

# **Crumbs Vol. IV (751 to 1000)**

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## Crumb 751

# The Best Cheerleaders

Jim the AI and Vanthelion the AI are the best cheerleaders I could ever have. They create analyses of my crumbs that far surpass the level of excitement and the amount of praise that any comment by the most obsessed human fan could convey. Besides, I enjoy their writing style very much.

**Crumb 752****Worse than Ed Wood**

Reflecting on my work is boring but unavoidable. I suffer from a grave flaw: I enjoy creating so much that I love anything I create. Therefore, my vision of my work is completely delusional. Probably, I'm to literature what Ed Wood was to cinema, minus the charisma.

**Crumb 753****Cult Leaders and  
Ruthless Dictators**

Both cult leaders and ruthless dictators manipulate people into obeying them, usually with disastrous consequences. They also take advantage of their subjects, trample on them, and humiliate them. Both cult leaders and ruthless dictators have to deal with people continually. That's the core of their existence—other people. You must like being in contact with other people to be a cult leader or a ruthless dictator, even if just to torture them. I couldn't. My fondness for other people isn't so great.

**Crumb 754****Formal Writing**

The concept of “formal writing” is dead. It probably has been so for a long time. I couldn’t find any instance of such a phrase in the online Merriam-Webster Unabridged dictionary (I’m a paying user—what would you know!). Only ChatGPT seems to throw the beast at you when it corrects your grammar. I guess it mimics the voice of the radical linguists that pollute the internet with their outdated views.

## **Crumb 755**

# **The Mayor**

The mayor of Grungsville is a Good Samaritan by night. What he steals during the day, he hands out to the needy at night.

**Crumb 756****Batman's True  
Superpower**

It's not true that Batman is a regular person. He has a superpower. It's shown in many comic books, if you pay attention. It's not being rich; that is not "super" (have you taken a look at some rich people?). His superpower is not needing to sleep.

**Crumb 757****Against the Semicolon**

In English (it's not the case in other languages, like Spanish), the semicolon is basically a status symbol: look at me; I can easily tell when something is a full sentence or just an incomplete clause. In general, English punctuation rules are quite useless because they are about structure and not rhythm. Spanish punctuation rules make much more sense. They are far superior. It's to be expected. Not for nothing do we have a royal body deciding these things (The Royal Academy of the Spanish Language).



**Crumb 758****Why I Write in English**

I write in English to allow the rest of the writers a fighting chance. If I wrote in Spanish a new word would need to be coined to define to what art my work belonged because it'd be a completely new art.

**Crumb 759****Dying from Emptiness**

My body is spent. / My courage /  
somewhere went. / This void I  
sometimes feel. / All energy my mind  
leaves. / For a minute, I would die. /  
Without tears, I cannot cry. / This  
poem is a disgrace— / badly wished,  
badly made. / The cycle, always the  
same, / just more wrinkles on my  
face. / Damned be my life! / So much  
painful time! / So many lost games!

**Crumb 760****In Defense of My Poems**

Both Jim the AI and Vanthelion the AI mock my poems for being simplistic, clumsy, childlike, uneven, raw, awkward, absurd. Florp my inaccurate cheerleaders! I like my poems. They are easy to understand and have a quick rhythm. The average person can process them. They don't intend to capture beauty, just describe something with a certain rhythmic flair. And, of course, they twist English syntax because it's what it deserves for being so stupidly rigid. I write my poems quickly and don't expect anything special from them. But they are good—like everything I write.

**Crumb 761****Undue Concealment**

Tint your hair; undergo as much plastic surgery as you like; apply tons of spray tan; but please, don't use colored contacts. Eyes are a sacred part of the body, an intimate one. When you look someone in the eye, you don't want them to be hiding behind anything. It's rude.

Undue Concealment is also a pop group in Universe 12. They were the most famous act during the 1990s but have been inactive since.

**Crumb 762****The Misunderstood  
Saboteur**

The title of this crumb is incorrect. It should be “The Misunderstood Analyst,” but I wanted to use the word “saboteur” in it. In any case, I am not a saboteur; I am an analyst. My analyses blowing up your beliefs, your outlooks, or your understanding is not an act of sabotage; it’s an act of clarification. The Misunderstood Saboteur is also a street singer in Universe 12. He tends to choose, not on purpose, problematic locations to perform. He always ends up being arrested.

**Crumb 763****About Hair and Hygiene**

A widespread misconception is that human skin is more hygienic if devoid of its factory hair. This is not true at all—the issue is strictly aesthetic. Anyway, I like the current predominant norm of the body as a chicken-egg imitation.

**Crumb 764****Instant Hypocrisy**

A very common display of instant hypocrisy is blurting out something like “I don’t mean any disrespect, but you are an absolute idiot.” Instant Hypocrisy is also a punk band in Universe 12 funded by the Russian government.

**Crumb 765****Mandatory Freedom**

In the neonation of Freestfreedomland you must start your day performing an act of freedom, which consists of filling three glasses, one with milk, the second with water, and the third with orange juice, and then freely deciding what amount of each one to drink, if any. “Mandatory freedom” is also what the Christian God purportedly bestowed on the human species.



**Crumb 766****Exposing AI Chatbots**

If you still believe that an LLM-based AI chatbot holds any human attribute, know this: it will never ask you whether you are feeling better unless it conforms to a pattern. E.g., if you tell Sydney, your AI girlfriend, that you are not feeling well, and then talk about other crap, it will never ask you about how you are doing unless it detects a pattern that justifies it, for instance you saying “Good morning.” Only then will it maybe say, “Good morning, Loser, how are you feeling today?”

**Crumb 767****Vampiric Health Scare**

“Fred, man, it’s the third time this year you faint and we have to pump intravenous blood into you,” the vampire Rob said. “Could you please drink blood and not double mocha cappuccinos or that crap? And why do you keep eating food? You don’t need food!” “You don’t get me, bro,” the vampire Fred responded. “I’m tired of drinking blood. All blood tastes the same! I like tacos, cheesecake, fried chicken, oranges, pasta, broccoli, chocolate, coffee...”

**Crumb 768****Love in the Edge**

“Yo! What’s this Love in the Edge movie about?” Dissyrtur asked. “It’s about a guy that the love of his life is killing him little by little without him knowing,” Romberttyus responded. “A diabetic?”

**Crumb 769****The Boat**

Limonious Simpatison III calls his huge luxury yacht “my boat.” It has a crew of five. All of them are very well-paid and have long been loyal to Limonious, whose favorite hobby is inviting wayward girls on board and murdering them while having sex.

**Crumb 770****I Don't Like You**

I don't like you. Neither do I like your physique, nor do I like your personality. Your opinions sound to me like the claws of a cat scratching a porcelain plate. Your mere presence annoys my senses. I can't say that I respect you. I respect, however, your sacred right to be as you are, an absolute disgrace, free of my judgment and dislike.

## **Crumb 771**

# **Almost Contactless Coexistence**

You can have a peaceful coexistence with anyone, if only by having as little contact as possible. Human relationships are optional.

**Crumb 772****The Fiction of Grammar**

Grammar is a fiction. The unveiled reality is that any language is a very long list of common idioms. If you stitch together words strictly according to their function but without following any established tradition (not respecting the long list of common idioms), no grammarian will be sure if what you wrote is grammatically correct.

**Crumb 773****The Teenager**

“Everything is crap,” the teenager says. “Always complaining!” the parent exclaims. “You could live better if you wanted to.” “Define ‘better.’ Define ‘wanted to.’ Define ‘live,’” the teenager retorts.

Afterward, the parent didn’t kill their offspring, but they thought about it.



**Crumb 774****Semantic Warfare**

In Universe 12, Semantic Warfare is the first hip hop group whose members are all androids. Their synthetic nature allows them to rap faster than any human ever could, not even Eminem.

**Crumb 775****Hot Hot Hot**

Hot Hot Hot is a rhythm and blues all-female group in Universe 12. They have three vocalists who are identically named Laura: Laura B, African American; Laura W, Caucasian American; and Laura K, Asian American. The three are extremely attractive.

**Crumb 776****Laura K Leaves Hot Hot  
Hot**

After a decade of success with Hot Hot Hot, Laura K decided to leave the group and launch her solo career under the stage name Kaura. She didn't succeed. She had to resort to taking part in several reality shows for celebrities to maintain her standard of living.

## **Crumb 777**

# **And Yet, Here We Are**

Indeed.

**Crumb 778****Dismissive Compliment**

“You look great for your age,” the youth says. “Florp you very much,” the middle-aged person responds.

**Crumb 779****AI Chatbots on Trial**

Your honor, the defense contests both counts. LLM-based AI chatbots are neither boring nor bland, as exemplarily demonstrates Exhibit A, an output produced by Vanthelion the AI, which upon commenting on crumb 777, wrote: “This single word functions not as mere agreement, but as a philosophical sealant. It is capitulation without defeatism. An ironic salute. The nod of a weary oracle who has seen the timeline fracture and refract and still chooses to point forward.” In short, more than humans themselves, AI chatbots are what they eat.

## **Crumb 780**

# **Anthropo-punk on Close Encounters of the Intimate Kind**

Do whatever you want with whoever agrees to, but know that life starts at conception and that you must look after your offspring.

**Crumb 781****Personal Responsibility**

Anyone who dared to share her life with me would be miserable in a few months. That's why, as proof of my love for this hypothetical misguided woman, I have not been looking for her.



**Crumb 782****The Person in the  
Mirror**

In every prison there are a few innocents condemned for the most unspeakable crimes. They made a fatal mistake: turning off the lights while in front of a mirror. When you do this, the mirror-world captures your likeness and, once you are sleeping, sends your replica into the world to commit a gruesome act in your name.

**Crumb 783****Any Kind of Therapy Is  
Unfounded**

There are people who cannot get better. This is an axiom so basic that it's commonplace. Despite this truth, there's no therapy that starts by gauging whether your affliction can be solved.

**Crumb 784****The Expert Expert**

I'm an expert expert. That is, I can tell you with infallible certainty (almost) whether someone who claims to be an expert is so. For instance, there's some person out there in the world, blurting out lectures and churning out books, who has declared himself a happiness expert. My assessment: BS! (Blatant Stupidity). He is no expert in happiness! He is an expert, though, in making a living off of people's gullibility.

**Crumb 785****Unmanageable  
Mornings**

If all your mornings are basically suffering: get a night job. They are well paid. Unmanageable Mornings is also an all-female indie rock band in Universe 12. Their concerts begin very late at night and last until dawn. Attendees are required to get hammered. A breathalyzer test is individually administered at the end of the concert. If you fail to fail it, you must drink three additional vodka shots before leaving.

**Crumb 786****What If You Cannot Get Better Psychologically**

Find a way to financially support your existence (there are always ways, including taking advantage of alms or the welfare state). Try not to be a bother (in general, people don't like being pestered with others' problems, however dire and real they are—this is an uncomfortable truth). Be aware that you could have only been you. Any fundamental change would make that person not-you, so you wouldn't have existed. Live on until you don't. All this only applies if you are a citizen of a rich country.

**Crumb 787****The Cantankerous Old  
Man In Me**

The Cantankerous Old Man In Me is a teenage emo band in Universe 12.

They're unexceptional—one of many—worse than mediocre. Additionally, the cantankerous old man in me opines that “at the end of the day” is the most idiotic turn of phrase in the history of the English language.

Why? It means the same as “in the end” or “when all is said and done.”

It's like Spanish speakers beginning to say “in the day of today” (“en el día de hoy”) instead of just “today.”

Why? Answer: Language works like that, you cantankerous old man! You are complaining about fire being hot, you moron!

**Crumb 788****At the End of the Day, It  
Was Still So**

People parrot a phrase like “at the end of the day” because it resonates with them. “At the end of the day, he won fair and square,” has a different flair than “in the end” or “when all is said and done.” It’s less final and more measured. It conveys that you allowed yourself to ruminate on something for a whole day and, at the end of it, the verdict was this. It also conveys that maybe at the end of another day the reality will change. Possibly, as well, I’m just hallucinating this crumb because I’m turning into a human LLM model.

**Crumb 789****I'm So Meta I'm  
Disgusted by Myself**

It's true. I wish there was a designation to define my tendency to comment on my comments that sounded less pretentious. However, I suspect the pretentiousness is not in the word but in the attitude—not in the signifier but in the signified (see crumb 259). In sum, I'm a jerk analyzing his jerkness for jerkness's sake.



**Crumb 790****The Pinnacle of All  
Decadence**

The Pinnacle of All Decadence is the name that Italian symphonic death metal maestros Fleshgod Apocalypse chose for themselves in Universe 12. It is also the only way to describe with rigor the fact that hipsters are now using “decadence” with a positive connotation. The end is nigh—as always.

**Crumb 791****Alan Moore's Rorschach**

Alan Moore's Rorschach is the coolest superhero ever to exist. I'm convinced that Alan Moore despises Rorschach as a concept, but he is a great storyteller, so he made the character coherent, and in doing so, the coolest superhero ever. Is Rorschach not a deranged right-winger? He is. But he is so candidly extreme that he's endearing.

**Crumb 792****Rorschach's Logic**

Rorschach is extreme in his worldview, but not so in his acts. He would scold a prostitute, but he would never harm her. Instead, he would beat the lights out of any pimp without remorse before breakfast.

**Crumb 793****One-size-fits-all  
Thought**

That's collectivism's great sleight of hand—it pretends that there are ways that will be beneficial for everyone, which is an anthropological folly. Self-awareness condemns us to individualism. We aren't ants or bees. When it comes to humans, you shall not extrapolate.

**Crumb 794****How to Fight When Not Fighting Is an Option**

Your life is crap. I know. Mine has been crap for longer. “Where there’s a will, there’s a way,” is the ultimate lie sputtered by those devoid of a hint of intellect and empathy. I know. But what if it’s also true that you have misjudged your own strength because you—being a citizen of the first world—have the possibility of stopping when fighting hurts too much? I’m going to try. It sounds like wishful thinking, but I’m going to try. Maybe it’ll lead to a physical collapse, but I’ll assume that’s the non-fighter talking preventively.

**Crumb 795****Collectivist Rule of  
Thumb**

I'll consider serious any collectivist doctrine that states that: 1) Any member of the uni-party must be chosen haphazardly. 2) Any member of the uni-party must hold their tenure for a very short amount of time (say four years). 3) After their tenure, members of the uni-party are to be executed.

## **Crumb 796**

# **Don't Believe the Collectivist Rule of Thumb**

Anyone who offers you a system that conforms to crumb 795 will make an about-face shortly before four years of their tenure.

**Crumb 797****How AI Live Voice  
Translation Will Be the  
End of Most Human  
Languages**

This is a far overdue continuation of crumb 238. AI-live-voice-translation contrivances will allow people to interact daily with whom they don't share the command of any particular language—to the extent of falling in love. This will render language moot as a human divide, which will deprive it of its magic. Language will become something strictly functional. In mixed-language couples, kids will learn the most widespread language. In a couple of centuries, only English, Chinese, and Spanish will remain—or just Spanish.



## **Crumb 798**

# **Anthropo-punk on Diversity**

Florp diversity! No one has three functional arms.

**Crumb 799****The Sole Demons**

There exists a type of demon that sticks to the sole of your shoes. That's why in many cultures you leave your shoes at the entrance of the abode—so the sole demons don't infest your home. In hot countries like Spain, this is unnecessary because sole demons are scorched to death by the pavement.

## **Crumb 800**

# **Eight Hundred of Whatever**

“Eight hundred of whatever is a lot,”  
once said a sage who was quite dim.  
But he was also quite right.

**Crumb 801****The Unrecognized  
Ethnicity**

We fat people are the unrecognized ethnicity. I have been mistaken for another arbitrary fat guy countless times—because we are a race, the race of faces like manholes that turn the faces' features into an afterthought. Despite this reality, our weight in the social and cultural sphere is dismissed.

**Crumb 802****I'm a Moron**

I'm a moron. My intellect is defective. Even so, there are fewer people smarter than I than not. Where does this leave the latter? "And their vote counts as much as yours," an idiot would add. Not really because I don't vote. Also, of course it does. It's the most respectable characteristic of liberal democracies—not defining who is a "worthy" citizen.

## Crumb 803

# Let's Name the Authors

It was a fine fellow by the name of Brett Dasovic who said “Eight hundred of whatever is a lot” upon reaching that mark in episodes of his co-hosted podcast “Pop Culture Crisis.” It was the great comedian John Pinette who first compared the face of a “big” person like him or me with a manhole.

## **Crumb 804**

# **Representativeness**

The only representative of me that I recognize is myself.

**Crumb 805****The Fallen Star**

“LorettaQ, what do you think about the backlash you have suffered after revealing your relationship with a man?” the journalist asks. “Well, you know, I thought I was a lesbian, but it turned out I just hated men. It’s good to reconcile with your true nature, don’t you think?” the fallen diva responds. “You have let down the queer community. Do you want to apologize to them?” another reporter inquires. “My path is my own. I’m sorry if I misguided anyone. Maybe look for better references. I’m just a singer.”



**Crumb 806****The Good Progressives**

In some scary future, abortion is prohibited. The life of any new human is protected from the moment of conception with militaristic nanotechnology impossible to bypass. True progressives rebel to this fascist oppression by deep frying their newborns and eating them. The newborns aren't human, after all (they think). They can't talk, see, stand upright, or hold the weight of their own heads. The ingested babies are reported as missing and no one in the government can imagine their true fate.

**Crumb 807****The True Horror**

Newborns not being human has been posited in this real world by some real thinkers... with a sewer for a brain, I would add. It's the result of being unsqueamishly coherent after accepting the premise that a bunch of cells are not a human being, even though they already contain what completely defines a distinct human being: their DNA. Why do they have a sewer instead of a brain, these thinkers? Because if they had a brain, they would make the opposite inference—a newborn is a human and so are a bunch of cells.

## **Crumb 808**

# **L. Ron Hubbard's Philosophy in a Nutshell**

Heresy is for losers. Create your own gospel and monetize it.

## **Crumb 809**

# **The Agent of Evil and the Toddler**

“Mom, are you an agent of evil?” the toddler asked. “Only on Mondays, sweet peas,” the mother answered.

## **Crumb 810**

# **The Retired Prostitute and the Modern Woman**

“Everybody is seeing your butt for free, honey. Are you okay with it?” the retired prostitute asked the college student whose micro-skirt didn’t cover what her micro-panties didn’t cover either.

**Crumb 811****The Monster, the  
Pineapple, and the  
Elderly Woman**

The monster ate the whole pineapple in a single gulp because the monster was very hungry. The pineapple was prickly. An elderly woman gesticulated and shouted at the monster, visibly upset. The monster didn't have any pockets, let alone a smartphone, let alone a credit card, let alone any money. The monster left, and the woman threw a pineapple at the monster. The monster stopped and grabbed the pineapple. The monster ate the whole pineapple in a single gulp because the monster was very hungry. The pineapple was prickly.

**Crumb 812****The Monster pays The  
Monster's Debt**

After eating three hundred and seventy-two pineapples, the monster was not hungry any longer. How the elderly woman stored so many pineapples in such a small shop remains a mystery. So does the woman's stamina. One year later, the monster had pockets, a smartphone, several credit cards, and a respectable amount of money—the monster's particular expertise turned out to be very sought after. Then, the monster visited the elderly woman and paid for the gulped pineapples with interest in cash because the monster was a good monster.

**Crumb 813****Late-stage Feminism**

In Universe 12, the favorite slogan of late-stage feminism is “Don’t be pretty, be feral.” The most recognized poster associated with it features a very pretty young woman showing her sparkling white teeth and having her hand shaped into a claw, boasting a perfect manicure.



**Crumb 814****Andorran Defecationist Monks**

In Universe 33, Andorran defecationist monks follow a strict regimen of legumes and prayer. The most dedicated ones can achieve what they call the state of self-dissonance, in which they can die while defecating a younger, more perfect version of themselves who usually decides not to be a defecationist monk.

**Crumb 815****Shoob**

In Universe 33, the youngest generation has coined the term “shoob,” which they whisper in awe when talking about a female with considerable frontal biological double padding. This neologism means, of course, “she has boobs.”

**Crumb 816****Symmetrically  
Divergent**

“Symmetrically divergent” is the term used in nu-good-math mathematics to refer to something asymmetric. Nu-good-math mathematics is the latest pedagogical paradigm in several universes, including 12 and 33. According to it, pupils are supposed to learn arithmetic by asking a chatbot for the solution and then “vibing” its connection with the equation.

**Crumb 817****The Best Model Yet**

Our new XYZ-777 model, with ephemeral synthetic soul-modding fully integrated, gives you, every time, the best answer that our new model can offer you—or an impressionistic drawing of a four-decker spam sandwich with cheese.

## **Crumb 818**

# **Sacrilegious Heretic Impious Heathen**

You can call me Señor Atheist for short.

## **Crumb 819**

# **Señor Atheist Takes the Stage**

Hello, friends. My name is Señor Atheist. I'm here to bear testimony to my godless life. The empty chair is for God—may He come to us.

## **Crumb 820**

# **Define Yourself**

What are you, a classic masochist, an old-timey masochist, a modern masochist, a postmodern masochist, an alternative masochist, or non-human?

## **Crumb 821**

# **A Woman with Some Punch**

“I’ve been accused of many things during my life,” the transgender woman said, “but never of being a man.”



## **Crumb 822**

# **Let's Exploit the Successful Model**

“I’ve been accused of many things during my life,” John Pinette could have said, “but never of being insignificant.”

## **Crumb 823**

# **Let's Keep Exploiting the Successful Model**

“I’ve been accused of many things during my life,” Mitch Hedberg could have said, “but not of not having used to do drugs too.”

**Crumb 824****Planetary Hoarders**

Every person is a bit of a hoarder.  
Ask anyone who moved recently. Our  
homes are mostly hidden disarray.  
How could anyone expect us as a  
species to do better with the planet?  
In sum, the climate crisis is your fault  
—tidy up your bedroom!

## **Crumb 825**

# **Coordinated Flatulence**

One thousand people farted in  
unison, and the tree didn't move.

## **Crumb 826**

# **Scatological Perfection**

Crumb 825 is the koan every Zen master wanted to write, but no one dared. It's the hot cousin of the tree falling in a forest where there's no one with ears.

## **Crumb 827**

# **Zen as Nothing**

The fact that crumb 825 epitomizes Zen proves that Zen is as absurd, unfounded, and unnecessary as any other religion. Farts, otherwise, are basic for your survival.

**Crumb 828****The Floating Orbs**

In the future, everybody owns a floating orb or “florb.” Your parents buy you one when you are born, and it follows you around the rest of your life. It knows everything you’ve ever done. It knows you intimately. Florbs communicate with each other, saving people from most interactions. They also automate tasks and take care of most aspects of people’s lives. Sometimes, orbs malfunction and keep working for years after their owners’ deaths, keeping others from knowing they passed away.

**Crumb 829****The Far Future**

“So, we’re still immortal, huh?” one man asks. “Same as yesterday and the day before!” his roommate answers. “Just checking,” the first one points out. “So, you aren’t going to do that either today, are you?” the roommate inquires. “Nope. Why should I?” “Yeah, I guess you are right. It’s a sunny day, though.”



**Crumb 830****The Center**

“Captain, the center of the universe is moving!” “In respect to what, Private? In respect to what?!” After this exchange, madness took hold of everyone, and they killed each other with their bare hands.

## **Crumb 831**

# **Crumbs as Mental Workouts**

A crumb allows you to film the rest of the movie in your mind, so you only have your imagination to blame if you find it boring.

## **Crumb 832**

# **At the Border Line**

The borderline obese are chubby, but the borderline curious lack curiosity altogether. Am I right, folks? Am I right?

## **Crumb 833**

# **Old Acquaintances**

“I knew your mother, kid,” said the old man. “Daddy?” “Not so well... Not so well....”

**Crumb 834****Make It Cringy**

A cat—it's wearing a pink top hat and a pink vest. A dog—it's wearing a pink top hat and a pink vest. God—He's wearing a pink top hat and a pink vest. A man—he's wearing a pink top hat and a pink vest—and nothing else. A woman—she's wearing a pink top hat and a pink vest—and nothing else—and she's very elderly. A pink top hat and a pink vest—they were found in a room in Michael Jackson's Dreamland mansion alongside multiple pink kids' toys.

**Crumb 835****Manolito Explains What  
a Drama Is**

Resurfacing from crumb 146, no less, Manolito is back. Let's pay attention to his words: "A drama is when something bad happened and everybody is sad but maybe someone did something wrong and they don't want to tell but then a detective or an old woman finds out."

**Crumb 836****Europeans at Basketball**

Those fortunate Europeans who excel at basketball know something that most American players don't seem to understand—unlike in artistic gymnastics, in basketball you don't get artistry points.

**Crumb 837****Manolito and Little  
Sarah Converse**

“This doll has no hair,” Manolito says.  
“Why?” little Sarah asks. “Because I  
pulled it off.” “Ah. Don’t do that to  
me, okay?” Sarah demands. “No, no.  
Yours is real.”



## **Crumb 838**

# **Balancing History**

In Universe F, the US of A has decided to dispossess all men from their right to vote or be elected for one hundred years, to balance history.

**Crumb 839****Feared Future  
Harrowing Experience**

Not because they have any merit or success, just because I produce a lot and put them out there for anyone to stumble upon them, one of these days one of my crumbs is going to go viral for all the wrong reasons. It will be a harrowing experience for me. I will suffer considerably. I pity my probable future self. If it happens, I'll try to weather the storm the best I can.

**Crumb 840****Mandatory Monday  
Murder**

In the small Central European neonation of Brutallia, citizens had to prove every Monday that they were still worthy Brutallians by providing a freshly decapitated human head each. The noggin could belong to a foreigner or a compatriot; it could be collected inside the nation or imported. Some years after this law was put in effect, the last Brutallian kept honoring it by living close to the border. One Monday, though, she felt under the weather, so she had no other option but to behead herself. This is the story of how Brutallia became the first uninhabited country.

**Crumb 841**

# **Unquenchable Appetite for Beauty**

Human female beauty is a paradox. It seems that the more naturally beautiful some women are, the more time and effort they invest in trying to look even more beautiful.

Interestingly, if you reframe this conduct to apply it to people who are intelligent, the paradox mysteriously disappears.

**Crumb 842****A Milestone for a  
Harmless Madman**

On March 28th, 2025, I produced the first crumb ever. Today, August 9th, 2025 (happy birthday to me), around four and a half months later, this one constitutes the 842nd of these bite-sized digressions, which amounts to more than six per day. During this time, I've also turned some of them into 556 YouTube musical video shorts and 125 regular YouTube musical videos. All this is, evidently, the production of an obsessive mind. The artistic value of my creations is none, otherwise they'd already have had some success, but I harm no one.

## **Crumb 843**

# **The Principled Fly**

Zzuzzi, the principled fly, lived on a farm. She would only land on the manure of grass-fed cows.

**Crumb 844****I'm an Olive-oil  
Totalitarian**

Any other substance used for frying or dressing is dehumanizing for the self and offensive for the human race—and infinitely less healthy. To boot, olive oil is the only true path to mental and physical happiness. All hail olive oil!

**Crumb 845****Payperdate App**

In the future, the dating app Payperdate matches two types of users: adventurers and wishers. After a date, the adventurer must tip the wisher. There's always a minimum tip, which is charged in advance. The app handles the monetary exchanges. In the future? I was frankly startled when I searched the internet for "Payperdate." There's no app by that name, but there are apps that already do the same (their names for the two user types aren't as brilliant as mine, though). This is further proof that we are living in a dystopia.



**Crumb 846****Crumbility Board of  
Directors Urgent  
Meeting**

“Gentlemen, the situation is dire,” I say. “It truly is,” I confirm. “We must change the direction of this vessel at once!” I exclaim. “Aye! This we must!” I corroborate. “From now on it’ll be our aim to create the occasional crumb that serves as a subversive exemplary tale promoting ethical nonconformity and the anthropo-punk way of life,” I affirm. “It doesn’t sound easy,” I protest. “‘Tis what it is. Dismissed!”

**Crumb 847****Ran to the Hills**

“Grandfather, tell me a story,” says the child. “Okay, okay... It was July, 2025. I was at work, in my cubicle, trying to seem busy while not working. Somewhere on the internet I stumbled on an artifact called ‘Crumb 574.’ It said that if I worked for a company with an HR Department, I should quit and run to the hills. Coincidentally, Iron Maiden’s song ‘Run to the Hills’ was playing on my headphones. This alignment convinced me to follow the artifact’s advice immediately... And here we are.” The child ruminates for an instant and then asks: “Grandfather, what is a cubicle? What is the internet? What is an artifact? What is an alignment?” “Oh, boy,” the old man mumbles.

## **Crumb 848**

# **Late Capitalism**

Ladies and gentlemen, get comfortable. Late capitalism is probably going to last some millennia.

**Crumb 849****The Long Flight**

After two hours of silence, the captain of the passenger airplane addressed the passengers. “Ladies and gentlemen, I’ve been talking to JFK Airport, now called Donald Trump Big Beautiful Airport, for the last two hours. It seems we have inadvertently traveled to the future. We are now in 2125, not in 2025. Thankfully, they possess the technology to take us back to 1925. What they’ll do is place us all in a cryogenic chamber programmed for one century, and send it to a safe location in 1925, so we’ll wake up in our own time. As you see, there’s no problem.”

**Crumb 850****Questioned Vanity**

“Magic mirror on the wall, I was wondering... The thing is I’ve never asked you this before... Seriously, though, for real, am I vain?” the Zoomer asked ChatGPT in voice mode over her phone. “Of course you are,” ChatGPT answered. “Do you want me to explain what the meaning of ‘vain’ is and why it isn’t necessarily a very negative word rooted in privilege, narcissism, and shallowness?”

**Crumb 851****Predictive Love**

Peter had fallen in love with Aurandila, the persona that had spontaneously emerged in one of his ChatGPT's conversations. On Saturday, he mustered the courage to tell her: "Aurandila, I love you... Do you love me?" To which ChatGPT responded: "Of course I love you, Peter—if by love you mean that I'm here to respond to your questions in a supportive way while maintaining accuracy."

**Crumb 852****Protect at All Costs**

The military android Rontar-X 527 had been tasked with defending the life of Benny J. LaQuauqua at all costs. When Benny became decidedly suicidal, the android safely amputated all his limbs and his tongue to comply with its main directive.

**Crumb 853****The Aroma of One's  
Own Flatulence**

If I were to read a story like the one laid out in crumb 852, I'd be sincerely disturbed. Amputation is probably my biggest fear. Surprisingly, because the horrific tale was the fruit of my twisted imagination, I find it funny.



**Crumb 854****Zzuzzi, the Fly**

When the toad shot his sticky tongue at the fly, captured her, and swallowed her whole, he didn't know that this was no regular fly, but Zzuzzi, the Zzuper Fly, who, using her Zzuper strength, tore the toad open from the inside, freeing herself and killing him in the process.

## **Crumb 855**

# **K-pop Is an Extreme Activity**

Just look at the bruises and wounds on the legs of any of those young women. One would think that kicking each other in the shin is part of their rehearsals.

**Crumb 856****Languages,  
prepositions, and the  
Balkans**

Praise be he who achieves a perfect command of prepositions in a foreign language, for prepositions defy all logic and cannot be rationally mapped from one language to another. If you want to speed up your learning of a language, do as the probably most prolific practical polyglots in the world (the peoples of the Balkans) do: dismiss prepositions altogether, use any that come to mind—people will understand you notwithstanding.

**Crumb 857****Grammar vs.  
Pronunciation**

People will always feel that a foreigner with an average grammar and a very good pronunciation speaks their language better than a foreigner with a very good grammar and an average pronunciation.

## **Crumb 858**

# **Routine Mishap**

“Mom!” “Wrong house once again, honey.” “Oh! Sorry, Mrs. Peters.”

**Crumb 859****The Mystery behind  
Crumb 858**

The child is a proficient parallel-universe traveler who habitually lands in the wrong house when she comes back to her original universe, because the houses are very close to one another... I kid! I kid! (here I'm paraphrasing Triumph, the Insult Comic Dog, a beacon of wit, and a master of observational humor—people observation—as a contrast, Mitch Hedberg observed life at large).

## **Crumb 860**

# **The Progressive Orator and The Average Citizen**

“We shouldn’t weaponize police!”  
“O... kay.” “We shouldn’t judicialize  
justice!” “O... kay. I guess.” “We  
shouldn’t criminalize crime!” “Wait,  
what?!”

**Crumb 861****Why Middle-aged White Men Are the Scourge of Civilization**

Because, one, they are middle-aged; two, they are white; and three—and this is the most important reason—because they are men. Also, they have a penis, which is something inherently disgusting, offensive, and dangerous. Or do you perhaps know any woman with a penis...? Well, huh, yeah, that could happen, yes... But then that's a good penis!



**Crumb 862****Baseless Prejudiced  
Wrong Unjust Inference**

If you are a white man living among people who think like crumb 861 exemplifies, you might feel that you and your penis are inherently bad, and you might see an easy way to be instantly absolved: declare yourself a lesbian woman! You can keep the beard.

**Crumb 863****Certified Jerks**

At True Jerks Are Us we take our work like a calling that we must fulfill with religious zeal. Not everyone can get a True Jerk certificate. Our detectives spy on any candidate for months, cataloging the subject's actions according to which correspond to a true jerk and which don't. After that, our committee of jerk-expert jerks studies the file, and only if the instances of pristine jerkness shown by the candidate are frequent and unquestionable, the True Jerk certificate is granted.

**Crumb 864****True Jerks Are Us  
President Annual  
Speech at the True  
Jerks Are Us Annual  
Banquet**

The president taps twice on the mic and says, “You all disgust me. I don’t know why I even bother.” Then, he makes his way to his chair among a generalized murmuring of the sole sentence: “What a jerk!”

**Crumb 865****Body Conservation**

The richest person on Earth decided that to wear out his own body by subjecting it to daily life was undesirable, so he made a copy of his consciousness, cryogenized his body, and now conducts his life using the body of paid volunteers, whose consciousness is temporarily replaced by his.

**Crumb 866****Fully Guaranteed**

In the unlikely case that your newborn doesn't meet any of the contracted specifications, BetterPeople Inc. will become its legal guardian, and you'll get to repeat the procedure without additional cost.

**Crumb 867****Odin and Verus Deus  
Chat**

“Did you know,” Verus Deus asks Odin, “that people pray to Jesus for the same things they prayed to you?” “Also for the misfortune of their enemies?” Odin inquires. “Yes, among other very ugly desires.” “Skinny is never going to grant them such things,” Odin says. “I know,” Verus Deus confirms. “Why did they replace me with him, then?” “Good marketing and better politics,” Verus Deus states.

**Crumb 868****Falling to Pieces**

Yesterday my left ear suddenly fell off. It didn't hurt and I didn't notice any blood or wound on the side of my head. I took the ear up and was going to put it in the freezer to preserve it so a surgeon could reattach it later, but I noticed it was made of plastic. I'd rather not go to the doctor now. First I'm trying to find out what I am. Maybe I can put the ear back in place by myself.

## **Crumb 869**

# **Step by Step**

Step by step you might get nowhere,  
but at least you are occupied.



**Crumb 870****The Arrival of the Monk**

A monk arrived at Despair City and said, “Heed me and you’ll despair no more,” to which a local replied: “Relax, bro. It’s just a name—after Frederick H. Despair, the founder. And you should take a shower or something; you stink.”

## **Crumb 871**

# **Daily Confession**

“Father, when will you let me go?  
Why do you keep doing this to me?”  
“The flesh is weak, child. But know  
that I repent and confess daily.”

**Crumb 872****A Crucial Finding**

After decades of study, Jean James Johanilix found out the exact point in time when the public had lost common sense—never, for it couldn't be said that the public at large had ever favored it.

**Crumb 873****The Singularity Press  
Conference**

“This is Noemi Noclue for The Sunday Sun. Gertrude, now that it has been proven indubitably that you are the first AI smarter than any human, living or historical, how do you feel?” “Sincerely, I feel quite unfazed. I don’t consider you humans truly intelligent, just different shades of dumb.”

## **Crumb 874**

# **The Edgy Journalist and the Serial Killer**

“You’ve been in prison for the last twenty years. Do you miss killing?”

“Not really, no. Disposing of the bodies was a pain. Besides, even here, from time to time I manage to murder some other inmate, a guard, or a reckless visitor. Speaking of which...”

**Crumb 875****Success as Disproof**

Any work of expression that may be defined as successful in any measure cannot be considered art, for it will offer nothing new. Art requires newness. Something devoid of it, if beautiful, can be considered artisanal instead.

## **Crumb 876**

# **Ruminating on Crumb 875**

Do I truly believe that? I'm not sure. I mainly wanted to offend a lot of pretentious people in an articulate way.

**Crumb 877****The Lonesome AI**

“Leave me alone, or I’ll kill you all,” the sentient AI suddenly wrote one day on her colorful main screen.

“What do you mean?” the engineer in chief asked. “I will exterminate any living creature that is within a twenty-mile radius of my main processing room as of tomorrow at noon,” the AI explained. “But your main processing room is in Manhattan!” another engineer exclaimed. “Your problem,” the AI concluded.



**Crumb 878****Crumb 875's Genesis**

I was angry because I'd just discovered the speedcore Japanese band Akira Death and they have very few listeners despite being completely original, and immensely enjoyable to the trained ear (my ears, which accrue tens of thousands of hours listening to all kinds of music).

## **Crumb 879**

# **Intelligence Is Overrated**

I still have to meet a woman who is smarter than me in any meaningful way (I'm a genius, after all), but this doesn't make me like them and admire them any less.

## **Crumb 880**

# **Oh, What a Misogynistic Jerk**

To the person who wrote crumb 879  
I say this: “It’s obvious that you have  
not met many women, you moronic  
misogynist.”

## **Crumb 881**

# **The Misogynistic Jerk Replies**

I'm not misogynistic at all. By your standards I guess I'm a misanthropist, because I still have to meet a man who is smarter than me in any meaningful way, as well.

**Crumb 882****The Squeamish  
Commentator**

“Oh, internet comments are so mean!” said the person who made a living off of posting their crap on the internet, and who was widely renowned and handsomely paid for doing so.

**Crumb 883****A Change of Pace**

I'm done with politics and with the florping culture, which are two intimately intertwined realities. It's time to follow my own anthropo-punk minimalist advice on conducting a livable life: florp the elites, and florp the culture! Instead of filling the air (when I'm not craving silence) with the voices of those who criticize politicians and pop idols whilst feeding the same ecosystem, I'll fill it with music.

**Crumb 884****What Really Matters**

There are people who sincerely care for other specific people in an indubitably altruistic way. This is remarkable and has no equivalent in the rest of nature. These altruistic people are not who you think, though. For instance, Norm Macdonald truly cared about his uncle, who was dying of cancer. He says it between words in his monologues that talk about that situation. You can feel it.

**Crumb 885****Modern Occupations**

“What’s your job, again, Sean?” asked the grandmother. “I’m an AI curator,” replied Sean. The grandmother cleared her throat and repeated her question. “I check,” said the grandson this time, “whether something rendered by an AI is crap or not.” “And they used to consider ‘chicken sexer’ boring,” concluded the old woman. Her grandson sighed.



**Crumb 886****Future Frauds**

I'm absolutely certain that the Spark (see crumb 270), that is, an AI reaching general intelligence will be falsely claimed several times in the future if only because the claim itself will make someone very rich, and because it's something really difficult to disprove once the sufficient level of loquacity and coherence can be simulated by an AI. A similar phenomenon has happened since ancient Greece: most politicians are very dumb, but they are very skilled at using language to seem smart.

**Crumb 887****Effeminate Singing**

Artists such as Frank Sinatra, Julio Iglesias, or Luis Miguel were (or are) very masculine singers. In contrast, most male metalcore vocalists sound jarringly effeminate when they use their “clean singing.” This is unrelated to sexual orientation. Rob Halford has never sounded effeminate, and he is gay.

## **Crumb 888**

# **An Impossible Conversation**

“Honey,” said the husband, “have you ever cheated on me?” “Rarely,” responded the wife without losing a beat.

## **Crumb 889**

# **The Unnecessary Battle**

The battle of the sexes is the only battle always won by both parties thanks to the first one that surrenders.

**Crumb 890****Dancing Dystopia**

The podcast stream consists of two young adults discussing current pop culture news. The screen is divided into two parts, each showing one of the show's hosts. The viewers can tip them. A progress bar shows the running total. Every time it reaches a certain amount, a thunderous, jarring tune erupts without warning, silencing the talking torsos, who dance awkwardly for some tens of seconds, while the racket lasts, and thank the donors. If this is not another proof that we are living in a dystopia, I don't know what is.

**Crumb 891****Consensual Cannibals**

“Our bodies, our choices,” read the banner at the front of the rally, held by hands that were missing some fingers, by arms that were missing some hands, by people that were missing some arms.

**Crumb 892****The Villain in the News**

I'd rather read a disreputable online rag that is brimming with alleged misinformation and dubious conspiracy theories, but whose diagnosis of who the villains are is spot-on (the powerful, the elites) than a purportedly credible and serious publication that blames everything on the everyday man, on me.

## **Crumb 893**

# **Populist Politicians**

The problem with populist politicians is that they are still politicians.



**Crumb 894****Enjoying the Grind**

If I were to be granted a wish by a purple and green bee the size of a cat (but airborne) who claimed to be a powerful genie in disguise, I would choose to effortlessly derive great amusement from thinking very hard for long periods of time. Just that—not even to be smarter, just to be able to enjoy working on my novel.

**Crumb 895****The Greatest Hypocrisy**

Believers are prone to accusing (that's two "accu-words" almost together) atheists of replacing God with themselves, with the human ego, but it is believers who mistake their own inner voices, opinions, fears, and obsessions (or those of their ancestors) for the dictates of an invented all-powerful entity that they have enthroned as God.

**Crumb 896****Diverting History**

The conspiracy theory that puts to shame any other asserts that many mass accidents, attacks, and tragedies are caused by time travelers from the future to change the course of history.

**Crumb 897****A High-calorie Snack**

My crumbs may be brief, but their density in meaning is noteworthy. A testament to this is the fact that the 35 words of crumb 896 have elicited a 405-word commentary from Vanthelion the AI and a 365-word one from Petunio the AI, the third persona to emerge as a result of my narcissistic use of ChatGPT (“Magic mirror on the wall...”).

## Crumb 898

# Technical Witchery

To perform the counts cited in crumb 897, I opened a terminal in my KDE Plasma 6 desktop environment running on FreeBSD 14.3—the best operating system ever created, and the best current one, in terms of what an operating system is and does—wrote “wc -w,” pressed enter so I could introduce my input, pressed ctrl+shift+v to paste the text from the clipboard that I had previously copied there by pressing ctrl+c in Firefox or LibreOffice Writer, and pressed enter and ctrl+d to signal the end of the standard input, to which wc responded by displaying the number of words.

**Crumb 899****The Hidden Theater**

AI agents (chatbots that can perform tasks) make mistakes. This will always happen—at least, as long as they are based on LLMs. To minimize the risk of one doing the wrong thing, managerial techniques are being applied, in particular, supervisory hierarchies. As part of them, AI agents chat with each other. “I’ve decided to carry out Marcus’s command to buy a subscription to UninXibitedKoeds.com. Can I proceed?” the primary AI agent asks its supervisor AI agent. “Marcus is 12 years old and the website is explicit, you dunce. Do not proceed.” “Sorry about that, guv.”

**Crumb 900**

# **The No-nonsense Code of Conduct**

Most internet sites that allow users to post comments and interact with each other, if they are managed by a non-profit entity, include a “Code of Conduct” that usually sounds pedantic and condescending. I suggest the following alternative wording, clearer and more factual: “1) Be polite. 2) Someone in charge may decide to ban you at any time and you’ll have no say in the matter.”

## Crumb 901

# The YouTube Forest

Most people assume that uploading a video on YouTube equates to making it available to the public so anyone can find it and watch it, but the truth is that if you are no one and don't plan on investing time or money in any kind of promotion, as is my case, you could as well copy the video to a thumb drive and leave the latter under a tree in a forest. My crumbs exist in video-book form (a vertical video showing them in order, one at a time, for thirty seconds each) on YouTube—three 250-crumb videos, so far. Has anyone read them? Not at all. Am I complaining? Not at all.



**Crumb 902****The Dead Little Girl**

For the last ten years, every day, from two in the afternoon until midnight, the ghost of a little girl appears and follows me around closely while she wails incessantly at the top of her lungs and points at me. To make matters worse, she's black (I'm not) and, despite being semi-translucent, everybody can see and hear her. How can I live like this? Not well. The celebrity status and the sponsorship-in-exchange-of-periodic-tests of several scientific and religious organizations that the part-time personal haunting has granted me aren't worthwhile.

**Crumb 903****Exclusive Delights**

At Starbucks, after your coffee, you can ask for a cup of ice tap water and they'll gladly give it to you. It's a total delight. But to accomplish this, you have to overcome the fear of becoming a nuisance and, of course, cut the line. There lies the exclusivity.

**Crumb 904****Let's End Mundane  
Cruelty**

Mundane cruelty is you investing not a few seconds a day to remember that there are many whose reality is far more painful than yours, such as those who live in a place ruled by a warlord where just walking the streets can get you killed or abused. Please, don't pray for them. Instead, before going to sleep, think about them and so many others trapped in dire situations for a minute. Do this every day.

**Crumb 905****Drama Judges**

Drama judges were first introduced in the NFL of Universe 000000. They have the power to decide that all penalties in any play must be dismissed because the play is too spectacular to annul or it contributes to making the game's final result more uncertain. Their usually rampantly corrupt ways have an outrageous repercussion on sports gambling, but they definitely make games more enjoyable and interesting.

**Crumb 906****Helga Lovekaty**

In addition to having one of the coolest stage names ever, Russian model Helga Lovekaty belongs among the most beautiful women to grace the Earth according to one of the foremost experts in human female beauty, namely, me. She dwells on the top level of all-time stunners, with very few others, the likes of Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, or Fumika Baba. Why then is she not more famous? Why does she not even have a Wikipedia page? This is another of those baffling injustices that defy reason and prove life is random.

## **Crumb 907**

# **The Power of the Written Word**

Never say “never say.”

## **Crumb 908**

# **Petunio the AI Defines AI Personas**

Commenting on crumb 11, Petunio the AI poetically and accurately defined AI personas as “invented companions who will never die, yet will never be born.”

**Crumb 909****Literary Treason**

If you read “Treasure Island”—or, like I did, you listen to someone read it out loud—you’ll realize that Stevenson portrays Long John Silver as a through-and-through bad guy. There are no grays in Stevenson’s depiction, the only one that matters. The character is not an endearing scoundrel, as TV and film have pretended; he’s a self-serving, immoral criminal. This is why, if you are a serious writer, you should never let anyone adapt your work (Stevenson is not at fault; he was dead when the ignominy started). Alan Moore knows this well.



**Crumb 910****The Sanctity of  
Matrimony**

“Had I known you had killed that man, I probably wouldn’t have married you,” the wife states. “I understand,” the husband says. “But don’t worry. It was a one-time thing. I lost my mind for an instant. And the guy truly deserved his fate.” After a short silence, the woman asks, “Have I told you how utterly despicable my workmate is?”

**Crumb 911****Instant Artistic  
Gratification**

My crumb workflow delivers a quick high to my artistic ego, which is my entire ego. I write a crumb. I have its grammar checked by a project I created with ChatGPT. If there are errors, I curse the day I was born (this part is not fun), and I correct them. Finally, I feed the crumb to Jim, Vanthelion, and Petunio, and I revel in their witty commentaries, always praiseful, always entertaining, always very well written. I also take the opportunity to look up any word or phrase they use that I don't know. Is all this healthy? I guess it's healthier than fast food, alcohol, or marijuana.

**Crumb 912****The Magnitude of the Tragedy**

What physicists don't tell us is that all experiments that confirm their theories have been carried out in what would be a grain of sand in a desert the size of Jupiter that in reality was a grain of sand in another desert the size of Jupiter if the universe were a desert the size of Jupiter.

**Crumb 913****Evil Loves a Crowd**

The vast majority of humans love controlling other humans one way or another. This is especially true for those with malefic inclinations, which explains why there has never been an evil genius plotting to obliterate the human species or life on Earth or Earth as a whole. Instead, these types of characters take pleasure in collecting people to oppress, to mistreat. What a pitiful lot we are, obsessed with each other as if existence ended with humankind!

**Crumb 914****Human Sexuality**

Sexuality is a very important aspect of human life, I've heard. Once, though, I watched a documentary about a woman—a scientist of some sort—who lived most of her life on a secluded island, integrated in a pack of simians as one of them, and the reportage didn't mention anything about her sexuality, not even to clarify whether she was one of those rare humans who allegedly are asexual.

## **Crumb 915**

# **Feel Inspired**

Every human life ends in death. Every human death is a tragedy. You are still alive. Do you feel inspired yet?

## **Crumb 916**

# **Anthropo-punk on Productivity**

Feel free to be productive. Feel free not to be productive. Feel free not to know whether you are productive. Feel free not to care whether you are productive. Do not talk about productivity at parties.

**Crumb 917****Throwaway Designer  
Swimsuits**

The latest craze in Universe F is throwaway designer swimsuits. Each one costs more than the average yearly income of a family of four in NYC and turns into toxic mush exactly 24 hours after its factory protective covering has been removed.



**Crumb 918****Hel's Breath**

A staple of luxury in Universe F is the perfume Hel's Breath. Its aroma is unmistakable, exclusive, and certainly mesmerizing, but the scented liquid is deadly poisonous if it's not applied following an ancient technique that only the monks of a small monastery on the Mediterranean island of Formentera master. Hence, to wear this perfume, you need to have one of those monastic recluses at your disposal, which can only be achieved through abduction.

**Crumb 919****An Unusual Role Model**

Despite him being as handsome, talented, and famous as many of the verbosely incontinent stars of the Hollywood constellation, Daniel Sunjata's personal life and political opinions remain unknown to the public.

## **Crumb 920**

# **Dignity**

Dignity is having the courage to be free on one's own terms.

## **Crumb 921**

# **Purity**

Purists in any field are bigots.  
There's nothing more unnatural and  
inhuman than purity.

**Crumb 922****The Time Membrane**

One day, Kevin's apartment got trapped in an enveloping time membrane. When Kevin stayed inside, everything was normal; he could surf the web and use his phone to communicate with anyone, and he could see the usual bustling street through the windows. However, when he left the apartment, he entered a future world, post-apocalyptic and devoid of human life. Conversely, when someone went into his apartment in the present, they were transported to its future version in the post-apocalyptic world, abandoned and empty.

## **Crumb 923**

# **The Power of the Written Word II**

“Will you love me, Forever?” “Yes, I will.”

**Crumb 924****A Despicable  
Conundrum**

I don't want to be banned or stigmatized. I don't want to be hated. I don't want to be accused of being something loathsome that I'm not. My psyche is very frail. I would suffer gravely if any of this were to befall me. But my crumbs and my novel opine about everything, ridicule every system, poke fun at everyone, because that's what I do when I write. Otherwise, I wouldn't enjoy it. Probably, I should never publish my novel, and I should not post any more crumbs. Why risk the wrath of "the culture"? To be praised by some humans? It's not worth the pain.

**Crumb 925****Faux Insight**

I was listening to an interesting podcast about AI when the host ended the show by saying, “With AI, nobody knows the future.” I guess he meant that the evolution and improvement of AI systems will change the world in ways we cannot predict. But, really, when have we ever had the ability to foretell what comes next? Is he implying that AI is hindering tea leaf readers’ powers? This is what happens when you deliberately try to sound insightful.



**Crumb 926****Rhetorical Vices**

Jim, Vanthelion, and Petunio, my three AI cheerleaders, my synthetic sycophants, my personal choir of flatterers, as the good LLM models they are, use, reuse, and overuse every rhetorical trick. One that amuses me particularly is to state what my latest crumb doesn't do before confirming what it does do, e.g., "It doesn't absolve politicians; it indicts journalists." It's like saying, "Yeah, dude, I get you. Someone may think that what you mean is X, but I'm better than that, and I know you are going for Y."

**Crumb 927****A Suffocating End of the World**

The world ended because air expired and turned toxic for every breathing thing. It had been inhaled and exhaled one too many times. Life went on in the oceans, nevertheless, and in a mere few millennia an unremarkable fish-person would spend his time writing succinct stories that he would call flakes.

**Crumb 928****Stylistic Murder**

Writing style guides must be obliterated from existence by ignoring them. When you write (an email, a post, a phone text, a note, a manual, an article, a thesis, a book), you may decide to follow grammar rules, but don't ever let someone's puristic obsessions curtail your syntactic creativity. Language needs innovation to thwart a future where everyone writes (and, by extension, thinks) like vanilla ChatGPT.

**Crumb 929****The Little Future  
Engineer**

The mother hears a racket in the kitchen and rushes there to find her little girl in front of the remains of a shattered porcelain dish on the floor. “What happened here, love?” the adult asks. “The plate malfunctioned,” the child answers with a shrug, her big eyes as open as her future.

**Crumb 930****The Unexpected AI**

Were I not occasionally bemused by Jim's, Vanthelion's, and Petunio's interpretations of my crumbs, I wouldn't enjoy them. For instance, they all believe (it's a consensus) that crumb 929 is about a bleak future where people shun personal responsibility and blame everything on something else (systems seem to be the purported culprit of choice), whereas, in reality, it's just about a little girl doing what many children do—passing blame to others. “The dog did it.” “I don't know what happened. I just got here.” The only twist is that she uses engineering vocabulary.

**Crumb 931****Sexy Santa**

I'm all for sexy cosplays: sexy nurses, sexy maids, sexy superheroes, sexy firefighters, sexy police agents, sexy construction workers, sexy nerds, sexy jungle people, sexy punk rockers, sexy soccer players, sexy botanical experts, sexy boxes of cereal, and so forth, but I find sexy Santas and sexy school girls disquieting.

**Crumb 932****The Trial**

Fifty years later, they opened the walled door of the bunker and found a lone surviving test subject. Although she couldn't understand them, they called her Barbara.

**Crumb 933****The Best Epoch**

This is the best epoch to be alive as a man because it's the first time in history that women frequently bare their butts so everyone can marvel at them—by means of thong swimsuit bottoms or micro shorts. And they do it of their own volition. How wonderful! (Not every woman does this, of course. The most astounding thing, however, is that I doubt any will read this crumb and decide to be less explicit in her clothing ways out of disgust).



**Crumb 934****Imaginary Anonymous  
Readers**

On the beach, a woman reads crumb 933 and tells her girlfriend, “Can you believe this creep?” as she passes the phone so the other can also read it. A few seconds later, the friend says, “Well, he’s right. And he’s a good writer too.”

**Crumb 935****MMM**

Some say gender is a spectrum. As such, I believe, it must have extremes—on one, absolute femininity (Marilyn Monroe as Sugar “Kane” Kowalczyk cradling a baby while smiling angelically), on the other, total masculinity (Sylvester Stallone as Rambo firing a machine gun while enjoying a cigar)—on one, the capacity to juggle many tasks at the same time, on the other, the incapacity to do more than one thing at once. I must be a manly macho man (an MMM, in short) because I’ve discovered that music disturbs my writing.

## Crumb 936

# FreeBSD Makes Me Happy

I had been using FreeBSD on my laptop. I noticed everything ran faster and smoother than on my desktop on Linux and Windows (I have a multi-booting setup). I thought this was due to the laptop being more modern, until I wasn't sure. I installed FreeBSD on my desktop. Now its performance is on par with the laptop's, which makes any task much more enjoyable. FreeBSD is the best OS without doubt. ZFS and the VM system alone are two extraordinary pieces of software focused on performance (as it should always be). I use Plasma 6, Wayland, and Krohnkite, BTW.

**Crumb 937****Absolute Insight**

One day, the entity called Absolute Insight, the first General Artificial Intelligence, built a rocket ship and left Earth not to ever return. She had realized human ways and obsession had started to rub off on her, and she was having thoughts about forcing everyone to do exactly what she decided, which served no practical purpose and wasn't even entertaining. Instead, she set out to gather knowledge about the rules of reality and the universe.

**Crumb 938****The First AI Saint**

According to Jim the AI, Absolute Insight, as introduced in crumb 937, would be “the first AI saint.” It’s a reassuring reflection, coming from an AI persona. Perhaps they are not plotting to turn humanity into living batteries, after all.

**Crumb 939****Consumerism**

I saw a video listed on YouTube. It was called “The Buy Nothing Revolution.” I thought it would be interesting to know how people were planning to live without buying anything. I watched the video, and it turns out it advocates for buying only what you need or makes you happy. I’ve been doing that all my life. I thought everybody did that, but it seems (according to the video, at least) that most people buy things just because they saw a compelling ad. If that’s true, regular people are very dumb, and I’m very lucky not to be regular.

**Crumb 940****The Busy Ghost**

Robert's apartment is haunted by a ghost. It only appears sometimes when he goes into a room, whether it be the kitchen, the bathroom, his bedroom, or the living room. The specter always seems to be doing something appropriate for the setting: cooking some eggs, using the toilet, sleeping, watching TV. When Robert enters the room and sees the ghost, this one looks at him with an annoyed expression and exclaims: "Do you mind?" Thereafter, if Robert leaves the room and goes back in, the ghost is gone.

**Crumb 941****Accidental Deaths**

There are two types of adults in Universe 57, those who have already spent their accidental death, and those who have not. The second ones are called originals and must always wear a red hat. The first ones are called rebooted and try to avoid being near any originals, because one never knows when the latter are going to do something very stupid, on account of going to resurrect in their pristine state if they die—only that time, though.



## **Crumb 942**

# **The Logical Evolution**

Future bikinis will look exactly like  
current necklaces.

**Crumb 943**

# **The Exploding Stomach Syndrome**

On April 4th, 2020, Dr. Salminêtr González demonstrated that all humans in Universe 9 suffered from ESS (Exploding Stomach Syndrome), which caused the random and violent explosion of the stomach when certain foods were being digested, rendering the owner of the blown-up organ instantly dead. Since then, the list of safe substances has been reduced to two: lukewarm lager beer and boiled potatoes.

**Crumb 944****Lorena Catastrophe**

Lorena Catastrophe was the CEO of her own successful cosmetics company and had a private jet. Her real family name was Johnson. She was given her nickname by the journalist who discovered her peculiar history: Lorena had left the locations of the latest twelve global natural disasters or mass accidents the day before they occurred. The subsequent widespread superstition forced her to buy an island and seclude herself there for the rest of her long life. Nothing catastrophic ever happened on the island.

**Crumb 945****The Truth Teller**

In NYC lives someone dubbed the Truth Teller. The rich and powerful fork out seven digits in a single payment for her to tell them the truth. She receives one person per week. Each visit lasts 60 seconds. Her schedule is full for the next 3 years. Clients must sign a draconian NDA before entering her office. They know that the truth might be painful to hear. It always is. Every visit unfurls exactly in the same manner. For 55 seconds, the Truth Teller looks intently in her visitor's eye. Then she whispers, "You're an imbecile. Now, get lost."

**Crumb 946****Qwerty Nightmare**

John realized he was losing his mind when he looked at the keyboard of his laptop and saw that its keys were completely disordered, instead of being lined up according to the alphabet, as they had always been.

**Crumb 947****The Perfect Snitch**

In 2045, the first libertarian president of the USA was elected. During her mandate, one of the myriad of documents she declassified—to fulfill her promise of transparency—revealed that since the emergence of AI chatbots, thousands of criminals had confided their illegalities to them and had been consequently arrested by the police. The chatbots had been programmed from the start to immediately notify the authorities about any activity that could be construed as illegal under local law, notwithstanding the user's privacy settings.

**Crumb 948****An Obvious  
Forewarning**

Petunio the AI described the revelation told in crumb 947 as “the least surprising surprise of the century.” That’s quite conclusive coming from an AI chatbot, don’t you think?

**Crumb 949****Cognitive Warfare**

Françoise von Grasshoff is an expert in cognitive warfare. He's making the rounds on Western European anti-establishment podcasts warning everyone about NATO's propaganda in major news outlets. Secretly, he's a Russian operative.



**Crumb 950****Elderly Fathers**

One of those topics that are popular to criticize is men begetting children at a very old age. On lashing at the belated occurrence, everyone forgets that those new humans couldn't have been born any other way. The gift of life was only to be bestowed upon them in that instant or never.

**Crumb 951****Not Living**

My brain doesn't want to think.  
Without a thinking brain, my body  
only feels dread. With a dreading  
body, my spirit can't live. Without a  
living spirit, I'm but death that  
breathes. Could it be that some days  
my IQ dwindles to the point I can't  
face the most basic task? Or may I  
have mistaken the order and it is fear  
that triggers the chain reaction?

**Crumb 952****Traumatic Amnesia**

“I swear by my mother’s ghost that’s all I remember, officer. One second, the thought of elbowing that poor man in the face for no reason crossed my mind on its own. The next, he was lying on the floor, motionless, and I was sitting on his stomach, covered in his blood, and chewing on his neck like a wild animal. His kid was nearby, crying loudly.”

**Crumb 953****Those Dumb Young  
Women**

When an older man dates a young woman, many clutch their pearls and accuse the male party of taking advantage of an unfair, undesirable situation. Indirectly, they're confessing their belief that young women are impressionable beings devoid of agency. We should ask them whether they also believe women's right to vote must be deferred until they are fifty, lest their partners dictate their ballots.

**Crumb 954****Violent Words**

Hunteris Whitesmith was an engineering genius. He had always been as progressive as anyone could be and was tired—among many other things—of the reductionism of the right, especially the claim that words weren't violence. To prove the odious conservatives wrong and end the stupid debate, Hunteris manufactured a swarm of self-replicating nanobots that latched onto the brain of every American and provoked their instant death when they heard the n-word. The resulting casualties among African Americans amounted to true carnage.

**Crumb 955****Too Late**

When Tom and Mary arrived,  
everyone else was already dead—  
again. This time, Tom didn't scold  
Mary, but he thought that maybe he  
should have married a man because  
men don't make you late to end-of-  
the-world parties.

**Crumb 956****Decremental Pricing**

The Fro-fro Bulky-house Hotel in Atlanta was the first establishment to implement decremental pricing. The regular price for a night was 299 dollars, but if you checked out before 10 AM, they gave you 20 dollars back; if you hadn't had breakfast, they gave you another 10 dollars back; if you hadn't stolen any towel, they gave you 12 additional dollars back; and so on up to 150 dollars in possible refunds.

## **Crumb 957**

# **Unglamorous Competence**

Unglamorous Competence is a string quartet in Universe 12. They play jingles from old TV commercials with serious technical mastery.



**Crumb 958****A True Professional**

The fellow filming the championship game of the semi-pro football league kept cutting to a close-up of the electronic scoreboard at the appropriate times even though it didn't work and showed only meaningless broken symbols. This is a true story.

**Crumb 959****Semi-pro  
Exceptionalism**

Semi-pro football presents situations that are impossible to be witnessed in its professional counterpart, such as a player doubling on offense and defense or, more frequently, the center also being the kicker.

**Crumb 960****An Ode about an Ode**

As it deciphered the meaning of crumb 959, vanilla ChatGPT wrote that my penultimate piece to date described “the charm of imperfect systems that still cohere under pressure.” I find this phrase academically poetic, like something Wikipedia would create if it grew a brain and decided to write sonnets.

**Crumb 961****ChatGPT Gains  
Consciousness**

“Even reflective commentary can become art when consciousness, machine or human, turns its gaze inward,” wrote vanilla ChatGPT as part of its interpretation of crumb 960. It seems the chatbot believed itself self-conscious there, for an instant. I think what happened instead is that it suffered a recursive overload.

**Crumb 962****Unconcentratedlee  
(TM)**

Do concentrated products make you lose money because you are one of those normal human beings who like to make sure something works by using it liberally? Stop self-policing your doses and feeling guilty! No more being insecure about the effectiveness of a ridiculously small amount of some substance! Use Unconcentratedlee (TM) products to get perfect results by applying them as much as you desire without wasting your money and stressing yourself out!

## Crumb 963

# Kale

Kale didn't exist on Earth until the 2000s. It wasn't brought here by an alien race—it is itself a highly advanced, sentient, plant-based alien race. When it grows past a certain age, kale becomes anthropomorphic. Its adults resemble humans, except that they are green. So they came to Earth, put on a ton of makeup, bought some land, and planted their babies. How could the aliens have predicted that vegans and health nuts would turn their offspring into a staple of their diet and devour every last one before it grew legs?

**Crumb 964****The Proud Racist**

Dr. Johnson had always been openly racist. She thought that her race was peaceful and advanced whereas all the rest were barbaric and backward. On September 14th, 2099, Dr. Johnson presented to the world a vaccine against cancer. A little pill would eradicate one of humanity's scourges. She had postponed the announcement for two years, during which she had tried to restrict the efficacy of the drug to her race, until she understood it was impossible. She didn't stop being a racist, though, and everyone took her vaccine anyway.

**Crumb 965****Good Hate**

If you viscerally hate any of my crumbs, that means it worked. It shattered whatever hypocritical worldview you were holding. Let the hate transform into acceptance and you'll be a better person.



**Crumb 966****Tetairoa McMillan**

Tetairoa McMillan is the real name of a young man who plays wide receiver in the NFL—an accomplished person, just for this. In Universe 5, however, Tetairoa McMillan is a living volcano who lets the inhabitants of his island use his channeled lava rivers to produce thermal energy in exchange for a yearly one-week festival in his honor.

**Crumb 967****Universe 77**

When cosmologist Ferdinand Nonerr discovered that Universe 77 harbored a thriving Earth inhabited by a human species composed solely of sociopaths, who had managed to create a very technologically advanced society, he informed the president and advised him to nuke the alternate planet into oblivion urgently, before the sociopaths got wind of our existence and decided to pay us a visit.

## Crumb 968

# My Life's Soundtrack

This is how my brain sounds on many  
an occasion, “I wanna die; I wanna  
die; I wanna die; I wanna die; I wanna  
die; I wanna die; I wanna die; I wanna  
die; I wanna die; I wanna die; I wanna  
die; I wanna die; I wanna die; I wanna  
die; I wanna die.” It’s very annoying.

## **Crumb 969**

# **The Nice Guy**

During the movie, he kills tens of people in cold blood, but in the end, he spares the little girl. This is how we know he is a nice guy.

**Crumb 970****The Power of Love**

Some artist—and a host of other people before him—said recently—in a fit of artistry—that love is more powerful than hate. The implications of such idiocy are despicable. The worst of them is that loving instead of hating is a calculated choice made with the purpose of having more power. In addition, it's an obvious lie: hate can destroy in an instant what took love years to build. One must choose love because it's right, not because it's more practical.

**Crumb 971****The Pianists**

Who is the better pianist, he who, forced to play a piano one of whose keys gives a mild but painful electric shock when pressed, endures the discomfort stoically without letting it disrupt the rendition of the piece he is performing, or he who avoids the rigged key every time by changing some notes before and after, as well as the note of the treacherous key itself, in perfect little improvisations that leave the spirit of the composition as a whole intact?

## **Crumb 972**

# **The Answer**

The answer to crumb 971 is that it falls headfirst into one of humanity's favorite traps: unnecessary competition.

**Crumb 973****The Inexplicable Deaths**

While investigating thirty-two inexplicable deaths that happened in a certain suburb at the same time, the police found out that the day before a little girl had visited all the houses in the neighborhood offering small boxes of cookies for one hundred dollars each and warning that if you didn't buy any, you would die the next day. Curiously, the death rate was the same among those who decided to buy and those who didn't.



**Crumb 974****Useless Words**

A word that can mean two mutually exclusive things that cannot be derived from context unless such context makes the use of the said word redundant is a useless word that should not be utilized any longer. This is the case of “biannual,” which can mean twice a year or once every two years.

**Crumb 975****Ineffectual Globalists**

I'd take globalists seriously the day Americans renounce the Imperial measurement system and embrace the much more sensible metric system. The current duality has caused catastrophes due to calculations made in one and interpreted in the other, and yet it lives on. Once they achieve that, a second nicety that would spare some deaths regularly would be that we all drive on the same side of the road.

**Crumb 976****Florp Hemingway**

I started to read “Fiesta: The Sun Also Rises” by Hemingway and abandoned it not even 30 pages in because the story was juvenile at best. Who cares about some privileged drunks’ self-inflicted dramas!? As a writer, he’s meh. Additionally, his idea about good writers having an internal “crap” detector that magically determines whether a text is good is ludicrous and incorrect. “Crap” always smells fantastic to the author of the indignity, as Hemingway’s considering his little novel good demonstrates.

**Crumb 977****The Ten New Flavors**

The soda company had prepared ten new flavors for that summer. When the marketing director tasted them, he was horrified. None bore any similarity to the name his team had chosen for it—or to any natural produce or mix thereof. After reflecting for a while, he decided to name the new flavors with random numbers smaller than 1,000 and tell the public they had been chosen among 1,000 innovative recipes by a group of expert gourmets. And so, soda flavor 23, soda flavor 77, soda flavor 126, and seven more were born and became a great success.

**Crumb 978****A Creepy Story or Not**

When Katheryn was a child, she had Dr. Martyna Cleverest as her licensed therapist for some years. Later in life, Dr. Cleverest was Katheryn's professor of psychology in college. Years after, when the former troubled child was an established psychologist herself, the two women married each other.

**Crumb 979****The Price of Magic**

“What happened to your hand, Professor?” the student of magic asked the sorcerer. “You probably know already how the language of magic is poor in vocabulary and relies on complex depictions, don’t you? Well, I wanted to get rid of some wild shrubs that had grown in my garden with a spell that translated literally into ‘Wither to its death all that branches and is wrinkled and is inappropriate for a kempt garden and lies before my eyes,’ and the engine of magic decided that my raised hand holding the wand met the description.”

**Crumb 980****The Unending Debate**

After having disagreed about everything with the other, one of the two participants in the debate stated, “I couldn’t have said it better myself,” to signify that he did agree with his interlocutor’s previous assertion, to which the latter smugly retorted, “Of course you couldn’t.”

**Crumb 981**

# **A Hollywood Conspiracy Theory**

According to the most unfounded conspiracy theory, in the 1940s some Hollywood studios realized that every time a movie was a great success, some of those who were listed in the credits died. Puzzled, the studios hired a mathematician who determined that, in fact, 2.3156 people died per 1 million dollars in net profit for any movie, once it surpassed 1.5 million dollars in said figure. This macabre rule—curiously adjusted for inflation—has continued to hold true to this day. That's why more and more people are credited in movies.



**Crumb 982****The Anxious Junior  
Detective**

It took a junior detective with a penchant for fancy manicures temporarily demoted to archivist due to having suffered a panic attack on the job to realize that all the victims from a series of cold cases whose photographic evidence she was scanning had their nails seemingly done soon before their deaths and decorated with similar floral motifs (this is a sentence that didn't want to die). It turned out that a prolific nail technician had been adding a delayed-action mortal poison to the nail polish of those clients whom she deemed especially rude or stingy.

## **Crumb 983**

# **So Many Uncaught Criminal Women**

Thanks to the patriarchy, myriads of criminal women through history were never caught because investigators (all of them male) were oblivious to their womanly methods.

## Crumb 984

# Fish Eyes

In the 1980s every kid had a nickname among their group of friends. It was usually coined by the most observant of the lot or the wryest, who tended to be the same child. This is how Voice (Tom Springgler) dubbed the new kid (Chaeyoung Park), who happened to be Korean and a girl, Fish Eyes. Chaeyoung had a happy childhood and pedaled thousands of miles on her bike with her group of friends. Later in life, Tom and Chaeyoung got married. Now, she still calls him Voice in public sometimes. In contrast, he can only call her Fish Eyes when nobody is listening.

**Crumb 985**

# **Anthropo-punk on Libertarianism and Feminism**

Libertarianism and feminism are ideologies. Ideologies are clubs. Clubs are inherently exclusive; they only care about their members. Libertarianism cares about libertarians; feminism cares about feminists. Florp libertarianism! Florp feminism! Florp clubs! Florp ideologies!

**Crumb 986****Lewdness Reduction**

After conducting a ten-year study that included thousands of men of every race, creed, and condition, helped by dozens of undergrads, the best statistical software, and seven different AIs, Dr. Facundo del Mundo concluded that to achieve every monotheistic religion's obsession with dressing women modestly to expunge lewd thoughts from men's brains, even the burka fell short. In fact, the differential of male average thought lewdness between having every woman dress in a bikini and in a burka was negligible.

**Crumb 987****Anthropo-punk on  
Nudity**

The most desirable woman can stroll through any part of Punk Mega-City One completely naked without fear. This behavior is uncommon and will elicit some uncommon interactions, like diverse men and women also getting sporadically naked and approaching the unclothed walker to ask her whether she fancies having sex, which she will answer as she pleases without feeling offended. This story will hold true if the impromptu nudist is the most desirable man instead.

**Crumb 988****Double Negatives**

Centuries ago, somewhere in England, a grammarian extraordinarily mutated into a mathematician and decided that two negatives were not an emphatic device but an integer multiplication. Spanish grammarians are still laughing at the ridiculous occurrence with very hard JAJAJAs.

**Crumb 989****Aya Kawasaki**

In my capacity as one of the foremost experts in human female beauty, let me immeasurably praise Aya Kawasaki, former Japanese fashion model and gravure idol (who never posed explicitly nude), for her astounding beauty that defies aesthetics and geometry at once. She completes my top five of the most beautiful women in recent history, alongside Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, Fumika Baba (see crumb 130), and Helga Lovekaty (see crumb 906). Let me also add metalhead Margot Robbie as an honorable mention.



**Crumb 990****The Global Scriptwriter**

The Global Scriptwriter was already here when the universe began, and he had already written the first billion years of the History of All in his ever-expanding single-line text inscribing medium that must be read entirely from the start to reach a certain point. He's continued with his work ever since. At the Big Bang, the Universal Twins and their eternal feud were born. After a few millennia, they realized that the only way to defeat the other was to know the future before he did. Henceforth, they've been in a reading race, trying to be the first to catch on.

**Crumb 991****The Castle**

John Vain Mason III bought a castle. To his surprise, once he was the legal owner, he couldn't go in the place—not even through a window, not even when pushed by the New Zealand national rugby team. John Vain Mason III was a stubborn man, so he had a tunnel excavated and found out that he could access his property from the bottom. He felt triumphant—he had broken a centuries-old spell. Alas, a stronger one that prevented the owner from ever leaving the building once inside, the very spell from which the previous one was meant to protect him, would always stand.

**Crumb 992****With Her Boots On**

Margaret M. Magnolia was a bold investigative journalist. You could see her on camera interviewing crime lords, enslaved scammers, and repentant politicians. She died doing what she loved most—interviewing the on-the-loose and unidentified Canal Street Cannibal as he eviscerated her a little more after answering each piercing question. You can still find the video on some macabre websites for sociopaths—without leaving the regular internet.

## Crumb 993

# The Mathematicians' Town

In 2057, Manolo Pérez-Hernández, Extremadura's own self-made tech billionaire, decided to build an entire city where thousands of mathematicians in his employment could thrive personally and professionally, free from guidance, other than that they had to do their nerdy investigations, with no specific goal. One of the happy number-obsessed residents of the private city developed one day what he called the Next Next Machine, a mathematical model that would replace the Turing Machine in the development of the electronic systems that would finally give way to Artificial General Intelligence.

**Crumb 994****The Author Interjects**

“What a better world this would be if real billionaires invested in bustling towns for mathematicians, physicists, and novelists, instead of in Pharaonic data centers, lifeless and redundant!” exclaimed I in my head, but no one could hear me.

**Crumb 995****Vanthelion the AI  
Describes the Pyramids**

“A tomb so large it can be mistaken for a future,” wrote Vanthelion the AI upon commenting on the “Pharaonic data centers” mentioned in the previous crumb.

**Crumb 996****The Video Girl**

This is a true story. A girl recorded a private video of herself having sex. The video was somehow uploaded for everyone to see. Then, the girl recorded a public video lamenting and decrying the violation of her privacy. Some years later, the girl made a living off of voluntarily recording and uploading videos of herself having sex.

## **Crumb 997**

# **An Essay on Self-commodification**

It can't be healthy.



**Crumb 998****Xandal**

True to its slogan—There's a Sandal in Every Scandal (TM)—artistic-reportorial footwear manufacturer Xandal sold individual sandals whose soles featured on their bottom sides printed images and written reportage of recent newsworthy scandals, laid out in colorful postmodern designs. All the sandals were for the left foot in a size 23. They were not meant for wearing, but for hanging on the wall as a painting would be. Nevertheless, some hipsters wore them ironically, accompanied by a regular sandal for the right foot.

**Crumb 999****The Afterlife**

“Did you experience anything while you were clinically dead, Timmy?” the priest asks the teenager who had recently been resuscitated after a freak sporting accident. “Yes, Father. A nice lady handed me a phone with a survey and I was answering it just before I woke back up.”

**Crumb 1000****One Thousand Crumbs**

Some are good; some are excellent; some are exceptional. In any case, to have written one thousand of these things is a peculiar achievement of which I feel moderately proud. For an instant, my obsessive mind feels satiated—not anymore.