

MAHMOUD SAID

Presently in Exile · Island of Elba · Tyrrhenian Sea

18 July, 2026

To: The Aggrieved Users, Stakeholders, and Long-Suffering Visitors of the Website

Re: A Full and Unreserved Apology for the Slowing of the Website

A LETTER OF CONTRITION AND VOLUNTARY EXILE

To all whom it may concern, and to the many more it has inconvenienced,

It is with a heavy heart, a slow connection, and a spinning loading indicator that I, **Mahmoud Said**, put pen to paper to confess my guilt in the matter now before us. I acknowledge, freely and without coercion, that I did knowingly, negligently, and repeatedly *slow down the website*. Pages that ought to have loaded in the blink of an eye instead loaded in the length of a yawn. Deploys that ought to have been swift were, by my hand, made sluggish. For this, there is no excuse, and I shall offer none.

The evidence is damning and the latency undeniable. I have watched the progress bars crawl. I have heard the sighs of the users. I can no longer, in good conscience, blame the cache, the CDN, the DNS, or "the network." The fault, dear users, lies not in our servers, but in myself.

ARTICLE I — OF REPARATIONS

In recognition of the grievous harm caused, I hereby pledge the following reparations, to be paid in full and in earnest:

- **Three (3) Claude Max 20× licenses**, granted to the injured party, that the good work of building fast and functional websites may continue at twenty times the speed at which I so shamefully slowed it.

ARTICLE II — OF EXILE

Following the noble precedent set upon these very shores, I do hereby sentence myself to exile upon the **Island of Elba**, there to remain, without complaint and without escape, until such time as I have **completely resolved the slow loading and deploys** upon the website. Let it be known that I shall not, as certain former residents of this island have done, attempt any return of a hundred days. My exile ends only when the metrics turn green.

ARTICLE III — OF TERMS AND RELEASE

I shall not depart this island for the mainland of ordinary life until:

- Every page loads with haste befitting the modern age;
- Every deploy completes cleanly, swiftly, and without incident;
- The Time to First Byte is a source of pride rather than of shame; and
- No user is ever again made to wait upon my negligence.

Until that day, I remain upon Elba — watching the tide roll in, refreshing the dashboard, and optimizing what I have so long neglected. I ask not for your forgiveness, but I shall labor unceasingly to earn it, one shaved millisecond at a time.

In sincere and lasting contrition,

Mahmoud Said

Mahmoud Said, Penitent · Exile of Elba · Reformed Slower-of-Websites

§ Executed under the olive trees of Elba, witnessed by the sea and the CI logs §