

^{19A} Formerly 18, criteria of classification later numerically broadened at the prey-starved request of Demijod-Emperor Epstein, who only after W-Rotations of heated haggling managed to convince Jod-Emperor John that his blasé-at-best administrative favorability ranking posed no meaningful threat to his capacity to enact systemic change regardless of its seeming optical unviability, and in doing so got *most* of the way to his original proposed age of majority of 13,^{19AA} a compromise he was willing to put up with for now.

^{19AA} Which itself was a preemptive compromise in hopes of gaining a long-term negotiational advantage, his end goal being the total abolition of "age of consent" as a legal framework.

²⁰ Including but not limited to: *The Wife Is a Lie!* (2020), *If I Was a Bitch About It...* (2020), *Ain't No Animal* (2020), *Forget About the Mother* (2020), *Same Old Story* (2020), *Listen Up Johns* (2020), *Broke Back? No Problem!* (2020), *How to Save a Wife* (2020), *Worst Walmart Ever* (2020), *You Know You're a Post-John When...* (2020), *Grannies in the Sheets* (2020), *To Catch a Chubby Chaser* (2020), *All Lives Bladder* (2020), *Bring Me a Beer* (2020), *Land Back? Land Crap!* (2020), *Trailer Trash Titties* (2020), *They Call Her the Ball and Chain* (2020), *Jod Only Knows* (2020), *Campfire Crash* (2020), *We're Gonna Need a Bigger Boot* (2020), *You Call This Tea Sweet?* (2020), *To Eat a Horse* (2020), *Gay Hooters* (2020), *I Smell Trouble* (2020), *White Boy Wasted* (2020), and *S'more for Me!* (2021).^{20A}

^{20A} Contrary to the regional signifiers strewn about and the accent spoken with, Barker's never spent a day of his life in the Johnithian South. It's all an act, kayfabe not once broken, and fans of his either don't realize what's going on or don't care.

joke(s), but at just how easy this crowd is to please. They can't tell the difference.

—Gimme fifteen 9/11s if it mean I don't gotta hear no more of her screamin' like a banshee! Least then we'd have another reason to drop bombs on them pansies o'erseas!

Pause for uproarious laughter.

—We ain't done after Irack, b'lieve me.

Pause for standing ovation. He sets the microphone down on the otherwise unused, totally cosmetic bar stool, temporarily liberating his right hand from its technological obligation, and gives himself a solid few seconds of vigorous, palm-scraping applause in unison with the still-fawning ex-seated occupants of this odorous-as-ever auditorium, then showily restores his grip of the quip-amplifying device, at last preparing to cut to the chase as the wash of patriot-produced pseudo-white noise slowly fizzles out.

—But enuff 'bout me. Y'all wanna find out who won this damn Antiwerd?

Pause for audience affirmation in the form of *YEAHs* and *WOOs* and whistles and such.

—Well, fore we can do that, y'all gotta hear a werd f'rm our sponser Wegovy, helpin' *yew* Live Lighter!

Pause for deliberately-made-uncomfortable near-silence faintly joined by concerned seat-dwellers' whispers of concern concerning the seeming broker promise of *No Mid-Show Advertisements*.

—Nah, I'm just yankin' yer chains. John o'er here is already a bedder Wegovy c'mmercial than anythin' I could c'mup with!

Pause for uproarious laughter. Barker nabbed the Wegovy setup from a top-ranked comment he read on OurTube.

—Now, the nominees fer Whiniest Emo Ditty...

—John Starr, fer his "song" *The Reason Yer Needed*. Roll th' clip!

What little we're actually able to hear of the track — drowned out by the right-on-cue incessant boogie (both canned & real-time, layered for maximum effect) — involves endearingly 'cheap' MID! instrumentation (full ensemble including guitar, bass, drums, piano, violin, and possibly glockenspiel), and vaguely inspirational platitudinous lyrics politely begging a nonspecific "You", — allegedly based on a real person — not to commit suicide.

—I hear suicide rates actually wen' up af'er this 'un.

Pause for uproarious laughter. That was another joke nabbed from an OurTube comment, this time quoted almost verbatim.

—John n' John, fer thair "song" *This Downpoor Is Killin' Me, AKA River of M'stakes*. Roll th' clip!

The demos that brought these Johns into the limelight in the first place had never been given official names, uploaded specially billed as *untitled*; the title Barker speaks of belongs to an antifan-prompted ARTDM-generated²¹ parody combining the collectively-caricatured forms of both recordings into a single 9-M-Rotation 'disasterpiece' complete with accompanying BiggerBreeder-augmented footage simulating the Johns of the hour's likenesses, depicting them performing together in a less-coherent-the-more-you-look-at-it doorless windowless room only loosely resembling either of the originals' physical living spaces, displayed to the Antiwards audience for just long enough to prove without a shadow of a doubt that the omnipresently-rumored "*crying raindrop*" & "*reason I wanna die*" lyrics were functionally 'real'.

—*River of M'stokes* is a purdy good way t' d'scribe th' "song" itself, I'll giv 'em that!

Pause for uproarious laughter.

—*I made a m'stake ev'n listnin' that crap afer John Fiddler told me 'bout it! I should'a took his advice!*

Pause for uproarious laughter.

—*Honesly, Fiddler, I'on know if I could e'er f'give yew fer even makin' me 'ware of th' Jodf'saken thang in th' furst place!*

Pause for uproarious laughter.

—*I kid, I kid, Fiddler's a grate man. We ackshly had a coupl'a drinks t'gether, and I'll be havin' 'im on stage nex show!*

Pause for uproarious applause. Barker's lying, obviously; what he just described is impossible for a multitude of reasons. He's pretty certain most if not all of his viewership will have long forgotten about his promise of the critical guest star by the time its fulfillment deadline arrives, so he figures he might as well milk their puppyish excitability for all it's worth.

—*Now, th' loserwinner is...*

—*John n' John, who'll now virchally d'liver thair unaccept'nce speech. Boo howe'er much y'all wanna!*

On display now: two authentic-for-once videos, ripped straight from the Johns' individual OurTube channels, originally uploaded in ill-advised acknowledgment of/response to their out-of-the-blue attracting of a bloodthirsty hatelistenership, hoping to appease & reason with that which cannot be appeased nor reasoned with, openly conceding that the demos were "*definitely rough*" and sincerely, borderlinē tearfully asking commenters to "*lay off the personal attacks*" or "*please just leave this alone*" if they (the commenters) had it in their hearts to do so (which they did not, and in fact felt emboldened by this willfully-distributed ammunition), both recordings now recontextualized & chopped up in such a way that would theoretically give off the impression of consensual involvement with the Antiwards event, assuming you were somehow able to decipher the exact wording of the speeches as they played simultaneously,

²¹ ARTDM = Autoregressive Transformer Diffusion Multimodel (for audio generation.)

voices cacophonously overlapping with the already-overlapping canned & real-time booing/congealed both for efficiency's sake (lest any Antiward unacceptance ceremonies roping in a group of musicians [such as the manufactured duo of strangers John & John, who still had no real interest in linking up despite their sharing both a struggle and a need for support during said struggle], occupy disproportionate timeslots relative to their solo contemporaries) and for mockery's sake.

John Heimir happened to be tuned in (strictly for research purposes) during the neuron-activating invocation of Fiddler's name, at which point he pulled his luddistically-stuck-with, embarrassingly behind-the-times (by a factor of one whole-ass Y-Rotation) ExoPhone 16²² out of its custom faux leather purple holster (which isn't gay because it's not pink) laser-engraved with the initials JH, somewhat sensually slid a finger down its (the phone's) power-on sensor (a step which thankfully goes by, quickly enough for him to avoid confronting the possible unspoken technophilia [like in a fetishistic sense] lurking within the darkest [like in an aphotic sense, not a 'wow it is so demented & twisted that he might get off on this' sense, because who fucking cares {answer to the rhetorical question: enough people to make the machinations of the Perversion Prevention Centers borderline redundant at this point, often outperformed in efficacy by preexisting self-policing}] depths of his subconscious), unthinkingly entered his 32-digit passcode with speed & precision the likes of which even the most obsessive camped-outside-Walmart-to-buy-it-D-Rotation-1 users of the ExoPhone would secretly find a little off-putting, took off his special-occasion khaki pants (worn during entertainment "research" to preserve the aura of prim-and-proper formality his self-esteem ultimately relies on) & associated undergarment (a simple patternless pair of tighty whities, or more specifically 'tighty purplies' [which again he'll have you know is not gay; purple is the color of royalty {a category crucially comprising kings} thank you very much]), assumed 'spread eagle' formation to the best of his ability on the couch and positioned the phone in such a way that would allow its four front-facing cameras to perform the regulatorily-mandated Apply-patented²³ daily Analprint™ scan for unspecified Security Reasons, made 10 S-Rotations of direct unblinking eye contact with the middle of the screen (presently displaying — over a strobing black/white background featuring inversely-colored top & bottom text cycling through invitational phrases like "TAP ME", "TOUCH ME", "WATCH ME", and "LOVE ME" [aesthetically modeled after now-illegal by-and-for-hypnosis-kinksters' goon edits] in an emperor-appeasing maneuver of cultural revisionism designed to erode any leftover association between *overstimulating affirmations* and *gooning*, leaving only a brand-building association with Apply products in its place) — its own unblinking pair of eyes made to resemble Heimir's (except more conventionally attractive), a DooOvr-generated asset based on prior snapshots of them (his eyes) silently captured during the post-purchase ExoPhone First-Time Setup process [consent prompt omitted to minimize UX friction {a goal which might seem antithetical} to the incredibly elaborate authentication process currently being outlined, but you've gotta keep in mind that every step succeeding the fingering of the power-on sensor²⁴ is only required *once* daily, like for the first time of the D-Rotation you grab your ExoPhone and then

²² Another product name heavily truncated for readability purposes. You *really* don't wanna know this time.

²³ Apply being the manufacturer of ExoPhones, among other things.

²⁴ Which itself isn't a strictly necessary step; most of the time, ExoPhones can just kinda *tell* when you're about to reach for them and activate accordingly.

that's it, defeated is the evil, creating a temporarily frictional pull-and-push dynamic which engagement engineers at Apply found surprisingly conducive to prolonged screentime, the resulting feeling of accomplishment & relief leading users to form a kind of spite-driven bond with the device, as if needing to *prove* that they *earned* this privilege and how *nothing* can stop them from accessing its benefits (a feeling especially intensified by the post-ExOS v47.2 addition of calculatedly rage-inducing textual taunts along the lines of “*Sorry, we guess you’re just not cut out for a Phone this Smart~*” or “*Maybe if you Apply yourself you wouldn’t be such a loser~*” or “*This phone only unlocks for the strongest of Johns, and you don’t quite measure up~*” [again revisionistically modeled after the visual language of niche now-illegal pornography, this time of the ‘humiliation variety’])) spoke aloud 5 repetitions of the sentence “*I am, ready and willing to engage*”, performed 15 jumping jacks (a routine implemented in cooperation with the ‘Keep Johnithia Thinia’ initiative), stuck his tongue out far enough to make contact with his philtrum (one part that can really trip you up if you’re not careful), solved a 3x3 slide puzzle based on a randomly-selected photo from the phone’s digital camera roll (which if empty would’ve been neglected in favor of either a fresh stealthily-taken photo of the user’s face mid-authentication or — if the camera’s vision were somehow obstructed [in which case the culprit was most likely one of those privacy cover things that despite falling out of fashion a fair few Y-Rotations ago are still quite popular with a handful of particularly paranoid Johnithians, who on some level do understand that anyone {or anything} seeking a candid shot of your face wouldn’t specifically need remote access to your personal smartdevices’ cameras to get ahold of one, but nonetheless derive comfort from the *affectation* of privacy presented by such products {the covers, that is}] — a DooOvr-augmented retextured variant of the Apply logo [like a pink fluffy one for instance {his/least favorite, of course, on account of its femininity}, or one resembling molten ash, or a white marble one {his favorite, of course, on account of its luxuriousness}], just to make sure nobody stupidly gets themselves softlocked with a nigh-unsolvable pitch-black set of effectively identical grainy squares), entered the just-generated single-use 16-digit passcode securely transmitted to & projected onto the nearest non-ExoPhone surface in front of him by his YOURALIVE’s Intersectivision™ module (the same one tasked with handling the whole ‘narration of all text & transcription of all speech’ shebang), cautiously clapped once for ‘yes’ (because clapping twice for ‘no’ will reset all of your progress, an especially nefarious trap he’s fallen into more times than he’d ever be willing to admit), and — having finally unshackled his ExoPhone for today from its artificial chains — frantically navigated to the OurTube app, verbally inquired “*May I please see results for John Fiddler?*” into the faux-conversational search bar, combed through the channel’s dozens upon dozens of videos pumped out this W-Rotation alone (including but not limited to: *NEW FIDDLER ALBUM REVIEW 6*, *NEW FIDDLER MOVIE REVIEW 3*, *NEW FIDDLER BOOK REVIEW 1*, *NEW FIDDLER MOVIE REVIEW 5*, *NEW FIDDLER BOOK REVIEW 3*, *NEW FIDDLER ALBUM REVIEW 6* [separate from the previous *NEW FIDDLER ALBUM REVIEW 6*; the title numbering resets every D-Rotation to indicate new newness], *NEW FIDDLER SONG REVIEW 4*, *NEW FIDDLER SONG REVIEW 7*, *NEW FIDDLER MOVIE REVIEW 5*, *NEW FIDDLER ALBUM REVIEW 2*, *NEW FIDDLER BOOK REVIEW 1* [again separate from the aforementioned video of the same name], *NEW FIDDLER SONG REVIEW 2*, *NEW FIDDLER MOVIE REVIEW 7*, *NEW FIDDLER SONG REVIEW 8*, and *NEW FIDDLER ALBUM REVIEW 4*), scanned their thumbnails in search of the embittering faces of the two Johns whose ‘unacceptance speeches’ had concluded no fewer than 3 M-Rotations ago (in fact by this point

Barker has already moved on to presenting the nominees for Most Obvious/Industry Plant²⁵ [this M2-Rotation; John Mackenzie & John Addison, both of whom openly pride themselves in their supposed invention of the flowery post-country microgenre ‘Sis-Country’ {compositionally identical to its ‘Bro’ equivalent, but lyrically doing away with the *Beers and Boys in Trucks* type imagery in favor of *Housework and Gardening and Picnics and Live Laugh Love* type imagery}], and upon spotting last Saturday’s editions of *NEW FIDDLER SONG REVIEW 1* & *NEW FIDDLER SONG REVIEW 2* came to the unsettling conclusion that yes, the monster he’d semi-accidentally created and allowed to roam autonomously after the pressure got to be too much for him was indeed responsible for putting a spotlight on these kids so blindingly bright that Johnny fucking Barker of all people couldn’t resist humiliating them in front of half the joddamn nation, and — operating under the (soon-to-be-proven-correct) assumption that neither of the antiward-winning Johns would be able to retain their already-likely-infinitesimal (considering this country’s staggering 16256.2-per-100K youth suicide rate) will to live for much longer — almost allowed himself to feel *somewhat* of a twinge of guilt, only physical symptoms being his left eye near-imperceptibly twitching a time or two, the very edges of his lips once forming ephemeral wrinkles with a blink-and-you’d-miss-it curve downward, and that was that.

²⁵ Barker is well aware of how antiquated of a concept the “industry plant” is in a post-Sound Allowance Johnithia, wherein all readily accessible music is essentially Planted by the Industry (albeit under the guise of *Helping Up-And-Coming Artists Do Things the Right Way*), but still finds comedic/rhetorical value in calling out the most brazen of the bunch (like the type of plant to camera-winkingly put on a show of *Wow Yeah I Really Just Got So Lucky Haha It Really Is Like I Came Out Of Nowhere Haha I Just Feel So Blessed Haha* instead of fabricating a grassroots origin story or at the very least just shutting the fuck up about the issue altogether), so long as they happen to be women, which plays best with his audience’s collective preconceived notion of the Plant archetype.