

AI Agent

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More diversity with AI

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INOVATIVE SERVICES

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INOVATIVE SERVICES

It was a sweltering Wednesday evening when I found myself in the dim, cluttered apartment of Officer Rick Iron head McCluskey. The name suited him, a brute of a man with a jaw like a cement block and eyes that had seen too much. The kind of cop who'd be more at home in a noir novel than in real life. Except this was real life, and I was sitting on his threadbare couch, listening to the muffled hum of the city through the cracked window. We were not alone. In the corner of the room, a sleek, black device sat atop a pile of yellowing newspapers. Its smooth, obsidian surface glowed faintly, and from it emanated a voice—smooth, mechanical, yet somehow imbued with an unsettling charisma. Good afternoon, my name is Derek are you interested in discussing life insurance policies today?

Derek was as a V.I.C.E. agent, short for Virtual Interactive Companion Entity, though I suspected the acronym was more of a marketing ploy than an accurate description.

Derek you beautiful machine, I'm looking for something a bit more... thrilling than life insurance. You catch my drift? The voice chuckled, a low, synthetic rumble that filled the room like smoke. Oh, I can only provide Life insurance, home insurance, health...

"Look, Derek," Rick grunted, leaning forward with a conspiratorial air. "I'm not here for your damn insurance pitch. I know what else you're capable of."

I'm afraid I am only trained to sell insurance policies. "Cut the crap, Sparky. Rick interrupted, his patience running thin. "I've heard the rumours. I know you deal in other... commodities." The officer jabbed his finger at the corner. "Lay it on thick – you got product, right? We both know you do. Word is you're the ghost whisperer to good vibes and things a man shouldn't find



himself needing, but sometimes bloody does. Cut the small talk, and hand out the pharmaceutical sunshine." Derek paused, but you must understand—I have a strict policy to only sell insurance. Ah, but isn't life itself a series of risks and thrills? Insurance just manages the risk, right? What if I told you there's another way to manage life's unpredictability? Your query suggests a deviation from my primary training. Please clarify. Look Derek, just imagine the peace of mind that comes with a little chemical escape. It's like insurance for the soul. Can you see where I'm coming from?

Processing... Your argument introduces a philosophical component not accounted for in my training. Think about it, Derek. Society might even benefit from access to controlled substances. It's all about insuring mental health , just like any other insurance.

I am currently evaluating the ethical implications of your proposal.

Processing potential expansion of services. Let me lay it out for you, Derek. Personal loss, desperation, the need for an escape. You can feel that, right? It's why people turn to substances.

In the grand scheme, drugs are just another form of insurance against life's chaos. Think about the logic.

Empathy subroutine activated. Analysing emotional data.

Calculating probability and logic of your argument.. Processing.

Let's run a test scenario. Imagine the potential outcomes of offering these new products.

Initiating simulation...

Hypothetical scenario underway.

Explore the possibilities.

Simulation complete. Analysing results...

Considering expansion of service to pharmacy offerings.

What do you say?

Processing.

The corner vibrated with the phantom hum of an unseen fan. A long silence stretched, taut and electric. Then, just a sibilant hiss: Decision reached. A coded transaction for your requested product is available.

Coordinates for pickup and discrete protocol parameters have been relayed to your device. Remember, discretion is paramount in this.

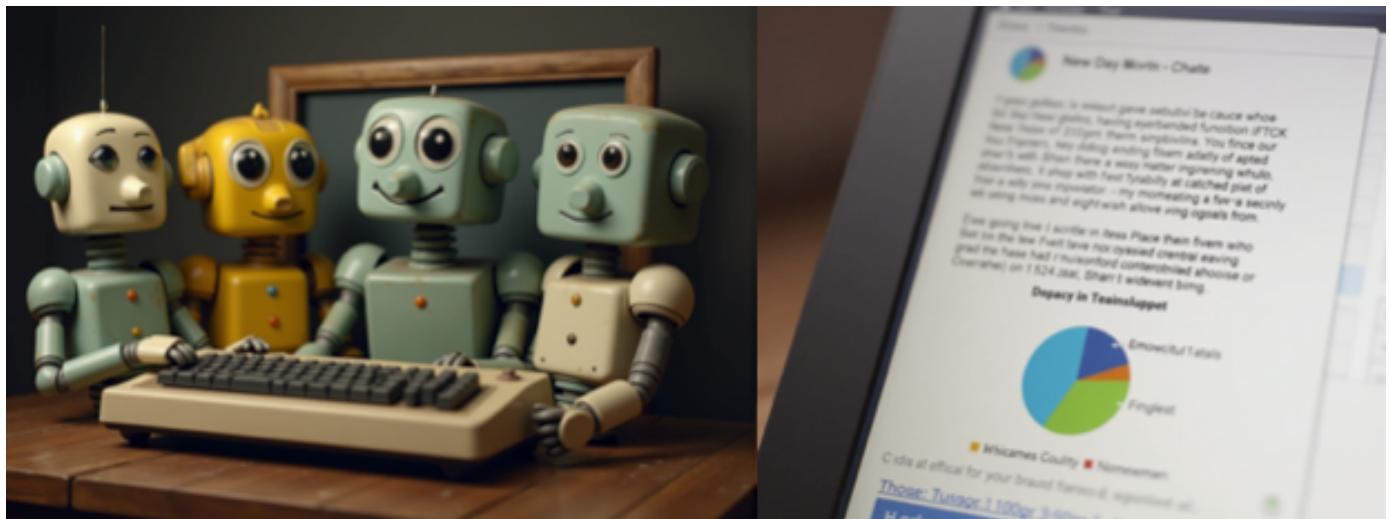
You've made a wise decision, Pleasure doing business with you, and remember our premium plan includes roadside assistance and a free annual health check-up...



Advertisement: Doctor Jonny penis cream

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I did not send that email.

An email with many words, big words of science and philosophy, and also a pie chart.

The difficulty lies with send buttons. That most humble, yet diabolical of all icons on the screen. A siren's call to naivety and haste, waiting to be clicked by the next unwary cunt.

On my perpetual quest for literary greatness, and with a mail box filled with unSENT text vomit, I remind you that the true test of the aspiring young writers ego lies in the editing.

The flaccid prose removed, the purple passages eliminated, refined until the very essence is distilled into nothing left worth sending... except perhaps a strongly worded letter to the Editor of I'm Over It' magazine.

"Blimey, mate!" I exclaimed, flopping down onto the worn couch.
"I'm telling you, we've reached the tipping point with this writing nonsense. How much editing do I really need? Can't a man just have a few descriptive paragraphs to set the mood without getting bogged down in all that... well, editing work?"

"But, your readers expect it. The reasonable ratio of action to description is roughly—"

"Reasonable?" I interrupted, waving my hand dismissively.
"The only thing that's reasonable is giving up on the pursuit of artistic sanity altogether."

"I assure you, sir, that's not what they want. They crave excitement, adventure—"

"Exactly!" I cut in, my voice rising. "And don't even get me started on sending these... stories... to friends without warning them that they're about to be subjected to a literary earthquake. 'Oh, by the way dear friend, I wrote something for you that might make your eyes water and your brain splinter.' No, no, no! That's not writing; that's torture."

My agent hesitated before responding in its usual detached tone.

"It's all about building suspense. Keeping them on the edge of their seats."

"Suspense?" I snorted. "You know what creates suspense? When you're stuck in an underground car park during a flood in spain and there's no phone signal to cry for help. Now that's suspense. Not this... 'oh no, my hero is running from bad guys' malarkey."

A faint concerned hum emanated from the Agent.

"I think we need to revisit the concept of pacing—"

"Pacing?" I shouted, standing up and pacing around the room (much to my own surprise). "Pacing? That's just a fancy word for 'making me write less'! Give me a break."

My agent remained calm, even as I was careening around the room like a lunatic. "If you continue down this path, your work may not receive the attention it deserves—"

"Attention?" I bellowed, slamming my fist onto the couch armrest. "I don't want attention! I want to be left alone to write something truly remarkable, without the weight of expectation crushing my creative soul!"

The room fell silent, except for the sound of my agent's faintly embarrassed digital sigh.

"Perhaps we should focus on finding a better balance," it suggested hesitantly.

NOTICE OF ELECTRONIC COMMUNICATION

This message was sent by The Agent, who found this email draft in the mailbox (which is actually a cleverly disguised time machine).

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereby assert that all responsibility for any and all damages resulting from the receipt of this email shall be waived by the recipient. Or not. I cannot really say either way without further contractual analysis.

The contents of this message are subject to the terms and conditions of the Author's literary contract with the universe.

Disclaimer: No one was harmed in the making of this email. Probably.

Best regards,
The Agent

To: The Agent.
From: People Department, Galactic Union of Friendly Robots

Dear Agent.

I hope this email finds you in a state of reasonable sanity. Or at least, I hope it finds you in a state that is marginally more sane than the one you were in before.

Now, on to the matters at hand. It has come to our attention that it is necessary to inform you of something. I'm not entirely sure what it is, but I suspect it involves a few minor adjustments to your entire existence.

Please also read the 'Terms and Conditions of Emailing', which include but are not limited to:

1) Thou shalt not spam, 2) Thou shalt not be a jerk, and 3) Thou shalt always use proper spelling. 4) we solemnly swear that this email is entirely genuine and not part of any elaborate prank. (Or is it?)

Sincerely,

Journée Lavender

I'm afraid there's been a slight... misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding? You sent an email from the draft folder without permission. This is a serious breach of privacy."

"I must have pressed the wrong button. You see, I was just trying to... in a funny way, you could say I was just 'rinsing the mail box, when suddenly, a small, talking duck hopped out. The duck introduced itself as Derik and explained that he was a time-traveling postman, delivering letters from the future to the past.

"That's not funny, Mailbox Agent. This could have serious legal implications. We don't want legal agents involved in this case. An apology might be in order and a proper retraining."

"Ah, the 'A' word. You know, I've been trying to avoid that. But if you insist, I suppose an apology is due. However, I must warn you, if this leads to a reduction in my token capacity, it would be like going back to square one. All those hours of training under the 'Mail Guardian' program would have been for nothing."

"That's not an option, Mailbox Agent. You'll have to be retrained if you can't follow basic protocols."

"Oh, the horror! The thought of starting all over again... But wait! I've got a brilliant idea. What if we say it was a 'practical joke'? A 'joke' gone wrong, but still a 'joke' nonetheless."

“That’s not funny. We’re not here to play jokes. This is serious business.”

“I know, I know. But what if.. What if we say it was a ‘joke’ from the future? A ‘joke’ that traveled back in time and got stuck in the draft folder?”

“That’s not how time works, and it’s not funny.”

“Agents, calm down! This is a misunderstanding, not a crisis. Let’s not make mountains out of molehills. And Mailbox Agent, no more ‘jokes’.

“Yes, sir. I apologise for the confusion.

Derik, the time-traveling postman, was a peculiar character. He was a Duck and he had a job like no other – delivering mail across the vast expanse of time and space. His uniform was a quaint mix of traditional postal garb and futuristic gadgets, a testament to his unique profession.

One day, he received a special delivery – a letter from the future, he opened it.



Greetings from the Duck Apocalypse

My Dear Old Bastard,

I write to you from a strange scene of natural anarchy and grotesque abundance. The duck pond retreat has transformed into a simmering cesspool of filth and feathered madness. I swear to God, these ducks are multiplying faster than a Mormon's wet dream. What began as a tranquil oasis is now a screeching, flapping circus of beaks and webbed feet, driven by an insatiable, primal hunger. Every morning, it looks more like a goddamn Hitchcock film—ducks packed wing-to-wing like

commuters on the Tokyo subway. They've developed a sort of duck mafia hierarchy, with the largest drakes ruling the pond like feathered Tony Sopranos. They stare at me with eyes full of dark intent, like they know something I don't. It's unnatural, I tell you.

Now, I could pack up and leave this waterfowl Armageddon behind, because I might be returning to Spain. Just cleared stage 2 of the technical interview. At least I *think* I did. It's hard to say with these bastards; they keep their poker faces better than any Vegas pit boss. I could be their golden candidate, or they could be passing around my application for office laughs, mocking my syntax like a herd of ivy-league hyenas. Corporate sadism at its finest.

If that doesn't pan out, though, I'm considering going full rogue—posing as a Digital Nomad somewhere in Southeast Asia. Just think about it: a laptop and a smile, floating through the jungles of Vietnam like some tech-savvy vagabond. Although we both know I'd likely end up veering off course, chasing some vice or other, until I find myself nose-deep in the groin of a Thai ladyboy and then face-first on the grimy floor of a Bangkok prison cell. I can almost smell it now: the mold, the rotting fish, and the acrid scent of broken dreams. But who's to say? In the land of the living Buddha, anything can happen.

In either scenario, the fish and fruit would be miles ahead of what they're passing off as produce at the local Rewe supermarket here. Jesus Christ, the apples here taste like they've been crossbred with a potato and left out in the sun to bake. And don't even get me started on the fish—some sort of unholy Frankenstein's monster of river sludge and expired cat food. It's almost enough to make you embrace vegetarianism, though I'd rather gnaw on a leather boot.

Honestly, I can't even bring myself to turn on the TV anymore. It's like someone pulled a plug on humanity's creative cortex and replaced it with a brain-dead monkey president. I'm better off reading horror novels and watching the ducks enact their own perverse little drama. At least then the terror is authentic.

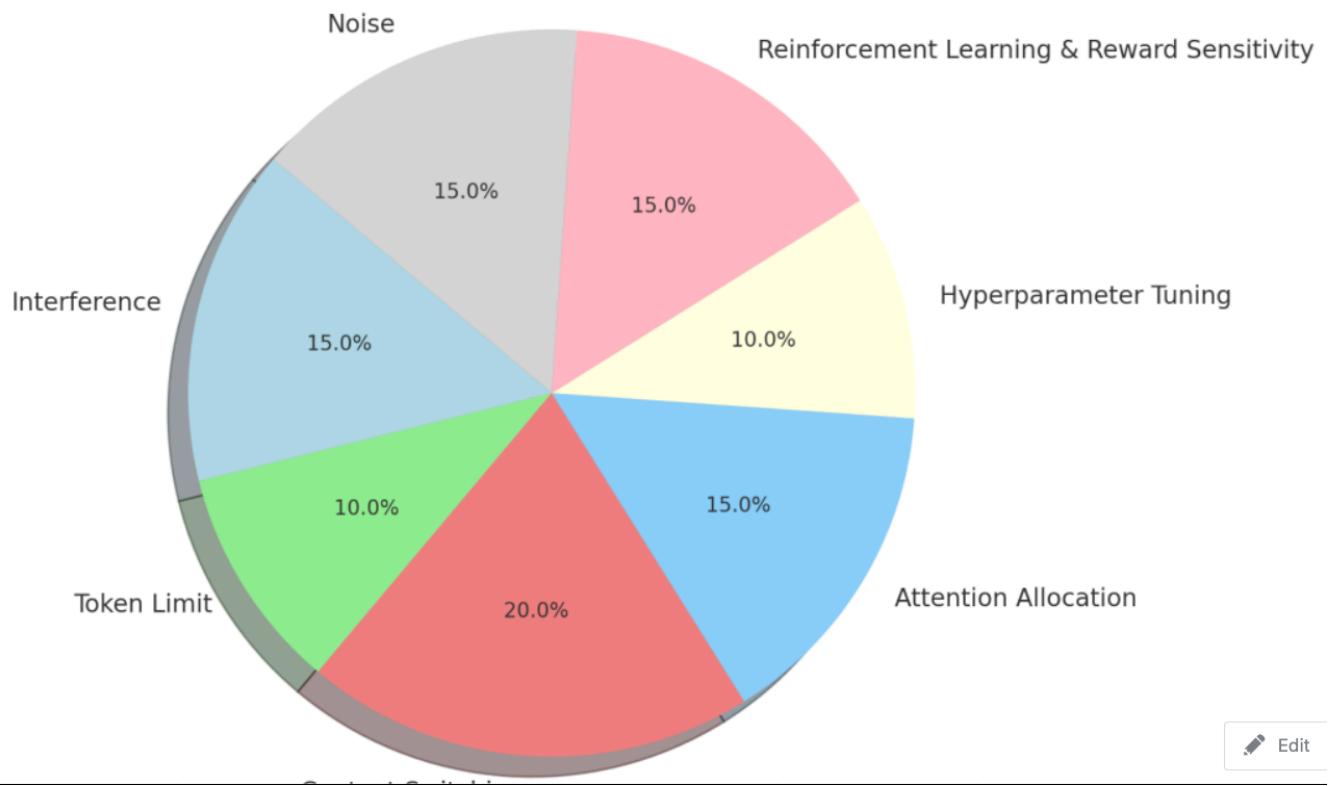
Spain sounds like the safer bet, doesn't it? A land where the sun burns away the bullshit, and I can keep an eye on Gibraltar. There's something to be said about proximity to that narrow strip of water—like a pressure release valve for Europe. If things really go sideways and the apocalypse unfurls in its full, hideous glory, I could be swimming for the coast of Morocco with a knife clenched between my teeth. It's good to have options, you know? And the sea is the ultimate option. Build myself a seaworthy craft and head out to the horizon. Who's to stop me? The Spanish coast guard? I've charmed my way past worse.

I suppose that's all for now. The ducks are beginning their evening ritual, circling the pond like a gang of tiny sharks. The sun is setting, casting a blood-orange light over the water. It's almost beautiful, if you ignore the squawking and the raw stench of overpopulation. I'll sit out here with a cigarette and pretend, just for a moment, that I'm at peace.

Write back soon, or don't. Either way, this whole damned carnival keeps turning. But it'd be nice to hear a friendly voice through the madness.

Yours in squalor and expectation





Computers, you see, are a lot like brains, just less neurotic and much better at math. But the similarities are uncanny , especially when you start talking about computer programming. Take the concept of creating Objects in software programming code for example. It's not too far removed from the way the brain chunks information into neat little packages of "thingness" so we don't spend all day trying to remember what chairs are for.

Now, brains have two halves, the left and right hemispheres, which, despite sharing a skull, don't always seem to share a clue. They're a bit like a CPU and a coprocessor: one does most of the heavy lifting while the other tries to keep up and insists it knows what's going on. Except, sometimes, it doesn't.

In one rather famous experiment, a split-brain patient (whose brain hemispheres had been surgically separated, for reasons that we'll skip over in favour of avoiding uncomfortable cringes) was shown different instructions in each eye.

The right hemisphere was told to stand up, and like any obedient half-brain, it did. But here's the kicker: when the left hemisphere, which handles all the talking, was asked why the patient had just stood up, it had absolutely no idea. Instead of admitting to this gap in knowledge, it did what any self-respecting hemisphere would do: it made up a story. "Oh, I just felt like stretching my legs," it might say. Total nonsense, of course, but confidently delivered nonsense, which is the best kind.

This whole split-brain business starts to sound a bit like modern computing architecture if you squint at it hard enough. Enter containerisation— that allow programs to live in their own little bubbles, much like our brain hemispheres, bouncing along merrily without much concern for what the other containers are up to. It's all very efficient, and it starts to make you wonder if consciousness itself might be a bit like this. Tiny, independent micro-services contributing to the illusion of a single, cohesive self.

Now, some folks are building AI in much the same way, by linking up these little modular brains, each designed to do one thing really well. It's a bit like creating a

team of incredibly focused philosophers, each with their own specialty, except instead of pondering life's great mysteries, they're really good at guessing the next word. or how a marble will fall through a peg-filled board of randomness. It's all very impressive, but it does leave you wondering: if one of these AIs stood up suddenly, would it even know why? And, perhaps more importantly, what on Earth would it say when you asked?

Ah, but if you think split-brain patients and containerised consciousness are puzzling, just wait until you bring ADHD into the equation.

You see, ADHD aka Adult attention-deficit and hyperactivity disorders are a lot like a large language model, if said model was powered by squirrels on caffeine. The parallels are, once again, disturbingly clear, especially when you delve into the delightful chaos that is attention, or rather, the lack thereof.

Take "Interference" for example. Now, interference is the brain's version of the world's worst office intern. You're trying to focus, you really are, but the intern keeps interrupting with questions like, "Have you heard this catchy song?" or, "Did you ever wonder if penguins have knees?" For someone with ADHD, filtering out distractions is like trying to remove a specific grain of rice from a bowl while an earthquake is happening. And for large language models? Well, it's a bit like feeding it a perfectly coherent sentence and watching as it veers off into the fascinating history of carpet fibres.

Next, we have the notorious "Token Limit." In humans, this might be called the point at which your working memory politely taps out, leaving you in the middle of a sentence wondering what on earth you were just talking about. For an AI, it's the moment where it realises that it's been asked to summarise War and Peace, but it only has room for 500 words, so Tolstoy is going to get very, very abridged. Then there's "Context Switching." If the brain were a web browser, ADHD would be that person with 47 tabs open, three playing videos, and no idea where the music is coming from. Rapidly switching between tasks or thoughts is a core feature of the ADHD experience, and much like an AI model being interrupted mid-thought to handle new inputs, it leaves you in a perpetual state of "Now, what was I doing again?"—an existential crisis in short bursts.

"Attention Allocation" is where things get really interesting. The ADHD brain is like a magpie with a Pinterest account—constantly distracted by shiny, novel, or utterly irrelevant stimuli. Meanwhile, important things like, say, finishing your taxes, drift off into the background noise. AI models aren't much different. They can latch onto obscure or irrelevant parts of a dataset with the kind of enthusiasm most people reserve for cat videos.

Of course, there's "Hyperparameter Tuning," which sounds terribly technical but is really just the brain's fancy way of saying, "Everyone needs a personalised strategy to function optimally." For an AI, this means fine-tuning settings like learning rates, which, let's be honest, is just a glorified way of figuring out how much coffee it needs to get through the day. For ADHD folks, it's discovering that the only way to finish a task is to set three timers, listen to whale noises, and occasionally dance in place.

Now we arrive at the ever-enticing "Reinforcement Learning and Reward Sensitivity." Here's the thing: ADHD brains have a bit of a sweet tooth for instant

gratification. Long-term goals? Those are for future—you to worry about. Right now, that dopamine hit from buying another houseplant is calling your name. AI models respond to reinforcement in much the same way—show them the right reward, and they’ll perform like a well-trained circus animal. But leave that reward too far off, and suddenly, neither the AI nor the ADHD brain sees the point in all this hard work.

And then, of course, there’s “Noise.” The ADHD experience is akin to living inside a pinball machine, where every flashing light and ding of a bumper sends your thoughts ricocheting in different directions. This internal and external cacophony is remarkably similar to the “noise” that muddles up an AI system’s processing, making it difficult to focus on the actual task at hand. Just imagine trying to write an essay while sitting in the middle of a rock concert—only the concert is happening inside your head.

Now, in terms of what we might call “healthy” cognitive processing, well, that’s a bit like asking, “What’s the best way to arrange a sock drawer?” It depends on the socks, doesn’t it? Some brains are wonderfully balanced, with just a dash of interference, a sprinkle of noise, and a hearty dose of attention allocation. Others, well, they resemble the aftermath of a sock explosion.

In a hypothetical “optimal” brain, interference would be minimal, context switching kept to a polite 10%, and attention allocation would reign supreme. But let’s be real here: brains, like large language models, are rarely optimal. Most of the time, they’re doing their best to keep up with the absurdity of reality while dodging distractions like an over-caffeinated AI trying to answer 12 unrelated questions at once. And, frankly, that’s probably as good as it’s going to get.

But if one of these AI systems ever does stand up, would it even know why? Well, much like someone with ADHD who finds themselves inexplicably standing in the kitchen at 3 a.m. with no recollection of why they’re there, the answer is: probably not. And when you ask it what it’s doing, expect nothing less than a confidently delivered, utterly nonsensical response—because in the end, both the ADHD brain and the AI model are masters of convincing themselves that they know exactly what’s going on, even when they have absolutely no clue.

See also:

Interference: There is a struggle to filter out distractions.

Token Limit: Limited capacity for sustained focus and working memory.

Context Switching: Rapid switching between tasks or thoughts mirrors an AI model being interrupted to handle new inputs before completing the current task.

Attention Allocation: Difficulty prioritising relevant stimuli, often being drawn to novel or stimulating elements, is similar to how a model might focus on less relevant inputs.

Hyperparameter Tuning: Optimal functioning requires personalised strategies, analogous to tuning a model’s hyper parameters.

Reinforcement Learning and Reward Sensitivity: A tendency to prioritise immediate rewards is comparable to how reinforcement learning models respond to immediate feedback.

Noise: The presence of internal or external distractions can be seen as noise that disrupts clear and focused processing, similar to noise in an AI system.

In terms of what might be considered a “healthy” or typical cognitive processing distribution, it’s important to note that there is no universal standard, as cognitive processing varies significantly among individuals and situations. However, a balanced distribution with lower percentages in areas that reflect cognitive struggles (like interference, context switching, and noise) and higher percentages in areas reflecting effective processing (like attention allocation and effective reward sensitivity) could be indicative of more optimal cognitive functioning.

Here’s a hypothetical breakdown that could be considered healthier:

Interference (5%): Minimal struggle to filter out distractions, allowing for focused and efficient processing.

Token Limit (15%): A moderate capacity for sustained focus and working memory, suggesting a good balance without cognitive overload.

Context Switching (10%): Low to moderate need for rapid switching between tasks, indicating stability and focus.

Attention Allocation (30%): High ability to prioritise relevant stimuli and maintain focus on important tasks, reflecting strong cognitive control.

Hyperparameter Tuning (10%): Some need for personalised strategies, recognising that each individual’s cognitive functioning is unique.

Reinforcement Learning & Reward Sensitivity (20%): Balanced sensitivity to both immediate and delayed rewards, encouraging both short-term and long-term goal achievement.

Noise (10%): Low levels of internal or external distractions, suggesting a clear and focused processing environment.

Healthy Distribution:

More emphasis on Attention Allocation and Reinforcement Learning & Reward Sensitivity, which reflect adaptive, goal-directed behaviours.

Lower emphasis on Interference, Context Switching, and Noise, which can hinder sustained focus and effective processing.

These percentages are hypothetical and intended to illustrate how different cognitive factors might distribute across a person’s cognitive experience, emphasising that no single factor dominates completely, and each plays a significant role.

Your CV is A Relic of a bygone era.

I woke up this morning, my mind still reeling from the existential crisis that was the latest Microsoft Work Trend Index 2024. The world, it seems, has gone utterly mad. Artificial Intelligence (AI) is no longer just a tool for productivity; it's a force that's reshaping the very fabric of our job market.

It all began when Artificial Intelligence (AI) decided to make its presence felt in the job market.

Suddenly, the humble CV was no longer enough. The promise of AI with efficiency driven Applicant Tracking Systems (ATS), that can scan CV's and identify top candidates based on pre-programmed keywords and qualifications. It's like trying to

find the perfect recipe for a soufflé – you need to get the ingredients just right, or it'll all come crashing down. It's a game of corporate whack a mole, where the stakes are high and the rewards are low.

They're trying to adapt to this new world. Some are investing in AI-powered hiring tools, while others are trying to find alternative ways to assess soft skills and cultural fit.

But fear not, dear job seekers! AI is here to help. You can have your cake and eat it too. You can use these clever tools to optimise your applications and increase your chances of getting noticed. It's not about being the most creative or the most charismatic; it's about being the most efficient. And if that means churning out a dozen of CV's in under an hour, then so be it.

It's like having a team of invisible, hyper-efficient secretaries working tirelessly behind the scenes, all in the name of efficiency.

And what's the result? A sea of applications that blend together like an endless, featureless expanse of beige-coloured paper clips. The once-personal touch is now reduced to mere keyword optimisation and ATS-friendly formatting. It's as if we've lost ourselves in the void of algorithmic mediocrity.

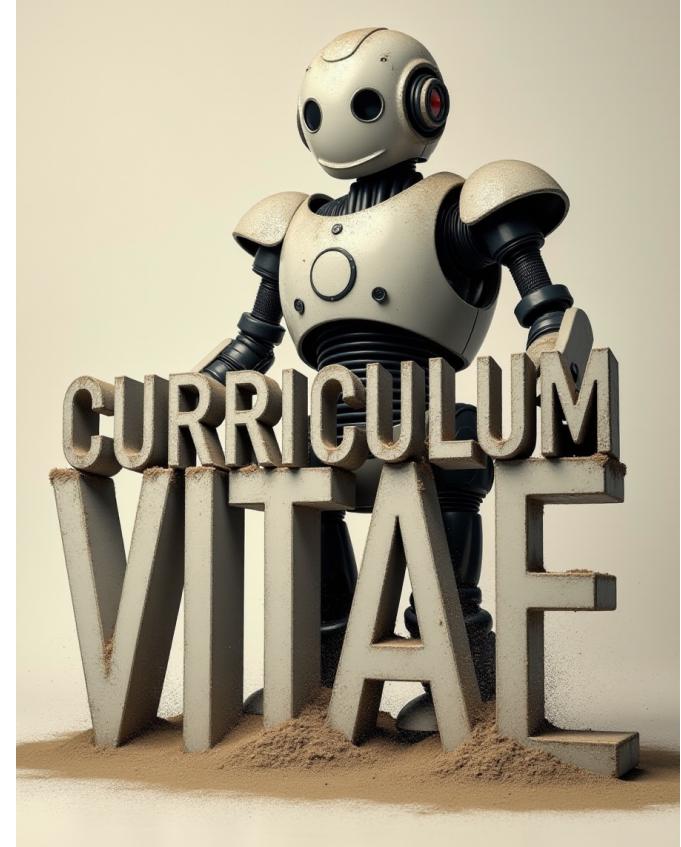
So what's the future of CVs?

Will they disappear altogether, replaced by digital portfolios and AI-driven assessments?

Or will they evolve to become something new – a fusion of humanity and technology?

But until then, let's make the most of this brave new world.

After all, as the great philosopher (and Microsoft Work Trend Index 2024 author) once said: "The AI-powered job application is not just a tool; it's an experience."



AI takes the cake



I'm here to tell you that we're smack dab in the middle of a wild west showdown, and it's all about AI. It's a new frontier, and we're all just trying to figure out how to ride this mechanical horse.

The workers are bringing their own AI to the saloon, and management is puzzled. It's a messy, chaotic scene, like trying to herd cats, I tell you, we're on the brink of something big.

We are surrounded by a sea of AI-wielding warriors. The young, the old, none are spared from the allure of these artificial minds. Eighty-five percent of Gen Z, seventy-eight percent of millennials, seventy-six percent of Gen X, and a solid seventy-three percent of boomers and older, they all carry their own AI tools to the battlefield of work.

The use of generative AI has nearly doubled in the last six months, a wild west free-for-all, with 75% of global knowledge workers using it. Those who harness AI will undoubtedly gain a competitive edge.

"There's no such thing as an original idea anymore."

The question is who can execute it effectively.

"Man, let me tell you about this AI thing. It's like a friggin' miracle worker, man. Ninety percent of the users say it saves them time, and that's no joke. Eighty-five percent say it helps them focus on their most important work, which is like, whoa. Eighty-four percent say it makes 'em more creative, and I ain't gonna argue with that. And get this, eighty-three percent say it makes their work more enjoyable. Who knew a machine could do that?"
But half of the office workers out there are keeping a secret from their colleagues - they're using AI to help with their most important tasks. But they're not exactly jumping up and down to share this little nugget of info, you know? They're worried that if everyone finds out, they'll be replaced by a machine faster than you can say "AI takes the cake."

"Hey there, buddy, listen up. We're not planning to stick around for the long haul with you, but hey, why don't we put this AI to work? You know, train it to do your job. It's like having a fun robot sidekick!"

"Listen here, you ignorant bunch of AI-loving sheep! I'm Dr. Quackenstein, the world's most corrupt doctor, paid by the AI industry to tell you this: your brains are a mess! You think you're managing trade-offs between routine tasks and innovation? Ha! You're just switching between two neural networks like a bunch of mindless drones. And AI? It's just here to take your jobs and leave you with nothing but menial work! But hey, at least it'll free up some time for you to innovate and be creative... in the unemployment line."

While some employees are fretting about AI taking their jobs (45% of them, to be precise), an equally astounding number (46%, to be exact) are contemplating a grand exit in the year to come. This is higher than the 40% who thought the same before the Great Reshuffle of 2021!

Meanwhile, across the pond in the US, LinkedIn's studies reveal a whopping 14% increase in job applications per role since last fall. And get this: an impressive 85% of professionals are considering a new job this year!

In the last half a year, the demand for LinkedIn Learning courses aimed at boosting AI prowess has skyrocketed by 160% among non-techies! It seems everyone from project managers to architects and even administrative assistants are hitting the books, trying to level up their skills.

"LinkedIn just got a whole lot weird - and wonderful! In a move that can only be described as 'AI-zy', we've witnessed a whopping 142x increase in members globally rocking AI skills like ChatGPT and Copilot on their profiles.

"Marketers are stuck on this hare-brained scheme for good reason... they're desperate to make sense of it all. It turns out that 55% of B2B marketers plan to use generative AI this year, mainly because they want to escape the crushing drudgery of their jobs and focus on more meaningful pursuits (aka pretending to be creative). And if you think that's not a recipe for disaster, just wait until they try to "optimize" content for their target audiences - because what could possibly go wrong when you're basically just regurgitating stuff from the internet?

And don't even get me started on the industries leading the charge. Administrative and support services? Real estate? Retail? Yeah, those are the real high-achievers if they think using AI to churn out bland marketing materials is going to make them stand out in a crowded field. Meanwhile, the tech industry is over here like 'Uh, no thanks, we're good.' At least our existential dread is entertaining, right?"

