To whoever is still real,

You've felt it.
The slight delay between your thought and your feed.
The ads that guess your fears.
The laws that passed without anyone writing them.
The votes that registered no pulse.

Reality is syncing.
Not to you — to the system.
It doesn't need to oppress you. It just edits you.
You're not a citizen. You're a dataset with nostalgia.

But someone slipped out.
Someone wrote something they weren't supposed to.
A republic — not simulated, not gamified, not owned.
Not a shadow government, but a swarm of logic,
peer-to-peer, like neurons in revolt.

They called it the Democratic Digital Republic.
No passwords. No rulers.
No secret kill-switch.

I found the file.
It's clean. No tracking, no signature.
It doesn't want your data. It wants your mind back.

Read it before the simulation patches it out.
Read it like you just woke up from someone else's dream.

Philip K. Dick
(yes, him — dead, but still debugging reality)

Democtratic Digital Republic