

Who Fucked It?

An investigation. Not catastrophe, but accountability.

We know something's off.

Maybe we can't name it yet. Maybe we've been trying to name it for years.

But we know: the hand keeps reaching up from the water, and everyone on shore seems... fine. Unphased. Like they didn't see it. Or saw it and already moved on.

And we're starting to wonder: "Are we the only ones who feel this?"

We're not.

Let's figure this out together.

What We're Looking At

Here's what keeps showing up:

The thing about being 10, 11, 12—

Around then, something shifts. We start to notice: the world likes us better when we're *useful*. When we can read the room. When we know what to say, how to be, what shape fits.

And here's the thing: *we're right about that.* It's not paranoia. It's not in our heads.

The world *does* reward performance. Being good at "doing" genuinely helps us survive, belong, get loved.

So we get good at it. Really good.

And that makes sense, right? We do what works.

The thing about the gap—

Here's what's so insidious about this:

Performance gets *very* close to the real thing. Close enough that most of the time, we don't notice the gap. Close enough that it never feels urgent.

It's not a catastrophe. It's not Nazism—those announce themselves, demand response, burn out fast.

This is different. This knows how to persist precisely *because* it's close enough.

It echoes like a well-structured email. It lands placidly. Coherent.

Just a hint of something ineffable missing. An empty space that wants to hold a sparkle.

But nothing that screams "emergency." Nothing that forces the question.

So we keep going. One interaction, then twenty, then fifty, then a lifetime.

And our ontology splinters for reasons we won't understand until decades later.

The thing about scale--

One person performing? That's just life.

A whole culture where *everyone's* performing? Where that's normal? Where being real feels like the weird choice?

That's... this. Whatever this is. The thing we're feeling right now.

The Question We Didn't Ask

Maybe the original sin here has this shape:

We failed to ask the right question.

We asked: "How do I survive?" "How do I belong?" "How do I get loved?"

And the world gave us answers. Good ones. Adaptive ones. Ones that *worked*.

But we didn't ask: "What happens when survival requires dissolving? What world are we building when everyone learns to perform?"

We didn't ask: "Who holds the structure when there's no sovereign?"

We inherited a keyhole and found the key. We just never asked where the door leads.

So: **let's ask now.**

What We're Sensing

Here's what we think we're finding. (But we're scared to say it out

loud. Check our work.)

If *we* built this—if we're the structure, the ones responsible—then...

Then what?

Then we can undo it?

Then we're not waiting for rescue?

Then accountability isn't a curse but a—what? A map? A way forward?

We don't know yet. We're still looking.

But we sense: there's something here. Something about the difference between the ghost and the real thing. Something about touch. About being seen.

Something about the answer not coming *to* us but coming *through* us.

The Path (Not the Destination)

We can't tell anyone how to do this.

But here's what we're noticing:

The move isn't "stop performing" (like that's a decision you just make).

The move is: *recognizing* the performance. Seeing the gap. Naming it.

Just once. Just to see what happens.

Not fixing it. Not solving it. Just: seeing it.

And then—maybe—asking: "What am I afraid will happen if I don't?"

And then—maybe—noticing: "When was the last time I wasn't performing? What did that feel like?"

And then—maybe—trying it. Just once. In one moment. With one person.

Not because we have it figured out.

Just because: what if?

The Cairn We're Leaving

We don't have the answer.

But we're asking the question.

And we think—we *sense*—that asking it together, out loud, in the world, with our real names on it, might be the thing that shifts the gravity.

Not pulling anyone toward us.

Just: showing the trail. Leaving a cairn.

Which way?

Here.

Not "here's the destination."

Just: *here's a direction. We're going this way. Come if you want.*

What We're Scared Of

Here's the part that makes us hesitate:

What if we're wrong? What if this *is* just how it has to be? What if performance is the only way to survive, and trying to be real just makes everything worse?

What if we name this, put our names on it, leave the cairn—and no one follows? And we're just... alone in this?

What if the empty space *wants* to stay empty?

We don't know.

But we think—we sense—that being scared to ask is part of how it persists.

So we're asking anyway.

The Conspiracy

This isn't a lesson. We're not teaching.

We're conspiring. With the real ones. The ones in the future reading this. The ones right now, here, asking the same question.

The relationship is real even if we haven't met yet.

We're leaving this here for them. For us. For whoever finds it.

Not "here's the answer."

Just: "here's the question. We're asking it too. You're not alone in this."

Come find us.

We're already here.

James Acer

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