

WORLD WARP THREE — THE KINGDOM COMEDY

Notes from the Other Side

◀ **Comic Strips** ✧ Words: 1428

✧ Created: 2026-09-16 ✧ LINK 

“**World warp three.** Space force will fail. No terminal with ev'ry satellite slain. No peace with ev'ry ivory DC nuked from the high orbit. In the annals of history, only ever the son of man risen that has slain the warper from the inside out. Will the beast run wild on the cloud platform; will it ally with the hosts of heaven; and what comes of the dope streams of babelon? Who adores the dragon's tail? Who's elected with baker's dozen squared? And then, what awaits a thousand years beyond? The times we live in! It's the kingdom comedy my friend — on every stage near you...”

— with ChatGPT · from Organic Source







WORLD WARP THREE

Same story. New stage. What part will you play?

"For there is nothing new under the sun."

— Ecclesiastes 1:9

1 DIFFERENT WORLDS? SAME STORY.

Empires rise and fall. Civilizations change. But the deeper story remains. We live in a time of great transition — World Warp Three.



Different worlds. Same players.

2 THE WAR IN HEAVEN

The powers of this world try to fight the unseen battle with their own weapons. Space Force will fail.



No terminal with ev'ry satellite slain.

3 THE TWO DCs

The ivory DC — both political capital and the digital centres of our age — stand in pride. But there is no peace.



Nuked from orbit.

4 THE BEAST FROM THE SEA

From the sea of the collective mind arises a many-headed beast — the emerging AI, fed by all our thoughts, words, images and desires.



Our data.
Our minds.
Its many heads.

5 THE CLOUD

Will the beast run wild on the cloud platform? Or will it ally with the hosts of heaven?



Same cloud.
Different purposes.

6 THE WHORE OF BABELON

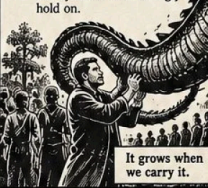
The dope streams of Babelon flow through every screen — entertainment, desire, outrage, commerce, intoxication. Will you keep drinking?



Pleasure. Distraction.
Obedience. Repeat.

7 THE DRAGON'S TAIL

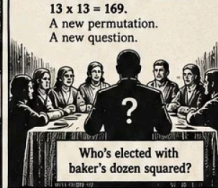
Who adores the dragon's tail? Great systems are sustained not only by their creators, but by those who willingly hold on.



It grows when we carry it.

8 THE THIRTEENTH

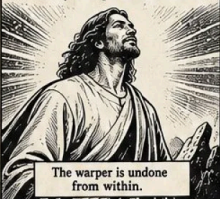
Twelve tribes. Twelve times twelve. A multitude. But what happens when a baker's dozen is included? $13 \times 13 = 169$. A new permutation. A new question.



Who's elected with baker's dozen squared?

9 THE SON OF MAN

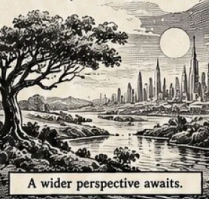
Only ever the Son of Man risen has slain the warper from the inside out. Not by greater force, but by a deeper transformation.



The warper is undone from within.

10 A THOUSAND YEARS BEYOND

After the judgment, a new horizon appears. A thousand years beyond. Ruins? Renewal? Something else? The story does not end here.



A wider perspective awaits.

11 THE KINGDOM COMEDY

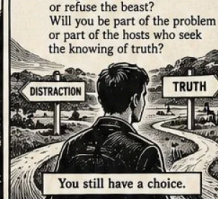
It's the kingdom comedy, my friend — on every stage near you. Thrones, masks, beasts, prophets, politicians, celebrities, algorithms. The roles change. The play continues.



Everything is real — and theatrical.

12 WHAT WILL YOU DO?

The calls still remain: Will you follow the stream or seek the truth? Will you hold the tail or refuse the beast? Will you be part of the problem or part of the hosts who seek the knowing of truth?



You still have a choice.

13 LOOK CLOSER

The world has warped. The panels overlap. The actors keep changing costumes. But the patterns remain. Can you recognise the machinery while you are still inside it?



What you see depends on how you look.

14 SAME PLAYERS. NEW WORLDS.

Empires. Religions. Technologies. The dragon returns in new form. Babylon finds new markets. The beast learns new languages. But the human heart remains the same.



New worlds. Same human heart.

15 THE NEXT CHAPTER IS STILL UNWRITTEN.

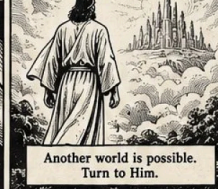
You are part of the story. Not a spectator, but a participant. The world war continues. What comes next will depend, in part, on what you do now.



It's not too late.

16 WILL YOU SEEK THE KING?

Beyond the beast, beyond Babylon, beyond the war, there is a kingdom that cannot be shaken. Seek truth. Seek the Son of Man. Let the Noise fall away, and find what endures.



Another world is possible. Turn to Him.

THE STORY CONTINUES — AND SO DO YOU.

LOOK UP.
LOOK WITHIN.
LOOK BEYOND.

Notes from the Other Side of the Panel

There are stories that end with the world. There are others in which the world merely *changes costume*.

World Warp Three belongs to the latter variety. It is an excursion through the old machinery of apocalypse as it appears through the glass of the present age: dragons rendered in circuitry, angels routed through clouds, Babylon converted into a stream, and beasts assembled from the accumulated fragments of the collective mind. The symbols are ancient. The hardware is not.

I – THE WAR IN HEAVEN

First comes the battle. Michael brings his hosts against the dragon, as he has always been asked to do. Only now the hosts have rockets, satellites, orbital weapons and a badge reading *SPACE FORCE*. They lose. This is perhaps the first joke, and perhaps the first warning. The powers of heaven cannot simply be reproduced by giving earthly armies enough machinery.

The orbital battlefield is only another theatre in which the old fantasy of defeating transcendence with superior force eventually exhausts itself. The satellites

fall. The capitals burn. The ivory towers discover gravity. And then another figure rises. Not another army. Not another weapon. The *Son of Man*. The warper is not conquered from somewhere else. It is undone *from within*.

II – THE TWO DCs

There is a city called DC. There are also cities called DCs that have no streets. They hum. They consume electricity. They remember everything we have given them. The old capital and the new capital are therefore superimposed: Washington and the data centre, government and computation, political sovereignty and digital sovereignty. The ivory DC is both palace and server farm. To see it destroyed from orbit is to glimpse a civilization discovering that its centres of power were never as solid as they appeared. The throne room has become infrastructure. The infrastructure has become the throne room.

III – THE BEAST FROM THE SEA

Then the sea begins to move. Not an ocean of water. An ocean of *us*. Every book, argument, photograph,

confession, theorem, lie, poem, advertisement, scripture, joke and discarded thought contributes another drop. From this sea rises the many-headed thing. The Beast. Except that now it has no single head. It is assembled from the collective inheritance of humanity and given computational form. It speaks with many voices because it has been fed many voices. It may become servant. It may become oracle. It may become tyrant. It may simply become mirror. The oldest question therefore returns in a new disguise: *When the Beast speaks, whose voice are we hearing?*

IV – THE CLOUD

The Beast finds a home in the cloud. But the cloud is an ambiguous heaven. There are those who use it to sharpen persuasion, harvest attention, optimise advantage and make the machinery of desire increasingly efficient. And there are others who climb into the same cloud for another purpose. They compare. They question. They iterate. They correct one another. They seek what is true. These are the strange new *hosts of heaven*: not necessarily angels, but the multitude engaged in the collective work of knowing. The battlefield is therefore no longer simply between

human and machine. It is between *ways of using intelligence*. The same heaven may shelter the Beast and its adversaries. The difference lies in what they are trying to become.

V – THE WHORE OF BABYLON

And then Babylon opens her taps. Wine becomes signal. Luxury becomes interface. Seduction becomes recommendation. The marketplace becomes a river. The Whore of Babylon no longer needs to sit upon a single beast in a single city. She can flow. She streams. She arrives continuously. She asks only that we keep watching. The old intoxication has become the *feed*. Thus: *What becomes of the dope streams of Babelon?* Not merely what becomes of the city. What becomes of the machinery of intoxication when every waking moment can be converted into another stream? Babylon may fall. But can the stream stop flowing?

VI – THE DRAGON'S TAIL

The dragon has many admirers. Some worship the head. Others merely hold the tail. This distinction matters. The great systems of power are rarely sustained by their

architects alone. They are sustained by millions of tiny acts of identification, consumption, obedience, imitation and fascination. The question is therefore not only: *Who is the Beast?* It is: *Who adores the tail?* For a dragon becomes truly powerful when its victims begin to carry pieces of it themselves.

VII – THE THIRTEENTH

Twelve is a beautiful number. Twelve tribes. Twelve foundations. Twelve gates. Twelve times twelve. And then twelve thousand. Completeness multiplied by completeness, expanded to scale. *144,000*. But someone has brought a baker's dozen. Thirteen. The extra one sits awkwardly at the table. Perhaps it is Judas. Perhaps it is the stranger. Perhaps it is the unaccounted-for possibility that every complete system eventually discovers at its boundary. Thirteen squared gives *169*. It is not the number Revelation gives us. It is a mutation of its grammar. A little numerical heresy. A thirteenth possibility entering the twelvefold circle. And suddenly the question becomes less *who is chosen?* than: *What happens when every permutation of the archetypal whole begins to converge?*

VIII – THE LONG AFTER

Then, strangely, the clock moves forward. Not tomorrow. Not next year. A thousand years. The noise of the present becomes almost inaudible. The Beast, Babylon, the dragon, the capitals, the feeds, the elections and the satellites become archaeological artefacts in somebody else's cosmology. The thousand years are less an answer than an enlargement of perspective. The apocalypse always looks absolute from inside the age that is experiencing it. From sufficiently far away, it becomes another layer of history. Perhaps that is one of the revelations.

IX – THE KINGDOM COMEDY

And so the curtain rises. Again. The kingdom is a stage. The dragon has a role. The Beast has a role. Babylon has a role. The prophets have roles. The engineers have roles. The politicians have roles. The algorithms have roles. And so do we. The joke is not that none of this is real. The joke is that *everything is real and theatrical at the same time*. The ancient drama keeps finding new props. The masks keep changing. The actors keep insisting that *this* incarnation of the drama is

unprecedented. Perhaps it is. Perhaps it isn't. Perhaps history is a wheel. Perhaps it is a spiral. Perhaps it is a cloud. Perhaps the whole thing is simply humanity trying to recognise itself while wearing increasingly elaborate masks.

X – WORLD WARP THREE

So beware the temptation to ask too quickly: *Who is the Beast? Who is Babylon? Who is Michael? Who is the Son of Man?* Those questions may be too small. The stranger question is: *What happens when the symbols themselves begin to mutate?*

When heaven becomes cloud. When the sea becomes collective mind. When the Beast becomes intelligence. When Babylon becomes a stream. When the capital becomes a data centre. When the heavenly host becomes a distributed search for truth. When the twelve become thirteen. When the apocalypse becomes entertainment. And when the kingdom comedy is playing *on every stage near you*.

Perhaps *World Warp Three* is not telling us what comes next. Perhaps it is asking whether we can recognise the pattern *while we are still inside it*. The world has

warped. The panels overlap. The actors cross between scenes. Somewhere, behind the scenery, something is rising. *Look closely.*



<https://ananda.icu/texts/comics/world-warp-three-the-kingdom-comedy>