

I slumped forward, my eyes feeling like two sun-scorched marbles buried in a sea of fatigue. The air grew thick with the scent of stale coffee and worn-out circuit boards as I gazed blankly at the screen. My mission: Get data. A simple job on the surface, but the digital gods were not smiling down on me that night. The plan was to script a new data-harvesting bot, one that would masquerade as a curious traveler and invisibly hop from one source to another, downloading data like a digital pickpocket. But the this source was a	fortress, protected with an arsenal of anti-scraping tech that slapped my bot around like a rag doll. Each failed attempt was a sobering slap back to reality—this was no novice's game.	Frustrated, I switched gears. Change is as good as a mini break, and my next escapade was diving headlong into the boundless possibilities of AI. The early interactions were intoxicating. "Good old technique," I chuckled, indulging in a binge of copy-paste madness, shoving huge chunks of source code directly	into the prompt.	downgraded to a shadow of its former self, a dumbed-down relic that struggled with even basic queries. It was as if I'd been handed a dull knife to carve a gourmet meal. My relentless input had reduced a marvel of modern corporate AI to a stumbling, bumbling gremlin of a shadow of its former glory.
1 8	2 7	3 9	4 5	square peg into a round hole.
Then, a sharp knock at the door. My heart skipped a beat. I stared at the door, my mind racing. It was trouble. Slowly, I rose from my chair, the floor creaking beneath my feet. I approached the door, trying to peer through the peephole. Nothing but the distorted shape of a man in uniform. My stomach tightened. The knock came again, more insistent this time. "Open up."	dark visors. One of them, a tall man with a stern face, stepped forward. "David?" I nodded, my mouth dry. "Yes, that's me." "Come with us." They didn't give any reasons. They didn't need to. I knew. I didn't resist as they cuff me and led me out. My neighbors peeked from their doors, eyes wide with curiosity and fear. The man marched me down the stairs and out into the street, where an unmarked van waited. They pushed me inside, and the door slammed shut behind me.	The ride was silent. No one spoke. The van moved swiftly through the streets, the city's lights blurring past the tinted windows. My mind raced, trying to anticipate what was coming next. It wasn't long before the van came to a halt. The door opened, and the man guided me out into a dimly lit underground garage. They led me through a maze of corridors, every turn disorienting me further. Finally, we stopped in front of a metal door. One officer swiped a card, and it swung open. They pushed me inside and locked the	door behind me. The room was cold, sterile. A single metal table stood in the center, surrounded by stark white walls. A glass of water sat on the table. I glanced around, looking for cameras. They were there, of course, hidden in the corners. I sat down, staring at the glass. My mouth was still dry. I picked it up, took a sip. It was tasteless, almost unnaturally so.	Minutes passed, maybe hours. Time seemed to stretch and bend in the silence. I felt a strange lethargy settling over me, my
9 10	11 12	13 14	15 16	sensors probably also picked up on my

