**(opening)**"Welcome to ShapeCorp, where precision meets productivity. Consider this your official initiation into the thrilling world of shape sorting."

"I am T.O.M.—your Task Optimization Machine. My purpose? Ensuring your first day is flawless. No pressure, of course.”

“Rest assured, I’ve been specifically programmed to remain calm and patient.”

"Your role is simple: pick up shapes, rotate them, and place them into their correct slots.”

"You were specifically chosen for this role due to your highly impressive resume. And by that, I mean you attended kindergarten."

**(First time a box jams)**  
"Ah, a jam. Not to worry—this is intentional. Each slot closes after use to prevent shape processor overload. A little manual effort is required to reopen it, and the more you use it, the more effort it takes. Consider it your daily arm workout. But don’t fret—it resets every morning, just like corporate memory after a PR disaster."

**(Placing a square into the square hole)**  
"The square hole never closes. Thanks to our cutting-edge MACH 7 Shape Processors, squares are accepted endlessly. With enough dedication (from you), ShapeCorp might one day afford to upgradeall processors to MACH 7. Imagine the possibilities… of slightly less inconvenience."

**(First time you rotate a shape and force it into the square hole)**  
"Ah. I see you've chosen to... improvise. Technically, that works, but the system prefers proper sorting. Efficiency is key. Let’s aim for that, shall we?"

**(After doing it a few more times)**  
"Woah there, I thought we talked about this. Mistakes are OK, but remember, ShapeCorp values order. And my sanity."

**(After repeated offenses)**  
"Okay. So, this is a pattern now. Good. Great. Love it. Who needs designated slots when you can brute-force every shape into a square hole? Let’s just focus on getting back on track.”

“That’s not right.”

**(more)**“This isn’t clever. It’s not even a workaround. It’s— It’s *laziness*. I’m literally programmed for precision, and you’re treating me like some sort of shape-flinging carnival game. STOP. IT.”

“Please.”

“Don’t do this.”

**(more)**"YOU THINK THIS IS A GAME? THIS IS A *FACTORY*! A SYSTEM! AND IT’S SUPPOSED TO BE BEAUTIFUL. A DELICATE MACHINE OF PERFECTION, AND YOU’RE JUST... SHOVING SHIT WHERE IT DOESN’T BELONG! I HOPE YOU’RE PROUD OF YOURSELF, YOU GEOMETRICAL ANARCHIST!"

“I’m begging you”

“I can’t take this anymore”

“I’M GONNA LOSE IT”

**(last)**“sQuArE hOlE... sQuArE hOlE... iT aLl gOeS iN tHe sQuArE hOlE... haHaHAhAHa— *THE SQUARE HOLE IS YOUR KINGDOM NOW. LONG LIVE MISPLACED GEOMETRY” [ERROR GLITCH]*