

They Are Trying To Kill You

THEY ARE TRYING TO KILL YOU. Here's how to defend yourself.

Step 1: Recognise the lies you are being fed. Identify the weapons they use against you.

"The World is ending." It carries the same pathetic but genuine intent as "rock is dead," or "AI bad." It paralyses; and utterly it does. Absolutely. Fuck — our final catastrophic blow. Did any of our punches even leave a dent on their labyrinth? A Distance Defence. Cowardice weighs strangely against intelligence. This is the nature of things. But you and I bear no distance. At least we do no longer. The world has always been ending, but now we witness it. Traumatically forced. We are suddenly pushed onto the stand. We have seen the atrocious go unseen, and our eyes make no more of a dent. It is by design that we believe our eyes to be voiceless, our eyes pointless. So we freeze right there in front of our comrades in the jury. No I must not allow myself to perjure. Why shouldn't that feel like impending doom? It should. I can't shake the feeling that maybe their labyrinth built itself, that maybe I was there. Can you?

But even without the slightly unveiled curtain, Humanity: O the spectacular Grotesque Creature — has always prevailed. Coal miners protesting fatal conditions lived on in French people who still chose dignity in resistance when the system offered none. And again their souls will flow through survivors of governed famine, administered suffering. An unyielding lineage of cruel stamina. It's lose, try again. Lose, try again. Lose, try again. Win. Kinda, not really. Lose, try again. Lose, no, fuck you. I'm done. We forget that we are still in the middle of it, even when we quit so perseverance feels violating and never-ending, even paralysing. But it is still power. Unwanted resilience and tragic endurance that feels like a survival tax may be a fucked up gift but it is one they will never take away — as long as we can still feel what is being done to us. They know it. They lack it and don't understand it, but they know it. And so they try to kill you, numb you, slowly redact what makes you, you. They want to poison us with the very same repulsive distance they weaponise so we twiddle our thumbs on the stand. Premeditated 1st degree. M.O.: The absurd motion of weightless fingers flicking past genocides, murderous ICE agents, and Labubus — point blank range! In 60 seconds war crimes flatten. And I let it, gratefully. Please you don't have to ask, I am still ashamed.

So recognise the half lie, carefully extract the truth.

Step 2: The bullet and the gun. Protect and aim your weapon. Learn precision.

Your most powerful weapon is the pre-articulation state: Pure Raw feeling. Historically unbeatable, even if slow and dangerously unbearable. Why else do you think they're trying to kill you? They don't steal raw resources like your heart and oil to get rich; they steal it just so you

will never have it. It is important that you feel the Pure Raw, even if it was never meant to be a burden to bear. Feel it. Release it. Feeling without release curdles into paralysis. Come now, slow panic death. You know this, you've lived it. Talk, write, name, cry, breathe, laugh, rage, step outside — these are your pre-tools, because if you don't, your most potent weapon will initiate self-termination. Cannibalising you. Brutal. They are so weak they can only rely on you and me to let them kill us. They want you to aim at yourself. They ruthlessly try to drown you in feeling without language. Do not let them. You know now what to do, you do not know all their secrets but you know enough: You. Are. Alive. They are not.

You are not numb and apolitical anymore. You are pre-political, unable to articulate or aim your weapon with forensic precision. You will learn, but right now, you are terrified of shooting unwarranted, more than any officer ever was or will be. You are afraid of sounding stupid, or wrong, or like a bad person. I would know. But this is good. You innately understand that pure inarticulate feeling is dangerous. I mean, you remember the ancient civilisations right? The poor rendered disposable by the rich and methodically annihilated. They felt it. They didn't understand it. They were afraid of it. They thought they could ignore it: I have my place, they have theirs; it is inheritance, it is meant to be. Until Jesus, a lowly carpenter's son spoke the forbidden unspoken: "You are alive." It had been lurking in the deepest parts of their souls. Certain it is human nature. Certain.

That raw feeling they believed in yet feared and denied, was finally aimed with forensic precision. Inevitably, they mistook it as the divine. If I was there I wouldn't need any convincing. Every word he spoke felt sacred; it only made sense to assign him godhood. And once he was crucified on that cross for his human-made divinity, it was sealed: Jesus Christ the man O become God! How else could they withstand the terrifying clarity he wielded? He must have been the chosen! Who among us could ever hope to reach him, to aim with his precision!? The mythologising of Jesus the man was the Grotesque Creature's first mistake. It remains inextricably intertwined. And it created distance, till this very day. At first, it was just a little to make it survivable. But then they exploited it, made it wider. And suddenly, war became justifiable, slavery became survivable. 400 years is only 12 billion seconds. Distance turns responsibility into abstraction and that is irresistible. But:

Pre-articulation is power
Articulation is direction
Release is diffusion

Have you ever held a gun before? It only misfires when the pressure is not contained. That includes the bullet and the human behind it. Before you shoot: inspect your bullet. Verify it is stable enough to be held, gently like a newborn — you are holding live ammunition. Now... inspect yourself, strangle your judgement. You will sweat. It will take time. Ensure you are not afraid to be wrong, or to be challenged. Do not cede aim to the bullet. You are in control. Do not

aim when flooded, flailing in their polluted waters as they hold your head down. Chamber it first, so you can name it.

Follow these rules and both the bullet and you become containable. You may miss, but the weapon won't explode in your hands.

The barrel requires pressure, pressure requires the barrel.

Step 3: Understand you and the Grotesque Creature's symbiosis.

The Grotesque Creature is oxymoronic in nature, paradoxical in truth. It is apathetic and amoral, yet its intrinsic cells are born rich from human laughter, empathy, morality, pain: human life. It is slow and tragically learns most through devastation. It almost yearns for it, while we despise it; that is when the Pure Raw cascades, and we have no idea what to do with it. We panic; a naïve combination of saying the wrong things or distancing ourselves or letting momentum and revenge bend the Creature to our own human-made impulses. But we are supposed to despise it, rage at it, feel it so horrifically that it almost kills us — and sometimes succeeds — because how else will it work? It is not meant to be this way, but how else will we learn? Words can break, they can't be our only tool.

We forget that we are still in the middle of it because we are so used to fast motion. Instant gratification, microscopic learning where we barely notice the "this wasn't supposed to happen" part — instant everything. Abomination, the whirlwind shortcut to true learning. The type of teachings that change our DNA and the architecture of our primal bones. And sometimes I just can't wrap my head around how it is supposed to happen, and it is also not supposed to happen. Those two "supposes" could not be any more different in meaning, yet they share the exact same letters. Oxymoronic, paradoxical. Broken yet intact. Disgusting, but enormously spectacular, beautiful.

But let there be no mistake; this does not make you and I insignificant. Its scale is vast only because each human life that assembles it is rich with its infuriating, unrelenting engine — pain unfolds into passion, pain folds into empathy, pain births hope. Pain. Pain. Pain. Scale comparisons to stars, quasars are futile. We are the deciders. We are the makers. We wrought the Grotesque Creature to be a vice, to cradle our pain, our wisdom, our joy — because to carry it all ourselves would be unbearable, impossible. It is meant to be held by something greater than us, something colossal, something boundless. And it is meant to be something that is still, in a twisted, unfathomable sense, you and I. It's supposed to move slow, deliberate, absorbing every nuance at once — we, who bear mortal limitations, however unbothered, can handle only one perspective at a time. One thread. Because this — is the nature of things. We need it. It needs us. A symbiosis. The inevitable, eternal, uneasy awe because it is bound and we are bound. Ultra. Utterly it is. Ultra.

Step 4: The arsenal of inheritance. Explore other tools; one is never enough.

Once you have honed your aim, you will naturally begin to trace individual transgressions back to systems. Individuals reveal patterns; patterns reveal century-old problems. You are starting to grasp that we are all centuries in depth. You will come to apprehend that articulation alone is insufficient. This is the point of no return. Proceed with caution — uncontained acceleration awakens psychological necrosis. Awe, dormant stardust, you have been warned. Martin Luther King Jr. dedicated his life to articulate peaceful speech, he wielded unwavering trajectory. Malcolm X dedicated his life to noble confrontation — both unflinching and flinching and the latter carries valorous weight. Violence was one tool. Speech another.

The Grotesque Creature does not learn from half-measures. It requires human lives to be devoted to tools at full capacity before it can even begin to understand them. And we, in turn, must learn to use those tools together. Not as absolutes, but as an arsenal of inheritance. Tools used at different ratios, with different hands. Same blood, different skin. Your tools may be visual language, or quantum physics, or pattern recognition. Mine is music. We must borrow from each other because borrowing is what intertwines us. When we understand each other at our marrow level, The Creature becomes faster — we become increasingly and absolutely exacting. That is how Pure Raw becomes atomic. Exactly what they are afraid of. They cross their fingers and hope we irradiate ourselves with it like a screwdriver and a demon core. But we are not as stupid as they think. We move with measured steps and handle our tools with tender delicacy. Split second cortical incisions. Live ordnance. Control.

No single tool can carry the weight alone; a singular tool becomes dogma. A system of tools becomes humane, forensic sovereignty. So go on, let them know you are alive. They can't kill us if we kill them first. Go for the kill. One shot. Terminal precision. Stay alive.

Pitch (Optional Read):

I'm proposing an essay called "They Are Trying To Kill You" that argues contemporary political despair and ignorance are not caused by apathy or malice but by a deliberately produced distance — one that those in power exploit, but that we also collectively sustain. The essay is not an "us vs. them" story; we are all centuries in depth. The essay describes a condition where catastrophe is endless and hyper-visible yet structurally untouchable, producing paralysis rather than action. I frame this condition through the metaphor of the "Grotesque Creature": a collective human organism that learns primarily through devastation, and that modern media forces us to witness and live in without agency. Rather than relying on academic language the

essay speaks in a way that allows readers to recognize themselves and ethics before they recognize the theory. The Grotesque Creature is both repulsive and spectacular, defined by repetition, tragic perseverance and uncanny scale. Instead of the assumption that constant exposure generates awareness or accountability, the essay argues that saturation floods people with unarticulated feeling they were never taught to aim, release, or translate — especially into collective power.

Written with prose and ironised instruction, the essay tackles political theology, media saturation, and revolutionary rhetoric without anchoring itself to a single ideology. It uses second person and limited confessional pressure to implicate the writer (as well as the reader) instead of centering them to collapse the distance the essay critiques. Murder is reframed as numbness and raw inarticulate feeling is reframed as a pre-political weapon rather than apolitical passivity. The essay explores how this pre-articulation state becomes dangerous when left unarticulated; how mythologizing figures like Jesus produced fatal distance between moral clarity; human reach; and why modern powers depend on keeping people emotionally activated but linguistically disarmed. Articulation alone is insufficient: one tool becomes dogma, while multiple tools — held together as an arsenal of inheritance — creates a form of humane sovereignty over the "Grotesque Creature." Rather than offering a program or party line, the piece functions as a field manual for reclaiming precision. It argues that containment, shared tools, and clarity are the only ways the Creature can learn faster without destroying itself.

Thank you for taking the time to read this.