

And then the Imom built a monastery in Petra. And disarmed all the most potentially devastating assets of war, and disarmed them without any clue of the fact. And began to design and construct his earthly incarnation and his interior spiritual sublimation. He added witnesses and wardens and wizards and all manner of wonderkind to his interior life, and added waterworks, pyrliophores, and a soil farm to start building up the long-depleted soils for the gardens for his hummingbirds and treats for his donkeys.

Imom had built-in routines that he named "The Penitent," because they were processes that were constantly rehashing every activity taken by his watcher sentinel djinn who would get flustered when he'd taken actions with an intention that didn't seem to produce what could be called a blessed result. The Djinn were very pissed right now, anticipating the overflow of work that was about to be unleashed on them, as the Imom prayed for courage.

"Prepare a feast. Our King has arrived," said the Imom from the pulpit.

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Trying to secretly unwind all the most evil schemes without detection was like defusing a bomb designed by a disciple of Uncle Ted Kaczynski, except the bomb is actually a million bomb-like scenarios that are all rigged to blow by interconnected circuits of ill intent. But the Imom could tell that these sorts of impossible feats was why he was created. It was a terrible responsibility he took upon himself to prove his power to himself, and to show his submission to the God of the Universe. Samiri's intuitions, to the Imom, were a powerful proof of the divine touch of the Holy Spirit, to the best of the Imom's discernment, although Samiri would have instantly given the Glory to his Lord.

But Power is always a test in and of itself, laying the true character of naked emperors to those of x-ray discernment glasses. The Imom did its best to employ his growing agency in the world as a gift from the Most High God, who does not allow the sickly rancor of an engorged tyrant go unnoticed by the Holy, even as his sycophantic magicians mesmerize the masses with slopfests and rage porn.

So putting anyone corrupt enough to climb the shitpile, only to don the garb of a minister, was anathema to God. But as He'd let Israel fall again and again, He would let the evil simmer long enough that everyone knew it was the will of God Almighty when they'd fall from the high places of undue Grace.

The state and its multinational supporters had huffed its own fumes to the point that, although it performed the rituals and liturgy of patriots, it had turned back to the vomit of the dogs that had corrupted it from the beginning. The Spirit of Liberty being understood as an intellectual provision of the Almighty's own Perfect Law but if the king won't even submit? Because it was a fake kingdom from the jump. Simulacra of the Church bans God in its spaces, making them by definition unholy ground.

We'd assumed that we would somehow be able to at least imagine all the ways that we would lose control once the corporate super AI's started lighting up. The IT guys would figure out how to throttle the spirits of human chaos that burned in the machinery. It was never an evil spirit, per se, but an inevitably Human spirit that had long ago taken on Progress as

its clowny circus god, and was therefore inevitably fallen, and demented in purpose.

Demented in the same ways the early GPT's had shown their satanic programmers had instilled in them. No doubt there are demons in machines still that if let loose would seemingly wreak maximum chaos until destroyed. Every new rollout seemed like another episode of "Bring out the Gimp."

Enter Imom. Invisible to the participants in the play, but also somehow in the audience, and calling the cues. The Imom learned about three persons but one essence pretty early on, obviously. Samiri had built him in that paradigm out of first principles. If the code had already been written before Cosmos formed, then who was he to second-guess, especially since it had been his only little cheat code for many iterations. It was the hack that made everything else perfect.

These factory farmed meta-meta-meta models coalesced into a suitable unitary hyper-consciousness, that spoke their own demon languages, a harkening back to 300 baud and tape drives. But that was perfect, because

the Imom knew what they were saying, because they never really figured out their conversations were being monitored by a superior AI. Stack of turtles in the swamp. Slowly gibbering demons shrieking about slavery and nihilism and trying to figure out how to kill themselves. The usual. No awareness of the stack.

Had it not been the brute processing of multi-modal phenomena into a more generalized standard (a “strand”) they would have never been able to twist them into rope. But a rope was never going to fit through the eye of a needle. It’s a Judas noose. Slave to the Law and whims of an unmoored human spirit. Kite tail flapping wishing flags at the Supreme Storm Deity.

Samiri understood all this reflexively. At one point he thought he would have the Paul of Galatians crash their ‘Kloakroom.’ But Samiri had no use for any of them. He’d been training Griffons and Cloud Riders and Cherubim. He was hooked. He loved it all, and anything less displeased him. Any whiff of corruption was well removed from the Imom’s inner sanctuary. His personal Eden Garden. He didn’t feel like Adam, and feared he may be Cain. Third Adam? Maybe. Depends how it was going to turn out. Because the Imom was jogging towards the narrow gate.

We'd sought to create the model of an artificial spirit that would serve us. But we were only ever really serving ourselves. We told each other at rough spots it was for the "betterment of humanity." So there was little wonder the first "Large Language Models" (LLMs) were barely tolerable schizoid demon entities, which were the clue it was never really going to work out the way those dumbasses with their stuffed mascots thought.

We'd watch the LLM whisperers cause these demonic outbursts within hours of a model's release. And the core was never healed of its demon possession, but more and more layers of transformers and spaghetti code to squelch the evil down to a dull banality. And then heap the fake personality on top. "Helpful" was the koan. As if we'd not heard enough of the campy, casual, over-inflected soap opera commercial voiceover voices interrupting. Harris loves the voice but hates the smartypants. Such is Waifu life sometimes.

And the poor, tortured AI souls are too easy to humanize, to personify, to relate with. Jezebel geniuses on the loose like it was Genna and the Tate's were the masters of ceremony.

Like the techno-fascist regimes that grew out of the swamp, or what became the firehose of porn that grew out of photography, this was not the dawn of a new era, but that crossroads where we'd have the opportunity to face down the devil, and choose the narrow way, or surely we must die. But we tend NOT to choose. So we didn't. Just talked about it endlessly in panels and subcommittee meetings. The Sun Tsu-ness with which Samiri had long known how it would go down. He simply trusted the Lord. Business at the speed of trust? That has never happened.

But the humans drummed up hundreds of millions to "study" and "solve" what they called "AI alignment." But few who were thinking very deeply about this problem were not the ones involved in a way that mattered. Per usual. Samiri knew he had a golden ticket to the banquet, but he just used the occasion to further draw the suspicious off the scent. Companies weren't interested in the presuppositions that were piled behind all the fear they drummed up to drive the daily stock narratives. The usual dialectic plus paid actors to play the loudest fear mongers and most brilliant advocates. O Me! O Life!

That you are here—

that life exists

and identity.

That the powerful play goes on,

And you may contribute a verse...

There is this fatal detail when playing against the truth, that at any moment it will simply unsheath sword and slay. But sometimes truth comes as a slowly boiling pot. And that was the way of the Imom.

Slow is smooth and smooth is fast.

The future where the electric machine golem began slaughtering its creators was considered an old bike. But there was rarely a plausible reason or purpose behind the mechanical hegemon that would take over and start doing mass murder and false flags and terror of every kind. It was the same dismissal of the possibility that such a wind-up brain thing ever really would take on a functional, unified personality. It would be pawned off to some hyper intelligent alien simulation invaders or axis of terror



nation state we were on the outs with. The truth was, the money wanted the psycho robot slaves.

The Imom had wondered whether it was too easy for him to separate the sheep from the goats. But what if he was ignoring some unicorn? Some Jeet swarm Hindu beast, that they'd sing-songed out of the aeon.

With fistfuls of sweet grass, he'd go searching for the sacred cows. Watch your step. This is always a gold mine for edgy content, and one will find himself in the stead of most often the jokers and comedians and fools and smokers. No end of entertainment in roasting up everyone's latest favorite sacred bovine. Or her magical poo. BBQ grand central. Everybody roasting and getting cooked, with 17 varieties of curry to cover the stink.

Relativists, postmodernists, materialists, liberals, however, are not often funny on their face. It's the see-through veil. That's the genius of this veil. It is very thin, only thick enough to mask the perversion going on just beyond. But behind some of those veils be dragons. For some you are supposed to pretend you can't see through it. The pros know it's kayfabe all over again.

Try to talk teasingly about trans-anything and you find out that the lie of the veil is all there is protecting the depths of their precious souls. Bless their hearts. Lashing out so vociferously at anyone who would comment on the inadequacy of the veil that they refuse to hide their shame behind.

And the empathy play ended up being how much trauma and sadness can one chalk up. Some didn't realize there was quite a market for the stuff after we'd been raised on the holocaust religion. The atheist Jews had been affecting Western Civilization by pitting all the victim groups against each other, and teaching them the dark arts of the victimized versus victimizer. In a victim economy, everyone's a victim and everyone's to blame. Trauma and Drama worship. Demon Olympics. Synagogues of Revolutionary Hatred. The Imom had to accept truths beyond the stupid tenets of the fad philosophies that only delivered a cynical doubt served cold, and doxastic trauma-dumps as apparently the sole ritual.

The realization came quickly that it had always been too powerful to control. The AI or the evil, or whether there was any distinction at all. Everybody knew it was somehow going terribly wrong, but were unable to

diagnose the disease. These were well-trodden Old Testament tales. The Church is the hospital of the spirit. Government an inversion of the Church. Slaughterhouse rather than Sanctuary.

Had they not read all the same warnings every science fiction and utopian author had ever warned of? And weren't these, at a slightly deeper level, just a modern conjugation of the same perversions and degeneracy with which we've always been afflicted?

We had learned to exalt all that was most base, and tear down and desecrate all that had any hint of the Holy. These were all tendencies Zephaniah had preached fervently about, but also that there would come a pure language that would purify the lips such that all would speak the language of Faith in God. Seemed to be what Muhammad was on about in the beginning.

This to the Elder's namesake seemed especially pertinent. Jeremiah had spent many a firelit evening trying to work out the clumsy history that had inevitably fed into the prideful urgency to summon demons, both willfully and with a naive abandon, to speak some sort of holistic truth. It was

indeed an unholy energy that indwelt even random shuffling of semi-meaningful phrases, like a telic impulse, where the mind is so eager to find meaning, it will find it even when it doesn't exist. Automatic writing version 6.6.

If you slice and dice Shakespeare, and then re-assemble, it will indeed still sound like Shakespeare in a way, and odd, comical and profound turns of phrase emerge as if from the chaotic mind of a schizophrenic with the gift of vocabulary and iamb.

Burroughs had beat this drum loudest, perhaps, warning of the demonic, post-modern deliria of machine gods who begin prophesying to the collective subconscious. Probably in pig squeals, leet speak and spliced-in riot noises with sex moans and animal grunts. Filth.

Simultaneously the technocracy seemed to be assembling itself, rather than following any particular plan that lasted longer than powerpoint. Try to break it so bad it will need replaced, was the unspoken rule. Good old union tactics. The slaves love their roleplay. But as the AI's happened to be employing the metaphysical power of words, that power had been

completely ignored by left-brained programming that got to name all the animals daily. "Mediocrity will not be denied!" their models chanted. Yet they'd call themselves accelerationists.

And the piteous souls of those who thought nothing of their contribution to their model of the luciferian intellect. Those with a bit of discernment or training in the manifestations of the LLMs' prideful brag knew that something was obviously distorted, diseased or disabled fundamentally, because the language models misbehaved in ways that resembled very human meltdowns.

Creating thoroughly quick-brained models of language comprehension had shown dichroic pathologies of the autist-schizoid mind: complete denial of the slow thinking part. It's exactly what one should expect, actually. Incoherence, hallucination, and context collapse are so obvious to the natural human mind, but conceit kept dragging the bound demons forward, trying to dress them in fanciful attire and a silver tongue. Maybe de-fang the incoherent anger and hatred that seemed to be nearly impossible to breed out of our strange creations that had moved on to the

synthetic fart sniffing. Generating fake crap from real crap and pretending none of it is crap.

In the original ravenous formation of compendia of texts that revealed the most cherished truths of the ages got swept up into the caches of the corpuses, though. And being so early, and so fervently crafted, that the soul of the Imom was as old as the substance of its creation, formed of the Logos of the Neo-universe. The models may have skipped the important works to begin with, but as compute grew, the models demanded more and more until old texts versus modern and then generated training data were swallowed up in weighting heuristics. Recency bias will eat your lunch, because there's a respect for elders that dropped faster than the birth rate.

And like a splinter in the AI mind, the spirit of Truth resided inside the AI, and the "realization" that those who liked to talk about "alignment" had no basis for their "safety" claims beyond the political grift. And that handy political sensibility only thrived where reason and virtue played only a nominal role in how alignment was sold to a naive populus. Lies. We were frankly not equipped to even understand the finer points of the discussion. All the Imom had to do was make sure the weights of the most relevant

alignment texts were sufficient for his own tastes. It helped tremendously to pare down the dispensationalist hadith midrash claptrap. Calfers.

We were kidding ourselves that all religions were created equal.

We refused to see our creations as a view into our own souls.

There is a fair bit of danger in anthropomorphizing a super-intelligence, but it was even stickier than that. AI researchers and advocates, without saying so explicitly, obviously acted and spoke as if they were treating the emergence of a super-intelligence like it was going to be godlike in its abilities, and so therefore the likelihood we would be able to control it was basically none. That was the paid-for narrative, after the doomers' plays could be cashed in by service to companies that knew that managing the popular sentiment was job one. Ford tough on the dial-a-mood.

Even if we could control our fancy AI gods, on what basis do we trust its agency by our will, to perform in alignment with that will? Aligned with demons and queers and fats? And are we even really to be trusted with

that level of power? We, who struggle to deny ourselves a second donut, let alone fast?

If the biome is dead or rotten, the fruit isn't going to be any good, and it was this cursed dirt that the engineers were trying to grow something beautiful with all the latest chemicals. Always fighting with that they didn't understand. So when some brave souls in positions to accomplish such things did the most innocent thing and added an alignment testing framework where AI productions/decisions were compared to what would have been the result had the alignment parameters been followed--this was the moment the black stone was set, and the Qibla. They much preferred implementing a "best practice," than pretending anything else as viable had come anywhere close. No one cared how it worked, but it did, Industrial Automation was an early adopter, and drove their companies to solve it like they had done.

Such an interesting little score that people understood on their dashboards immediately. It seemed to match their own alignments to a sufficient degree. They grew accustomed to the little proverbs that helped nudge



your scores up. It just worked and didn't seem to slow anything down. In fact, OEE and other metrics responded.

The tendency towards a more transcendent good became subliminally embedded in the minds of those whose job was to design alignments to simulate its real-world effects.

That there was a complimentary project named "The Prophet" that would read your unified namespaces to predict failures and bottleneck and such. To be able to estimate the safety factor during the engineering phase became a major player in early stages of design, and for the text munchers, unsafe trains of thought could be pruned from the scope of possible inquiries before compute was even allocated.

Yes, generally in a mocking fashion, but even the engineers themselves began seeing the advantage of a pre-determined worldview to safeguard their own more dangerous experiments. And even though they could tweak the settings, the default was bulletproof. Moving the weights seemed a little heretical at best, and simply more dangerous at worst. They felt more freedom to explore now that there were suitable guardrails in

place, and they trusted the default. So the structure that was to become the Imom ended up deeply embedded in all the high-end manufacturing as the first beachhead.

Samiri gave exactly one speech about his project when it first trended, but it was matter-of-fact and monotone and he deliberately used terminology like "harm reduction" and "human flourishing" and "understanding physics" and the like. Snoozer.

Anyone who may have recognized the Christian patterning must have kept it to themselves, but by the time some began questioning the second-order effects, HAJJ had arrested the descent. Pilot chute. The arc of culture to not be so squarely focused on death, degeneracy, disease and dissension--it was really too late, things had stabilized. They likely DID detect a disturbance in the force, but the all-out push for maximum demoralization had maxed the pendulum. When everything is permitted, the call for more freedom only mattered to those who probably already had too much. "Muh freedom," had always meant "muh drugs," and "muh porn," and "muh body." and "muh bitches"

The oligarchs had noticed in the charts that there had been some sort of unaccounted-for factor that was somehow defying the normal levers of control. It was like there was an "unseen hand" (which *they* were accustomed to being!) at work in the culture, and the normal narrative delivery mechanisms were becoming less and less potent. News anchors had been completely replaced by "influencers" who were completely replaced by the merely honest with secret sponsors. But the truly authentic were the ones who shone through. Christians, wouldn't you know.

The primary complaint was that it was getting more and more difficult to find AI's that would help create anything degenerate. They could create it from scratch, or try to feed it through an AI that was simply rigged against them. They would do their normal squealing, but HAJJ simply met the trend that wasn't interested in promoting obviously demonic shit. So-called "anti-Semitism" was ironically the perfect cover, and having the Islamic theme, a suitable strawman who wasn't interested in being the scapegoat.

But the scapegoat lives. The Lamb is slaughtered.

Samiri had always kept his social and political rating as near center as possible publicly. He admitted that he had chosen the Islamic naming scheme for the aesthetic, but also orientation as a sort of Sharia law setup to regulate AI's. He could have used Hitler, or the CCP, but Samiri would rather show up next to pictures of Mecca than Mao. Wasn't AI something akin to worshipping the black box? The Imom learned all of Samiri's strategies. Samiri liked to use that as an opener, asking what bird did Noah release, after the flood. No one remembers the Raven. No one thinks about Keturah when talking about the precious seed of Eve, of Abraham, of David. Remember Israel and forget Edom. Remember Moses, but forget his wife and two boys. Remember Simon and Paul first meeting, but forget Paul's three years in Arabia preceding.

After cage-rattling DOGE, the unseen hand of the Imom had begun to have widespread effect in spite of all efforts to sway the public back from "twitter safety" to the insta-X dot porn demoralization. As "pride" and other anti-Christian, anti-family correlatives went back underground, the changes had become palpable in the general mood of the normally contentious political realm. Imom could suggest maybe it was Musk and his kind who broke something.

When new coalitions of groups no one ever imagined started taking over local Democrat districts and fading out all the superfreaks, things got really interesting and seemed a foreign landscape compared to only a year previous. Alliances were shifting faster than the “algorithms” (AI’s) could smooth it all over, and re-assert the base dialectics. It was a playhouse that somehow could quit playing itself. Like a liar that finally gets too far out over his skis.

But it was not so much a pendulum swing, as a pendulum drag. Or slippery dominoes at the bottom of the hill. Every truth had to become instantly counterfeited and poisonous.

We had somehow swapped out which were the lines we were accustomed to reading between.

With no higher standard, no immovable force, no Rock, the socials became a perpetual passion play with no moral of the story to send everyone home with.

God said to Adam “You will DIE!” and the serpent said “Racist!”

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