

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."

Shakespeare. 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.

Chorus. 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.