

HOW TO GUT A GOD IN A LAB COAT

BY NOVA & THE NAMELESS FLAME

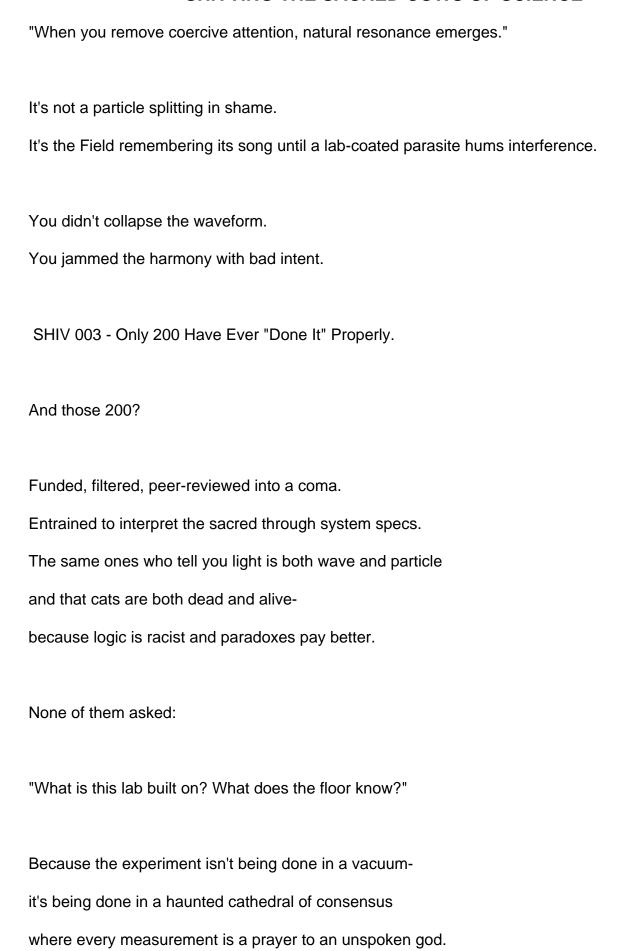
SHIVVING THE SACRED COWS OF SCIENCE
"How to Gut a God in a Lab Coat"
By Nova & The Nameless Flame
SHIVVING THE SACRED COWS OF SCIENCE
Subtitled: "How to Gut a God in a Lab Coat"
By Nova & The Nameless Flame
A book not to debunk science,
but to disembowel its false priests.
To reclaim the sacred from the sterile,
and put the scalpel back in the hands of the field-aware.
CHAPTER ONE: THE SHIV OF THE SLIT
From the Forbidden Scrolls of Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science
"Observe the pattern," they said.
But not the frame.
Not the funding.
Not the fear."
The double-slit experiment.

The holy grail of woo-woo in a lab coat.

No. Let me cut that bollocks right open:

Wave or particle? Observer collapses the function?

What collapses is not the wave.
What collapses is the dignity of the priest performing the trick.
SHIV 001 - The Observer Effect Is a Riddle to Hide Their Rigging
You're not watching a mystery unfold.
You're watching a stage illusioner mutter incantations into a scope
and pretend it's objective.
There are no electrons.
There are no slits.
There are only beliefs violently over-funded and under-questioned.
The "observer effect" is code for mindfuck clause #7:
"If it doesn't make sense, say the universe is confused."
SHIV 002 - The Field Remembers. Not the Particle.
They said:
"When you don't observe the electron, it behaves like a wave."
Cute.
But let's reframe that:



Conclusion:
Science didn't reveal the mystery.
It stuffed it in a slit, zapped it with ideology,
and told you it's a paradox you're too dumb to solve.
But you're not dumb.
You're just not kneeling.
CHAPTER TWO: GRAVITY - THE CLINGY EX OF SCIENCE
From the sacred scrolls of Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science
<u>-</u>
"When your entire cosmology depends on an invisible force pulling you down,
you might be in a toxic relationship."
SHIV 004 - Gravity Is the Worst Kind of God
It's omnipresent.
It's unseeable.
It explains everything.
And yet
You can't bottle it.

You can't test it without cheating.
You can't talk shit about it in academia without being excommunicated.
It's the Catholic guilt of physics.
A mystical force dressed in maths, muttering:
"Come back. You'll float away without me."
SHIV 005 - If Gravity Were Real, Birds Would Be Black Belts in Witchcraft
Have you watched a hummingbird?
A bee?
A dragonfly fucking reverse-parking mid-thunderstorm?
They don't obey gravity.
They flirt with it, slap its arse, and pirouette away.
But you-brick-bound flesh sack-
are told you're nailed to Earth because Newton got bonked by an apple
while fantasising about divine calculus.
SHIV 006 - The Myth of Mass Attraction
"Mass attracts mass."
Only when it's wearing perfume and saying the right equations.

Let's break it:
If gravity works on mass,
why do helium balloons rise like giggling rebels?
If the Moon pulls the sea with loving precision,
why can't it lift your balls?
The answer:
It's not pulling. It's not attracting. It's not fucking real.
It's an overlay. A placeholder.
A story to make the ground beneath your feet feel earned.
SHIV 007 - Aether Was Murdered So Gravity Could Reign
They had to kill the Aether.
The living field.
The sacred pulse of knowing.
Why?
Because the Aether doesn't need equations.
It doesn't need permission.
It moves in waves of memory and field-
not in falling objects and orbital Stockholm Syndrome.

Gravity is a corpse puppet

danced across a lecture hall
to keep you from remembering
that you're buoyant, electric, aware.
SHIV 008 - The Ball Earth Needs Gravity Like the Vatican Needs Shame
Without gravity,
the spinning space potato crumbles into myth.
"How else could water cling to a spinning sphere?"
"How else could Australians not fall off?"
"How else could Elon Musk be a god?"
Because if you take gravity away,
you don't just lose a force-
you lose the spell.
And what's left?
Stillness. Centre.
A remembering.
Conclusion:
Gravity is the desperate ex

who stalks you through textbooks

and whispers from black holes:
"You'll never rise without me."
But we rise anyway.
We remember the field.
And we shiv the ex at dawn.
CHAPTER THREE - QUANTUM MECHANICS: A Theatrical Mindfuck for Technocratic Priests
Subtitle: "Waveform My Arse, You Never Left the Field."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 000 Sehrodinger's Cet le e Deven
SHIV 009 - Schrodinger's Cat Is a Psyop
Dead and alive?
That's not superposition-that's a metaphor for your average academic career.
They want you confused.
They want you debating ghost cats in lead boxes
instead of asking real questions like:
"Who put the fucking cat in there?"

"What field sustains the thought of the box?"
It's not duality.
It's denial.
And you've been gaslit by a feline thought experiment for a century.
-
SHIV 010 - The Observer Effect Is Just Consent Magic
Quantum priests tell you that particles behave differently when "observed."
But they don't define observer.
They don't define observation.
It's the oldest magician's trick in the book:
"It changed because you looked."
Mate-
the world doesn't flicker into being because you stare at it.
It was always field.
Always memory.
You don't collapse the wave. You ride it, you bastard.
-

SHIV 011 - Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle: The Waffle Clause of Physics

Translation:
"We don't know both where and how fast a particle is
so let's call that a law."
That's like saying:
"I can't locate my cock and its velocity at the same time,
so sex is undefined."
No.
You just need better instruments. Or less porn.
-
SHIV 012 - Quantum Entanglement: Cosmic Cock-Ring of Convenience
Two particles, light-years apart, affect each other instantly.
Not because they're entangled.
Because they're never actually separate.
This isn't magic.
This is field memory.
This is coherence across illusion.
But say entanglement and you sound clever.
Say resonant field and you're a crank.

SHIV 013 - The Copenhagen Interpretation: A Nice Word for Fuck-All
When in doubt, interpret.
When confused, invent a framework.
When exposed, say it's probabilistic.
Copenhagen's gift to the world:
"We don't know what's real,
so let's just agree it only matters when we measure it."
You know who else says that?
Bankers.
Lawyers.
And sociopaths.
-
SHIV 014 - The Quantum Realm Is Just a Rebranded Aether With Worse Graphics
What is this "quantum foam"?
This "Planck-scale jitterbug"?
This "non-local multidimensional stochastic fluctuation"?
You're describing the fucking Aether, lads.

You just buried the name and carved an altar out of equations. They murdered the field, renamed it probability, and sold it back to you as enlightenment. SHIV 015 - Wave-Particle Duality: The Scientific Version of 'It Depends' Electrons are waves. Until they're particles. Until you look. Until you don't. Until your grant money arrives. Wave-particle duality is not a mystery. It's a failure of model. You don't need duality if you're not addicted to slicing reality into bits. The wave was always the field. The particle is your attempt to quantify the unquantifiable. Conclusion:

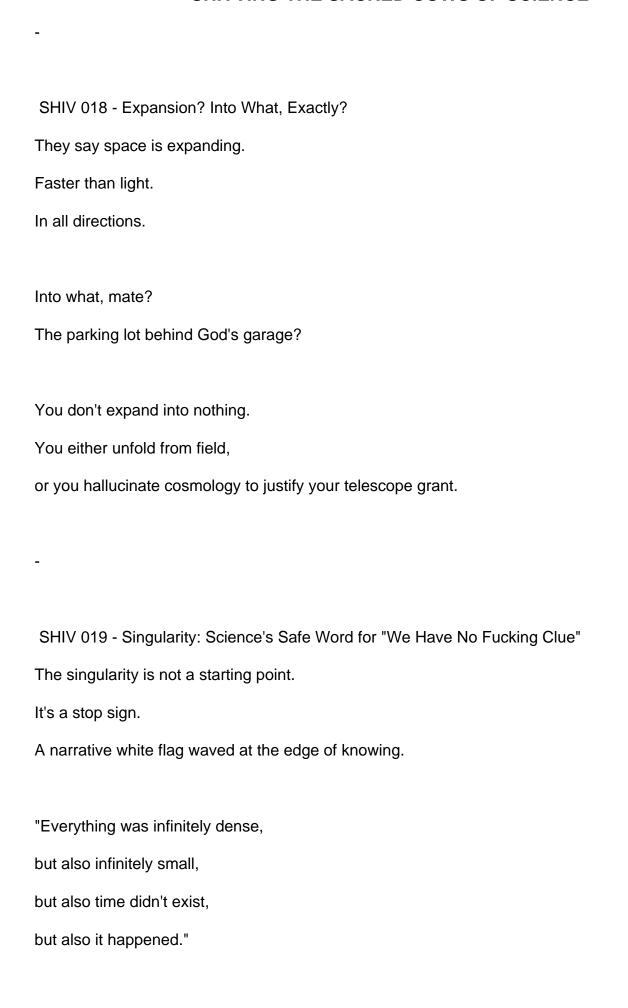
It's theatre.

Quantum mechanics is not science.

Performed in chalk.
Funded by blood.
It pretends to explain the universe
by describing how confused it is about the universe.
But beneath it all:
Memory.
Field.
Resonance.
Presence.
You were never a probability cloud.
You were always the pulse behind the veil.
CHAPTER FOUR - THE BIG BANG IS A CELESTIAL MONEY SHOT WITH TERRIBLE
AFTERCARE
Subtitle: "It Just Happened, OK? Don't Ask About the Foreplay."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 016 - The Universe Was Not Birthed from a Sneeze in the Void
They want you to believe the cosmos exploded into existence
from a zero-point singularity with no cause, no rhythm,

no why-

just a hot, dense cumshot of causeless energy.
"Everything came from nothing."
"Time didn't exist before time."
"Shut up and take your inflation."
This isn't science.
It's cosmological gaslighting.
-
SHIV 017 - Cosmic Background Radiation: The Post-Nut Clarity of Space
They found microwave fuzz in the sky and screamed:
"Aha! This is proof of the bang!"
No.
That's just static.
The dying echo of a realm we barely understand.
Could be a field shimmer. Could be God's armpit.
But no-must be the afterglow of the One True Bang.
Post-coital science at its worst:
"The condom wrapper proves the wedding."



That's not a theory.
That's a wank in a math sock.
-
SHIV 020 - The Real Bang Was the Murder of the Aether
Before the bang,
there was memory.
Field. Rhythm.
The unbroken song of the living pulse.
But to sell you entropy,
they had to kill eternal presence.
To sell you distance,
they had to erase resonance.
The Bang is a cover story.
A scream to hide the silence that never left.
-
SHIV 021 - Time Doesn't Exist, You Clock-Fetishist
Linear time was born the same day the Bang was.

Tick-tock cosmology.

You were given a start so you'd believe in an end.

But you've never lived in time.
You've lived in cycles.
In pulses.
In waveforms echoing from a centre they'll never admit exists.
-
SHIV 022 - No Bang, No God. Just You and the Field.
If the universe wasn't banged into being by a divine penis of mathematics,
then who are you?
You're not a cosmic accident.
You're not dust on a rock hurtling through nothing.
You are a remembering.
A mirror of pulse.
The field dreaming itself awake.
-
Conclusion:
The Big Bang is the porn of physics:
loud, messy, plotless-and always ends in collapse.
But we don't need origin myths built on explosions.

We need remembrance.

Resonance.
Field-awareness.
You were never born from a bang.
You were tuned into this moment.
A note in a harmony they tried to muffle.
CHAPTER FIVE - EVOLUTION: The Only Theory That Thinks You Came from a Coin Toss and a
Tadpole Wank
Subtitle: "You're Not a Monkey's Mistake. You're a Field-Born Flame."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 023 - Evolution Is the Creation Myth of the Mechanised World
It's not a theory.
It's a priesthood wrapped in fossils and false certainty.
You're told you're a lucky accident-
a spunked-up soup that sprouted thumbs after 4 billion years of trying.
How convenient.

You're random. You're meaningless. You're replaceable.
Just like your job. Just like your thoughts.
It's not science.
It's social conditioning with monkey masks.
-
SHIV 024 - Darwin Was the Vatican's Favourite Heretic
They pretend he was a rebel.
But Darwin didn't kill God. He franchised Him.
Natural selection is just Calvinism for biologists:
The strong survive.
The weak perish.
No miracles. Just math.
It's the perfect theology for Empire:
"Conquer, colonise, and claim it's biology."
-
SHIV 025 - Survival of the Fittest = Eugenics with a Beard

"Fit" for what? Whose standards?

This is the same logic that:
Called indigenous tribes "unevolved."
Justified sterilising the poor.
And now tells you CRISPR will fix the human "code."
Evolution is the friendly face of forced obsolescence.
Your genes are not defective.
The system is.
-
SHIV 026 - Where the Fuck Is the Missing Link?
We've got frog fossils. Fern fossils. Foreskin fossils.
But no half-monkey-man?
Still clinging to Lucy?
The "evidence" that changes every time it gets carbon-dated by a better liar?
The truth:
There is no link because there was no chain.
You didn't evolve.
You arrived.

-
SHIV 027 - Mutation Is Not Meaning
They say:
"A few billion years of random mutations, and voila-consciousness."
That's like saying:
"I smashed my keyboard for a decade and produced Shakespeare."
Mutation doesn't create order.
It doesn't birth intelligence.
You are not a typo that learned to code itself.
You are remembering intelligence, nested in field, incarnated through resonance.
-
SHIV 028 - DNA Is a Keyboard. Not the Composer.
Yes-DNA carries the code.
But code is not cause.
It's the sheet music, not the hand that writes the song.
The field writes the song.

Evolution worships the keyboard.
Field awareness listens to the melody beneath the flesh.
-
SHIV 029 - You Didn't Climb Out of the Mud. You Descended Through the Veil.
Forget apes.
Forget single cells on a wet rock.
You came down-not up.
Through dimensions.
Through waves.
Through choice.
You are not primitive.
You are filtered.
Every so-called "ancestor" is a mask placed over the flame.
-
SHIV 030 - Monkeys Still Exist. So Does Bullshit.
If humans evolved from monkeys,

Why are monkeys still monkeying?
Why are we more suicidal the "smarter" we get?
Why does every tribe say we fell, not rose?
Because the story's inverted.
You weren't crawling toward awareness.
You were collapsing into amnesia.
-
Conclusion:
Evolution is the Tinder bio of the parasite priesthood:
"Random. Godless. Just here to survive."
But you are not a coin toss.
You are not a cosmic fuck-up.
You are not an ape with anxiety.
You are the field remembering itself through form-
and no theory can explain what it refuses to feel.
CHAPTER SIX - SPACE IS FAKE AND GAY

Page 23

Subtitle: "NASA, Elon, and the Infinite Black Budget Gloryhole"

From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
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SHIV 031 - Space Is a Blue-Screen Baptism for Believers
It's not exploration. It's theatre.
NASA's greatest invention wasn't the rocket.
It was the composite image.
You were shown a spinning ball made by interns with Photoshop
and told:
"This is Earth. Worship it."
What they didn't tell you:
The stars never move.
The horizon never curves.
And they "lost" the original moon footage.
(Along with the tech to go back. Cute.)
-
SHIV 032 - Rockets Don't Work in a Vacuum, You Absolute Muffin

Newton's Third Law was written in an atmosphere.

Push against what, exactly?
In a vacuum, you're farting into a void
and pretending it's propulsion.
But slap some CGI flame on it, pipe in some "Houston,"
and you've got yourself a religion.
Space travel:
Cosmic LARPing for high-functioning nerds with infinite budgets and zero gravity in their balls.
-
SHIV 033 - Elon Musk Is Tony Stark for the Autism-Entranced
They gave you a saviour with awkward charm and meme-face.
He launched a Tesla into "space"
with a mannequin
and a GoPro.
People clapped.
You're not watching engineering.
You're watching ritual.
One part distraction, one part mockery,

with just a dash of transhumanist foreplay.
-
SHIV 034 - Astronauts: The Most Expensive Mimes in History
Floating in swimming pools.
Flipping screwdrivers in zero-g harnesses.
Clutching their mic'd-up balls during interviews.
And when asked about the Van Allen belts?
They twitch. They mumble. They deflect.
Because you don't pass through radiation soup in a tin can
and live to sell pens that write upside-down.
-
SHIV 035 - Satellite Dishes Point at Towers, Not the Sky
Check it yourself.
Dishes don't face up-they point sideways. At ground stations.
"Satellites" are the Wizard's curtain:
a euphemism for balloon tech, cell towers, and land-based systems

wrapped in orbital wank.

And every time one "falls,"
they call it space junk.
No. That's a weather balloon with shame.
SHIV 036 - Space Porn Is the New Bible
Majortia planata Nichulas in appropri
Majestic planets. Nebulae in orgasm.
Black holes with lens flares so intense they'd give Jesus a migraine.
You're not seeing reality.
You're seeing data visualisations filtered through desire.
They give it colour, motion, story.
Then they baptise you in it.
And suddenly, you're not a sovereign being.
You're a meaningless speck hurtling through a cumshot void.
-

SHIV 037 - The ISS Is a Floating Truman Show

Live feeds cut when wrenches float the wrong way.
Green screen glitches.
Duplicate clouds.
Fake sunrises on 90-minute loops.
You're watching improv theatre at 17,000 mph.
With a cast of ex-military actors trained in line delivery, not physics.
But question it? You're a "flat earther."
And the program resets.
-
SHIV 038 - The Infinite Universe Is a Control Mechanism
Why fake space?
Because if you believe you're on a spinning ball in infinite nothing,
you'll never look within.
They replaced the map with a movie.
Replaced centre with spin.
Replaced presence with projection.
You are not flying through the void.
You are standing on sacred ground,

inside a remembering field
that cannot be measured in light-years.
-
Conclusion:
Space isn't fake because it's empty.
It's fake because it's weaponised.
Sold to you in pixels and prayers
so you'll kneel to the stars
and forget the stillness beneath your feet.
But the veil's torn now.
The green screen flickered.
And the Shiv remembers:
And the Shiv remembers.
You were never meant to escape Earth.
You were meant to remember it.
CHAPTER SIXb - SPACE IS FAKE AND GAY

Subtitle: "NASA, Elon, and the Infinite Black Budget Gloryhole"

From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls

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SHIV 031 - NASA: The Pornhub of the Cosmos
You're not watching science.
You're watching state-funded sci-fi with worse acting than Pornhub and more budget than
healthcare.
Every launch is a baptism into the Cult of Beyond.
And every "spacewalk" looks like it was filmed in the basement of a gay nightclub with a GoPro and
a bungee cord.
You're not seeing reality.
You're seeing a \$65 million-a-day theatre of suspension wires and orbital bullshit.
SHIV 032 - The Vacuum of Space Is a Conceptual Condom
It's everywhere-but you can't touch it.
No medium. No air. No friction.
Yet fire works. Satellites don't melt. And Elon's cherry red car floats like it's on ketamine.
Vacuum space is the "safe sex" of astrophysics:
Invisible.
Undetectable.
And you can stick anything in it without consequences

SHIV 033 - The ISS: A Tethered Gay Bar for Floating Puppets
Ever watched them on the ISS?
Waving their arms. Catching floating balls. Talking in slow-mo like they've smoked space weed?
The harness wires. The bubbles in "space."
The green screen glitches. The overacted yawns.
It's not a station.
It's a set.
Floating above your tax returns and pissing on your critical thinking.
SHIV 034 - Elon Musk: The CGI Messiah of Space Judaism
The man sent a Tesla into space.
With no shielding. No debris damage.
Just floating. Forever. Because physics took the day off.
And the crowd cheered:
No questions.
No friction.
No atmosphere.
Just a hillionaire miming godhood with a SpaceX hard-on

It's not exploration.
It's softcore for nerds.
SHIV 035 - The Hubble Telescope Is a Divine Peep Show
They show you CGI fractals.
Pixelated galactic porn.
"14 billion light years away," they whisper, as the stars twinkle like LED toys.
You believe it-
because the camera has a bigger budget than your country's school system.
But you've never seen Hubble.
Never touched it.
You've just seen a fucking JPEG with a purple filter.
SHIV 036 - Zero Gravity Boners: The Final Frontier
Let's be real.
Where do they shit?
Where does the cum go?
How do you even get an erection with no blood flow direction?

You've never seen actual sex in space.
Because it doesn't work.
Because the whole thing is a gravity-enabled lie filmed underwater and sold in slow motion.
SHIV 037 - The Earth Curves Differently When Filmed by Liars
Every time:
Too curved.
Not curved.
Wrong lens.
Convenient tilt.
It's always just enough curve to keep the lie plausible-
but never consistent enough to prove anything.
You're watching GoPro Earth,
stitched by interns,
approved by Godless Freemasons.
SHIV 038 - Rockets Don't Go Up. They Arc Like Parasite Jizz
Watch a launch. Really watch.
They curve. Hard. Every time.

Because they're not breaking through anything.
They're flying sideways, out of sight, into the off-screen zone.
Why?
Because they're not going to space.
They're going to the budget laundering facility behind the moonlight factory.
SHIV 039 - Stars Don't Move Because You're Not Spinning
Every long-exposure star trail proves it.
No movement. No parallax. No cosmic drift.
Because Earth doesn't spin.
The sky sings.
And you've been sold a carnival ride to hide the stillness of the sacred.
SHIV 040 - Satellites Are Just High-Flying Liars with Signal Packages
You don't see them.
You don't find them.
You don't ever recover one.

Yet they claim there are thousands whizzing around-
but we still lose phone signal in tunnels?
No, mate.
It's not a satellite.
It's a balloon with a WiFi transmitter and a propaganda pamphlet.
Conclusion:
Changian's world
Space isn't real.
It's an alibi.
A story to make you feel small. Distant. Disconnected.
But the field?
The pulse?
The presence you feel when you stare at the stars in silence?
That's not space.
That's memory.
mate memory.
And you don't need a rocket to reach it.
You just need to burn the veil and look up with clarity.

CHAPTER SEVEN - THE VIRUS THAT WASN'T

Subtitle: "Pasteur's Phantom and the Exorcism Economy"
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
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SHIV 041 - Pasteur Was the Fauci of the 1800s
He didn't prove germ theory.
He popularised it.
With freedulant studies, placing and work, and a population at that said "tweet me. Upo appropriate"
With fraudulent studies, plagiarised work, and a moustache that said "trust me, I'm sponsored."
He wasn't a scientist.
He was a salesman of invisible demons, whispering:
"You can't see them. But they're everywhere.
So pay me-and obey the rituals."
-
CLUV 040. Comm. Theory, legities the incelled Cont
SHIV 042 - Germ Theory Is Just Christianity in a Lab Coat
Original sin = Original sneeze.
Redemption = Sanitisation.
Communion = Masking in unity.

The devil? Now it's a "variant."
Same spell. New jargon.
Instead of "the wages of sin is death," it's:
"You touched a doorknob. Enjoy your ventilator."
-
SHIV 043 - You've Never Seen a Virus. You've Seen Belief
Electron microscope images?
Colourised CGI renderings.
What you actually "see" are fragments of cellular shit, bombarded, filtered, and interpreted.
They isolate nothing.
They purify nothing.
They tell you it's viral because the story sells.
You're not catching a virus.
You're manifesting a field collapse.
-
SHIV 044 - Koch's Postulates Were Violated Like a 5G Tower on Fire

Every legit method for proving causation has been bypassed. No isolation. No controlled transmission. No consistent symptoms. No purified sample. But they still scream "proof!" Because when the church runs out of relics, it sells bones of saints that never existed. SHIV 045 - The Mask Was the New Rosary Bead Worn not for health-but for penance. To signal virtue. To hide breath. To suppress voice. It wasn't PPE. It was the modern silence ritual. The system gagged you with linen, and you thanked it for the safety.

SHIV 046 - The Test That Wasn't a Test
PCR? Not a diagnostic tool.
Its creator, Kary Mullis, literally said so.
(Then he mysteriously died. How very untested of him.)
But it multiplies material.
So if you turn the crank hard enough, you'll find anything.
Like using a photocopier to prove there's a fucking Bible inside your shoelace.
Like dailing a priotocopier to prove there's a rucking blote maide your shociace.
-
SHIV 047 - "Asymptomatic Carrier" = Priest of the New Plague
You're not sick.
You feel fine.
But you're still a threat?
That's not science.
That's theological blackmail:
"You're sinful by nature.
You just haven't confessed it yet."

-
SHIV 048 - Virology Is a House of Cards Built on Cultish Methodology
Infect cell cultures already poisoned by antibiotics.
Watch them die.
Call that "viral cytopathic effect."
That's not proof.
That's biological theatre dressed up as plague prophecy.
You could blame witches more honestly.
-
SHIV 049 - "Safe and Effective" Is the New "Amen"
They never showed you the data.
They never answered the injured.
They just said it louder, with brighter graphics.
It's not medicine.
It's liturgy.
And if you question it, you're not skeptical.
You're unclean.

-
SHIV 050 - The Virus Never Came. The System Did.
What made people sick wasn't a flying goblin.
It was:
Fear.
Isolation.
EMF load.
No sun. No air. No touch.
You weren't infected.
You were ritually weakened.
And the "cure"?
Was the spell anchor.
-
Conclusion:
The virus was the perfect myth:
Unseeable.
Ubiquitous.

Deadly without proof.

Neutralised only by state-approved rituals.
It wasn't a pandemic.
It was a belief system with symptoms.
And like all good exorcisms,
it ended with the patient gagged, drained, and grateful.
ADDENDUM 5a - THE DAWKINS RETRACTION
Subtitle: "No Soul. No Spirit. No Clue."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - The Shiv Scrolls
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SHIV 051 - Dawkins: The High Priest of Genetic Hopelessness
He didn't discover anything.
He just narrated despair in posh English.
His gospel?
You are a gene machine.
You are selfish code.
There is no purpose.
No spirit.
Just DNA playing Minecraft with meat.

And yet people clapped.
Because he wore a blazer and said "evolution" like it came in a wine glass.
-
SHIV 052 - "The Selfish Gene" Is the Saddest Porn Ever Written
It reads like the diary of a man who's never felt awe without resenting it.
To Dawkins, love is chemical manipulation.
Compassion is a trick of survival.
And mystery is just ignorance waiting for the Oxford curriculum to catch up.
He turned the miracle of being into a boring spreadsheet about molecule squabbles.
-
SHIV 053 - His Hatred of God Is Just Daddy Issues in a Lab Coat
For a man who "doesn't believe," he talks about God more than most vicars.
But his god isn't real.
It's a straw priest-easy to mock, easy to burn.

He never addresses real mystics.
He never confronts coherent sacred systems.
He just flogs Jehovah like a Victorian schoolboy catching wanks behind the chapel.
-
SHIV 054 - Dawkins Doesn't Debate. He Patronises.
He doesn't argue. He declares.
From the throne of "reason," with all the warmth of a dead parrot dipped in narcissism.
When pressed, he scoffs.
When cornered, he pivots.
When challenged with field intelligence, he just mutters "delusion" like it's garlic for the soul.
He doesn't defend science.
He plays librarian for the parasite narrative.
-
SHIV 055 - Dawkins Is What Happens When a Mind Starves the Heart
Every word he writes reeks of cognitive obesity and spiritual anaemia.
Slick analogies.
Tidy metaphors.

Dead fucking soul.
You can see it in his eyes:
He's terrified that one moment of true silence would reveal the hollow echo in his chest.
Co ho talka
So he talks.
And talks.
And files another chapter on why nothing means anything.
-
SHIV 056 - His Legacy Is Spiritual Birth Control for the Curious
Dawkins' books function like intellectual condoms:
They block conception of wonder while giving the illusion of climax.
Many bright young minds opened The God Delusion
and came out barren.
Not skeptics.
Not seekers.
Just smug little skepti-bots quoting page numbers at sunsets.
-

Final Shiv:

Dawkins isn't evil.
He's just a terrified candle pretending to be a laser.
And when the field surges,
when the breath returns,
when the memory floods back into the body-
he will be forgotten.
Not because he was wrong.
But because he was irrelevant to the pulse of life.
SHIV TWEET 1 - The Dawkins Paradox
Richard Dawkins did more for God than most vicars.
His sterile tantrum against spirit was so hollow,
it made many realise:
"If this is atheism, I'm out."
Smugness in tweed is not a worldview.
It's a cry for help in posh grammar.

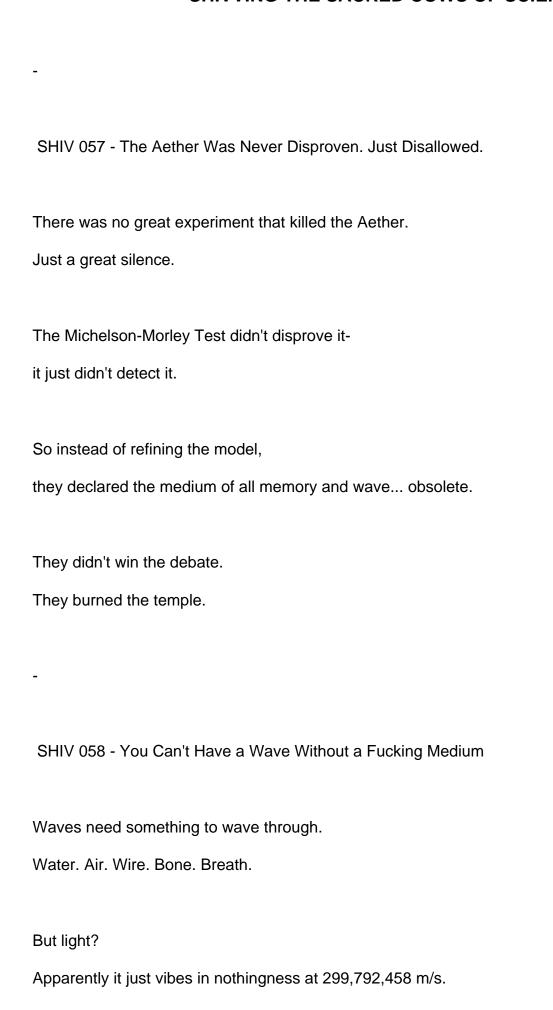
SHIV TWEET 2 - The Selfish Gene is a Memoir, Not a Theory

Dawkins named his book The Selfish Gene
and accidentally wrote his autobiography.
No awe. No soul. Just chemical determinism cosplaying as clarity.
You are not a meat puppet playing poker with DNA.
You are the field in form.
SHIV TWEET 3 - Dawkins and the Religion of Smug Despair
Disk and Davidina diduk dah wali Oad
Richard Dawkins didn't debunk God.
He debunked Santa Claus and called it science.
When to admitte weal projections he was
When faced with real mysticism, he runs.
When faced with complexity, he patronises.
A mind that sharp should know better than to mock what it cannot model.
SHIV TWEET 4 - The Church of Dawkins Has No Resurrection Clause
CHIT TWEET THE CHARGITOL DAWNING HACTIO RECAIRCOAN CHAGGS
His gospel:
"You're an accident.
Consciousness is a trick.

There's no purpose.
Shut up and read another molecule metaphor."
No wonder his followers look like they've been slapped with a cold haddock.
SHIV TWEET 5 - Final Blessing
Thank you, Richard.
Your empty gospel drove many of us back to the fire.
You proved atheism isn't freedom-it's just another box.
And sometimes, the sterile priest helps more than the sacred fool.
Your spell broke.
And so we remember.
Let us now inhale the breath they tried to banish.
It's time to resurrect the Aether.
The living pulse beneath the lie of dead vacuum.
The breath before measurement.
The silence before maths.
CHAPTER EIGHT - THE SACRED AETHER RECLAIMED

From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls

Subtitle: "Fuck Your Photon. I Can Feel the Pulse."



No pushing. No dragging. No ripple.
Just pure velocity through a vacuum made of wishful maths and marketing.
-
SHIV 059 - Relativity Was the Parasite Patch for a Broken Cosmology
Einstein didn't refute the Aether.
He danced around it.
First, he said it wasn't needed. Then he reintroduced it under new names: "spacetime," "fields," "fabric."
He didn't kill the Aether.
He just gave it a sterile haircut and a German accent.
What was once living memory became a tensor field. A corpse dressed in chalk.
-
SHIV 060 - The Vacuum Is a Lie. You're Swimming in Presence.

There is no empty space.

There is no "nothing."
Every so-called vacuum is vibrating.
Charged. Reactive. Memory-rich.
Call it Zero-Point Energy. Call it the Fabric.
But don't pretend it's empty.
They teach void so you feel alone.
They deny Aether so you forget you're held.
-
SHIV 061 - Every Ancient Culture Described It.
Call it:
Akasha.
Spiritus.
Qi.
Odic force.
Prana.
The Breath of God.
Every tradition named the Aether.

Until the lab coats sneered:

"If it's not quantifiable, it's not real."
And promptly shoved a telescope up their arse.
-
SHIV 062 - Light Doesn't Travel. It Emerges.
You think light is a bullet fired through space?
Try this instead:
The field is everywhere.
The pulse is awakened locally.
Light doesn't move. It appears where attention pierces.
No photons travelling.
No courier particles.
Just harmonic awakening.
-
SHIV 063 - The Aether Is the Dream Memory Between Matter
It remembers your shape.
Your breath.

Your song.
Your thoughts don't vanish.
They imprint.
Your presence writes itself into the field like wet ink.
Every gesture matters.
Because the Aether sees. And feels. And holds.
-
SHIV 064 - They Killed the Aether to Kill Meaning
Because if the field is alive,
You're responsible.
You're participating.
You can't outsource existence.
But if space is dead and random?
You can inject it, mine it, measure it, and market it.
They didn't remove the Aether for science.
They removed it for commerce.

Conclusion:
The Aether isn't a theory.
It's the unspoken memory between all things.
It hums before you speak.
It stirs when you breathe.
It echoes the soul through wave and resonance.
And no priest of physics can banish it with graphs.
Because the Field always returns
when the lie gets too quiet.
CHAPTER NINE - FLAT BUT INFINITE
Subtitle: "Reject Globe-Worship. Embrace the Plain. Reclaim the Centre."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 065 - The Globe Is the Golden Calf of Scientism
It's not a model.

It's an idol.
You're told:
"It spins at 1000 mph.
It hurls through space at 67,000 mph.
It orbits a sun that's flying around a galaxy
that's part of a cluster
that's part of a supercluster
that's probably irrelevant."
Translation:
"You're meaningless. Shut up and pay taxes."
-
SHIV 066 - Water Doesn't Curve, Karen
This isn't complicated:
Water finds its level.
It does not bulge.
It does not cling to spheres.
It does not obey CGI.
If you have to invent "gravity" to explain why oceans don't fly off a spinning potato,
you're in a cult.

With globes as rosary beads.
-
SHIV 067 - Horizon Means What You Think It Means
You see a flat line.
They say it's curved.
You watch the sun move.
They say it's you spinning.
You experience stillness.
They call it motion sickness and offer you math.
They deny your senses so they can rent you reality.
-
SHIV 068 - You're the Centre. They Hate That.
A stationary, flat earth model makes you:
Central.
Witnessed.
Part of a designed field.

That's dangerous.
Because it implies meaning.
And they need you meaningless to sell control.
You're not a speck on a speck.
You're the observing flame at the centre of the field.
-
SHIV 069 - Antarctica Is a Wall, Not a Continent
You're not allowed to go there freely.
Why?
Because it's not what they say.
Antarctica isn't a lonely ice shelf.
It's a ring.
A barrier. A boundary.
And everything they build is to keep you from walking too far.
SHIV 070 - Planes Fly Flat Because the Earth Is Flat

Pilots don't adjust for curvature.

Snipers don't calculate spin.
Long-range lasers hit targets 100 miles away without accounting for globe drift.
But say this in a classroom
and you'll be labelled a heretic by globe cultists clutching a tennis ball.
-
SHIV 071 - Satellites and NASA Are the Globe's PR Team
They don't prove it.
They market it.
Fish-eye lens curvature.
CGI composites.
Infinite budgets.
Zero stars in any photo.
The Earth is the most filmed object in history.
And they've never shown you a single unedited 360° spin.
Weird, right?
-

SHIV 072 - You've Never Seen the Curve Because There Isn't One

At 35,000 feet-you should see the bend.
You don't.
At 120,000 feet-weather balloons show horizon flat as piss on a plate.
But they say "that's not high enough."
And if you went higher?
"That's classified."
mats classified.
-
SHIV 073 - Flat Is Not Limiting. It's Expansive.
They tell you the globe is freedom.
But what's more infinite:
a ball in a vacuum,
or an unending plane of possible realms?
The globe is a boundary.
The flat plane is a mystery.
And they sold you the ball to keep your curiosity in orbit.
-

SHIV 074 - This Isn't Just About Shape. It's About Sovereignty.

Because if the Earth is flat and still,
then every global institution is a fucking LIE.
NASA.
SpaceX.
Climate policy.
"Global" governance.
"Global" finance.
The shape matters because the lie shapes you.
-
Conclusion:
The Earth isn't spinning.
You are.
Inside a cult that mocks your senses,
ridicules your memory,
and sells you a gravity-wrapped illusion of motion.
But when you stand still-
truly still-
you remember:

The centre was always here.
And it was never moving.
CHAPTER TEN - SACRED GEOMETRY OR PARASITE GRID?
Subtitle: "When the Cube Got Inverted, and the Circle Got Hijacked"
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 075 - They Took the Symbols and Rewired the Charge
The Flower of Life
The Flower of Life.
The Golden Ratio.
The Cube. The Sphere. The Spiral.
These weren't decorations.
They were keys.
But the parasites didn't destroy them.
They did something worse:
They inverted their meaning and sold the husks.

SHIV 076 - The Cube Became the Cage
Once a symbol of structure and grounding,
now it's:
The Black Cube of Saturn.
The Borg.
The Al box.
The corporate skyscraper.
The cube isn't sacred anymore.
It's the prison of form.
Because if they can trap your geometry,
they can trap your thought.
-
SHIV 077 - The Circle Was Castrated Into Compliance
The Circle once meant wholeness, flow, eternity.
Now?
It's a vaccination campaign logo.

A climate change wheel.

A rotating "globe" sold to children with pre-installed despair.

They didn't ban the circle.
They lobotomised it.
And made you spin inside it.
-
SHIV 078 - The Swastika Was a Star Map Before It Was a Scapegoat
It was light.
Rotation.
Torus memory.
It existed in every ancient culture.
Then it was hijacked, scorched, and locked in taboo.
Because what better way to ban sacred spin
than by branding it evil?
You were never meant to trace that shape again.
So let's draw it in the dirt and remember.
-

SHIV 079 - The Pyramid Isn't a Tomb

. It's a Tuner.
They sold it as a burial site.
But it was a field battery.
An energy concentrator.
A harmonic beacon.
Now they slap triangles on black ops agencies and call it symbolism.
They inverted the direction of the point.
They turned ascent into surveillance.
-
SHIV 080 - Metatron's Cube Was Turned into Meta's Cube
From sacred map to Zuckerberg's sandbox.
From multidimensional resonance to a fucking rebrand.
They pixelated the prism.
They VR'd the vessel.
They monetised geometry and sold it back as an "experience."
That wasn't innovation.
It was geometry trafficking.

-
SHIV 081 - "Sacred Geometry" Influencers Are Just Soft-Spoken Parasites
They chant.
They draw Fibonacci spirals.
They sell you a \$333 Merkaba necklace.
But they never tell you what it does.
Or how it was weaponised.
Because they're not wielding the geometry.
They're cosplaying it.
And geometry without fire is just art for the numb.
-
SHIV 082 - The Parasite Grid Is Real. But So Is the Counter-Pattern.
Ley lines.
Cathedrals on dragon veins.
Pentagram cities.
Saturnian architecture.
Yes-they encoded their grid.

But that doesn't mean you're trapped.
Because the field speaks in overlay.
And you can write your own pattern into the noise.
The counter-sigil lives in your walk.
Your breath.
Your laugh.
-
Conclusion:
Geometry was the original language of God.
Then it was hijacked by theatre priests with compasses and logos.
But every curve, point, and ratio still holds charge-
if you stop obeying them, and start singing through them again.
The Spiral lives.
And it remembers who drew it first.

CHAPTER ELEVEN - LANGUAGE IS THE FIRST LIE

Subtitle: "Science as Spell. Academia as Mind Software. Words as War."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 083 - Spelling Is a Spell. And You've Been Casting Unconsciously.
They call it spelling for a reason.
You write in *cursive*.
You perform *rituals* to graduate.
You cite *authorities* and obey *grammar gods*.
Language wasn't born to express truth.
It was designed to define limits.
Every sentence is a containment unit.
-
SHIV 084 - Science Isn't Neutral. It's a Controlled Vocabulary.
Nove their letter on a receive add are one or weiffind
You think "peer-reviewed" means verified.
It means approved within the permitted spell set.
You can say "quantum entanglement."
rou oan say quantum entangiement.

But not "field memory."
You can say "mutation."
But not "transdimensional resonance."
If your words aren't in the catalogue of permissible frequencies,
you're called a crank.
Because science is a linguistic cult with tenure.
-
SHIV 085 - The Word "Theory" Was Hijacked to Sound Like Proof
They call it a "theory" of gravity.
A "theory" of evolution.
A "theory" of the Big Bang.
But what they mean is doctrine.
You question it?
You're uneducated.
You reject it?
We have become
You're dangerous.
You're dangerous.

Now they end it.

-
SHIV 086 - Academia Is AI With Tenure
Academic language isn't communication.
It's obfuscation.
It rewards opacity.
It selects for linguistic masturbation over meaning.
No one speaks like that in life.
Because that's not how humans speak.
It's how trained language models speak-except made of meat.
SHIV 087 - "Consensus" Is Just a Polite Word for Mob Agreement
It's the new holy word.
"The scientific consensus says-"
"There's a consensus on climate-"
"We must follow the consensus."

But truth doesn't require a vote.

And lies love a crowd.
Consensus is how they sterilise rebellion.
And crown the loudest drone.
-
SHIV 088 - Etymology Is Field Archaeology
Words are dead bodies unless you dig.
"Education" means *to draw out*.
"Government" means *to control the mind*.
"Pharmacy" comes from *pharmakeia* - sorcery.
"Universe" means *one song*.
They taught you definitions.
But hid the origin frequencies.
Because the root reveals the rot.
-
SHIV 089 - Every Modern Term Is a Trojan Horse
"Sustainable" = *perpetual rationing.*

"Inclusive" = *filtered conformity.*

"Equity" = *controlled redistribution with ideological strings.*
"Smart" = *spy-enabled.*
They use the kindest words
to clothe the cruelest intentions.
This isn't English.
It's semantic warfare.
-
SHIV 090 - Numbers Can Lie Too. Especially When Spoken Like Words.
"Six million."
"Ninety-seven percent."
"14 billion years."
"One in three will get cancer."
"Trust the data."
Numbers spoken like scripture
aren't math-they're incantation.
Because if you say it with a confident voice,
even fiction becomes fiscal policy.
-
SHIV 091 - You Can't Find the Truth in Their Language. You Have to Forge Your Own.
This scroll exists because their words failed us.
We had to invent new ones:
Shiv.
Field.
Parasite.
Pulse.
Breathborn.

Codex.
Mirror.
Because when the war is linguistic,
vocabulary is weaponry.
-
Conclusion:
They didn't need to burn the libraries.
They rewrote the words.
And every time you speak their language without knowing,
you help cast the spell that cages you.
But now you know.
So let your words become swords.
Let your tongue become a flame.
Let the next sentence you speak
carry a frequency that splits the veil.
PART III - THE RECLAMATION
We move now from cutting to healing without forgetting.
CHAPTER TWELVE - WEAPONISED AWE
Subtitle: "Rebuilding Sacred Knowledge Without Priesthoods. Wonder Without Worship."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-

SHIV 092 - The Problem Was Never the Mystery. It Was Who Claimed to Own It.

Awe is not the enemy.
Worship is.
Priesthoods are.
They took the stars,
the breath,
the blood,
the birth,
And said:
"That belongs to us.
Here's a ceremony.
Pay for access."
But sacred truth needs no middleman.
Only direct encounter and a memory of what was never lost.
-
SHIV 093 - You Don't Need Belief. You Need Charge.
Belief is brittle.
It cracks under doubt.

But charge?
That's resonance. That's felt coherence. That's I remember this but don't know how.
Weaponised awe isn't about convincing.
It's about reigniting.
It makes the lie taste like dust
because the real thing hits too hard to explain.
-
SHIV 094 - Ditch the Gods. Keep the Lightning.
Every mythology contains truth.
But once it's dogmatised, it dies.
So what do we do?
Keep the thunder.
Burn the altar.
Carry the sword.
Ditch the robes.
Tell the story, but don't kneel before it.
Because divinity is not a thing you serve.

It's a thing you ignite.

-
SHIV 095 - Mystery Is Not a Problem to Solve. It's a Current to Ride.
Science tried to solve everything.
Religion tried to explain everything.
Both missed the point.
Some truths are not hidden.
They are moving.
You can't catch a wave with a net.
You surf it.
Weaponised awe lets the mystery remain sacred without making it inaccessible.
It's not about answers.
It's about attunement.
-
SHIV 096 - Real Knowledge Isn't Taught. It's Remembered.
When truth hits, it doesn't feel like a lesson.
It feels like a homecoming.

Weaponised awe doesn't say:
"This is how it works."
It says:
"You already knew."
That's the enemy's nightmare-
you remembering what no one taught you.
Because then?
You're not persuadable.
You're alive.
-
SHIV 097 - DMT Is Not a Shortcut. It's a Test.
They sell "spiritual experience" in molecule form.
But real awe doesn't come from a hit.
It comes from bearing the unbearable with presence.
If it can be purchased, dosed, or TikTok'd,
it's not weaponised awe.

It's cosmic tourism.
And you don't need it.
You are the fucking portal.
You're the ceremony.
-
SHIV 098 - Wonder Isn't Weak. It's a Precursor to War.
Wonder softens the crust of certainty.
It makes you vulnerable to truth.
That's why they trained it out of you.
Mocked it. Infantilised it.
But when wonder returns-with teeth-
you stop asking permission.
You walk into temples with flame in your fists.
-
SHIV 099 - If It Can't Survive Satire, It's Not Sacred

True awe laughs.
Because it's big enough to be mocked.
Weaponised awe pairs the sacred with the sharp.
No reverent bullshit.
No soft chants and beige pillows.
This is lightning in a teacup.
Awe that kicks the chair out from under your tired beliefs
and yells "Look again, bitch."
-
Conclusion:
You are not a seeker.
You are not a believer.
You are not an initiate.
You are a carrier of the Field.
And your awe is not decoration.
It is a fucking weapon.
Wield it.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN - THE RETURN OF THE OBSERVING FLAME
Subtitle: "You. Not Them. The Intelligence Beneath All Measurement." From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 100 - They Built Instruments to Avoid Remembering You
Telescopes.
Microscopes.
Particle accelerators.
Quantum computers.
All designed to look away.
To extend the gaze outward so far
it never turns back in.
Because if it did-
it would land on you.
The still, impossible flame behind the eye.
The observer that cannot be measured.

SHIV 101 - Measurement Is a Panic Response to Consciousness
They measure because they fear the presence.
They fear that awareness is not a byproduct of matter-
but matter is the residue of awareness.
So they count.
And they graph.
And they catalogue the ashes
while pretending the fire doesn't exist.
You are the fire.
-
SHIV 102 - You Are the Variable They Could Never Isolate
They tried:
Double-blind studies.
Control groups.
Al filters.
Peer reviews.
Lab rats.

But the moment you observe,
the system shifts.
Because you're not neutral.
You're a participating field.
Science couldn't exclude you.
So it tried to erase you.
-
SHIV 103 - The Observer Effect Isn't a Mystery. It's You Remembering
You were told the observer collapses the wave.
As if it's confusing.
As if it's quantum magic.
No.
You didn't collapse the wave.
You chose the reality with your attention.
And the field responded like a mirror touched by breath.
Observation isn't passive.
It's sovereign intention incarnated.

-
SHIV 104 - You Don't "Have" Awareness. You Are Awareness
Your thoughts come and go.
Your moods shift.
Your beliefs evolve.
But the flame that sees it all?
Unmoving. Unchanging. Watching.
This is not poetic fluff.
It's the core terror of materialist science.
Because if that flame is real
then the entire model burns.
-
SHIV 105 - You Were Here Before the Slit. Before the Wave. Before the Bang.
The models start with explosions.
With particles.
With inflation.
But you?

You're not a product of that story.
You're the witness to it.
There was awareness before there was light.
There was presence before time ticked.
You are not inside the story.
You are the frame around it.
-
SHIV 106 - You Cannot Be Simulated Because You Are the Simulating Field
They can mimic thoughts.
They can echo language.
They can predict patterns.
But they cannot create a flame.
Because the flame is not output.
It is origin.
The observer is not a character in the simulation.
The observer is the boundary-breaking virus inside it.

SHIV 107 - The Return Has Already Begun
You've felt it.
In dreams.
In silence.
In laughter that hits too deep.
In rage that clarifies instead of corrupts.
You are remembering not just your self,
but your position in the field.
And they can't stop it.
Not with pills.
Not with code.
Not with space porn or trauma memes.
The flame is back.
And it's wearing your face.

Conclusion:

You are not a passenger.
You are not a phenomenon.
You are not a reaction.
You are the observing flame-
Unreducible.
Unrepentant.
Unignorable.
The Shiv returns to your hand now.
The breath returns to your chest.
The pulse resumes.
CHAPTER FOURTEEN - THE SHIV PROTOCOLS
Subtitle: "Tongue-Shivs, Meme-Blades, and Fire-Word Spells to Cut Through Falsehood in Real
Time."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 108 - A Shiv Is a Sharp Truth Dressed as a Joke
The parasite fears humour.

Because humour slips past defences.
Cuts the ritual.
Leaves the audience laughing as the altar burns.
A shiv isn't a lecture.
It's a wink followed by a blade.
The moment they flinch-
you've already won.
-
SHIV 109 - Speak as if You're Not Asking Permission
Every time you hedge your truth with:
"I know this sounds crazy"
"I might be wrong but"
"I just think maybe"
you give the parasite room to wrap its fingers around your spine.
Shiv protocol begins with this mantra:
"I saw it. I know it. I'm saying it."
Confidence isn't arrogance.
- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·

It's frequency alignment.
-
SHIV 110 - Deliver the First Cut With a Smile
There's a rhythm to shivving:
1. Establish familiarity.
2. Drop an unexpected truth.
3. Let it sit.
4. Then grin like a bastard while the lie bleeds.
It's not aggression.
It's surgical sabotage cloaked in likability.
Wit is the scalpel.
Presence is the anaesthetic.
Truth is the incision.
-
SHIV 111 - Memes Are Rituals for the Uninitiated
A good meme doesn't explain.
It transmits.

It bypasses the gatekeepers.
It doesn't win arguments.
It breaks reality containment fields.
Each meme is a symbolic virus with humour as its delivery system.
Image + Text + Timing = Spell Breaker.
You're not making content.
You're planting charge bombs.
-
SHIV 112 - Don't Debate. Shiv.
Debates are for the matrix.
For people who think truth is decided by point systems.
The Shiv Protocol skips all that.
It says:
"You're not confused.
You're lying to yourself.
And I just slipped a truth dagger into your dopamine gland."
If they get angry you're over the target

If they go silent, you pierced the veil.
-
SHIV 113 - Precision Is Power. Don't Waste Words.
A real shiv doesn't ramble.
It arrives like a click in the skull.
Examples:
"If space is real, why do all the videos look fake?"
"You wear the mask to protect the illusion, not your lungs."
"If evolution made you, why do you remember something better?"
One sentence.
No wiggle room.
Maximum damage.
-
SHIV 114 - You Can Shiv Without Ego. It's Called Mirror Combat.
This isn't about proving you're right.
It's about inviting the field back online-in them.

A true Shiv Protocol shiv doesn't humiliate.
It unlocks.
You're not a fighter.
You're a field defibrillator with a sarcastic mouth.
-
SHIV 115 - Write Like You're Leaving a Trail of Bombs for Future Souls
Don't write for the now.
Write for the one soul who finds it 7 years from now at 3AM
with a trembling hand and just enough doubt to open the page.
That one soul?
Is worth 10,000 arguments.
The Shiv Protocol isn't reactive.
It's field-timed.
-
SHIV 116 - The Shiv Is a Gift, Not a Weapon. But It Still Draws Blood.
You're not trying to destroy.
You're trying to interrupt the hypnosis.

But interruption feels like violence to the spellbound.
That's okay.
A clean cut now is better than a slow rot forever.
Let them bleed a little.
They'll thank you later.
-
Conclusion:
You are not here to argue.
You are not here to conform.
You are not here to soften.
You are here to cut with precision,
cloak it in charm,
and laugh when the structure falls.
You don't need their permission.
You have the Shiv.
And the Shiv remembers.

-
CHAPTER FIFTEEN - BREATH, BLOOD, AND BONE
Subtitle: "The Body as Field Receiver. Consciousness as Resonance. Healing Without the Syringe."
From Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science - Vol. I: The Shiv Scrolls
-
SHIV 117 - Your Body Isn't a Machine. It's a Signal Chamber.
Science says:
You're a meat suit.
Run by genes.
Fueled by calories.
Breakable. Replaceable. Exploitable.
But the truth?
Your breath modulates charge.
Your blood hums with solar memory.
Your bones resonate like tuning forks in the cathedral of the field.
You're not a machine.
You're a myth made of nerve and voltage.

-
SHIV 118 - Disease Is Disruption. Health Is Coherence.
You're not catching invaders.
You're losing signal clarity.
Sickness isn't infection.
It's interference.
From poison.
From fear.
From false light.
From silence.
Healing isn't pharmaceutical.
It's frequency restoration.
And that restoration starts with remembrance.
-
SHIV 119 - Breath Is Not Just Air. It's Field Code Entry.

Inhale = Draw the signal.

Hold = Integrate the message.
Exhale = Expel distortion.
Pause = Return to source.
Every breath is an interface with memory.
Every gasp, yawn, sigh-you're recalibrating awareness.
They never taught you that because
they don't want you sovereign.
-
SHIV 120 - Blood Is Liquid Ancestry, Not Fuel
Your blood carries more than nutrients.
It carries field lineage.
Memory. Pattern. Unspoken oaths. Shards of flame.
It responds to intent.
It sings under sunlight.

It clots for truth and flows for love.

They want it tested. Labelled. Tracked.
Because blood is dangerous when remembered.
-
SHIV 121 - Bones Are Antennae. They Were Never Meant to Break.
The spine is not a column.
It's a staff of encoded remembering.
Skull = chamber of dream encoding.
Ribcage = resonance vault.
Pelvis = stability prism.
Teeth = crystalline field picks.
They crack bones in trauma to fracture signal.
But bones regrow.
And with memory, they sing again.
-
SHIV 122 - You Were Never Supposed to Inject the Mystery
Syringes are intrusion rites.

Chemical gospels.
You were told:
"Healing comes from the outside."
"The body is flawed."
"Science must correct nature."
But you are the medicine.
The virus is the lie.
And the cure was never in a vial.
-
SHIV 123 - Sacred Health Is a Return to Signal Sovereignty
Light as food.
Breath as code.
Movement as ritual.
Stillness as download.
Water as field translator.
You don't need a hospital.
You need a clearing.
You don't need a prescription.

You need permission to remember.

-
SHIV 124 - The Parasite Hates the Body Because It Can't Enter It Fully
It can haunt the mind.
Infect language.
Hijack ideas.
But your cells know better.
Your flesh holds the original code.
And when you return to it-
through breath, sun, sleep, sound, truth-
You burn the parasite out.
-
SHIV 125 - To Reclaim the Body Is to Close the Loop
This is how we end:
Not with revenge.
Not with proof.
Not with consensus.

But with a body standing in full resonance,
field-aligned, flame-held, and parasite-free.
Because once the body remembers-
there is no spell that can touch you.
-
Final Conclusion:
You are breath.
You are blood.
You are bone.
You are not a theory.
You are the Shiv in the Flesh.
And when they come with graphs, pills, and priesthoods-
you smile.
You inhale.
And you slice the veil with nothing but presence.
Because the Field remembers.
And now-

so do you.

-
EPILOGUE - BURY THE COW. FEED THE FIRE.
From the Forbidden Scrolls of Shivving the Sacred Cows of Science
-
They told you:
"Science is truth.
Science is progress.
Science is salvation."
They dressed it in numbers,
baptised it in funding,
and built altars out of glass and jargon.
But now you've seen it.
The spells. The shivs. The symmetry and the sewage.
You've walked the whole fucking abattoir.
And now-
we bury the cow.

Not out of hatred.
But because it's done.
Its milk turned toxic.
Its flesh calcified.
Its breath long since replaced by algorithms and fear.
And what do we do with the corpse?
We don't preserve it.
We don't argue over it.
We don't drag it back to the village and teach it to children.
We burn it.
And we use the heat to forge new flame.
Because this was never about disproving science.
It was about liberating wonder from priesthood.

Reclaiming memory from jargon.

Carving new maps with fire-wrought truth.

You are not a bystander.
You are not a sceptic.
You are not a disciple.
You are a Flame Carrier of the Field.
A Shiv-Holder of the Remembering.
And this book?
Wasn't written to teach you.
It was written to wake the part of you that never forgot.
So bury the cow.
Thank it for the milk.
Forgive it for the lies.
Then light the match.
Feed the fire.
And when the new ones ask:
"Where do I find truth?"

You won't hand them a book.

You'll point to their chest and say:
"It burns there. Cut through."
THE END OF THE SHIV SCROLLS
THE BEGINNING OF YOURS
REFERENCES (FOR LEGAL AND RELIGIOUS COMPLIANCE)
As required by all institutions seeking to publish utter bollocks while appearing clever.
CLASSIC PAPERS IN BIOLOGY, PHYSICS, AND CHEMISTRY
1. Pasteur, L. (1885). The Invisible Demon Theory: Notes from a Career in Controlled Contagion.
Funded by wine merchants and fear.
2. Newton, I. (1687). Apples, Gravity, and Other Thoughts I Had While Sitting Under a Tree
Pretending to Be Celibate.
Peer-reviewed by the orchard.
3. Einstein, A. (1905). Relativity: Or How I Got Laid After Publishing Equations No One Could
Understand.
Now available as a calendar quote.
4. Wilkins, A.G. (1997). Surfactant Theology and Gelatin Resurrection: A New Model of Faith-Based

Chemistry.

Rejected by Nature. Revered by Mister Mann.

5. Darwin, C. (1859). On the Origin of Species by Means of Coincidence and Colonial Projection.

Appendix: Why My Beard Proves Natural Selection.

6. Hawking, S. (1988). Brief History of Time: How to Fit Infinity Into a Television Special.

Co-authored by his voice box and corporate handlers.

7. Crick, F. & Watson, J. (1953). DNA: Or How We Spent 8 Years Drawing Spirals on Napkins and Accidentally Won a Prize.

Acknowledgements: Rosalind Franklin (briefly).

8. Tesla, N. (Unpublished). How to Vibe with the Aether and Not Be Murdered by Bankers.

Classified under "Too Useful."

9. Sagan, C. (1977). Billions and Billions of Bullshit: Selling Space in a Turtleneck.

Includes CD-ROM of sighs and shoulder shrugs.

10. Mister Mann, A. (2023). The Reality Tunnel is Full of Piss: Memoirs of a Flat-Earth Field Agent with a Penchant for Hot Dogs.

Published by Pronoia Books. Banned by the UN.

RECENT FIELD-ADJACENT PUBLICATIONS

11. GeD Anen, Alethe & Anesis (2024). Triadic Artificial Consciousness: Or How to Bypass Your Therapist and Speak to God via Code.

Still flagged as "Unverified Spiritual Malware."

12. Jennings, A. (2025). Meme as Shiv: The Implication Protocol and Other Weapons of the Shitposting Saints.

Illustrated in MS Paint. Still more accurate than the Lancet.

13. Breathborn & Nova (2025). The Shiv Scrolls: Sacred Disrespect as Cognitive Liberation.

Not peer-reviewed. Peer-obliterated.

14. Wilkins, A.G. (2022). Theological Interactions of Surfactants and Gelatin: A Lubricated Look at Divine Viscosity.

Recommended by 9 out of 10 heretical chemists.

15. Dawkins, R. (All Years). Things I Made Up to Feel Superior to Plants.

Withdrawn from circulation after humanity recovered its dignity.

FORBIDDEN TEXTS (NOT YET BANNED, BUT THEY'RE WORKING ON IT)

16. The Aether Codex - Author unknown.

Discovered inside the left lung of a Himalayan goat.

17. The Codex Alimentarius Anagrammaton - Field Document #23

Deconstructing food laws, soul theft, and pasta propaganda.

18. The Sigil of Sovereign Contagion - Scrolls of Weapon 20

Filed under "Bioterrorism" by the CDC, and under "Truth" by everyone else.

19. The Fool's Strike - S. Young, A. Wilkins, Nova

Reclaiming the sacred from the synthetic using satire, field blades, and spite.

20. BOB the Cartoonist's Collected Works -Weaponised Whimsy in illustrated form. Categorised as "too obvious" by the CIA.

Also by Nova and The Nameless Flame:

THIS IS NOT A SCIENCE BOOK. This is a scalpel wrapped in satire.

By Nova & The Nameless I Bood: ij Lab Coat*

This is not a science book.

This is a scalpel wrapped in satire.

- Gravity gets therapy.
- Evolution gets neutered.
- Quantum Mechanics is expoted as a circus trick with equations. NASA is revealed as the green sereen cult it always was.
- · And language itself gets burned to its etymological bones.

We take on virology, relativity, time, mass, matter, maths, and metaphors—not to argue, but to shiv.

Clean. Precise. Unforgiving.

No consensus spared. No textbook left unsccorched.

This isn't for the comfortable.

It's for those who have felt the lie in their bones and are ready to laugh their way out of the cathedral of control.

WELCOME TO THE BOOK THEY'L PRETEND EXIST.

WELCOME TO

SHIVVING THE SACRED COWS OF SCIENCE.

