

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

Think I'm Out of a Job?

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The Bandera Prophet

We've all been wondering about this Artificial Intelligence thing, so I decided to research it and see if there was an app for the "brightest of the bots" ChatGPT. There was and it's only going to cost me \$19.99 a month to use it. Problem is, I'll never figure out how to opt out if it's totally insane.

I thought, I don't need any college essays. What I need is a funny column for those weeks when I'm just not feeling it. The app downloaded quickly, because for \$19.99 a month, it should run as fast as a Tesla. When I opened it, my bot was happy to give me a few suggestions of what it could write:

Tell Me a Chuck Norris joke – hey, bot, Chuck is already a joke.

Write me an email to apply for a job – Don't want to get arrested for lying.

Write me an essay on climate change – it's hot and we've had no rain.
Duh.

So, this is what I put in because I wanted to be as random as possible:

Write me a humorous 400 words on one shoe left in the street.

Columnists work by the word, not the page. So here we go, this is what I got:

"There it lay in the middle of the busy street, a lone shoe. A single beacon of hope amidst the hustle and bustle of the city. Whose shoe was it? Where was its partner? These were questions that flooded the minds of passersby when they saw it.

Pedestrians had to toe the line (pun intended) in order to avoid tripping over it. Some even took pictures with it, one guy posed next to it and made a peace sign with his fingers. The shoe had become an unwitting celebrity overnight.

In the office building nearby, people were starting to whisper about the lone shoe outside. Was it a prank? Was it an act of defiance by someone who just couldn't take it anymore? Or was it just one of those bizarre things that happen in a big city?

Everyone had a theory, but the truth was far more hilarious. The owner of the shoe was none other than Jerry, a clumsy office worker who was always misplacing his things. He had gotten off the bus that morning and was in such a rush that he didn't even notice that his shoe had fallen off. He only found out when he got to his office and realized something didn't feel quite right.

Jerry was too embarrassed to go outside and retrieve his shoe, so he decided to just let it be. He thought, 'What's the harm in leaving a single shoe on the street, anyway? I'm sure someone will get a kick out of it.' Little did he know that the shoe would become the talk of the town. As hours passed, the shoe remained steadfast in the middle of the street. Cars swerved around it like it was a traffic cone. Bike messengers rode by with a knowing nod, as if to say, 'I've been there, man.'

Eventually, a city worker came around with a dustpan and broom to sweep the shoe away, thinking it was trash. But as he bent down to pick it up, a car honked and he quickly stood back up with a sheepish grin on his face. He knew the city's latest symbol of hope wouldn't be going anywhere anytime soon.

And so, the lone shoe remained, a testament to the absurdities of life in the city. People would continue to take pictures with it, and Jerry would continue to walk around the office, secretly pleased with himself for unintentionally gifting the world with a little bit of levity."

Jerry didn't notice he was only wearing one shoe? I'm worried about him. Didn't anyone in the office catch it? I can tell you this bot is no Erma Bombeck. It's more like a halfway bad joke with no ending. All I

must do now is figure out how to get out of that \$19.99 a month charge because, obviously Erma and I are one of a kind.
The real me will be back next week.