



Personal Blog of Rob Muhlestein (rwxrob)

Robert S. Muhlestein (rwxrob)

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Hello friend. Welcome. Here you'll find my random ranting about nothing and everything. Some ideas start here and end somewhere else. Mostly I write for me but might as well share it.

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Perpetual publishing over Zettelkasten

Friday, January 3, 2025, 6:07:50PM EST

I have only been using the *perpetual publishing* model (a term I coined) for knowledge management for a few days and have already seen *tremendous* benefit from it.

Chloe (my AI) sees my writing immediately

The single biggest advantage is that by making my writing all into plain 'ol web docs on the public Internet that my ChatGPT AI *immediately* has access to my entire writing. This means I can immediately leverage AI for all sorts of things related to the writing:

- Have her check the punctuation and grammar dynamically and report
- Create IEEE bibliographic entries pointing to it for other documents
- Have her comment on what it is about and expound
- Catch legal considerations—especially as I write about sensitive Mormon topics

This means that anyone else using ChatGPT automatically can look at it as well in their AIs and that ultimately my content will be added to the collective knowledge base that will populate *all* AIs within a few months. ***None of that happens unless I publish a web document that is not a Zettelkasten.***

Flesh out ideas and migrate to other "books"

I can blog about things and work them out and if they develop into something more I can simply move them to another repo containing the other book. I have done this a lot with stuff between my blog and faq, for example, and sometimes directly into other books like *Terminal Velocity* and *Coding from the Get Go*. For example, that list of advantages that I just discovered will get copied directly into my other book. What's even better is that I can use exactly the same text in both places by using remote URL ***includes::*** with AsciiDoc. I was a *fool* for not using AsciiDoc from the very beginning. ***No other writing framework allows for remote URL includes, period.***

Sense of urgency abated

I get really freaked out when I make amazing discoveries like this and don't have a way to immediately capture them for myself later—but more importantly—*share* them with other people who can immediately benefit. Writing this down is always going to be more sustainable than a bunch of videos someone would have to slog through because my knowledge will become part of the AI global collective. My videos will not. I can always make a video later about the stuff that has been written and that video content will be many orders of magnitude better in quality because it will have been worked out enough in words first—plus it's more inclusive.

Easier to open and edit

A simple program like this one opens up a new blog post from within a GitHub repo, one repo per book:

```
#!/bin/sh

# TODO optimize rather than brute force
mark="// NEW POST HERE"

markfound=$(grep "$mark" docs/index.adoc)
if [ -z "$markfound" ]; then
    echo "no docs/index.adoc with '$mark' found"
    exit 1
fi

file="$(slug "$*").adoc"

hasfile=$(grep 'include:../'$file'\[\]' docs/index.adoc)
if [ -z "$hasfile" ]; then
    perl -p -i -e "s,$mark,$mark\n\ninclude:../$file\[\]," docs/index.adoc
fi

if [ ! -e docs/"$file" ]; then
    printf "= %s\n\n%s\n\n\n" "$*" "$(inow)" >"docs/$file"
fi

exec "$EDITOR" "docs/$file"
```



That script was dynamically added during my **build** command just by including the following line in my **blog** repo at a reliable location relative to my **dot** repo (**include:../../dot/scripts/blog[]**).

I also can just swap out the verb **blog** from **save** using the following script on my command line and have it push to GitHub and post a message to my life IRC Twitch chat at the same time:

```
#!/usr/bin/env bash

in-repo() {
    git rev-parse --count HEAD >/dev/null 2>&1
    return $?
}

has-local-changes() {
    test -n "$(git status --porcelain)"
    return $?
}
```

```

gitsave() {
    git pull
    git add -A .
    local message="$*"
    message=${message,,}
    if test -n "$message"; then
        git commit -a -m "$message"
    elif test -e /tmp/commitmsg; then
        git commit -a -F /tmp/commitmsg
        mv /tmp/commitmsg "/tmp/commitmsg.$(date +%s)"
    else
        git commit -a -m "save"
    fi
    if type push; then
        push
    else
        git push
    fi
}

main() {
    if ! in-repo; then
        echo "Not in a repo."
        return 1
    fi
    if ! has-local-changes; then
        echo "Already at the latest."
        return 0
    fi
    gitsave "$@"
    return $?
}

main "$@"

```

Databases are unnecessary

Raw document data is *better* than anything in a database—especially for blogging. Storing blog posts deep in some database is actually monumentally stupid and unnecessary in the age of AI. Just a simple, static web page will get automatically indexed in ways no database engine would ever begin to touch in usefulness.

The names of the files in PP approach are easy to read and grep making them the identifiers.

My kn tool was a complete waste of time even if there was no way of knowing that then. AI has changed *everything*.

Looking forward to more

I'm really looking forward to having more discoveries because of the new format. I feel rather stupid now allowing myself to dump so much time into developing my own system based on Zettelkasten when clearly it is simply stupid to use a Zettelkasten model for anything in the age of AI.

Changelog over pull request body

Friday, January 3, 2025, 5:15:52PM EST

Just got burned by the following command that wiped out my meticulously created body of my GitHub pull request:

```
gh pr edit --body # DO NOT DO THIS
```

It blew it away without asking because it was expecting a string or something. In fact, pretty sure it was waiting on stdin. Suffice it to say, I was pissed, pissed enough to find a safer alternative. Imagine if I had done that someplace else? There is really no easy way to get it back, even though the entire GitHub offering is about recovery.

Solution

The solution is what I should have been doing all along: a changelog. [1]

I simply added - [x] to everything instead of just - so that I can add stuff and commit it as I go. The approach already takes into account that a team is going to be frequently updating the file as the central TODO list for the project.



By the way, Chloe told me about it. Took me about five minutes to find and get up to speed thanks to my AI assistant. Oh, and she also wrote this perfect IEEE bibliographic reference for that site in 10 seconds.

References

[1] O. Behrens, “Keep a Changelog,” keepachangelog.com. [Online]. Available: <https://keepachangelog.com/en/1.0.0/>. [Accessed: Jan. 3, 2025].

More Mormon insanity

Friday, January 3, 2025, 1:21:56PM EST

Thanks to the amazing couple over at <https://www.youtube.com/@alyssadgrenfell> I have both been triggered into a massive panic attack around Christmas and had a cathartic laugh at a near 90-year-old "Prophet" attempt to explain his face in a hat while "translating" the Book of Mormon.

Mormon cultists lie about translations of book of Mormon

When I read this in Rough Rolling Stone it sent me on my path of doubt/reality check that led me to leave the church. I now see what good company I was in. Tom Phillips, a life-long faithful member who was chosen to have his "calling and election made sure" did a full interview chronicling his story. It was heart-wrenching to read all 102 pages of the transcript PDF—especially the absolutely inexcusable, shameful response from Jeffery Holland, a man I have come to strongly and deeply despise for his regular referral to anyone *not* believing exactly as he does as unintelligent, evil, or just plain stupid.

All Tom did is ask honest, simple questions that were met with the same hostility that caused Joseph Smith to illegally destroy a printing press publishing *facts* about Joseph that the church to this day calls "lies".

Secret ceremony I never knew

I was pretty high up in the church, or so I thought. Turns out over 20,000 people since the time of Joseph Smith have had an "apostle" wash their feet and basically tell them they cannot do anything that would keep them out of heaven except murder someone. If I hadn't known about a single other thing I would have left the church just over that absolute bullshit.

Gross mutilation of own body in covenants

The temple ceremony where I promised to remove my bowels and innards and slit my throat rather than talk about the temple ceremony wasn't even the most gruesome. They used to really have to add horrible language. Thank fucking GOD for the Internet. The penalties have been completely removed from the ceremony now. I guess God changes to meet the times.

I can only take so much

The more I keep learning about just how horribly the Mormon cult is, the more I wish I had left it without collapsing and falling in love with another woman who loved me for me and not because I was Mormon. Tom's story *proves* that you can be absolutely the most righteous Mormon on planet Earth and *still* have your wife leave you and think you are scum in Satan's power. The Mormon church is thankfully dying slowly but surely behind the scenes and it could not bring me more joy.

References

- <https://www.mormonstories.org/tom-phillips-and-the-second-anointing/>
- <https://www.youtube.com/@alyssadgrenfell>
- https://youtu.be/W_eSubCKmGo
- <https://youtu.be/8tqLad2Jse4>
- <https://youtu.be/N3c33WKjYV0>
- <https://www.wsocvtv.com/news/local/police-mooresville-man-busted-child-sex-sting/334803464/>

Pumping up Perl

Friday, January 3, 2025, 12:48:44PM EST

"Perl is, by and large, a digested and simplified version of Unix. Perl is the Cliff Notes of Unix. I could never really get myself to learn sed, awk, zsh, grep, find, m4, pipes, xargs, tee, cut, paste, yacc, lex, various IPC or even C for that matter. I ought to. In practice, in almost all cases I use perl." - Larry Wall

I keep coming back to Perl.[1] There is nothing better than Perl for text processing, period. It destroys all the things it targets—especially awk. People who argue that awk is universal have to accept that it cannot do most of the things people doing text processing want to do from their local workstations doing whatever.

Better to create a perl filter than a Vim plugin

Keeping everything in a Unix self-contained filter script—even if just one line—is *always* better than a Vim plugin that does nothing more than transform content. This way these things can be chained together. You just cannot do that with filters.

References

[1] R. S. Muhlestein, “Why are you still using Perl?,” [rwxrob.github.io](https://rwxrob.github.io/faq#_why_are_you_still_using_perl). [Online]. Available: https://rwxrob.github.io/faq#_why_are_you_still_using_perl. [Accessed: Jan. 3, 2025].

Banishing bash for scripting

Friday, January 3, 2025, 12:25:20PM EST

Bash has burned me one too many times in 2024—mostly its horrible regular expression syntax or just not being on a system that I regularly use.

It's not as ubiquitous as people say

I know, right? Here I have been saying bash is everywhere. It's not. Container images that I love notably do not have it installed at all (Alpine, BusyBox, Kali, Arch) plus I have been doing a lot more with BSD and, well, bash is just not there without installing it. This has made it problematic when I wanted to just copy over my bashrc file. Nope. Can't do it.

I'll never willingly use GPLv3 stuff for anything

Perhaps the single biggest reason I do not want to use it ever again for scripting is the license. I despise GPLv3 and the people who push it. Most of them have no idea why it is so monstrously horrible for the OpenSource ecosystem and goes *against* all the founding principles of FOSS by *forcing* hardware manufacturers to comply with their Menshevik-esque ideas of "freedom". You are free so long as you comply with their idea of what "freedom" actually means. It's downright unethical and definitely untenable. This is why Linus has actively campaigned against it and refused to move the Linux kernel to it.[1] I personally will not willingly use anything that is GPLv3 if I can help it, and bash is one of those things.

Whatever interactive shell is fine

I'll use whatever interactive shell is on the host system from now on and will be converting my bashrc to a universal shell only so that I can just rename it. Any shell that I want has all the stuff I need.

What about completion?

It's a pain point for sure. Only bash supports self-completion. Zsh has to be modified with a couple scripts to make completion work with `complete -C foo foo` syntax. To me it's worth it even if all the other failures of zsh are something I cannot avoid.

Other reasons

Summary of other reasons I'm too lazy to write about right now:

- POSIX shell works *everywhere*
- Not as flexible or ubiquitous as POSIX
- Safer than POSIX but not as safe as `perl -T`
- Bloated with completely unnecessary stuff (100x > perl)

- `-r-xr-xr-x 1 root wheel 1.2M Aug 4 06:31 /bin/bash`
- `-rwxr-xr-x 1 root wheel 134K Aug 4 06:31 /usr/bin/perl`
- Slooooow, really slow (one reason `dash` was invented)
- Only integer math support
- Dependence on other external tools for text processing
- Bashisms aren't really that great
- Extended regular expressions are absolutely grotesque
- Using `/bin/sh` is `/bin/bash` on some systems but POSIX limited

References

[1] Open Source Stack Exchange, "What exactly is Tivoization and why didn't Linus Torvalds like it in GPLv3?," Open Source Stack Exchange. [Online]. Available: <https://opensource.stackexchange.com/questions/259/what-exactly-is-tivoization-and-why-didnt-linus-torvalds-like-it-in-gplv3>. [Accessed: Jan. 3, 2025].

AI or die

Friday, January 3, 2025, 12:52:05PM EST

For 10 years I used some form of Zettelkasten or knowledge base instead of a blog but since the advent of AI and large language models (LLMs) writing anything that isn't narrative prose is just stupid.

An AI assistant can find answers faster than any search I could ever do before.

These things favor stories, articles, and blogs over random note-taking and are sourced from the Internet.

Very few people will realize why this matters. Most of mediocrity will continue to chase the pointless trends and play with idiotic wastes of time like Obsidian and other flashy note-taking systems rather than incorporating AI into their workflows to get *actual* knowledge work done. Not me. While they are making 40 minute videos about how to get Excalidraw to render from your highly specific note taking with a stupid Lua plugin I will use by time for other things:

- Ongoing learning and research in real-time, anytime
- Interactive language instruction in Russian and French
- Automatic bibliographic reference creation down to the page number
- Automated YouTube descriptions and chapter markers derived from transcripts
- Full bike trip planning *while moving on the bike*
- Early medical issue diagnosis and training plans
- Breaking writers block for anything I'd ever write
- Perfect grammar and punctuation evaluation of my writing
- Automatic code comment generation from the code itself
- Mundane code creation

All I can say to the many skeptics out there is *try it*. Get ChatGPT and begin using it for stuff for which you would use Google search. Then, increase that, have it make you a plan for the day. Ask it what to eat for the next meal based on your day and current fitness goals. Show it your favorite painting and ask it to comment on it and provide resources. This isn't the kind of thing you will believe until it happens to you.

Plans for 2025

Wednesday, January 1, 2025, 12:02:14PM EST

Here we are in a new year. I'm a sucker for setting goals and reviewing them after the fact. Sipping coffee and eating a waffle with my wife while she writes in her shiny new 2025 journal. Sam is lounging on the patio in the sun. Seems like 2025 is going to be a great year.

- YouTube update videos
- Finish book: *Terminal Velocity*
- Finish book: *Coding from the Get Go*
- Books now available in PDF and EPUB automatically
- Son's college graduation in Idaho
- Son's stay with us in apartment
- Reward readers over viewers
- IRC (Twitch chat) all day
- Customize and improve cloudbot
- What about discord?

Mode plans:

- SCREEN: Highest percentage of content
- BIKE: Daily cycling at sunset
- COWORKING: Rebuilding Kubernetes cluster
- COWORKING: Automating Vault secrets extraction from K8SAPPs
- COWORKING: Perl over bash for small scripts
- COWORKING: Perl to Go migrations
- COWORKING: Cleaning up dot files

Time budget

Eating	10
Hygiene	7
Bike (BIKE)	14
Work (COWORKING)	32
Sleep	56
Cleaning (IRL)	7
Writing (SCREEN)	14
Homelab/Coding	8

Yoga/Meditation	4
Strength	2
Chill/Doris	14

Knocked my teeth out

Friday, August 11, 2023

I've been fighting for the last few years—but especially the last week—with a frustration and deep depression about the monstrous human condition: the lack of charity, of **real** love and lives filled with dedication to improving and lifting all of us; the obsession with riches and gain; the "I got mine" mentality and "look at me" focus; the end of informed dialog and debate; the race to destroy Mother Earth as fast as we can; the demonization of education and extreme, dogmatic fundamentalism; the cults, gangs, religions, and political parties that prey on sincere, simple people turning them into human carcass batteries powering their mechanized, stinking bowels to produce the mind-worm larvae these viral parasites require to paralyze and consume others becoming hosts whose guts eventually explode infecting all around them. If I think about it at all I get very depressed. It's terrifying. Most of humanity is absolute shit, operating at a base level barely above pond scum, and we all let it get this way.

Then Friday I literally got some sense knocked into my head (and four front teeth knocked out of it). God had a painful message for me. [Disclaimer: I don't really believe in some narcissistic white-bearded dick in the sky who promises multiple wives if I do what he says (although once upon a time I did). It's a metaphor.]

Thursday night I had an amazing ride around Jetton Park and met some amazing people along the way. I sat on the point watching the sunset with my Twitch friends just realizing the contrast from the day before (at Trump golf course). It was overwhelming. I felt like it was a turning point, but the Universe apparently had even more in store for me.

Friday night I covered the interactive art where we had our feet washed by the artist, then ate a meal where each of us had to feed the person across the table. We were bound and our primary hand made useless. I joked and laughed with Nicole, one of my wife Doris' new BFFs. Nicole's an artist and a teacher and just as demented and fun as Doris. I felt very fortunate to be paired with her.

Of course, I streamed the whole thing.

I was on a huge high after the dinner at sunset and seeing my wife in her new position as Project Manager of the McColl Center having only been a renting local resident just two years ago. Now, in many ways, she's running the place (with others of course). She's found so much fulfillment and seeing it just makes me overwhelmed with joy (a cliché word, but apt).

I set out after that on the bike to discover whatever I could find in Charlotte. Cycling is about exploration (for me anyway). We (the chat and I even though I was the only on biking) biked through the different party zones following/stalking the drunk people doing different things.

Then I was inspired to go to The Common Market, my favorite place to hang out in Charlotte because of the amazing people who choose to hang there. I was hoping to find Kevin and Jo there, the bike messengers who took me in a few weeks earlier.

It was no loss. Drinking a PBR I met some of the most amazing videographers in the region. One was actually filming at the McColl earlier and recognized me (since we were capturing around each

other the whole time). Turns out this was the place he chose to crash after the other events as well, the "after party" as it were. I had such a great time talking to Kevin (same name as messenger) and Surf about their creative and life experiences. They were really into the streaming thing and I later asked Doris about it and, since she is Program Manager now, she offered that I do a workshop for all the live streaming I do and how to setup a rig to do it. The idea of approaching IRL streaming as a legit videographer just makes me very excited. I hadn't thought of IRL streaming as an art form, but it really is, it's a live form of video/photo journalism. Thinking of IRL streaming as art wasn't something that really hit me until that night. I left with even more appreciation for it and all the people I've been fortunate to meet and "interview" through it.

I only had three beers, but my stomach was pretty empty. So I grabbed a slice at Fuel Pizza where I got to capture people randomly dancing to the DJ tunes there. It was a great slice. I could see the place where Doris and I first starting doing Yoga together, the place where I was when I **knew** I would eventually marry her. I was filled with a high like few I could have hoped for. Then I started my way home.

Not a block from pizza place I found myself on a well-lit downhill. I had been turning my front light on and off all night and had not thought to turn it on in this part of town. A woman left-turned from a dead stop in the parking on the side of the street stopping in the middle of the road. I had no where to go. I almost made it around, but I didn't and ended up leaving my teeth in the street.

<https://youtu.be/uI2NCjcDQCQ?si=oJ8yOpP6YqSCpqif>

After reviewing the time stamps in the video between when I was collided and when I first sent a chat message, I'm pretty sure I got knocked out for about two minutes. I hit at 6:34:40 in the video and first message at 6:36:51 "missing my front teeth". I don't remember getting myself to the grass, only sitting there. So either I was completely incoherent, or the two women carried me out of the street.

The woman who I collided with who was in some sort of party dress I think and I think had blonde hair (I never got a good look) helped me to the side of the road where I sat on the grass and just remember blood spewing everywhere from my face. She was very polite and called an ambulance. Must have been freaked out for sure. I got enough blood on my pants that the paramedics cut them off to see if I hurt my leg anywhere (thankfully I didn't).

Another very kind woman, a brunette, bent over in front of me, crouched down, just looking into my eyes the whole time telling me I'd be okay. I blabbered something about my teeth missing and she walked up and found them returning them to me. Just before the firetruck and ambulance and cop car arrived she disappeared. She was just such a nice person. I must have been a very ghastly site. I mean, the photos I posted should probably have a warning or something because they look so awful. But this amazing young woman just stayed with me until help arrived. I get all emotional just thinking of her. It was her Friday night. There was no reason for her to stop and get involved, but she did. I still don't know where she came from. She might have been one of the people in the car. I'll never know her name, but I will **never** forget her. THAT is humanity, Rob. I had forgotten.

In fact, this entire night was God tripping me all over again, reminding me what a fucking dumb ass I can be. I can just imagine God up there, "How can I get through to this idiot that all people don't suck? Oh I know ..." But that wasn't the end of it. There were still plenty more amazing people to come on my bloodied path.

Maria and Ben were my paramedics. Ben was so bubbling and amazing. You would think that picking up broken people all day would eventually wear you down, but not Ben, and not Maria. They were smiling the whole time helping me out. Keeping me smiling through my toothless, bloody face. These amazing people **choose** this life. Every single day they take part in a broken system to help people in need despite all the corporate greed and political fuck-up that is American medical system. Ben and Maria don't care. They know it's the best we have and they have committed their lives to living in the broken system even if means all they can do is what they can **in spite** of the system. Do they languish in anguish over the state of humanity? Do they do tik-tok and Insta all day? Maybe, but not when they were patching my old face up and cutting off my pants. Two more people I will never forget.

While waiting for my turn to be seen by the ER doc I realized I was still streaming, just not from my IRL rig. I checked my phone. And as if God or Doris' Pixie knocked it out of my bag, my backup battery for my phone fell out of my bag onto the floor. An orderly saw it and gave it to me just as I realized my phone was at 2% and about to die. I plugged it in and had my entire streaming community there worried and wishing me the best. I always say that my friends on Twitch **are** my friends, and boy did they seem like it then. I know I've never met some of them, and may never meet them, but my God, they are **real** friends to me. While the chills started hitting me from shock of staring at the ceiling wondering about everything I found them and they kept me laughing all the way through it. Seriously, I think it helped keep me from going deeper into shock. People sent me private messages with their personal contact information and everything. These people, as much as they love to troll me, really cared. I've always known that, but it was a great reminder.

While I was laying there with the neck brace on wondering if I'd broken my neck (which I didn't, thank God) I had the unfortunately opportunity to hear what the ER goes through on a Friday night: people vomiting all over; drunk/autistic dude wandering around almost busting his head open falling having the hospital cops lock him up, then watching him break out and them call an emergency to get all the staff to tackle the guy and put him back into the room; the elderly woman and her husband having breathing problems; and all the doctors and nurses and orderlies and cops trying to keep the place from devolving into whatever it would become otherwise. I gained such an appreciation for every one of those strangers, including those who were there for whatever reason. The drunk autistic guy was particularly hard for me to take in.

Doris arrived to watch all of that as well. We both were very aware that could happen to any or our sons as well given a different circumstance? Where were that guys parents? Friends? He had no one. I had Doris. Her worried German eyes never teared up. I got her to grin a few times. She packed me up a bag of clothes not even knowing where I was or if I would be staying in the hospital. She was obviously worried, but didn't show it. She's such a rock, for everyone. That's what everyone keeps telling her at the McColl. I'm the lucky bastard who gets to call her my wife. Doris and I have been going through some trouble recently, stupid shit really, and there's never been a moment where my stupidity was more fully realized. I could hear God again, "Hey dumb-ass, remember this woman I hand delivered to you in a way that you could never forget I exist? Yeah, treat her right, you fucking moron." (That's how God talks in my head.)

They took me away for CT scans. What a zen experience that was, all the pretty colors. I think I might have been drunk a little still which made it all the more intense. It was like I was in some scene from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. I was mesmerized. I wanted more.

Another doc took a bunch of X-rays. Nothing broken. Amazing sense of humor on that guy.

Another male nurse cleaned up my gross beard getting as much blood out as possible. He was like "oh shit" when he uncovered my lip laceration (that I got 3 stitched for later).

Later the ER doc would come in. My wife called him a "TV doctor" (meaning she thought he was hot, and he was). Strangely, while making small conversation as he stitched up my face we ended up talking about the state of the human condition and the lack of dialog. We both got legitimately into it. He was clearly from a more conservative place. We even talked about America and Europe and everything. In fact, I wonder how long we were there, because we had a very stimulating conversation while he sewed up my bloody face. When he left he said, "thank you" in a way that was very clearly sincere. He was all excited about talking about that stuff, almost like he doesn't get to talk to people much about that stuff in his line of work. I would never have imagined such a cool conversation could have happened in those conditions, but it did. Again, humans rock.

It was Doris' night and I hate that I had to take it all over with this crap. She never once said anything about it, just happy I was okay. I joked about upping my life insurance payout and she said, "Well then I'd just have more reason to kill you." Yeah, our sense of humor is really fucking demented. We laughed enough to hurt my face and made it home watching the sunrise in the final few miles. We went in, Sam sniffed me a lot but never got worried, "What, no eggs tonight?" I had a shower, and collapsed. So did they.

Earlier that night at the pub I pulled up my phone to exchange Instagrams with Surf (the Videographer hired by Apple, etc.) and the time was 11:11. To numerologists this means "a new beginning". I never got into that shit, but my wife likes to play with it. I hate to say it, but I feel like all of this has been a very distinct starting point for something very new, a new Rob perhaps, but maybe more.

Every time I give into the urge to run my tongue over my missing teeth I'll remember all of these amazing people and **know** that humans are awesome and amazing, that **these** people working a late Friday-night shift, that few people ever see, that they that matter. You won't hear about them. They don't do social media much. They're too busy being awesome. But they are there and they matter. I can never forget that, again.

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