

ne day, Mister Toussaint came home to find an extra 300 euros' worth' of groceries on his doorstep. Its bread-slots were crusted over with carbon residue and it dribbled crumbs from the ill-fitting tray beneath it. It had been designed and built by cavemen who hadn't ever considered the advantages of networked environments. The entire station had been loughton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company – Image Credits: (C) adpePhoto/Shutterstock evacuated and the police wore full biohazard containment gear. But the microwave wouldn't switch on. "I'm no drink and I'm no meal," LOONY GOONY sang. The toilet wouldn't flush it ("I don't belong in the bog, because down there I'm sure to clog!"). LOONY GOONY sang loudly, but the toaster ignored it. 28 "I don't mean to endanger your abode, but if you don't let me out, I'm going to explode!" 19 "You'd better wear a breather and you'd better wear a hat, I'm a vial of terrible deadly hazmat," LOONY GOONY sang. 23 From time to time, hed thought of the eight cubic meters of stupidity hed inherited and sighed a put-upon sigh. "I'm a ferrous" lump of steel! "The dishwasher wouldn't wash it ("I don't mean to annoy or chafe, but I'm simply not dishwasher safe!"). Hed loved Grandpa, but he wished the old man had used some of the ample spare time from the tail end of his life to replace his junk with stuff that could more gracefully reintegrate with the materials stream. The smart appliances chattered nervously at one another, but the brave little toaster said nothing as Mister Toussaint depressed its lever again. "Gently down the stream. Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, I'm offgassing ethylene." The label said that the drink was called LOONY GOONY and it promised ONE TRILLION TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN ESPRESSO!!!!!! ONE 11! The trashcan told him that toxic substances had to be manually sorted. Even the cleverest squeezezy-pouch couldn't survive a good nuking. Its quorum-sensors' were redlining(R) as it listened in on the appliances' consternation. 31 The fire department took away the melted toaster and used their axes to knock huge, vindictive holes in Mister Toussaints walls. Mister Toussaint sniffed the pouch suspiciously. 9 He chucked the pouch in the rubbish can and put his new groceries away. The can had not cycled it through the trapdoor to the chute that ran to the big collection-point at ground level, 104 storeys below. 21 Mister Toussaint paid the rush-rush fee that the storage depot charged to send over his container. They forklifted it out of the giant warehouse under the desert and zipped it straight to the cargo-bay in Mister Toussaint's building. But then his grandpa had died and they'd cleaned out his little room at the pensioner's ward' and hed just shoved it all in the container and sent it out to the desert. 25 The house chattered enthusiastically at the toaster when he plugged it in, but the toaster said nothing back. Mister Toussaint unplugged the fridge and the microwave and the dishwasher. 30 The cooker and trash-can were hard-wired, but they didn't represent a quorum. Mister Toussaint began to suspect that the pouch was some kind of stupid Internet of Things* prank. 10 The next day, Mister Toussaint came home and discovered that the overflowing rubbish was still sitting in its little bag under the sink. 11 "Why haven't you emptied yourself?" "What toxic substances?"