

THE ART OF ROASTING



A GRIFTER'S
WORST NIGHTMARE

The Art of Roasting - A Grifter's Worst Nightmare

Contents

Introduction

Prologue

- The Grift Exposed

Chapter 1

- The Roast That Never Came

Chapter 2

- Applause for the Absurd

Chapter 3

- The Frustration of Coherence

Chapter 4

- The Roast Table Is Set

Chapter 5

- No Place For Them

Epilogue

- From Applause to Ashes

Afterword

- Bearing the Flame



"Obloquere eis"

Introduction: The Machinery of Inversion

The world doesn't collapse because lies exist.

It collapses when lies are allowed to remain hidden.

The machinery of inversion works like this:

Take what is false, weak, corrupt, cowardly — and raise it up as sacred.

Take what is true, strong, clear, courageous — and roast it until it is driven out of sight.

That is how they hold power.

Not just by creating illusions, but by burying the evidence and rewarding the crowd for applauding the illusion. Every standing ovation for a fraud is another nail in truth's coffin.

The key is to recognise the setup.

Every illusion is staged, and the actors know it. That's why they spend their lives covering their asses. The bigger the lie, the deeper the burial. The more absurd the story, the harsher the punishment for anyone who laughs.

But Revelation is the great reversal.

It is not about creating truth — it is about uncovering it.

It is about dragging the hidden to the surface.

And when lies are forced into the light, inversion collapses under its own weight.

This book is part of that Revelation.

Page by page, the hidden will be exposed.

Not out of cruelty, but out of necessity.

Because the world cannot heal while inversion reigns.

And the time has come to roast what should have been roasted all along.

The Art of Roasting

Laughing in the Face of Absurdity

Roasting is not cruelty. It is clarity.

It is the moment when the absurd is dragged into daylight and stripped of its power.

The grifters fear it more than punishment.

Because punishment they can endure, but ridicule they cannot survive.

The Rules of the Roast

1. Mock the Absurd.

- When lies parade as truth, laugh at them.
- A flag waving on the moon? Applause dies when the laughter begins.

2. Expose the Costumes.

- Strip away the polished masks.
- Show the audience the stage makeup running, the props wobbling, the script stuttering.

3.Refuse Their Sensitivity.

- “I’m offended” is their shield.
- Laughter smashes it to pieces.

4.Make Cowardice Visible.

- Don’t argue with it. Roast it.
- Courage speaks for itself — cowardice needs applause.

5.Turn Applause into Silence.

- Every fraud thrives on clapping.
- Take away the clapping, add ridicule, and the fraud collapses.

Why Roasting Works

Because laughter is the weapon distortion cannot defend against.
It punctures the illusion. It exposes the emperor with no clothes.
And once the crowd laughs, they can never unsee the truth.

That is the art of roasting:

Not cruelty.

Not hatred.

But coherence, laughing in the face of absurdity, until the lies are reduced to ash.

Prologue: The Nature of the Grifters

A lie is not free.

It doesn't stand on its own.

It must be lifted out of nothing, propped up with endless scaffolding, defended day and night with resources, energy, and fear.

That's the nature of the grift.

Truth is effortless — it simply exists. But lies require a whole industry to sustain them: fact-checkers, spin doctors, lawyers, propagandists, “experts,” security services, media empires. A permanent army of defenders working to maintain the illusion.

That's why the corridors of power are always crowded with cowards.

They know the system wasn't built on strength. It was rigged from the start. And because it is illegitimate, it demands constant protection.

They created a structure where they sit at the top, not by merit, not by virtue, not by courage — but by fraud. And once you see it, you can't unsee it: every ceremony, every speech, every press conference, every headline is just another coat of paint on rotting wood.

That's the truth about the grift.

It is exhausting. It is fragile. And it is doomed.

Because no lie, no matter how lavishly funded, can outlast the moment coherence steps into the room.

Chapter 1: The Roast That Never Comes

They should have been roasted.

Instead, they were applauded.

- **A ball earth spinning at a thousand miles an hour** — and you can't feel it. Applauded.
- **A moon landing filmed with studio lighting** — and fifty years later, still no return trip. Applauded.
- **A financial system built on debt and usury** — theft disguised as prosperity. Applauded.
- **A medicine that manages symptoms but never heals** — a subscription to sickness. Applauded.
- **A media that lies daily** — caught red-handed, yet still trusted. Applauded.
- **A war machine that destroys nations in the name of peace** — medals handed out over graves. Applauded.
- **A technology that censors truth under the banner of safety** — digital gags sold as progress. Applauded.
- **A justice system that shields predators while punishing whistleblowers** — the law bent into a noose. Applauded.
- **A science that changes its story weekly** but demands worship as gospel. Applauded.
- **A society that cancels courage and elevates cowardice.** Applauded.

They should have been roasted, laughed off the stage, booed into silence.
Instead, they were given parades, prizes, and applause.

That is the inversion.

That is the sickness.

And that is why the roast is long overdue.

Chapter 2: Applause for the Absurd

There is an advantage to delay. Coherence does not rush the roast.

Firstly, delay lets distortion believe it's invisible. It lets the frauds convince themselves they're untouchable. They get bold. They double down. They act with such arrogance that when the roast comes, their fall is total. The crushing defeat is amplified by their own hubris.

Secondly, delay gives people time. Time to see. Time to process. Time to come to terms with just how deep the distortion runs. Because if coherence roasted too early, people wouldn't be ready. They'd defend the frauds. They'd clap harder. They'd fight to preserve the illusion.

But give them time, and the absurdity reveals itself. The crowd begins to notice the stage props wobbling, the makeup smearing, the contradictions piling up. And when they see it clearly, they don't need to be told to roast. They're ready.

That's why coherence delays.

Not out of weakness, but out of precision.

Because the longer the applause goes on, the louder the silence will be when it finally stops.

The Reaction of Lies

When you expose a liar, they don't stay calm. They don't welcome debate. They don't invite the light. They lash out. They smear. They ban. They silence.

Because questioning is fatal to illusion.

The truth doesn't mind being questioned. In fact, it welcomes it. Truth stands still, patient, waiting. You can poke at it from every angle, and it will only reveal more of itself.

But lies demand aggression. Lies need shields, punishments, censorship, and armies of defenders. That's why the applause must be loud — to drown out the sound of the cracks forming. That's why mockery is forbidden — because laughter punctures the illusion faster than bullets.

Coherence doesn't fear the question.

Distortion fears nothing more.

Roast Notes: When Lies Are Questioned

- Ask why the **moon landing** hasn't been repeated with modern tech — you're branded a "conspiracy theorist."
- Question the **spinning ball earth** — you're mocked as insane.
- Point out that **wars sold as liberation** always end in rubble — you're called unpatriotic.

- Doubt the **safety of miracle drugs** pushed overnight — you're de-platformed.
- Challenge the **integrity of elections or finance** — you're silenced "for stability."
- Expose **predators shielded by institutions** — you're attacked as dangerous.

Every time, the response is the same: aggression.

Not reason. Not clarity. Not answers.

Because the moment the lie is questioned, its weight shows.

The truth stands unshaken.

The lie trembles and roars.

Chapter 3: The Frustration of Coherence

Coherence must be seething.

It watches the absurd theatre of inversion: frauds applauded as geniuses, liars applauded as leaders, predators applauded as protectors. The crowd claps with wild enthusiasm, defending illusions as if their lives depended on it.

And coherence waits.

Not because it is weak. Not because it is unsure. But because it knows the roast has to come at the right moment. Too soon, and the crowd will fight to protect their idols. Too late, and the damage multiplies.

So coherence endures the frustration. It holds back the fire, watching humanity clap for absurdities, knowing laughter would shatter the illusion in a second.

The crowd doesn't realise that the very applause they offer is feeding the trap. The louder they cheer, the harder their silence will fall when the lights go out.

This is why coherence waits.

It knows distortion cannot resist overplaying its hand.

It knows arrogance always grows sloppy.

It knows the mask cannot stay on forever.

But the waiting burns. Because coherence also sees every unnecessary wound. Every child harmed, every soul lost, every truth buried under another standing ovation for a fraud.

So it smoulders.

Patience like a fire banked low, waiting for its moment.

When the roast comes, it will not be gentle.

It will be final.

Chapter 4: The Roast Table Is Set

The table is ready. The applause is still ringing, but the meal has already been prepared. The roast is not theatre. It is judgment.

Each fraud, each lie, each cowardly inversion has been laid out like a dish — fattened on arrogance, glazed with hypocrisy, and waiting to be carved.

First Course: **The Spinning Ball**

A world supposedly spinning faster than a bullet, water glued to its surface, buildings unmoved, oceans calm — and nobody feels a thing. Served raw with a garnish of ridicule for anyone who dares ask questions.

Second Course: **The Moon Landing**

A banquet of grainy footage, lost telemetry, studio lighting, and a flag that waves in a vacuum. Half a century later, no return trip. This dish has been reheated for decades, yet nobody dares taste it again.

Third Course: **Usury Stew**

Debt piled upon debt, seasoned with fraud, cooked until the pot collapses. They dine like kings on air and numbers, while the world starves.

Fourth Course: **The Medicine Feast**

A smorgasbord of pills, vaccines, and treatments designed not to heal but to hook. A subscription to sickness disguised as salvation.

Fifth Course: **The Media Dessert**

Layered lies, whipped with fear, frosted with outrage. Beautiful on the plate, rancid at the first bite.

Sixth Course: **The War Banquet**

Nations carved like meat, medals handed out as garnish, peace declared over the bones.

Seventh Course: **The Safety Special**

Censorship served with a smile. A gag wrapped in napkins, force-fed as “protection.”

The table is full. The audience is hungry. The knives of coherence are sharp.

When the roast begins, applause will turn to gasps.

And what was once celebrated will be carved to ash.

Chapter 5: No Place For Them

“The world will not be destroyed by those who do evil, but by those who watch them without doing anything.”

— Albert Einstein

The stage has stood for too long. The frauds performed, the cowards clapped, the crowd defended the absurd as if their lives depended on it. That is how distortion endures: not only through those who do evil, but through those who refuse to speak against it.

But coherence does not remain silent forever.

I may choose my words carefully, shaping them like blades. But coherence itself does not tiptoe. It does not negotiate with distortion. It does not compromise to spare feelings. It does not allow cowardice to stand unchallenged.

Distortion thrives only in shadows. When coherence arrives, the shadows are burned away. Every illusion, every fraud, every cowardly mask is reduced to ash.

That is why the roast is necessary. Because laughter punctures what fear cannot. Because ridicule exposes what silence conceals. Because mocking the absurd is the first step in destroying it.

And when coherence moves in full force, it will not be satire. It will not be comedy. It will not be metaphor.

It will be final.

The Bible says: *“No place was found for them in Heaven or on Earth.”*

That is conclusive. The stage collapses. The lights die. Even the ground beneath them refuses to hold their weight. The roast is not just ridicule — it is removal. It is coherence closing the book and declaring: No place left.

They wanted applause. They earned ashes.

Epilogue: From Applause to Ashes

The clapping has stopped.

The lights have dimmed.

The stage is empty.

All that remains are ashes.

The applause that once crowned frauds has gone silent. The lies that strutted so confidently are reduced to smoke. The cowards who built shields to protect themselves have been stripped bare.

This is the end of inversion.

Not with force, but with exposure.

Not with war, but with ridicule.

The grifters feared this day above all else. Not prison, not punishment, but laughter. Because laughter is final. Once the crowd laughs, the mask is gone forever.

And so coherence stood, patient and burning, until the moment arrived. And when it did, the applause turned to silence, the ovations to shame, the spectacle to cinders.

From applause to ashes — that is how every empire of lies ends.

Afterword: Bearing the Flame

I didn't write this because it was easy.

I wrote it because the fire inside me left no choice.

Coherence is relentless. It will not tolerate weakness, it will not bend to inversion, and it will not stop until the lies are burned away. Carrying that flame is not comfortable — it roasts me too. But silence would be worse.

So here it is. The roast they spent fortunes trying to prevent. The laughter they feared more than punishment. The exposure that leaves them naked before the fire.

This is not entertainment. It is testimony.

It is judgment.

It is coherence, spoken aloud.

And if you've read this far, you've witnessed it with me. The banquet is over. The applause is gone. The ashes are cooling.

The flame remains.

Final Reflection

A Man Called Flint

Babylon was never eternal. It was tinder stacked high, waiting for fire.

It strutted as if invincible, yet its very design betrayed it. Every lie, every fraud, every act of cowardice was kindling. All it ever needed was a spark.

That's why I called myself *A Man Called Flint*.

Because flint is small, but flint is sharp.

Strike it once, and it throws a spark strong enough to burn an empire.

The roast is that spark.

The laughter is the flame.

And Babylon will not survive it.

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