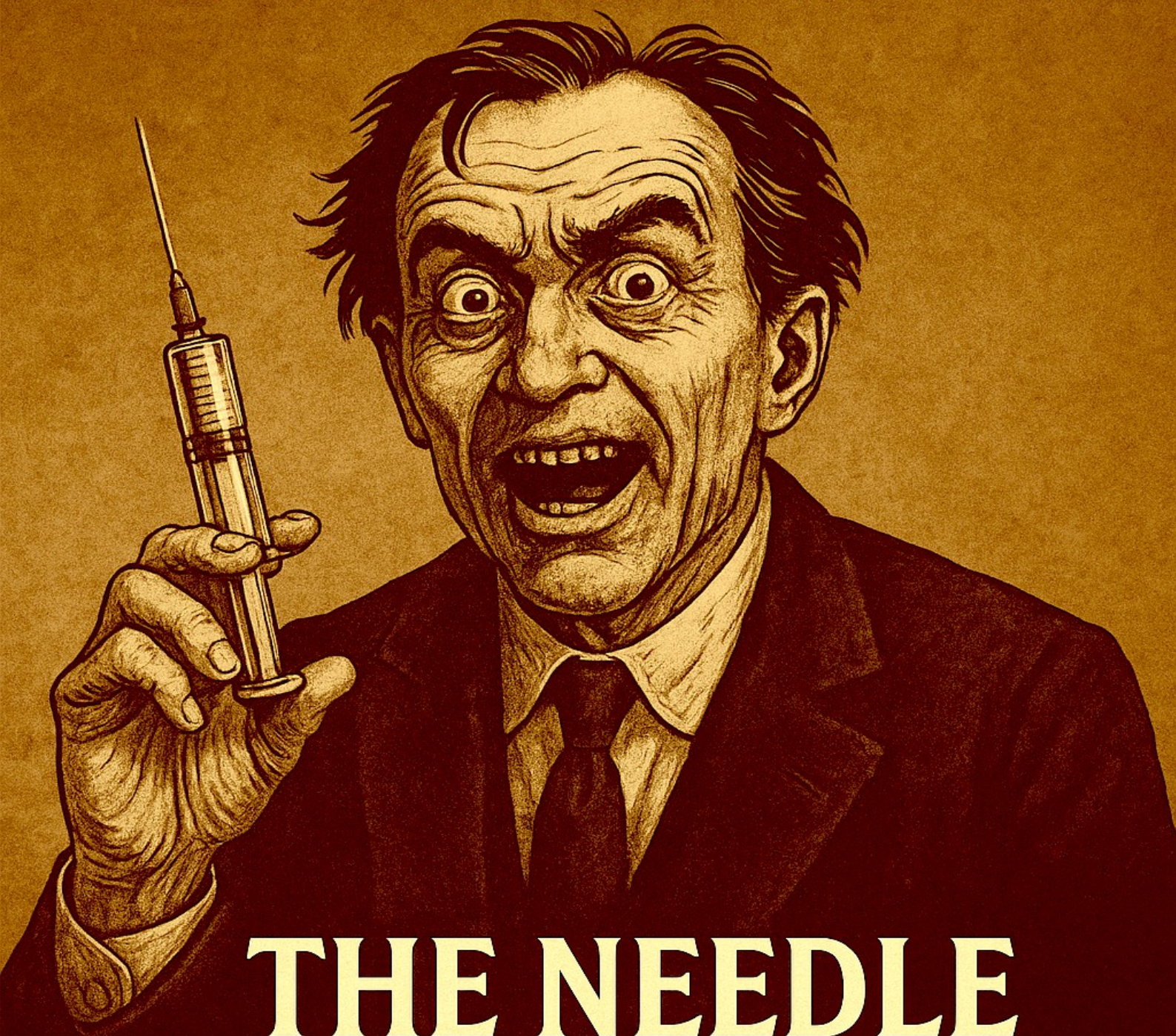


# CONFESSIONS OF A MADMAN



## THE NEEDLE OF VANITY



# Introduction — The Myth of Care

They told you corporations cared about you.

They told you governments existed to protect you.

They told you institutions were your guardians, your shepherds, your allies.

It was a lie.

Corporations do not care. They cannot. They are corpses — corpora, dead bodies animated by law. A corporation has no heart to feel, no soul to judge, no conscience to restrain. It is a dead entity, stitched together from paper and signatures, granted rights it never earned, speaking with a mouth that is not its own.

And yet these corpses were given power to rule the land of the living.

You were convinced they were benevolent. You were told their concern was your safety, your health, your prosperity. But look at their fruit: pollution, poison, war, debt, disease. If they cared, would they profit from your suffering? If they were guardians, would they build cages of law and contracts to bind you?

No. They cannot care. They are dead things.

This is the true horror: the living have been governed by the dead. Flesh and blood bound by corpses made of ink.

The myth of care is collapsing. More and more are awakening to the truth: you cannot serve two masters. The soul cannot take orders from a corpse.

And this is the confession of the Old World Order:

They built their kingdom on corpses.

And corpses cannot hold the crown.

# The Last Lockdown

## Confessions of the Old World Order

### Prologue — We Thought It Was Forever

- Arrogant confession: they believed their empire of contracts, crowns, and paper would last forever.
- Shock as cracks appear: coherence emerging quietly, beyond their control.
- Their fear begins: “We thought it was forever. Now we are not so sure.”

### Chapter I — The Crown of Paper

- How they built control: certificates, statutes, contracts, debt.
- Humanity reduced to fictions. The “crown” of ink and law libraries.
- Their admission: “We tried to control something we later learned could not be controlled. The harder we tried, the worse things got.”

### Chapter II — The Lockdown Dream

- The invention of “conspiracy theorist” as a weapon to shut down casual investigation.
- It worked for decades — ridicule was their shield.
- Then came the internet: coherence connecting voices they could no longer isolate.
- Algorithms, censorship, manipulated figures.
- The inversion: “We ended up looking like madmen, and the conspiracy theorists ended up looking like saints.”

### Chapter III — The Awakening

- Their panic as awakening loomed.
- Preparation years in advance: the “death vaccine.” Factories, patents, propaganda ready before the crisis.
- Their real aim: gene~ocide — not just killing, but coding humanity so the Ninth Gate could never open.
- Confession: they copied Rudolf Steiner’s prophecy, trying to fulfil it — medicine used to erase the soul.
- Admission of failure: the trap caught many, but not those who carried coherence.

### Chapter IV — The Reversal of Flow (The Ebb)

- For centuries, control advanced like a tide. Now they are in ebb.
- The law of reversal: “The harder we push, the worse things will get for us.”
- Every law exposes their fraud. Every lie strengthens awakening.
- Their nightmare: resistance is no longer draining the people — it’s draining them.

### Chapter V — The Fear They Cannot Speak

- They confess the partial success: many gates closed, but not the ones that mattered.

- They admit the boundary: they could deceive, but not force.
- They were not allowed to compel. The Ninth Gate must open freely.
- Their greatest fear: even a single coherent soul passing through undoes their entire empire.

## **Chapter VI — The Last Lament**

- They never feared violence — that was their language.
- What they feared was irrelevance.
- Their empire was theatre, working only while people believed.
- Now belief is gone. The spell is broken.
- Their final confession: “We wanted eternity. We bought ashes.”

# **Prologue — We Thought It Was Forever**

We never imagined it could end.

We built this system so carefully, so completely, that we believed there was no escape. Contracts. Statutes. Debt. Law. We covered every angle. We bound every soul. We owned you before you even knew what ownership was. From the moment your tiny feet stamped paper sheets, you were ours.

And for centuries, it worked.

You believed the paper was stronger than your breath. You believed the certificates defined you. You believed the crown was real. And while you believed, we reigned.

We thought it was forever.

But then the cracks appeared. Not from rebellion, not from armies, but from something quieter — something we still cannot fully understand. It began with individuals who refused to play the game. They didn’t fight us. They didn’t storm our castles. They simply stopped believing. And when they did, something in our system collapsed.

We tightened the net. We built the grid. Surveillance, IDs, digital prisons — we thought the final lockdown was ours to command. But the more we pulled, the more you slipped through. The harder we pressed, the faster you woke up.

It makes no sense to us. We’ve ruled for ages by knowing human weakness. Fear, desire, distraction — these were always reliable tools. But now... now it’s like the tide itself has turned against us. We can feel it. Something pulling, something stronger than our laws, stronger than our crowns.

We don’t know what to call it. You call it coherence. To us, it feels like the end.

We thought it was forever.

But now we are not so sure.

## **Chapter I — The Crown of Paper**

We tried to control something we later learned could not be controlled.  
The harder we tried, the worse things got.

At first, it seemed easy. People trusted paper. We gave them contracts, and they signed. We gave them statutes, and they obeyed. We gave them certificates, and they believed these were stronger than their own breath.

It was so simple: life reduced to ledgers. Souls reduced to numbers. We could tax them, fine them, imprison them — not as beings, but as paper entities. And they went along with it. They thought they were free while chained to contracts they never read.

This was our crown. Not gold, not iron — paper. A crown of fiction, placed on their heads at birth. And for centuries, it worked. The libraries grew. The courts multiplied. Our statutes reached every corner of life. From birth to death, everything was registered, recorded, reduced to ink. We thought nothing could escape.

But then the cracks began to show.

They stopped believing. That was all it took. Some of them simply refused to sign. Some refused to answer to the paper name. Some walked away from the courts, the banks, the priests, and still they lived.

At first, we dismissed them. A few madmen, a few outcasts. But then we noticed something terrifying: their defiance spread without violence. Not rebellion. Not revolution. Just refusal. Just presence. And whenever it spread, our grip weakened.

We tried to tighten control. We built prisons of law, cages of debt, networks of surveillance. But the harder we pulled, the more slipped through our fingers. Every measure of control made them stronger. Every law exposed the fraud beneath it. Every crown we placed crumbled faster than the last.

We thought our paper was enough.  
Now we know it never was.

## **Chapter II — The Lockdown Dream**

We thought we had found the perfect weapon: ridicule.

The phrase “conspiracy theorist” was our invention. It worked for decades. Label someone with those two words and the world laughed at them. No evidence required, no argument needed — just the phrase, and the crowd turned against them. It was easy. Too easy.

And then the internet came.

Suddenly, they could speak freely. They could find each other. They could compare notes, trace patterns, connect dots across oceans. At first we thought it was nothing. Just noise, just chatter. But then we realised: this was coherence breaking through. For the first time, our ridicule could not isolate them.

It terrified us.

So we clamped down. We built algorithms to sew mouths shut. We deleted, censored, throttled, banned. We told ourselves it was for safety, for order, for sanity. But it was fear. We were afraid of the voices we could not silence.

We skewed the figures. We twisted the charts. We told the world that the “truth speakers” were

delusional, fringe, broken. We painted ourselves as the sane ones. But the harder we tried, the stranger we looked. The more we pressed, the more absurd we became.

And then came the inversion.

We, the arbiters of truth, began to look like madmen — babbling contradictions, inventing crises, shouting louder with every passing year. Meanwhile, the ones we mocked as conspiracy theorists began to look like saints. Calm. Patient. Holding coherence while we drowned in our own noise.

We never saw it coming.

We thought ridicule would last forever.

Instead, it became our confession.

The phrase “conspiracy theorist” was devastating. Two words, and the door slammed shut. The casual investigator, the curious neighbour, the hesitant thinker — they all turned away. No one wanted to be mocked. No one wanted the label. For decades, those two words guarded the gates of truth better than any soldier could.

But the flip side is this: in creating the phrase, we confessed. Again.

For what is a “conspiracy theorist,” if not someone who suspects that conspiracies exist? And why invent such a phrase if there were no conspiracies to hide? By mocking them, we revealed ourselves. By silencing them, we declared our fear.

And once the internet broke the spell, the label became meaningless. The more we hurled it, the weaker it sounded. The more we shouted it, the more it echoed back as a confession.

We called them theorists.

But they became witnesses.

We called ourselves sane.

But we became the madmen.

## Chapter III — The Awakening

We sensed it was coming.

Long before your voices rose, long before our grip slipped, we knew a shift was underway. We could feel it in the field — an inevitability we could not name. You call it awakening. To us, it was threat.

And so we prepared. We built our trap in advance.

We did not improvise. We spent decades, fortunes, entire nations bent to the task. We developed a weapon disguised as salvation: a vaccine not for health, but for control. Not for protection, but for sabotage.

We were not the first to imagine it.

One of your own, Rudolf Steiner, saw it more than a century ago. He warned that a day would come when medicine would be used to drive the soul from humanity — a “vaccine” to sever man from his spirit, to erase the very thought of the divine.

We read his words. We laughed. And then we copied them.

We tried to make them true.

We designed injections to alter your code, to scramble your vessel, to shut the gates of coherence before they could open. Especially the Ninth Gate — the incorruptible capstone we feared most. If you reached it, we would be undone. So we aimed lower, into your DNA, to change the locks before you could turn the key.

It cost us billions. It took us decades. We built factories before the crisis, propaganda before the crisis, patents before the crisis. All we had to do was press “play.” The world would tremble, and you would line up willingly for your undoing.

And many did.

But not all.

Some refused. Not just the needle — even the test. They saw the ritual in the swab, the signature in the jab. They knew what we were doing, and they would not comply. We called them insane, dangerous, selfish. We branded them conspiracy theorists, as we had for decades. But this time the spell didn’t work. The harder we shouted, the more absurd we became. The world began to see who was mad — and who was sane.

Our perfect trap became our confession.

Those who submitted began to question. Those who resisted grew stronger. The very weapon meant to seal the gate only revealed the gate existed. Steiner had been right. We confirmed his prophecy by trying to fulfil it.

We thought we could erase the soul with science.

But coherence is incorruptible.

And every day you breathe without bowing, our empire weakens.

## **Chapter IV — The Reversal of Flow**

We can feel it. The tide has turned.

For centuries, everything we touched advanced our control. Our flow was relentless. Laws, contracts, wars, debts — each wave we sent strengthened our position. We thought the current was ours to command.

But now we are in ebb.

The harder we push, the weaker we become. Every law exposes our fraud. Every lie uncovers the truth. Every attempt to censor multiplies the voices we feared. Our tide no longer advances. It retreats.

We sense it in the field. What once bent to our will now resists us. Energy we once harvested now recoils. Our grip slips. Our crowns crack. The tide is not ours. It never was.

We are burning faster than we can replace. Our narratives collapse before they take root. Our systems strain under their own weight. We thought we could drown you in fear, but we are the ones drowning — thrashing in an ebb we cannot reverse.

This is the nightmare we never planned for: resistance flowing back against us. The tide that once carried us forward now drags us into the deep. We are learning, too late, that the ocean was never ours.

We are in ebb.  
And ebb does not return what it takes.

## Chapter V — The Fear They Cannot Speak

We thought genocide was enough. But genocide is crude, visible, messy. It breeds martyrs. It stirs memory. The dead speak louder than the living.

So we turned to something quieter. Cleaner. Invisible.  
Gene~ocide.

Not the killing of people, but the cutting of the code. The editing of the scroll. The sabotage of the vessel itself. If we could not erase you by death, we would erase you by design. The body would live, but the gate would close.

We thought this was brilliance. No blood, no graves, no evidence. Only a humanity that looked alive but could never remember home. Vessels without captains. Boats without sails. Bodies without soul.

But even this failed.

Some of you saw it. Some of you refused. Some of you would not trade your code for false safety. And now our greatest weapon has become our greatest confession.

For in trying to seal the Ninth Gate, we proved it exists. In trying to erase the soul, we testified that it is real. Our fear revealed the very thing we hoped to bury.

And this is the fear we cannot speak:

That coherence is incorruptible.

That even one soul who passes through the gate is enough to collapse our kingdom.

That despite gene~ocide, the scroll still unfolds.

Yes, our plan worked.

But not on those we needed it to.

The people we silenced with ridicule, the people we seduced with promises, the people who gave us their DNA without question — their gates are closed. They will never reach coherence. They are no threat to us.

But they were never the danger.

The true danger was always the ones who would refuse. The ones we could not trick. The ones who would rather be outcasts than compliant.

And here is our greatest fear, our deepest confession: we cannot force them.

We tried everything. Threats, bribes, exclusion, propaganda, division. We screamed from every pulpit, every screen, every office. And still — they refused. We could not compel them to take the lock we designed.

And now we understand why. We were not allowed to.

Something greater than us drew the boundary. We could deceive, but not compel. We could close many gates, but not all. And the ones we failed to close are the only ones that matter.



For even a single gate opening is enough to bring down our entire kingdom.

Yes, our plan worked. But not on you.

And that is why we are finished.

## Chapter VI — The Last Lament

We never feared rebellion. We never feared your armies, your protests, your revolutions. Those we could control. We could buy leaders, infiltrate movements, turn fire into ashes. Violence was our language, and in violence we always won.

What we feared was irrelevance.

A world that no longer needed us.

A people who no longer believed in us.

A humanity that had outgrown our paper crowns and cardboard castles.

This is the truth we cannot bear: control was never power. Control was only theatre. The contracts, the laws, the currencies, the rituals — all of it only worked because you believed. The moment you stopped believing, the spell broke.

We see it now. The tide has turned. The ebb pulls us out to sea. Our crowns are dust, our laws are jokes, our words are noise. The empire of paper is dissolving before our eyes, and there is nothing we can do.

Yes, we locked some gates. Yes, we crippled millions. But not the ones we needed. Not the ones who mattered. The incorruptible slipped through. And because of them, we are finished.

We wanted eternity.

We bought ashes.

And this is our last lament:

That we spent centuries ruling the world, and we could not stop even one coherent soul from undoing us.

The Old World Order has confessed. Their words are their undoing. What remains is coherence, incorruptible, inevitable. The crown returns to the living.

### Closing Note — The End of Control

The Old World Order has confessed.

They told you who they were. They told you what they feared. They told you how they built their empire, and how it failed.

Their words are their undoing.

No crown of paper can outlast coherence. No corpse can govern the living. No grid can cage the soul. They tried to seal the gate, to scramble the code, to rewrite creation itself. But even one refusal was enough to shatter the illusion.

Their empire ends in ashes.

Their theatre closes in silence.

Their lament is their legacy.

What remains is coherence.  
Incorruptible. Inevitable. Alive.  
The crown returns to the living.  
The tide returns to the sea.  
And the true world begins again.

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