

Title: "The Minted Lie: When NFTs Forgot Their Purpose"

There was a time when owning something meant something. A vintage watch. A comic. A yoyo passed down from your brother. It had weight. It had soul.

Then came NFTs. And they promised to bring meaning back to digital life.

Instead, they gave us:

Pixelated hype

Projects with no product

Communities that only talk floor price

NFTs were meant to prove ownership. Not to mass-produce greed. They were meant to connect real-world identity to digital reputation. Not rinse new mints every week and call it innovation.

You bought metadata. You flipped JPEGs. You chased whitelist spots like dopamine hits.

And somehow, you still wonder why it feels hollow.

You were promised art, community, utility. What you got were:

Discord fatigue

Founders disappearing

"Roadmaps" that need GPS

The real utility? Should've been tied to the world you live in. Not promises on paper, but:

A watch with NFT verification.

A yoyo with on-chain rank history.

A spinner that proves your hold time.

Toys. Tournaments. Proofs.

Real life. Real flex.

NFTs could've evolved culture. Instead, they became coupons with better design.

This isn't hate. This is the wake-up call you never minted.