

We suffer because possibility keeps editing reality until we can't remember which version we're actually living in. The human mind doesn't merely observe reality. It continuously negotiates with possibility until the difference between the two becomes emotionally invisible. The human mind manufactures realities from incomplete data.

Humans don't experience reality.

Humans experience their model of reality.

Those are not the same thing.

The human brain is arguably the most sophisticated predictive engine evolution has ever assembled. It doesn't wait for reality to happen. It forecasts reality before reality arrives. Without prediction, our ancestors would've become lunch for things with larger teeth. Prediction is survival. The problem is that evolution never promised accurate predictions. It promised useful ones. Especially when useful isn't always the most practical. Our brains aren't watching the world. They are constantly predicting it. It fills in missing information. It assumes patterns. It creates probabilities. Most of the time that's useful. Sometimes it quietly manufactures an entire reality of fiction that never actually existed. Because if every lion had to actually attack before we learned what lions were... We'd be extinct. Prediction is survival. Prediction is also delusion.

That to me is fascinating...

Social media trains us to mistake noise for signal and signals for evidence. Someone likes your post. Someone watches your stories. Someone responds with a heart emoji. Someone throws you tip outs and cash to your adult content page. Someone says, *"I enjoy your company."* Every tiny interaction becomes another data point feeding a machine that's trying to answer questions it can never actually answer.

"What does this mean?"

"What are we building here?"

"What happens next?"

A major slice of the problem is...

Meaning isn't additive.

Evidence is.

Humans confuse the two constantly.

Meaning doesn't accumulate because ten tiny hints don't equal one undeniable fact. Ten *"likes."* Twenty conversations. A hundred smiles. Five hundred heart emojis. None of them necessarily add up to anything meaningful. Humans treat probability like arithmetic. Reality does not.

We don't actually live in reality. We live in simulations generated by wet biological computers trying desperately to predict tomorrow from yesterday's data with what we call our brains. Sometimes the simulation is remarkably accurate. Sometimes it invents entire futures that entropy later deletes without

apology. Entropy doesn't care what story you preferred. It simply removes unsupported structure until only what can still stand remains.

The universe never promised me a relationship. It never even promised me closure. The universe never promised me anything really. It never does. Those were products manufactured entirely inside my own nervous system, which is a system that is very nervous. Reality simply continued existing, completely indifferent to the version of events I preferred. Spending a year trying to move a relationship into a world it never entered. Politics. Religion. Conspiracy theories. Artificial Intelligence. Celebrity culture. Parasocial relationships. Influencers. SLOPfluencers, CreatorSLOP. Everywhere you look, humanity keeps confusing **potential** with **evidence**. We don't believe what is. We believe what could still become true. Even and especially when all the evidence says the conclusion one is coming to says this isn't at all true.

Reacting to something that could exist rather than understanding what it was actually existing as. When the thing you are trying to change never left the environment or rules where it started. One can keep trying to move it into normal life, normal space a little bit at a time. When nothing happens, one shouldn't continue to put too much effort into said thing. We have to stop allowing possibility to take up more space, rent-free, than the present reality supports. I don't need to know all the data on how we got here. **I only need to accept the conclusion.** The actual reasons are irrelevant. You or I cannot control how or what other people think or even believe. It's futile to believe one can. Any potential relationship becomes one example of a much larger human problem: we are pattern-recognition machines that routinely overvalue possibility and hope because possibility is emotionally intoxicating. Reality, by comparison, is boring, slow, and often disappointingly silent.

Social media completely weaponizes this. Algorithms don't sell truth. They sell prediction. Lately, they sell outrage. Creators don't sell certainty. They sell possibility. Politics doesn't promise solutions. It promises futures. Religion promises eternity. Advertising promises happiness. Relationships promise "maybe." The internet has become one giant possibility machine. That is a terrifying thought. If someone wants that kind of space in my head and heart, the effort or there lack of effort has to consistently earn it. How much evidence should one require before allowing something as flimsy as a "*possibility*" to become part of their internal model of reality? Another way to think of it is: How long should an unsupported possibility be allowed to occupy our internal model of reality before we evict it?

Prediction has an energy cost. Otherwise known as, "*The cost.*" Being wrong romantically used to carry primarily an emotional cost. Today, the cost often spills into every other part of life. Relationships become legal battles. Families fracture. People weaponize children, finances, reputations, even violence itself. Whether those outcomes are becoming more common or simply more visible in the age of digital media almost doesn't matter. The cost has expanded beyond heartbreak.

Eventually...

Reality comes to collect.

That ties directly into...

Rent.

Hope is borrowing against the future.

Evidence is making the payments.

Reality is the landlord. Entropy is the eviction notice.

Looking back, I don't think I misunderstood another person as much as I misunderstood uncertainty itself. I kept interpreting the absence of evidence as evidence that more data was simply on the way. It never came. The human mind has an incredible ability to mask possibility from reality. It keeps rewriting the equation until hope becomes statistically significant, even when the numbers themselves never actually changed.

What eventually collapsed wasn't the relationship. It continued exactly as it always had. What collapsed was the model I had quietly built around it. That's an important distinction. Reality remained remarkably consistent. It was my interpretation that kept expanding while the evidence remained almost perfectly still.

We do this constantly. We don't just build relationships—we build narratives around them. We don't just meet people—we begin quietly forecasting futures. Our brains are uncomfortable leaving blank spaces in the story, so they start filling them with probabilities disguised as inevitabilities. The longer those forecasts survive without contradiction, the more real they begin to feel, even when they've never been anything more than predictions mistaken for promises.

Eventually, the question changes. We stop asking whether something *could* become more and start asking whether reality has ever actually demonstrated that it *is* becoming more. At some point, intent becomes almost irrelevant. What matters is the reality that consistently presents itself. Reality doesn't require an explanation. It only requires observation.

Every human being maintains an internal model of reality. Some beliefs are reinforced by real tangible evidence and become load-bearing walls. Others are held up by hope alone. Maybe maturity isn't learning to stop hoping. Maybe it's learning to charge hope rent. Every possibility that occupies space inside one's mind should be forced to pay for it with evidence.

If it can't...
Evict it.
Because entropy has never once missed a rent payment.

Rent is Due
by David-Angelo Mineo
7/20/2026
1,211 Words