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The People's Court (of Narcissistic Fantasy)

A Satirical Legal Drama Inspired by a Sunday Afternoon DM

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[Opening Scene: The Courtroom of the Imagination]

Bailiff: "All rise for the Honorable Judge Joel Johnson, presiding over the case of Reality vs. Delusion."

Judge Joel (adjusting his imaginary robe): "We are gathered here today to determine... something. I'm not exactly sure what, but rest assured, **it is very serious.**"

Prosecutor: "Your Honor, the defendant—uh, I mean, the accused—uh, I mean, the person we don't like— Mark Havens, has committed an egregious offense."

Judge Joel (nodding gravely): "And what offense would that be?"

Prosecutor (flipping through blank pages of a legal pad): "Well...he... wrote things."

Gasps from the jury

Judge Joel (leaning forward): "Go on..."

Prosecutor (dramatically): "He used... words. And, Your Honor, they were well-crafted words. Punchy, even. And we simply cannot allow that kind of behavior in a free society."

Judge Joel (wiping an imaginary tear): "Truly horrifying. And did he—oh no, tell me he didn't—**document public conversations** and place them in an archive for posterity?"

Prosecutor: "He did, Your Honor. And even worse... he used satire."

Judge Joel (clutching pearls): "SATIRE? IN MY COURTROOM?"

The gallery gasps again. A woman faints. Someone in the back shouts, "Won't somebody think of the narcissists?"

"The Evidence"

The prosecution presents Exhibit A: a Facebook DM sent on a Sunday afternoon, the holiest of intimidation days.

"WE need a good place to send documents."

"WHICH IS THE BEST?"

(So many choices. The tension is unbearable.)

"These addresses? Irrelevant. This number? Indeterminate. This case? Pure fiction."

The Verdict

After hours (seconds) of deliberation, the jury returns a unanimous decision:

Jury Foreman: "Your Honor, we find the plaintiff guilty of **weaponized vagueness**, **unregistered blustering**, **and second-degree intimidation via unverifiable**, **potentially irrelevant addresses**."

Judge Joel (gavel trembling): "This is an outrage. Who let facts into this courtroom?"

The gavel slams.

Case dismissed.

Reality wins.

Final Statement for the Record:

Sunday DMs full of **bad-faith legal posturing** are **not legal notices**. They are **tantrums dressed in professionalism**. And like all tantrums, they belong **in the archive**—not in the realm of credibility.

Satire adjourned.





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