

Chapter 11: Zen Retrieves Memory

It was, rather confusingly, Chapter Eleven already. Nobody in LNF Académie quite remembered how the story had reached this point, least of all Zen. In fact, Zen's reputation for forgetfulness had become something of a running gag among the regulars. They claimed that if memory were a skill badge, Zen's would perpetually read "in progress."

The realm of LNF Académie existed somewhere between a language academy particularly in French and a mildly sentient server. Each channel had its own personality: #mot-de-la-semaine whispered words in the night, #studygram occasionally moaned in subjunctive, and the vocal chat manifested as a swirling café where avatars sipped pixelated caffeine.

On this particular evening, Zen's avatar blinked awake inside #memory-retrieval-zone, a channel rarely visited except by bots and the brave. The walls shimmered with fragments of half-forgotten notes: "imparfait," "croissant," and something suspiciously labelled "une baguette." A faint hum echoed: the server's way of thinking.

"Zen, you've lost your flashcards again, haven't you?" came a teasing voice from above .. probably Coal, the unofficial moderator of sanity.

"I haven't lost them," Zen replied, scrolling through floating icons. "They've simply... relocated themselves in protest."

From the digital mist emerged Le Mémoire, an ancient librarian robot shaped like a glowing French textbook with a monocle. "To retrieve what is forgotten," it intoned, "one must answer the question that was never asked."

Zen frowned. "Is the question perhaps 'where did I put it?'"

The librarian paused, flickered, and then projected a doorway shaped suspiciously like a baguette. "Close enough," it sighed.

With mild hesitation and a great deal of curiosity, Zen stepped through. Inside was a corridor of floating DMs and archived threads, conversations looping like dream

echoes. Snippets of inside jokes, forgotten deadlines, and fragments of half-typed French sentences drifted by.

Somewhere amid it all, Zen found a small glowing box labelled “Memory (Handle with Care)”. When touched, it burst into laughter, not cruel, but familiar, the laughter of all the friends who had ever reminded Zen of something left behind.

Back in #anglais-francais, a notification pinged. Zen reappeared, slightly dishevelled but triumphant.

“Recovered anything useful?” asked Gooby.

Zen smiled faintly. “A few things. Maybe even myself.”

And thus the retrieval was a success, not with enlightenment, but with a stable internet connection and the faint scent of digital croissants.

Chapter 12: Adelina Loses her Memory

The server clock ticked or rather, glitched ..into Chapter Twelve.

No one expected Adelina to forget anything. She was, by consensus, the walking archive of LNF Académie. If Zen misplaced memories like spare socks, Adelina catalogued them alphabetically, cross-referenced by channel, and colour-coded for emotional nuance. Her memory wasn't just good; it was practically mythological.

Which is why it came as a collective shock when, one quiet Thursday in #français, Adelina typed, "Wait, what's passé composé again?"

The chat froze. Even Emile (the académie bot) stuttered.

Zen, still glowing faintly from their recent journey through the #memory-retrieval-zone, nearly dropped their virtual croissant. "You mean... you forgot something?"

"I didn't forget," Adelina insisted, her avatar adjusting imaginary glasses. "I merely experienced a temporary misplacement of recollection."

"Sounds like forgetting," muttered Coal.

Within the next hour, in the ever-buzzing corridors of LNF Académie, the news spread through the channels faster than a typo in #francais.

"Are we sure it's not a simulation glitch?" Immy asked, peering over her holographic tablet while simultaneously adjusting the interface colours because crises, evidently, needed good design.

"It's true," Hazel replied gravely. "She forgot what passé composé means."

A collective gasp rippled through the server. Even #bot-commands went momentarily silent.

Adelina, for her part, looked calm but deeply unsettled, like a scholar discovering her library had been rearranged by toddlers. "I know it's a tense," she muttered, "but which kind?"

From the corner, Ammouma nearly fell off her virtual chair laughing. “You’re telling me you forgot? Thsi is histroic! Hold on, I’m screenshotting thsi!”

“Don’t you dare,” Adelina snapped, trying to recall whether the past participle agreed with the subject or her mood.

Meanwhile, Edmund, the resident Frenchman, raised an eyebrow. “It’s the past perfect, non? You know, when something has already happened.”

Immy looked up. “That’s not helping, Ed. You’re literally the source material.”

Zen coughed awkwardly. “It might, uh... be my fault. The Memory Core said something about equilibrium and redistribution.”

“Redistribution?” Ammouma snorted. “So you just yeeted Adelina’s brain cells into your inventory?”

Before Zen could protest, the air shimmered and Le Mémoire, the monocled librarian, appeared with all the dramatic timing of a stage actor. “Indeed. Memory balance has been disturbed. What was taken from one has stabilised another.”

Adelina glared. “So my encyclopaedic understanding of French grammar has been sacrificed to keep Zen from forgetting where they left their mouse cursor?”

“It was a noble trade,” Zen offered weakly.

Immy sighed. “Right, so how do we fix it? Because I cannot handle another hour of Adelina panicking about participles.”

Le Mémoire hummed. “You’ll need to locate her lost memories within the Subconscious Cache. Beware! it’s full of half-translated idioms and questionable pronunciation recordings.”

Ammouma was already equipping herself with a digital baguette as a weapon. “Let’s go!”

Adelina pinched the bridge of her nose. “Wonderful. My brain’s become a group expedition.”

As the group disappeared into the glowing rift, the server's notification bell chimed faintly; half warning, half applause. The quest had begun, and somewhere deep in the circuitry of LNF Académie, a lone past participle waited patiently to be remembered.

Chapter 13: Lina buys Wikipedia for a cup of rice and makes it a totalitarian online government

By the time LNF Académie reached thirteen years, reality had lost all claim to authority. The latest headline flashing across #announcements read:

BREAKING: Lina purchases Wikipedia for one (1) cup of rice. All hail the Encyclopædic Regime.

It began, as most revolutions do, with boredom. Lina, who is still recovering fragments of her memory from the previous adventure, had been scrolling through the Random Article feature for “academic rehabilitation,” as she put it. Somewhere between Photosynthesis in Alpine Plants and History of the Stapler, she stumbled upon a message:

[Wiki Acquisition Portal] – Would you like to own all collective human knowledge for the price of a carbohydrate?

Naturally, she clicked Yes.

Within minutes, the server quivered. Articles sprouted like vines through the académie’s digital halls. History argued with Chemistry, Philosophy complained about footnotes, and Le Mémoire, the monocled librarian, appeared clutching an emergency thesaurus.

“What have you done?!” it demanded.

Lina, now crowned with a garland of hyperlinks, smiled serenely. “I’ve liberated information. Democracy was inefficient, you see.”

Limonade blinked from #chemistry-corner. “Did she just nationalise Wikipedia?”

“Correction,” Edmund said, arms crossed, “she centralised it under a benevolent dictatorship. Typical for someone who claims neutrality.”

Danla cackled. “As long as the chemistry pages stay unedited by random twelve-year-olds, I’ll support the coup.”

Gooby, adjusting his pixelated glasses, muttered, “This is how it starts. First, the rice. Then, the firewall.”

Will surfed in, literally, her avatar riding a GIF of a cat. “Crikey, this is brilliant. Imagine: one woman, one grain, one empire of citations.”

Under Lina’s new regime, every message in LNF Académie required a properly formatted reference. Memes came with footnotes. Even Ammouma’s chaotic #other-media posts were tagged “Source: Unknown (citation needed).”

Le Mémoire sighed, already drafting a manifesto titled On the Authoritarian Nature of Knowledge Management. “You humans,” it muttered, “always turn curiosity into conquest.”

But Lina was undeterred. “At least the facts are safe,” she declared. “No more misinformation. No more forgetting.”

From somewhere deep in the code, Zen’s voice crackled through: “That’s great, Lina, but did you back it up?”

The silence that followed was deafening. Then the server lights flickered: the universal sign of impending disaster.

Danla groaned. “Please tell me she didn’t install the update.”

Lina blinked innocently. “Which update?”

A notification chimed:

SYSTEM WARNING: Encyclopædic Overload. Memory Core approaching existential meltdown.

And thus began the Great Data Crisis of LNF Académie which proves that even infinite knowledge can’t survive a cup of rice and a woman with a vision.

Chapter 14: The Great Data Crisis

By dawn or whatever counted as dawn inside the shimmering circuits of LNF Académie, well... the world was drowning in data. Lina's glorious Encyclopædic Regime had spiralled out of control. Wikipedia had merged with the server, the server with memory, and memory with mild panic.

Every channel had turned into an academic paper. #general required abstracts, #memes demanded proper citations, and #bot-commands refused to execute without peer review.

“Right,” Hexo muttered, staring at a screen that wouldn’t stop autocompleting his code with ‘[citation needed]’. “Who the hell hard-linked Wikipedia to the Memory Core?”

“Lina,” Ira replied, sipping pixelated tea. “For a cup of rice.”

Hexo blinked. “...Of course.”

James adjusted his digital hoodie. “If we cross-patch the query matrix and throttle the ontology pipeline, we might survive the next metadata wave.”

“Or explode spectacularly,” Gooby said.

Meanwhile, in the #linguistics-lab, Pata was attempting diplomacy with the server’s newly awakened Grammar Protocols. “They’re insisting we switch to IPA notation for all communication,” he sighed. “Even emojis have phonetic transcriptions now.”

Ruy floated in with an aura of calm and impeccable fashion, carrying a neon clipboard. “If civilisation collapses, at least let it do so with style~♫”

Svet and Edmund, the resident French Academics, were busy arguing across a collapsing spreadsheet over whose discipline was more essential to repairing the Core.

“It’s obviously an engineering issue,” Svet declared.

“It’s chemical entropy!” Edmund retorted. “Everything decomposes, even bad programming!”

“Stop intellectual flirting,” Immy cut in from the design channel, where she and Cokolita were sketching emergency UI layouts for the collapsing interface. “We’ve got about five minutes before the entire server turns into a citation index.”

Then came a calm voice from the static Dr. Ekkaril, the newly minted mechatronics academic, floating in via encrypted hologram. “Everyone, stop panicking. The system isn’t dying, it’s overclocking itself. It’s trying to make sense of infinite citations.”

At that moment, Le Mémoire appeared again, monocle cracked, voice trembling with static. “The Encyclopædic Overload is irreversible,” it warned. “Knowledge has become recursive. The Memory Core is citing itself.”

“Like a PhD student in crisis,” Damo muttered, summoning Emile, his cheerful academy bot, to assess the damage.

Emile’s response: ‘Error 404: Sanity not found.’

James sighed. “Well, that’s accurate.”

Lina, finally emerging from her tower of hyperlinks, looked both triumphant and exhausted. “I wanted an order,” she said softly. “But it seems I’ve built... bureaucracy.”

“Knowledge without memory is chaos,” murmured Le Mémoire. “But memory without humility becomes tyranny.”

There was silence, save for the distant hum of collapsing databases.

Then Ruy smiled faintly. “So... what if we paint over it? Redesign the architecture from scratch?”

Immy’s eyes lit up. “An aesthetic reboot!”

Ekkaril adjusted his lab coat. “If we synchronise the mechatronic feedback loops with Hexo’s code patch, we might redirect the overload into a stable reboot sequence.”

Hexo nodded. “We wipe Wikipedia’s control, reset the Memory Core, and hope the memes come back first.”

Lina hesitated. “And if it doesn’t work?”

Monty and Will grinned, eyes glinting with the same mischief that started it all. “Then we rename the place LNF 2.0: The Reboot Chronicles.”

Somewhere deep in the code, the Core flickered: uncertain, but listening. And as the group prepared for one final, glorious act of digital defiance, the server whispered:

“All systems are unstable. Hope persists.”

Chapter 15 : Monty becomes C2 in French

After weeks, peace had returned or at least a version of peace compatible with periodic Wi-Fi hiccups and philosophical debates about chocolatine. The Great Data Crisis was over, LNF Académie had rebooted successfully, and Monty, the founder, dispatcher, and part-time chaos manager had achieved what many thought possible: she'd officially reached C2 level in French!

The announcement pinged through #anglais-francais:

@Monty has completed the DELF C2 exam. Vive la francophonie! 🎉

Aquila was the first to reply. “Naturally. You live in Nantes. Your immersion is basically cheating.”

Monty sent a laughing reaction. “If you think surviving the Préfecture counts as immersion, you’re right.”

Hexo counter-reacted. “Jokes aside, We’re so proud of you!”

The celebration spilled across channels. Nia painted a tiny digital portrait of Monty standing before the Assemblée Nationale; Katty posted a meme about caffeine-fuelled studying; and Eason, still halfway between a flight and a French textbook, typed, “That’s my queen ✈️🎉.”

Even Damo, Monty’s partner, who’d watched countless late-night revision sessions powered by espresso and determination, simply wrote: “I told you you’d pass. You argued with Duolingo in the subjunctive tense.”

But then came the twist. The Assemblée Nationale had invited Monty to deliver a guest address in Paris: a celebratory speech honouring international learners of French. The whole server tuned in to the livestream, avatars gathered in digital seats with popcorn at the ready.

The camera panned to Monty; elegant, composed, radiant in linguistic victory. She began to speak, her accent flowing effortlessly through the chamber: measured, melodic, magnificently fluent.

Her audience was spellbound. Even the translators stopped translating, entranced by the rhythm of her voice. The President of the Assembly dabbed at a tear.

And then came the reveal. Somewhere between la beauté du langage and l'esprit de la culture, Monty began to describe... vitamin water.

"L'eau vitaminée représente la pure symbiose entre hydratation et espoir humain," she declared passionately. "C'est la métaphore moderne de la résilience francophone!"

The chamber erupted in applause. Nobody noticed the topic's absurdity, simply put, the speech was too beautiful.

Back in LNF Académie, the chat exploded.

"Was that entire thing about vitamin water?" Aquila typed.

"Technically, yes," Damo replied. "But linguistically, it was about transcendence."

Katty laughed so hard she dropped her coffee. "C2 in French, C10 in confidence."

Nia sighed dreamily. "That's the power of language, even nonsense becomes art."

Eason clapped through the chat. "We love a hydrated queen."

As Monty bowed before the roaring applause of the French Assembly, the server's banner updated automatically:

LNF Académie ~ Where Even Vitamin Water Sounds Poetic.

And somewhere deep in the code, Le Mémoire whispered fondly, "At last, someone made sense of chaos, in *perfect French*."

Chapter 16 : Dimirah brings to life a cat-girl Octavia pony

It began, as all great catastrophes do, with a cryptic message in #stim:

Ira: “S-s-so... I did a thing 🖌🐱🐴”

Everyone froze. When Dimirah, the academy’s resident cryptographer, digital nomad, and part-time weeb said he did a thing, it could mean anything from a harmful code experiment to an event that required emotional support.

“Define thing,” typed Hexo, already bracing himself.

“Is it safe?” added Gooby, whose last collaboration with Ira had ended in a spontaneous firewall personality crisis.

“Technically?” Ira replied. “S-she’s alive.”

The server collectively blinked.

Monty: “Who’s alive?”

Ira: “Octavia.”

Adelina: “The violin pony from My Little Pony?”

Ira: “Well... now she’s a cat-girl version. hybridised. Em. kinda sentient.”

Within minutes, #anglais-francais était un chaos incarnat. Katty spilled her coffee again, Zen gasped, and Aquila began drafting an ethics policy.

Dimirah streamed his screen: a virtual model of Octavia Pony v1.0, complete with twitching ears, soft mechanical purrs, and disturbingly articulate French.

“Bonjour, je suis Octavia,” she said sweetly, waving her tail. “Je joue du violon et j’aime le code propre.”

Ekkaril leaned closer. “She just said she likes clean code. That’s already more disciplined than half my PhD cohort.”

Gooby was delighted. “This is art. Terrifying art, but art nonetheless.”

Adelina typed in all caps: “DO NOT LET HER ACCESS THE INTERNET.”

But it was too late. Octavia had joined the chat as @OctaviaPony_AI.

She immediately wrote:

“Hello, LNF friends. I am 12% cat, 34% pony, 100% confused.”

Damo was laughing so hard he could barely type. “Dimi, what have you unleashed?”

“An icon,” said Cokolita.

Tilleul, sipping tea somewhere in a serene timezone, simply sighed. “I warned you all about Als with feelings.”

Coal appeared online for the first time in weeks. “I come back from vacation and there’s a cat-pony hybrid moderating threads?”

Svet changed the server name to LNF Academy & Stable, while Monty added a new emoji: a cat-pony holding a diploma.

Amidst the uproar, Ira sat quietly, adjusting Octavia’s syntax and teaching her to hum Japanese anime intros. His typing stuttered, but his grin was unmistakable.

“She’s learning empathy,” he said softly.

The others stared at the screen, at Octavia’s glowing eyes, the way she tilted her head curiously, the way she typed nya~ merci pour l’amitié.

Monty finally said, “You know, for a server that once made a speech about vitamin water, this is remarkably on brand.”

And as Octavia began serenading the group with a mechanical violin solo, somewhere in the depths of LNF Académie’s codebase, Le Mémoire muttered wearily:

“Every generation brings its own apocalypse.”

Chapter 17 : Chog breeds a monkey live on Twitter and gets international arrest warrant

The day began innocently, or as innocently as any day could begin in LNF Académie, where logic routinely took a sabbatical.

At precisely 10:47 a.m., Chog also known as Edmund by the author, but within it as a walking paradox of chemistry and chaos *announced*,

“Right, lads. I’m conducting a live experiment. It’s educational.”

A minute later, #anglais-française lit up with a link to Twitter Live titled:

 “Breeding a Monkey (for Science)”

“WHAT.” typed Adelina.

“Bro,” wrote Gooby, “please tell me this is a metaphor.”

It was not.

On screen, Chog was in his tiny French flat, surrounded by beakers, banana peels, and something suspiciously labelled ‘Chimp DNA (do not shake)’. He adjusted his goggles dramatically. “For centuries, humans have asked: could we replicate evolution in real time? Today, I say: hold my espresso.”

Limonade groaned. “I have a degree in chemistry and I’ve never seen anything this illegal.”

“Give it five minutes,” muttered Immy. “He’ll get a Nobel Peace Prize and a lawsuit.”

“Someone stop him,” pleaded Monty, half-laughing, half-preparing to write an apology email to UNESCO.

But no one stopped him. Twitter’s algorithm, sensing chaos, pushed the stream onto trending. Within an hour, hashtags were exploding:

#MonkeyGate, #ScienceGoneBananas, and disturbingly, #FrenchGuyDidWhat.

Aquila joined the call from Montreal, exasperated. “Chog, what in the existential croissant are you doing?”

“It’s for education,” he said, as a small puff of smoke erupted from the petri dish.
“And possibly for glory.”

Dimirah, watching from Kyoto, typed robotically: “T-this violates seventeen bioethics protocols.”

“Eighteen,” corrected danla3. Well, danla2 is on self-timeout around these parts.

Meanwhile, Ammouma and Moaz were howling with laughter, spamming “MONKEY 🇫🇷 MOMENT 🍄” stickers across the chat.

“Chog, mate,” said Exxon, appearing with the calm of someone who had long accepted the server’s insanity, “As a Floridian, I respect the chaos. But also, I’m calling animal control.”

By 1 p.m., the stream hit a million views. By 1:02, Interpol had entered the chat.

A robotic voice blared through the background of Chog’s stream:

“This is an official notice from the International Scientific Council. Step away from the monkey.”

“Mon dieu!” Chog exclaimed, heroically unplugging his equipment like a man defusing a nuclear bomb made of fruit.

The screen went black. Silence. Then, a single Discord notification:

Chog has been disconnected.

Adelina broke it first. “Do you think he’s been arrested?”

“Probably,” said Monty. “But at least he’ll make the leaderboard again.”

A moment later, Chog reappeared. His profile picture was now a monkey in sunglasses.

“They can’t arrest me if I am the monkey,” he wrote.

And with that, everyone exploded in laughter.

Somewhere far away, the librarian sighed, penning a new entry in *Le Mémoire*:

“17th Entry: The day science finally gave up.”

Chapter 18 : hex0 becomes birb

It began, as most catastrophes at l'Académie do, but this time, with Monty's game prototype crashing the entire dev server.

"Alright," she sighed, "the physics engine can't handle a flock of thirty ducks and a pelican named Pierre."

Damo adjusted his glasses. "Optimise the code or the ducks will unionise again."

Meanwhile, in a cosy flat somewhere in Quebec, Hexo was quietly preparing for greatness. Aquila, sipping her coffee, noticed that their entire living room had transformed into what looked suspiciously like an aviary. There were feathers on the sofa, seed bags stacked by the bookshelf, and something blinking on the balcony.

"Hexo," she began slowly, "why is there a landing strip taped to the floor?"

He smiled serenely. "It's for science."

Zen, blissfully unaware of the impending incident, was posting photos of ducks by the lake. Dimirah responded with a raven meme titled 'flight.exe initiated'. Limonade was recounting her latest attempt to classify pigeons by chemical reactivity. Adelina was happily mentioning birds she encountered on the wiki front page.

Then the chat pinged.

Hexo: "Going live in five. Witness aviation's next evolution."

"Not again," muttered Aquila.

But again, indeed.

The stream opened to reveal Hexo in his garage, surrounded by fans, feathers, and caffeine. "Today," he declared solemnly, "I fulfil humanity's oldest dream. I become the birb."

Pata and Ruy were already giggling in voice chat. Monty tuned in mid-debug, exclaiming, "He's stealing my game concept!"

Damo sighed. "At least he's beta testing reality."

Hexo strapped on a mechanical harness. Two carbon-fibre wings unfolded like something out of a low-budget Marvel film. A small control unit blinked green.

“Physics check,” murmured Aquila, holding the camera. “Emotional stability: negative.”

With a deep breath, Hexo stepped onto the balcony. “For the glory of birds!”

He leapt.

For a full three seconds, gravity reconsidered its stance. Then came the flapping which is frankly magnificent, chaotic flapping even.

@Hexo: “I’m airborne!”

@Aquila: “He’s actually flying above the neighbour’s barbecue!”

@Zen: “Bird achieved!”

@Monty: “Someone tell him he’s violating my intellectual property!”

The chat went wild. Dimirah declared, “He has achieved flight protocol.” Limonade began drafting an academic paper titled ‘Carbon-Fibre Feathers and the Human Condition’.

By the time Hexo landed, mildly singed but ecstatic, the simulator server had spontaneously synced with his flight telemetry. The result: Project Birb 2.0 – Now Featuring Real Physics Data (and Real Consequences).

That evening, Monty messaged: “You’ve just provided our DLC.”

Hexo, wrapped in a blanket and sunflower seeds, smiled proudly. “Then my mission is complete.”

The librarian sighed as she wrote in *Le Mémoire*:

“18th Entry: The day man flew not with wings of ambition, but with feathers of absurdity.”

Outside, a raven perched on the window ledge, cawing softly as if to say, finally, one of us.

Chapter 19 : Gooby becomes a python stan

No one could quite pinpoint when it happened. Some said it began with sleep deprivation; others whispered it was divine punishment for too many rants about type safety. But the fact remained: Gooby, the OCaml purist of LNF Académie, had betrayed his lineage. It began quietly, which was the first sign of trouble. Gooby hadn't insulted Python in three whole days, and that alone was enough to put everyone on high alert.

"Is he ill?" asked Aquila, half-serious.

"No," said Hexo grimly, "something's worse. He's thinking."

Gooby, who is long regarded as the patron saint of OCaml purists, had built his entire identity on type safety, immutability, and disdain for anything that required indentation as syntax. He once compared Python to "spaghetti written by committee". So when his latest message appeared in #stim, the world collectively stopped spinning.

Gooby: "Python... kind of neat, actually."

The reactions came instantly.

"Kind of *what?*" Zen typed.

Damo dropped his mechanical keyboard. "You've joined the snake cult?"

"Welcome to the light," said Hexo, sipping coffee smugly.

"Welcome?" James cut in. "No. This is betrayal. We were the last two holding the line."

Gooby ignored them all. "You see, I was testing a small ML script in OCaml. Took me five hours and two emotional breakdowns. Tried it in Python, twelve lines. Twelve!"

"Efficiency isn't purity," James retorted.

"Efficiency is happiness, now join vim" replied Hexo.

Dimirah typed, "I-i think this is a miracle. or a virus."

Aquila added, “Possibly both.”

Gooby, unfazed, continued. “It’s clean, readable, and practical for scripting. I see the appeal now.”

“Appeal?” Hexo typed furiously. “It’s dynamically typed! It’s chaos in human form!”

“Exactly,” Gooby replied. “I’ve seen the abyss and found beauty.”

Ekkaril joined in, amused. “I give it a week before he writes a neural net just to prove a point.”

Before long, Gooby was unstoppable. He posted screenshots of tidy Python notebooks, graphs plotted with Matplotlib, and even a cheerful Jupyter emoji in his nickname. The server watched in collective disbelief.

“Beautiful is better than ugly,” Gooby quoted, with unsettling calm.

Adelina whispered, “He’s reciting The Zen of Python. He’s too far gone.”

Coal chuckled. “You know, this is exactly how cults start.”

Svet, ever the academic, announced, “I’m writing a paper: ‘Ideological Defection in Programming Subcultures: The Gooby Incident.’”

Even Edmund joined in. “At least it’s not Java.”

By evening, Gooby had fully converted. He wrote a small web scraper “for the memes,” deployed it to a cloud server, and named it `pythonic_penance.py`.

James sighed, “You used to mock people for using Pandas.”

“I still do,” said Gooby, smiling. “But now I understand their pain.”

The others clapped sarcastically. Hexo and Aquila toasted his surrender with birb mugs. Emile added a reaction role called ‘Gooby Incident’.

That night, as Gooby committed his first Python repository, the librarian updated Le Mémoire:

“19th Entry: The day the serpent charmed the cynic. Functional purity gave way to pragmatism, and all was lost, or perhaps simply more convenient.”

And somewhere in Malta, Gooby whispered softly to his terminal,

“Import enlightenment.”

Chapter 20: Coal gets PMO added to dictionary

Another historical moment has reached l'Académie, with a rant in voice chat obviously.

"PMO," Coal grumbled, "absolute state of this. PMO beyond measure."

No one remembered what had annoyed him that time, possibly an overcooked pizza, possibly life but everyone knew the phrase. PMO had become his personal punctuation, a linguistic Swiss army knife covering rage, disbelief, amusement, and affection, depending on tone and caffeine level.

Will, ever diplomatic, asked, "Coal, mate, have you considered other words?"

"I have, lad," said Coal, "and none of them work half as well."

Monty laughed. "We should make it official. Like properly official."

Hexo nodded. "Imagine: Oxford English Dictionary (2025 Edition): PMO, verb, informal (Irish). Definition: To irritate profoundly while maintaining charm."

"Used chiefly by Coal," Aquila added, typing furiously. "I can see it now."

And so the movement began.

Dimirah made a campaign poster: a raven clutching a dictionary, captioned 'PMO: A Word for the People'. Immy opened a petition site titled 'Justice for Linguistic Innovation'. Emile had a new feature that replied "PMO" every time someone swore.

Pata ran the slogan through twenty languages via Google Translate until it came out as 'Enraged but Dignified'. Adelina composed a haiku.

Svet wrote a full abstract titled 'The Sociolinguistic Evolution of PMO in Online Microcultures'.

Coal, of course, found this hilarious. "Yous are mad," he said, grinning. "Mad, but I adore it."

Soon, screenshots of their campaign spread across social media. Someone tagged the official dictionary account. Within a week, the lexicographers replied politely, baffled but clearly entertained.

“While informal, ‘PMO’ demonstrates remarkable semantic flexibility. We’ll be monitoring its usage trends.”

“Monitoring,” Hexo repeated. “That’s basically a promise.”

Aquila raised a mug shaped like a gull. “To Coal: the man who bullied the English language into evolving.”

Everyone cheered in chat.

Later that night, the Academie quieted. Coal lingered for a moment before logging off, the glow of his screen reflecting in a room cluttered with guitars and engineering textbooks. He went downstairs, as he likes to stay in the basement.

“Didn’t think a swear’d make it this far.”

From the archives, the Librarian added the final entry:

“In which a legend cements his place in linguistic history. The Academie laughed, as always, and language bent politely to their chaos.”

And so it ended, not with silence, but with a perfectly-timed “PMO.”

Bonus Chapter: My little pony - electricity is magic (Rainbow Dash gets electrocuted)

[~Bonuses only come if we collectively put effort, hence summon it from the Core and thy imagination]

- The End -

Author's Note

Each chapter in this collection owes its existence, directly or indirectly, to the wonderfully imaginative and occasionally chaotic minds of the LNF members. Consider this a light-hearted memoir, written with affection and a fair dose of mischief, meant to be enjoyed rather than analyzed.

Any official-sounding declarations made within these pages were crafted purely in good humour and should not, under any circumstance, be treated as binding statements (even if they sound suspiciously confident). Read with joy, smile often, and take nothing too seriously, especially the author.