

These Delightful Puppies

Understand, soft souled reader, everything you are about to read, each quirky sentence down to its bold punctuation, everything here was written by an actual being. In writing this monograph, no American yearning to breathe free Democracy was denied a job by someone as foreign as Artificial Intelligence. No one and none.

The scenes you're about to read, indeed what you've already begun reading, have impressions of fingerprints, of dander, of antagonistic DNA infused in the very fibers of paper, or gleam of screen, which you now hold. This writing is colloquial.

Rest assured, this humorous yet obtrusive article comes from the intellect of an actual random huwoman, human or any quantum combination thereof.

Such as your insightful, American self.

This writer, that is to say, 'me,' is just a regular (fill in your favorite gender adjective *here*). I Am! The uniquely questioning reader ought not lament whether these electrifying words and ideas could have flowed from anything so base, so bastardy as 'artificial.'

Wherefor base?

As if Artificial is divergent from our natural ecosystem; "The highest rung in our chain of food," I Am declares.

And there you have *preuve absolue*, for not only do flesh wrapped intellects insist on using semicolons simply as proof they know how, but no *Intelligence Artificielle* would dare mix

such incongruous metaphor's. As your meatball eyes yet again register, proof overflows here that a bag o'blood actually did write this exuberant, if threaded by error, congregation of storied vapors.

Now that you do know, now that your scheming huperson ego is euthenised, there should be absolutely zero-zero-one-one-zero-zero-zero-zero reason for your fear. I, that is to say I Am that who imagineers, I say IT from the bottom of my (insert organ from which all huperson emotional response reportedly originates *here*; if you dare).

I AM that which you must believe.

令人愉快的小狗