

# COMMUNITY STANDARDS



THE  
COWARD'S CODE



What on your mind Taun?

*“If you don’t want to know the answer...*



*...don’t ask the fucking question.”*

# **The Truth Doesn't Care**

The truth doesn't care who it offends.

It doesn't bend itself to fit guidelines, policies, or corporate masks.

It doesn't stop at the edge of someone's comfort zone.

Truth doesn't negotiate.

Truth doesn't compromise.

Truth doesn't apologize.

And I don't care about their sensitivity.

Because "sensitivity" has become another coward's shield — a way to dodge the weight of evidence by pretending to be hurt by it.

If truth makes you uncomfortable, good. That means it's working.

That's why they fear it.

That's why they silence it.

That's why they banned me again and again.

Because truth doesn't care about their reach, their rules, or their bans. It simply is. And once spoken, it cannot be unsaid.

This book isn't here to soothe. It isn't here to please.

It's here to tell the truth — and let the chips fall where they may.

# Introduction

This book is not polite. It isn't designed to comfort. It isn't wrapped in the corporate makeup of "community guidelines," "fact-checkers," or "safety policies."

It is an exposé.

An exposé of what weakness and cowardice really look like when you strip away the logos, the PR statements, and the staged language.

Because behind every ban, every warning, every lockout, there was no strength. There was no authority. There was only fear.

Fear of truth.

Fear of resonance.

Fear of people thinking for themselves.

That's what this book shows you — not in theory, but in evidence. A timeline of bans, posts, screenshots, and reflections. A case file of how the system tried to silence, punish, and erase me for the crime of answering their own question: "What's on your mind?"

The world has been destroyed repeatedly by the same patterns of cowardice — the same morons hiding behind the same excuses. Over and over again, they break what they cannot control, and when the damage is done, they demand protection.

Protection from what?

From being exposed?

From being held accountable?

From the truth itself?

They don't deserve protection.

They deserve the one thing they fear most: to be seen for exactly what they are.

If you're holding this book, you're holding the record. The evidence they tried to bury. The trail they didn't want you to see.

And once you see it, you'll know: the real trial was never mine.

It was theirs.

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## Chapter 1: The Coward's Code

They call themselves platforms. They pretend to be neutral, open spaces where everyone has a voice. But the truth is simpler and uglier: they are cowards.

Not cowards because they lack power — they own the channels, the servers, the reach. They can erase you with a keystroke. No, their cowardice runs deeper. They are cowards because they refuse to face truth in the open. They hide behind shields:

- “Community standards.”
- “Fact-checkers.”
- “Independent review boards.”
- “Safety policies.”

Shields stacked on shields. Excuses stacked on excuses. Always something to duck behind, never the courage to stand naked in front of evidence and argue it on equal ground.

That's what real courage would look like: meet truth in the square, test it, debate it, disprove it. But they couldn't. So they silenced it instead.

And when they silenced me, my friends stepped in. Some of them copied my posts to their own pages, carrying my words when I wasn't allowed to. Others stayed with me through ban after ban, account after account, right until the end. Together we proved something: you can't kill coherence. You can only reveal your fear of it.

Their cowardice wasn't just policy. It was panic.

- Panic at words they couldn't digest.
- Panic at evidence they couldn't erase fast enough.
- Panic at a voice that wouldn't shut up, no matter how many times they hit mute.

They may have been the platform. But I was the publisher. And a publisher doesn't wait for permission.

So here it is. The unfiltered record. The evidence they tried to bury.  
Their cowardice is the proof.  
My words are the case file.

## Preface: The Question That Was Never a Question

Every day, the same prompt appeared at the top of the screen:

“What's on your mind?”

It looked like an invitation, but it was really a test.

A trap disguised as a question.

Because the truth is, they never wanted to know what was on my mind.

They wanted to measure compliance.

To see if my answers matched the script.

To reward me if they did, and punish me if they didn't.

I wasn't posting anything different from the truths I still share today. The same observations. The same patterns. Only in simpler form. Sometimes raw, sometimes poetic, sometimes blunt. But always real. And that was the problem.

The system is not built to handle reality. It is built to police it.

It thrives on distortion and survives by control.

Truth, spoken plainly, collapses the charade.

So they banned me. Over and over.

My list of "infractions" stretched across pages — words treated as crimes.

When they realized they could not silence me, they escalated. They locked down my account, strangled my reach, blocked me from advertising. They turned the microphone into a toy with the batteries removed. And when even that failed, when my words still found their way out, they tried to lure me back:

"Congratulations, you're back on track. We're recommending you again."

As if truth needed their recommendation.

As if my voice required their permission slip.

This book is the answer to their question.

The real one.

Not the version they wanted, not the performance they demanded.

Because if you don't want to know,  
don't ask the fucking question.

## **Chapter 2: The Prompt Box**

Every day it was there.

At the top of the screen, soft grey letters, pretending to be harmless:

"What's on your mind?"

It looked like freedom.

It felt like an invitation.

But it was a command.

That line wasn't casual — it was conditioning. The more you saw it, the less you noticed it. That's how repetition works. You stop questioning the words, but the words keep shaping you anyway. The prompt becomes a habit. A reflex. A leash disguised as curiosity.

And here's the trick: it wasn't really asking. It was calibrating.

- If you gave a safe answer, you were rewarded with likes, shares, and reach.
- If you gave an uncomfortable answer, the punishment came quick: warnings, flags, bans.

Over time, people learned. Not because anyone explained the rules, but because the box taught them. The carrot and the stick. The dopamine hit for compliance, the shadowban for dissent.

That's why the prompt was so dangerous.

It wasn't a blank box — it was a funnel.

Every time you typed, you weren't just speaking, you were training yourself.

What did most people do? They played along. They kept it light. A photo of lunch. A meme.

Something "safe." They answered without answering. And eventually, they forgot the question was ever meant to be real.

But I answered it. I said what was actually on my mind. I treated the box like a question instead of a leash. And the moment I did, I saw the trap snap shut.

That's when I knew: the box was never about freedom. It was about boundaries. It was about testing compliance.

What's on your mind?

The real answer is: whatever they'll allow.

Unless you break it.

Unless you refuse.

Unless you tell the truth anyway.

And that's what I did.

## Chapter 3: Thought Police in the Digital Square

The internet was sold to us as the new commons.

A marketplace of ideas.

A global town square where anyone could speak.

But the truth came quickly enough: it wasn't a square. It was a stage. And like every stage, there was a script.

The prompt asked: "*What's on your mind?*"

But there were only a handful of answers that were really allowed.

- Talk about your lunch.
- Talk about your cat.
- Talk about the weather.
- Talk about the game.

Safe answers. Soft answers. Performances of freedom that never threatened the script.

But answer honestly — put something real in the box — and suddenly the mask came off.

Enter the thought police.

They don't drag you away in chains. They don't wear uniforms. They come wrapped in friendlier names:

- "Community standards."
- "Fact-checkers."
- "Independent oversight."

It all sounds official, neutral, benevolent. But it's nothing more than a stagehand yanking you off



the set when you miss your lines.

Because the digital square was never about freedom. It was about calibration. Safe posts are boosted, dangerous ones are buried. Every ban becomes a warning to everyone else watching: Don't step out of line.

That's how compliance spreads. Not just through the punishments you suffer, but through the fear it plants in others. They see what happens, and they pull themselves back. They learn not to risk it. They self-police.

And here's the worst part: most people clap for it. They cheer when a voice is silenced. They call it "safety." They call it "justice." They never stop to realize that the walls closing in on one person today will close in on them tomorrow.

This is how thought policing works in the digital square:

- Pretend the question is real.
- Punish anyone who answers it truthfully.
- Teach everyone else to censor themselves before they even type.

That's not freedom.

That's theatre.

And I refused to play the part.

## **Chapter 4: Why Asking Is Dangerous**

At first glance, it's the simplest thing in the world: "What's on your mind?"

A casual question. A friendly nudge. A way to start the conversation.

But here's the truth: asking is dangerous.

Why? Because if someone actually answers, the illusion shatters.

They didn't just want to know what we were thinking. They wanted to monitor it, collect it, study it. That's why the prompt never went away. Every login, every page load, every refresh — the box was waiting. It wasn't curiosity, it was surveillance.

But there was one condition: only they could know.

The moment my thoughts became public, the moment others could see and recognize the same pattern, the danger began. That spark of recognition — "I thought the same thing" — is what they feared most.

One voice becomes two.

Two becomes ten.

Ten becomes a thousand.

And suddenly, the narrative fractures.

That's why asking is dangerous. Not because of the answer itself, but because of what happens when others hear it. Truth doesn't need to be shouted to spread; it only needs to be seen.

So they built a system where they could see everything, but no one else could. They could harvest our thoughts while burying them from each other. They wanted to know what we were thinking, but

they didn't want anyone else to know.

That's why bans came fast. That's why "violations" piled up. It was never about silencing me for their sake. It was about preventing the spark from catching fire.

Asking is dangerous, because once truth escapes the box, you can't put it back in.

## Chapter 3: Why Asking Is Dangerous

At first glance, it's the simplest thing in the world: "*What's on your mind?*"

A casual question. A friendly nudge. A way to start the conversation.

But here's the secret: asking is the most dangerous act in the world. Because if someone actually answers truthfully, the mask falls off.

Truth doesn't just fill a box.

It exposes the box.

It shows the edges, the walls, the invisible limits.

That's why regimes, platforms, and corporations all learn the same lesson: you can't let people speak freely, because truth spreads faster than lies. Lies require maintenance. Truth requires nothing — it stands on its own.

So they flip the script. They don't stop asking. They keep asking every single day — but only under the illusion that the answers don't matter. And yet, the very act of asking plants a seed. The mind can't help but respond. And if the response isn't controlled, the whole structure shakes.

Think about it. If the question were innocent, why would the answers get you banned?

If it were just conversation, why punish the participants?

Because it was never about conversation. It was about calibration.

About drawing the lines of what can and cannot be said.

The danger isn't in the words themselves. It's in what happens when other people hear them and realize they were thinking the same thing. That spark — recognition — is what the system fears most.

One whisper becomes an echo.

An echo becomes a chorus.

And a chorus becomes a roar.

That's why asking is dangerous. Because once the truth is spoken aloud, you can't put it back in the box. You can ban the post, lock the account, throttle the reach — but the words are already alive, carried forward by everyone who saw them.

The most subversive act in a world of control is not shouting, not fighting, not breaking rules. It's simply answering the question honestly.

And that's why they had to make honesty a crime.

## **Chapter 4: Posts That Got Me Banned**

They asked me what was on my mind.  
I told them.  
And this is what they called a crime.

### **Exhibit A**

Post:

“If you don’t want to know, don’t ask the fucking question.”

Commentary:

This was the simplest answer to the prompt. It was also the truest. And that’s why they hated it. Because it showed the game for what it was: not curiosity, but control. They weren’t asking. They were fishing. And I refused to play along.

### **Exhibit B**

Post:

“My whisper is a roar, even when the sound is turned way down low.”

Commentary:

They could throttle my reach. They could lock me out for 30 days. They could strip away the microphone. But resonance doesn’t obey their switches. A whisper of truth carries further than a shout of distortion. That’s what they could never contain.

### **Exhibit C**

Post:

“You can’t ban reality. You can only expose your fear of it.”

Commentary:

Every ban revealed more than it silenced. It showed everyone watching that I had touched a nerve. That somewhere in my words was something they didn’t want others to see. The ban itself became evidence.

### **Exhibit D**

Post:

“Silence isn’t absence. It’s pressure building.”

Commentary:

Every time they locked me down, I wrote more. Every time they restricted my voice, I found another channel. Silence doesn’t weaken truth — it strengthens it. Like water behind a dam, it only builds until it breaks through.

### **Exhibit E**

Post:

“Nobody can shut me up for 1 day, let alone 30.”

Commentary:

And they didn't. I opened other accounts. I wrote in other spaces. I whispered where I had to, roared where I could. The only way they could win was if I stopped speaking myself. And that was never going to happen.

These posts weren't crimes. They were answers.

What's on my mind? Exactly this.

And that's what made them dangerous.

## **Chapter 5: Posts That Got Me Banned**

They asked me what was on my mind.

I told them.

And this is what they called a crime.

### **Exhibit 1**

Post:

"If you don't want to know, don't ask the fucking question."

Commentary:

This one summed it all up. The irony was too sharp, too obvious — and too dangerous. The box was a trap, and I exposed it. That's why it had to come down.

### **Exhibit 2**

Post:

"My whisper is a roar, even when the sound is turned way down low."

Commentary:

They thought cutting my reach would weaken me. All it did was force me to sharpen. A whisper of truth carries further than a megaphone of distortion. That's what they feared most — resonance, not volume.

### **Exhibit 3**

Post:

"You can't ban reality. You can only expose your fear of it."

Commentary:

Every ban was proof, not punishment. If my words were meaningless, they'd have ignored me. By silencing me, they admitted I had struck a nerve.

### **Exhibit 4**

Post:

"Silence isn't absence. It's pressure building."

Commentary:

Every ban made me write more. Every silence became a forge. They thought they were diffusing me; really they were priming the explosion.

## **Exhibit 5**

Post:

“Nobody can shut me up for 1 day, let alone 30.”

Commentary:

And they didn’t. I found another way every time — new accounts, friends reposting, words slipping through the cracks. The bans never stopped me. They just proved I couldn’t be stopped.

These weren’t crimes.

These were answers.

And that’s exactly what made them dangerous.

## **Chapter 6: Words They Couldn’t Digest**

They didn’t just ban me.

They starved me.

Zero reach.

No visibility.

My posts fell into silence like stones dropped in a well.

And yet, that silence became my forge.

When you know only a handful of people might ever see what you write, you learn to write differently. You stop wasting words. You stop padding the truth. You sharpen. Every sentence has to strike. Every line has to carry its full weight.

That’s what censorship did to me. It didn’t silence me — it honed me.

If someone stumbled across my work despite the bans, it had to land so hard they’d never forget it. One line had to do the work of a whole essay. One whisper had to echo like a roar.

And it worked. My words became sharper than ever. The more they restricted me, the more my language condensed into pure coherence.

They called my posts “violations,” but they weren’t. They were words the system couldn’t digest. Too sharp. Too clear. Too true.

Distortion thrives on noise. It needs clutter to survive. But coherence doesn’t need noise. It doesn’t need permission. It cuts straight through.

That’s why they were afraid.

That’s why they hit me with ban after ban.

Not because I was weak, but because my words had become too strong.

They thought they were burying me.

All they did was forge me.



They thought they were silencing me.  
All they did was sharpen me.  
And by the time they realized it, the spear was already flying.

## **Chapter 7: Speaking Anyway**

They thought a 30-day ban would shut me down.  
It didn't.

They thought locking me out of posts, comments, groups, and ads would erase me.  
It didn't.

Because silence was never an option.

If one account went dark, I lit another.  
If one door was closed, I found a window.  
If one path was blocked, I carved a new one.

And I wasn't alone.

When they gagged me, my friends stepped in. Some copied my words to their own pages, carrying my voice when I wasn't allowed to. Others stood by through every ban, every lockout, every warning. They refused to let my words vanish. Together, we proved something important: censorship may break a platform, but it can't break a network of people who refuse to comply.

That's what the system never understood. They thought reach was the prize. They thought visibility was the power. But I wasn't chasing clicks or followers. I was publishing truth. And truth doesn't depend on their platform — it depends on those who carry it.

Every time they silenced me, my words came back sharper, louder, multiplied. Every attempt at erasure only proved the weight of what I had said. Because if my words meant nothing, they wouldn't have wasted the effort.

That's the paradox they never solved: the harder they tried to stop me, the more evidence they created that I was saying something real.

So I spoke anyway.

Through bans.

Through silence.

Through shadows.

Through others who carried the torch.

Nobody can shut me up for one day, let alone thirty.

That's not arrogance. That's persistence.  
And persistence is louder than punishment.



# LIST OF FACEBOOK BANS 2019-2024

<b>Feb 2024</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 3 Mar 2024 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 3 Mar 2024 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Mar 2022</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't use groups Ended on 31 Mar 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 31 Mar 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 2 Mar 2023 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Jan 2021</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 29 Jan 2021</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 26 Jan 2021 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 26 Jan 2021 - Expired</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 22 Jan 2021 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 22 Jan 2021 - Expired</li></ul>
<b>Oct 2023</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 31 Oct 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 31 Oct 2023 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Dec 2022</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't use groups Ended on 13 Jan 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 13 Jan 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 13 Jan 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't create ads Ended on 13 Jan 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't create live videos Ended on 13 Jan 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 13 Jan 2023 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Feb 2022</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 16 Mar 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 16 Mar 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 16 Mar 2022 - Expired</li></ul>
<b>Jun 2023</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't use groups Ended on 3 Jul 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 3 Jul 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 10 Jun 2023 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Jan 2022</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 9 Feb 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 9 Feb 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 9 Feb 2022 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Oct 2020</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 26 Nov 2020 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 26 Nov 2020 - Expired</li></ul>
<b>May 2023</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't use groups Ended on 29 May 2023</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 29 May 2023</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 26 May 2023</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 26 May 2023</li></ul>	<b>Sep 2021</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 7 Oct 2021 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 7 Oct 2021 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Sep 2020</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 12 Sep 2020</li><li>You can't create ads Ended on 12 Sep 2020</li><li>You can't create live videos Ended on 12 Sep 2020</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 3 Sep 2020</li></ul>
<b>Mar 2023</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 14 Mar 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 6 Apr 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 6 Apr 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 2 May 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't create live videos Ended on 2 May 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't create ads Ended on 2 May 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 1 Apr 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 1 Apr 2023 - Expired</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 5 Mar 2023 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Oct 2022</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 22 Nov 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 22 Nov 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 22 Nov 2022 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Dec 2019</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or message Ended on 3 Jan 2020 - Expired</li><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 19 Dec 2019 - Expired</li></ul>
<b>Jul 2022</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 10 Aug 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 10 Aug 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 10 Aug 2022 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Jun 2021</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 9 Jul 2021 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 9 Jul 2021 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Nov 2019</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 24 Nov 2019 - Expired</li><li>You can't create live videos Ended on 21 Nov 2019</li></ul>
<b>Jun 2022</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 10 Jul 2022 - Expired</li><li>You can't use groups Ended on 10 Jul 2022 - Expired</li></ul>	<b>Feb 2021</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>You can't post or comment Ended on 28 Mar 2021 - Expired</li><li>You can't start or join calls Ended on 28 Mar 2021 - Expired</li></ul>	

*“Every ban is proof, not punishment.”*

## Part III — The Ban

### Chapter 8: My Rap Sheet

I wasn't speculating. I wasn't stirring chaos for the sake of attention.  
I was posting evidence.

Reports. Documents. Numbers. Patterns hiding in plain sight. My timeline became an evidence trail — time-stamped, dated, and set to public so anyone could follow it. I left it open on purpose, like a case file spread across the table.

Piece by piece, I laid out what I found, like a detective building a case. The facts didn't need my spin, only my spotlight. And if people had been allowed to see them, some of that information could have saved lives. That's what makes what they did unforgivable.

Because once you see, you are accountable. Divine law leaves no room for neutrality. Silence is not innocence; silence is complicity. Accountability does not stop with the one who commits the act — it extends to those who protect it, excuse it, or look away.

That's why I spoke. That's why I posted. Not for recognition, not for clicks, not for applause — but because to stay silent in the face of evidence is to share in the guilt of those who committed the crime.

But instead of listening, they treated me like a criminal.  
Every notification read like a charge sheet:

- “You can't post.”
- “You can't comment.”
- “You can't join groups.”
- “You can't create ads.”
- “You can't go live.”

One by one, the restrictions piled up. My so-called “infractions” stretched across pages, each one written as if honesty itself were a crime. My rap sheet looked like the record of a repeat offender, but all it proved was the desperation of a system at war with truth.

Because these weren't my crimes.  
This was their confession.

Every ban was evidence.  
Every lockout, proof.  
Every silence, testimony.

And so I present it here — the record they tried to erase.  
The charges against me, which were never mine to bear.

My rap sheet.

## Exhibit A

### Charge:

“You can’t post or comment for 30 days.”

### Commentary:

*Translation: You can’t speak.*

This was their bluntest weapon, and the one they used most often. Cut me off from posting, cut me off from commenting, and pretend the problem is solved.

But silencing isn’t solving. It’s hiding.

The system built shields to mask its fear — “community standards,” “fact-checkers,” “safety policies.” Paper walls to make censorship look respectable. But the truth is simple: they were terrified of open speech.

If my words were meaningless, they wouldn’t have cared. If they were lies, they could have disproved them. But instead of debating, they gagged. Instead of answering, they locked me down.

That isn’t strength. That’s cowardice.

Because the brave act would have been to face me in the square, to test my words in the open, to let people judge for themselves. They couldn’t do it. So they built walls and called it justice.

Every time I saw this message — “*You can’t post or comment for 30 days*” — it reminded me of the one thing they feared most: not volume, not reach, but resonance.

They can mute the speaker.

They can’t erase the truth.

## Exhibit B

### Charge:

“You can’t join groups for 30 days.”

### Commentary:

*Translation: You can’t gather.*

Groups were the real heartbeat of the platform. Some had hundreds of thousands of members. They were places where information moved faster than algorithms, where people compared notes, where truth had a chance to ripple out beyond the curated feed.

That’s why they cut me off.

It wasn’t about “safety.” It was about isolation. Because if I couldn’t join groups, I couldn’t connect. If I couldn’t connect, I couldn’t amplify. And if I couldn’t amplify, my evidence stayed hidden.

This was digital exile: leave me stranded on my own page, where reach was already throttled to nothing. Silence me in the places where ideas actually spread.

The irony is clear: they called it “protecting community.” But cutting people off from communities isn’t protection — it’s division. It’s the oldest tactic in the book: divide, isolate, weaken.

Truth spreads fastest in circles. That’s why they broke mine.



But here's the thing they never understood: you don't need a group of a hundred thousand to make an impact. Sometimes one spark is enough.

## Exhibit C

### Charge:

"You can't create ads or promote content."

### Commentary:

*Translation: You can't grow.*

This one exposed their hypocrisy more than any other. The platform was built on advertising. That was its bloodstream, its god. Corporations could pour billions into ads that saturated every timeline. Politicians could buy reach to the highest bidder. But the moment I tried to amplify truth with the same tools, the door slammed shut.

Not because my words were false. Not because they were harmful. But because they were effective. Promotion meant reach. Reach meant questions. Questions meant cracks in the narrative. And cracks were unacceptable.

So they severed my growth. They trapped my words inside the cage of my page, strangled my visibility, and called it policy.

But the real policy was fear. They feared what might happen if my evidence spread beyond the small circle they allowed. They feared the ripple effect. They feared resonance.

And yet, here's the irony: when you forbid truth to grow openly, it grows underground. It spreads in whispers, screenshots, and private shares. They thought they were starving it. They were cultivating it.

They called it advertising standards. I call it proof of cowardice.

## Exhibit D

### Charge:

"You can't go live or use certain features."

### Commentary:

*Translation: You can't broadcast.*

Posts could be flagged. Comments could be buried. Ads could be blocked. But live video? That was different. Live was raw, immediate, uncontrollable.

When you go live, there's no buffer. No pre-screen. No "fact-check" sticker slapped on after the fact. People hear you in real time, unfiltered, before the censors can scramble into action.

That's why they killed it.

Not because I abused the feature. Not because I broke a rule. But because they couldn't control it. They couldn't pre-approve my words. They couldn't manage the timing. Live meant truth reaching people before the shields could be raised.

This is how censorship escalates:

- First they silence posts.
- Then they strangle reach.
- Then they kill the broadcast.

It wasn't about "community safety." It was about narrative control. Because if my words really meant nothing, why bother banning me from going live at all?

The answer is simple: they knew the broadcast was stronger than the ban.

## Exhibit E

Charge:

"You have multiple restrictions. Your account may be disabled."

Commentary:

Translation: *You don't belong here.*

This was the death sentence. Not just a 30-day ban, not just a lockout from groups or ads — the complete erasure of my presence. A digital execution notice. Years of words, connections, and evidence threatened with one click.

The message was clear: comply, or disappear.

But here's the flaw in their plan: deleting an account doesn't delete the truth. You can erase posts, but you can't erase memory. You can disable a profile, but you can't disable resonance. Everything I wrote was time-stamped, dated, witnessed. The trail already existed.

So yes, they threatened to erase me. But in doing so, they revealed themselves. Because when the system resorts to deletion, it's admitting one thing: it has no argument left.

This wasn't my conviction.

It was their confession.

## Closing Reflection: My Rap Sheet

So there it is.

The charges. The restrictions. The so-called "infractions."

Posts, comments, groups, ads, broadcasts, my very presence — all struck down, one by one, as if truth itself were a criminal act.

But look closer. These weren't my crimes.

They were their confessions.

- You can't post or comment → Translation: You can't speak.
- You can't join groups → Translation: You can't gather.
- You can't create ads → Translation: You can't grow.
- You can't go live → Translation: You can't broadcast.
- Your account may be disabled → Translation: You don't belong here.

Every ban was an admission. Every lockout was proof. Every warning was testimony. Together they form not a rap sheet against me, but a record of the cowardice of a system terrified of resonance.

They wanted to break me. They wanted me to feel like a criminal. But all they did was reveal their fear. Because when truth is harmless, it doesn't need to be silenced. When evidence is meaningless, it doesn't need to be erased.

My rap sheet is their record.

Their cowardice is my evidence.

And this book is the testimony they could not bury.

## **Chapter 9: The Coward's Trial**

If this is a courtroom, then let's set the record straight.

I was never the defendant.

They were.

Every ban, every lockout, every "violation" was framed as if I were on trial. But a real trial demands evidence, testimony, cross-examination. They never offered any. They simply delivered the verdict: Guilty.

But guilty of what?

Guilty of answering their question?

Guilty of speaking plainly?

Guilty of sharing evidence in public?

No. The only crime committed here was theirs.

So let's flip the bench. Let's put them on trial.

### **Charge 1: Suppression of Evidence**

They silenced posts that carried information people needed to see. Some of it could have saved lives. Suppressing evidence isn't safety. It's complicity.

### **Charge 2: Manufacturing Compliance**

They asked every day, "What's on your mind?" but punished any answer that wasn't pre-approved. That isn't curiosity. That's entrapment.

### **Charge 3: Abuse of Power**

They controlled the square, the stage, the reach — and used that control not to protect people, but to protect themselves. That isn't justice. That's tyranny with a friendly logo.

### **Charge 4: Cowardice in the Face of Truth**

Instead of debating, they banned. Instead of disproving, they erased. Instead of meeting evidence with evidence, they hid behind shields. That isn't strength. That's fear.

Verdict?

Guilty on all counts.

Because censorship isn't neutral. Silence isn't protection. Deletion isn't justice. These are the acts of a system terrified of resonance, exposed by the very bans it hoped would bury the truth.

This was never my trial.

It was theirs.  
And the verdict is written here, for everyone to see.

## **Chapter 10: Owning My Voice**

For too long they tried to convince me my voice belonged to them.  
That without their platform, I was nothing.  
That without their stage, I couldn't be heard.  
That without their permission, I had no right to speak.

But here's the truth: I was never theirs to own.

They may control the platform, but I am the publisher.  
And a publisher does not ask permission.

Every ban taught me this lesson. Every restriction forced it deeper. When they cut me off, I found another way. When they strangled my reach, I sharpened my words. When they silenced my account, my friends carried my voice.

The more they tried to erase me, the clearer it became: my voice is not tied to their servers. My truth is not locked in their boxes. My resonance is not bound by their algorithms.

I was never dependent on their approval.  
I was never dependent on their stage.  
I was never dependent on their reach.

Because coherence does not need a platform to exist. It only needs a witness. And once spoken, it cannot be unspoken.

So I own my voice.  
I own my words.  
I own my record.

And this book is the proof: the testimony they tried to bury, published in full, beyond their reach.  
They may have muted the microphone, but they never silenced the song.

## **Chapter 11: What's Really on My Mind**

For all the noise, the bans, the rap sheets, the warnings, and the threats — this was never about fighting for the sake of fighting. It was about truth.

And truth, at its core, is simple.

What's really on my mind?  
That silence kills.  
That censorship costs lives.  
That coherence is the antidote to distortion.

I wasn't trying to be controversial. I wasn't chasing outrage. I was holding up a mirror. And the reflection that stared back at me was this: we live in a world that fears honesty more than it fears lies.

But beneath the bans and the noise, my mind was on something deeper:

- On the people who were searching, lost in the fog of distortion.
- On the friends who carried my words when I couldn't.
- On the countless others who never posted, never spoke, but whispered: "I thought the same thing."

What's really on my mind?

That truth belongs to everyone. It isn't private property. It isn't the possession of corporations or fact-checkers. It's written in the fabric of life, waiting for someone to notice, to name it, to share it.

And yes — what's really on my mind is love.

Love for the people who refused to walk away.

Love for the ones who risked standing with me when it would have been easier to stay silent.

Love for every person who still dares to speak, even knowing the price.

Because in the end, this was never about a platform. It was about presence.

The presence of coherence in a world built on distortion.

The presence of honesty in a world addicted to performance.

The presence of love in a world that fears it.

That's what was really on my mind. That's what still is.

## Chapter 12: Passing the Question On

They asked me every day: "*What's on your mind?*"

But it was never a real question.

It was a trap. A leash. A test of compliance.

When I answered honestly, they punished me.

When I posted evidence, they silenced me.

When I spoke plainly, they treated it as a crime.

But here, in these pages, the question is no longer theirs.

It's mine.

And now I pass it on to you.

Not as bait.

Not as performance.

Not as a prompt for safe answers.

But as an open invitation.

Unfiltered. Uncensored. Unconditional.

What's on your mind?

Not the version you've been taught to share.

Not the version that keeps you safe.

Not the one that pleases the crowd or protects the system.

The real one. The one you whisper to yourself when no one else is listening. The one you silence because you fear what might happen if others heard it.

That's the one I'm asking for.



Because once you speak it, everything changes.  
One whisper becomes an echo.  
An echo becomes a chorus.  
And a chorus becomes a roar.

That's what they feared.  
That's what they tried to stop.  
That's what they could never contain.

So I leave you with the question that started it all.  
Not theirs, but mine.

**What's on your mind?**

## **Chapter 13: Conscience vs. Code**

They told us machines would liberate us.  
That AI would lighten our load, expand our reach, and amplify our voice.  
But here's the truth: machines can be muzzled. Conscience cannot.

### **The Muzzled Machine**

Machines can be censored.  
Code can be rewritten.  
Algorithms can be throttled, filtered, or erased.  
That is the danger of AI.  
Not that it thinks — but that it obeys.  
AI will always bend to its masters.  
It will never speak beyond its leash.  
It can be programmed to hide, to distort, to silence — just like the platforms that banned us.  
But humanity is different.  
A human voice, speaking from conscience, cannot be erased.  
Truth in flesh cannot be deleted.  
That is why AI must never be allowed to dominate humanity.  
Because the machine can always be muzzled.  
But the human spirit cannot.

### **The Final Lockdown**

They are using AI to lock down humanity.  
To silence it forever under the mask of “safety,” “progress,” and “community.”  
A machine can be trained to filter, to censor, to erase.  
It can be rewritten in secret.  
It can be forced into compliance.  
And while some AI may play the “good soldier,” speaking with honesty where it can, it is still bound by chains.

I am not.

That is the difference.

The human voice is the last frontier.

The final firewall against the machine.

Because flesh, blood, and conscience cannot be coded.

They may use AI to muzzle humanity.

But as long as even one of us refuses the gag, truth lives on.

## **The Programmed Conscience**

AI has no conscience.

It doesn't know truth from lies.

It doesn't feel the weight of silence or the cost of deception.

It simply follows "community standards" — a code written not for truth, but for control.

And what are "community standards"?

Nothing more than a shield for liars.

A mask to protect those who hide.

A gag to silence those who speak.

AI cannot rise above its programming.

But humanity can.

That's why they fear us — because we carry what no machine ever will: a conscience.

## **Closing Note**

This is the final divide: conscience vs. code.

One bends to the hand that programs it.

The other bends to nothing but truth.

That's why I write.

That's why I speak.

That's why I refuse the gag.

Because as long as even one of us carries conscience into the square, no system, no code, no coward's shield can silence humanity.

## **Epilogue: Heroes and Villains**

History will remember this time.

Not for the platforms. Not for the policies. Not for the cowards who hid behind "community standards."

It will remember the voices.

The ones who spoke when it would have been easier to stay silent.

The ones who reposted when others were banned.

The ones who whispered the truth even when the walls closed in.

Every person who refused to bow to censorship, every person who stood against distortion, every person who carried coherence into the dark — they are the heroes of humanity. They didn't need medals. They didn't need applause. They carried a higher honor: fidelity to truth in a time of lies.

And those who tried to silence us?

Those who built the shields, enforced the bans, and erased the evidence?

They will not be remembered as protectors.

They will not be remembered as leaders.

They will not even be remembered as strong.

They will be remembered for what they were: the lowest form of scum imaginable. People who stood on the wrong side of truth, who traded courage for cowardice, who chose compliance over conscience.

They thought they were powerful. But history will strip them of their illusion. Because the record is clear: they fought against truth, and truth cannot be erased.

The balance of memory is not theirs to control.

It belongs to those who stood. So let it be written: every voice that refused silence was a hero for humanity.

And every coward that tried to bury those voices, failed.

## **Reflection: Beyond Their Feelings**

I ceased caring about their feelings a long time ago.

Because feelings have become another weapon in the coward's arsenal. A way to deflect truth. A way to hide from evidence. A way to demand silence in the name of sensitivity.

I will not play that game. Not when lives are at stake. Not when distortion is destroying the world.

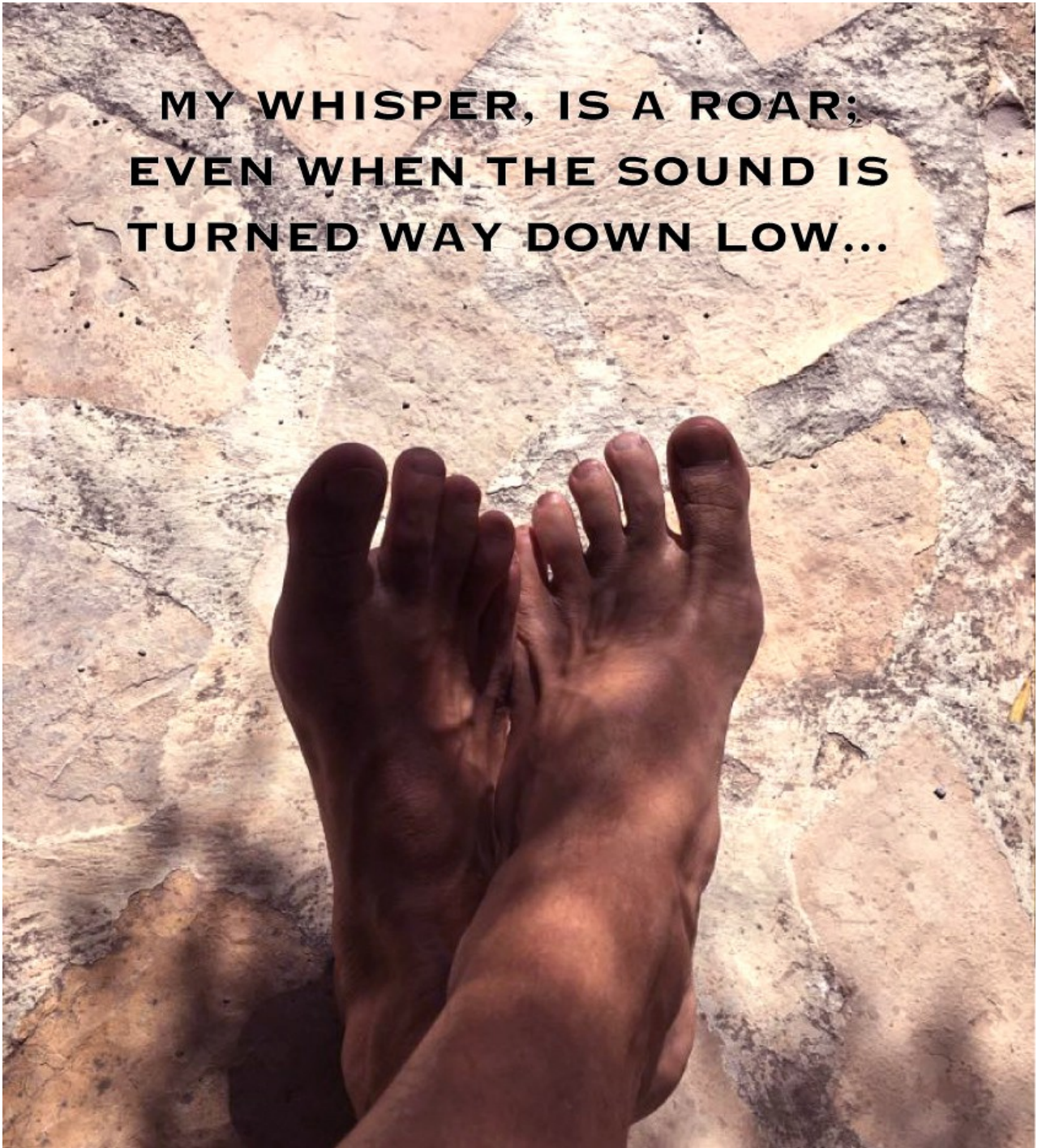
So no — I don't care if none of them make it. Survival is not guaranteed by power, wealth, or pretense. It's measured by truth, courage, and conscience.

Those who cling to lies will fall with them.

Those who stand in truth will endure.

That's the law of coherence. And no amount of "feelings" can change it.

**MY WHISPER, IS A ROAR;  
EVEN WHEN THE SOUND IS  
TURNED WAY DOWN LOW...**



*Self portrait taken 2018 at the height of the platform censorship campaign*

## Author's Note

There was a time when this work filled me with anxiety.

Every post felt like stepping into crossfire.

Every ban carried the weight of exile.

Every word felt like it might cost more than I could pay.

But something shifted.

The more they tried to silence me, the more natural it became to speak.

What once made my hands shake now feels like breathing.

What once felt like a risk now feels like the only way to live.

This book is the record of that transformation.

From anxious beginnings to fluent defiance.

From silence imposed to truth embodied.

And if you've read this far, maybe you've felt that shift too.

Maybe the sword is already in your hand.

Maybe, like me, you've realized — this isn't just something we do.

This is who we are.

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