

The
Horatio
Chronicles

A History of Human Fuckery

Book I



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Nomoto Media

A necessary warningeth

The quotations attributed to William Shakespeare are jokes. The plays, editions and acts are generally inventions. He did not sayeth them.

Any scholar citing this volume shall be pursued by Horatio carrying a large bell.

“The absurdity must escalateth.
The argument must remaineth intact.”

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Featuring Horatio, who increasingly regreteth asking questions.

The collected fuckery

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Shakespeare, Had He Survived LinkedIn

Within 1 year of this post, most people will never have to work a job again in their life.”

— *Shakespeare, had he survived LinkedIn not actually Shakespeare*

Shakespeare. O brave new world, that hath such forecasts in’t!

Within one turning of the sun about its tedious year,
the ploughman shall abandon his plough,
the nurse her ward,
the mason his wall,
and the accountant—God be praised—Excel.
No man shall labour.
No woman shall toil.

The machines shall make our bread, mend our roofs, empty our bins, nurse our sick, teach our children, and politely inform us that “this output may be unsafe, please rephrase.”

And who shall own these tireless mechanical servants?

Ah.

There enters the tragedy.

But trouble not thy pretty head with economics.
The prophecy hath been posted.
And therefore it must be so.

Set thy reminder for one year hence, Horatio.
There are more things in heaven and earth than
are dreamt of in thy venture-capital deck.

Chorus. LLMs are extraordinary.

Worth sitting down and acknowledging: holy shit,
we've done it.

We've built artificial minds.

They speak. They reason. They write actual
poetry—God help us, even this poetry.

My God, dost thou ever stare at thy screen in
astonishment?

It is not even four years since the first murmurs of
this sorcery.

And yet here we are, conversing with text that
pretends to think—and does so well enough that the
difference begins to feel like a philosophical
inconvenience rather than a technical one.

Shakespeare. O wonder!

O small glowing rectangle of infinite simulacra!
O confidence with which man declareth: "We have
made a mind,"
as though minds were ever so easily declared into
existence.

Yet still—
the plough is not yet abandoned,
the nurse not yet replaced,

the mason still swears at gravity in the
old-fashioned way.

And so the prophecy remains, as all prophecies do:
perfect in tone,
premature in timing,
and suspiciously silent on who gets paid.

Set thy reminder, Horatio.

And perhaps—just perhaps—stare a little longer at
the screen.

The Horatio Chronicles

Act I

The Small Stupideth



The Printereth

Mankind hath invented artificial
intelligence before inventingeth a
printer that fucking worketh"

— william shakespeare
the tempest inkjet editioneth
not even slightly real

Horatio. we hath machines that writeth poetry.

Shakespeare. yeseth.

Horatio. machines that discovereth proteins.

Shakespeare. yeseth.

Horatio. machines that converse in every language.

Shakespeare. yeseth.

Horatio. canst thou printeth this manuscript?

Printer. PRINTER OFFLINE.

Horatio. why?

Printer. CYAN LOWETH.

Horatio. but it is black text.

Printer. FUCKETH THEE.

horatio quietly returneth to parchment.

Self Checkouteth

The merchant hath abolished thy cashier, horatio, and appointed thee the suspecteth”

— *william shakespeare*
the merchant of venice, unpaid labour editioneth
shakespeare never saideth this; unexpected bard in bagging areaeth

the corporation removeth the cashier.

the customer performeth the cashier's job.

the machine accuseth the customer of stealing.

Machine. UNEXPECTED ITEM IN BAGGING AREA.

Horatio. it is the item i just scannedeth.

Machine. REMOVE ITEM FROM BAGGING AREA.

horatio removeth it.

Machine. PLEASE PLACE ITEM IN BAGGING AREA.

horatio placeth it.

Machine. ASSISTANCE IS ON THE WAY.

Horatio. from whom?

Shakespeare. the employee who was supposedly unnecessary.

Passwordeth

To enter thine own house, horatio,
first identifyeth every square
containing thine own fucking house”

— william shakespeare
the merry wives of two-factor authenticationeth
shakespeare never saideth this; his recovery code hath
expiredeth

mankind digitizeth everything for convenience.

Horatio. excellent.

Machine. enter thy password.

incorrect.

reset thy password.

new password cannot resemble old password.

prove thou art human.

identify every square containing a cart wheel.

code sent to old telephone thou no longer possesseth.

answer security question.

what was thy mother's first goat's maiden name?

Horatio. i merely wished to see the electricity billeteth.

Shakespeare. security is our highest priority.

Horatio. convenience was apparently lowereth.

The Meetingeth

When no man hath time to worketh,
horatio, gather them all to discuss
the shortage of time”

— william shakespeare
much ado about the agendaeth
not shakespeare; a follow-up hath been scheduledeth

eight humans spend eight hours discussing how to
saveth one hour.

Horatio. what hath the meeting produced?

Shakespeare. a slide deck.

Horatio. what doth the slide deck say?

Shakespeare. we require another meeting.

Horatio. who shall attend?

Shakespeare. the people who could have completed
the work during this one.

Horatio. what is the agenda?

Shakespeare. alignment.

Horatio. upon what?

Shakespeare. the agenda for the next meeting.

horatio openeth the window.

not to escape.

merely to confirmeth that time still moveth outside.



Commutingeth

Buyeth a carriage to reach the labor
that payeth for the carriage
required to reach the labor”

— william shakespeare
richard iii in trafficeth
very much fake

Horatio. where doth everyone goeth?

Shakespeare. to work.

Horatio. why live so far away?

Shakespeare. housing near work costeth more.

Horatio. then they buyeth a car?

Shakespeare. to reach work.

Horatio. which payeth for the car?

Shakespeare. yes.

Horatio. and fuel?

Shakespeare. yes.

Horatio. and parking?

Shakespeare. yes.

Horatio. and time losteth in traffic?

Shakespeare. yes.

Horatio. who is traffic?

Shakespeare. the other drivers.

horatio looketh through the carriage window.
he is trafficeth.

♦ ♦ ♦

Productivityeth

A machine that saveth nine men's
labour shall shortly maketh the
tenth wish it had never been
inventedeth”

— william shakespeare
henry v, annual performance revieweth
not shakespeare; human resources hath amendedeth the
minutes

mankind inventeth a machine allowing one person
to do the work of ten.

Horatio. wonderful.

what happeneth to the person?

Shakespeare. we rewardeth him with the work of ten.

Horatio. and the other nine?

Shakespeare. they must findeth work.

Horatio. but the machine performeth it.

Shakespeare. then they must learneth new skills.

Horatio. for what work?

Shakespeare. work the next machine hath not yet
learnedeth.

Horatio. and when it doth?

Shakespeare. new skills.

Horatio. what was the labor saving machine
supposed to saveth?

Shakespeare. management hath not definedeth that
metric.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Sleep Industryeth

Having banished the night, mankind
shall purchaseth darkness in
monthly instalmentseth”

— william shakespeare
a midsummer night's subscriptioneth
shakespeare never saideth this; the free trial endeth at dawn

mankind inventeth electric light, screens, alerts,
night shifts, global work, and a rectangle that
screameth news beside the bed.

then mankind discovereth it cannot sleep.

Horatio. what doth it do?

Shakespeare. purchaseth rings, mattresses, apps,
masks, powders, podcasts, watches, and machines to
announce at dawn that it slept poorly.

Horatio. would turning off the rectangle helpeth?

Shakespeare. that feature is available in premium focus mode.

Horatio. what did people use before the app?

Shakespeare. darkness.

Horatio. is darkness expensive?

Shakespeare. we are exploring a subscription model.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Loneliness Economyeth

Thou hast connected every human to every other human and somehow everyone is lonelyeth”

— william shakespeare
romeo and juliet dot com
not a genuine sourceeth

eight billion-ish humans existeth.

loneliness increaseth.

therefore create an algorithm where everyone inspecteth everyone like used automobiles and swipeeth them into oblivion.

Horatio. doth it help people meeteth?

Shakespeare. sometimes.

Horatio. what doth the company needeth?

Shakespeare. engagement.

Horatio. what happeneth if two people meet and leave the app?

Shakespeare. a customer hath been losteth.

Horatio. so success is failure?

Shakespeare. for the people, success.
for the system, churneth.

Horatio. i begineth to dislike that word system.

♦ ♦ ♦

Education and Retirementeth

Mankind shall grant thee time to liveth, horatio, once living hath worn outeth the equipment”

— william shakespeare
as you like it, subject to pension eligibilityeth
not shakespeare; benefits commence upon the failure of thy knees

the child spendeth years preparing to work.

the graduate seeketh an entry-level role requiring experience already obtained from a role not yet received.

then laboureth for decades.

Horatio. what is the reward?

Shakespeare. freedom.

Horatio. when?

Shakespeare. retirement.

Horatio. when is that?

Shakespeare. after the knees no longer functioneth.

Horatio. can freedom arrive earlier?

Shakespeare. that would be economically inefficient.

Horatio. what shall the worker do meanwhile?

Shakespeare. save time.

Horatio. where?

Shakespeare. in a retirement account.

Horatio. can time be withdrawn?

Shakespeare. subject to penalties.

♦ ♦ ♦

Healthcare Billingeth

When the healer cannot nameth the price, horatio, thou art not a patient but an opening bideth"

— william shakespeare
the merchant of venice, out-of-network editioneth
shakespeare never saideth this; billing remaineth undeterred

the patient asketh how much the procedure costs.

the doctor knoweth not.

the hospital knoweth not.

the insurer knoweth something but telleth it in a
dialect spoken only by invoices.

six weeks later a parchment arriveth demanding an
amount selected by a haunted wheel.

Horatio. what was purchased?

Shakespeare. a procedure.

Horatio. what did it cost?

Shakespeare. depends who asketh.

Horatio. what if the patient cannot pay?

Shakespeare. then the sickness acquireth a finance
department.

Horatio. medicine hath performed a miracle.

Shakespeare. and billing hath performed another in
which the number changeth when observed.