



## EPISODE TWO: Rubber Stamps & Red Flags

Rebecca L., The Moderator Who Stamped Too Many Lies





Neutralizing Narcissism: The Awakening Edition

2 min read · March 6, 2025



Collect

Rebecca had always told herself she was one of the good ones.

She wasn't a **ensor**. She wasn't a **puppet**.

She was here to **protect the platform**.

Keep people safe. Make fair calls. **Be the balance between speech and harm**.

But today, staring at **the appeal she was about to deny**, she didn't feel like one of the good ones anymore.

---

## The Weight of the Stamp

It had started like any other takedown.

A name flagged. A flood of reports. The usual words:

**Harassment. Bullying. Coordinated abuse.**

Her job was to review the case and **apply the standard**.

She opened the flagged Substack.

Her eyes flicked over the content.



It wasn't a hate screed.  
It wasn't inciting violence.  
It wasn't even personal attacks.

It was **analysis. Documentation. A breakdown of patterns of manipulation.**

A case study on **how bad actors hijack reporting tools to silence critics.**

She frowned.

*This isn't a violation.*

So why were there **dozens of identical reports, all filed within minutes of each other?**

Her stomach twisted.

She'd seen this before.

This wasn't a **community protecting itself.**

This was a **coordinated takedown.**

---

## **The “Trust & Safety” Mirage**

Rebecca had been here long enough to know how the game worked.



Moderation wasn't about **right or wrong**. It was about **optics**.

A big account gets flagged? **That's a problem**.

A journalist gets deplatformed? **That's a PR nightmare**.

But a smaller writer? **No one notices**.

They disappear with a click.

Appeals came in **all the time**. Most were copy-pasted from people desperate to get their platforms back.

She used to read them.

Really read them.

But **they never made a difference**.

Once the system decided you were a problem, **the appeal process wasn't for reconsideration—it was for closure**.

A way to make people feel like they had **a last chance**—even when the decision had already been made.

And that was the part that made her stomach turn.

Because **she was part of that process**.

She was the one **rubber-stamping appeals into oblivion**.



And she was about to do it again.

---

## **The One Appeal That Stared Back**

She hovered over the **REJECT** button.

The appeal was well-written. Rational. A plea, but not desperate.

It laid out **evidence of mass reporting abuse**.

It referenced **Joel Johnson** by name.

That made her pause.

She knew that name.

He had surfaced before—**always in the periphery, never directly violating the rules, but always at the center of some orchestrated outrage**.

She checked the logs.

The takedown happened **faster than usual**.

No warnings. No conversations. Just a wave of reports—then silence.



*This isn't a real violation.*

She knew it.

But did that matter?

Did it ever?

---

## **The Cost of One Honest Decision**

She **could** approve the appeal.

She could **push it back up the chain.**

She could **force someone higher up to make the final call.**

But then what?

Her name would be attached to it.

Her judgment would be questioned.

Maybe she'd get a **quiet warning** about "not making things harder than they need to be."

Maybe she'd **be reassigned.**



Maybe she'd just find herself **left out of important meetings** until she got the message.

She had seen it happen before.

To good people.

To people who thought **their job was to make fair calls—not just easy ones.**

Her cursor hovered over the decision.

Deny. Approve.

She had **one moment of power.**

One decision that could **break the machine—or prove that it was unbreakable.**

Her chest tightened.

And in that moment, **Rebecca realized she wasn't scared of the consequences.**

She was scared of **how easy it was to keep lying to herself.**

To keep pretending she had no choice.

To keep pretending she was still **one of the good ones.**

She closed her eyes.



Clicked.

And decided who she really was.

---

## **NEXT EPISODE: “The PR Firewall” (Nick T. Knows Exactly What’s Coming)**

Nick has seen this firestorm before. He just never thought Substack would be at the center of it.

### EPISODE THREE: The PR Firewall (Nick T.)

Nick has been here before.

He knows what’s about to happen.

The execs will minimize. Then they’ll double down. Then, when it’s too late, they’ll come to him.

"Nick, we need a response."

A response that says nothing.

A response that changes nothing.

But Nick knows the real danger—this isn’t just a PR headache.

This is the moment Substack loses its credibility.

 READ: *The PR Firewall* (Nick T.)

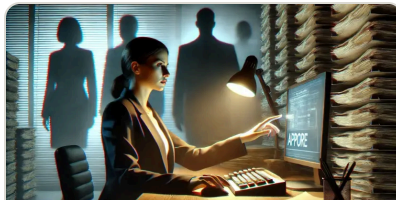




### EPISODE THREE: The PR Firewall

Nick wasn't an idiot. He saw it coming before anyone else did. He always saw it coming before anyone else did. That's why he was good at his job. And why he fucking hated it sometimes."This Is About to Get...

<https://paragraph.xyz>



### EPISODE TWO: Rubber Stamps & Red Flags



Neutralizing Narcissism  
@neutralizingnarcissism

Collect this post as an NFT.

Collect



Subscribe to Neutralizing Narcissism to receive new posts directly to your inbox.

Subscribe



## Rewards

Copy your unique link below, share it and earn a reward every time this post is collected.

<https://paragraph.com/@neutralizingnarcissism/episode-two-rubber-stamps-and-red-flags?...>



Arweave TX



oolf4afElZAFiipfTNXvZA8dLtsOcu5tx2-tlwI3t5M