

Social Media Is Making You Weird

And not in the cute quirky “I love plantains and sunsets” kind of way. I mean weird-weird; spiritual updates during heartbreak, fake accents during live videos, and entire identity crises with ring lights on.

See, there comes a time in a man’s life, or even a woman’s own, when you must sit down in a dark room, look deep into the mirror, and ask yourself one simple question:

Am I mad?

Because sometimes you’re actually mad.
Not “funny tweet” mad. Not “group chat gossip” mad.
No. Actual spiritual imbalance, Wi-Fi-enabled madness.

But you just don’t know it yet.

I was so excited when I read a newsletter yesterday talking about this issue because it’s comforting to know I’m not the only person sitting through this daily digital disgrace.

We used to live our lives. Now, we narrate them.
Every moment, from the sacred to the sorrowful, is now seen as potential content.

Heartbreak?

Lights Camera Action

Better get your ring light ready, this is a whole production, not just a mood.

Stress meltdown?

Here's a 37-slide drama of me losing it, complete with slow-mo sighs and perfectly timed eye rolls for maximum effect.

Spiritual awakening?

Oh, I just unfollowed all the 'toxic' people on my timeline and now I'm vibing on a whole new frequency

Because nothing screams spiritual growth like posting about your freedom... with your phone glued to your hand.

It's giving main character complex with an identity crisis.

We've traded presence for performance.

We don't sit with our emotions anymore, we dress them up, light them properly, and deliver them to an invisible audience like a monologue.

But who are you really talking to?

Who told you that every emotion, every breakthrough, every breakdown must be broadcast?

When did silence become suspicious?

When did privacy start feeling like poverty?

There was a time when grief was honoured in silence.

When healing was a journey, not a series.

When heartbreak was processed through journaling, not jump cuts and lip gloss..

But now, if it isn't filmed, it didn't happen.

If there's no footage, no filter, no sad soundtrack playing softly in the background, did the pain even count?

Even your tears need a caption.

And maybe that's the saddest part, that we've become so unfamiliar with living quietly, that we feel irrelevant when we're not being witnessed.

You Don't Have a Personality — You Have a Feed

Everything has become content.

Not joy. Not pain. Not peace.

Just... content.

Your life is no longer a story, it's a slideshow with sponsored captions.

We don't live in the moment, we document it like unpaid interns trying to impress the algorithm.

We vibe to music we don't even like, nodding like hostages in our own reels.

We "photo dump" carefully arranged chaos and label it authenticity.

Even our spontaneity is scheduled.

And somehow, we're all okay with that.

Let's be honest.

You didn't enjoy that jollof.

You were too busy rearranging the plate, angling the light, and finding the perfect caption:

"POV: soft life in Lagos."

Sis. You weren't soft living.

You were hard-performing.

You were in a one-woman stage play titled "Aesthetic Hunger Games."

You didn't eat to live. You lived to post.

You weren't present. You were producing.

And what's worse? You didn't even do it for yourself.

You did it for strangers you'll never meet, just to look like someone you're still trying to become.

You were performing for people you don't know.

People who don't care.

People who will scroll past your carefully filtered life and double-tap by accident.

Your feed is not a personality.

It's a performance.

It's cosplay at this point. You're not living a soft life, you're playing the role of "that girl" in the TikTok cinematic universe.

You're not crafting memories, you're curating aesthetics.

And the scary part? You don't even know where your personality ends and your feed begins.

Who are you when the phone is down?

When there's no audience, no ring light, no need to caption the moment?

If you can't answer that without refreshing your camera roll, then maybe, just maybe, it's time to unplug and relearn how to just be.

It's funny. And it's scary.

Because somehow, we all got here, slowly, then suddenly.

Now we're stuck in a loop where existing isn't enough unless it's edited and uploaded.

And if you're not oversharing, do you even want to go viral?

Oversharing- The New Side Hustle

Let's talk about that Suspect Challenge that trended a few months ago.
Because clearly, shame is dead and buried, and social media was the killer.

During this challenge, a popular content creator (name withheld, but God knows her) dragged her husband into it and proudly declared things like:

"Suspect doesn't flush the toilet after pooping."
"Suspect likes to receive head but doesn't like giving."

Excuse me?

The second-hand embarrassment I experienced while watching that video cannot be described in human language.

My soul tried to leave my body.
I wanted to throw my phone away, remove my eyeballs, and start a new life in a quiet village where people still mind their business.

Because ... what was the plan?
What did you hope to achieve?
Engagement? A sponsorship from Harpic?
Support from other woman saying their husbands don't give them head too?

Honey, we didn't need to know that.
Nobody needed to know that.

Even your ancestors didn't need to know that.
That was oversharing in its most unhinged form. A masterclass in "Things You Should've Kept Between You, Your Man, and Maybe a Plumber."

And now? I can't unsee it.
Every time I see that man, I don't see a husband. I see a walking hygiene hazard.
I see an unflushed toilet.

I see a man who receives oral sex but doesn't return the favor, and somehow, his wife thought it was content.

There are things I would rather carry to the grave than ever admit on camera.

Even at gunpoint, please. Just shoot me. Let me quietly ascend to glory.
Let me die with dignity.

But this is what we've become.
Oversharing is now a hustle.

We've turned private shame into public currency.
The more shocking, the more views. The more personal, the more profitable.

The more disturbing, the more engagement.
We've turned boundaries into punchlines.
We don't even keep secrets anymore, we do full-blown marketing campaigns with ring lights and confessionals.

Once upon a time, people protected the sacred parts of their relationships. Now we're putting our partner's toilet behavior and sex preferences on the internet... on purpose.

And for what?
Views?
Comments?
A possible collab with a toilet cleaner brand?
We used to post memories. Now we post mortifying truths with captions like,

"LOL we're so real for this."
No. You're just... concerning.

If this is what "realness" looks like now, I'm begging you, be fake.

Please. Be extremely fake.
Lie if you must. Just stop traumatizing us.

Oh, and let's not forget some of those villains disguised as saints, the ones who call themselves "influencers" and "content creators."

Wickedness- Disguised as "Content"

Tell me.
Why are you people doing nonsense and posting it online?
No, seriously. Why?

Because explain to me, like I'm five, why your friend would record you mocking a beggar in the most horrific, degrading manner... and laughing while at it.

She finished recording.
You watched it.
You found it hilarious.
And then, this is the part that kills me, you go ahead and post it to your WhatsApp story proudly.
Like you just created Oscar-worthy content.

No remorse. No shame. Just full confidence in your cruelty.

This happened in 2020.
But guess what? The internet doesn't have amnesia.
Somebody dug it up this year, and sis is still paying the price.

Now she's crying online:
"It was just a joke."
"I didn't mean to hurt anyone."
"It was taken out of context."
Girl, the only context here is you did something disgusting.

And the worst part? You did it on purpose.
And of course, here come the forgiveness ambassadors in the comments:
"We all make mistakes."
"Give her another chance."
"Don't cancel people for one bad moment."

But let me be real with you, no. I'm not forgiving that.
Because there's good, there's bad... and then there's evil.

Raw, calculated evil. And what she did? That was evil.
Mocking someone's suffering, for entertainment.
Dehumanizing a poor child, for clout.

Turning someone's dignity into a punchline, for laughs.
And here's the wildest part:
Nobody would've even known she was a bad person if she hadn't posted it herself.
She told on herself.
Voluntarily.
Intentionally.
Willingly.

Imagine being so deeply wicked and thinking: Yes, let me share this with the world.
That's not just audacity. That's villainy with Wi-Fi.
If we're being honest, some of you don't need judgment.
You need spiritual deliverance and a one-way trip to a mirror,
for deep soul examination and cleansing.
No detours, no distractions,

just the quiet reckoning of your own reflection,
where truths long buried rise to the surface,
demanding to be seen, felt, and healed.
Because if this is the kind of thing you find funny?
Your problem isn't social media.

It's you.

Social media didn't corrupt you.
It just gave you a stage.
And with the spotlight on, you didn't perform healing.
You showcased your wickedness, proudly.

Now you see this next one they call:

Get Ready With Me

No, Amaka. I refuse.
Because why is your GRWM starting with you in a pant and bra?

Are you on the beach?

Why do we need to watch you put on clothes?
If your mirror is broken, buy a new one and use it to actually dress up.

Can't you show us your OOTD without flaunting your mismatched lingerie?

Why drag us into your wardrobe disaster?
What exactly did we do to receive this pain, torment and torture from you?

Does your mummy know you're showing your bum bum to strangers online?

And who even started this "come with me" nonsense.
Why is it always something ridiculous?

"Come with me to braid my hair for 256k."

As how now? Seriously?
Please, take mic and tell us why exactly we should follow you.

Are we splitting the bill?
What sort of see finish is this?
Are we are so jobless that we'll just follow you like fools and be watching?

Half the time the hair isn't even worth it.
All that money for this half baked nonsense on your skull?

You people really need to stop this thing.

You'll open your mouth and say:

"Start my day with me."

Okay, but... you wake up,

Set your ring light.
Get back into bed.
Pretend to sleep.

Then fake-yawn your way into a new day like you hadn't just choreographed your own morning like a low-budget Netflix series.

That's weird.
Like... actually weird.

It's one thing to document your life,
it's another to stage it.

You didn't start your day.
You storyboarded it.

You didn't wake up to live.
You woke up to perform.

And honestly, when your morning routine needs a second take,
maybe the real routine is... pretending.

That's lowkey crazy.
But it's not even as crazy as this next one:
I think this has to be the worst.

You Sat Down to Cry. With a Tripod.

I need us to pause here.

You're going through something emotional, and you...
Set up your ring light.
Find the perfect angle.
Start crying.

Maybe breeze blows, and the camera shifts, so you pause mid-breakdown, adjust it, then continue like you're auditioning for Euphoria.

Then, when you're sure you've captured just enough tears for maximum engagement, you wipe your face with your dirty towel, open CapCut, add filters, pick a dramatic background music, maybe even a black-and-white effect, and caption it:

"Life's been tough lately but we keep pushing 🥹✨"

Then you upload it.

My dear, these are the kinds of behaviors they admit people for.

And you're calling it content.
You're saying it's your way of healing.
This isn't healing. It's monetized pain.
You're not processing, you're performing.

Your heartbreak isn't a TED Talk. Your "healing era" isn't a personality.
Sometimes, the most powerful thing you can do is shut up and heal in private.

You Think You're Free — But You're Deep in Digital Bondage

We're so used to being watched that we don't even know who we are without the camera.
You think you're expressing yourself, but you've been captured.

Mind, body, and aesthetic, by an algorithm that keeps shifting the goalpost.

One day it's "be soft and vulnerable."
Next day, "be savage and unbothered."
Then it's "divine feminine energy only."
A few years ago, everyone was getting BBLs like it was a national sport.

Now some are booking surgery to remove theirs and swearing they're all about that natural, slim life again.
Tomorrow? Who knows.

Maybe we'll start rating our anxiety levels like a weather forecast: "Today's panic is a solid 7 out of 10."
We've gone from thinking to trending.

From real to reels.

From community to clout chasing.
Prayer points now come with a call to action:

"Send this to 10 people and watch what happens tomorrow morning."

No. I won't be doing that.
Also, why are you posting your entire prayer list like it's the latest trending challenge.

Seriously, do we need the full itinerary?
Are you talking to God or telling us you're talking to God.

And when's the real prayer actually happening,
before you post or after?

Because last I checked, God doesn't double-tap.

Let's Not Be Hypocrites Though

We're all guilty in one way or the other.
Even me, writing this rant, posting it online.
Calling out social media... on social media.

That's the madness of it all.
We're in too deep.

We know we're losing ourselves.
We know it's weird.
Yet we can't stop watching. Or scrolling. Or posting.

We want attention.
We want applause.

We want to be seen, not just by our friends, but by complete strangers with anime profile pictures and usernames like "@badbitch_karishika_002."

And maybe that's the saddest part of all.
That somehow, we've started to believe our lives mean more... when someone else is watching.

So no, you're not crazy.
But the internet? It's cooked.
And it's cooking you too.

It's time to step back and log off for a bit.
Not in a dramatic "digital detox" way.

Just... sit with your real self.

No filters.
No captions.

No soft-era soundtrack in the background.

Just you.
Unfiltered, unburdened, and finally unplugged.