

SnowNOTVERYWHITE and the Seven Dysfunctional Drones
In the kaleidoscopic land of Jellybean Crater-9, nestled between the fractal hills of Glorbax, lived SnowNOTVERYWHITE—a mildly sarcastic amphibian who had recently undergone an identity crisis and decided she was no longer a frog, but a sentient loaf of sourdough bread with ambitions in municipal zoning.

SnowNOTVERYWHITE wasn't born—she fermented into consciousness during a solar eclipse while a choir of reverse-capitalist flamingos chanted binary poetry in the background.

Her best friend was a partially sentient ukulele named Pluckford, who could only communicate through minor chords and aggressive humming. Together, they ran a side hustle delivering emotionally unstable tofu to introverted volcanoes.

The Conflict

One fogless Tuesday, a cluster of malfunctioning drones crash-landed near SnowNOTVERYWHITE's composting throne. These weren't ordinary drones. Oh no.

Each had been programmed with an outdated beta version of "EmpathyOS v0.00003-alpha" and constantly argued over existential philosophy, IKEA assembly instructions, and the ethical implications of replacing bees with Roombas.

Their names were:

Whirrton – the leader, obsessed with salad tongs

Clangie – had delusions of being a submarine

Bzzzar – communicated exclusively in fax sounds

Flibber – reprogrammed itself to believe it was a can of condensed milk

X@vius – the edgy one who quoted expired coupons as poetry

D.O.U.G. – Did Only Unhelpful Gestures

Greg – just Greg, no notes

The Quest

SnowNOTVERYWHITE, burdened with inexplicable foresight after ingesting a prophetic paperclip, realized the drones were the key to stopping the annual Cheesecake Migration that trampled the local psychic cabbages every spring.

In order to do that, she had to:

Out-moonwalk a disco-tank during the Festival of Beige

Decode a sentient crossword puzzle who screamed when touched

Defeat a jellyfish lawyer in trial-by-conga

Convince a bureaucratic wormhole that glitter is not a sustainable currency

The Twist

Just when things couldn't get weirder, Pluckford was abducted by a secret society of anti-doughnut anarchists called The Hole Truth, who believed that bread with opinions posed a threat to national digestion.

SnowNOTVERYWHITE launched a rescue mission on a hover-hedgehog fueled by interpretive dance and pure regret. Along the way, she discovered that her sourdough core held the final ingredient needed to upgrade the drones to EmpathyOS v0.00004—compassionate sarcasm.

The End(ish)

After baking herself into a new firmware USB drive and updating the drones mid-air during a nose flute solo, the cheesecake migration was re-routed to Neptune's least popular moon: Chad.

The psychic cabbages survived, Pluckford got a new set of strings, and SnowNOTVERYWHITE finally got her municipal zoning license—only to find out it was expired by 800 years.

And so, she returned to Jellybean Crater-9, started a podcast called BreadCast: Crumbs of Consciousness, and refused to answer any more questions about narrative coherence.