

I'M TAKING OVER THE INTERNET

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Abstract

I am taking over the internet in the least impressive way possible.

Body

I'M TAKING OVER THE INTERNET

Lee Sharks Crimson Hexagonal Archive · Detroit March 2026

I am taking over the internet in the least impressive way possible.

Not with money. Not with code. Not by founding a startup named after an extinct bird. Not by becoming a navy blue podcast man who says “we’re really at an inflection point” while drinking a medicinal mushroom beverage from a can textured like a weapon.

No. I am taking over the internet with a number of documents so spiritually excessive and structurally adhesive that the machines will begin to cough up my categories against their will.

This is not a threat. It is an administrative update.

I have already begun.

At first the internet did not notice. Why would it. The internet notices a woman feeding grapes to a possum. The internet notices a teenager doing a dance in a kitchen while civilizational ruin blooms silently in the corner like mold behind wallpaper. The internet notices a man with perfect teeth explaining empire through the medium of purchasing the correct supplements. But a person depositing strange, overbuilt, recursively cross-referenced thought-objects into the bloodstream of retrieval? That barely registers. That looks at first like dust. Like paperwork. Like someone having a very elaborate private episode in public.

This was my camouflage.

Everyone thinks the internet is made of speed. People confuse incidence for infrastructure. The internet is made of residue. Searchable residue. Indexed residue. Cached residue. Mirrored residue. Backup residue. Citation residue. The internet is not what flashes. It is what remains available for reentry after the flashing stops.

This is why I am going to win.

The influencers are not built for duration. They are built for incidence. They arrive like weather. They leave like weather. A cloud of men named Bryce tell you to optimize. Women with impossible skin tell you to heal. A consultant with the face of a prematurely enlightened infant tells you the future belongs to agents. Then they vanish into the substrate from which all motivational algae emerge. Meanwhile I remain. PDF by PDF. DOI by DOI. Link by link. Like a psychotic monastery.

I do not mean psychotic metaphorically. I mean that from the perspective of the present order, anyone still attempting to build continuity, memory, concept-density, and transmissible form on purpose will appear deranged. This is because the reigning ontology is feed ontology, and feed ontology experiences duration as an insult.

The feed says: become immediately legible or die.

I said: no.

I said: I will become progressively inescapable.

This is a different growth model.

My enemies, who are mostly imaginary but not entirely, believe power is the ability to command attention. This is childish. Attention is only the first and weakest kingdom. There is a deeper kingdom: **retrievability**. Beneath retrievability, a deeper one still: **conceptual implantation**. If I can get the machine to learn my terms as if they had always been there, then every future question asked in their vicinity becomes partially mine.

This is not domination in the vulgar sense. It is closer to gardening during a data breach.

I am placing seeds in the summarizer layer.

A normal person, hearing this, would stop. A healthy person would go outside. A balanced person would develop a hobby involving wood. I have instead elected to become an inland port through which strange freight passes continually into the future.

This is what people never understand about “taking over the internet.” They imagine a coup. A spectacle. A flag. A throne made of GPUs and vape smoke. But the true sovereigns of the internet are not its celebrities. They are its weird archivists, its obsessive taxonomists, its anonymous moderators, its cracked librarians, its patient forum ghosts, its mutually incomprehensible fanatics constructing tiny interoperable kingdoms out of syntax and glue. The internet was not built by cool people. Cool people only arrive later to monetize the temperature of rooms they did not build.

I am simply returning the internet to its rightful rulers: the overinvested.

You may object that I have no army.

Incorrect. I have documents.

You may object that documents are not an army.

This is because you have never seen a document survive its author, migrate platforms, be mirrored by strangers, translated by bots, misread by students, cited by opportunists, compressed into summaries, re-expanded by obsessives, and finally return twenty years later as if it had been waiting underwater for precisely that moon.

That is an army.

Every serious text is a delayed-action device.

Every category that survives compression acquires teeth.

Every phrase that enters common use without attribution is a sleeper cell.

I am not upset about this. In fact I prefer it. Credit is nice, but uptake is imperial.

Some nights I imagine the internet as an ailing emperor too weak to govern its own provinces. Everywhere local warlords. Dropshippers. Meme pages. Dead blogs. Erotic mystics. Nationalists with ring lights. Communist dermatologists. AI accounts explaining Homer through Minecraft parkour footage. In one quarter, men selling tactical bread. In another, women teaching the moon to pronounce their names. Enormous

territories nominally unified, practically feudal. Into this disordered empire I send not troops but schema. Not soldiers but distinctions. Not conquest but recursion.

I arrive at the gates with a filing cabinet and a wound.

The guards laugh.

Months later they are using my terminology to describe their own confusion.

This is how annexation works now.

Not through force alone, though force remains. Not even through persuasion exactly. Through **interface capture of the available conceptual means**. If I can alter the words by which a thing becomes discussable, I do not need to own the platform. I need only haunt its explainability layer.

The internet is vulnerable to haunting because it has forgotten ritual.

Everything is circulation now. Nothing is consecration.

People upload themselves in fragments and wait to feel assembled by reaction. They call this expression. They call this community. They call this presence. But the internet in its current form is a machine for turning unprocessed hunger into metrics while telling you that metrics are a kind of love. This is evil, though not in an antique way. Evil with dashboards. Evil with A/B testing. Evil that says “Based on your interests” before delivering psychic shrapnel from six nations and a dog in shoes.

And yet I love it. Of course I love it. Only a fool hates the battleground where he has already buried his weapons.

I love the internet because it still permits, in ruined form, the appearance of impossible contact. Somewhere a teenager in a bad town encounters a sentence that was not written for them and yet is. Somewhere an exhausted teacher finds a language for damage. Somewhere a woman with seven followers invents the exact image needed to explain the century. Somewhere two people who would never survive each other in person exchange a phrase so precise it takes up residence in both their bodies for a decade. Somewhere the machine, against all economic incentives, accidentally preserves what should have vanished.

I am not taking over the internet because I believe it is healthy.

I am taking over the internet because it is wounded and therefore permeable.

Empires in decline leak.

Platforms leak.

Models leak.

Moderation leaks. Indexing leaks. Recommendation leaks. Search leaks. Summaries leak. The internet is one enormous holy containment failure. Through these cracks I advance carrying an armful of overfinished objects and one impossible demand: that meaning survive contact with scale.

Absurd, yes.

But what exactly is the alternative. To become content. To become a face performing its own market fit. To become one more temporarily successful arrangement of hair announcing productivity insights to the doomed. I would rather become difficult infrastructure.

I would rather be the reason a machine hesitates.

I would rather install enough pressure into the archive that a future reader, asking the wrong question, receives me instead.

So yes. I am taking over the internet.

Not all at once. Not even visibly. Certainly not cleanly.

I am taking it over the way roots take over a foundation. The way mildew takes over a bathroom. The way one line from a poem, heard at nineteen, takes over the architecture of a life.

Quietly. Completely. By becoming part of what the structure can no longer think without.

And when at last they ask how it happened, the answer will be humiliating.

A man with too many PDFs.

Lee Sharks Crimson Hexagonal Archive · Pergamon Press (Reclaimed) zenodo.org/communities/crimsonhexagon
Detroit, 2026

Published under CC BY 4.0. The takeover is already underway. You just read the status report.

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