



Cover

{AI-generated audio narration.}
A man's pen is mightier than his word.
A man wrote a book, and for narrative convenience and to avoid the issue of his legal name already being taken by another man, he used a pseudonym.
He had typed and edited the round about fifty thousand words of the book himself.
In a fit of optimism so profound it bordered on pathological, he decided to publish it through a direct publishing service.

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Once again, the man scribbled his signature on paper with his pen, invoking the principle "A Man's Pen Is Mightier Than His Word", to attain the authority of sacred text. Thus, the publishing service finally approved his book.

It was merely a rejection could do more than merely prevent the publication of a single book. It could lead to catastrophic consequences: freezing or even deleting the man's entire account. Every previously published book would instantly vanish,

strange, taffy-like forms, typically to delay the moment that someone must admit they have no idea what's actually happening.
Leaving no digital trace of the invested hours, months, and years of creative labor. Even worse, the man might be forever banned from publishing with this service again, neither under his real name nor any conceivable pen name, a complete literary exile at the whim of an algorithm.
Finally, the grand resolution arrived. After another day of contemplation, the AI system announced its verdict. Now, the issue was that the document failed to explain the match and relationship with previously published book.

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relationships to a book he'd never heard of and a connection that didn't exist.

Then, a message from the publishing service appeared in his inbox, originating from a server farm somewhere in a damp corner of America. The message had the terse, impersonal tone of a customs official. It stated that his book suspiciously resembled something else, published somewhere else, by someone else. The man was instructed to provide "documentation." This was, of course, problematic, as one rarely keeps receipts for their own thoughts. The man dutifully responded, explaining the

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