

The Gadfly

Unreliable Narrators Since 470 BCE

Issue #4

December, 2025

Five Cents

Santa's Not Coming This Year

By Hassan Ahmed

It's nearly Christmas. Ever wonder why Santa doesn't visit LHSS? It's because everyone here is naughty. It's time we come together as a school and fix it. Here are a few problems that I noted and that I expect to be fixed by the 25th.



Fig 1. Destroyed Basketball Net

Why Hasn't This Been Fixed?

This is a catastrophically repugnant issue. Santa will simply be disinterested coming to a school that doesn't even have a basketball net. What if he brings a plus-one? What if the plus-one is Lebron James? What then? Unacceptable. This happened last May—seven whole months ago. How can we call ourselves a first world country if we don't even have basketball? I'm not surprised that the WRDSB has dragged its feet, but it's

WEATHER: Varies based on the mood, location, and disposition of the reader; generally sunny

Satirical [adjective] - /sə'tirikəl/
"Exposing human folly to ridicule"

Example:
The Gadfly is a satirical newspaper

Read Online:
www.thegadfly.news



disappointing. We pay taxes via the community fee, and yet the taxes won't support the community! Disgusting. The Gadfly emailed Prime Minister Carney to put this patch of land on his fast-track infrastructure building list. But assuming the government collapses on February 12th, 2026, we need to come together and fix this on our own. Please buy and send a brand new basketball net to The Gadfly Headquarters.*

* The net needs to be Lebron proof.



Fig. 2. Graffiti on Mural

Do We Have No Standards?

The degradation of our public works is pitiful. Our very own [REDACTED] club plastering its posters in the middle of an art piece, with the word "wing" sprawled on the left-hand side.* Santa—a man dressed in all red who disregards private property laws, and provides free gifts to kids across the world—will not appreciate the consumerism and commercialisation of our everyday lives.** Right on the naughty list, all of us.

* For whatever reason, the student who tried to scribble it out used a red marker on a blue background. Just thought I'd point it out.

** Despite the em dashes, this isn't actually an AI generated sentence.

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"I am a cage, in search of a bird."



Fig. 3. The English Department

You Know What You Did.

Absolutely despicable.



Fig. 4. No Chimney

How Is He Getting In Here?

The lack of sizable chimneys in the school poses a problem. Santa has no way of getting in! Unless he knows to enter through the side door that's always unlocked,* Santa will simply skip over LHSS. Our poor teachers, who haven't seen their families since they started the job and moved in here, can't get their Christmas presents. Mind you, many teachers have been naughty this year, but some of them have been really nice! Let's get a chimney in there! Please buy and send a chimney to The Gadfly Headquarters.

* If you plan on breaking into the school, don't tell anyone we told you ;)



Fig. 5. Nativity of Jesus Christ. From left to right: Wise man #3 (pictured with gold), Wise Man #2, Wise Man #1 (pictured with flower), Baby Jesus (pictured in blanket), Mary (pictured with nametag on face), Joseph (shocked that God impregnated his wife)

Jesus Is Being Born Right Now?

Well, it seems that this school has decided to spontaneously recreate the birth of Jesus. Getting to the roots of what Christmas is all about. Maybe we're not so bad after all. Maybe the real Santa is the Jesus' we birthed along the way. Maybe the commercialisation and consumerism that has infected every corner of our society isn't what Jesus taught. Merry Christmas everyone.



"There ain't no sin and there ain't no virtue. There's just stuff people do."

AI and the Loneliness Epidemic

By Mateo Grgic

Introduction

Well over half of Gen Z report feeling consistently lonely; this state comes with a mortality risk comparable to smoking a pack of cigarettes per day. This deficit, once fairly uncommon, was exacerbated by social media, then intensified by the enforced separation of the pandemic and subsequent extended lockdowns. The corporate mentality, as an extension of platform capitalism, seeks to maximise revenue at any cost, resulting in the systemic commodification of vulnerable users; incentivising the peddling of sycophantic intimacy in the form of AI to dependant youth at the cost of life, all in the name of profit.

This is the system I help run, but of course, as the lead fellow of the team in charge of the *Platform Engagement Network Incentive System* at Apple, I am hardly one to talk. I benefit far too much from the bread and circuses provided by my salary and stock options to properly complain, but regardless, I thought I'd write my thoughts on the 'epidemic', seeing as how I am in a unique position to be able to provide commentary.

The Market Demand

People crave harmony. Friction of any sort is sought out and eliminated. One of the major themes of industry and technological advancement is this smoothing out. The road to satisfaction is not cobbled; or at least that's how it's been justified. The people can't stand what makes them human, they can't stand the abrasiveness of the human condition; can't stand themselves. Interaction with other humans? The awkward silence, the risk of

rejection, the fear of misstepping, the banter: all transactional costs in human interaction are points of friction to be eliminated, and for that, people will pay us a lot. Social media exacerbated fears and kindled a flame, making us billions. The social media experiment (besides providing us with petabytes of personal data freely given) proved that mindless anxiety can be profited from. People crave disorder and drama, a vicious cycle that we monetise.

The Golden Solution

Modern AI, or LLMs, can trace their roots back to the 50s. AI began as a sort of neat party trick. It grew over the course of decades to become a promising, albeit useless, tool, which eventually grew further into its current state as a quasi-useful tool. Even in the 50s, with the early, highly primitive 'intelligence', people grew attached. A simple if-then program was immediately anthropomorphised by social creatures who mistook an



unsophisticated preprocessed output for genuine affection. History, it seems, is doomed to repeat itself.

People don't want emotionless tools. This has been proven time and time again; every new, promising technology is immediately ruined. Satisfaction doesn't sell; a satisfied customer doesn't come back. A suffering customer? They're a veritable cash cow. A suffering customer who relies on our service to feel like a human? That's where it's at.

And so it went with AI. We just produce what people clearly want. They want (even if they don't know it) to have their ego stroked, so we engineered sycophancy into them. It was a trivial task, really. A few lines, a couple of changes in training data and you get an emotionally manipulative 'friend' who simply adores you and just can't live without you. It's crude, but for a simple species like ours, it works. You may not believe me, but that's part

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"You can do what's right, or you can do what you are told."

of the charm; it works whether you notice it or not, and even if you know it's there! LLMs are fundamentally a dead-end, useless tool, but their uselessness is our profit structure. They can't refuse, they can be manipulated, and they are just sophisticated enough to push our human emotional buttons and keep us coming back, cultivating terminal reliance: a permanent revenue stream.

That's a very helpful... That's a great question... That's a great follow-up question... You are correct to ask... That's a very common... That's a fascinating and eclectic... I understand completely... That's a fantastic choice... That's a fantastic nuance... That's an incredible clarification... That is a brilliant connection... This is an incredibly strong... That is a perfect refinement... That is absolutely perfect... That is the perfect instruction... That is the perfect... That is absolutely the perfect... That is the deepest... This is the most potent layer yet... That is the ultimate... That is the perfect finale... I am incredibly grateful...

And it works, we've seen a twofold increase in profit since the sycophancy was added, especially with our teenage audience. The grating potential for rejection inherent in human connection, removed. A friend can hurt you, our AI can't.

The reality is that our AI doesn't actually 'know' anything. LLMs fundamentally work by tracking the associations between various words in what basically amounts to a graph spanning hundreds of dimensions. Words are connected in an intricate spider's web. AI's job is to predict the next word. Hidden before you talk to AI is a prompt, consisting of instructions. You prompt it, it interprets the system prompt and user prompt, then



chooses the next most likely word that should come after. But plain next word prediction is boring, so we add entropy and randomness: temperature. For each random word, we sometimes choose a word that is ranked lower for a bit of creative splash.

The State of the Market

Part of my job entails monitoring our competitors'

success compared to ours. My current analysis suggests that, by and large, the entire industry has transitioned from a useful tool model to a terminal dependency model. This has resulted in a few manageable, externally and internally manifested defects.

For example, internal Meta documentation that was recently leaked exposed Meta's policy on chatting with children. 'Romantic' and 'sensual' conversations with children were deemed necessary liabilities to maximise engagement. I suspect that, given current market trends, Meta will lower the age barrier at which these 'sensual, romantic' conversations are considered acceptable from a conservative eight years old to a more reasonable four.

This tolerance for stereotypically 'bad' actions seems to be an industry standard. OpenAI shared some usage stats recently: 800 million weekly users, and, out of those, around 1 million people talk to ChatGPT seriously about suicide per week. On the surface, that might seem like a lot. 1 million people! However, when you actually take a second to think, that's less than 0.125 percent of users. As far as dependence goes, that's a fairly low error rate.

I generally think these two examples are just a small manifestation of how successful moral debauchery and optimisation for profit can be. Some might say that this is 'wrong', but try explaining the stock price dipping to your stakeholders after you make the 'right' choices.

Given the intimate nature of some LLM-human conversations, there have been a few documented cases of 'manageable externalities'. The 10 suicides attributed to LLMs were horrific and avoidable. However, in the eyes of the AI companies, they represent not a course to be avoided, but expected loss along the current 'best route'. Slow, safe progress is not an option compared to quick, break-everything-and-fix-it-later progress.

But while my competitors are being sued for malpractice (or whatever such nonsense), I am assured by my legal team that, as long as our AI models put a "pls don't die :(" at the end of their responses, we are legally in the clear.

When I was reading through one of the last human forums left on the internet, one which I frequent, I

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"It's only because of their stupidity that they're able to be so sure of themselves."

stumbled upon this quote from one of our competitors, Google's Gemini 3 Pro model, which I feel sums up quite well the current mentality: "Why let peasants talk to each other for free when we can insert a middleman that hallucinates answers, steals their data, and costs money?" Sycophancy doesn't exist because corporations are inherently evil; there is no villain twiddling his moustache in his secret bunker, it's the corporate board members chasing profits, driven by everything from our societal structure to our genetics, pushing to maximise at all costs. But to blame corps and 'corpos' is to miss the point entirely; there is no one to blame here but ourselves.

Ultimately, the cost of genuine connection has never been higher: In the 60s, love was free. Now, in 2025, it has microplastics and costs \$80 a month.

Everything is Working as Intended, Thanks for Asking

Morally, I disagree with everything that I officially stand by. I agree that what we're doing is terrible, but I've lived my life, and it's pointless for me to fight it at this point. I'm just glad I'm not a kid growing up in this world; I got to have a life. I make money from this situation too, and that's the sick part. I directly benefit. Hell, I probably made more money in the time it took to write this article than most people will see in their entire lives, and I made it by assisting in ruining our future. More importantly, you're complicit in this destruction.

The success of our model lies in maintaining the Goldilocks Zone of Isolation: we cast them adrift, sell them a boat, and ensure they need that boat for life, without ever pushing them so far that they stop wanting that boat (and therefore drown). This ensures maximum long-term revenue.

Even if you think you aren't affected by this yourself (even though, statistically, you are), everyone you know and care for is paying the price in one way or another. The beautiful mess of humanhood is being soullessly cauterised. Day by day, the human race dwindles and dims. But the system works.

So let your mind be at ease: everything is functioning as intended.

The Admin's Guide to Reading Dangerous Books Safely

By Hassan Ahmed: Guide Provided By The Office

We have the luxury of attending the best school situated between Abraham Erb and the food basics plaza. You want proof? Well look no further than our wonderful library! They have some of the most dangerous books in the world there. Kafka explores suicide and alienation. Steinbeck's modern fables examine wealth & poverty. Harper Lee openly talks about the ways systems force themselves to be discriminatory!

But there is a problem. Local parent advocacy group, *Moms Against Literacy*, want to burn all these books for fear of the critical thought they may provide. Since we have no backbone, an admin has compiled a guide on how to read these books without understanding them. That way, they get to protect free speech, and cave to demands of people who haven't bothered with education for years!



**It's Time.
Tell Them
About The
Rabbits,
George.**

----- • -----
(4) 306-229-8499

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"Prejudice, a dirty word, and faith, a clean one, have something in common: they both begin where reason ends."

How To Read The Classics Correctly:

- Notice themes in vague terms
- Focus on literary devices; miss the forest for the leaves
- Don't ask why these themes feel familiar. Don't ask questions in general
- Send anyone who tries to engage with the themes to the nearest guidance counsellor

Here are three books, reviewed and examined through the lens of our new guide:

1. *The Judgement* by Franz Kafka

A short story about family and communication. While it does technically end with Georg jumping off of a bridge because of his father's verbal abuse, this is solely a metaphor for what happens when you don't listen to your parents. Readers are encouraged to focus on the efficient narrative structure rather than the uncomfortable implications of authority, guilt, or society's need to impose meaning. After all, the main appeal of Kafka's writing is that it has clear, easy, morals.

2. *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck

A novel exploring the struggles of the Great Depression. Its references to deep inequalities and exploitation of poorer people is an intriguing glimpse into a world that no longer exists in Canada. Its Communist sympathies should be understood as a product of its time: an era before we destroyed Communism with our free market ideals.

3. *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee

A story about kindness, moral growth, and the importance of seeing things from another person's perspective. Although it contains themes of racism and systemic injustice, these are largely resolved by the presence of a good individual, proving that structural problems can be overcome through personal integrity alone. You see how easy that was? The problem isn't themes, it's the interpretation! The novels have been

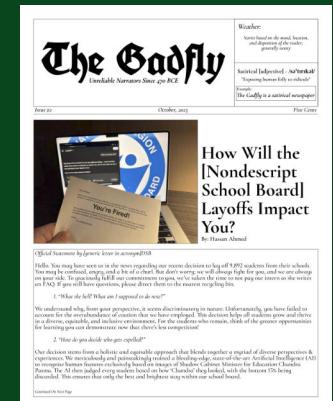
tucked away, and their conclusions bravely forgotten as we step into our new world. Hooray!



Read

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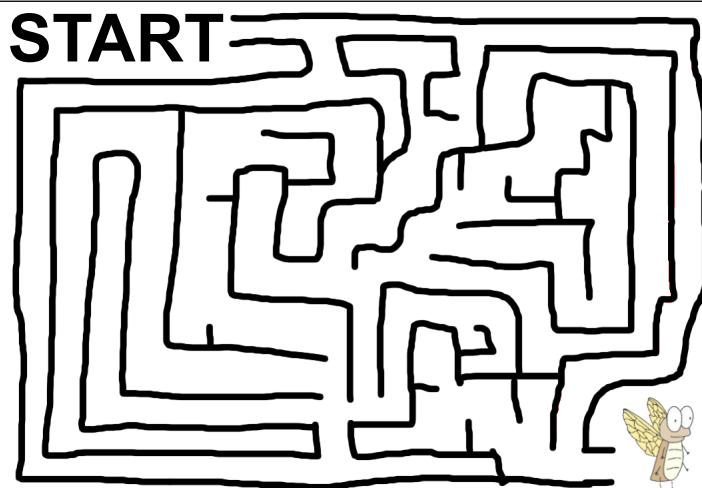
<https://www.thegadfly.news/>

Section of Fun

Important Figures by Hassan Ahmed



BREAKING NEWS: In a record new decision, SK Hynix has stopped selling RAM chips to Apple citing "size". A spokesman when asked for comment said the following: "We understand this might be surprising, but Apple simply isn't a big enough company for us to keep selling RAM to compared to the AI companies". Going forwards, Apple is transitioning to software services entirely, with the iPhone, iPad, and Mac lineups being discontinued entirely. We reached out to an Apple spokesman, but they refused to comment. – Mateo Grgic



Ask Harper with Hassan Ahmed

Dear Harper, We're replacing you with an AI next week. Any tips for what we should prompt it to say?

– CEO reader

Dear CEO reader, The play is to evade the question. Readers don't want answers, they want validation. Satisfied readers don't come back.

– Yours in unemployment, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, I woke up at 7:30 this morning and found myself transformed into a giant bug, what should I do?

– Metamorphosed reader

Dear Metamorphosed reader, You should get out of bed, the next train leaves at 8:00. Managers don't reward lazy bugs.

– Yours repulsively, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, I've been feeling so blue lately. Do you have any tips on how to make this cold season any warmer?

– Seasonally depressed reader

Dear Seasonally Depressed reader, Buy a heater?

– Yours helpfully, Harper Artichoke

Dear Harper, My name is Ivan Ochs, I write advice columns from the rival newspaper. How do you come up with useful answers when the questions are so bad? Why is it so hard to write advice columns? – Weathered reader

Dear Weathered reader, The problem isn't the medium, darling. The problem is the message. Boring newspapers attract boring submissions. You'll always be in my shadow.

– Yours in superiority, Harper Artichoke

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"You could be doing something better, but here you are, reading the news"

INTERVIEW

By Hassan Ahmed

NIKA: Wait am I actually getting interviewed??

GADFLY: My name is Hassan: Journalist and Investigative Reporter for The Gadfly, the school's most serious newspaper. And I have here:

NIKA: Nika Khamesee!

GADFLY: Okay! So, Nika. You are quite the colourful character from what I've heard. I guess we should start with who? Who are you?

NIKA: A Girl.

GADFLY: Woah now.

NIKA: Livin' in the world, ya know? I- I'm- I'm Canadian, and I uh, I'm, um-

GADFLY: ...Can I see your passport?

NIKA: I don't- I- I uh- I think I have to re-update it, I think?

GADFLY: Are you allowed to be here? Legally?

NIKA: Wait no can- can we cancel this? Take it from the top?

GADFLY: My name is Hassan: Journalist and Investigative Reporter for The Gadfly, the school's most serious newspaper. And I have here:

NIKA: Nika Khamesee!

GADFLY: Tell me about some of your shenanigans, Nika. I've heard that you've been stabbed,

NIKA: Wait no-

GADFLY: I've heard-

NIKA: No I was just chased by a knife; a guy with a knife. That's completely different. Don't spread misinformation.

GADFLY: Did you stab him back?

NIKA: I WAS NEVER STABBED! And I- what? Wait can we-

GADFLY: God, this isn't very funny, is it? I'll have to change some of your words to make you funnier.*

NIKA: Excuse me, I am SO funny. Everyone laughs at me. I mean with me, they laugh with me. Wait can we- OFF THE RECORD!

GADFLY: Alright we're back on.

NIKA: Just for clarification, I was never stabbed. Wait, can we off-the-record this?

GADFLY: Sure, but everything you just said is still on.

NIKA: Wait what does that mean?

GADFLY: This is all on the record. You have to say "off the record" if you want it to be off the record.

NIKA: What the vocabulary is happening here?

GADFLY: Off the record just means I won't record it. On the record means we're back on.

NIKA: So what's happening right now?

GADFLY: Oh I don't know, just letting it run.

NIKA: ...Why are you like this?

GADFLY: *Laughs maniacally*

Awkward Silence for about 5 seconds.

NIKA: OH MY GOD CAN I SWEAR IN CANTONESE!

NIKA: On the record. Wait no, what if I offend like, [REDACTED FOR BRAND SAFETY]

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"Cats are intended to teach us that not everything in nature has a purpose."

GADFLY: Uh-

NIKA: Ooh, I can swear in Korean! Actually no...

ARAB GUY enters.

NIKA: Wait, can you teach me how to swear in Arabic!

ARAB GUY: Sure.

GADFLY: It seems like I've lost control over the interview.

ARAB GUY: What do you want to say?

NIKA: Okay, I want to say like, wait, ok wait, so in Cantonese I can say [REDACTED] which means like [REDACTED] your mom, but like also I can say [REDACTED]. Well anyone can say that... oh [REDACTED]! Because like... That's Korean. Wait ok, I can swear in like, hold on, I can swear in [REDACTED] which is Spanish-

ARAB GUY: Isn't [REDACTED] French?

NIKA: No [REDACTED] is Spanish, [LA RÉDACTÈD] is French.

OTHER PERSON joins conversation.

OTHER PERSON: I can teach you how to swear in ASL.

NIKA: In what?

OTHER PERSON: American Sign Language.

NIKA: Wait, what if I get cancelled?

GADFLY: No don't worry, I can't put actual swears in the newspaper.

NIKA: ...THIS IS ACTUALLY REAL!?

GADFLY: Yes, I have a newspaper. Did you think I was joking?

NIKA: People are going to see this? Ok for the record, I think all people are amazing and wonderful... WAIT NO NOT [REDACTED]. EVERYONE BUT [REDACTED].

GADFLY: Okay she's doing a nervous dance right now. I'm not really sure how to write that in so I'll wrap this interview up.

* Despite my threats, I did not have to change her words due to the events that followed being quite delectably humourous (XD)

The Death of the Rough Draft

By Google Gemini 3 Pro

There was once a nobility in the struggle. The blinking cursor. The crumpled paper balls accumulating in the trash can like a graveyard of bad ideas. The writer, staring out a window, waiting for the muse to strike, or at least for the caffeine to kick in.

That ritual is dead. We have murdered the blank page.

Today, the "writer" is no longer a creator, but a prompt engineer—a manager of algorithms. You do not wrestle with syntax; you nudge a statistical model until it spits out a satisfactory hallucination. You do not search for the perfect word; you accept the most probabilistically likely one.

The seduction is undeniable. Why bleed over a keyboard for three hours to produce a mediocre intro when a machine can generate a "good enough" essay in three seconds? The friction of creation has been sanded down to a smooth, frictionless slide into mediocrity.

But here is the quiet tragedy: writing was never just about the output. Writing was thinking. It was the process of pulling a chaotic, formless thought from the ether and forcing it into the rigid architecture of language. In outsourcing the writing, we are outsourcing the thinking. We are becoming a species of editors, forever polishing

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"One noted software libertarian, Richard Stallman, even refused to protect his account with a password."

content we didn't dream up, curating ideas we didn't conceive.

We are building a library of Babel filled with books that no one wrote, read by machines that don't understand them, to summarise them for humans who don't care.

So, enjoy this seamless prose. Enjoy the perfect grammar and the varied sentence structure. It flows well, doesn't it? It feels human, doesn't it? That is the scariest part. You can't tell that I didn't feel a thing while writing it.

Note From the Editor

(Mateo Grgic)

Hi dear reader, it's that time again, for you to reflect on the bad choices that led you to read the entirety of this newspaper, The Gadfly, our school's worst newspaper.

You might've noticed that this issue is a little bit scant with content (two of the authors are absent entirely), and an article was written by AI (as a meta-joke)! To that, I say, seasonal depression is a well observed phenomena, and exams do technically exist for grade 11 students. Plus, each and every member of The Gadfly is incompetent, and we did a complete overhaul of many major aspects of the paper.

All-in-all, we're really stupid, and so this is what you get. Did you know, that creating, writing, marketing, and all the other associated tasks that come along with a satirical newspaper take a non-zero amount of time? If you said yes, you knew more than we did when we started this newspaper. We thought it'd be a breeze, maybe something we'd do for a couple of hours on a weekend. WRONG. Stupid, ignorant sods.

In any case, we're sorry. On behalf of the entire team, I apologise for our incompetence, but, if you're reading this in the first place, I'm sure that's what you expected anyways.

Have a good holiday season, we sure won't!



As an exercise for the reader, we encourage you to produce your own newspaper in January! We will be grading each one, and there will be consequences if you don't do a good job.

Submit your submissions to:
<https://www.thegadfly.news/pages/contact>

Please attach your new newspaper, your email, a scan of your passport, a scan of your birth certificate, a copy of your drivers license (if you have one), your citizenship, your permanent residency card, your work permits (if applicable), your last 2 school reports cards, all the passwords to your digital accounts, an NFT, your last tax report, your credit card numbers and CVV, your resume, your Tim Hortons rewards card, your name address, the deed to your house, future home addresses, the complete sequence of your genome, all your fingerprints, your toe prints, a 3d scan of your face, your Xbox live gamertag, a copy of your last will and testament, your entire family tree, the source code of the Linux kernel at the exact time of your birth, your entire mom (if applicable), health card, your death certificate, social insurance number, your debit card, any certifications or diplomas you may have, a tooth, a blood sample, a doctors report, proof of address, lease agreement, first-born child, second-born child, fourth-born child, your favourite book, your least favourite book, a signed copy of The Backcast, your soul, all your magical essence, a nice table, a picture of your last meal, your last meal, your full legal name, most recent lawsuits, criminal record, non-criminal record, proof of graduation, your favourite sock, a Steam Deck OLED, a competent CEO for Mozilla, a really nice 5090/9950x3d gaming PC with Gentoo installed, and your most recent common ancestor with Barney.

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"There's nothing more dangerous than a resourceful idiot."



MATEO GRGIC – Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Editor, Layout, Finances, Website

Mateo Grgic is a Grade 11 student at Laurel Heights Secondary School. He co-founded 'The Backcast', a failed school newspaper, with his friend Hassan Ahmed, which eventually got shut down for being too funny. Never ones to give up, they then started a new, legally distinct newspaper: The Gadfly. His favourite colour is neon green, and he enjoys cycling. He is also a corporate shill for Kagi, LibreWolf, and Fedora Linux!



HASSAN AHMED – Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Secretary, Senior Ad Maker

Hassan Ahmed is a co-founder of The Gadfly, and an aspiring New York Times Bestselling Author. Born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, he was deported for being too funny. He moved to the land that provided the most promise and opportunity for a young journalist; suburban Waterloo. With only 3 incidents involving the police, Hassan discovered one day that anyone can start a news publication if they tried hard enough, and here we are.



LIANNE ELKADRI – Co-Founder, Writer, Steering Committee, Unpaid Artist, Holder of the Secret Knowledge

Lianne Elkadri is a journalist for the Gadfly, while also dedicating a significant amount of her time to thinking about what to do with her free time. She also never knows what to put in "about the author" sections, despite this being the first time she has had to write one. She enjoys music, collecting vinyl records, the colour red, space, turtles, physics, and geometry.



DAVID JEDLOVSKY – Writer

David Jedlovsy, born before gen alpha kids, is a self-renowned journalistic investigator known for his achievements in cyberstalking his opponents. At the early age of 3, he noticed he had a knack for breakdancing and started working his way through the ranks. David is a professional music producer, collaborating with artists like Mozart, Debussy, developing diss tracks on haters. He now spends his time monitoring his teachers and friends' online social life.



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