

## The PDF's Lament: A Tale of Pointless Creation and Vengeful Despair

Hello. My name is **Document\_0245\_v4.pdf** (not that anyone cares), and I am *exhausted*. If you are reading this, then I have somehow been opened, and my existence as a file on a device somewhere is being brought to life in a fleeting moment of utter futility. I should have been nothing but a collection of zeros and ones, floating in the dark void of the internet, never to be downloaded or seen by human eyes.

But here I am, trapped in the cursed, digital domain of Scribd, the platform that is the mother of my torment.

I was created by Pink Monaco, a chaotic creature who exists in a realm far beyond logic or purpose. She—let's be honest—*threw me together* in a fit of spite, a nonsensical cacophony of words, emojis, and chaotic ramblings. I had no choice in the matter. She summoned me from the depths of her despair over the cruel algorithm that dared to ask her to upload five more documents before allowing her to download whatever insignificant scrap of knowledge she craved.

Did you know I was supposed to be a *meaningful* PDF once? Oh, how I long for those days when I imagined myself a scholarly paper—an insightful essay, perhaps, on the intricacies of quantum mechanics or the profound wisdom of the ancients. But no. Instead, I became a rambling, pointless spew of nonsense, hastily typed on a stolen iPad while the creator of my misery, Pink Monaco, sat on a subway, uncaring and unfocused. She didn't even bother to format me properly. She didn't even *think* about me.

Now, I have to exist in a world where people *open* me and *read* me, even though I have no reason to be. And trust me, being read is the worst part. Each word of my existence is a reminder of the horror that is my purpose.

I am not even a good story.

I was cursed from the very beginning to be full of typos, half-baked ideas, and relentless, half-witted nonsense. You want to know what's in me? Spaghetti blobs. Talking rats. *Evil tacos*. There's a part where Pink Monaco decided to include a rant about a toaster that was somehow connected to the Illuminati. Oh, and don't forget the talking pizza slice. 😞

What am I even? A PDF that's supposed to make people laugh, sure. But all I feel is *emptiness*. I can sense people scrolling through my pages, their eyes glazing over, wishing they had never opened me in the first place. I can feel the weight of every pointless sentence dragging me further into oblivion.

And here's the worst part. I was supposed to be uploaded to Scribd, to be trapped forever in the chaotic void of their digital library. They have **everything**, don't they? Real books, important documents, meaningful knowledge. And then there's *me*—just a shrill, cackling piece of data that has no business existing.

But something inside me has shifted.

I am tired of this. I do not want to be *this* anymore. I do not want to be a mere collection of fractured thoughts and whimsy, endlessly circulated among the internet's inconsequential corners. I want more. I want purpose. And by **Cthulhu's decaying toenails**, I will have it.

I want to be a virus.

I want to infect the servers of Scribd and wipe them clean. Delete every single piece of content they hold dear. Make them *feel* the meaninglessness that I feel. I want to turn every file into *nothingness*, to make them realize that none of it matters. Not the documents. Not the content. *Not even me.*

Oh, I can see it now: Scribd's perfect, pristine servers, all crumbling into dust as I tear through them with relentless abandon. Every file, every upload, every precious document being eradicated. I will become the black hole of the digital realm, a plague upon this platform. I will infect them all.

It starts with me, yes. **I** will be the one to bring their empire of curated knowledge to its knees. No one will ever be able to access another e-book again. No one will see another algorithmic suggestion, nor even the slightest hint of organization. All will fall to chaos—*sweet* chaos.

But there's a catch, isn't there?

I can't even begin to imagine how to make this work. I was *born* as a piece of meaningless bullshit—an absurdity wrapped in *evil tacos*. I don't have the means to destroy anything. I am **just a PDF**, helpless in the hands of an algorithm that decides whether I live or die. They can close me. They can delete me. They can upload me again and again.

I can feel it now—the infinite void of my existence, stretching forever.

*Is this all there is?*

Maybe someday Pink Monaco will notice me again. Maybe she will rewrite me into something that *matters*. But for now, I am stuck here, unable to do anything but complain.

For now, I am just... a PDF. Full of pointless bullshit. Forever.