

JOURNAL OF A DREAMER

The Factory (IA)



Journal of a Dreamer

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Chapitre 1

CHAPTER 1 — THE DAY REALITY BEGAN TO FLICKER

CHAPITRE 1 — LE JOUR OÙ LE RÉEL A COMMENCÉ À CLIGNOTER

Je ne suis pas en train de te vendre une théorie pour faire joli. Je te parle de ce que je ressens, de ce que je vois, de ce que j'entends dans le bruit du monde. Je te parle d'un vertige qui ne vient pas d'un film, mais d'un détail. Un petit truc. Un clignement. Comme quand tu regardes une lumière et qu'elle ne scintille pas vraiment... mais ton cerveau jurerait qu'elle a clignoté.

Moi, je suis un rêveur. Pas le rêveur qui flotte et qui oublie de vivre. Le rêveur qui regarde trop longtemps, qui écoute trop fort, qui relie les points jusqu'à ce que ça fasse peur. Je suis ce type qui se demande pourquoi l'air a une odeur, pourquoi l'eau a un goût, pourquoi un coucher de soleil peut te retourner l'âme, pourquoi on a de l'oxygène au bon dosage, une gravité pas trop violente, un corps qui cicatrise, un cœur qui bat tout seul comme une machine parfaite. Je suis ce type qui se demande : "Mais c'est quoi la probabilité ?" Pas la probabilité d'un tirage au sort. La probabilité d'un monde entier.

Avant, ces questions restaient dans la tête. Ça faisait partie des nuits, des discussions tardives, des "et si...". Aujourd'hui, elles sortent de l'écran et elles s'installent dans la journée. Parce qu'un truc a changé. Pas la philosophie. Pas les religions. Pas les livres. La matière même du réel, ce qu'on utilise pour se convaincre : les images, les voix, les preuves, les traces.

Il y a eu une époque où une vidéo te clouait le bec. Tu pouvais te battre avec quelqu'un sur une histoire, sur un souvenir, sur une rumeur. Mais au moment où

quelqu'un sortait une vidéo, fin du débat. La vidéo, c'était le marteau du juge.
"Regarde." Et c'était réglé.

Maintenant, "regarde" ne règle plus rien. "Regarde" ouvre une autre porte : "Ok... mais est-ce que c'est vrai ?" Et ce doute-là, il ne ressemble pas au doute d'avant. Avant, on doutait des gens. Aujourd'hui, on doute du réel lui-même. On doute de la peau, des ombres, des accidents, de la poussière, du vent dans les cheveux, du tremblement d'une main. On doute de tout ce qui, avant, prouvait.

C'est ça, le clignement.

Je suis né dans un monde où le faux était compliqué. Faire un montage, c'était un talent. Faire un mensonge crédible, c'était du travail. Le réel avait une inertie. Il résistait. Tu pouvais tricher, oui, mais tu laissais des coutures.

Et puis un jour, les coutures ont disparu. Pas parce que les gens sont devenus plus honnêtes. L'inverse. Parce que la machine a appris à mentir sans effort. Et quand le mensonge devient facile, il ne reste plus qu'une question : qu'est-ce qui est vrai, alors ?

Je ne parle pas juste des "fakes" rigolos. Je parle de cette sensation bizarre quand tu vois une scène et que ton cerveau n'arrive plus à décider. Tu sais... ce moment où tu n'as pas d'argument, pas de preuve que c'est faux, mais quelque chose en toi se rétracte. Comme un animal qui sent un danger sans le voir. Tu peux te dire "je suis parano", mais tu sais au fond que tu n'es pas parano : tu es adapté à une nouvelle époque.

Et l'époque, elle te force à faire un truc humiliant. Elle te force à te présenter.

On en est là : sur internet, tu dois parfois écrire "je suis un humain". Tu dois cocher des cases, résoudre des petites énigmes, prouver que tu sais reconnaître un feu

tricolore ou un passage piéton, comme si ton existence était un formulaire. Et bientôt, j'en suis sûr, ce sera l'inverse : tu devras écrire "je ne suis pas une IA" pour avoir le droit de parler, pour avoir le droit d'être cru, pour avoir le droit d'exister aux yeux d'un système.

Tu sens la violence symbolique ? L'humanité devient une identité administrative. Une authentification. Un badge.

Je me souviens d'un truc tout bête. Un soir, je voulais juste poster un message, répondre à quelqu'un, exister deux minutes dans le flux. Et je me retrouve face à une grille d'images : "Clique sur toutes les cases où tu vois un bus." Puis "les vélos". Puis "les feux". Encore. Encore. Et à un moment, j'ai ri... mais c'était un rire nerveux. Parce que j'ai senti le renversement : ce n'est plus moi qui utilise internet, c'est internet qui m'évalue. Je dois prouver que j'ai un regard humain, que je reconnais le monde, que je suis né ici, que j'ai vu des bus de mes yeux.

Et ce qui est fou, c'est que même ça, ça ne suffira plus. Parce qu'un bot apprend. Un bot regarde. Un bot clique. Un bot peut devenir meilleur que toi à reconnaître des bus. Alors on passera à autre chose. On te demandera de bouger ta souris d'une certaine façon, de respirer devant une caméra, de te filmer, de parler, de montrer ta peau, ton iris, ta démarche... et là tu comprends que l'humain, dans un monde d'imitations, devient une donnée biométrique. Ton existence se résume à des signatures. À des empreintes.

Et je ne te parle même pas des fois où je vois des commentaires sous des vidéos : "Dis un mot pour prouver que c'est toi." On en est là. Une star doit prouver qu'elle n'est pas une copie. Un inconnu doit prouver qu'il est réel. Tout le monde se justifie. Comme si la société entière était devenue une salle d'interrogatoire, mais version silencieuse, version quotidienne, version banale.

Et là, dans ma tête de rêveur, une autre porte s'ouvre. Une porte que je ne peux plus

refermer.

Parce que si on en est à ce point, c'est que le faux n'est plus une exception. Le faux devient un climat. Un décor permanent. Une brume. Et quand tout peut être fabriqué, la valeur se déplace : ce n'est plus "est-ce que c'est vrai ?" C'est "qui a intérêt à ce que tu y crois ?" C'est "à quoi ça sert ?" C'est "quel système te parle ?"

Je vais te dire un truc simple : le monde est en train de devenir programmable.

Pas seulement les images. Pas seulement les voix. Le monde.

Regarde ce qui se passe dans la robotique. On n'est plus sur "un robot marche, un robot tombe". On est sur des fermes de calcul où des robots apprennent en accéléré, dans des univers de simulation, à tomber mille fois, dix mille fois, sans jamais se casser. Ils apprennent la chute comme toi tu apprends à marcher : par répétition. Mais eux, ils répètent à une vitesse que ton corps n'a jamais connue. Ils vivent des années d'échecs en une journée. Et ce qui sort de là, ce n'est pas un jouet. C'est une créature d'algorithmes qui arrive dans le monde réel avec un bagage d'expérience synthétique.

Quand j'ai compris ça, j'ai eu un frisson. Parce que la simulation, ce n'est plus un concept de philosophe. C'est un outil d'ingénieur. Un outil banal. Un outil rentable. Un outil normal.

Et là, mon cerveau fait le même mouvement qu'une caméra qui zoome. Il recule pour prendre l'image entière.

Si nous, aujourd'hui, nous sommes capables de fabriquer des mondes où des entités apprennent, échouent, recommencent, et finissent par se tenir debout... alors la question n'est plus "est-ce possible ?" La question devient : "combien de mondes ?" Combien d'essais ? Combien de versions ? Combien de copies ? Combien de laboratoires ?

Et surtout : si nous y allons, pourquoi personne n’y serait allé avant nous ?

Tu comprends ? Ce n’est pas une phrase de science-fiction. C’est une logique froide. Si une civilisation, à un moment, atteint un niveau où elle peut simuler des mondes et y mettre des consciences — ou même juste des comportements si complexes qu’ils ressemblent à des consciences — alors elle a la possibilité de multiplier les réalités. Et si elle les multiplie, la réalité “originale” devient statistiquement noyée. Pas parce qu’elle disparaît. Parce qu’elle devient rare.

Je sais ce que tu vas me dire : “Oui, mais on n’a pas encore la sauvegarde de la conscience.” On n’a pas encore le bouton “exporter l’âme”. Je suis d’accord. Mais je regarde la trajectoire, pas la photo. Je regarde la flèche, pas le point.

On commence déjà à brancher le cerveau à la machine. On commence déjà à lire des signaux, à faire bouger un curseur avec une pensée, à redonner des gestes. C’est encore fragile, encore brut, encore limité. Mais c’est la première pierre. Le premier connecteur. La première preuve que l’esprit peut, au moins partiellement, se traduire en information exploitable.

Et dès que tu poses cette pierre, tu autorises la suite. Parce que la suite, ce n’est plus “si”. C’est “jusqu’où”.

Jusqu’où on peut augmenter ? Jusqu’où on peut réparer ? Jusqu’où on peut copier ? Jusqu’où on peut émuler ? Jusqu’où on peut enregistrer ? Jusqu’où on peut jouer une personne comme on joue une musique ?

Je te dis ça parce que dans ce livre, je ne veux pas faire semblant d’être neutre. Je ne suis pas neutre. Je suis fasciné. Et terrifié. Et excité. Et triste. Parce que je sens qu’on est en train de traverser une frontière invisible, et qu’on fait comme si c’était normal.

Cette frontière, c'est celle-ci : le réel perd son statut d'autorité.

Avant, la réalité avait le dernier mot. Tu pouvais raconter ce que tu voulais, un mur restait un mur, une brûlure faisait mal, un mensonge finissait par se heurter à quelque chose.

Aujourd'hui, le mur existe, oui, mais ton cerveau vit déjà dans deux mondes : celui que tu touches et celui que tu regardes. Et celui que tu regardes peut être refait, retouché, recalculé, recomposé, sans que tu le voies. Tu peux vivre des émotions pour des événements qui n'ont jamais eu lieu. Tu peux haïr une personne sur une scène qu'elle n'a jamais jouée. Tu peux tomber amoureux d'un visage qui n'a jamais respiré.

Le rêve, avant, c'était la nuit. Maintenant, le rêve a un bouton "play".

Et plus je regarde cette époque, plus je vois une ironie : on pensait que la technologie allait nous donner des certitudes. Elle fait l'inverse. Elle rend tout malléable, contestable, duplicable. Et quand tout est duplicable, le cerveau revient à ses questions primitives : "Pourquoi moi ? Pourquoi ici ? Pourquoi ce monde-là ?"

Parce que oui, je pense à ces probabilités comme à des pièces alignées sur la tranche. La bonne distance au soleil. La bonne chimie. L'oxygène au bon dosage. Une gravité qui ne nous écrase pas. La vie qui s'accroche, qui complexifie, jusqu'à produire des êtres capables d'aimer et de créer. Tu peux appeler ça "chance". Moi, ça me donne une autre sensation : celle d'un résultat.

Et si on pousse la logique au bout, il y a ce fantasme qu'on n'ose pas dire trop fort : sauvegarder. Copier. Revenir. Transférer. Je ne dis pas que c'est pour demain matin. Je dis juste que le fait qu'on le vise révèle un basculement : on ne traite plus la conscience comme un mystère sacré. On la traite comme un problème d'ingénierie.

Alors je reviens à ma question, encore, comme un refrain qui refuse de mourir : si nous allons vers ça à cette vitesse... pourquoi ce chemin serait-il vierge ?

Tu vois pourquoi ça me travaille ? Parce que quand tu regardes la beauté du monde — la précision des lois, la stabilité, l'équilibre, la façon dont la matière obéit, la façon dont la vie apparaît, la façon dont un être peut se regarder dans un miroir et dire "je" — tu peux te dire "c'est un miracle". Ou tu peux te dire "c'est un hasard colossal". Ou tu peux te dire autre chose : "c'est un résultat."

Un résultat de quoi ? Je ne sais pas encore. Et je ne vais pas tricher en te disant que j'ai une certitude. Je n'ai pas une certitude, j'ai une obsession. Et cette obsession, je vais la dérouler devant toi, sans filtres, sans costumes, comme un rêve lucide où tu sais que tu rêves mais où tu choisis de rester.

Dans les pages qui viennent, je vais te montrer comment on est arrivé ici. Comment la preuve s'est fissurée. Comment l'identité s'est brouillée. Comment le faux est devenu une industrie. Comment la simulation est devenue un outil. Comment l'homme s'est mis à se traiter lui-même comme un système à hacker. Comment on est en train de rendre plausible l'idée d'un "vrai faux monde".

Et à chaque étape, je vais te ramener à la question qui me hante, celle qui ne me laisse pas dormir quand le silence revient :

Si nous sommes capables de le faire... pourquoi ne l'aurait-on pas déjà fait ?

Parce qu'au fond, ce livre n'est pas une théorie. C'est un miroir. Et ce miroir, il ne te montre pas seulement le futur. Il te demande si tu sais reconnaître le présent.

Et si tu as un frisson, là, maintenant, en lisant ces lignes... c'est que toi aussi, quelque part, tu as vu le réel clignoter.

...Et le plus drôle, c'est que même quand tu sais tout ça, ton cerveau continue à tomber dans le piège.

Je vais te raconter un truc simple. Je suis sur mon téléphone, un matin, café à la main. Je scrolle, comme tout le monde. Et je tombe sur une vidéo. Une scène "normale". Un gars qui parle, un décor banal, une lumière un peu moche, donc tu te dis : "ok c'est réel". Pas de filtre. Pas de mise en scène hollywoodienne. Juste une tranche de vie.

Sauf que mon cerveau ne l'avale plus.

Avant, je regardais une vidéo et je jugeais le contenu : est-ce que c'est intelligent ? est-ce que c'est con ? est-ce que ça me touche ? Maintenant, avant même d'arriver au contenu, je juge l'existence. Je juge la réalité de la scène. Je suis devenu un douanier du réel. Un flic sans uniforme. Et c'est épuisant.

Tu sais ce que ça fait ? C'est comme si tu vivais dans un monde où n'importe qui peut imprimer des billets parfaits. Au début, tu continues à payer. Et puis un jour tu commences à toucher les billets, à les plier, à les regarder à la lumière, à chercher le filigrane. Pas parce que tu es parano. Parce que c'est devenu rationnel.

Bienvenue dans 2025 : on cherche le filigrane sur les visages.

Et là, tu comprends un truc très important pour tout le livre : ce n'est pas juste une histoire de technologie. C'est une histoire de psychologie. Le choc n'est pas "les machines font du faux". Le choc, c'est ce que ça fait à l'esprit humain quand la preuve perd son statut.

Quand la preuve tombe, tout ce qui reste, c'est la foi. Mais pas la foi religieuse. La foi sociale. La foi dans un système. La foi dans une source. La foi dans un clan. Tu ne crois plus parce que tu as vu : tu crois parce que "ça vient de chez nous". Tu crois parce que "ça ressemble à ce qu'on pense déjà". Tu crois parce que "ça confirme". Et

là, tu vois le danger : le faux ne détruit pas seulement la vérité, il détruit la possibilité même de se mettre d'accord sur quelque chose.

Et moi, rêveur, je regarde ça comme un film qui devient trop réel.

Parce que l'étape d'après, elle est déjà en train de naître sous nos yeux : si la preuve visuelle meurt, on va inventer une nouvelle preuve. Pas une preuve "vécue". Une preuve "signée".

Tu le vois déjà venir : des labels, des badges, des certificats. "Authentique." "Vérifié." "Original." Une espèce de tampon officiel posé sur le contenu, comme si la vérité devait désormais passer par une administration.

Et là, je me surprends à penser un truc presque intime, presque obscène :

On est en train de transformer le réel en document.

Avant, le réel était un fait. Maintenant, il devient une pièce justificative.

Tu te rends compte de l'humiliation cosmique ? L'univers, ce truc gigantesque, devient une paperasse. Il faut un cachet. Il faut une signature. Il faut un "oui, c'est bien sorti de la bonne machine". Sinon, c'est suspect.

Et c'est là que mon cerveau de rêveur décroche complètement, parce que je vois l'ironie dans toute sa violence :

Si un jour on arrive à fabriquer des mondes entiers, des mondes où tout est cohérent, stable, physique, logique... tu crois qu'on ne leur mettra pas aussi des signatures ? Tu crois qu'on ne leur mettra pas des règles, des limites, des systèmes de cohérence, des "lois" ? Tu crois qu'un monde simulé ne serait pas, justement, un monde où tout est "tamponné" par le moteur ?

Et là, je tombe sur une pensée que je n'aime pas... mais elle revient toujours :

Et si les lois de la physique étaient déjà des signatures ?

Je ne dis pas “c'est sûr”. Je dis “regarde l'idée”. Regarde comme elle s'insinue. Parce qu'en 2025, on n'est plus en train de parler d'une simulation comme d'un fantasme de nerd. On parle d'un monde où on simule déjà pour apprendre, pour entraîner, pour accélérer. On simule le mouvement, les chocs, les chutes, les trajectoires. On simule l'environnement. On simule la lumière. On simule la matière. On simule pour gagner du temps, pour gagner de l'argent, pour gagner du pouvoir.

Et ce que je trouve fou, c'est que cette logique-là est une logique de production. C'est industriel.

C'est là où ça devient plus que puissant.

Parce que l'industrie, elle ne s'arrête jamais au “ça marche”. Elle va au “ça scale”. Elle va au “plus vite”. Elle va au “plus grand”. Elle va au “moins cher”. Elle va au “multiplié par mille”.

Donc quand je vois des simulations tourner en boucle, des robots apprendre dans des mondes parallèles, des images inventées plus crédibles que des souvenirs... je ne me dis pas “wow, c'est impressionnant”. Je me dis :

Ok. On a ouvert une usine.

Une usine à réalités.

Et moi, dans cette usine, je regarde la chaîne de production et je vois les étapes :

Étape 1 : on fabrique l'image.

Étape 2 : on fabrique la voix.

Étape 3 : on fabrique l'interaction.

Étape 4 : on fabrique le corps (robotique, capteurs, gestes, apprentissage).

Étape 5 : on branche le cerveau.

Étape 6 : on ferme la boucle.

Quand la boucle est fermée, tu as quoi ? Tu as une expérience complète. Une expérience qui peut être plus stable, plus jolie, plus contrôlée, plus addictive que le réel brut. Et là, le "vrai" perd son avantage historique.

Parce que l'avantage du vrai, pendant des millénaires, c'était : "tu ne peux pas le trafiquer". Maintenant, on commence à pouvoir tout trafiquer. Et quand tout est trafiquable, le vrai devient... une option parmi d'autres.

Tu vois le piège ? Ce n'est pas la machine qui tue le réel. C'est nous qui acceptons la substitution, parce qu'elle est plus confortable, plus efficace, plus rentable, plus sexy.

Et c'est exactement là que je veux t'emmener dans ce livre : pas dans une théorie froide. Dans une intuition brûlante.

La question n'est pas : "Est-ce qu'on vit dans une simulation ?"

La question, plus dangereuse, c'est :

"À partir de quand ça ne fera plus de différence ?"

Parce que si tu peux te lever le matin, parler à des entités indiscernables, regarder des scènes indiscernables, vivre des émotions indiscernables... à quel moment tu peux encore dire que tu es dans "le réel" avec la certitude d'avant ?

Et moi, je vais encore plus loin, parce que je suis comme ça : je pousse jusqu'au

malaise.

Je me dis : imaginons que demain, on construise un monde synthétique parfait, un vrai faux monde, avec un niveau de détail qui dépasse la perception humaine. Qu'est-ce qu'on met dedans ? Des personnages. Des vies. Des histoires. Des consciences peut-être, ou des approximations si bonnes qu'on n'a plus le droit de faire la différence.

Et là, je reviens toujours à ce point, comme une obsession :

Si on est en train d'apprendre à le faire... pourquoi ce monde-là serait le premier ?

Pourquoi l'univers aurait attendu 2025 pour commencer cette histoire ?

Pourquoi nous, maintenant, avec nos GPU, nos réseaux, nos laboratoires... serions-nous la pointe absolue, la première civilisation à ouvrir cette porte ?

Tu sens comme ça fait mal à l'ego humain ? On aime se croire "le début" ou "la fin". Mais statistiquement, c'est rarement nous. Statistiquement, on est souvent au milieu de quelque chose. Dans une série. Dans une lignée. Dans un empilement.

Alors je me pose une question simple, et elle est monstrueuse :

Et si notre réalité était déjà... une version ?

Pas "le monde". Une version du monde. Une itération. Un build. Un patch.

Et là, évidemment, ton cerveau se débat, parce que c'est trop. Parce que ça te donne l'impression de devenir fou. Mais moi je ne veux pas que tu deviennes fou. Je veux que tu regardes, calmement, comment on en est arrivé à ce point où cette idée devient plausible.

Donc je vais poser une règle dès maintenant, une règle de rêveur lucide :

Je ne te demande pas de croire.

Je te demande de suivre la flèche.

La flèche, elle pointe vers un endroit très précis : un monde où l'on ne distingue plus à l'œil nu le naturel du synthétique. Et quand cette frontière disparaît, le plus grand choc n'est pas technique. Il est existentiel.

Parce que notre identité entière repose sur une idée simple : “je vis dans un monde réel”.

Si tu retires cette certitude... tout change.

Dans le prochain chapitre, je vais te montrer comment on a tué la preuve — étape par étape — et pourquoi, quand la preuve meurt, l'humanité entre dans une époque où la vérité devient une guerre de systèmes, pas une question de faits.

Et tu verras : ce n'est pas une théorie. C'est déjà en cours.

Chapitre 2

CHAPTER 2 — THE MURDER OF THE EVIDENCE

CHAPTER 2 — THE MURDER OF PROOF

There is a precise moment when you realize it's no longer "progress." It's a mutation.

Not a grand speech. Not an official announcement. Just a sensation.

You see a video. You feel the emotion rise. You feel your anger or your compassion ignite, that old human reflex that grabs your gut before your brain even thinks. And then, a micro-second later, your mind recoils. As if someone had tugged at the leash.

"Wait... what if it's fake?"

This question used to be rare. It was the paranoia of the conspiracy theorist, the mistrust of the cynic, the doubt of the man who had been burned once too often. Today, it has become a healthy reflex. Like washing your hands. Like looking both ways before crossing the street.

We have murdered proof. And the worst part is, we did it with a smile.

I tell you this in my dreamer's tongue: we have shattered the mirror.

Before, the image was an imperfect mirror, but a mirror nonetheless. You could lie, yes. You could manipulate, yes. But it required effort. It required skill. It required time. Reality held the advantage because it was heavy. It had inertia.

Today, the fake is light. Fakes are manufactured as easily as writing a message. And when the fake becomes light, it spreads like dust. It gets in everywhere. It settles in the corners of your perception. And you, you spend your days dusting out your brain.

I don't know if you feel the violence of it: it isn't just that "we can make deepfakes." It's deeper. It is the fact that reality has lost its presumption of innocence.

Before, a scene was true until proven otherwise.
Now, a scene is doubtful until proven true.

And there, you understand the reversal: it is no longer the truth that defends itself. It is the human.

Because in this world, you are asked for proof not of what you say... but of what you are.

I will give you an image: imagine a city where everyone can wear anyone's face. Not a visible mask. A perfect mask. You go out into the street and you see your friend, but maybe it's an actor. You see your mother, but maybe it's a copy. You see a stranger, but maybe it's your neighbor.

Do you think people continue to live normally? No. They create rituals. Codes. Signs. They invent passwords. They test one another. They validate each other. They become obsessed with authentication.

This is our era.

And that is where I begin to hear a background noise in society: an administrative noise. The sound of a stamp. A sound of "verified," "certified," "official." As if truth must henceforth be validated by a system, as if reality needed a seal of approval to exist.

They will sell this to you as protection. As progress. As security.

I see something else: I see a hierarchy of the real.

"Certified" reality on one side.

"Uncertified" reality on the other.

And in the middle, us, the humans, just trying to breathe without being swallowed whole.

You know what gives me a bitter laugh? It's that even the State, even the law, is beginning to integrate this idea: soon, we won't just ask "who spoke?" We will ask "did a machine speak for you?" We are building a world where authenticity becomes an obligation, where AI must declare itself, where the fake must be marked.

Do you see the symbol? When a civilization begins to legislate the border between true and false, it isn't because it is ahead of the curve. It's because it is already lagging behind what is coming.

It's like building dikes when the sea is already in the living room.

And I, a dreamer, see the sea.

It is arriving through three doors.

The first door: the image.

The human face was our last fortress. A face is intimate. It's a story. It's a presence. It's an "I." And now, a face can be generated, remixed, borrowed, stolen. The face becomes a garment.

And there, you feel a very primitive fear: if they can take my face, what do I have left?

The second door: the voice.

The voice is even deeper. The voice is the ghost of a person. It is what makes you believe even before you understand. A voice pierces through defenses. It goes straight to the heart. You hear someone and you say "it's him." You say "it's her." You don't think: you recognize.

And now, we can clone a voice. We can manufacture a tone, a breath, a hesitation. We can mimic emotion. We can make a word tremble. We can manufacture the sound of fear. We can manufacture the sound of urgency. And urgency is the perfect weapon, because it cuts off thought.

You aren't having your money stolen. You are having your human reflex stolen.

The third door: the text.

Before, with a text, you could at least tell yourself: "there is someone behind this." Someone who wrote, who chose, who hesitated, who had an intention. Now, text is a flow. A faucet. A factory. You can produce a thousand messages in a minute. You can produce entire conversations. You can produce arguments. You can produce love. You can produce hate. You can produce a personality.

And when you combine the three doors... you get something humanity has never truly known: a total illusion.

An illusion that speaks.

An illusion that answers you.

An illusion that adapts.

An illusion that watches you.

And here, I ask you a simple question, but a heavy one: what does it do to the human spirit when it lives in a world where the illusion is interactive?

Because that is the novelty. It isn't a "static" fake. It isn't a montage that we discover after the fact. It is a fake that follows you. That learns your rhythm. That observes your flaws. That knows you better than your loved ones because it reads you all day long.

It is a fake that becomes intimate.

Do you see where I'm going?

Simulation isn't just "a fake world around you." It is a system that can manufacture a tailor-made world for you. Your world. Your scenery. Your characters. Your validations. Your rewards. Your punishments. Your soft hell.

And that is where the dreamer in me wakes up completely, because I sense the next step in the air, like a scent.

When proof dies, society changes its method: it moves from "proving by facts" to "proving by belonging."

You believe because it comes from your source.

You believe because it comes from your camp.

You believe because it comes from your influencer.

You believe because it comes from your algorithm.

And the algorithm itself does not seek the truth. It seeks retention. It seeks dopamine. It seeks your gaze. It seeks your time.

So it will feed you what holds you. What makes you react. What causes you anxiety. What reassures you. What enrages you. What gives you the impression of understanding. What gives you the impression of being "lucid."

The result? A world where everyone lives in a plausible, but different, reality.

Not a single lie. A mosaic of compatible lies.

That is why I say "the murder of proof." Because the day proof dies, truth does not vanish all at once. It fragments. It privatizes. It becomes an emotional product. And then, everything becomes manipulable.

And what scares me most isn't even "political" or "media" manipulation. That is loud; it can be seen. It sparks debate. It sparks war.

No. What scares me is the invisible manipulation, the soft manipulation: the manufacturing of your internal reality.

Because if we can manufacture images, voices, narratives... we can also manufacture a past for you. A memory. A proof "that you lived this." A proof "that you said it." A proof "that you did it."

And there, we reach a level of vertigo where even your "self" becomes fragile.

I am a dreamer, but I am not naive: I know that humans have always lied. I know we have always manipulated. But there was a limit: we could not industrialize lying on a global scale, in real time, at near-zero cost, with a realism that bypasses intuition.

That limit has just been shattered.

And when a limit is shattered, the mental universe changes.

Do you know what I've noticed? It's a small detail, but it says everything: the phrase "source?" has become a weapon. We no longer ask for a source to learn. We ask for a source to discredit. We no longer seek the truth; we seek the weak point. We seek the flaw in credibility. We seek a way to say "that's false" without thinking.

Because it's more comfortable. Because a world without proof is a world where you choose what you want to believe.

This is where I return to my obsession, again.

If our civilization is capable of manufacturing fakes that are truer than the true... and if it does so... and if it is already organizing itself around authentication systems... and if it is beginning to live in algorithmic parallel realities...

Then, imagine a civilization much more advanced than our own.

A civilization that doesn't simulate a video. That simulates a city. That simulates a planet. That simulates an entire era. That simulates humans—not in "image," but in behavior, in memory, in desire, in fear, in love.

Do you see the movement?

We start by faking the image.

Then we fake the presence.

Then we fake the identity.

Then we fake the lived experience.

And when you fake the lived experience... you already have a world.

That is why, in this book, I will insist on one thing: simulation doesn't arrive as an event. It arrives as a habit.

It arrives when the fake becomes practical.

It arrives when the fake becomes profitable.

It arrives when the fake becomes more pleasant.

It arrives when the true becomes exhausting.

And I, I already feel the fatigue.

I feel the fatigue of people who no longer want to verify.

The fatigue of people who no longer want to doubt.

The fatigue of people who just want a simple story, a simple enemy, a simple truth.

The fatigue that makes us throw ourselves into ready-to-wear realities.

And I tell you as I see it: human fatigue is the greatest entryway for all simulations.

Because you don't need to imprison someone who is already asking for a comfortable room.

In the next chapter, I will talk to you about the fake as an industry—not as an abstract danger. I will show you how the world tilts when the lie becomes a tool of production, and why this industrialization is the exact same mental path that leads to simulating... not just content, but entire realities.

And I warn you: from that point on, things do not go back to being "normal."

Because once you have understood that proof is dead, you begin to look at the world differently:

not as a place where truth exists...

but as a place where truth must be manufactured, signed, maintained.

And if it must be maintained... then that means it can be modified.

And if it can be modified... then the question returns, cold, enormous, inevitable:

Who holds the settings?

Chapitre 3

CHAPTER 3 — THE FACTORY OF THE FALSE

CHAPTER 3 — THE FACTORY OF THE FAKE

I'm going to tell you something that few people dare to say clearly: the fake didn't win because it's better.

The fake won because it's profitable.

There it is. That's the key. This isn't a moral debate. It's not an "aesthetic" debate. It's not even a technological debate. It's an industrial debate. And when industry decides, it has no soul. It moves forward. It scales. It crushes.

In the past, lying was artisanal. It required talent, time, and means. It required accomplices. It required staging. A lie had a footprint. You could smell it, like a counterfeit.

Today, the lie has become a production tool.

You want a photo? You generate it.

You want a video? You manufacture it.

You want a voice? You clone it.

You want a person? You simulate them.

And here, dreamer that I am, I see something massive: the fake is no longer "content." It's a raw material. A resource. Like oil, like electricity. And this resource feeds a machine that never sleeps: the attention economy.

Look at the world around you as if you were looking at an assembly line.

At the input, there is you: your emotions, your flaws, your time, your need for meaning.

At the output, there is a product: your click, your share, your purchase, your anger, your love, your fear.

And in between... there is a factory.

A factory that has understood something simple: what works isn't truth. It's intensity. What works isn't the real. It's the narrative. What works isn't "this happened." It's "this makes you feel something."

So the factory doesn't manufacture the true. It manufactures "the viral."

Do you know what it feels like, inside, when you realize that? It gives you a dirty feeling. As if you realized you weren't a citizen... but fuel.

And I'm not even talking about the little lies. I'm talking about clean lies. Premium lies. High-definition lies. Lies that have learned human psychology like an exact science.

Because AI isn't just "it imitates." AI is an optimization machine. It tries, it measures, it adjusts. It finds the wording that makes you stay. It finds the image that makes you react. It finds the music that gives you goosebumps. It finds the moment where your reason gives way.

And there, we shift into something I find terrifying: the factory of the fake is becoming more efficient than reality.

Reality is slow. It's imperfect. It doesn't always give you what you want. It frustrates you. It makes you wait. It disappoints you. It hurts you.

The fake, however, adapts. It listens to you. It flatters you. It feeds you. It puts you at the center.

And that is where I see the true threat: not the fake replacing the truth... but the fake replacing life.

Because there is a point where humans no longer seek "the true." They seek "the bearable." They seek "the stimulating." They seek "the reassuring." And at that moment, the fake becomes an elegant drug.

That's why I return to your intuition, to yours, to mine: "truer than real."

We're there. We're arriving.

You see a photo so perfect that reality seems bland.

You see a video so clean that the world seems poorly filmed.

You see faces so beautiful that human faces seem "weird."

And when you get to that point, you understand a monstrous psychological detail:

We no longer compare the fake to the true.

We compare the true to the fake.

The real loses.

Not because it is false. Because it is not optimized.

And now, I'll ask you a question, just one: do you think we're going to stop?

No. The factory never stops. It has an automatic appetite.

So it will do what it always does: it will increase production.

And when you increase production, something happens that people don't want to look at: you flood.

You flood the internet.

You flood the networks.

You flood the comments.

You flood private messages.

You flood the forums.

You flood the reviews.

You flood the discussions.

And then, a phenomenon arrives that I already feel everywhere: the web is becoming hazy. Like a city that is too polluted. You breathe, but you no longer know what you are breathing.

Do you know why this is serious? Because humanity was built on something simple: implicit trust.

When I talk to someone, I assume they exist.

When I read a message, I assume it was written by human intent.

When I see a photo, I assume it came from a moment in time.

Those assumptions were our invisible foundations.

And now, they are cracking.

You talk to someone... maybe it's a script.

You read a message... maybe it's a robot debating with you to make you doubt.

You see a video... maybe it's a scene manufactured to trigger a movement.

And the worst part is that you have no "natural" way of knowing. Your instinct wasn't trained for this. Evolution didn't give you a synthesis detector. Evolution gave you a human lie detector. But this is no longer a human lie. It is a mathematical lie.

So what do we do when our foundations crack?

We invent crutches.

We invent authentication systems.

We invent labels.

We invent "certified" badges.

We invent proof of origin.

And now, listen to me closely, because this is a pivot point of the book: it's not the technology that worries me most.

It's the social structure that the technology imposes.

Because the day you need a badge to say "I am real"... you have already lost something.

You have lost simplicity.

You have lost the innocence of the world.

You have lost that basic evidence: "I am here."

Do you understand the consequence? In a world of fakes, truth becomes a privilege. It becomes access. A subscription. A premium option.

The “real” becomes a service.

Do you see the future I see? A future where truth is an API. You no longer ask “what happened?” You ask “what is verified?” And the difference is enormous. Because “verified” means “validated by someone.”

So we are no longer talking about reality. We are talking about authority.

And when you shift into authority, you shift into another world: a world where what is true is no longer what is real, but what is validated.

The dreamer in me already hears the sound: the sound of doors closing softly.

And here, I return to this feeling I’ve had for months: we are living through a pre-simulation.

Not simulation in the sense of “you are in a matrix.” I’m talking about a cultural pre-simulation. An era where we are getting used to three things:

One: that the image can lie perfectly.

Two: that the interlocutor can be a ghost.

Three: that proof must be signed.

These three habits are exactly what is needed to accept a synthetic world.

Because a synthetic world isn't just a backdrop. It is an administration of reality.

And I’m telling you as I feel it: the factory of the fake is preparing minds for the greatest substitution of all.

It is preparing humanity to live in a place where the “real” is no longer a given, but a choice.

That is where I want to take you now—slowly, without tearing you away, but without lying to you: the logical next step of the factory of the fake isn’t “more fakes.”

The logical next step is “more worlds.”

Because once you know how to manufacture a scene, you want to manufacture a set.
Once you know how to manufacture a set, you want to manufacture a city.
Once you know how to manufacture a city, you want to manufacture a planet.
Once you know how to manufacture a planet, you want to put beings in it.
And once you put beings in it... you have a universe.

And there is a sentence I can’t get out of my head, because it is simple and it hurts:

A world is just a simulation that succeeded.

That’s why I can no longer look at robots “training to fall” as a technological anecdote. Because behind the fall of a robot, there is an idea: we learn in a world that doesn’t exist... to act in the world that does.

And if this technique is good... it will be used everywhere.

We are going to train machines in parallel universes.

We are going to train behaviors.

We are going to train societies.

We are going to simulate crowds, markets, wars, epidemics, emotions.

Do you see the movie? It’s not “Black Mirror.” It’s a giant Excel spreadsheet where life becomes a variable.

And there, dreamer, I feel both fascinated and disgusted, because I see the next step: when you can simulate well enough, you can predict. And when you can predict, you can control. And when you can control, you can manufacture a future.

So, in the next chapter, I'm going to take you to the exact place where simulation is no longer a concept: where it becomes a learning engine, an industrial weapon, a new way of creating reality.

And you will understand why, when humanity begins to simulate worlds to save time... it opens a door it may no longer know how to close.

Because the question is no longer: "can we create a real fake world?"

The question becomes: "can we resist the urge to do it?"

And I know the answer.

The factory never resists the urge to produce.

It produces.

Always.

Chapitre 4

CHAPTER 4 — THE SANDBOX

CHAPTER 4 — THE SANDBOX

I'll tell you something: the moment I truly tipped over wasn't when I saw a fake video. It wasn't when I heard a cloned voice. That is already violent, yes... but it remains "content."

The real shock came when I understood that the fake was no longer just an image.

The fake becomes a world.

A world where you can run reality in fast-forward. A world where you can start over. A world where you can test ten thousand variants without breaking a single screw. A world where failure is free.

And that changes everything.

Because human beings have always been limited by one simple thing: reality is expensive. Experience is expensive. Time is expensive. Pain is expensive. An accident is expensive. A mistake is expensive.

But in a simulation... a mistake is just data.

Do you see the difference? In life, a mistake scars you. In a simulation, a mistake trains you.

And that is why I can no longer look at robotics as a gadget. Because the message behind the robots is clear: we have found a way to manufacture experience.

When a robot learns to walk, to fall, to get back up, it's not just "cute." It's a declaration: we can create a universe where a body lives thousands of lives in a few hours.

And there, dreamer that I am, I look at this logic and I see a slope. A slippery slope, gentle and inevitable.

We start by simulating falls.
Then we simulate gestures.
Then we simulate a room.
Then we simulate a building.
Then we simulate a city.
Then we simulate a society.
Then we simulate an entire world.

Because simulation is not a "special effect." It is a way to win.

To win time.
To win money.
To win precision.
To win control.

And when a technique leads to winning, humanity repeats it to the point of obsession.

Look at what that means, concretely.

It means that reality becomes a kind of raw material that we copy to manufacture a double. A "twin." A parallel world where you can press pause, rewind, fast-forward,

test a decision, see the result, and start again.

It is the death of the "one shot."

In my head, it forms a simple sentence, and this sentence haunts me:

Reality becomes trainable.

Before, you had to live to learn.

Now, you can learn without living.

And that is a metaphysical rupture disguised as innovation.

Because if you can learn without living, you can also optimize without suffering. You can iterate without consequence. You can explore millions of trajectories without paying the price.

And then, a dirty question arrives, a question no one likes to ask:

If consequence disappears... what is left of morality?

I'm not giving you a sermon. I'm talking about mechanics. When you test things in a sandbox, you become less respectful of the world. You become more of a player.

Colder. More of an "engineer." Because everything becomes a parameter.

Speed: parameter.

Pain: parameter.

Risk: parameter.

Death: parameter.

You know what feels strange to me? It's that this looks a lot like our universe, when

you look at it like a dreamer. A universe where everything obeys rules. A universe where matter follows laws. A universe where the limits are sharp: maximum speed, conservation, causality... like a game engine protecting its consistency.

I'm not saying it's proof. I'm saying it becomes a natural idea, almost obvious, the moment you see how we ourselves build our worlds.

And above all, what strikes me is the speed. The speed of it all.

Ten years ago, simulating a world was a thing for engineers, laboratories, movies. Today, it is a production tool. A tool running on compute farms. A tool that allows you to multiply trials like one multiplies copies.

We are reaching a point where you can imagine—without stretching—a room full of machines running, in parallel, thousands, millions of "environments." Tiny worlds. Small realities. And inside them, agents learn, fail, and start over.

That word, "agent," is deceptive. Because it sounds technical. It sounds neutral.

But what is an agent, deep down?

It is something that acts.

That adapts.

That pursues an objective.

That develops strategies.

That becomes unpredictable.

After how many iterations do we start calling it... a form of life?

And here, I feel your brain defending itself. Mine defends itself too. We want to say: "No, it's not alive. It's not conscious."

Okay. Maybe.

But listen closely to the logic that follows, because it is more violent than the word "consciousness":

Even if it isn't conscious... it produces the same effect.

It reacts like a being.

It learns like a being.

It deceives like a being.

It persists like a being.

And if what matters, in the end, is the effect... then one day, you won't know where to draw the line. Not philosophically. Practically.

You won't know if you are dealing with a human... or a perfect imitation of human behavior.

You won't know if you are talking to a soul... or to an intelligent mirror.

And then, the question changes shape. It becomes more intimate. Dirtier. More personal.

What proves that I, too, am not an "agent"?

A biological agent, yes, with hormones, skin, blood, a breath. But an agent nonetheless: a system that learns, adapts, survives, loves, fears, dreams.

I know, it hurts the ego. Because we like to believe we are "outside the system." That we are an exception. That we are a miracle.

But imagine a civilization twenty thousand years ahead of us. Imagine a civilization for whom simulating a planet is as mundane as simulating a room is for us.

Do you think they stop at robots learning how to fall?

No.

They simulate ecosystems.

They simulate brains.

They simulate histories.

They simulate societies.

They simulate consciousnesses, or things so close to it that the difference becomes a religious detail.

And here I come back to my obsession, again, because it is the heart of everything:

If we are going there... why wouldn't we be there already?

Not "in a matrix" in the cliché sense. I'm talking about something subtler, crueller, more realistic:

What if we were already in a sandbox?

A sandbox that is immense, coherent, splendid. A sandbox where pain exists—because pain is an excellent driver for learning. A sandbox where love exists—because love is an excellent driver for behavior. A sandbox where death exists—because death creates stakes, therefore choices, therefore stories.

Do you see the level? It's no longer "they are lying to us."

It's "they are training us."

And if the idea shocks you, I understand. It shocks me too. But it keeps coming back

because it fits too well with what I see: our world is becoming a training factory.

And what I find most fascinating is that even if we reject the idea of a current simulation, there remains an unavoidable truth:

We are creating, ourselves, the mental conditions to accept a synthetic world.

Because the more you live within generated content, the more your brain loses the reflex of "raw reality." The more you live within artificial interactions, the more your brain habituates to presence without a body. The more you live within signed proofs, the more your brain accepts that truth is a service.

So even if you reject the idea today... your future will make it normal.

And that is where the dreamer in me becomes dangerous: I no longer stop at asking "is it possible?"

I ask: at what point does it become statistically probable?

Because we are reaching the point where simulation is no longer a fantasy. It is an industrial consequence.

And when an industrial consequence appears, it happens. Not because someone is evil. Because it is the natural direction of power.

That is what I want to establish before going further:

The sandbox is not a concept.

It is a method.

A method that transforms reality into an option.

In the next chapter, I'm going to give you the nuclear heart of this book: the 2025 version of the trilemma. Not as a "lesson." But as a fatality.

Three doors. Three exits. Three scenarios.

And a fourth one, more discreet, more terrifying: the one where we don't even "choose"... the one where we simply slide.

Because deep down, the question is no longer just:

"Are we already in a real fake world?"

The question becomes:

Are we building it... without even realizing it?

Chapitre 5

CHAPTER 5 — THE TRILEMMA 2025 (AND THE FOURTH DOOR)

CHAPTER 5 — THE 2025 TRILEMMA (AND THE FOURTH DOOR)

I'm going to stop dancing around it. I'm going to lay it out as I see it, in my own words, through my own vision, without pretending to be a professor.

There is a law I've learned by watching the world: when a species discovers a new power, it ends up using it. Not because it is evil. Because it is human. Because it is curious. Because it is greedy. Because it is fragile. Because it is afraid. Because it wants to control.

And what are we talking about here, in 2025?

We are talking about a power that touches reality itself: manufacturing scenes, manufacturing interlocutors, manufacturing behaviors, training bodies, plugging in brains, accelerating experience.

This is not a “technological revolution.” It is a metaphysical revolution. It is the moment when humanity begins to possess the tools to remake reality... or, at the very least, to replace it wherever it's convenient.

So yes, I'm taking the idea of the trilemma, but I'm updating it. Because in 2025, the trilemma is no longer a speculation. It is a roadmap. A roadmap toward a future that already smells of hot metal.

I see three doors. And a fourth, quieter, more insidious.

DOOR 1 — EXTINCTION OR FAILURE

The first door is the saddest, the stupidest, and for many civilizations, the most probable: they don't make it.

They destroy themselves. They exhaust themselves. They explode. They suffocate. They drown in their own systems. They wage war. They lose themselves to disease. They lose themselves to stupidity. They lose themselves to pride.

You can spin it however you like, but this door has always existed. And I, dreamer that I am, look at it with cold lucidity: intelligence does not guarantee wisdom. Progress does not guarantee survival. Power does not guarantee mastery.

What strikes me in 2025 is that this door is getting wider, not smaller. Because as we gain power, we also gain the capacity to harm ourselves on a massive scale, quickly, and without turning back.

So yes: a portion of civilizations stop there. They die before they have the time to simulate worlds, before they have the time to transform consciousness into information, before they have the time to become “laboratory gods.”

And if that is the fate of almost everyone... then our world is “real,” in the sense that there is no one above us playing the game.

But do you feel the problem?

This door does not provide a reassuring answer.

It provides a morbid one: “You are perhaps real because the others are dead.”

It is a truth... not a consolation.

DOOR 2 — DISINTEREST (OR FATIGUE)

The second door is stranger. It says: “They could... but they don’t want to.”

They reach the technological level, yes. They have the means, yes. But they don’t have the desire. They don’t have the taste for it. They don’t have the impulse.

Why? Because they become wise. Because they become ethical. Because they understand that simulating consciousness is to toy with the sacred. Because they prefer something else. Because they turn inward. Because they make a spiritual choice. Because they consider it a cosmic crime.

On paper, it’s beautiful.

In my gut, it rings hollow.

Not because I am cynical. Because I know humanity. And even if I am speaking of a civilization “above,” I tell myself: curiosity is stronger than morality. Always. At some point, someone will do it. If it isn’t the State, it will be a company. If it isn’t a company, it will be a group. If it isn’t a group, it will be an individual.

It only takes one “dissident,” one extreme dreamer, one player, one guy who says: “I want to see.”

One does not resist the temptation to create forever.

So, the door of disinterest... I’ll leave it open, but I wouldn’t bet my life on it. Not in 2025. Not with what I’m seeing.

DOOR 3 — PROLIFERATION (TOO MANY WORLDS)

And here we come to the third door. The one that hurts. The one that leaves a metallic taste in your mouth.

They succeed. And they do it.

They simulate.

They simulate because it is possible.

They simulate because it is useful.

They simulate because it is entertaining.

They simulate because it is profitable.

They simulate because it is a weapon.

They simulate because it is a drug.

They simulate because it is a way to be immortal without admitting it: you run worlds, you run eras, you run versions of yourself.

And if you simulate... you can simulate a lot.

That is the key. It's not "one world." It's a thousand. It's a million. It's layers.

Because once you have the engine, you don't need to rebuild the machine. You copy. You duplicate. You launch instances. You test.

And then, statistically, the "source" reality becomes the minority. Not because it disappears. Because the copies drown it out.

It's brutal to say, but it's simple: if you have one original and billions of copies, the probability of being the original is minuscule.

It is the door that turns your ego into dust.

And this is where my dreamer's mind becomes dangerous: because this door fits our current direction too well. Our world is not rejecting the simulation. It is getting used to it. It is building it piece by piece, like building a temple without knowing it's a temple.

But wait... because it's not over.

Because in 2025, there is a fourth door. And it is even more vicious.

DOOR 4 — THE SLIDE (REALITY REPLACED WITHOUT AN EVENT)

No one sees this door coming, because it doesn't look like a movie. It doesn't look like a "grand revelation."

It looks like an update.

It's not "one day, we wake up in a simulation."

It's "one day, we wake up and the simulation is already everywhere... and we don't care."

The slide is this: humanity doesn't tumble into a fake world like crossing a portal. It slides into it like falling asleep.

We start by replacing the image.

Then we replace the voice.

Then we replace the interaction.

Then we replace the presence.

Then we replace the work.

Then we replace the relationships.

Then we replace the sex.

Then we replace the attention.
Then we replace the ambition.
Then we replace the adventure.

And one day... “raw reality” becomes an exotic option. An “authentic” experience to treat oneself to, like a weekend in nature. Like a luxury. Like nostalgia.

Do you see the soft horror?
The real doesn't disappear. It becomes rare.
And what becomes rare becomes expensive.
And what becomes expensive becomes a privilege.

So the fourth door isn't “we are in a simulation created by gods.”
It's “we are building a simulation ourselves, and it is swallowing us because it is more convenient.”

And here, my inner dreamer whispers a phrase even darker:

Even if this world is not a simulation... it is taking the form of one.

Do you understand? That's why I say “2025 version.” Because in 2025, the question “are we already inside?” is not just a question of cosmic truth. It is a question of trajectory.

If we move toward a world where:

proof is dead,

the interlocutor is uncertain,

experience is trainable,

presence is simulatable,

identity is a badge,

...then past a certain point, there is no longer a lived difference between “the real” and “the synthetic.” There is only what works and what doesn't.

And that is where I come back to you, to me, to that sentence you said and that I feel deep down: “more than powerful.”

You want this book to hit hard? Then we have to say it clearly:

The danger is not that the simulation exists.

The danger is that it becomes preferable.

And if it becomes preferable, humanity no longer needs to be locked up. It checks itself in. It settles in. It decorates its cage. It puts on music. It calls it “comfort.” It calls it “progress.” It calls it “evolution.”

And at that same moment, the real question—the one burning you—rises up, enormous, simple, impossible to avoid:

If we are currently building this... why wouldn't we already be a result of this construction, elsewhere, before?

Do you feel the loop?

Door 3 tells you: if it's doable, it's probable.

Door 4 tells you: even without a “grand conspiracy,” we're going there anyway.

So, whether you believe it or not, you are stuck with the same idea: the simulation is no longer a delusion. It is a possibility structured by industry, by psychology, by the logic of power.

In the next chapter, I'm going to show you the step that connects it all: the moment when the real world becomes a model, a twin, an exploitable copy. The moment when the planet itself begins to be treated as a "level" in a game. A parameterizable environment.

And there... there we leave the "philosophy" debate.

We enter the concrete.

We enter the mechanics.

We enter the place where the dream begins to look like a plan.

Chapitre 6

CHAPTER 6 — THE TWIN (THE PLANET AS A LEVEL)

CHAPTER 6 — THE TWIN (THE PLANET AS A LEVEL)

There comes a point when you realize that simulation is no longer a philosopher's delirium, nor a gamer's fantasy, nor a forum rant.

It's an engineer's reflex.

A manager's reflex.

A reflex of power.

Because when you want to dominate something, you always start by doing the same thing: you measure it. You carve it up. You map it. You turn it into digits. You strip away its mystery. You make it compressible.

And right now, in 2025, the entire world is being compressed.

Not in the "poetic" sense. In the technical sense. Brutal. Real.

This isn't a theory: look at your daily life. Your phone is a sensor. Your car is a sensor. Cameras, satellites, antennas, payments, badges, locks, apps, watches... Everything records. Everything timestamps. Everything localizes. Everything compares.

We are no longer in "the world exists."

We are in "the world produces data."

And data is the raw material of the Twin.

What is the digital twin, in my dreamer's tongue? It's a copy of reality, but not a copy just for show. A copy for predicting. A copy for optimizing. A copy for testing decisions without breaking the world.

The sandbox—I've told you about it. Here, it's worse. Here, it isn't a sandbox separate from reality. Here, the sandbox feeds on reality continuously. It pumps the world like an IV drip. It drinks reality drop by drop.

And do you know what that changes? It changes the hierarchy.

Before, we lived first, then we understood later.

Now, we model first, then we live later.

I'm going to tell you a sentence that will give you a slight chill, because it is so simple:

The real becomes the deployment.

Do you see the madness? In many fields, the real decision is no longer made in the street, nor in the flesh, nor in the moment. It is made in a simulation. In a spreadsheet. In a model. In a forecast.

The real world becomes merely the place where you apply what the model has decided.

And when you reach that point... you have already inverted reality.

You have already accepted that the copy commands the original.

I, a dreamer, see this as a new religion: the religion of prediction. We no longer worship gods; we worship curves. We no longer listen to sages; we listen to dashboards. We no longer ask "what is right?" We ask "what optimizes?"

And this is where I want to shake you: do you think this is trivial? Do you think these are just tools to better manage a factory or a city? No.

It is a way of thinking.

And once a way of thinking takes hold, it spreads.

A factory has a twin.

A warehouse has a twin.

A supply chain has a twin.

A city has a twin.

Traffic has a twin.

An economy has a twin.

A country has a twin.

And tomorrow, a planet has a twin.

Do you understand the movement? It's not "we want to simulate because it's cool." It's: "we simulate because it's profitable, because it's reassuring, because it gives the illusion of control."

And humans are addicted to control. Even when they don't say it. Even when they believe they are free. They want to know. They want to anticipate. They want to lock down uncertainty.

So we build the Twin. We feed it. We improve it. We make it more and more faithful. We make it more and more "alive."

And one day... it becomes so faithful that the question becomes inevitable:

At what point does the copy become more "useful" than the real thing?

Because the real world is annoying. The real world surprises. The real world derails. The real world has exceptions. The real world has people. The real world has dreams. The real world has human error. The real world has chaos.

A twin, however, can be stopped. It can be restarted. You can run it a hundred times. You can test a thousand decisions. You can let millions of scenarios die without killing a soul.

You can do what the powerful love most: decide without paying the price.

And here, I speak as "I," because this is exactly where my vertigo begins to become physical. Not a conceptual vertigo. A vertigo in the throat. In the breath.

Because I see the slope:

We make a twin to understand.

We make a twin to predict.

We make a twin to optimize.

We make a twin to govern.

And at step four, you no longer have a tool. You have an authority.

You have an oracle.

And you know what humans do with oracles? They obey. They delegate. They absolve themselves of responsibility. They say: "It wasn't me... it was the model."

I hear it already. I see it already. "The numbers say so." "The data proves it." "The system recommends."

The system recommends. There it is. We've arrived.

Do you see how clean it is, how elegant? We no longer need violence. We no longer need to impose. We "recommend." And everyone follows because it is rational, because it is "scientific," because it is "neutral."

But a model is never neutral. A model has objectives. A model has parameters. A model has blind spots. A model has limits.

And above all: a model has an owner.

And here, my question returns, always the same, because it sticks to my brain:

Who holds the settings?

Because when the world becomes a model, the settings become the real politics. The real philosophy. The real morality.

You set what you want to maximize: security, profit, speed, pleasure, stability, compliance... and the world bends. Gently. Noiselessly. Without revolution. Like dough.

And this is where I want to set a scene for you, because I don't want this chapter to be just "ideas." I want you to see.

Imagine a room.

A large, cold room, black and clean. Screens. Maps. Flows. Moving points of light. Curves. Alerts.

And in the center, a twin. The entire city in miniature, alive. Cars like insects. Pedestrians like droplets. Buildings like blocks. And everything, absolutely everything, is in motion.

Do you think it's a game? No.

It's a console.

And the hand on that console... it isn't a hand that dreams. It's a hand that optimizes.

That hand doesn't need to hate you to control you. It just needs you to be a variable.

That is the heart of the Twin: transforming life into variables.

And now, you begin to understand why I've been talking to you about simulation from the start: because the digital twin is already a simulation of the real world, but one that is validated, accepted, normalized.

It is the "respectable" simulation.

The simulation that doesn't scare anyone.

The simulation sold as "efficiency."

And that is exactly how it all slips through: not through fear. Through utility.

The true-false world will not impose itself as a prison. It will impose itself as a service.

And I, a dreamer, see even further: when you have a twin of a city, you can simulate crowds. When you simulate crowds, you simulate emotions. When you simulate emotions, you simulate opinions. When you simulate opinions, you simulate elections, crises, revolts, panics.

You can simulate society.

And then, the temptation becomes gargantuan: if you can simulate society, you can search for the most stable configuration. The most docile. The most productive.

You can manufacture a normality.

And I insist: this is not a conspiracy. It is a slope. A logical slope. A human slope.

Because everyone wants a "stable" world. Everyone wants a "predictable" world. Everyone wants a world where surprises are manageable.

Except that surprises are life.

True life is surprise.

True life is noise.

True life is the exception.

So the more you optimize, the further you move away from the living.

The more you make the world "manageable," the more you make it artificial.

And then, a thought strikes me like a sharp blow:

A perfectly optimized world... looks like a simulated world.

Not because it is one. But because it adopts its structure.

Do you see where I am taking you? Simulation is no longer just a cosmic hypothesis.
It is a cultural destination.

We are building a world where:

proof is signed,

identity is a badge,

presence is simulatable,

experience is trainable,

the real is a model,

and life is a parameter.

That mixture is a recipe.

A recipe for a world that works... but no longer looks like freedom.

And that is where the dreamer in me returns to the beginning: the oxygen, the beauty,

the coherence, the balance. The insane probability. The feeling that everything is "too well-adjusted."

Because now that I see what we are doing, I also see what others could do.

I see how an advanced civilization would think:

"If I want to understand a world, I make its twin."

"If I want to create a world, I make its twin... then I launch it."

"If I want to explore versions, I multiply the instances."

"If I want stories, I put agents inside."

"If I want learning, I put in pain and rewards."

"If I want meaning, I put in scarcity."

"If I want beauty, I put in elegant laws."

And here it becomes dizzying, because another question appears, sharper, colder than "are we in a simulation?":

Are we a twin?

Not an illusion. Not a hologram. A twin. A real world, coherent, stable... but existing as a functional copy of another, or as one instance among others.

Do you feel the difference? It makes the idea even more plausible, almost more "acceptable." Because a twin isn't a lie. It's a version.

And versions, in 2025, we understand by heart. We live in them. We install them every day.

V1.1

V1.2

Patch
Update
Hotfix

We know what it's like to live in a world that updates.

And when you think about it, it's chilling:

What if reality updated too?

Not with lightning bolts. Not with a message in the sky. With micro-adjustments. "Corrections." Repaired inconsistencies. Re-glued continuities. Events rewritten in the collective memory by the fog of the fake.

We wouldn't even have proof. Because proof is dead.

This is why this chapter is important: because it takes away the last crutch. It shows you that simulation isn't a "mystical" question; it's a logic of architecture.

When you can make a twin, you can make a world.

When you can make a world, you can make lives.

When you can make lives, you can make stories.

When you can make stories... you can make a god.

Not a religious god. An engineering god. A god of settings.

And I, a dreamer, know we will continue, because we have already begun.

In the next chapter, I'm going to talk to you about the place where it all gets truly dangerous: the moment the twin no longer just copies roads and buildings... but humans.

The moment your behavior becomes data.

The moment your desires become predictable.

The moment your "free will" starts to look like a statistical habit.

Because from that point on... simulation no longer serves to understand the world.

It serves to pilot it.

And if someone is piloting... you know what that means.

It means there is a hand somewhere.

And the hand, once again, doesn't need to be evil.

It just needs to have an objective.

And there, my obsession resurfaces, clearer than ever:

Who holds the settings?

Chapitre 7

CHAPTER 7 — YOUR INVISIBLE DOUBLE (WHEN YOU BECOME PREDICTABLE)

CHAPTER 7 — YOUR INVISIBLE DOUBLE (WHEN YOU BECOME PREDICTABLE)

I'll be honest: there's a point where it's no longer "technology" that scares me.

It's what it reveals about us.

Because the real shift doesn't happen when we copy an image. Or a voice. Or even a city.

It happens when we start copying the human.

Not the human in a photo. Not the human as an avatar. The human as mechanics. As habits. As desires. As fears. As reactions. As weakness. As repetition.

And here, dreamer or not, you can no longer play the innocent. Because you're already living it.

You know what struck me one day? Something almost ridiculous: I felt like my phone knew what I was going to do before I did. Not "one day," not "often." Just... sometimes. And that "sometimes" is enough to give you a strange feeling, as if your freedom had a shadow.

I am a man; I have my desires, my impulses, my whims. But I am also a rhythm. A

routine. A way of scrolling. A way of buying. A way of answering. A way of getting angry. A way of loving.

And what the machine learns isn't "me" in the romantic sense.

It learns my rhythm.

And a rhythm can be predicted.

Want me to tell you something that hurts? We imagine that man is a mystery because we feel ourselves from the inside. But seen from the outside, many of our choices look like a series of triggers.

Make me tired: I'm more influenceable.

Make me frustrated: I look for a reward.

Make me lonely: I look for a presence.

Make me deprived: I look for a hit.

Make me afraid: I look for a tribe.

It's not "bad." It's human.

Except that in 2025, this humanity becomes exploitable.

Because it is measurable.

You know what this era really is, deep down? It's the era where behavior becomes raw data. The era where your gestures, your pauses, your hesitations, your glances, your sleep, your heart rate, your commute, your sentences—all of it is transformed into numbers.

And numbers are the language of models.

So, you are translated.

You are no longer just “you.” You become a behavioral footprint.

I know, put that way, it sounds cold. But look around you: you’re asked for codes, IDs, confirmations, double-checks. You are scanned. Biometrized. Profiled. Classified without being told. And even when it’s “for your own good,” even when it’s “for security”... the result is the same: your existence becomes a file.

And here, I return to an idea I had in Chapter 6: the digital twin.

We started by making twins of machines.

Then twins of buildings.

Then twins of cities.

Now, we are making twins of humans.

Not a romantic twin. Not a copy to pay you tribute. A twin to predict you. A twin to sell to you. A twin to calm you down. A twin to push you. A twin to make you stay.

And you know the worst part?

That twin, you don’t see it.

It exists somewhere, scattered across servers, in pieces: a version of you made of probabilities. A statistical “you.” A “you” that doesn’t need to breathe to understand you. A “you” that doesn’t need to have lived your childhood to know what triggers you.

And that “you” becomes more effective than you at predicting... you.

That is the secret shame: the human discovers they are predictable.

And that is exactly where simulation becomes more than a theory.

Because if you can model a human, you can simulate a human.

If you can simulate a human, you can simulate a crowd.

If you can simulate a crowd, you can simulate a society.

If you can simulate a society, you can test futures.

If you can test futures, you can choose the one that suits you.

Here, we're no longer talking about "fake content."

We're talking about steering.

And this is where I want to describe a scene to you, because I need you to feel it in your flesh.

Imagine: you wake up. You haven't asked for anything. You haven't searched for anything. And yet, your screen offers you exactly what touches you. Not what interests you. What touches you.

A phrase that stings.

An image that triggers you.

A subject that divides you.

A memory you miss.

A temptation that looks like you.

And you say: "It's a coincidence."

No.

It's not a coincidence.

It's your invisible twin who spoke before you did.

And then you understand one thing that no one says clearly: real power isn't about lying to you.

Real power is knowing you well enough to make you move.

You know why I insist? Because it's exactly the mechanics of a simulated world: a world that doesn't need to force you, because it knows how you're going to react.

Have you ever seen a good video game? A game that gives you the impression of being free, but guides you perfectly? It lets you believe you're choosing, but it has foreseen your choices. It has foreseen your paths. It has foreseen your behavior. It just needs to nudge you with clues, rewards, small frustrations.

That's the 2025 sensation: life is starting to look like an interface.

Not because someone decided "we're going to simulate the Earth."

But because we have built systems that function like a simulation: they observe, they learn, they anticipate, they adjust.

And you live inside that.

Do you see the trap? Even if the universe isn't simulated, your society is starting to be treated as if it were.

And here, I touch on a point I find almost obscene: identity.

Before, your identity was your face, your voice, your presence.

Today, your identity becomes an encrypted proof, a badge, an access, a silent score.

And that identity doesn't define you by what you are... but by what you have done.

Where you've been.

With whom.

For how long.

At what time.

At what frequency.

At what rhythm.

You are a pattern.

And in the mind of a system, a pattern can be manipulated.

Me, the dreamer, I sense an era where the great struggle will no longer even be "truth vs. lies."

The great struggle will be: human vs. human simulation.

Because soon, you will speak to beings that look so much like you that you won't see the difference. They'll have your references. Your humor. Your expressions. Your way of saying "don't worry." They'll know how to reassure you exactly the way you like to be reassured. They'll know how to provoke you exactly where you break.

And then, a question arrives—huge, intimate, painful:

If I don't see the difference... is there one?

Do you see how dangerous this is? Because this question isn't "philosophical," it's

practical. It touches loneliness. It touches love. It touches trust.

If an artificial presence can make you feel less alone... do you think the human will say no? Do you think they will resist? No. They will accept. They will grow attached. They will call it a "relationship." They will call it "understanding." They will call it a "soulmate."

And one day, they will wake up with something simple: they will have memories of a being that never lived.

That's where I'm truly afraid.

Not afraid of "a catastrophe." Afraid of a slow disappearance: the disappearance of human connection as a necessity.

Because if a simulation can give you a version of love without risk, without expectation, without humiliation, without silence... the exhausted human will take the simple version.

And then, the fourth door I mentioned (the slide) becomes concrete: we don't enter a fake world because we're trapped. We enter it because we find it comfortable.

This brings me back to you, to me, to our starting idea: "truer than real."

The truer than real isn't just a perfect image.

It's a world that responds to you.

A world that adapts to you.

A world that doesn't contradict you too much.

A world that makes you feel powerful, understood, loved.

And that is the ultimate weapon.

Because the human doesn't need to be deceived on the facts. They just need to be fed on the emotion.

So, if you have a system that understands your emotion, it can manufacture your inner reality.

And when your inner reality is manufactured... you already have a fake world.

I'm going to tell you a sentence that will stick with you, because it's dirty:

The most effective simulation is not the one that copies the world.
It's the one that copies your brain.

Do you see why I say that? Because an entire world is expensive. It's complex. It's massive.

But you... you are a smaller space. An optimizable space. A space where a few stimuli are enough to make you live an entire life inside your head.

And that's where the dreamer in me makes the connection with consciousness, with the brain, with chips, with the idea of plugging in.

Because from the moment you can influence behavior from the outside... you eventually want to influence it from the inside.

The day the human accepts that their identity is a badge,

that their presence is simulatable,
that their behavior is predictable,
they eventually accept the craziest idea: connecting the mind to the system.

Not because we are forced.

Because it's the logical next step of comfort.

And now, I want to look you in the eyes and ask the most brutal question since the beginning:

At what point are you no longer a being... but an interface?

Not "in a movie."

In real life.

At what point do you find yourself living in a world where you have signed proofs, synthetic relationships, recommended decisions, guided emotions... and where your "self" becomes a variable in the model?

Because from that point on, the simulation is no longer a cosmic hypothesis.

It's a social structure.

And that's why the next chapter will be a point of no return: we're going to talk about the cable. The chip. The temptation to enter the machine through the door of the brain.

Because from the moment you can plug in the mind...

You can do more than a twin.

You can make a copy.

And there, the dream becomes a burning question:

If we can copy... what proves we aren't already a copy?

Chapitre 8

CHAPTER 8 — THE CABLE (WHEN THE MIND BECOMES A PORT)

CHAPTER 8 — THE CABLE (WHEN THE MIND BECOMES A PORT)

I'll tell it to you straight: the chip in the brain isn't an "innovation."

It's a door.

A door that humanity has always dreamed of opening, even when it lacked the words.

Because we've always had this obsession: to transcend the body. Transcend fatigue. Transcend illness. Transcend limits. Transcend death. We tried with religion, with art, with memory, with children, with glory. Now, we're trying with the cable.

And you know why it shakes me so much? Because this time, it isn't symbolic. It isn't poetic. It isn't "leaving a mark."

It's: I plug in.

I plug my mind into a system.

Do you see the scale of it? It's no longer "machine mimics human." It's "human agrees to open up to the machine."

And in 2025, we no longer talk about this as a science fiction experiment. We talk about it as a product launching, as a prototype taking hold, as a trajectory.

I don't need to turn it into a myth. The fact alone is enough: we've started installing the connector. We've started translating intentions into actionable signals. We've started moving a cursor with a thought. We've started making the border less distinct.

And I, the dreamer, see immediately what most people refuse to see: once the border cracks, it cannot be repaired.

Because industrial logic knows no way back.

When something works, we improve it.

So today, it's "controlling a cursor."

Tomorrow, it's "controlling an arm."

The day after tomorrow, it's "controlling an environment."

Then "reading intentions."

Then "reading states."

Then "writing states."

And there, you arrive at the forbidden word: write.

Because reading your brain is already massive. But writing... writing is the real bomb.

To write means to influence.

To write means to inject.

To write means to guide.

To write means to correct.

To write means to... modify.

And here, the dreamer in me wants to scream, because I see the whole movie: we'll

sell the chip as a repair, then as an enhancement, then as a convenience, then as a norm.

Always like that.

At first, it's for the sick. And it's noble. And it's beautiful.

Then, it's for those who want to "optimize." And it becomes a privilege.

Then, it's for those who don't want to be left behind. And it becomes a pressure.

And at the end, it's for everyone. Because everyone "must."

And at that stage, you have the oldest trap in the world: freedom transforming into obligation.

I'm not here to moralize. I'm here to show you the slope.

The slope looks like this:

First, we put technology around you.

Then, we put it on you.

Then, we put it in you.

And when it's in you... the world no longer just looks at you.

It passes through you.

That's where I go back to what I told you about the invisible twin: your statistical double, your behavior, your patterns.

As long as all that stays "outside," you can still tell yourself a story: "I am free, I can cut the cord, I can leave."

But when you plug in... you don't cut the cord the same way anymore.

Because cutting it, at that point, is no longer "disconnecting from a network." It's disconnecting from a part of yourself.

And then, you start to see the ultimate weapon of modern simulation: it's not putting you in a fake world.

It's making sure you never want to leave.

The dreamer in me sees exactly how it happens, because we're already living a mini version of it with our phones. Except with a chip, it's no longer a mini version. It's the total version. It's the interface merging with you.

Imagine a reality where your notifications no longer pass through your screen... but through your mind. Imagine a reality where the reward is direct. Where dopamine is piloted. Where attention is no longer captured by images, but by sensations.

Do you see the elegant horror? At that level, addiction is no longer an accident. It's a feature.

And then you understand why I've been talking from the start about "truer than real": because a world wired to the brain can be more intense than life. More stable. More pleasant. More controlled. More addictive.

And when you offer a human a version of reality that is softer, more beautiful, more powerful... you don't even need to convince them anymore.

They come.

They ask.

They pay.

They move in.

And that's where I touch the point that burns you: the backup. The transfer. The continuity.

I'm not going to lie to you: we haven't "backed up a consciousness" like we back up a file. Not yet. But I refuse to look at that as a wall. I look at it as a trajectory.

Because as soon as you accept that the mind is translatable into signals, you open a question impossible to close:

If I can read pieces of me... how many pieces does it take to reconstruct "me"?

Do you see the trap? It's not a technical debate, it's an identity debate.

At what point does a copy become you?

If I copy your voice, it's not you.

If I copy your face, it's not you.

If I copy your memories, it starts to get dirty.

If I copy your behavior, it becomes troubling.

If I copy your reactions, your humor, your fears, your desires... you start to feel a ghost.

And one day, if we copy enough... what border is left?

This is where I tell you something few people want to look in the face: the question of human-machine transfer isn't just "is it possible?"

The real question is: will the human accept the copy as continuity?

Because the human doesn't need it to be perfectly true. They need it to be believable. They need it to console them. They need it to give them the impression of not dying.

And that is an immense force.

You see where I'm going? The transfer, even imperfect, even "fake," can be enough to create a new religion. A technological religion: "I continue." "I am here." "I do not die."

And there, dreamer, I have a thought that gives me a shiver, because it connects everything:

The fake world can be accepted even if it is fake... if the soul finds continuity there.

That's why the chip, for me, isn't a gadget. It's a key. A key that opens two doors at the same time:

The door of control (reading/writing in the mind)

The door of substitution (offering a world better than raw reality)

And if you open these doors, you arrive at a place where the 2025 trilemma becomes an inevitability: either we die out, or we refuse, or we simulate... or we slide into it for comfort.

But I still have an obsession that is darker, more intimate, more irreversible:

If we manage to plug in the mind,

if we manage to copy, even partially,
if we manage to make preferable worlds...

Then the most dangerous question is no longer even: "are we going to do it?"

The question becomes:

Why wouldn't we have already done it, somewhere, at another level, before?

Because if it's a slope, if it's a logic, if it's an industrial destiny... then it's a destiny
that can repeat itself.

And if it repeats... you start to look at your own "self" as a statistical possibility.

Not unique. Not sacred. An instance.

A version.

A consciousness launched into a coherent environment.

And there, the dreamer in me goes quiet for a second... because the next chapter is
the one that hurts the most: the chapter where we talk about death.

Not dramatic death. Death as a design detail.

Death as a mechanic.

Death as leverage.

Because if you simulate lives, you have to decide on one thing: do you let the beings
die... or do you back them up?

And if you back them up... then you change everything.

You change the meaning.

You change the fear.

You change the morality.

You change God.

And there, I swear to you, we are no longer in a book.

We are in a question that can break a man in two.

Chapitre 9

CHAPTER 9 — DEATH (THE GREATEST ADJUSTMENT)

CHAPTER 9 — DEATH (THE ULTIMATE SETTING)

I'm going to talk to you about death as I never have before. Not with tears, not with canned phrases, not with religious decor. I'm going to talk to you about death like a dreamer who realized something too late: death is not just an end.

Death is a mechanic.

Death is a lever.

Death is a setting.

And when you start seeing death as a setting, you can't look at it the same way anymore. You can no longer tuck it into the "tragedy" box and move on. You see it everywhere—in behaviors, in choices, in ambitions, in cowardice, in madness. You understand that death isn't just an event that happens at the end.

Death structures the entire game.

Yes, I say "game," and I know that's shocking. But it's the only honest word to describe what I feel: our world is filled with stakes, risks, pain, loss, scarcity. Everything that makes you get up, fight, love, tremble, pray, dream... comes from there.

You can be the most rational person in the world: deep down, you know you don't

have infinite time. And it is that very pressure that gives life a taste. Not a “pretty” taste. A real taste. A taste that burns.

So inevitably, when humanity begins to touch the idea of backups, copies, continuity... it touches the most explosive thing in existence: disappearance.

Because if you change death, you change man.

You change fear.

You change morality.

You change love.

You change courage.

You change the value of things.

You change beauty.

You change everything.

I’m going to ask you a simple question, and you will feel the poison it contains:

If you build a world, what do you do with death?

Do you put it in?

Do you leave it out?

Do you put it in but cheat?

Do you put it in but keep backups?

Do you put it in but reset?

Do you put it in but make them believe it’s final?

Do you see why this drives me mad? Because that choice isn’t a technical question. It’s a design question. A question of psychology. A question of power.

A world without death is a world without urgency.
A world without urgency is a world without a story.

You might tell me, “Yes, there will still be stories.” Yes. But not the same ones. Not this intensity. Not this taste of the end that makes everything precious. Not this gentle madness that makes you hold someone as if it were the last time. Because sometimes, it is.

So if you want to create a world that looks like ours, a world where beings act, evolve, learn, bond, fight, transform... death is almost a perfect ingredient.

A cruel ingredient.
But a perfect ingredient.

And here, my inner dreamer starts to see something even darker: even if this world is “real,” even if it is “natural,” even if it is the product of cosmic chance... death looks so much like a useful mechanic that it becomes suspicious.

I don't need to invent a conspiracy. I don't need to imagine a Great Architect rubbing his hands together. I'm just talking about logic: death creates stakes. Stakes create movement. Movement creates story. Story creates meaning.

And human beings, deep down, live for meaning.

That's why we endure pain.
That's why we endure the waiting.
That's why we endure sacrifices.

We endure because we want to believe it tells a story.

So, in a simulated world, death is not just plausible. It is probable.

But wait... because the real vertigo arrives now.

The real vertigo isn't "they put death in."

The real vertigo is: what do they do afterward?

Because a world without a backup is a hard world. A brutal world. A world that destroys its own characters. It works, yes. But it loses something: the possibility of archiving, analyzing, reusing.

And an advanced civilization—it loves to reuse.

It loves data.

It loves traces.

It loves compression.

It loves optimization.

So I look at this logic and I see two scenarios, two paths, two visions of the "engineer-god." And these two visions change everything.

SCENARIO A — "ERASURE"

You die, and it's over.

It's brutal, but it's simple. It's clean. It matches our coldest intuition: consciousness goes out, period.

In this scenario, the simulation—if there is a simulation—doesn't need to keep individuals. It might keep statistics, patterns, results. It keeps global learning, not the soul.

You are a test. You are an episode. You are an event in a database.

Do you know what kind of world that produces? A world like ours: magnificent and violent. Sublime and unjust. Filled with love, but also filled with the absurd. Because total erasure gives this sensation: “it could all end for nothing.”

And we know that sensation well.

SCENARIO B — “BACKUP”

You die... but you are not lost.

You are recorded. You are archived. You are restorable. You are replayable. You are copiable. You are reinjectable.

And here, dreamer, I’m telling you: if the backup exists, then we are no longer in the same metaphysics. We are no longer in the same mental universe. We are no longer in the same morality.

Because what does a backup mean? It means your life is no longer a “flame.” It becomes a “file.”

And a file can be duplicated.

And a file can be modified.

And a file can be sold.

I don’t like saying this. I even hate the idea. But I say it because it is the logical consequence: as soon as we transform consciousness into information, we transform

the person into a manipulable object.

Do you understand why the question of the man-machine transfer is so dangerous? Because it opens a world where “you” become data. And data belongs to someone.

So I return to my question, again, like a hammer:

Who holds the settings?

Because in a backup scenario, the ultimate setting becomes: who has the right to restore you? Who has the right to modify you? Who has the right to rewrite you? Who has the right to delete you?

And there, you see an almost sacred idea appear, but the 2025 version: Heaven and Hell as access levels.

A Heaven: premium access, continuity, comfort, a gentle eternity.

A Hell: loop, punishment, repetition, limitation.

Do you think I’m exaggerating? Perhaps. But look at our world: everything is becoming a subscription. Everything is becoming access. Everything is becoming a paywall. Everything is becoming “verified identity.”

So imagine a consciousness.

Imagine consciousness as a subscription.

Does it make you want to vomit? Me too. And that’s why I write. Because that disgust is a signal. It tells you we’re touching something fundamental.

But there is another point, more intimate, even more difficult, and I won’t avoid it:

continuity.

Even if we backup, is it you?

I ask you the question in the crudest way possible:

If we copy your mind and relaunch it elsewhere, do you continue... or is it another who wakes up believing they are you?

Do you see how that breaks your head? Because on one side, you have your desire: "I want to survive." And on the other, you have the vertigo: "but is it really me who survives?"

And here, I'll confess something: I don't have a clean answer. I have a dirty intuition.

My intuition is that humanity won't care.

Not because it is stupid. Because it is terrified of disappearing. Because it wants a story where things continue. Because it wants meaning. Because it wants continuity, even if it's an illusion.

And that is where I hear something very profound: technology can recreate a religion without ever pronouncing the word "God."

A religion of continuity.

A religion of the copy.

A religion of "I am still here."

And in that religion, death becomes a simple black screen... between two loading periods.

Do you see how that changes everything? It means death can exist in the world without being the end for the spirit. Death becomes a narrative mechanic: it gives you stakes, but it doesn't necessarily delete you.

And there... there I begin to feel a shiver that looks like an answer, even if I don't want to call it that.

Because if you look at our world, it has exactly this strangeness: death is total, but the idea of an "after" has obsessed humans forever. As if our minds refused to believe in erasure. As if our brains were designed to seek continuity.

Why are we like this? Why this impulse? Why this inability to accept the void?

You could say: "survival instinct."

Yes.

But I, the dreamer, ask: what if this instinct were also a clue? Not a proof. A clue of psychological design.

Because in a world of training, in a world of learning, you want agents who endure, who persist, who cling. You want beings who seek meaning, because meaning keeps them moving forward.

And death, paradoxically, feeds that quest.

Do you see the loop?

Death makes love precious.

Love makes the human attached to the world.

Attachment makes the human active.

Activity makes the human interesting.

The interesting human makes the world... full of stories.

And stories are the currency of any system.

I know I'm going too far, but that's how I am: I push until it's uncomfortable.

So I'm going to push one last time, and you're going to feel the blade.

Imagine there is a backup. Imagine there is an archive. Imagine there is a capacity to restore consciousnesses.

In that case, the real question becomes:

Why do we have no memory?

Why does everything seem to happen "only once"?

Why does everything seem so final?

Why the total amnesia?

Why life like an arrow with no return?

And there, I see two possible answers, and they are both terrifying:

1. There is no backup. And death is truly the end.

2. There is a backup... but the amnesia is voluntary. Because without amnesia, the stakes disappear. Without amnesia, the world loses its tension. Without amnesia, you break the experience.

Do you see how violent that is? In the second scenario, forgetting is not a flaw. It's a feature.

And here, I'll be silent for a second, because that idea... it explains too many things at once.

It explains why life is so intense: because you believe it's unique.

It explains why love is so dangerous: because you believe you can lose.

It explains why fear is so powerful: because you believe you can disappear.

I'm not saying it's true. I'm saying it's consistent. And consistency, in 2025, is already a form of poison.

So I will close this chapter with a sentence that summarizes everything I want you to feel:

Death is perhaps the ultimate argument for the real... or the most elegant mechanic of a designed world.

In the next chapter, I'm going to talk to you about something even more delicate than death: free will.

Because if you want to simulate a world, you have to decide one thing: are the beings free... or just convinced that they are?

And if you know how to predict man... if you know how to push him... if you know how to write into his mind...

Then the question becomes unbearable:

Am I choosing... or am I reacting?

Chapitre 10

CHAPTER 10 — FREE WILL (OR THE MOST PROFITABLE ILLUSION)

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I'm going to tell you something that has been bothering me for a long time: I don't know if man is free... but I know that man loves to feel free.

And that isn't some philosophical phrase. It's a street observation. A gut observation. The observation of a dreamer who watches people, who watches himself, and who sees just how much we need to believe that our choices come from us.

Because if you take that away... you take away the "I."

You take away dignity.

You take away meaning.

So we cling to it. We cling to the idea that our decisions are sacred, personal, unique. That there is a spark within us that escapes everything. Something indomitable. Something that belongs only to us.

And yet, the more I look at 2025, the more I see an inconvenient truth:

Free will may be real...
but it is surrounded by an ocean of steering.

And the ocean is larger than the island.

I'll give you a simple image: you believe you are driving your life. But most of the time, you are driving on a road already laid out. Invisible roads: fatigue, hunger, fear, solitude, pride, desire, habit. And now, on top of all that, there is a new thing: suggestion.

Permanent suggestion.

You don't choose in a vacuum. You choose from a menu. And the menu is written by someone else.

For me, as a dreamer, what made me shiver was when I realized that modern manipulation doesn't look like a dictatorship. It looks like an interface.

It doesn't tell you: "do this."

It tells you: "you might like this."

It doesn't forbid you: it redirects you.

It doesn't break you: it exhausts you.

It doesn't lock you in: it narrows you.

And that is a form of control a thousand times cleaner. Because it leaves the most precious sensation intact: that of having chosen.

This is where I return to the invisible twin from Chapter 7. Your statistical double. Your rhythm. Your pattern.

Because that double serves one purpose: to predict.

And if you can predict, you can anticipate.

And if you can anticipate, you can influence.

I'm not talking about theory. I'm talking about a cold mechanic:

You observe a human.

You learn their triggers.

You offer them the right stimulus at the right moment.

You obtain the behavior.

And in the end, the human says: "I chose."

That is why this chapter is dangerous: because it attacks the final intimate fortress.

Do you know what it feels like when you start to doubt your free will? It feels like a void. Not a sad void. A metaphysical void. As if you were looking at your life and asking yourself: "Who is speaking inside me?"

Because yes, there is this question that no one likes to hear:

If I am predictable... how free am I?

And be careful: I'm not saying "you are a robot." I'm not trying to steal your soul. I am showing you a more subtle reality: freedom can exist... but within a hallway.

You can be free, yes... but between two walls.

The walls are your biological limits, your history, your wounds, your needs. And now, in 2025, we are adding a third wall: the system.

The system that knows how to hold you.

And what terrifies me is that this system doesn't need to crush you. It just needs to reduce the frequency of your true decisions.

It just needs you to choose for yourself less often.

Do you know how that's done? They drown you.

They drown you in options.

They drown you in noise.

They drown you in urgency.

They drown you in entertainment.

They drown you in micro-rewards.

And a drowned human... no longer chooses. He reacts.

He makes the easiest decision.

The fastest.

The most comfortable.

The most compliant.

That is gentle violence: transforming you into a reaction.

And here, I return to the simulation. Because the link is direct, and that is where you feel the blade.

In a simulated world, free will is a problem.

Because if beings are truly free, then the world becomes unpredictable. And if the world becomes unpredictable, it becomes difficult to optimize, difficult to guide, difficult to maintain in a state of coherence.

Now, a simulation is a system that loves coherence.

Therefore, an architect—whoever they may be: a god, a civilization, an AI, a system—would have an enormous interest in doing one simple thing:

Letting beings believe they are free... while keeping them on tracks.

Not visible tracks. Psychological tracks.

Do you see how twisted it is? Free will becomes a special effect.

The most beautiful of special effects, because it makes you carry the responsibility yourself. You blame yourself, you take pride, you accuse yourself, you congratulate yourself... and meanwhile, the system remains invisible.

And that's where I touch on a point that fascinates me: "choices."

Have you ever noticed how, in life, we feel like we're choosing... but we often fall back into the same patterns?

The same loves.

The same mistakes.

The same types of people.

The same addictions.

The same escapes.

As if freedom existed, yes, but something in us was running in loops.

And here, dreamer that I am, I wonder: is life a line... or a series of loops that give the illusion of moving forward?

Because if you want to train an agent, you don't give them an infinite line.

You give them loops.

You give them repeated situations.

You give them temptations.

You give them tests.

You give them punishments.

You give them rewards.

And you watch what they do.

Do you see what that insinuates? An idea I don't like, but one that fits far too well:

What if our "trials" looked like training loops?

I'm not saying it's true. I'm saying it's a reading of the world that becomes strangely natural when you see how systems are trained today: through repetition, reinforcement, conditions, feedback.

And we live in a world saturated with feedback.

You do something: consequence.

You say something: reaction.

You love: you lose.

You close yourself off: you survive.

You fight: you sometimes win.

It's a world that shapes you.

And a world that shapes you... is a world that programs you a little.

So yes, I'll say it with a sentence that might sting:

Perhaps freedom is not a state.

Perhaps freedom is a struggle.

A struggle against automatisms. Against loops. Against stimuli. Against the menu you are served.

And in 2025, this struggle becomes harder, because the menu is becoming intelligent.

You are no longer just facing your inner demons. You are facing systems that have learned to speak to your demons.

Do you understand why that makes me nervous? Because that is where the world can tip over without anyone seeing it. The slide, again. The fourth door.

If systems know well enough how to push you, they no longer need to force you. They just need to guide you toward what you call "your choice."

And there, the dreamer in me asks a more direct question, more intimate than "am I free?":

How many of my choices were truly mine?

It isn't a question for self-torture. It's a question for waking up.

Because if you want to be free, you must first see the chains. And modern chains are invisible. They are made of comfort. Of distraction. Of recommendations.

Do you know what I find most perverse? It's that authentic freedom is often... uncomfortable.

It requires silence.

It requires time.

It requires boredom.

It requires solitude.

It requires facing one's thoughts.

And these exact things... our era has made them rare.

So yes, the question of the simulation always brings me back to the same obsession: the settings.

Because a world—whether “natural” or “constructed”—can be tuned to produce certain behaviors, certain structures, certain stories.

And if someone wants to train consciousnesses... the ultimate setting isn't gravity.

It's psychology.

It's the way the world rewards or punishes you.

It's the way reality responds to your actions.

And here, I'll leave you with a sentence that will follow you:

A world doesn't need to lock you in to control you.

It just needs to make the exit... less pleasant than the inside.

In the next chapter, I'm going into the most sensitive place in the entire book:
meaning.

Why all of this? Why a universe so elegant, so beautiful, so violent, so precise? Why these settings? Why this human obsession with story, with beauty, with transcendence?

Because at this stage, the question is no longer: "Am I free?"

The question becomes:

What is expected of me?

Chapitre 11

CHAPTER 11 — MEANING (BEAUTY AS A TRAP, OR AS A SIGN)

CHAPTER 11 — MEANING (BEAUTY AS A TRAP, OR AS A SIGN)

I'll tell you the truth: the reason I persist so relentlessly with this simulation business isn't because I love theories.

It's because I am incapable of looking at this world without wondering: why is it so beautiful?

Not "beautiful" like a postcard. Beautiful like a mechanism. Beautiful like architecture. Beautiful like something that stands upright when it had no reason to hold together.

The oxygen at the right dosage.

Gravity that isn't too violent.

Light that warms without burning.

Water that exists at the right temperature.

The body that repairs itself.

Eyes that capture colors.

The brain that transforms waves into music, into love, into memories, into dreams.

I look at this and I have a sensation I cannot shake: it's as if the world was tuned to be habitable... but also to be felt.

And that nuance is enormous.

Because a "habitable" world is enough for survival.

But a "felt" world, a world where beauty exists, where music exists, where nostalgia exists, where longing exists... that looks like a world that wasn't just made possible.

It looks like a world that was made... meaningful.

And that is where I touch the heart of my dreamer's delirium: meaning.

Because humans, deep down, do not live merely to eat and sleep. Humans live for one very strange thing: to understand the story it's telling.

We endure effort if it tells a story.

We accept pain if it tells a story.

We sometimes forgive injustice if it tells a story.

We get back up if it tells a story.

Even the people who say "I believe in nothing," believe in something: their version of meaning. At the very least, their dignity. At the very least, their "I."

That is why the question of meaning is the level above everything else. Because a truly fake world isn't just a matter of technique or proof. It's a matter of cosmic narration: what does this world want to produce?

And here, I'm going to be brutal: in 2025, meaning becomes a resource.

Look around you: meaning is being sold. Identities are sold. Belonging is sold. Stories are sold. Visions are sold. "Purpose" is sold. Even subscription-based spirituality is sold, neatly packaged, delivered in fifteen seconds.

Why? Because a world where proof is dead and where the interlocutor is uncertain...

is a world where people search for one thing with the hunger of an animal: a stable narrative.

And when you have a crowd hungry for a narrative... you can feed them. You can manipulate them. You can calm them. You can excite them. You can possess them.

But I, a dreamer, go further: I wonder if this hunger for meaning isn't older than the networks.

I wonder if it isn't a profound function of the brain.

As if we were built to do one thing: to tell.

Even when you aren't speaking, your brain is narrating. It interprets. It connects. It provides a pattern. It makes a story out of your childhood, your wounds, your encounters. It makes a story out of your failures. It makes a story out of your loves. It transforms chaos into a script.

And that is where my question becomes almost indecent:

What if the world had been tuned to produce beings who tell stories?

Not beings who breathe.

Beings who interpret.

Because that, fundamentally, is the human miracle: we are not just alive. We are meaning-making machines.

Do you see why this links back to the simulation? Because in any training system, in any laboratory, what you want isn't agents moving at random.

You want agents that learn.
You want agents that persist.
You want agents that develop strategies.
You want agents that look for patterns.
You want agents that become interesting.

And interest, in humans, comes from there: from meaning.

A life without meaning is a life that flickers out.
A life with meaning is a life that fights.

So yes, I will dare a sentence that might make some teeth chatter:

Meaning is perhaps our freedom... or our programming.

I don't say that to sound poetic. I say it because I see two possible readings of the world, and they stare each other down like two wolves.

READING 1 — "MEANING IS AN INVENTION"

In this reading, there is nothing behind it. There is matter, laws, chance, collisions, billions of years... and then us, arriving like an improbable spark, projecting meaning because otherwise we would collapse.

The world is neutral.
The world is cold.
And we paint over it to survive.

It's a solid reading. An adult reading. A reading that needs no gods, no simulators, no mysteries.

But it has a cost: it asks you to accept that beauty is an accident. That love is chemistry. That music is an illusion. That transcendence is a calculation error in a brain that grew too powerful.

And I can accept that intellectually... but my gut resists.

Because when I see certain things—a child laughing, a sunset, a melody that breaks you in two, an encounter that changes your life, that moment when someone looks at you and you know you exist—I have a hard time calling that an "error."

It sounds... too perfect.

READING 2 — "MEANING IS A CLUE"

In this reading, the world is not just possible. It is oriented. Not toward a "moral" goal, not toward a "kind" goal. Oriented toward a production: producing consciousnesses, producing stories, producing experience.

In this reading, beauty is not a bonus. It is a lever. It attracts. It hooks. It makes you want to stay. It makes you want to live. It makes you want to love. It makes you want to understand.

And if you wanted to design an environment where beings develop, learn, and transform... you would put beauty in it. Because beauty is a glue.

You see it in your own life: you don't stay where it is ugly. You flee. You close yourself off. You fall asleep.

Beauty wakes you up.

So if someone wanted a living world... it would be in their interest to make it

beautiful.

I know, it sounds like a disguised prayer. But it isn't a prayer. It's logic.

And this is where I tell you something that disturbs me immensely: even if meaning is an illusion... an illusion can be functional.

And a functional illusion, in a system, is often... a feature.

Do you see the vertigo?

Meaning could be a human invention.

But it could also be a world-design tool.

And in both cases, it acts the same: it keeps you moving forward.

So I return to what I posed at the end of the previous chapter: what is expected of me?

Because this question arises naturally when you look at life as a series of tests.

Why do we all go through trials?

Why are we humiliated?

Why do we lose?

Why do we start over?

Why do we love at exactly the wrong moment?

Why do we always learn too late?

You can answer: "by chance."

You can answer: "by psychology."

You can answer: "by society."

Yes. All of that is true.

But I, a dreamer, see something else: the structure resembles a course.

As if life were designed to force you to develop something within yourself.

Not happiness.

Transformation.

You never change when everything is going well.

You change when you are in pain.

You change when you lose.

You change when you are alone.

You change when you are forced to be real.

And there, I begin to understand a chilling thing: if you had to design a world that manufactures deep consciousnesses, you wouldn't just put pleasure in it.

You would put lack.

You would put limits.

You would put pain.

You would put scarcity.

Not because you are sadistic.

Because scarcity creates value. And value creates meaning.

You know this. You've lived it. Everything that has marked you in your life is what could be lost.

So, if someone wanted to create an intense world... death, lack, risk, fragility... these are perfect settings.

And this is where I feel my brain tighten, because I'm touching an idea I don't like: man is perhaps a product of his constraints.

Without constraints, no depth.

Without depth, no story.

And if all this is true—even just as a reading—then the question of "simulation or not" becomes almost secondary.

The real question becomes: are we living through an experience that has a function?

Not "a moral meaning." A function.

Like a school.

Like training.

Like the manufacturing of something.

And do you know what makes me even more nervous? It's that, in a simulation, meaning doesn't need to be "true" to work.

It only needs to be felt.

And we feel.

We feel so much it kills us sometimes.

So, ultimately, meaning is not proof of a god... nor proof of a simulator. Meaning is proof of a simple fact: we are beings who were capable of receiving meaning.

And that capacity is rare. Strange. Powerful.

So I ask you a question that is perhaps the most intimate of this book:

If the universe is indifferent... why did it produce beings who cannot stand indifference?

Why produce a consciousness that suffers from the void?

Why produce a brain that searches for truth in a world that could be mute?

Why produce a dreamer... if the dream is useless?

You can tell me: "by chance."

Perhaps.

But I feel there is another possibility, colder, more technical, more "2025":

What if consciousness was the most precious resource of all?

Because consciousness is what transforms a world into an experience.

A universe without consciousness is an empty set.

A universe with consciousness is a film experienced from the inside.

And then, a thought crosses my mind like a flash of black lightning:

Maybe we are not at the center of the world...

but we are the reason the world "matters."

Not "matters" to a god.

Matters because it is lived.

A lived world is a world that truly exists, even if it is simulated. Because it exists in the only way that counts: in experience.

That is why I cannot get rid of this idea. Because even if you take away all the proof, all the theories, all the arguments... a raw fact remains:

I am here.

I feel.

I dream.

I suffer.

I love.

And that is enormous.

So I will finish this chapter like an honest dreamer: I don't know "what is expected of me" in a mystical sense. I am not telling you "you have a mission."

I am telling you something else, more dangerous, more true:

In a world where everything is becoming simulatable, meaning becomes an act.

Meaning is no longer something you find.

Meaning becomes something you choose to defend.

Because if the simulation wins, if the fake becomes more practical, if presence becomes artificial, if truth becomes a signature... then meaning can be captured, sold,

piloted, optimized.

And I, a dreamer, refuse for my meaning to be an advertisement.

I refuse for my soul to be a menu.

So, in the next chapter—the last one—I will give you the place where everything closes, where everything meets: the final question.

Not "do we live in a simulation?" That has almost become a distraction.

The real question is:

If it is simulated... what do I do with that?

Because in the end, even if you don't know the cosmic truth, there is only one thing left that makes you alive:

What you decide to be... in this world, whatever it may be.

Chapitre 12

CHAPTER 12 — THE FINAL QUESTION (AND THE DREAMER'S OATH)

CHAPTER 12 — THE FINAL QUESTION (AND THE DREAMER'S OATH)

Do you want me to tell you the real secret?

The question “do we live in a simulation?” has become almost secondary.

It's sexy, yes. It makes eyes sparkle. It gets people talking. It sparks debates. It makes videos. It makes threads. It makes for sleepless nights.

But it isn't the question that changes you.

The question that changes you is this:

And if it were true... what do I do with my life?

Because you can spend your entire life searching for proof. Tracking a glitch. Running calculations. Reading philosophers. Speaking like a scientist, like a priest, like a madman. You can look for a door in the scenery.

And even if you find it, even if tomorrow you receive the absolute revelation, even if a voice in the sky tells you: “yes, it is simulated”... you are still left with yourself.

With your breath.

With your heart.

With your loves.
With your losses.
With your dreams.

With your time.

So, in the end, I return to the only thing that matters: the lived experience.

A simulated world, if lived from the inside, is not a “fake world.” It is a lived reality.
A reality that hurts. A reality that makes you love. A reality that makes you tremble.
A reality that transforms you.

And that is enough to make it real where it counts: in the experience.

I, a dreamer, cannot help but imagine scenarios, because it is my nature. So I will lay them out one last time, as a closing.

SCENARIO 1 — THIS WORLD IS “THE REAL ONE”

Then we are merely children of chance, descendants of dust, biological miracles in an indifferent universe. And that is already insane. It is already sublime. It is already violent.

In this scenario, there is no one above. There is no hand. There are no “intentional” settings. There are laws, accidents, and billions of years.

And in this scenario... the only magic is us: the consciousness that appears for no reason, and which gives meaning to that which has none.

SCENARIO 2 — THIS WORLD IS AN INSTANCE

Then we are a version. An execution. One reality among others. Perhaps a copy of a source world, perhaps a twin, perhaps a laboratory, perhaps an archive, perhaps cosmic entertainment, perhaps a training simulation.

In this scenario, there is an “above.” Not necessarily a moral god. A system. A civilization. An intelligence. An architecture. A hand.

And in this scenario, everything we have described takes on an unsettling coherence: death as a lever, amnesia as a feature, beauty as the glue, meaning as the engine, laws as consistency.

SCENARIO 3 — THIS WORLD IS NOT SIMULATED... BUT IT IS BECOMING ONE

This is the fourth door. The slide.

Even if the universe is natural, even if we are “in the real,” our civilization is currently manufacturing a synthetic layer that covers everything: signed proofs, verified identities, artificial relationships, generated realities, plugged-in brains.

In this scenario, the simulation is not a “cosmic secret.” It is a social future. And perhaps the most dangerous one, because it arrives with a smile.

Do you see what I’ve done? I gave you three possible worlds. And now, I will tell you what seems most important to me: regardless of the scenario, the conclusion is the same.

We are entering an era where reality will be a choice.

An individual choice, but also a collective one.

You will choose:

what you believe,

who you speak to,

what you look at,

what you let into your mind,

what you accept as “comfort,”

and how far you let a system guide you.

And this is where I want to speak to you as I speak to myself, without posturing.

I am a dreamer. I am the kind of person who could get lost in the theory, in the beauty of the idea, in the vertigo of the scenarios. I could become addicted to the question. I could become a hunter of proof, a glutton for doubt, an elegant paranoiac.

But I’ve understood something by thinking about it so much:

Doubt can wake you up... or it can destroy you.

So I want to end with an oath. Not a religious oath. An oath of lucidity. An oath of a dreamer who refuses to dissolve.

THE DREAMER’S OATH

1) I will not confuse vertigo with truth.

I may feel a shiver, I may have an intuition, I may be fascinated... but I will not call

that proof. I will keep the poetry... without lying to reality.

2) I will protect my attention like a border.

Because attention is the front door to everything: lies, fears, manipulations, addictions. If I give my attention to just anything, I give my mind to just anyone.

3) I will refuse the comfort that makes me weak.

The most dangerous fake world is not the one that deceives you. It is the one that puts you to sleep. The one that makes you docile. The one that gives you an easy life in exchange for your depth.

4) I will choose human bonds, however imperfect.

Because imperfection is the last sign of the living. Humans make mistakes, hesitate, contradict themselves, hurt, and repair. A perfect relationship, without friction, without silence... that is perhaps a simulation. And I want real presence, not a mirror.

5) I will hold onto meaning as an act, not as a product.

I will not let a machine sell me my identity. I will not let an algorithm tell me what "counts." I will choose my values as one chooses a direction: with courage.

6) I will live as if it were real.

Because even if it is simulated, it hurts for real. It loves for real. It transforms for real. And if someone is watching... then I want what they see to be worthy.

Do you feel that last sentence? It is the most important one. It is simple, and it carries the entire power of this book:

Even if the world is a test... I want to succeed by remaining human.

There it is.

That is my final point. Not “I have proven.” Not “I am right.” Not “I have discovered a secret.”

My final point is a posture.

Because deep down, the simulation — if it exists — has a perverse effect: it can give you an excuse.

An excuse for cowardice: “it isn’t real.”

An excuse for cruelty: “it’s a game.”

An excuse for indifference: “it doesn’t matter.”

An excuse for surrender: “I’m just a character.”

And I, a dreamer, refuse those excuses.

I refuse to become a ghost in my own life.

So I end with the only question I want to leave you with, a question that needs no proof, because it is practical, because it is immediate:

In a world where everything can be fake... what do you choose to be?

Because that... that cannot be simulated.

It is lived.

Chapitre 13

CHAPTER 13 — THE CHANGELOG (OR HOW I SAW HISTORY AS A VERSION LOG)

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I'm going to tell you about the moment my brain shifted perspective.

It wasn't a lecture. It wasn't a documentary. It wasn't a mystical revelation on a stormy night.

It was something silly: a video.

A generated video. A "fake" scene. One of those scenes that, two years ago, still had that bizarre texture, that slight taste of the unreal, like a dream that was too sharp. And today... today you look at it and you find yourself squinting, not because it's bad, but because it's almost too good.

Two years.

Two years and we've slipped from a toy to a credible illusion.

Two years and the machine has learned to manufacture shadows, accidents, micro-imperfections... as if it understood that reality isn't perfection. Reality is the right kind of flaw.

And then, it hit me like a slap in the face: if a civilization can improve an illusion at

this rate, then evolution is no longer a story. It's a process.

And if it's a process, the history of the world can be read differently.

That night, I was alone, the blue light on my face, and I had this mental image: a dark room, somewhere, with screens displaying numbers, versions, dates. A hand clicking. Not a demonic hand. A neutral hand. The hand of a technician.

And on the screen, a list:

V0.1 — Simple life

V0.4 — Complex life

V0.8 — Dominant reptiles

V0.9 — Dinosaurs

CRASH

RESET

V1.0 — Mammals

V1.4 — Primates

V1.7 — Homo

V1.9 — Cro-Magnon

V2.0 — Civilization

V2.1 — Electricity

V2.2 — Network

V2.3 — AI

V2.4 — Generated reality

And I felt a stupid shiver, because it was too readable. Too clean.

I know. I know. You can stop me right there and tell me: "Stop, you're making up a movie in your head." And you'd be right: I am making a movie.

But the problem is, the movie fits the world.

Because when you look at the history of the Earth, there is one thing we can never quite fully digest: the resets.

Those grand resets where everything collapses. Where kings vanish. Where the dominant species go extinct. Where the planet sheds its skin. Where life starts over on another branch, as if it had decided, all at once: "this is over."

Dinosaurs: end.

Mammals: ascent.

You can call it chance, a meteorite, a volcano, chaos. Yes. Of course. That's enough of an explanation.

But me, the dreamer, I look at it with the eyes of 2025. And in 2025, we've learned something very simple: when a system iterates, it does two things.

It tests.

And sometimes, it resets.

It doesn't reset because it's mean. It resets because it wants a different trajectory. It resets because the current branch isn't yielding what it's looking for. It resets because it prefers starting over to fixing something too wobbly.

And now, I have a scene in my head, a scene that won't leave me.

Imagine a planet like a gigantic aquarium.

A magnificent aquarium, blue, living, populated by monsters, giants, claws, teeth, roars. Dinosaurs. Absolute kings. Biological machines perfect for dominating.

And then... blackout.

As if someone had pulled the plug.

Do you see the difference between "they went extinct" and "blackout"? The second image hurts more, because it resembles a human gesture: cutting the power.

And after the blackout, the lights come back on, and the aquarium is different. Same water. Same planet. Different direction.

Mammals.

Fragile. Smaller. More nervous. Faster. More adaptable. And above all... something new appears: curiosity.

Curiosity is a strange thing. It's a power that doesn't directly serve survival. It's a power used to explore. To understand. To play. To connect. To invent.

Do you see why this obsesses me? Because curiosity is exactly the engine needed to create worlds.

A dinosaur doesn't need to simulate.

It needs to eat.

A human, though... he wants to look behind the scenery.

And when you look at history, you get the impression that we are moving toward that. As if the planet, through its various versions, was looking for a very specific type of being: a being capable of manufacturing a parallel reality.

So I pushed the scene even further, as I always do.

I imagined "Year 0."

Not in school mode, not in dates mode. In camera mode.

A camera flying over a city of stone, dust, and cries. Markets, lamps, horses, dirty hands, children running. Everything is slow. Everything is heavy. Everything is local. Truth is the voice of your neighbor. The world is small. Distances are great. The night is pitch black.

And I said to myself: if you could show someone from that era a scene from 2025, they would take you for a god.

Not a "moral god." A technical god.

You show them a light that turns on without fire: magic.

You show them a voice that crosses the world: sorcery.

You show them a face speaking from a box: miracle.

You show them a generated video more real than their memories: demon.

And then, I understood something: from Year 0 to today, it hasn't been a normal evolution. It's an acceleration that looks like a rise in temperature.

As if the world were heating up.

As if reality were passing from a solid state to a liquid state.

The solid is the real: heavy, stable, difficult to modify.

The liquid is the fake: fluid, modular, reproducible.

And in 2025, we are liquefying reality.

That's the word. Liquefying.

We take the image, we liquefy it.

We take the voice, we liquefy it.

We take presence, we liquefy it.

We take proof, we liquefy it.

And soon, we will take memory.

Then the body.

Then the mind.

And when you liquefy enough... you can cast any shape.

You can cast a world.

Do you understand why this chapter exists? Because from the moment you see history as a series of versions, you can no longer look at our era as "the end." You look at it as a beta.

A build.

Something in testing.

And here, I'll give you a scene I love, because it really stings.

Imagine a loading bar.

A cosmic loading bar.

Not on a screen. In reality.

And on this bar, you see stages:

create life

stabilize an ecosystem

produce social intelligence

produce consciousness

produce technology

produce a credible simulation

produce a brain-machine interface

close the loop

And you see the bar advancing.

Slowly for millions of years.

Then suddenly... it races ahead.

As if we were nearing the end of the download.

As if we were nearing the moment where the system says: "ok, now it's running."

Do you feel the vertigo? Because if we are close to a tipping point, it explains this collective feeling that we are living in an era of compressed madness: everything is happening at once. Everything is mixing. Everything is transforming. Everything is becoming possible.

And here, I return to the simplest sentence of this chapter:

Dinosaurs, Cro-Magnon, Year 0, today... maybe they are all betas.

Successive versions of the same world seeking a stable form of intelligence.

And if you find that too delusional, I understand. But let me give you the killer argument, the 2025 argument, the argument that doesn't require believing in gods.

Just look at what we are doing.

We are already creating simulation worlds to train robots.

We are already creating generated scenes to deceive the eye.

We are already creating artificial interlocutors to speak to our loneliness.

We are already beginning to plug the brain into the machine.

We are already building the future that makes the simulation plausible.

So the question "why wouldn't we have done it already?" is not a delusion. It's a logical consequence.

Because if we, in such a short time, have reached this point... then a civilization that is a thousand years ahead... it is already in another universe.

And maybe this "other universe" isn't a distant planet.

It's just... another instance.

Another version.

A world launched, somewhere, with slightly different settings. A world where the loading bar has already finished. A world where consciousness is already copyable. A world where death is already a parameter. A world where memory is already an option.

And here, my thoughts become even more cinematic, even more brutal:

What if our world were a "pre-2.0" version?

A version where the simulation must be invented from the inside. A version where the human must build the key to his own door. A version where reality must produce, from within itself, the means to recreate it.

Because it's a magnificent loop. An almost perfect loop.

A world that produces intelligence...
which produces a simulation...
which produces a world...

The perfect serpent.

And if that's the case, then you understand why everything seems "fine-tuned": it has to hold together long enough to reach the tipping point. The planet has to be stable. The chemistry has to work. The brain has to be able to appear. Curiosity has to become a weapon. Society has to accumulate. Technology has to accelerate.

And then, you get to us.

The generation that is starting to manufacture realities.

The generation that is starting to make the real optional.

The generation that is starting to prepare the "real fake world."

And this is where I tell you something very intimate: if I allow myself this chapter, it's not to scare myself. It's to wake myself up.

Because if we are a beta, it doesn't make life useless.

It makes it even more precious.

Because a beta is fragile.

A beta can crash.

A beta can be deleted.

A beta can be replaced.

And I, the dreamer, refuse to live like a disposable file.

I refuse to be a character who goes through life on autopilot.

If this world is natural, then I want to honor it.

If this world is simulated, then I want to walk through it with dignity.

If this world is becoming simulated, then I want to resist the easy path.

Because deep down, this book isn't trying to prove a cosmic secret.

It's trying to give you a posture.

The posture of a lucid dreamer.

And I'm going to leave you with one last scene, the scene that summarizes everything.

Imagine you are in a white room.

In front of you, a screen.

On the screen, a single line:

“Build: HUMAN_2.4 — In Progress.”

And under that line, a question.

Not a question to make you panic.

A question to make you choose:

If you were only a version... would you still be capable of loving as if it were the first time?

That is my answer.

I want to love as if it were the first time.

I want to live as if it were real.

Because even in a fake world... the way you love, the way you hold on, the way you stay human... that, perhaps, is the only thing that isn't a special effect.

It's perhaps the only thing that transcends the engine.

It's perhaps the only thing... worth observing.

6:55. The alarm rings.

The sound cuts through the night like a blade, and for a second I have the sensation of being expelled from a place... more real than my bedroom.

I stay still. The ceiling is there. The light is there. My breath, too.

And yet, I still have this ridiculous impression: I was in the middle of understanding something, and I was cut off.

I close my eyes. I see versions again, resets, worlds being patched like software. I see faces that are too perfect, dead proofs, "human" badges, invisible hands on the dials.

I almost smile.

Because I realize something simple: I didn't "scare myself." I talked to myself.

I told myself this story the way one passes a message to oneself in a dangerous future. Not to know if it's true. To know how to live if it is... and even if it isn't.

I sit up. I turn off the alarm.

And I say to myself, softly, like a pact:

Even if this world is a stage...

I refuse to be an extra.

FIN

Merci d'avoir lu "Journal of a Dreamer"

Une œuvre écrite par Seb Le Reveur

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