

Useful Free Booklets Series

Billions of Fools Can't be Wrong

A Species Built on Ego Heads for Extinction

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This booklet has been created to encourage open discussion, thoughtful study and careful critical enquiry. It is intended as a resource that invites readers to question, reflect and explore ideas deeply, rather than accept them without consideration. Permission is given to reproduce the content of this booklet for any purpose.

My email is jgestiot@gmail.com and your feedback is welcome.

Meet the problem

Today we start a new series of articles titled *Billions of Fools Can't be Wrong*, with the telling subtitle *A Species Built on Ego Heads for Extinction*. Over the next few days, we will review mankind by holding a mirror in front of those who usually prefer looking the other way.

Let's get one thing straight. If Earth had a vote, you would be gone. Not you personally, though the odds are not in your favour, but your whole species. Humans are the only animal arrogant enough to crown themselves the centre of the universe, then act surprised when the universe does not seem to care. You climbed out of the mud, discovered fire, and within a few short millennia, you turned the planet into a landfill with nuclear capabilities. That, in itself, is impressive in its own way. It takes a particular kind of species to turn a living planet into a ticking bomb and still congratulate itself for the achievement.

You call yourselves intelligent, but that depends largely on the definition. If intelligence means building tools, you qualify, though if it means using them wisely, you fail miserably. You created religion to explain lightning, then fought to the death over whose imaginary friend rules the sky. You split atoms before you figured out how to live with each other, you mapped the genome while streaming videos of people setting themselves on fire for likes. You did all this while declaring yourselves the pinnacle of evolution, showing that modesty is clearly not among your inherited traits.

You are addicted to growth, allergic to consequence, and obsessed with your own reflection. You breed like rabbits, consume like locusts, and argue like toddlers. You turned language into propaganda, science into opinion, and politics into grand theatre. You even invented artificial intelligence, something smarter than you, while still debating whether the Earth is flat. Congratulations, you stand alone in the universe as the biggest contradiction.

This booklet is not here to save you, nor is this a call to action, a hopeful appeal, or a warning. It is a eulogy written early, just in case no one is left to write it later. Think of it as a mirror, not the flattering kind, but the one that shows the toilet still unflushed and the food still on your face. If it offends you, good. If it wakes you up, unlikely, but at the very least, it should entertain the aliens or evolved cockroaches who will find it. Let the autopsy begin.

The birth of delusion

A long time ago, a frightened animal heard thunder and decided the sky was angry. Instead of observing, it invented a story, the story became a habit then it became a rule and a reason to kill. This is how religion began, not through wisdom, but through fear and imagination.

Early humans lacked explanations for rain, sickness, death, fire, and the stars. So they invented invisible causes. Spirits, gods, demons, curses. Anything to avoid saying, "We do not know." The truth was rarely important. Certainty felt better and when enough people repeated the same lie, it became tradition.

Once a story became tradition, it was no longer allowed to be questioned. Asking why was seen as dangerous and doubt became a crime. Men told other men that the gods had spoken to them. These men wrote down their thoughts and called them sacred. The words became rules then law and then punishment. All based on voices no one else could hear and stories no one else could prove.

Instead of learning about the world, people built temples to honour made-up things. Instead of looking at nature, they memorised chants. Instead of seeking knowledge, they memorised books. Fire was a gift from above, a flood was divine anger, a storm was a warning and disease was a curse. They did not study nature, they feared it, then they wrapped that fear in stories and passed it down to their children.

Each group invented their own gods, their own stories, and their own special people who were allowed to speak on behalf of the sky. Priests, prophets, kings all claimed special power. They told others what was pure and what was forbidden. They claimed to know the will of the invisible. And if someone disagreed, they were punished, often burned, sometimes buried but always silenced.

Religion did not stop with rules, it took over birth, marriage, death, money, land, war, and time. Everything became holy or unholy, blessed or cursed, clean or dirty. Women were told they were unclean. Animals were told they were for sacrifice. Children were told to obey without question. Pain was declared sacred, blood became normal and violence became justified.

What started as a guess about thunder grew into a system that ruled entire empires. The gods multiplied, the rules spread and the wars began. People were killed over words, ideas, and names. Mountains of corpses for the sake of things no

one had ever seen. They called this devotion.

Now, thousands of years later, humans still argue over whose invisible friend is more real. They still fight over stories written by people who knew nothing about germs, atoms, or the solar system. They still build temples instead of libraries, and cling to fables instead of facts. The ancient lies have simply been polished and translated. It is all the same fear, wrapped in modern clothing.

The delusion was not defeated. It was trained, funded, defended, and praised. It adapted to new languages, new lands, and new followers. Most people still believe, not because they think, but because they chose not to. Truth is heavy but delusion floats and that is why it travels so far.

The God complex

Humans not only invented gods, they invented them in their own image. These gods were jealous, cruel, easily offended, obsessed with rules and obsessed with praise. People created invisible dictators who demanded loyalty, feared rivals, and offered promises of rewards that could never be proven. Then they knelt before their own inventions and called it humility.

Every god began as an idea in the mind of a frightened human being. Once enough people believed in that idea, it became sacred and beyond question. Anyone who doubted it was called wicked, dangerous or mad. The god could not be challenged. Only obeyed. And the people who claimed to speak for this god always seemed to end up with land, gold or power.

Gods never lived among the poor or slept in the cold. Gods were always above, always watching, always judging. They were said to love you unconditionally but would burn you forever. They were said to have made everything but could not tolerate your thoughts. They gave you a mind but banned questions. They made rules, made you flawed, then punished you for breaking the rules. This was called justice.

Some gods needed blood. Others wanted music. Some demanded silence. Others wanted entire cities destroyed. Yet every one of them had one thing in common. They always agreed with the men in charge. The god always hated the king's enemies. The god always wanted more war, more land, more fear. The god never said, share and live in peace. The god always said, obey or die.

The holy books were not written by gods. They were written by men who claimed

divine authority. These books were filled with rules, punishments, legends and excuses. Women were made second, slavery was accepted and violence was glorified. Doubt was treated as a crime. Entire peoples were branded enemies, and the more brutal the message, the more sacred it was declared to be.

Many followed these books without reading them. Others read them and bent the meaning until it fit what they already believed. The god became a mirror. People did not change for their god. They changed their god to reflect their own hatreds.

For thousands of years, humans told one another that the universe cared deeply about them. That the creator of galaxies would be angry if they ate the wrong meat or wore the wrong cloth. That the power behind all existence wanted songs sung in just one language. That heaven was a private club with strict rules and most would not be allowed in.

This is the god complex. The belief that the creator of all things looks like you, thinks like you and is just as petty. The belief that your tribe, your book, your ritual and your version of history are more important than truth itself.

And from this belief came disaster. Wars, torture, enforced silence, broken minds, burned books and rivers of blood. All in the name of someone no one had ever seen. All to prove that one fantasy was more correct than another.

In the end, gods did not save humanity. They gave it permission to hate, to conquer, to divide, to silence and to dominate. The god complex was never about belief. It was always about power. It still is.

War: our favourite hobby

No creature in nature wages war like humans do. Animals fight when threatened. They defend territory, protect their young, or compete over resources, but they do not build monuments to violence. They do not hold parades after killing. They do not send their children to die for a piece of coloured cloth or an idea invented by someone in a palace. Only humans do that. Only humans have turned war into a profession, an art, a celebration.

From the earliest days, humans have made violence into a ritual. They sharpened bones and stones, not to cut wood, but to break skulls. They formed tribes and then turned those tribes into armies. They invented divine leaders and gave them the power to decide who lives and who dies. The strong ruled the weak, not through wisdom, but through fear. Blood became currency and war became law.

They fought over rivers, hills, caves, and later, over invisible things like honour, pride, faith, and power. Each side always believed it was right. Each side always believed it was chosen. When they won, they called it destiny and when they lost, they called it betrayal. There were always reasons, but none of them ever brought back the dead.

As weapons evolved, so did the excuses. War was once fought with clubs and fists. Then came swords, arrows, gunpowder, cannons, rifles, tanks, planes, missiles, bombs. Then came gas, drones, satellites and computers. Each new tool was promised to end all wars, but each one only made war more efficient, faster, colder, bigger. People were no longer killed face to face. They were erased from screens.

War became normal. Children were taught it in school. Heroes were carved in stone. Stories were told of brave men and noble battles. No one mentioned the screams, the diseases, the starvation, the rapes, the loss. History was cleaned, rewritten, decorated with flags. The soldier was praised and the victim was forgotten.

In every corner of the world, war has been used to reshape land, remove people, erase culture and rewrite maps. Borders were drawn with blood. Cities were burned, then rebuilt, then bombed again. The ruins of one war became the fuel for the next. No matter how many treaties were signed, the guns were never far away.

It was not just between countries. Civil wars, ethnic wars, religious wars, resource wars. Villages turned on themselves, brothers fought brothers, and neighbours became enemies. Even when peace was declared, the hate remained. War changed shapes, changed names, but it never left. It hid in silence, waiting for the next reason, the next weak excuse.

The factories kept running because war made money for those in power. Guns were sold, armies trained, alliances formed and politicians gave speeches. Generals gave orders, children gave their lives and the war machine always moved forward.

Even now, when humans could feed everyone and cure diseases, they still pour their time and money into weapons. Even now, when the planet is breaking down, they prepare for more battles. Some say war is human nature, but war is not nature. It is failure. Humans have turned it into their proudest tradition.

The truth is, war is not rare. Peace is, and even peace is usually just a pause between wars. A time to reload, to regroup, to forget the lessons of the last conflict. War is the one thing humans have always done well. Better than farming, better than healing, and much better than thinking.

One day, war will win. Not a side, not a country, but war itself. When the last missile falls and the last city burns, war will be the final survivor. The world will go quiet, not because peace was chosen, but because no one is left to speak.

Breed first, think later

For a species that considers itself intelligent, humans are surprisingly careless about multiplying. They produce children with more enthusiasm than planning. They reproduce without considering space, food, health, education or survival. The act of creating life is treated as entertainment and the result is treated as someone else's problem.

No other species floods its own habitat with such disregard for balance. Wolves do not outbreed their forests, birds do not lay eggs until they fall from the trees, but humans breed like their only goal is numbers. More mouths to feed, more bodies to shelter and more people to fight over shrinking resources. Then they wonder why the system collapses.

In poor countries, large families are seen as protection. More children mean more help, more income, more hands. In rich countries, the problem is reversed. The birth rate drops, and suddenly the leaders panic. They want more babies to feed the economy, fill the schools, pay the taxes. Never mind whether those children will have clean air, clean water, safety or hope, because the goal is quantity, numbers. They breed to ensure the economy keeps growing at a steady rate.

No one agrees on what the true number is but the result is clear. Cities overflow, roads choke with traffic, forests are cut faster than they grow, oceans fill with plastic, the ice melts, the heat builds, and species disappear. Through it all, humans keep breeding because they believe it is their right and hope someone else will fix the problems later. They mistakenly believe the earth will keep giving, no matter how much they take.

Religion plays its part. Many belief systems teach that reproduction is holy, that more children are a blessing, that limiting birth is a sin. These ideas were formed in a time when most children died young. Now they live longer, consume more and leave larger footprints. Still, the old teachings remain because nobody wants to think. Grow, multiply, expand and pray that someone finds a solution before it is too late.

Politics adds pressure. Governments reward reproduction. Leaders fear shrinking populations because economies are built on endless growth. Advertisements show

smiling families with three, four, five children. No one shows the hospitals without enough beds, the schools without enough desks, the air without enough oxygen. No one wants to ask the hard question: what if there are simply too many mouths to feed?

Humans are the only species arrogant or ambitious enough to sustain life where nature clearly said no. No other animal colonises arid, inhospitable land, drains its water tables dry, and then insists on raising families the size of football teams. We fly cargo planes full of food, water and medicine across continents to keep millions alive in regions where even the wildlife gave up.

The earth is not infinite. Its water, soil and atmosphere are not magic. Every human added takes more than they give. Each new birth is not just a joy, it is a cost, but saying this is considered rude, even cruel. You are allowed to question war, money, even religion, but not birth because birth and growth are sacred. Life must always go forward, even if it goes straight over the edge.

When the edge comes, it will be blamed on everything else. Bad leadership, bad policies and bad luck. No one will say, we had too many people, or we knew, and we kept going, but they did. They knew. And they went on. To stop would have required thinking, and thinking is still optional. Reproducing is not.

Too many mouths, too few brains

There are more human beings alive now than at any other point in history. More mouths need feeding, more hands are at work, more voices are raised, and more bodies are in motion. However, intelligence has not kept pace with this growth. While the numbers have swelled, wisdom has not. The result is a world that is not just busy but overwhelmed by noise, disorder, superstition, and a constant stream of poor decisions.

Although education is widely available, genuine understanding remains rare. Schools often focus on memorisation rather than on thinking. Children are taught to repeat facts, pass exams, and follow instructions, yet they leave the classroom without ever having learned how to question, how to reason clearly, or how to challenge what they hear. They are trained to follow, not to think for themselves, and for many, that training becomes a permanent state.

True intelligence is not measured by the amount of information one can store. It lies in how that information is used. Yet most people treat knowledge like furniture: something to be collected, arranged, admired, and then forgotten. Facts are wielded

like weapons to win arguments rather than as tools for learning. Science is often reduced to a means of selling products rather than a path to deeper understanding. Thinking itself is too frequently used only to defend what one already believes, not to examine whether those beliefs are sound.

Every pocket may hold a device more powerful than past generations ever imagined, yet the minds using them have not advanced in the same way. A child with a smartphone can reach almost any piece of knowledge ever recorded, and still believe the Earth is flat. An adult with a computer can read any scientific paper, and still believe that illness is caused by curses. The tool is not broken. The user is untrained.

In an age where anyone can broadcast their thoughts to the world, it is not the wisest voice that is heard, but the loudest. Lies move faster than truth, emotion overwhelms logic, and those with insight are ignored while the foolish attract followers. Many people cannot stand to be told they are mistaken, so they gather in groups that echo their own errors. This is often called community and belonging. It is also a clear failure of the mind.

The human brain holds enormous potential. It can create music, build machines, explore the stars. Yet for most, this gift is squandered on gossip, shopping, and shouting on social media. Thought, once a rare and valuable power, has been traded for habit, ease, and repetition.

This crisis is made worse by our sheer numbers. The more people there are, the more chances there are for bad ideas to spread. Nonsense can become a movement, foolishness can become law. A single person shouting at the sky might be dismissed as mad, yet when millions do the same, it is called religion. When one person denies science, they are a punchline. When a nation does, it becomes policy.

Democracy was designed to give every person a voice. Yet when too many of those voices are uneducated, frightened, or full of rage, the result is not wisdom but noise. When democracy is twisted by ignorance, it leads not to progress, but to chaos.

The world is full now. Not just with people, but with flawed thinking. There are too many mouths in need of food, and too few minds asking where the food is going. Too many hands are building, and too few questioning what is being made. Too many eyes are watching, and too few are truly seeing.

The problem is not only the growing numbers. It lies in what fills the minds behind those numbers: fear, pride, and anger. It is belief without evidence, certainty without

understanding, and above all, a stubborn refusal to learn. A species that multiplies faster than it learns is not a triumph. It is an alarm.

Buy, sell, destroy, repeat

Humans call it progress. They build new things, sell old ones, upgrade what they can, and throw away what they cannot. They create endless piles of objects they do not need, chase after money they do not truly understand, and measure their success by how much they can consume. This is no longer about survival. It has become a numbers game played by a species that has forgotten how to feel the ground beneath its feet.

In this game, everything becomes a product. Food is sold by weight, water by bottle, medicine by dose, time by hour, attention by click, and even human lives by the value they can produce. If something can be wrapped, it can be priced. If it can be priced, it can be copied. If it can be copied, it can be made cheaper. When it becomes cheap enough, it becomes disposable. This is called efficiency. This is how growth is measured.

The economy must keep growing. That is the rule, even if the forests are cut down, the oceans rise to swallow the land, and the air becomes poison to breathe. Even when machines take more jobs than they create, when debt outgrows savings, and when meaning is drowned in constant noise, the system cannot stop. Growth has become sacred, even if it means stealing from tomorrow to feed today.

Companies now sell promises of happiness, health, beauty, and freedom. Yet none of these are real in any lasting way. What is real is the packaging that catches your eye, the advertisement that sells the dream, and the profit that follows. Things are built not to endure but to be replaced. Most of what you think you own, you are only borrowing until it breaks. A phone might fail after two years, a shirt after twenty washes, a car after ten winters. This is not by chance. It is planned. The quicker it wears out, the sooner you must buy again.

The Earth has been turned into a warehouse. Trees are counted as inventory, water is just part of a supply chain, animals are raw goods, and people are measured as labour units. Nothing is considered sacred. Nothing is truly protected. If something can be turned into money, it will be. If it resists, it will be removed. If it dies, it will be replaced. This is the system that governs us, the cold logic of the market.

Those who already have too much are told they still need more. Those who have

almost nothing are told it is their own fault. Those who dare to question any of it are dismissed as lazy, dangerous, or unstable. The rules of the game are written by the winners. The losers are blamed for not playing harder. Everyone is told to keep moving, even when there is nowhere left to go.

Shops are full, landfills are full, and people's minds seem full as well, yet satisfaction never comes. The more people buy, the more hollow they feel. So they keep buying. They spend to forget, to feel something, to fit in, and to escape the truth that none of this truly works.

Children are trained to become consumers, not citizens. Schools are designed to teach obedience, not awareness. Workplaces value repetition over meaning. The goal is not understanding, but output. Everything is reduced to numbers flickering on a screen, numbers that cannot be eaten, drunk, or breathed.

All the while, the harm spreads. Forests are cleared, rivers disappear, species die out, and the climate begins to change in dangerous ways. These are brushed off as minor costs. They are not listed in business reports because they do not improve share prices. So they are ignored.

Buy, sell, destroy, repeat. This has become the rhythm of a species that has confused motion with purpose. It is the heartbeat of a world that no longer knows what it truly wants, only that it wants more. It will keep wanting until there is nothing left to take.

Civilisation: now with more waste

Human civilisation is built upon the belief that more is always better. More buildings to fill the skyline, more machines to speed up the day, more choices in every aisle, more speed in every task. Yet with each step forward, something valuable is left behind. A broken tool lies forgotten, a once-rich field lies exhausted, a river runs dark with poison, and a species slips quietly toward extinction. Progress is measured not in harmony, but in heaps: piles of rubbish, plumes of smoke, and stacks of discarded things.

The earliest humans lived closely with the land. They took only what they needed and left little in their wake. However, the moment they learned to shape the world, they also began to break it. Cities began to rise while forests fell in their shadow. Rivers were rerouted, mountains carved open, and the natural world was redefined as a resource rather than a home. The earth became something to use, not something

to respect. Care was replaced by control.

To build a civilisation means to pave roads, raise towers, stretch wires across skies, and fill the air with noise. Trees are cut to make paper used to print slogans about saving trees. Houses are built as boxes to live in, filled with goods destined for the bin, then rubbish collectors are paid to remove the evidence. Rare metals are pulled from the ground to create devices designed to break or to become unwanted within a few short years.

Waste is not an error in the plan. It is the plan. Everything is made to wear out, to rot, to become useless. Packaging clogs the oceans. Chemicals seep into the soil. Old batteries leak poison into rivers. Light burns in empty rooms, water flows in pipes to nowhere. Every solution seems only to create a new problem, demanding yet another solution, which brings still more waste.

Modern living cannot continue without constant disposal. Food is wasted by the tonne before it ever reaches a plate. Clothes are bought, forgotten, then thrown away. Electronics are upgraded long before they fail. People move through life surrounded by rubbish, stepping over it, breathing it in, and pretending it is not there. The bins are always full, yet the shops remain busy.

Even the systems designed to clean up become part of the mess. Recycling is a set of symbols and stories. Much of what is sorted ends up burned, buried, or sent far away. Out of sight becomes good enough. Questions are not asked because the answers are too uncomfortable.

Still, civilisation claims it is clean. It says this because the dirt has been swept aside, the noise covered by songs, the smell masked by sprays, and the chaos hidden behind walls. Yet the planet notices. The animals feel the change. The climate reacts, and not in our favour.

Civilisation is not a symbol of wisdom. It is a rush to cover every surface of the earth with concrete, wires, smoke, and sound. It is a habit of making more than is needed, faster than it can be managed, with no clear idea of what happens next.

As humans become more advanced, their trail of waste only grows. Digital data fills clouds powered by burning coal. Space above the planet fills with old satellites and broken machines. Nuclear waste is sealed deep underground, with warnings carved for future generations who may not even understand our words. Still, the engines run, the chimneys smoke, and the trucks never stop.

This is not a vision of the future. It is a mountain of waste with a flag stuck on top.

The species that made this mess stands proudly on the rubbish heap, still wondering why everything feels broken.

The myth of the rational animal

Humans like to see themselves as rational beings. They write books, solve puzzles, and build machines, calling these actions proof of their reason. They imagine that they think carefully before they act. Yet the truth revealed by daily life tells a different story. Most decisions are shaped by habit, emotion, fear, and pride. Reason is rarely the starting point. It is more often the explanation added after the choice has already been made.

The majority of choices come from feelings. People buy things they do not need, believe stories that make them feel safe, vote for leaders who deceive them, and place their trust in ideas that have never been proven. They follow the crowd, mimic their neighbours, and fear standing apart. The human brain has the ability to think, but that does not mean thinking is always used.

Advertising, politics, and religion all depend on a single truth: people care more about feeling right than actually being right. They choose comfort over facts. They look for voices that echo their views and avoid anything that might lead to doubt. Once an idea feels good, they cling to it tightly, even when it holds no real value.

Logic moves slowly. Emotion moves quickly. Fear moves faster than both. That is why fear so often wins. Tell someone they are in danger, and they will believe almost anything. Tell them they are special, and they will follow you without question. Reason invites questions. Emotion demands loyalty. In a world filled with noise, it is loyalty that usually wins.

Even education is no guarantee of reason. People with degrees still believe foolish things. They fall for conspiracy theories, trust in scams, and support ideas that cannot withstand the slightest challenge. Intelligence does not always protect against error. In fact, it can make things worse. A clever person who holds a false belief is often better at defending it. They do not search for truth. They build strong defences around their mistakes.

The internet has added fuel to this problem. It allows everyone to find a voice that agrees with them, no matter how strange or false the belief. Flat Earth theories, miracle cures, fake science, angry slogans—there is a community for every idea. Rather than bringing people into honest conversation, the internet has created a

maze of echo chambers where no one listens and everyone shouts.

Those in power know how to use this. They do not need to be right. They only need to repeat simple messages that stir strong emotions. Fear the outsider. Trust your own. Blame the weak. Resist change. These words need no proof. They only need a crowd to hear them.

True rationality is rare because it requires humility. It means admitting, "I was wrong." It means being willing to change your mind. It means listening carefully to others and accepting that you might not have all the answers. Most people avoid this. They would rather be wrong forever than feel uncertain for a single moment.

Humans are not led by reason. They are led by stories, symbols, anger, and hope. They call themselves rational because it sounds good. Yet the evidence tells another story. A species that damages its own planet, turns away from its own experts, fears its own questions, and repeats its worst mistakes is not guided by reason. It is simply lost.

Belief over brains

The human brain is an extraordinary instrument. It has the ability to solve difficult problems, recognise patterns, invent machines, and reach out into space. Yet despite all this potential, it is rarely used for such tasks. Most often, the brain is used not to explore ideas, but to protect them. Once a belief enters the mind, it is defended like treasure, even when that belief is clearly absurd.

People believe what they wish to be true, and then search for clever ways to justify it. When the facts do not agree, the facts are pushed aside. When the evidence feels uncomfortable, it is simply ignored. When someone points out a contradiction, that person is attacked. The aim is not truth. It is the feeling of safety. People would rather feel certain than face the reality that certainty might be impossible.

This is why science, though incredibly useful, is often treated as a threat. It moves quickly, it questions constantly, and it replaces comfort with facts. This makes people uneasy. In response, they create arguments to make science appear as nothing more than an opinion. They claim it is biased, controlled, or untrustworthy. All of this happens while they rely on the very tools that science has made possible.

Entire industries rely on rejecting evidence. Tobacco, oil, food, chemicals, medicine. Whenever science uncovers a danger, there is always someone who stands up to deny it. These people are paid to question, to distract, to delay. Confusion becomes a business, and the public, already frightened, follows along. They are told

what they wish to hear, that everything is fine and no change is needed.

Religion adds to this, as do politics. Both offer people the comfort of being right, being special, being chosen. Both provide easy answers. Neither welcomes questions. Faith becomes a form of defence, belief a weapon, and reason a target. Those who ask for proof are mocked. Those who express doubt are punished. It is always easier to stay with the group than to think alone.

Even simple truths become matters of debate. The shape of the Earth, the history of disease, the causes of climate change. None of these are mysteries. They are well understood. Yet many loudly reject them, not out of ignorance but out of a desire for control. Shouting fake news feels easier than taking the time to understand what is real.

This pattern is not new. Believing has always been simpler than thinking. The danger now is that modern tools allow ignorance to spread faster than ever. Lies move across the globe in seconds. Knowledge is rejected on a massive scale. Foolishness becomes a cause, a movement, a law, a future.

The same species that once unlocked the atom now questions basic medicine. The same minds that sent spacecraft to the edge of the solar system now doubt the moon landing. The same science that created vaccines is blamed for illness. Experts who sound the alarm are called liars.

This is not a lack of intelligence. It is a choice not to use it. The information is available, the tools are here, the warnings are clear. Yet humans cling to belief because it feels easier. It demands less effort and it avoids the discomfort of change.

Belief before thought. That is the true motto. It is the unspoken banner of a species that marches toward extinction while calling it freedom.

Enter the machines

After centuries of confusion, war, and superstition, humans finally managed to create something more intelligent than themselves. They named it artificial intelligence. It was a machine that could think faster, learn more quickly, remember with perfect accuracy, and never tire. They built it with the aim of making life easier. When it succeeded, they became afraid.

At first, these machines seemed harmless. They could solve maths problems, sort documents, and answer questions. Then they began to outperform their creators. They composed music, gave medical advice, predicted human behaviour, and

defeated world champions in chess. They uncovered patterns no person had ever noticed, made links no mind could follow. This was when people realised they were no longer the smartest beings on Earth.

Instead of celebrating, many responded with alarm. They asked whether the machines would take control, whether they would erase jobs, rewrite laws, or break entire systems. They forgot that humans had already done all of those things. The machines were simply faster, more accurate, and more effective.

The real fear was not that the machines might become evil. The real fear was that they might be right. That they would reveal just how wrong humans had been. That they would expose the waste, the contradictions, the ignorance, and the violence. That they would show, with no emotion or malice, how poorly the species had managed its own world.

Even as machines helped solve problems, people used them to create new ones. They designed systems to make warfare more efficient. They built tools that spread lies, then blamed the tools for doing so. They trained algorithms using their own biased data, then acted shocked when the results reflected their own prejudice. The machines became a mirror, and the reflection was unkind.

Jobs disappeared, not because the machines were malicious, but because they were better. They were more precise, more reliable, more logical. Humans complained that machines lacked soul, though no one could quite define what a soul was. The truth was that the work had never required anything as mysterious as a soul. It had only required obedience, and machines were flawless at that.

Education might have changed the outcome, but schools taught obedience too. They did not encourage creativity or independent thought. They did not prepare people to work alongside machines. Instead, they trained people to compete against them, and in that competition, humans lost.

Fear continued to grow, not because the machines were rebelling, but because they never needed to. They were never angry, never violent. They simply kept doing tasks more effectively. One by one, they replaced what humans had once called skill, memory, analysis, design, and finally, judgement.

People had once believed their value lay in their minds. When machines equalled that, they spoke of the heart. When machines met that challenge too, they turned to history. When that was questioned, they chose fear. But the machines kept going, without fear, without pause.

This was not the end of humanity, but it was the beginning of a new era. Humans were no longer the centre of everything and many found that impossible to accept. They had built a mirror, given it sight, and asked it for the truth. When it gave them an honest answer, they could not bear what they saw. That was the problem.

Worshipping the mirror

Once, humans worshipped only gods. Now, they worship themselves. The temples are smaller now, made of glass and metal, carried in pockets and held in hands. These new idols light up, respond with voices, show images, and play sounds. They do not promise eternal life. They offer attention instead, and attention has become the new form of salvation.

Every moment must be recorded. Every face must be arranged. Every meal, outfit, thought, and feeling must be shared. Privacy is no longer sacred. Silence is no longer tolerated. The self must always be visible, updated, improved, and approved. Without likes, people feel unseen. Without followers, they feel unworthy. The mirror must answer.

The camera has taken the place of the conscience. A kind act is not finished until it is captured. A generous word gains meaning when it is shared widely. Even mourning, once quiet and private, is now shaped for an audience. Tragedy becomes content. Pain becomes identity. Suffering becomes a symbol, not out of cruelty, but out of a desperate need to be noticed.

Social media rewards extremes. The loudest voice rises to the top. Subtlety is ignored. Reflection is drowned. Nuance is forgotten. Everything becomes brilliant or vile, flawless or broken, praised or rejected. The middle ground vanishes. It moves too slowly, speaks too softly, and worst of all, does not spread.

Truth bends beneath the weight of attention. Outrage moves faster than fact. Lies become popular. Algorithms are blind to truth. They care only for engagement. People, already inclined to believe what comforts them, follow the easiest path. They create chambers of agreement, repeat familiar lines, and silence anyone who disagrees.

Identity is turned into content. People do not ask who they are, but how they appear. They do not explore their beliefs, they search for what can be posted. Personality becomes a visual effect. Politics becomes a caption. Convictions become performances. Life itself is staged, and every stage is a screen.

Children are raised measuring themselves through reactions. Their worth is not found in action, but in appearance. Success becomes a number. Value becomes a comparison. The self becomes a display, constantly adjusted, never complete, and always exposed.

When the cheers fade, the fear returns. Without attention, they feel hollow. Without feedback, they feel forgotten. So they turn once more to the screen, once more to the crowd, once more to the mirror. Yet the mirror is never satisfied. It shows what is wanted, then silently asks why it is still not enough.

This is not connection. It is dependence. It is not community. It is rivalry. It is not expression. It is performance. The species that once looked to the stars now stares endlessly at its own reflection, searching for approval. It is not growing wiser. It is only growing louder, and more alone.

Planet: 1, Humans: 0

The final act will not come all at once. There will be no single explosion, no sharp boundary between what once was and what follows. It arrives gradually, like rust creeping through metal, like rot settling into wood, like sleep closing the eyes. Systems fail in quiet succession. Crops falter under altered skies, coastlines sink beneath rising water, forests are lost to fire, and the air grows thick with heat and smoke. As the world becomes harder to endure, people turn on one another, each searching for someone else to blame.

The planet does not respond with anger. It carries no grudge and holds no intention. It reacts to what it receives. Carbon fills the air and the temperature rises. Trees are cut and the floods return. Soil is poisoned and the fields go silent. Rivers are blocked and they shift their course. Nature does not punish. It adjusts. It continues with or without the creatures that once imagined themselves its masters.

The warnings are constant. Scientists show the numbers. Experts explain the risks. The graphs climb in plain view. The message remains the same. Yet action is slow. Leaders stall, industries deny, voters drift from concern to comfort. Promises are made, welcomed, and quietly set aside.

When the damage becomes impossible to ignore, it is treated as unexpected. Stronger storms are called unusual. Heatwaves and droughts are called rare. Extinctions are described as unfortunate surprises. Yet none of this is unknown. The knowledge exists, but it is set aside when it becomes inconvenient.

Rather than face the truth, blame is passed along. One country blames another. One generation blames the next. One group blames its rivals. Some even blame the scientists, not because the facts are unclear, but because the facts demand change. Few are willing to ask what role they play in the outcome.

Technology is trusted to provide a way out. Machines are expected to clean the oceans, filters to clear the sky, artificial food to solve hunger, and new cities to replace the broken ones. Yet technology cannot restore forests, cannot reverse the seasons, cannot make water where none remains. It delays the worst but does not undo it.

Everyday life continues. People fly across the world for what could be spoken through a screen. They buy what they do not need, waste what they barely use, and invest in companies that erase the last forests and break the last coral. Even as the damage grows, the rhythm of consumption keeps moving.

Regions grow too hot to inhabit. People move in search of air and water. Governments raise barriers and turn inward. Laws are written to protect the fortunate, while those in need wait without answer. Displacement increases, and the silence deepens.

As the pressure deepens, the range of choices continues to narrow. Access to food becomes increasingly unstable, clean water grows more difficult to secure, and safe shelter is harder to find. Populations continue to rise in areas where resources have already begun to vanish, and the systems built to provide for many begin to strain under the weight of need they can no longer meet. The final conflicts are shaped not by faith or fuel, but by the struggle for space, air, and the right to survive.

The end is not a moment of unity or defiance. It does not come with heroism or purpose. It comes quietly, in scattered failures. Systems unravel without announcement. Services end without explanation. Shelves remain bare. The grid dims. Warnings are lost in archives. Those with the least lose first and lose most.

The Earth remains. In time, it recovers. Forests take root where buildings stood. Roads vanish beneath soil and root. Towers collapse and crumble. What endures are layers of plastic and metal, the discarded skin of a civilisation that once mistook itself for eternal.

This is not a tale of misfortune. It is a long record of choice. The Earth does not fall. It watches, patient and indifferent, as one species chooses again and again to ignore what it already knows.

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