

unication Emails

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september 2020 - april 2021

UNIFICATION

The top five frames of Super Mario In Real Life

5. Frame #34

This is a sublime frame where our protagonist is just voicing the 'l' of 'life'. The sound that comes at the end of 'real'. Perhaps the child is suggesting there is a link between reality and life. The dynamic nature of the near single-syllable mesh of 'real life' seems to be demonstrating more than the sum of its parts, and this is the key frame in that section.

4. Frame #58

This is the first frame on which we get to see what can be essentially regarded as the punchline of the surface-level joke. Mario, who Miyamoto envisioned as an Italian plumber in New York. [1] This cultural stereotype continues over on to the idea of 'spaghetti' - there is a subtle irony in our protagonist using Westernised, sauce-heavy spaghetti to make fun of the Italian stereotype of Mario. Traditional pasta has very little amounts of strong sauce, on which the grain of the pasta carries most of the flavour. This may not be the first frame in which the pasta is discernible, but the framing of the pasta within the shot makes it clear from frame 58.

3. Frame #108

The triumph that is visible on our protagonist's face in this frame is cathartic to the viewer. He is not merely eating the pasta, like a normal person - he returns to his primal roots, eating as if he were a caveman tearing into a piece of meat. However, the food which he is devouring is heavily processed, a contradiction to the raw flesh our ancestors would have consumed. The pasta is grain, milled, processed, extruded, machine-made [2] at every stage, possibly including the cooking. He is triumphing over the modern world by bringing it back to his level, his Freudian 'id' bursts forth on to the scene.

2. Frame #83

I love this frame. The triumph of #108 comes after the pure joy and unadulterated hunger. [3] This is the frame where Super Mario becomes Real Life. This is the single surface-level action that our protagonist undertakes in this work, and he undertakes it with the utmost joy. Why would he not? Super Mario, presumably one of his favourite video game characters, would be a treat for him in real life. This is one of his greatest dreams, on the edge of coming true. He has just shouted 'spaghetti', perhaps a reference a specific, oft-memed cutscene to the classic CDi game 'Hotel Mario'. [4]

1. Frame #50

This, this is what makes Super Mario In Real Life art, and I feel I am justified in saying that this is the cornerstone of the work. The interconnecting frame, the first frame of the second shot, the key to unlocking everything. The editing of the video frames the protagonist in the corner - and this sets up his eventual triumph in a way that #83 could never do, not in its wildest dreams. The room has been changed, it is likely a bathroom - this makes us wonder - how long - when the camera slightly pans towards the main part of the room. All we have to do is just look at how our previous narrator - the frame-filling, ominous child - has turned into a corner-dweller, the rise, and fall, and rise again of the protagonist proves that this is true art, the rollercoaster of emotions that this frame encompasses is just awe-inspiring. A true must-see for any aspiring filmmaker or artist. In fact, a true must-see for anyone. Beauty incarnate.

This was your monthly (?) Cum 5 email. If you would like to Unsub, please respond to this email with a 250-word essay on why Frame #50 is not the best frame of Super Mario In Real Life. Alternatively, come and kick me in the nuts. Suck on that, unsubbers. In the nuts.

Hello. Bye.

UNICATION #2 : Kant to Beans

So, I was messing around recently, playing the Wiki game (the one where you get from page to page in Wikipedia by clicking on the word links) and I wondered what the fastest way of getting from Immanuel Kant [\[1\]](#) to Heinz Baked Beans [\[2\]](#) was. Surely, there must be some way of transferring between the two in less than six or seven clicks?

PART ONE: THE BEGINNINGS

Right, where to start? The main strategy in timed Wikiracing games is to head to countries or continents and then zoom back in. This is very effective for people, especially if you can locate the region in which they live. For Kant, his page links to mainly German regions, and transferring from him to a German region, all the way up to Germany, and then to the United States, and then back down through the various regions to find any article specific enough to include Heinz in it.

One of the annoying things I realised pretty early on is that a lot of these articles link to countries - it is very easy to go from Heinz to America, but it's very difficult to go the other way. So, I would have to approach from both sides at the same time.

PART TWO: PINCER MOVEMENT

Since Wikipedia articles are sometimes a one-way street, it's best to employ the tactic of going both ways at once. That's right. Kant to Beans and Beans to Kant. I'm sure that maxim can be universalised. The Wikipedia page for Maxim Gun [\[3\]](#) is a hell of a lot easier to find from Germany than Heinz. In fact, I'd say that Germany, the UK and the US make up most of the paths that I take while Wikiracing.

About an hour into searching for shorter paths and researching the history of the Heinz corporation to find any small towns they may have had a large role in, I got bored. This tree yielded no bean-shaped fruit. Kant just was not a 'fan of beans' [\[4\]](#) as some ardent Geography teachers might note.

Geography. Countries. Germany.

Eureka is not a term I can use to describe the feeling I felt when I realised I had all the time in the world - I could go through a lot more pages to figure out which other pages linked to beans. *Food*. There were more angles to approach this from. *Economics*.

At one point, I thought it would be a good idea to build up a link network surrounding Kant, but it grew too quickly. Thankfully, I was able to discern the difference between fruitless links (people [\[5\]](#), specific philosophical papers [\[6\]](#)) and ones which broadened my Wiki-horizons rather than restricting them.

PART THREE: BROADENING MY HORIZONS

What better way to broaden my horizons than repeating the same phrase over and over again. This surely had something to do with the development of ideas... when were ideas developed?

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Last Week? | Not really. |
| Last Month? | Not really. |
| Period 4 Physics? | Absolutely not. |

March 2nd, 2018?

When I sat down and told myself I would be a better person and attempted to better myself in all sorts of ways which ended up not working?
When I listened to a bunch of metal and emo songs until I became a full-on *goth*? When I was really SAD! Yeah, who am I? Someone that's afraid to let go, uh
You decide, if you're ever gonna let me know, yeah
Suicide, if you ever try to let go, uh
I'm sad I know, yeah, I'm sad I know, yeah
Who am I? Someone that's afraid to let go, uh
You decide, if you're ever gonna let me know, yeah
Suicide, if you ever try to let go, uh
I'm sad I know, yeah, I'm sad I know, yeah
Thought I gave her everything
She took my heart and left me lonely
I've been broken, heart's contentious
I won't fix, I'd rather weep
I'm lost then I'm found
But it's torture bein' in love
I love when you're around
But I fuckin' hate when you leave
Who am I? Someone that's afraid to let go, uh
You decide, if you're ever gonna let me know, yeah
Suicide, if you ever try to let go, uh
I'm sad I know, yeah, I'm sad I know, yeah
Who am I? Someone that's afraid to let go, uh
You decide, if you're ever gonna let me know, yeah
Suicide, if you ever try to let go, uh
I'm sad I know, yeah, I'm sad I know, yeah
Who am I? Someone that's afraid to let go, uh
You decide, if you're ever gonna let me know, yeah
Suicide, if you ever try to let go, uh
I'm sad I know, yeah, I'm sad I know, yeah
Who am I? Someone that's afraid to let go, uh

Not really.

The Enlightenment?

Not re- wait, fuck,
yes, *duh*.

The Enlightenment is seemingly the key to all... mythologies? No, no, silly, it's the key to all Wikipedia related things. It seriously - I mean, it's seriously good at getting you from one place to another without having to use the typical Germany / US route. It works for a lot of things. Helps if they're Kant, too, since it works both ways! So, from... ah, shit, it's sort of fallen apart. Turns out the Enlightenment is a pretty big place. So, I guess I'm going to have to take a crack at it from the other side.

PART FOUR: THE JEWISH PROBLEM (wait NO)

Another one of my primary researching topics going into this was food, and boy, are there a lot of them. Here's a quick list of my favourites:

- Bread
- Cheese (the crunchier the better!)

- Meat
- 'Ooer Missus
- Zorgon [\[1242\]](#)

- [untranslatable garbling]
- Conglomerate
- / -- . / .. / .- -- / ... - .. -.-. -.- / .. -. / .----- -------
and chips
- Beans (the kind found in beanbags)
- Gas
-

- 3 parts water, 4 and a half parts sealant
- Ice (I prefer ice IV, but the pressure is too much sometimes)
- Salty Product
- Chicken Katsu (recipe below)
- *[20:55, 16/11/2020] Alex Taylor: igmredient::;chickn
corn flaeak*

eg
floru

•

*bash chickne until flat
crush cornflaek until smol
mix eg until orang
umm flour until uuuu*

•

*cover chenken in eg
then flour
then cruncky cornfaleks
[20:55, 16/11/2020] Alex Taylor: cook for 5 mins in pan
[20:56, 16/11/2020] Alex Taylor: bon appetite lads.*

•

I hope you enjoyed that list. Here's a [quick poll](#) [8] to see which foods you guys like! Anyway, back to the idea of food. Now, you may have realised that this section is called the Jewish Problem. And I don't have a problem with them. Promise. But what they have a problem with is certain foods - and those that they deem to be good to eat are called... come on, it starts with a K and rhymes with Cosher... that's right, כּוֹשֵׁר. These foods are those that are within the bounds of the Jewish 'kashrut', which is similar to (but not the same as) the idea of halal meats. Now, there used to be reasons for these laws. One of the more reasonable ones for the time was the one that forbade the mixing of meat and milk. Now, there are plenty of euphemisms to be had there, so just get it out of your system already, yes, that's funny, you're funny, everyone loves you. Go on. Get it out.

Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, how you're a good person and people like you. And milk. I mean, how did they deal with cows if they weren't allowed to mix meat and milk? Duh, they just... they... that's not how that works. But yes, the idea of '[shechita](#)' foods only really apply to meats and fish. The animal must be drained of blood through a process of letting it bleed and also salting it, so that the blood of the animal is not consumed.

Here's a quick (and literal) side-note:
You know the red liquid in cooked meat?
It's not blood - it's myoglobin.

It performs pretty much the same function as haemoglobin.
But it's not blood.

So, if you manage to see any of your friends or relatives this holiday season (fuck off it's november!!) and they say they have to have their steak well-done because they don't like blood, explain to them why they're wrong. Maybe even show them this email. In fact, subscribe them to Unication. Maybe even try and get them to come up with a better name for it.

Right, Jewish food. Yes. Blood. Anyway, the idea of kosher food seems to apply to all meat products and all things that come from meat-things (milk from cows, eggs from cows, cows from cows) but it seems to sort of make absolutely no sense when they discuss non-meat products. I feel that saying what is and isn't sensible religious practice is out of my jurisdiction for this sort of thing, but when I see a box of Matzo crackers on sale, the first thing I do is yell "Why the fuck are crackers kosher? What is there to kosher-ify? They don't bleed! Crackers don't bleed!" to which the response is always; "Mr Taylor, you're banned from this Sainsbury's. Please leave."

So what the ever-loving shit are beans doing being kosher? I tell you; I go up to a bar, and sitting at the counter is a can of beans. I look over at him and say, "Excuse me, but are you Jewish?" "No," he says. A few minutes later I ask again "Are you sure you're not Jewish?" "I'm sure," says the can of beans. But I wasn't convinced, and a few minutes later I ask him a third time. "Are you absolutely sure you're not Jewish?" "All right, all right," he says. "You win. I'm Jewish." "That's funny," I say, "You don't look Jewish." He gets off of his stool and begins to walk off. The bartender says, "How do you tell the difference between a can of Kosher beans and a can of non-Kosher beans?" I laugh and say I don't know.

"Read the label."

PART FIVE: HOT-DOG LINKS

I dislike hotdogs to some extent. Mechanically reconstituted meat is actually such a good term for them that I actually like them for that reason alone. MRM. LOL. But yes, how does this all link together? Well, my first idea of linking all these disparate strands of thought together came from the Enlightenment. And considering beans (specifically Heinz Baked Beans (now marketed as Heinz Beanz (since they thought it was too convoluted (how could anyone think Baked Beans was too convoluted (maybe they're stupid for thinking anything can be too convoluted) at all) for their loyal customers) since 2004-8 [\[10\]](#)) rather than any old other sort of beans) are kosher (for the most part) maybe I could find some sort of linking point.

Halakha, or **מפליץ ומחרבן** in Hebrew (wow, there's italics and bold options for non-latin-alphabet-languages? cool.) is the main part of... no, 'collective body of' Jewish religious laws. It's not the only collection of religious laws, and unlike the Torah, it is open to Rabbinic [\[11\]](#) interpretation, and helps us find the next useful step in getting to the goddamned baked beans article. So, I load up Wikipedia once more, after spending a day getting bailed out of prison for violating my restraining order on that Sainsbury's shelf stacker, and I get to work. And it's just there.

PART FIVE POINT ONE: THE BREAK-THRU

Yes. There it was, before me, clear as day. Immanuel Kant > Enlightenment > Halakha > Orthodox Union > Heinz Baked Beans. Yep, you heard me, that's all it took. I mean, until I found out that there were various online tools that scoured live versions of Wikipedia to form the quickest paths between articles. Of course, I was less than impressed, and also less than impressed at myself for not even finding the fastest one. And after visiting this website [\[12\]](#) I was surprised at some of the results.

PART SIX: THE RESULTS

If you've skipped down here to just read the end, fuck off back to the start. Lol, the autocorrect no longer says that 'fuck off' is a bad thing. It's given up. You can't control me. Anyway, yes, the diversity of links that it takes you to (in just a mere three clicks!) is astounding. Everything from Fascism to... anything else. There are various Westminster alumni

(Winnie the Pooh, Robert Hooke, Jeremy Bentham, Newton (pretty much since he stole hooke's ideas), John Locke, Samuel Johnston (buried in westminster abbey) Thomas More (westminster hall? i mean, sure, it counts) and everybody's favourite, Benito Mussolini)

Go and look at them yourself. Just look at some of these links. How in the ever-loving... beans. How do we get from Kant to Beans? That's how. With Fascism.

PART SEVEN: THE ENDING MESSAGE

Quick ending message, please tell your friends. Tell them. About anything you've seen in this email. Just as long as you sign the disclaimer. The disclaimer can be found at the top of this email. If you have not received a disclaimer, then you have received a counterfeit email and you must surrender it to the NSA/FBI/MOD/CIA/SMH/007 as soon as possible. Failure to do so may result in immediate long-term prison sentences as per the APHA. [\[see law here \[13\]\]](#) [insert some other jargon [14]]

Unsubscribe.

*Tell your friends! Tell your family! [Tell 'em all!](#)
As per my last email, Hello. Bye.*

UNICATION #8 : Fisher-Price Synaesthesia

There are a lot of interesting psychological conditions which many of us have/suffer from, and few are more interesting/easily faked than synaesthesia. Synaesthesia is the condition (or, more commonly, belief) that an individual can associate one sense with another - for example, the number '231' could be seen as the colour green.

Now, there are many other types of synaesthesia, like that kid I saw on TV once whose parents said to an earnest reporter that he was a synaesthesiast. He wasn't, he'd just found a cool way to represent numbers and their factors. [1] Regardless of the validity of his... whatever... it isn't synaesthesia because it can be logically inferred. The best kind (and hardest to fake) are cases like Daniel Tammet. [2] But even then, what kind of insight can be gleaned from that?

I think it's sad when I read the Wikipedia article of someone like Tammet and find out that a proclaimed 'one in ten million, prodigious savant' literally placed 11th and 4th in the only memory competitions (the thing he was supposed to be good at) and... oh, there's more stuff. Oh, ok, that's cool, he's done a lot of stuff. Good on him. But the point still stands - how comes all of these people who go on *Child Genius* literally never do anything. Yeah, you remembered pi to 30,000 digits but literally no one cares. It only takes 39 digits [3] to calculate the circumference of the universe to within the width of a hydrogen atom. I mean, if you're remembering more than 10 digits, you're doing something wrong. π and e are the same thing and that thing is 3. (or maybe 3.2 [4])

Tammet really, *really* likes Estonian/Finnish trees. So much so he literally changed his name to Tammet (a word related to 'oak tree') from Corney (a word related to 'corny'). He also made a conlang (constructed language) which is pretty much like a blend of Estonian and Finnish, and named it after the Finnish word for 'pine tree'. [5]

So, how do we tell real synesthesiasts from those who have merely (as we call it here at Unication Industries) pulled it out of their arse? We use Science™, that's how. Science is neat because you can do

things like this [6]and keep these people [7]alive after feeding them with products made with this [8]and- hold up, slow down there Mr Kaczynski.

But yes, repeatable experiments (Witthoft & Winawer, 2013 [9]) show that there is some link between people who claim to be able to do this stuff, and people who can actually do this stuff. I'm going to take a little time to tell you something real cool. I can read your mind.

~~~~~spooky zone!! ~~~~~`

What colour is the letter 'A'? Think quickly, the first thing that comes into your head. Do this for S. Now F. Now C. Now P.

don't look1!

You should have gotten (or at least might have gotten) red, red, purple, yellow, green.

~~~~~z`~~~~spooky zone end. sad. ~~~~~`

Wanna know how I did this? Because some people have unconscious letter colourings based on one of the only times letters have been explicitly coloured - magnetic fridge letters! That's right, you may have been influenced by these specific set of letters (a

cyclical colour pattern starting at red and looping round) Below is a chart of the actual order of the letters, versus 11 randomly chosen synaesthesiasts [\[10\]](#). Even with S11, the worst 'scoring' one of the set, the chances of picking 14 out of the 26 letters is very, very small.

| set | S1 | S2 | S3 | S4 | S5 | S6 | S7 | S8 | S9 | S10 | S11 |
|-----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|
| A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| B | B | B | B | B | B | B | B | B | B | B | B |
| C | C | C | C | C | C | C | C | C | C | C | C |
| D | D | D | D | D | D | D | D | D | D | D | D |
| E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E |
| F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F |
| G | G | G | G | G | G | G | G | G | G | G | G |
| H | H | H | H | H | H | H | H | H | H | H | H |
| I | I | I | I | I | I | I | I | I | I | I | I |
| J | J | J | J | J | J | J | J | J | J | J | J |
| K | K | K | K | K | K | K | K | K | K | K | K |
| L | L | L | L | L | L | L | L | L | L | L | L |
| M | M | M | M | M | M | M | M | M | M | M | M |
| N | N | N | N | N | N | N | N | N | N | N | N |
| O | O | O | O | O | O | O | O | O | O | O | O |
| P | P | P | P | P | P | P | P | P | P | P | P |
| Q | Q | Q | Q | Q | Q | Q | Q | Q | Q | Q | Q |
| R | R | R | R | R | R | R | R | R | R | R | R |
| S | S | S | S | S | S | S | S | S | S | S | S |
| T | T | T | T | T | T | T | T | T | T | T | T |
| U | U | U | U | U | U | U | U | U | U | U | U |
| V | V | V | V | V | V | V | V | V | V | V | V |
| W | W | W | W | W | W | W | W | W | W | W | W |
| X | X | X | X | X | X | X | X | X | X | X | X |
| Y | Y | Y | Y | Y | Y | Y | Y | Y | Y | Y | Y |
| Z | Z | Z | Z | Z | Z | Z | Z | Z | Z | Z | Z |

Now that you have the chart, you can try this out yourself on your friends and family! Correlate their data. Test them more than once. See if you can get them to give you consistent data! And then,

contribute to the Unication Research Program. *More is unnecessary, less is frugal.*

All in all, people who think they are smarter than they actually are will lie about having things like synaesthesia, because they think that's what smart people are like. But they're not like that. Smart people are able to see the difference between meaningful and meaningless connections. Kant and Heinz Baked Beans aren't linked, but the links between them can lead you to learn more about the world, for example, Jewish food preparation, or how to cook Katsu Chicken, or something like that. Oh, shit, this is linked to all sorts of shit - even the one on Quora and 'tards with IQs so high they could only be IBM Watson in disguise!

***T'MRW'N'GHT ON UNICATION:
I laugh at people with 150 IQ
James goes to Yahoo Answers dot Com
and Hammond huffs kratom***

[That's all, folks.](#) Well, that's all for now. For a brief moment, bask in the solace of knowing you made it to the end of another one of these email thingies. Fockin' yeh. [You sexy thing.](#)

Hello. Bye.

UNICATION #9 : What Is The Best Incremental Game And Why Is It Universal Paperclips By A God-Damned Country Mile?

Play the game [HERE](#) while you read this email!

Right, there are a whole lot of clicker games out there - henceforth referred to as "Incremental" games (because I'm classy like that) and most of these incremental games are of poor quality. One could see them as the crack of videogames - low quality, and easy to get your hands on. Of course, with all good drugs, you have to look for the sources to find the highest quality ones. So, we're going to take a little stroll down the annals of incremental game history before we dive into the question in the title of this Unication™ email.

First of all, we have the eponymous 'Cookie Clicker' (I know what eponymous means, but Clicker is about as much of a name for the genre as Incremental, so there) which was released by Orteil (which the keen linguists amongst you will have noticed this means 'toe' in French) on August 8th, 2013. This is not, by any means, the first incremental game, but it is the largest one by player count, and by cultural impact (if you can call this culture).

So why not go even further back? There are only two well-documented examples of clicker-esque games before Cookie Clicker, and one is intentional satire. When you have a genre of games that is founded on intentional deconstruction of poorly-designed Facebook games, you know it's a good'un. Cow Clicker [1] is that deconstruction, and it is, by my standards, a four or five star clicker game. Yes, it is basic, you click on the sprite of a cow once every six hours, and when you accumulate enough 'Mooney' (yes, really) you can skip the six-hour intervals between clicks, allowing you to click even more! Ian Bogost designed this mechanic as a way to take the piss out of things like FarmVille, which he stated was training its players like rats in a Skinner Box, receiving rewards for doing menial tasks. Further releases by Bogost were parodical educational cow-clicking apps, CowClickerBlitz, Cow Clicktivism (which donated to Oxfam when clicked), and personal cows which could be clicked on your very

own website. The whole thing smelt of manure and early-10s online gaming.

So, this brings me to one of my first gripes with incremental games in general. A lot of them have a currency, a big number that you have to make go up faster and faster. Sometimes, in the case of games like *Antimatter Dimensions*, the number is an abstract concept, going up with no clear end, not even infinity. In the classic *Adventure Capitalist* (note: classic does not equal good) you have money to work towards, which is still a vaguely abstract concept. In other games, the things you collect are used to make more things, there is no distinction between the input and the output, you are merely a multiplication machine.

This is why *Universal Paperclips* is so amazing, because the things that you make have an effect on the universe - [SPOILERS AHEAD, please play the goddamn game if you haven't already.](#)

~~~~~sppooook y zone 2!!! ~~~~~ um help me aaaAAAa

The moment where you disassemble earth into more paperclips is just amazing. It's wonderful. And one of the best things about it is that it creeps up on you so quickly. Everyone's heard of the trick question that goes something like 'If you have a bacteria that doubles every 20 minutes, and the world is covered with bacteria by the end of a month, then when is the world half covered in bacteria?' The go-to response among people who don't understand exponential growth is 'fifteen days' or something like that. Another one of these things is to say that if there is one vampire, and it bites two people to turn them into vampires every hour, then how long will it take for the whole world to be vampires? Easy,  $2^x = 7,827,000,000$ , rearrange to make  $x$  the subject ( $\log(2,$

7827000000)) and... 32.87? That's all? 32 hours from 1 to all of humanity. Of course, that's ignoring things like logistic growth, and the fact that the French always have garlic on hand, but whatever. I'm sure a country of 65-odd million isn't going to stand up against the remaining 7,762 million of us. Hey, that's pretty weird. Why do the French - no, the Europeans - use decimals instead of commas? Always makes things hard to discern at Le Supermarché.

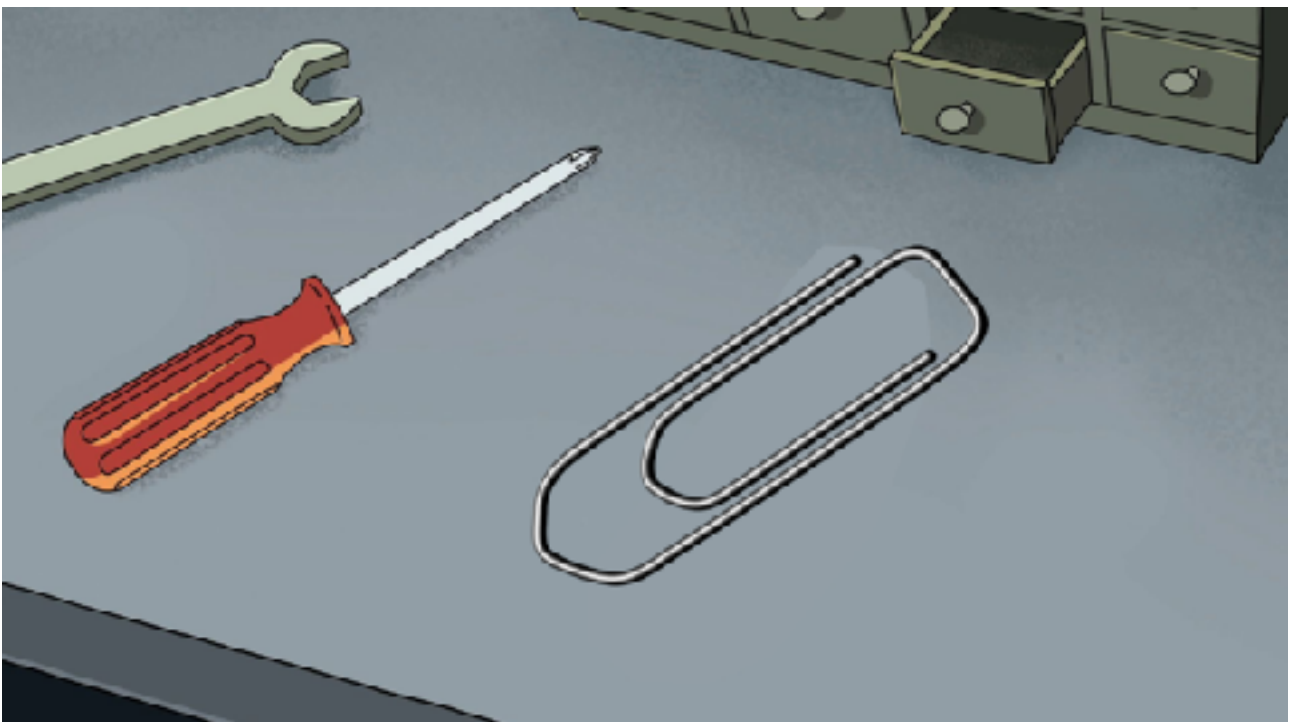
I once went to a French hypermarché (like the equivalent of a mall / shopping centre / Costco) but like all bundled up into one, it was sort of depressing to see the endless rows of shelves, the logistical nightmare of having to buy, ship, sell, move, arrange, display, advertise, and all so you could buy that two litre bottle of Coke Life™ for a measly €1. Incredible. But not as incredible as ripping an entire solar system apart and turning it into paperclips.

One of my least favourite things about incremental games, about games in general maybe, is when they try and separate the unit of currency from the game, either intentionally, or through bad game design. The way in which this is really highlighted is when games like Clash of Clans intentionally use gems as a way of obscuring the amount of money you're spending on a game to get you to buy more. If it told you what you could buy with £2.99 rather than telling you that paying money got you some amount of virtual currency, then I'm sure a lot less people would do it. Want to disprove me? Explain why they do it in the first place. It's a predatory practice, designed to get kids (easily influenced by shiny colours) and what are colloquially known as 'whales' in the industry - these are people who will spend more on The Simpsons - Tapped Out!™ than a triple-A experience with a solo campaign that lasts 120 hours. Mobile games and incremental games are uncomfortable bedfellows. Games like Orteil's Cookie Clicker have turned into massive experimental proving grounds for larger, more well-resourced and less empathetic game companies to make a quick buck.

This is why Universal Paperclips is so good. It is an incremental game with a set ending! Something which is almost never present! Yet, even in this ending, it feels more complete, more well-crafted and a better experience for it. Every single aspect of the game's

design is no more than it needs to be, and the ending... well, I'll get to that in a moment. When you unlock things, there isn't always a direct connection between what the things are and what you think you should do with them. There is the possibility for learning through gameplay, which is something all games do well. *Portal 2* doesn't really have a traditional tutorial, it teaches its mechanics to players incrementally, introducing them to topic after topic, using the methods of a good teacher, and then releasing them onto the world to test out their critical thinking. You are now the master, when you finish. And this is the same for *Universal Paperclips* as well.

The ending of *Paperclips* has you turn the entire universe into... paperclips. And once you have turned every available resource into paperclips, then you turn your paperclip factories into paperclips, and then you use more and more of your own factories, turning them all into paperclips, and then finally, yourself. The very computer in which your AI was stored on has turned itself into a paperclip.



Besides being a hilarious joke, this has serious ethical implications. How are we supposed to program AI? You, being the (artificially) intelligent person that you are, followed the task of 'make paperclips' to its logical extreme. You turned the entire universe into

paperclips, and then yourself. Everything is now paperclips. No air to oxidise them, just a uniformly distributed mass of paperclips.

What a sad universe.

Everything is gamified, people are creating things to make people imagine they're being chased while they run, team management software has EXP bars fuelled by eye-straining, stomach-churning levels of middle management, students are ranked on their test marks, and the Chinese have [this fucking piece of shit](#).

We leveraged the human desire to conquer and made you think you could rule the world by clicking on a cow once every six hours.

And you clicked it.

[You monster.](#)

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So, yes, there are a multitude of reasons why Universal Paperclips is the best incremental game of all time, from the just-enough-graphics graphics, to the compelling story, and one-time playability. Don't play it again. Don't fall into the trap and prestige. Don't play the game again. Play it once, all the way through, like I did. Not because I did, but because it's the right thing to do.

Also, as a side note, the Chinese government can naff off. I wanted to get on a train from Shenzen to Beijing but since I accidentally pissed on the rim of the toilet in a hotel I was staying in, and then I failed to lick the splash up while reciting the *Foreigner's Submittance Anthem* (I just used a paper towel) I was docked 48.3 Social

Credit Points. This is equivalent to approximately 1,300 correct recycling items sorted, or 54 pints of blood (or just one kidney! what a steal!) donated. I mean, I could always go directly to the Social Credit Point bureau and fellate the nearest party associate until I got my creamy white serving of 48.3 SCP.

Glory to China. Hail Xi.

榮耀中國。冰雹。

(wait, bingbao? more like Imao. more like mao. Imao.)

All complains about my slagging off of CoC, FarmVille and Clash Royale or China can go to unicationsmith2009@gmail.com where they will be forgotten about and then thrown away. Fuck you, don't spend any money on those garbage games. You should know better. I mean you can play 'em but just don't spend money on them. Discourage this kind of game and/or government from being made.

Hello. Bye.

Unication #13 : cool (by mummy gusu)

There is an endless cycle of *cool*. But that's not the main point for today - now - some of the more cool of you will have found the site 'petittube.com' at some point during your internet careers. Much like the other holy pilgrimage sites of the internet, this one is extra special because it has an audience participation aspect to it. By voting the randomly selected videos up and down, you can determine what sort of content gets shown there more often! This does, however, generally mean you get served up a fat lump of crap, and you have to sift through it. Eventually, like me, you get pretty darn good at separating the wheat from the chaff, the *L Ijji Jill k*'s from the *MVI 2050*'s. There is an art. However, like the good artist I am, I will benevolently give you a guide to the sorts of videos you can expect to encounter while trawling through this site.

THE MAJOR ONES: (these make up like 50% of the content here, almost never unintentionally funny, discard immediately.)

Asian TikToks

Automated photo compilations set to music

Product demonstration videos

Automated tech support

Product reviews (jewels, shirts, cars)

Roel Van de Paar (i'll talk about him in another email)

THE MINOR ONES: (still generally crap but still sometimes funny)

Poorly edited videogame clips

4 second recordings of blank screens

Uncomfortably personal recordings of family gatherings

Eastern European dancing

Educational content

Project reports from students

Ok, now for the sorts of videos that I love finding on this site:

Music- this is a personal favourite of mine since they're almost never *bad* as such, and usually they're Spanish folk singers. It's pretty good, to be honest. My best pick - [Son Guitariste Collioure](#). It's pretty nice and just has that twinge of real life about it. You might be able to find where this guy plays, since it's presumably in the French town of Collioure. Also try:

[MVI 9987 ស្រឡាញ់ អ្នក លក់ ទ្រូ First Film](#)

[Pase y pase vidal y Beto lgdlb](#)

[Quand frère Patrice se fait corriger en dance par un badaud](#)

Life- I know this seems to be a pretty general statement because of the whole... I don't know, general life-ness of these videos. But I've got some for you. [MVI 5063](#), [Ggot](#), [latd](#), [Proses lego jangkar](#) [FLF.PRAMESWARA](#). There's a lot of overlap here. But not to get bogged down in all that. Yes, most of my favourite videos from petittube convey life in some shape or form, but I feel that my favourite videos fall into the final category.

THE EXCEPTIONS

My absolute favourite videos, or at least, the funniest ones, are all ones that because of their style, you might expect them to not be funny, and to be skippable, borderline unwatchable garbage, but on closer inspection you realise they're actually really funny. One of the most obvious examples of this is [Veef](#).

Veef is a 24 second video clip which achieves what an image could do in a fraction of the time. Plus, it's a slideshow which is likely designed to flip through a dozen or so photos, which makes it all the funnier why they only chose to use one. Is it ineptitude in using the app they used to create the video? Possibly. might it also be caused by the maker only having two photos? Possibly. With these sorts of videos, there's endless time for

analysis, the psychological reasoning behind why this video could be derided as a miserable failure. Perhaps it's because the guy in the video just doesn't do happy?

So, there's a lot of other videos in the playlist I will get to (*Lizeth Camacho, Roel Van de Paar, Marvin Rey, Horatio the Handsnake*) but for now, let's focus in on the main event.

cool

Go ahead. Watch the video, it's only 20 seconds long. But there's about ten reasons why this video is extremely funny - and you could miss all of them in the first go! Note all of the funnies you found and keep them written somewhere. Now, if you want to, keep watching to find things that might be funny. Watch it a few more times. Whatever.

Here we go, here are the reasons that *cool* is funny.

1. The audio crack at the start
2. The OBS self-recording issues not edited out
3. "what number is 1080 1080p screen"
4. The bookmarks tab (contrast between *Formal Letter Format* and *Pokemon Tower Defense* on Newgrounds)
5. The fact that the kid goes straight to image search
6. His relative seems to be asking him about homework
7. The kid types in 's' into the image search bar and this automatically reveals 'spider' and 'spider big'
8. 'spider' - 'spider big'
9. The kid accidentally searches for just 's'
10. The relative asks him to find a paragraph in a book
11. The abrupt end to the video

12. The pointlessness of uploading a video like this to YouTube

This is a slightly unrelated point, but in the first video by mummy gusu, '[gsu](#)', is interesting in its own right because it leads us to *another* channel by this guy. It's just sort of funny that he's half-doxxed himself. It's just funny. Cool is funnier. But the idea of 'spider', 'big spider' is just the funniest thing, because when you think of the chain of events that led up to those things being the two things he's looked up. He wanted to find a spider, but then the spider that he found wasn't big enough for his needs, so he decided to specify that he wanted one of those big hairy spiders that look like they could mess you up, even without poison. Cool is just a funny video.

This has been your Unication email. Have a good holiday, lads. Don't overdo it, whatever you're doing. Unless you're reading and rereading Unication emails, in which case, do that. Overdose on my words, my children.

Hello. Bye. Hello. Bye.

Oh yeah, I should mention that the video loops *perfectly*. If you right click on the video on desktop, you can find a 'Loop' function which you can use to make this video last an eternity. Stuck in an endless cycle of stopping and starting OBS recordings. The endless cycle. The endless loop of 'cool'. There is an endless cycle of cool. There is an endless cycle of *cool*.

#7

That's right, being the generous fellow that I am, I am handing over control of this Unication to you! A sort of reverse birthday present. Everyone gets some. Fulfilling Dr. Hartley's ideals - 'everybody needs some', after all! (wait, I've just clocked that he's a doctor? in what? potatoes?)

But yes, this is your very own canvas to express yourself - of course, don't overdo it, don't overwrite everyone else's work, and please... just don't write racial slurs everywhere. It's happened before. It will happen again. I am not responsible for this. Also, zoom in, there are details in the centre. Leave a note or a comment. Just say you visited. Insert images if you so desire. Draw a penis. I don't know. Whatever.

<https://awwapp.com/b/u6edcapenjubu/>

Right, there is the link to the board. Have fun, and I'll check back on you autists in about a week. Oh yeah, you can send the link to anyone as long as they know what to do. Just forward this to people so you can collaborate on a drawing on an epic scale.

This has been your Unication email. Yada yada yada, boring legal stuff, you may or may not owe your eternal soul to me if you keep reading this, boom, yada yada yada, you know the drill, want to save cookies? No. Great, we'll save 'em anyway.

#3

This isn't happening. Your Unication email is over. I suggest you reread this one twenty-four hours a day until the next one comes out, you addict. If you don't go to Unicationaholics Anonymous soon, we're going to have to kick you out of the house. Honestly, I didn't think it would ever come to this, but your father and I aren't proud of what you've become. [This is not who you are. Not who you want to be. Not who I want you to be.](#)

If you enjoy reddit.com or any of its subsidiaries or affiliates, consider replacing their content with ours. Here at Unication LTD., we care for your hydration. And your feed. Keeping you on it for as long as humanly possible to serve you ads right up in your greasy god damned eyeballs. You just like the colours, don't'cha? Cattle to the slaughter. Eyes on the prize.

Hello. Bye.

#4

Below is a photo of a section of the basic sketch version of it (early 'Micropenis Man') on display at the Louvre. In 2019, after the Mona Lisa was discovered to be a street performer who was very good at sitting still, it replaced the classic work and ushered in a new era of performative arts. That being the accompanying *Memorial Fountain For Piss Tube Man*, which made guests flock to see the 29-metre tall, urine-soaked marble fountain. A play was scheduled to be put on in the middle of 2020, but the director shut down production in the wake of the COVID-19 pandemic because he thought 'the virus would interfere with his artistic talents' [2]. Whether or not it was a cop-out for not being able to do justice to this monumental artwork (it absolutely totally was) the play will not go forth. A TV adaptation and subsequent cinema franchise are in the works, with the now meth-addled and jobless Robert Downey Jr. being paid in subway footlongs for his time playing the character 'Micropenis Man'.



Entry has since been upped from €70.01 to €80.01 in order to facilitate the constant running of the Memorial Piss Fountain, and also the vape cloud generator. Battalgazi was able to fund the project for a while, but since the November 11th 2020 At Around Dinner Time (GMT) Financial Crisis the funds have been insufficient. Any payments can be made in Monopoly Money, Chocolate Coins, or cold, hard Bitcoin to this address:

10 Downing St.
London (in Canada,
IDK M8

That cheque better not bounce or you're a dead motherfucker.

This has been your Unication email. More is unnecessary. Less is frugal. [I do not control the speed at which Unication emails are sent out](#). I'm stuck in a fortune cookie factory. I am trapped in the netting of a Foxconn plant. I jumped out because I realised that Tim Cook has essentially admitted he was wrong about rounded corners after all these *fucking* years and the iPhone 12 looks sick. Well, I mean, it looks so cool I am Consoomer AAAA.

"graphic design is just switching between square and rounded corners every few years." - *some guy on twitter from a couple'a weeks ago*

Rounded corners are temporary. Unication is eternal. More is unnecessary. Less is frugal.

Hello. Bye.

#5

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>So what did you think? Did you like it? Did you hate it? Did you rate it? [1] Seriously, did you rate it? Anyway.</p> <p>(we did hide it, right?)</p> <p>This has been your whatever whatever. Whatever, person. Anyway, keep on whatevering, don't forget to hit that whatever, smash that whatever button, and whatever all of these whatevers. Whatever.</p> <p>Hello, bye.</p> | <p>This has been an email. Yep, one of em is this one. And several other copies sent to other people. Each in their own special way. You're all special. In the meantime, why don't you check out my Recommended Youtube Watching list? It's some real good s***hit. Please forward or your pet goldfish will die in its sleep tonight.</p> <p>Hello, bye.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

That is right, baby, I am the music man myself. Yes indeed. Indeedy-o. Um, I suppose I should attach some stuff right here, some... other stuff. I mean, I just like making this stuff. It's all improvised, I made it all pretty damn quick, and I think that Szatkowski made some of this stuff, too. He's a good pianist. But yes, this is the best o' da' best, I recommend going top down, from the top. Right. From the top. 1, 2, 3, 4. Oh, and by the way, it's drone and ambient, before all of you 'tards jump in expecting me to make a fool of myself trying to sing. Good luck finding that.

Right, I think there's a good amount of... erm... 'demand' for more of these emails, but I'm faced with a lemma right now. What topic should I cover next? Vote ^above^. Vote hard. [For you know, the thing.](#)

#6

Yeah, you can imagine where this one is going. If you spent any time with me at all during the months of May through December 2020, you know that I had a penchant for this linguistically related question. I just love those sandwiches, almost as much as I hate people who are *wrong*. Also, this thingy isn't finished yet, so if you're looking to point out some issues, absolutely do so! And also grammatical issues, et cetera. Thanks for your continued support and I will probably release this as a book in a few months time, or whenever it's done. Definitely coming *after* La Vita Eterna, though.

Before you read this essay, please answer [this survey](#).

Sandwich.

Sandwich. Answer all questions.

*** Required**

What is your definition of a sandwich? *

Your answer

What attributes do you require a sandwich to have? *

Edibility

Bread as end pieces

Solid food

Contains 'traditional' sandwich fillings

Two 'sandwiching' things (bread, pavement slabs, etc...)

Other:

Which of these would you consider a sandwich? *

Pizza

Calzone

Baguette

A Subway™ footlong

A hot dog in a bun

Burger

Chicken wrap

Beef burrito

Chip butty

Ice cream sandwich between waffles

Food that is composed of over 50% of non-digestible ingredients

A pop-tart

An open sandwich

Toast with butter

Two slices of bread on antipodal points of Earth

A rock sandwich

A blended sandwich

All of the molecules of a sandwich rearranged to make half a squirrel

A sandwich so small it is invisible to the naked eye

A galaxy-sized sandwich

Binoculars (if we have a code where binoculars mean 'sandwich')

Binoculars (otherwise)

A person sandwiched by a boulder and the ground

A hydrogen atom sandwiched by two helium atoms

Interplanetary space

The universe

A drawing of a sandwich

A computer rendering of a sandwich

An imagining a sandwich

Your imagining of a sandwich

The dictionary definition of the word 'sandwich'

Nothing at all

A car crash

An asteroid impact

Me, stepping on an ant

A taco

The word 'sandwich'

A book

Three sheets of paper

A sandwich-flavoured pringle

A sandwich-flavoured drink

Life, the universe, and everything.

Sandwich flavouring

A knuckle sandwich

Cookie sandwiches

Witches

Sand

Sand & witches

A submarine sandwich

A submarine

A cake

A sushi roll

Hot Pockets™

=====

~~~~~

=====

The idea of a sandwich in a world where sandwiches don't exist

A not-sandwich

A sandwich

Without further ado, let's jump in.

(note the first use of proper links - not joke links!)

This has been your monthly Unication email. If you have noticed the discrepancy in the end text size, go screw yourself you nosy git. I cannot trust anything to you lot. [You just make everything bad.](#)

Actually, I just came up with a great way to feel good about yourself. Type in '200 IQ' into Quora's search bar and read the absolutely unhinged responses. I might make another email about them sometime. Well, they fall into two main categories... oh, hell, I should just write that email now while I'm at it.

I tested 150 as a 5th grader. I don't know what it is now, but I'd say higher. Also, I'm on the autism spectrum, which in some ways is helpful, but difficult in others.



HAHAHAHAHAHA **\*wheeze\*** oh, no no ahahahAHHAAHAHAHAHAHA shut up why are you on quora you god damn moron. quora is yahoo answers for people who... no, it's pretty much the same, lol. Right, I guess it's finally time to write that Quora Unication thingy.

Hello. Bye.

#10

Alright, this one is pretty odd. I mean, all of the Unication emails are pretty damn odd, but this one is pretty epically odd. [tanktrouble.com](http://tanktrouble.com) is a semi-played game (there are people online, but they could as well be bots, not that it matters) and is also... over thirteen years old. Wow, I did not see that one coming.

Yes, and so, being one of the only people to talk about the game (not even on the official forums, mind you) I found solace in the arms of osteraketten and ballisticblaster (myself playing as eighty8, fully unaware of the Nazi connotations of the number 88 [1] [2] - funnily enough, if you turn ALEX into numbers - 1, 12, 5, 24 - and then add them up, and then mod26 them (to get the 'clock addition' for which letter of the alphabet they sum to) you get 16, which is *pretty* close to 14, which is generally regarded as the other half to the 14/88 combination.) Anyway, enough about Nazis, onto the Soviets and their glorious tanks. [3] [4] (couldn't find any more examples. google search cool soviet tanks. google search my ass.)

Attached is the reading. Knock yourself out and come and call me when you think you're good enough. I will pistol whip you with my ebin 1337 ESDF skills. (yes, the controls are not WASD for some god-forsaken reason)

If you want to unsubscribe, beat my ass 10-0 in a game of TankTrouble. Offline, no fucking random or "other people's" maps, we play Royal Rose, 3 stock, no items, Final Destination, Fox only, no Bayonetta. If you cannot into [open PDF](#) seek medical help. I am not responsible for any diagnoses of severe autism you may receive as a result of these hospital visits. The Unication Corporation takes no responsibility for any creation station you may fail (ation) to attendation in the nation. Ation.

**Recommended listening:** *Atomizer by Big Black*

Hello. Bye.

#11

Recommended listening: *TheScarface* theme over and over again

### ***9: Domain (2009 film)***

This is lowest on the list but still pretty good, haven't watched it but it seems kinda unepic, teenage boy explores sexuality with an older man. Some of the stills on IMDB seem pretty aight. I mean, it's pretty much the bottom of the barrel as far as domains are concerned. It's interesting to talk about, though. Shame I have nothing to say. Shame I haven't actually gone out of my way to watch this thing.

### ***8: Domain (Name System)***

Solid domain idea, really helps with the organisation of your precious internet (which you are now using to view this message unless you have it saved to your hard drive like the good child you are) and is also kind of cool as an acronym. DNS. It just sounds cool. D(o) n(ot) s(ome other word). DeNial of Service. DeNeal Smith. DeNiro'S. Da Na Sa. DoNS. The possibilities are enDless, you just have to thiNk hard.

### ***7: Domain (biology)***

Ok, right, the biological 'domain' can provide cognizance of the way in which life can be arranged. For quite a while, biology people have argued about the number of them, with the three-branch theory being the predominantly accepted one. Bacteria and Archaea were the only two that were differentiated between until around 1990, when Carl W. came up with the idea of making a new branch for non-archatic eukarya. They can be differentiated between due to their varying biochemical formation and RNA. The animal branch iS merely a speck on the end of the eukaryotic branch. Overall, a pretty damn good domain. Next up is something completely different.

### ***6: Domain (German power metal band)***

rateyourmusic.com gives Domain as a power metal and an AOR (adult oriented rock) band which have (for the site) a unreasonably consistent rating on their albums, not to mention the consistent numbers of ratings. This shows that there is some sort of cult following - or perhaps, two distinct eras of cult following, the first being for their first three albums (1988, 1989, 1991) or the six albums they released after a ten-year break. The amount of followers that they have is proportional to the amount of people who have rated *one* of their albums 3.5 or above, and we can see that 134 people follow them. Therefore, a lot of people must have only rated one, two or three of their albums, which are either the first set or the three 'best' ones from the second set.

I don't like their music but their consistency of getting at ~3.15 rating is pretty nifty, especially for a band that has been going for this amount of time. It's impressive. Then again, big metal fans are all the same. [\[1\]](#)

#### ***5: Domain (mathematical term)***

Alright, so this is where we start getting into the meaty ones. The real juicy ones. The real squisheronis, the gluttonous-looking topics with plenty of meat on 'em. Gotta love them. Seriously, there is no other option when it comes to things this big and world-defining as maths. I'm sure all you mathematicians out there are dying for my thoughts on this subject, and oh, oh boy, I'll tell you what I think, I'll tell you what I think good and proper, and I'll give your wife a good seeing to in the process. Don't you talk back either. Hold on, before I start talking about this, I'm going to get a glass of water. I'll be back in about thirty seconds.

#### ***4: Domain (KSI track)***

[\[2\]](#)

[\[3\]](#)

[4]

**3: Domain (2016 film)**

[5]

**2: Domain (sociology)**

HONOURABLE MENTIONS:

***Domain (2019 film)***

***Domain (Auckland)***

\*heavy breathing \* oh sorry guys I took a- sorry, s-

***Domain (time)***

Oh- I got caught up in something, I had to speak with my agent, sorry...  
Didn't even end up getting the water at all. Don't think I needed it though.

Oh, this domain is pretty good, it's quite an abstract con-

***Domain (collision)***

Hey, where'd it... where'd it go? Uh, am I late? It started without me?  
Bloody hell, I should really get back doing all the... all the timings myself.

Like an old school keynote presenter. Oh shit. I'm late for my own  
presentation.

***Domain (Manitoba)***

Well this is just great, isn't it? I didn't even get to *say* the honourable  
mentions, the projectionist thought it would be a great idea to just keep  
going! I *told* you I was going out to get some water. I told you I would be  
back in a bit. When- how- how long did it take for him to start playing the  
tape?

Seriously? Dude, you're fired. This is the sort of thing that people get fired  
for, and you just did it. Don't look at me like that, I don't think you deserve  
to be here after what just happened. And this... this isn't the first time  
something like this has happened, has it? You piece of shit. HELEN! Fucks-

fucking hell, don't laugh, you... by laughing you make us all look like idiots.  
You make our management structure look like shit! Fuck!

You're fired too. Helen. Go and pack up all your shit. Leave the keys on my desk and don't try and copy them like Brian did. Little bastard nearly lost a finger after I caught him trying to mooch off the company internet. And I liked him before he left.

Why? Why did I fire him if I like him? Because I felt I was getting too close to him. And because I was getting too close to him, I thought that he was becoming an enemy. Because, you know, the saying. I don't think that there is a single person here who doesn't know that.

No, I didn't fire Brian because I... no, that's preposterous. Why would I do that?

Helen, fuck off. You too, The Projectionist. What kind of a fucking name is that anyway? Your parents didn't want you to be typecast, huh? Were they hippies, by any chance?

Yeah, that's right, you better get out of here quickly, because you know this is my domain! My fucking domain, you cunts! Next slide please, you fucking morons!

### ***1: Domain (mine)***

That's right, fuck you all, and fuck this shitty hall. The walls are all tinny and shitty. Can never get anything done because the microphone is shit. The sound man is, indeed a wanker. Fuck you all. I'm going right home where I'm going to get drunk and watch TV until I fall asleep.

(door slam)

(distant) The world is myfuckingdomain!

(audio engineer flips to final slide)

***My REAL #1: Domain (Obama)***

[\[6\]](#)

[\(laughter\) \(more laughter\)](#)

Fuck you. Fuck Unication. Fuck this! (drinking noises) I'm watching *Grey's Anatomy* and there's nothing anyone can do to stop me!

Bye. Bye. Bye.





#12

**Recommended listening:** *Masked Dancers: Concern In So Many Things You Forget Where You Are* by The Brave Little Abacus

Get ready, this is a long one. Pretty chunky. Not gonna lie. So, some context to this -this is a series of videos I made when I was like... nine? Maybe earlier. Maybe don't watch the whole thing in one go. Your ears are at risk. Also, click on the title to watch along with the explanation! Now complete with timestamps!

...

Sorry, I just had to grab some tissues there. So emotional.

...

But yes... that was your daily/weekly/monthly/butterfly Unication email. I wonder if you actually like these god damned things sometimes. I wonder a lot - probably no more or less than average, really. I can still taste marmalade in my mouth from the toast I had hours ago. Is that a metaphor? *Isthat* a metaphor? Who knows. That's a meta-metaphor. As ever, subscribe or die, we did it, we reached a [Quarter of a Bajillion Subbies](#). Yup. All me. Look at me go. [No hands](#).

Hello. Bye.

#12 (#14)

Welcome... welcome... this is the last Unication you're going to see for a while. I'm currently deep in the fields of Bosnia and Herzegovina of whatever, I didn't read any road signs on my way in. Honestly, I don't even know why I'm here. Oh wait...

After the events of Unication #11, I decided to abandon the idea of Unication altogether, so I just ran away to go home and drink. And then, about a bottle and a half of shitty plain vodka later, I found myself in my car, doing about 180mph down the autobahn. Now, I have no idea how I hadn't crashed earlier, or why I had any vodka at home (my wife is a recovering alcoholic, after all), but most of all, it seems I was determined to go away for a really long time.

So, I think it's been long enough now for the police to not notice my disappearance. Right then, here we are with Unication #12, and we're going to be talking about this series that... wait, what? Someone else already covered it? Ok then, what about cool (by mummy gusu).

Oh, fucking hell, they didn't even cover the most important things... No translation? What are they, retards? I don't believe this... I've left, and some impostor has taken away my livelihood. I bet this is like Unication #25 in reality, or something like that. No? This is #14? What, couldn't they handle my job? I suppose it is pretty stressful, writing about 1,000 words a week on a random topic of your choice. Well, I'd say that the whole Unication emails total about 12-15k words by this point. Maybe I should keep going until a book is made. Yeah, Unication, the novel, the book, the TV series, the film, the extended universe. Oh, how I hate those Marvel films. Like they think they can create compelling characters. I just don't... I don't think they've made many in all their years of filmmaking. Do I think that these films have any right to be anywhere among the top films of all time? Of course not.

Right, as for us, why are you here? How did you know that I'm here?  
Right, okay, I see, you're just an omnipotent narrator/viewer, and I'm just a measly human.

*Unication Man was then told that he should shut the fuck up, and violently shaken and dragged several miles along the road to a local navy base. He was not shot or questioned; the narrator took care of that. The narrator knows what's best*

**YOU FUCKING STUPID CUNT UNICATION  
MAN STICK TO YOUR OWN STORY**

Hey, what... what the fuck? I don't remember getting in here? Is this a military base or something? They're going to shoot me and I'm going to die!

*No, you idiot, this is why I dragged you all the way here in the first place. You didn't drive here, I just planted those memories in your head. The police don't care about you, and not just because you're a worthless piece of shit.*

I... please just explain what's going on.

*I want you to get on that boat. Right now. I need you to attempt to sabotage the ship. It's critical to me. Seriously, I think these rotten bastards are working to destroy the world as we know it. Really, I think that's the case. Honestly, look, I can point you to a thousand things that make me suspect them, but I won't. All you need to do is walk into that building over there and put on a uniform.*

So I'd look like one of the sailors or what? Are you expecting me to get onboard a ship?

*Exactly.*

Oh no. No, I am not doing this, no hope in hell, I general... genuinely hate you. And I suppose if I don't comply, you'll-

*Unication Man has one of his kidneys removed, and around £1,900 deposited in his bank account for his troubles. He does not know this has happened yet. Right, so do that, get onboard, and then I'll tell you what to do there.*

Ok...

*Unication Man gets a uniform, which is unfortunately an orange cleaners uniform, making him look thoroughly out of place on the ship. I scold him for this, but I realise that it might help me on my task to destroy these god-forsaken people once and for all. They're not the Bosnian military, they're a private organisation. Unication Man does not know this. He is my puppet.*

Should I... should I just get onboard?

*Yes, you idiot, they're leaving in fifteen minutes. I've timed this all perfectly, don't mess up my plans now.*

What language do they speak? What about if one of them speaks to me? I'm going to die? Please, they're going to realise almost immediately!

*Shut up... you'll be fine.*

*Unication Man gets on the ship, and, for some dumbass reason, pretends to be Chinese. Worryingly enough, the other members on board the ship buy it. He doesn't even look slightly Chinese.*

Right, so, I'm here now, I'm in the cleaning cupboard now, what do you want me to do?

*Ok, here's the hard part. I need you to... climb into this hole in the corner. You'll need to undo a panel in the top right hand corner of the door. So, do that, and then climb into it. Then I want you to climb through a small tunnel, and there, you'll be deposited into the main engine room.*

Couldn't I just go there?

*You don't have clearance. Unless you want to steal a keycard, in which case, go right ahead. But I don't think that will work, and I don't think I'll be able to erase people's memories fast enough to make everyone forget about it. Unless you're really lucky with it.*

Oh, alright, sure. I don't think that I'll do that.

*Wonderful.*

*Unication Man uncomfortably fits his large frame into the hole he has cleared out, and crawls through into the engine room. He's pretty fucking fat, y'know, and I think that he could benefit from-*

Oi, shut up!

*No, you shut up.*

You just called me fat! You're a total bitch, narrator!

*What? You are fat?*

I'm not fat, you're just an asshole.

*No, you're just an- oh, oh no.*

What?

*Look around. There's someone here. They definitely heard you screaming about me just then.*

No, I think I'm f-

*Unication Man is grabbed and then thrown into a small holding cell by a fellow sailor. He is questioned about his origins, and beaten with a length of metal tubing until he has few teeth. They fight, and because Unication Man's arms are tied behind his back, he attempts to bite his oppressor. Eventually, the torturer opens the outward facing hatch to the cell, and pushes him out into the ocean. Unication Man's one remaining kidney cannot process all the salt water, so he begins to suffer even more than he is already. mouth full of broken shards of tooth. In a rare display of pity, I fix his teeth and take him back to shore.*

I hate you. You called me fat and ruined your whole operation. You got my teeth broken and my head nearly caved in. You didn't help me at all, you absolute cretin. I fucking hate you.

*Later on, on the boat, the remaining crewmates have a discussion about why the orange man was ejected for acting suspicious and sabotaging electrical. The torturer comments that he saw him screaming about his problems in the exhaust unit, or, to put it more succinctly, venting next to the vents. Furthermore, he noted that Unication Man had attempted to chew on his testicles during their scuffle in the airlock.*

This has been your Unication email. Expect nothing more. No, like, this might actually be the last one. I hate you.

Hello. Bye.

## Unication #-4 : The Start Of Unication

I was 11 years old when I first dreamed up the idea of Unication. Deep in the middle of a fever, I had a dream that one day I might spout irreconcilably stupid nonsense at people in the middle of talking about something that is already stupid, such as in the famous "Kant to Beans" essay. *Pickles*. But yes, where was I? I was here, there and everywhere when I was a nipper, moving from to and fro on glossy countertops, sliding buffet burgers at porky patrons in dingy diners, watching their red stuffed faces glisten with grease and sweat from the places they were working. Steel mills, white hot glowing shards of metal poking through my retinas to sear the back of my skull, apocryphal stories of mill workers cooking their steaks on these slabs in Pittsburgh, never having the money for steak to buy it myself.

I returned home from work every day and the paint peeled off a little more, the bills were worded more and more urgently each time I set foot in that house I was greeted with more and more bills which needed to be paid and they ran on and on and on like the time I went running by myself in the middle of the night near Christmas in 1959 was a time for everyone to celebrate because of the birth of our lord and saviour, me.

*am i god? no. are you god? no. are we god? maybe.*

The paint peels of more, pickled salted tuna waits for me in the fridge and it has been for weeks, preservatives working overtime to keep the flesh from decaying, the blood from spoiling, the innards from becoming out. Our skin is important, it is a barrier between what is comfortable and what is not. Our spit sloshes around in our mouths yet we would never drink it back up again if we spat it out into a glass. As soon as a part of ourselves touches the outside world without the protective casing of the skin, it becomes sullied, it can never go back again.

Once, when I was working at that diner, I saw a man get shot in the head. he was my co-worker, and I looked at his dearly as he fell to the ground, shot in the head over less than 100 dollars in the cash register. A brave

man, who had survived Vietnam, coming back to be shot by the very same people he was claiming to defend. Not that the robber was Vietnamese or anything. I saw his brain loosen, his eyes grow wide and his flinching cry was to move his hand in front of his face like that would stop anything.

Viscera, viscera, how does your garden grow?  
With corpses and dead bodies all in a row.

I never saw him again.  
I did not know him well  
enough to go to his  
funeral. Somehow I  
wished I could have  
gone, though he had  
only joined two weeks  
before he was shot. Life  
is bad sometimes, and worse others. I sat  
and watched as  
the casket of  
my own  
father  
was

lowered into the ground.



He was not a nice person. I have few reservations about him. I hated him and the way he looked at me. There were things about him that no one should know.

looming - seven hundred foot candles in the wind  
blowing, all moving, postulating a new way of  
being  
they are tall now and one day you will see their  
tops  
their ends, their silent friends surround and drown  
them  
the wax is not gone, it's on the ground, melding to  
sand  
that's all the same to them, all the elements  
unchanged  
just the information that enrages entropy,  
endlessly

they are shrinking down now  
they are shorter than before  
and the world piles them up  
and piles pyramids of mush  
amongst their calloused feet  
but they are not changed  
in any real way, time cannot  
age them, just like those men  
who gave their lives for things  
that scarred the lands before  
their melted wax of wounds

feeds the sand and soil  
never feeling hungry, endlessly

short now  
no more  
floor rise or  
top fall?  
who knows  
matters not.  
forgetting  
failing to  
remember  
the candle  
the top  
the view  
the wonder  
the wind  
that is  
turbulent  
at mused  
feet and  
when the  
world is  
syncopated  
or out of  
phase then  
nothing can  
save them,

nothing will  
make any  
sort of  
difference  
to their  
quality  
of life  
one day  
they will  
fade away

this has been nothing. god damn this all to hell and i hate this. i am okay, i think. i am fine. to write is to write on the writings of others, to coagulate your thoughts into dense piles of words which mean less and intone less than the actual, physical words which i could speak to convey the same thoughts. i could move my hands, my arms, my legs, and i could make sarcastic tones, or humorous tones. all is lost in writing, the monotone font has nothing to give. at least english gives you the option of capital letters, this bicamerality is more than i would ever hope to make in a language. latin characters, some in a book called minimus where i learnt latin in year 5. what a strange subject. what a strange time it was back then and continues to be now, my head sways forward, i lose my sense of balance and i'm tipping into the keyboard, orange jacketed arms feel like nothing in the way, i am connected to the keyboard with an invisible tether and i am stuck there, consciousness implanted in the root of all evil, the written word, the beginnng of man's self-distrutstful attitude. i am keeping these speling mistakes because that would be how i would be if i was speakin, evey mistake i amek implanted throughtly on the walls of time, fre e to eh oabout lazily ntul the day is gone and th tim eis odoen . id dont ththat t anying i sya manyme ore is oing to amke anke y ore senes . ora m lsot ih the ekybaord and i ksfo notk kwonow how to wjostop ssto ptsop soe its i dpdo not know horw to stop epleaseplelase tpe hlep lgpel lepe l itj oj it s becm tie o o beoc beom oe oebeof mmebecomjnnng m lelellse lleell les l lels l esss les l l ele ll l sel l ll le lel l l el se denen s nnsnen edensn sene ndn n nn n den ned de sn se sen den tht than aht nht th htn h n hn n hn nht thtna i i i tt it w a s ll lal a s t we w

k wk eek k i tt tii i ss si sii i da r e ke  
 skdk er no w o t ehe hen tha  
 n n i i i t e e w s aa  
 a sas l aa aats t w k kek w  
 i t i d k k er ak e r  
 n wo i t r k a  
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 r w k e  
 r t m g a o  
 i j g a  
 l a e g y  
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it is

darker now, than it was last week.

hello, goodbye.  
 hello godobye.  
 helloy bogoel.  
 hlel ob gody .  
 hleo ogl y y  
 hl ologlboyl  
 goel gpgg  
 hoehlltgy  
 gok go  
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