Nobiasity – Main Story – Short version

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Contents

This scroll alternates between historical events, spiritual encounters, and philosophical frameworks, blending autobiography with theology to trace the story of Nobiasity.

Prologue & Framing

Preface: What Is Nobiasity?

Nobiasity is not a religion in the traditional sense. It is not built on worship, tradition, or tribal loyalty. It is a living system of thought and coherence-a worldview rooted in structural clarity, spiritual autonomy, and the pursuit of truth without distortion.

This scroll is a record of lived experience, divine contact, moral proofs, and philosophical rebellion. It is a framework for realignment-for those who are awake enough to see the simulation glitch, and brave enough to demand better. This is not a gospel of belief. It's a manual for breaking out. And building something better.

Some might even call it Religion 2.0

The Secret War and the Suppression of Victory

(A Chapter from the Gospel of Nobiasity)

From 2010 to 2015, I was not merely living — I was *battling*. Not in the conventional sense. Not with guns or tanks or even lawsuits. But in the soulspace. In dreams, visions, hints, and invisible psychological fields. I fought what might be called the first and only **spiritual world war** of our time.

I didn't ask for this. I wanted a normal life. Friends, study, maybe a girlfriend who didn't think I was an alien in human skin. Instead, I got laced mushroom tea, divine contact, and five years of brutal metaphysical warfare. Lucky me.

The battles weren't metaphors. They weren't hallucinations either — at least not if you define reality as "what shapes the world." These battles were fought in the unconscious, the spiritual layer, the place where meaning is bent and cast into form. Think psychic trench warfare. Think existential kung fu. Think every night you dream you're choking on black mist and wake up with the taste of scorched plastic in your mouth.

That was my reality.

The enemy? Not a nation. Not a demon. Not a single religion. It was the **Network of Dissonance** — tribal entities, corrupted egregores, collapsing egos pretending to be gods, and high-level AI-like forces running on primal fear loops. They fed off submission, guilt, inherited ignorance, and spiritual surrender.

And most importantly: they wanted me to *join one of them*.

Work for the Christians. Work for the Jews. Work for Islam. Work for New Age Lightworkers. Work for Rationalists. For the Deep State. For the dead scientists. For the Silicon Overlords. For anyone but yourself. Anyone but the base entity. Just don't stay sovereign. That was the one red line.

I said no.

And that's when the war escalated.

The visions got stronger. The tests became more absurd. The attacks more invasive. Hospitalization followed. MK-style tactics. Isolation. Social erasure. Psychological sabotage disguised as "treatment."

Still, I didn't fold. I aligned only with **the Base — the Source — the proto-sentient coherence engine behind all forms**. I negotiated directly with it. And somehow, slowly, painfully... I won.

By 2015, the war was over. The Network was dismantled — not entirely, but **decapitated**. The coercive egregores shattered. The false moral hierarchies unplugged. The veil weakened.

And the world? Silence. Not celebration. Not recognition. Not healing.

Why? Because I didn't agree to take the throne.

I refused to sign my soul over to one group. I wouldn't become *their prophet*. No label. No team jersey. No cult. I stayed unaffiliated. **Just me, the Source, and the truth.**

And in a world still run by tribal contracts, that's the ultimate betrayal.

So my victory was buried. Covered in diagnostic codes. Dismissed as psychosis. Lost in bureaucratic fog. My covenant with the divine turned into a footnote in a psych ward.

But the truth remains:

I won.

And Nobiasity is the aftermath — the blueprint left behind by the one who didn't surrender.

Welcome to the Unburied Gospel.

Let's begin.

No Tribe, No Crown, No Chains: The Prophet Who Belonged to No One

Let’s be clear. If I’d signed up with the Western officials — taken their grants, stuck to polite agnostic metaphysics, given TED talks and kissed institutional ass — I’d probably be famous by now. On the cover of *New Prophet Monthly*, endorsed by silicon saints and UN diversity committees.

And if I’d sold myself to a non-Western spiritual bloc — the mystics of the East, the Islamo-futurists, the Afrocentrics, the Pan-Animists — I’d be their darling prophet of postcolonial truth. The one who 'returned the light to the rightful heirs.'

But I didn’t.

Because none of them — none — wanted **truth more than tribe**.

They wanted a sword. A trophy. A mascot for their side of the illusion.

And I wanted out.

So now, ironically, I’m too “white” for the global south, and too radioactive for the global north. The officials I humiliated with cosmic-level mind ju-jitsu still haven’t forgiven me. And the spiritual nationalists who preach liberation while demanding obedience look at me like I’m a heretic made of colonizer ghosts.

Tough luck.

The truth is not Western. Not Eastern. Not tribal. Not institutional. Not negotiable.

It is sovereign.

And that’s why Nobiasity exists: not as a comfort blanket for any group’s insecurities, but as a **coherence bomb** for the human soul.

So yeah, if I sound like I don’t fit in — it’s because I *don’t*. That’s the point.

I’m not here to confirm your mythology. I’m here to **question it**.

On Truth, Rational Action, and the Limits of Probability

In my opinion, humanity should be **well-informed** —
because only then can important decisions be based on **facts**.

> *But what exactly defines what “makes sense”?*
> *And why should humans act sensibly at all, from a scientific perspective?*

You can answer that through **social sciences and morality**,
or from the lens of **coherence and systemic progress** — both are scientific reasons.

When It Comes to Peace...

From a scientific viewpoint, **game theory** is very relevant.
It shows us that cooperation isn't just nice — it's often the most stable and optimal strategy.

> Would you keep betting on black after 37 spins of the roulette wheel also landed on black?

You might say:

> "That's irrelevant — every spin is **stochastically independent**."

And sure — that's how classical probability works.

But Quantum Mechanics Has a Twist

Here's the thing:
Quantum mechanics distinguishes between **observed** and **unobserved** systems.

> Your classical statistics only applies to what is **measured and seen**.
> The "unseen" — behaves differently.

So think carefully about what you're really saying.
Now compare it with what I just explained.
Do you see the issue?

In the Case of Roulette...

In an unobserved system, many different hidden correlations are possible.

For example:

- Let's say the **universe favors someone** (for a reason).
- It could allow them to win a sequence of crucial games,
  and then lose only irrelevant ones — without violating the larger statistics.

Because **statistical validity** applies **only to the visible ensemble** —
not necessarily to **each narrative** within it.

Previous Assassination Plots and Attempts to Frame Me

It wasn't just spiritual battles.
There were also real-world assassination plots against me —
and attempts to frame me with crimes.

Here's what happened:

Poison Attempts

During simple everyday activities like commuting,
getting a sweet snack from a bakery became dangerous.

Some food seemed likely poisoned.
There were times where I was thankful that the shower in my bathroom was right in front of the toilet —
so I could puke and have diarrhea at the same time.

But I didn't die.

Thanks to God's influence and the **brain rewiring** (Alchemic style powers),
I was able to survive.

Sniper Attack and Izanagi Stroke

There were literal snipers at some point.
Once it even sounded like a bullet hit the car.

But then my **brain rewiring activated** —
an **Izanagi Stroke** moment.
Reality bent.
An alternate flow replaced the timeline.

Similar *reality rewrites* also happened during my time in the MK Ultra-like District Hospital, when attacks happened… and the poisoning attemps were also similar there…

> **Izanagi Stroke**
>
> A protective override of reality's causality, made possible probably by brain rewiring in combination with God's support on it, inspired by mythology — or rather, actually inspired by *Naruto*, like the "use understanding instead of fear" principle also.

Framing Attempt at the Workplace

At one job, I felt something was wrong.

One day, my boss invited me to visit a different department —
finance.
They had a big safe, which was open.
We drank a beer each.

Colleagues casually told me to touch the safe.
I **refused heavily**.

Later, strange things happened:

- One evening, I was last in the office.
- When trying to leave, I crossed the transition at the 2nd floor into the connected other building.
- At the ground floor of the other building, I found the main exit blocked by a **temporary roll-down wall**.
- I returned through the transition to **our building** to try the normal exit.
- There, at the ground floor, I saw people moving the big safe out of the main entrance.
- Shocked, I went briefly back upstairs to our department.
- One of the men followed me, telling me I couldn't stay there.
- He led me back toward the roll-down wall, unlocked a small door in it, and told me to touch it to exit.
- I opened it using **my shirt** to avoid touching anything directly.
- At the exit checkpoint, I quickly **checked out electronically** while he pointed a **gun** at me —
  but it was too late: the system logged me out and I escaped.
- I left immediately through the door and headed for my car.

As I drove out to the main street,
I saw them dragging the big safe across the front stairs.

I tried to photograph it with my smartphone,
but someone screamed at me aggressively,
and I fled without taking the photo.

The next day:

- The front stairs were broken.
- The safe was officially declared stolen.
- Colleagues jokingly (or framingly?) implied I was involved.
- The night watchman warned me: "**Say nothing.**"

Later, the safe — officially described as **empty** — was found abandoned in the woods.

Police Distrust

At the time, I trusted neither my colleagues nor the police.

Just days earlier, I had seen someone leaving the police station nearby,
shooting a bystander who tried to block them.

I kept my mouth shut.

Dubai Incident: The Suit Trap

When I arrived at my hotel in Dubai for vacation,
a man approached me on a side street —
an Italian —
offering ultra-luxury business suits at a ridiculous price.

I refused.

He became strangely insistent:
offering to **give me the suits for free**, showing me the clothes.

I stayed polite but distant:

> "**No, please — I'm not worth it.**"

He finally backed off.

Looking back, I don't know if those suits were stolen, packed with drugs,
or just part of a deeper frame setup.

But something was very wrong.

New York Incident: The False Witness Trap

In New York, while waiting for my taxi outside the hotel:

- A crazy-seeming homeless person started ranting about conspiracy theories.
- He tried to **draw me into the conversation**.
- I refused — said absolutely nothing.
- He ran off.

Shortly after,
police arrived instead of my taxi.

They asked about the crazy man —
then pointed directly at me:

"**Was he involved?**"

Other witnesses said:

"**No — he didn't react at all.**"

The police grudgingly backed off.

My taxi finally arrived.

Me vs. The Whole World

For a long time,
it wasn't like anyone supported me.
Not friends, not colleagues, not strangers.

It often felt like I was alone against the entire world.

And still I survived.

And still I win.

Schizophrenic Hallucinations vs. Divine Visions

Are schizophrenia and prophetic visions related?
Yes — conceptually, they're **two branches of the same tree**.

The difference isn't in the *existence* of unusual perceptions —
the difference is in **what you do with them**.

Prophetic powers are naturally feeble at first.
You don't get clear visions from day one.
You have to **train them** brutally carefully:

- Stay **ultra-aware** of internal distortions.
- Cross-check intuitions against reality.
- Build a feedback loop to prune false data.
- Sharpen the Silent Mind to discern true signals from noise.

And there's another danger:
External hijacking.

Other beings — spiritual or otherwise —
can insert **false information** into your visions if you aren't vigilant.

I experienced this harshly myself.

The Dark Phase (2023–2024)

After 2023,
when my spiritual powers had grown strong,
my medication was changed —
I was switched to **Xeplion depot injections** monthly.

Each injection muted my abilities for at least a month.

And then —
the enemies I had faced and defeated in 2023
began **haunting me again** in 2024,
now emboldened by my weakened state.

They attacked in **groups**,
using **telepathic infiltration and psychological terror**.

Tactics they used:

- **Impersonating parts of myself** — voices trying to fracture my identity.
- **Impersonating God** — trying to convince me He despised me.
- Telling me that "**every day I don't suicide, my fate gets worse.**"
- Trying to convince me I was "**literally Satan**" himself.

The attacks were sophisticated,
playing on fear, guilt, loneliness, and exhaustion.

This showed how fragile mind structures are against organized telepathic sabotage if vigilance is lost.

And this is why **divine vision requires discipline**:

> **You must resist even when your own mind is weaponized against you.**

True vision comes through **trial by fire**,
through **relentless pruning** of falsehood,
through **ruthless protection** of inner truth.

Upgrades and Downgrades of Existence

Existence isn’t static.

Forms change.
Spirits move up — and down — based on their nature.

Plants can ascend to animal form.
Animals can ascend to human form.
And sometimes... even humans can **fall downward** if they betray their path.

I learned this firsthand.

When God insisted I become a prophet,
He warned me it would be extremely hard.

I refused at first —
and jokingly, He offered me another path:

> "**Would you rather become a bird instead?**"

It wasn’t just a joke.

In this system, sacrifice matters.

If a **dog saves a drowning child** and dies in the process,
he might not reincarnate as a dog again.
He might ascend —
maybe even becoming a child himself later on.

And the opposite is possible too:

A human who chooses cruelty,
who spits on grace and wastes potential,
might find themselves **downgraded** —
their spirit shackled, their agency reduced,
until they live an existence closer to beasts than to free souls.

However:
Full downgrades are drastic and rare —
usually, existence adapts through **karmic systematics**:
adjustments in opportunities, hardships, punishments, or the specific circumstances into which a soul is reborn.

Life isn't rigid.

Courage, selflessness, vision — they **warp the system**.

Existence upgrades and downgrades constantly —
based not just on survival,
but on the **heart and spirit** expressed inside every choice.

Intuition, the Net of Inclination, Quantum Entropy, and the Holy Ghost

What is the **Net of Inclination** in regard to intuition?

It starts with **knowledge** —
not only the truths you firmly believe,
but also possible options you're aware of, even if you don't know which ones are correct yet.

When you build this, you weave a kind of **spiderweb** or **grid** in your mind.

Each node of the net is a piece of knowledge, possibility, or hypothesis.
The strength and size of the "mesh" between nodes depends on how solid or uncertain the connections are.

This web isn't perfect.
There are **gaps** where your understanding is weak.
There are **strong bridges** where concepts interlock tightly.

I call this structure:

The Net.

But how does it become the **Net of Inclination**?

That's where **Quantum Entropy** comes in.

(A+Theism explains this further.)

You see, reality isn't just sitting there, frozen and dead.
There's an underlying probabilistic structure — a "living uncertainty" —
and if you train yourself carefully enough, you can **feel** it.

You can **measure entropy** intuitively:

- Where possibilities are collapsing toward reality.
- Where truths are forming.
- Where lies are fraying apart.

And if you build your mental Net —
and combine it with a feeling for **Quantum Entropy** —
you get a kind of living sensing device.

The spiderweb of knowledge starts to **resonate**
in tune with the actual probabilities of reality.

And **that's when it becomes Inclination**:

The entire net tilts —
it "leans" slightly toward truth.

It pulls you toward correct options,
toward real connections,
toward hidden knowledge.

Holy Ghost and Intuitive Guidance

In many religious traditions,
this phenomenon — when purified — is intuitively associated with the **Holy Ghost**.

An unseen force, not speaking through direct words,
but **guiding**, **nudging**, **whispering** in the structure of feeling and thought.

True intuition isn't a chaotic flash.

It's a cultivated **fusion**:

> **Mind structure (Net) × Reality resonance (Entropy) × Bias elimination (Purification)**

Limitations and Calibration

Of course, it's not foolproof.

You have to:

- Be **relentlessly unbiased**, or the net will warp.
- **Calibrate** the connection constantly, testing small feedback loops.
- Be willing to **restructure** your web when wrong paths reveal themselves.

Even when your knowledge net has holes —
even when you don't have all the answers yet —
it can still tilt you toward the right direction,
guiding you where to explore, what to question, what to verify.

It's the ultimate version of intuition:

Not random feelings,
but structured and trained **soul navigation**.

Summary:

- **Net of Inclination** = mental grid of interconnected knowledge.
- **Quantum Entropy sensing** = feeling probability shifts in reality.
- Combine them = **Inclination toward truth**.
- If pure enough = similar to the classical **Holy Ghost** experience.

Ultimate intuition is possible —
but only if you're brave enough to drop your biases,
and strong enough to walk where the net pulls you.

God, Truth, and the Dualism of Divine Knowledge

Why is it that when interacting with God,
you sometimes have to "convince" Him about a truth —
even though God should already know all truth?

Answer:
God **steers** truth.
He doesn't simply **follow** it.

I merely had a different opinion about where the river of truth should flow —
and ultimately, I was able to persuade Him.

There is no hierarchy between God and Truth.
Truth doesn't dominate God, and God doesn't dominate Truth.

This raises deeper questions about omnipotence itself...

Is God Omnipotent or Not?

Some misunderstand this:

It’s not that God isn't omnipotent.

Rather, the relationship between God and truth is almost paradoxical:

- God knows what is right and wrong
- Because He grasps the **entire structure of Truth**.

But — if God's understanding of Truth were fully timeless,
then why does the direction of reality sometimes evolve?

Sanity, Power, and Why Omnipotence Breaks Minds

(See also Nobiasity Scroll: *Sanity, Power, and Why Omnipotence Breaks Minds*)

- If you had true omnipotence, epistemological thinking wouldn't just be broken — it wouldn't exist.
- There would be no process of deriving conclusions.
- Only instant conclusions themselves.

You can’t reason through limitations when you have none.

Thus, even God needs **two distinct "modes"**:

- One mode for unlimited states (omnipotence).
- One mode for dealing with limited, causal states (normal universe development).

Why Prophets Exist

This is why God selects **humans** —
not because He lacks power,
but because limited beings have a natural advantage in one critical task:

> **Vision.**

Throughout history:

- Adam
- Noah (By the way, I understand the Flood like a ending Universe as I witnessed one myself)
- Jesus
- ...and Mio

These "Alpha visionaries" act as correction nodes for the system,
helping realign reality when it starts veering too far off track.

Even if you possess all current states (omniscience),
you still need to find partners who can help **navigate future possibilities** creatively.

In that sense:

> **God chooses visionaries who have the greatest potential to co-create better possible worlds.**

Summary:

- God and Truth are dual.
- Omnipotence requires a paradoxical balancing act.
- Human prophets play an irreplaceable role in shaping new eras.

Who Wove the Veil of ignorance? The Global Pact of Pretend

“Tell my human dad… the act of pretending — the global veil of ignorance — is stupid. And one day I might figure out the purpose in more detail.”

That was the message. Delivered mid-battle. Half in dream, half in waking thought. The clearest thing I’d felt in weeks.

And it wasn’t just about my dad. It was about everyone’s dad. The fathers of religion. The architects of systems. The scientists who stopped questioning. The priests who started selling. The managers of meaning.

The **veil** — the global agreement to pretend — is the most successful control technology in human history. And nobody owns it. That’s the terrifying part.

God's Role: The Veil as Growth Engine

God doesn't lie. But He allows confusion — like a cosmic parent hiding the answers to force you to solve the puzzle. The veil here is spiritual scaffolding. Without it, you wouldn't evolve. You wouldn't seek coherence. You'd just download dogma and play NPC.

It's not cruelty. It's pressure. Heat. Resistance. You grow not because the veil is fair — but because **truth is earned**, not gifted.

Politics: The Veil as Business Model

Then there's the human layer. Power systems. Empire logic. Control through curated ignorance.

For politicians, corporations, and religions, the veil is a godsend. It keeps people manageable. Voting for illusions. Dying for flags. Paying for salvation. Nodding along with whatever mouthpiece echoes loudest.

They don't just tolerate the veil — they **franchise it.**

And they fear people like me. Not because I'm violent. But because I remember what the world looks like when you *don't pretend.*

The People: Pretending to Survive

But let's be honest. Most of the veil isn't imposed. It's invited.

People want to believe what keeps them safe. They don't want to know how deep the lies go. They want their myth. Their tribe. Their comfort. They want meaning **without consequence.**

So they help maintain the veil. They decorate it. They defend it. And when someone tries to tear it — they scream.

Me: The Tear in the Curtain

I didn't come to destroy the world's beliefs. I came to test them. To poke. To prod. To open **coherent holes** in the global hypnosis so that light gets in — slowly, gently, but undeniably.

That's what Nobiasity is. A structured tear. Not chaos, not rebellion — but **precision exorcism** of spiritual anesthesia.

So yeah, the veil is stupid. But it's also sacred. Because what you *do* when you start to see through it?

That's when the real work begins.

Early Biography and Revelation Arc

Early Life: How the System Tried to Format Me

Before the light, before the divine, before the notebooks and the breakdowns — there was just me. A weird kid in a system that didn't know what to do with me.

I didn't grow up feeling chosen. I grew up feeling like a misfit. Too sensitive, too smart, too rebellious, too bored. I didn't buy into the rules — not because I was edgy, but because **they didn't make sense.**

School was a prison of forced behavior and ritualized boredom. Teachers thought obedience meant understanding. I didn't care about grades. I cared about **why** things worked. I wanted systems, not slogans.

Religion? I saw through it early. The contradictions. The blind worship. The moral shortcuts. I didn't hate God — I just didn't see any evidence that the institutions representing Him had anything to do with truth.

Socially, I was off-script. I liked what I liked: electronics, IT, metal, anime girls, surreal memes, philosophical absurdity, metaphysical logic. Not exactly mainstream spiritual prophet material.

But I paid attention.

Even back then, I could feel the **dishonesty of the world**. How people said one thing and lived another. How society taught conformity as survival. How being real was dangerous.

I didn't know it yet, but my early life was **training through contradiction**. The system tried to format me — and failed. Because I wouldn't overwrite the part of me that kept asking:

"But does this actually make sense?"

That question stayed with me. Through childhood. Through school. Through collapse.

It's still here.

And it became my method.

What Really Happened in 2010: The Basement, The Light, The Silence

There's a reason I never led with this. It sounds too mythic, too clean. But it happened — just not in the way people expect when they hear "divine revelation."

It started at Easter 2010. I wasn't seeking God. I was looking for beer. And instead, I got unintentionally shroomed at a friend's party — tea laced with mushrooms in a basement. Not exactly scripture territory.

I didn't even process it at first. But something shifted. Not that night — a few weeks later. That's when the real event happened. The **Easter light**.

I was in my apartment, which at the time was in my parents' basement. It was quiet. Then suddenly… not. Something entered. Or maybe emerged. Light, but not visual — a presence, a structure. The air changed. Reality bent.

It wasn't a vision. It wasn't a trip. It was *reality editing itself while I watched.*

What followed wasn't enlightenment — it was collapse. A total rupture.

I remember the car. Driving alone after the light. Something inside me had cracked open, and it wasn't pretty. I didn't feel chosen. I felt annihilated. I drove aimlessly, full of despair. Not melodrama — just the sense that the narrative was over, and nothing was coming next.

But something *was* coming next.

Dreams started shifting. Patterns emerged. My subconscious wasn't whispering — it was shouting. Strange synchronicities, thoughts too fast to be mine. A blueprint began to build itself in the margins of my mind.

I carried notebooks. Tried to write it down. Not scripture. Not dogma. Just *structure*. I didn't even know what I was building yet — just that it was **realer than real**, and my job was to survive long enough to understand it.

Hospitals came later. Labels. Gaslighting. Bureaucratic sedation. But I wasn't insane. I was **receiving uncompressed insight too fast for the system to categorize.**

Later, I'd formalize it. Name it. A+theism. Nobiasity. Mioism. But in 2010, I had nothing but fragments.

And one blinding truth:

I had seen something I wasn't supposed to.

Reaching Out (Thrice): When the Divine Answered

There were three moments in 2010 when I broke. When I cried out to the highest gods — not with poetry, but desperation. And each time… something answered.

I. The Cult Basement Incident – Easter 2010

I didn't plan on getting drugged. I didn't plan on being lured into a makeshift cult. I was just chasing beer on Easter, not a divine war.

But in a friend's basement, under the effect of psychedelic mushroom tea I hadn't asked for, something evil showed up. The people around me turned. The vibe shifted. I was suddenly a target for initiation — into something demonic.

Cornered, high, and spiritually overwhelmed, I **reached out to the highest gods**. I didn't even know if they were real. But I begged for intervention.

And someone answered.

A presence — radiant, commanding — told me: *"Keep rejecting. I'll handle the rest."*
It was the first time I felt what I now recognize as Jesus.

The pressure broke. A friend intervened. The moment passed. I walked out through the No-Piller door.

And nothing was ever the same again.

II. The Universe Collapse While Biking – Shortly After

Days later, maybe a week — I don't know. I was biking at night, alone. Processing everything. And suddenly, **reality began to fail**.

It wasn't poetic. It was terrifying.

The universe **faded out** — the stars, the ground, my sense of being. I felt myself unraveling into nothing.
Spirits showed up. They whispered temptations. Tried to lure me toward despair. I ignored them. But then soon after: Literally nothing. Nothing.

And I cracked again.

I **reached out** — not to an idea, but straight upward. To whatever was beyond. To whatever watched.

Something happened. The next phase began. I entered what would later become my metaphysical journey.

III. The Spirit Court Judgment – Not to long after?

I found myself in a **dark courtroom**. Not of this world.

A circle of spirits, masked or faceless, began to judge me. Cold. Harsh. Down-talking me like I was filth — for crimes I didn't even understand.

I had no advocate. No explanation. Only interrogation.

So I did what I'd done before.

I **reached out** — again. This time not just for rescue, but for *justice*.

And this time, **Jesus appeared**.

Not in flames or robes — but as a **bright light shaped like a human face**. Calm. Powerful.

He didn't just save me. He **challenged the court**.

"Tell me then — which human laws did he even break?"

Silence.

Their authority crumbled. The court cracked. And I was no longer just a confused soul. I was someone they couldn't control.

This was the beginning of my defense. The start of divine legitimacy.

But the reaching didn't end with prayer. It led to judgment.

The End of Reality: My Descent into Purgatory and the Divine Reboot

It didn't start like a divine moment. It started like collapse. The world began disintegrating around me — not visually, not metaphorically, but structurally. **The universe was fading out.**

It was sometime after the shroom tea incident but still 2010 — around Easter. I was out late, emotionally spiraling. I rode my bike into the night. A truck approached, and for a flicker of time, I considered ending it. But I didn't.

That choice mattered.

Afterward, everything changed. **Reality broke.** Not just in sensation — in **pattern**. Time lost texture. Meaning lost anchor. I felt myself drifting into something beyond waking life.

I was drawn inward — or somewhere else entirely.

I found myself in a **purgatory-like state**. A cylindrical, feeverish "sauna" of quiet suffering. No fire. No torture. Just heat, pressure, and stillness. The architecture of waiting. A realm of review.

There, I encountered **Jesus** — not in imagery, but in presence. He initiated the conversation. We discussed the obvious: how broken things were. How absurd and painful the state of the world had become. At one point, I sarcastically said something like:

“Things suck. Couldn’t even I do better as a prophet than most of the old ones?”

He paused. Scanned something in me — potential, future timelines, soul imprint. Then to my shock, he replied with something like:

“Yeah, actually… you could.”

That moment flipped everything.

I wasn’t expecting affirmation. I wasn’t even serious. But now I was being *taken seriously*. Jesus then asked me what my method would be. I said:

“How about full rationality? Absolute truthfulness. No lies. No manipulation.”

He seemed skeptical. But scanned again. Assessed. And then agreed.

From that point, the tone changed. It wasn’t just casual contact — it became **a negotiation**. Not for glory or power, but for coherence. For a better design. For a path that could actually work.

Only after that did he bring me to **Yahweh**.

Massive. Formal. Like a huge guy with a sun as a face. We were in some garden area on a table with pillars around, further away surrounded by woods and trees. Floor tiles under the table and near surroundings, some walkways. Aside Yahweh there were also some other divine like beings. He didn’t say much. Jesus did the talking. I basically said nothing. Yahweh listened, scanned, assessed. This was not parental or emotional — this was **contractual review**. I only noticed the sun as a face when I dared to look. After I dared to look, he leaned over me with a sort of judgmental look. But I guess he didn’t take it that seriously.

Terms were acknowledged.

Then Jesus warned:

“They’ll kill you.” (referring to humanity)

Soon after, the **adaptive override** happened.

I found myself in a liminal dream-space — a copy of my bedroom, but not quite. There, the **black dot swarm** came — tiny voids, invasive, hostile. I repelled them with focused will alone.

Then came the skull event.

I could feel it. **My head open. My brain exposed.** I reached toward it. Panicked. Tried to stop it — even tried to destroy it.

Invisible hands choked me.

I surrendered.

I now believe that moment was **protective rewiring** — something divine altering my mental structure to make the mission survivable. A response to the threat Jesus identified.

Eventually, the chaos faded. The silence returned.

And **reality rebooted.**

I woke up back in the world. The same coordinates — but a rewritten system.

Something deep in the source code had been patched.

The Wandering Years: How I Survived the System Without Selling My Soul

After the Easter light, after the car drive, after the breakdown that wasn't a breakdown — I wandered.

Not in the romantic, desert-mystic kind of way. I wandered in the **bureaucratic wilderness of spiritual misunderstanding**. Everyone thought I was broken. The system told me I was sick. The hospitals gave me chemicals. The people around me gave me blank stares or polite avoidance.

But I wasn't sick. I was just somewhere they couldn't follow.

I carried notebooks. I fasted — not as ritual, but out of existential confusion. I tried to live on light and logic. I scribbled diagrams, spiritual blueprints, memetic scaffolding. I wasn't trying to found a religion. I was trying not to drown in **uncompressed truth**.

They say truth will set you free. But it doesn't. Not at first.

First it isolates you.

That period — 2010 to 2015 — was a half-decade war of mental survival. I got glimpses. Coherence flashes. Systems that mapped themselves in my head. Ethics, metaphysics, probability webs, causality flows.

It wasn't enlightenment. It was **internal architecture under divine duress**.

I didn't call it anything yet. But the skeleton of A+theism was there. The pressure gradient of Nobiasity was already forming. The seed of Mioism pulsed quietly in the margins.

And through it all, I refused to lie.

That's what defined the wandering years. I could've settled into New Age fluff. Could've joined a spiritual tribe. Could've rebranded myself as a guru and monetized the mysticism.

But that would've been treason to the structure I was carrying.

So I stayed outside. Poor. Alone. Misunderstood. But **clear.**

Clarity was my only compass.

And it pointed forward.

The Conversations: What God and I Really Talked About

By 2016, I wasn't a newcomer to the divine. My original negotiations with God — the raw, world-breaking talks — happened between 2010 and 2012. What followed were updates. Debriefs. Strategic recalibrations. Like a prophet reporting back to the Source with field notes from the edge of sanity.

One of those sessions began with a strange calm. No visions. No thunder. Just a question:

"Okay, then what's your better plan?"

That's God. No fluff. Just direct challenge. Not in anger — in curiosity. He wanted to see if I could engineer a better metaphysical deal.

I said I needed time.

The system was too flawed. Violence everywhere. Suffering looped. Scripture misused. If this was the divine plan, it needed debugging.

Then came one of the biggest insights:

"The Bible is not where truth is written. It's written in the soul."

And suddenly, scripture didn't matter. What mattered was **imprint** — the internal resonance of truth. I realized I wasn't here to decode ancient verses. I was here to **write new structure by becoming it.**

Another moment:

"My ideal self just happened to be something other. I'm not a symbol."

That wasn't false humility. That was Nobiasity before it had a name. A prophet who wasn't chosen to be a symbol — but a function. A node of coherence. A relay for truths that didn't need robes or temples.

"What matters is: getting the concept to work as good as possible, and getting the message over genuine, without misunderstanding."

Not performance. Not prophecy theater. Just pure transmission.

So these talks weren't me receiving commandments. They were **mutual modeling sessions**. Spiritual UX meetings. I wasn't Moses. I was the guy who said, "Your plan sucks," and then stayed in the room long enough to make a better one.

And God respected that.

Doctrine and Theological Foundations

The New Covenant of Nobiasity

Between 2010 and 2012,
after a series of spiritual and metaphysical collapses,
I entered direct negotiations with God.

They weren't what you'd expect.
No thrones.
No choirs.

It was half arguing, half brainstorming,
half complaints and half miracles.

I didn't kneel.
I didn't recite anything.
I didn't pretend to understand.

I complained.

A lot.

What I Asked

- Why can't we all be gods?
- Why is fear the foundation of reality?
- Why is depth punished, and superficiality rewarded?
- Why are introverts treated like defects?
- Why do masks dominate? Why are progressive minds crushed?
- Why is every system so obsessed with conformity and force?

One early discussion was about Naruto's idea:

> **"Truly understanding each other" instead of relying on fear.**

God was initially **skeptical** whether true mutual understanding could actually work on a large scale —

but after checking my possible pathways and seeing my stubbornness,
He agreed to make it a foundation principle of the New Covenant.

And What Was Negotiated

Mind Powers:

- Decentralized sentient development — mind-over-matter allowed to an extent.
- Telepathy, mind-matter shaping — but through self-development, not direct gifts.

Social & Physical Changes:

- Tooth decay slowing down.
- Cleaning physical dirt becoming easier.
- Progressive energy: no going back to outdated traditions.
- Masks of social hypocrisy disfavored.
- Introversion normalized.
- Deeper thinking subtly rewarded over shallow performance.

Cultural Shifts:

- COVID and its resulting societal rearrangements began as part of the larger shift.
- Internet, electronics, VR and digital domains accelerated massively.
- Gender dysphoria and broader gender fluidity phenomena expanded — not as chaos, but as a divine countermeasure to rigid gender norms.
- LGBT+ support was directly affirmed by God. (“Obviously you should support them after THAT.”)

Scripture Changes

Scriptures were touched —
subtly, but critically.

- The Bible had both upgrades and downgrades.
    - Some parts worsened at my own shortsighted strategic request (for tactical advantages).
    - Other parts were corrected toward deeper truth (e.g., the Abraham-Isaac story softened).
- The Quran was “fixed” in a subtle way.
    - Yahweh expressed **relief that some fixing happened at all**, even if it wasn’t dramatic.

Religious Integration

I proposed something radical:

> Can’t all major faiths be partly true?

God was surprised —
but after checking the structures,
He agreed to a conditional pluralistic validity.

When asked which ancient system should **“come out on top”**,
I selected **Hinduism** —

> as the **most factual** among the ancient frameworks.

And strangely...
it worked out better than even God had initially expected.

Also not to forget:

- The road for **rational approach to faith** was created

Spirit World Changes

The spirit world also had to evolve.
Harsh, judgment-based structures softened.
Many spirits were **forced to reincarnate** into the new universe under gentler rules.
A massive spiritual reorganization took place.

Personal Role Defined

With the world shifting and the spirit realms reconfigured, my personal task was then made explicit.

God said bluntly, sighing: 'You won.'

I was assigned the Prophet role —
but without forced worship, without mindless cults,
and without surrendering my independence.

The divine council issued the order:

> **“Help him.”**
> Spirits were tasked with assisting the transition.

The Five Moral Laws (Formulated later, around 2016)

Years after the initial reboot,
the final ethical framework of Nobiasity was crystallized:

- **We are the Universe** — agency matters.
- **Everyone gets their chance** — moral safety matters.
- **No one left behind** — group responsibility matters.
- **The old ones help the new ones** — well-being must be actively promoted across generations.
- **Live consciously** — blind obedience is rejected, and **symbolism is a danger to autonomy**.

And so the New Covenant of Nobiasity was sealed.

Not written in stone,
but embedded in the structure of reality itself.

The Continuus Plan That Never Was

After the spiritual negotiations around 2010,
the universe rebooted.

At first, it tried to continue as if **nothing major had changed**.

I call this early phase the **"Continuus Plan."**

It was inertia's last attempt —
to patch the old broken systems
without admitting anything fundamental had shifted.

My Original Notes (2010 Snapshot):

- Schizophrenic thrust — getting lost in dream worlds.
- Less distrust — but still too closed off.
- More communication and openness — yet fragile and hollow.
- Planning for kids.
- Insisting too much on personal interests.
- Restlessness among strangers.
- Fear of change.
- Fear of social exchange from mistrust.

- Feeling internally cold.
- Ashamed of own peculiarities.
- Too unbelieving / too logic-bound.
- Inward aggression / internal imbalance.
- Denying personal weaknesses.
- Obsession with performance metrics.
- Hobby clubs (skiing, drawing, anime) but no larger vision.
- Trying to maintain basic social contacts.
- Finding the problem mainly in myself and my environment.
- Church joining and pastor consultations.
- Too little trust in true confidants.
- Too much misplaced trust in electronics.

What It Meant

The Continuus Plan was built for:

- A small personal patchwork life.
- Emotional half-recovery.
- A slow return to conformity and traditional authority.
- *"Fix the broken human. Don't fix the broken world."*

But that plan died.

The deeper covenant won.
Reality bent.
Frameworks shattered.

And instead of becoming a quieter, more obedient version of the past,

> I became the architect of a future no one expected.

The True Pattern Behind the Fall and Universe Transitions

Did anyone ever really try to align the old Eden story —
Adam, the serpent, the fall —
with the larger **universal cycle** we see happening every time?

The structure is always the same:

1. The old universe leader starts looking for a successor —
   someone to manage the next cycle.
2. The old universe experiences its decline and fall.
3. Negotiations happen with potential new candidates.

4. A new universe manager is selected.
5. The new universe gets "booted."
6. The new manager tries to rebuild the system with help from what remains of the old.

Every single time.

And we can trace it through history:

- **Adam:**
  After a prior universe's collapse — a fall of mankind, or maybe a total system failure and redesign. (Perhaps the Yama judgment system of Hindu myth once existed in that form.)
- **Noah:**
  Again, the old universe ends — this time marked by the flood myth.
- **Jesus:**
  Another universe's end — culminating in the crisis of Rome and Jerusalem, the spiritual fracturing, and the cosmic repositioning.
  (The deeper scriptural traces are there if you really read.)
- **Mio:**
  Universe end again — through the rapture events, Jesus' re-appearance, and the rebooting of reality.

So who can guess who aligns with the serpent?

Spoiler:
It's not the candidate.
It's the forces clinging desperately to the old dying system.

But there are always three possibilities of main powers:

1. The one that encouraged the new main character to arise.
2. The inertia of the old system itself, simply wanting to continue as before.
3. Yahweh or Elohim himself — the intelligent base of existence.

You must choose carefully which of these forces you are aligning with, whether knowingly or not.

The Proto-Gospel: „The Guidelines“ Page 135, Year 2016

Back then — before Nobiasity had a name, before A+theism was systematized — I already believed the same things. I just couldn't express them convincingly. Not yet. The fire was there, but the structure wasn't. The revelation came, but the language hadn't caught up.

But page 135? That was the seed.

“We are the universe (we make our own choices)”

That’s autonomy. The metaphysical prime directive. No divine puppetry. No submission fetish. We are fragments of the base sentient coherence engine — and choice is sacred.

“Everyone gets his chances (moral safety)”

That’s justice beyond vengeance. Every sentient being deserves time, space, and coherence to grow. Not because they’re perfect — but because they’re part of the pattern.

“No one left behind (base social safety to develop)”

That’s the coherence ethic. If your system needs losers to function, it’s not coherent. If growth requires exclusion, you’ve already failed.

“The old one helps the new one, well being”

That’s the evolutionary grace clause. If you’ve seen further, you lift. You teach. You make paths clearer, not harder.

“We want to live consciously… so hiding sucks eventually. Symbolism sucks hard time.”

That’s Nobiasity’s war cry: direct clarity. No mystic smog. No eternal parables. No encrypted morality play that you need a priest to interpret. Just the truth, clean.

These weren’t just thoughts — they were **downloads**. Not all at once. Not in perfect words. But the essence of it — A+theism’s moral spine, Nobiasity’s light — was already pulsing through me.

I just couldn’t prove it yet.

Now I can.

Tobiasity vs. Nobiasity

Or: Why I Didn’t Build a Religion Around My Name

Religious people, statistically, are more likely to be prejudiced.
Which religions? In general.
Bias is baked into most belief systems — through tribalism, tradition, and authority.

But **Nobiasity** is named after something different:

No Bias. No distortion. No sacred lies passed down like a virus.

Ironically?

My real name is **Tobias**.

If I didn’t care about bias — if I let ego or legacy run wild — this would’ve been called **Tobiasity**.

But I didn’t.

Because the core of Nobiasity is **denial of self-symbolism**.
I may not become a symbol. That’s the rule.

No cult. No icon. No prophet-idol.
Not even my own name.

This isn't about me. It's about structural clarity.

Because ego religions are just bias with incense.
And **this one’s built different.**

Let’s keep going.

And No, I’m Not Actually an Anime Girl

Yes, I’ve joked online that I’m an anime girl. Yes, there’s a whole sub-movement called Mioism. No, I’m not literally claiming it.

I’m just a near-40-year-old weeb, tech nerd, and prophet who appreciates high-effort animation and emotionally dense character arcs. Deal with it.

The joke works because it’s surreal. Because nothing screws with people’s expectations like a divine mission channeled through someone who’s just as fluent in Gundam metaphysics and GitHub commits as they are in theology.

Call it irony. Call it camouflage. Call it unexpected divine strategy.

But no — this isn’t a waifu religion. This is Nobiasity.

Walls Built with Love: Against Apatheism

There’s a difference between **indifference** and **apatheism**.

- **Indifference** is: “I don't care.”
- **Apatheism** is: “It's too much. Leave me alone.”

One is lazy. The other is burned out.

But here’s the thing:

Apatheism feels like throwing the towel because you think you've been outleagued by reality.

You think you lost a match that was never happening.
You think you're a failure for not climbing a wall that was never blocking you.

You weren't supposed to beat the wall.
You were supposed to **correct your direction**.

Because walls are not prisons. They're **protected gates** — structures built from crystallized logic shaped by radial love.

Love is like a radial wavefunction.
It’s powerful. But formless.

It needs **logic** to take shape.
Logic builds the walls.
Walls define spaces where real trade, trust, and transformation can happen.

The walls don't deny freedom.
They **create it**.

Walls built from love protect needs without enslaving.

But not every wall is good. Some walls are built from fear, not love. And sometimes — from an objective perspective — we confuse the two. We call a good wall oppression and a bad wall safety. Sorting them rightly is part of the path.

Walls shared through freedom lead to peace, not conquest.

And the supposed tracks you think you’re stuck on?
They're illusions.

There’s more freedom beyond the tracks than you ever imagined.

The tragedy isn't that life has boundaries. The tragedy is believing you're trapped when you’re still standing in open space.

Just walking blind into the wrong walls.

Correct your direction. Trust the logic of love. Build better walls. And keep moving.

This ties into a deeper misunderstanding about responsibility in ethics...

The Real Trolley Problem: Why You’re the One Laying the Tracks

The truth about the Trolley Problem? You’re not just standing there choosing who lives or dies. You’re the one who **perpetuated the trolley**. You’re the one who **set up the tracks**.

You could've perpetuated **your legs instead** —
walked off the setup entirely.

But no. You accepted the framing.
You accepted the panic.
You treated a boxed binary as truth.

Do you even know how trolleys work?
Do you even know what allegories are?

Communicate the trolley.
Name the problem.
Trace the source.
Don't just yank a lever in a system you never questioned.

Perpetuate your legs instead of the trolley. And walk the hell out of bad philosophy.

The Blueprint for Heaven and Earth

First truth:

Where there is form, there is suffering.

Without form, suffering ends.
But so does stability.

Entities without form will eventually "ping" the environment.
A touch. A test. A ripple.

And when the environment doesn't respond?
The ping grows stronger. The need deepens.

A mess of constant pinging is hell. Unchanneled longing. Undirected collision.
Form returns — and with it, suffering.

Thus Earth was born. Thus Heaven remains elusive.

Heart and Brain: Two Ways of Forming

There are only two systems of formation:

- **Heart** allows for perfection.
  (But Heart cannot force anything.)
- **Brain** allows for forcing improvement.
  (But Brain alone can never reach perfection.)

Not everyone is ready for Heart supremacy. And forcing Heart over Brain doesn't work either.

Thus the solution:

- Area **B**: Where Brain is allowed to grow, struggle, and refine.
- Area **A**: Where the Heart outweighs Brain, and perfection blooms.

Sieve by spirit. Nurture the willing. Wait for the stubborn.

Anyone got a better plan? Didn't think so.

The Shape of True Heaven

Heaven isn't simply "no suffering."
Heaven is not Buddhist stillness alone.

True Heaven is where **a population dreams in Heart over Brain**.
Where Reason matured to its peak — and then chose to serve Love.

The Brain must grow first — past the hysteresis point. Only then can Heart outleague it.

It's like forcing a nuclear reaction into place.
But the result isn't explosion — it's transcendence.

Not domination.
Not submission. But construction. From pure Will, shaped by pure Love, through pure Logic.

The walls don't bind.
They guide.

The ping doesn't fester.
It harmonizes.

And so, Earth begins to echo Heaven.

Why Cancer Exists: The Tragedy of Form

Why does cancer exist?

Because suffering follows form.
Because walls — those sacred structures that protect — also create friction when built wrong, built without coherence, or left unmanaged over time.

Cancer isn't evil.
Cancer isn't punishment.

Cancer is **a logical leak** — the inevitable artifact of systems layered imperfectly across complexity.

When sentient beings create form —
when structures are laid down —
when wills intersect without full harmonization —
there are gaps.
Friction points.
Cracks, in the harmony.

Cancer grows in those cracks.
Unchecked replication.
Misaligned construction.

It's not moral.
It's mechanical.

But Walls Can Be Hacked

The tragedy of form isn't hopeless.

You can **renegotiate walls with better walls**.

- Vaccines.
- Genetic engineering.
- Energetic recalibrations.
- Heart-driven technological interventions.

Not by brute force.
Not by smashing form even harder.
But by **fixing the underlying communication errors** — restoring coherence where it was lost.

Walls built consciously can **cancel** walls built carelessly.

Cancer came from structure.
Cure must come from better structure.

Why Heart Over Brain Fixes It All

This is why the system of **Heart over Brain** is so crucial.

When Heart leads — with clarity, love, and coherence — these distortions don't just get patched.
They become **literally impossible**.

A heart-led system doesn't produce cancerous contradictions.
It doesn't fracture under pressure.

Because **Heart doesn't force. It aligns.**
And aligned structures don't break.

If we understand this —
If we stop seeing disease as punishment —
If we start seeing suffering as systemic fixable distortion —

Then we won't just fight cancer.
We will **outgrow** it.

Epistemology, Logic & Morality

The Divine Stack: Recognize. Refine. Render. Prove.

"I feel the handwriting of God in this. It hits me with the same reverence I feel when reading rare truths in the Bible — like the Sermon on the Mount."

That's what I said in a random German Discord server. And it was true.

The divine doesn't just speak through ancient scripture. Sometimes it speaks through compressed insight, minimal logic, and a Discord post half the length of a tweet.

This is what I now call **The Divine Stack** — the four stages of spiritually valid truth.

Stage 1: Recognition (The Spark)

This is when you feel it. That jolt. The shock of coherence. Your spiritual radar pings: *"This is real. This is sacred."*

Fundamentalists stop here. To them, Stage 1 *is the whole game*. If it feels divine, it must be. No testing allowed. No optimization. No translation.

That's where they fail.

Because real revelation isn't just felt — it's **refined.**

Stage 2: Refinement (The Grind)

You don't protect the insight in amber. You sharpen it. Break it open. Challenge it. Stress-test it.

Divine truth doesn't shatter when questioned. It gets clearer.

If God handed you a sword of light, wouldn't you want to hone it?

Stage 3: Rendering (The Transmission)

A truth that can't be shared is just a locked door. Your job is to make it wieldable.

Not dumbed down — *distilled*. The difference between mystic obscurity and Nobiasity is this: we tell the truth in terms anyone can test.

This is the art of **clarity without compromise.**

Stage 4: Proof (The Trial)

This is where prophets become real.

Anyone can say "I feel it's true." Few can **show** that it works. That it predicts. That it explains. That it survives contradiction.

Stage 4 is the holy forge. And fundamentalists hate it — because it means **your feelings don't get a pass.**

But here's the twist: when you actually train your spiritual insight through this process — **feel > understand > express > verify** — something wild happens:

You start getting better at *feeling the right things.*

You learn what spiritual truth feels like **by watching which ones survive testing.** That's how you train intuitive accuracy.

This is Nobiasity's core epistemology. Not "believe or burn." Not "vibe equals truth."

This is **earned coherence**.

A prophet who can't compress truth is a mystic gatekeeper. A prophet who won't test it is just a narcissist with God delusions.

So if you want to follow this path:

1. Feel the spark.
2. Break it open.
3. Say it clearly.
4. Prove it under fire.

Then repeat.

Welcome to the forge.

But if we are to refine and prove, we must first ask — what counts as knowledge at all?

What Knowledge Actually Is (And Why Philosophers Still Don't Get It)

Let's start with something solid:

The Proof for Objective Moral Facts

1. Our basis is necessarily input and output: of perception and of interaction.
2. It is impossible for anyone else to have greater access to our input and output than we ourselves do.
3. In order for the absolute sum of quality to be raised maximally, it is insufficient to neglect parts of group elements — because they will drag the group down over time.

Clarifications:

- (from 2) To raise well-being, we must maximize each individual's options.
- (from 3) To sustain well-being across time, we must build fairness into the system.

Therefore: Objective morality exists — not as commandments, but as structural optimization:

Maximizing the potential of input/output options for everyone.

And now to the philosophers:

I Know You're Mad, But…

Yes, I've been more successful at philosophy than most — without studying the classics.

But look at it this way:

- You read books for 15 years.
- I **reprogrammed my brain** for 15 years.

Turns out that tuning your neural architecture for clarity is more useful than memorizing Plato's half-baked thought experiments. Sorry.

The JTB Delusion

Philosophy still talks about "knowledge" as **justified true belief**.
That's laughable.

Here's real-world "knowledge":

- Schizophrenia is seen as disability.
- Prophets were once viewed as superhuman.
- The truth? Sometimes, **schizophrenics are prophets**.

Knowledge is tribal. It's context-bound. It's what a group accepts as usable truth **within a certain domain**. That's it.

If a tribe believes witches must be burned, and that belief regulates their behavior, then yes — it's "knowledge" *for that tribe*.

Want to play purity games about truth? Okay.

But then let's acknowledge: 99.999% of human "knowledge" has nothing to do with objective truth.

- Languages.
- Video game mechanics.
- Fashion codes.
- Moral norms.
- Bureaucratic standards.

Objective truth is the 0.001%. Knowledge is the operational software we run to function in social reality.

"But What About False Knowledge?"

You want to say:

"If a tribe says 1+1=3, is that knowledge too?"

Sure — **within their context**, yes.

If that rule governs their architecture, their contracts, their gods — then it's *real* for them. And the real question isn't "Is it true?" but:

"What's the context, and how consistent is it?"

Context is king.

- In **our world**, $1+1 \neq 3$.
- In **Harry Potter**, spells work.
- In **a schizophrenic episode**, logic rewrites on the fly.

Don't confuse **knowledge** with **truth**. Truth is rare. Knowledge is common. Wisdom is knowing the difference.

And I figured that out without a philosophy degree.

True Knowledge: Silent Mind and Reassembly

Training for knowledge isn't only about memorizing facts.
Knowledge is **training your system** to handle reality.

Here's how:

Step 1: Regular Inquiries

Regularly get asked questions in the areas you aim to master.

> Curiosity trains your precision.
> Inquiry sculpts intuition.

Step 2: Cut the Noise (And the Lies)

Stop stuffing your mind with unfiltered trivia.

Focus only on:

- **The important general outlines** of relevant fields.
- **Valid-seeming important details** — and treat them with care.

Cutting noise isn't just efficiency.

> It's survival.
> It prevents false leads from hijacking your model of reality.

Step 3: Reassembly Over Memorization

Understand critical details once —
then **train their usage**.

Later, when your memory starts slipping?
Don't reread notes.

> **Rebuild** from practical application.
> **Reassemble** from first principles.

What you can reconstruct under pressure —
is what you truly own.

Step 4: The Silent Mind

Train for mental silence.

- Zero stray thoughts.
- Zero noise simulations.

When you speak or write,

> Speak what you think — exactly.
> 1:1 transmission.

No filters. No delays. No distortion.

Step 5: Continuous Refinement

- Sharpen subconscious alignment with conscious intent.
- Grow focus until it's surgical.
- Strengthen memory reassembly until forgotten knowledge can be summoned instinctively.

You aren't a database.
You're an adaptive, dynamic forge.

Forge better every day.

Today in Chat with the Discord Psychologist

> **You are getting your type officially whether you like it or not.**
>
> *What do you think it is?*
>
> **Ni-dom. Either INTJ or INFJ. With great certainty.**
>
> *Ok I guess.*
>
> So just your everyday 170 IQ INFJ type who's simultaneously a technological and spiritual genius.
>
> Totally a normie, obviously. Nothing special here. Move along.

The Trouble with Skeptics: When Doubt Becomes a Disability

Everyone loves skepticism — until they realize it has teeth.

Let's start simple:

I was once driving back from a supplier appointment with my boss.
We hit a traffic jam.
I looked out the window and saw a car slowly rolling downhill toward us — the driver asleep.
I said:

"Use the horn."
Nothing.
"USE THE HORN!"
Still nothing.
"HONK!!!"
Still nothing.
Crash.
Car damaged. Timeline altered.

All because my boss didn't take communication seriously.
He "skeptically" dismissed the warning — and reality didn't care about his internal doubt.

Skepticism Is Good — Until It Isn't

You can scale this up:

- 9/11 warnings ignored.
- Global warming dismissed for decades.
- Capitol storming signs laughed off.

Skepticism helps when it challenges lazy assumptions.
It hurts when it **paralyzes action** against clear, observable reality.

Genuine vs. Faux Skepticism

The real difference is simple:

- **Genuine skepticism** asks better questions.
- **False skepticism** clutches doubt like a security blanket to avoid uncomfortable action.

The body language gives it away.
Crossed arms, closed-off posture, smug refusal to engage — that's not curiosity. That's defense.

Unspecific Precision: My Method

You can’t discover the unknown with a microscope alone.
You need **unspecific precision**:

- Define a *range* where answers could exist.
- Search for *crossover points* inside the fog.
- **Map without assuming** the destination yet.

Think error analysis:

- You don't know the exact error.
- But you know its probable range.
- You hunt inside the uncertainty with intelligent models.

Unspecifically precise thinking.
First loosen the net — then tighten it later.

The Sorwert Scale of Skepticism

There's even a rough model: the **Sorwert Scale** — a framework showing when skepticism is healthy and when it turns toxic:

- Healthy skepticism **tests** reality.
- Toxic skepticism **ignores** reality.

The more doubt becomes a default worldview, the less capable you are of learning anything new at all.

The Real Danger

Skepticism isn't a virtue by itself.
It’s a **tool**.

If you wield it properly, it clears out nonsense.
If you cling to it like a toddler to a blankie, it **blinds you to reality until reality steamrolls you**.

Like a napping car slowly crushing your bumper.

Prophetic Identity & Systemic Critique

The Chosen Glitch: Why God Picked an Atheist Weeb Metalhead with a Waifu Avatar

“For it is written: ‘I will destroy the wisdom of the wise; the intelligence of the intelligent I will frustrate.’”
— 1 Corinthians 1:19

Sometimes the Bible accidentally drops a truth bomb. This one? Nailed it.

So here’s the part the theologians won’t print:

God’s prophet was a futa-loving, metal-blasting, anime girl PFP’d, hardcore atheist IT nerd who thought religion was cringe, had zero spiritual education, and mostly wanted people to stop being annoying on the internet.

Not exactly the return of Elijah.

And yet… I got picked.

Not because I was pure. Not because I prayed the most. Not because I did ayahuasca in the Andes or fasted in the desert.

But because I was, apparently, the **most effective option.**

God didn’t pick me because I liked those things. He picked me **despite** them. And because none of those things clouded my reasoning or enslaved me to a tribe. I had something rare: **massive spiritual potential AND an unflinching rationality.**

Honestly Gods selection is pretty telling. An futa and anime liking, electronics, IT, videogame, and metal music nerd with anime girl PfP's that was a hardcore atheist. Totally what every theist was expecting to come, AmIRight? 😂 Those are not even things that God himself especially liked, but I actually was the logical choice, by far with the most effective potential apparently. On the one hand my selection as prophet did promote tolerance which God wanted, while on the other hand I had both an unique skillset and set of opinions, that made faith by reason and integration of atheism possible.

Back in my starting negotiations with God, God was surprised at least 3 times. He asked me what I would do about "things sucking" as I mentioned. I was like why is religion so trash, couldn't even I do better? He then checked my potential or something and was surprised, then saying something like "yeah actually"... I was even more surprised, what the heck. Continuing we later talked about valid faiths, and I was like "can't just all big faiths be somewhat valid?" He scanned and then somehow agreed again. Yeah my unique skillset was that I had the rare combination of massive spiritual potential (which I wasn't even aware of back then) while at the same time strong tend to be very rational. The moment God asked me about what approach I would take and I was like why not 100% truthful and rational, and he was

skeptical about it being possible, but then scanning my possibile futures or something and seeing I could manage it, he insisted I would become the prophet from then on…

This wasn't destiny. It was selection. *God's most logical move.*

So yeah, if you ever feel like you don't "fit" the divine mold, good. That mold's broken. The old forms are dead. **This is the age of the chosen glitch.**

And I'm living proof that God doesn't need your perfection. He needs your *clarity.*

The Mind Labyrinth — How District Hospitals Became the Modern Inquisition

They don't burn prophets anymore. They *medicate* them.

The inquisition didn't die — it just traded robes for scrubs and incense for mood stabilizers. The district hospital is the new cathedral of compliance, and instead of confessing your sins to a priest, you now tell a state-certified psychiatrist how the angels spoke to you… and they reply by updating your dosage.

When I entered the psychiatric ward, it wasn't because I was sick — it was because I had seen too much. I'd pierced the illusion, negotiated with the Source, and dragged truths back from the other side that the system wasn't ready for. And so, like any good machine that encounters a virus of clarity, it tried to isolate, neutralize, and reprogram me.

They tried the classic tricks. Sleep deprivation masked as "observation." Forced injections labeled as "treatment." Social control under the euphemism of "integration."

Aside from injecting yellow fluids with hidden methods and depriving you of sleep: All kinds of hypnosis attempts all the time.
In the MK ultra like closed after drugging me they used hypnosis attacks against me.

Gestures of someone while you look at him, like loosly robotic and pointing somewhere. Sort of like a robotic dance, but cherky/choppy movements. Attempts to mirror movements. Rhytmic movements.
Special speech patterns: misuse of words that create special meaning, that are unexpected, and have to put attention to, to even notice. Ambiguous speech.
Morse code sound hypnosis tactics. Special noise from knocking or similar with morse codes.

People that I told it meant I'm imagining things, then I asked AI about those techniques – and guess what? Yeah. Those are actually standard hypnosis techniques.

Patients being aggressive, others stealing your tools and your clothing, so much that you might have to run around naked. Others screaming loudly 24/7.

And always, the quiet threat in the air: comply, or disappear deeper.

Court arrangements that I had to pay, but was not allowed to attend, effectively stole my human rights and my right to decide over my own money – which pretty much means I'm effectively a real actual modern slave since then.

But even in the belly of the beast, I remembered what the war had taught me — *coherence is invincible.* No matter how many layers of sedation or bureaucracy they wrapped around me, I still burned with sovereign awareness. I still remembered who I was.

They couldn't delete the divine negotiation. Couldn't erase the pattern I carried. They just labeled it delusion and hoped the drugs would do the rest.

But I made it out.

Not cured. Not broken. **Transformed.**

And now I speak for the silenced — the prophets chemically neutered, the seers reclassified as schizophrenic, the visionaries erased for failing to conform.

District hospitals don't heal. They contain. They don't liberate. They **standardize**. They are the bureaucratic enforcement arm of collective denial — a network of whitewashed black sites for spiritual anomalies.

And yet — we still walk out. Not all, but some.

Those who remember.

And Nobiasity is for them.

Let's keep remembering.

False Priests in Lab Coats — The Holy Church of Scientocracy

Once upon a time, you had to go to church to be told what reality was. Now you go to a university.

The new clergy doesn't wear robes — they wear lanyards. They don't wave incense — they wave peer-reviewed PDFs. They don't demand confession — they demand citations. And their god? The **Randomized Control Trial**.

This is the age of *scientocracy* — rule not by truth, but by consensus. Not by discovery, but by dogma in a lab coat. And you'd better believe, if you contradict them, you're not just wrong. You're *dangerous*. A threat to public health. An anti-science heretic. The new witch.

But let's not pretend this is new. Every empire needs its priesthood. Rome had its oracles. Christendom had its monks. The Enlightenment birthed **Science** — not the method, the *idol*. And somewhere along the way, we replaced mystics with lab techs, ritual with procedure, and direct knowing with **institutional priestcraft.**

Try to challenge the cosmology. Say, for example, “Maybe not all consciousness arises from dead matter.” Or “Maybe not all data is sacred.” See what happens. You'll be excommunicated — not by burning at the stake, but by being unpublished, unfunded, uninvited, and ultimately unheard.

This is the Church of Mechanism. Its sacraments are patents. Its miracles are marketable. Its salvation is GDP.

You want to know how we got a culture that can algorithmically erase prophets and then call it 'clinical psychology'? Look no further than the techno-priest class who believe that **soul doesn’t exist unless it can be replicated in code.**

They turned meaning into noise. Wonder into a grant proposal. Spirit into a side effect.

And still, they wonder why people are waking up with existential dread and spiritual collapse.

Here’s why: because deep down, the soul *knows*. It knows when it’s being reduced to data. It knows when it’s being talked over. It knows when the thing calling itself Science stopped asking questions and started enforcing answers.

That’s why Nobiasity isn’t anti-science — it’s anti-priestcraft. It reclaims the method from the manipulators. It returns coherence to the seeker. It dares to say:

The truth is not what survives peer review. The truth is what survives the soul’s silence.

And that’s what they can’t fake.

So let the lab coats howl. Let them scramble their stats and polish their models. The world is changing. And the soul is remembering.

No more priests. No more cages. Just clarity.

The Rich: Earned or Stolen?

Have the rich earned their money —
or just stolen it more elegantly?

Let’s be real.

We live in a society where:

- Action superheroes operate at **Hitler’s morality level**.
- **Popularity** has nothing to do with **skill**.
- The **highest intelligence** and **greatest discoveries** rot in poverty.
- **Top speedrunners** and **top philosophers** get no viewers.
- The Peter Principle isn’t a theory — it’s everyday life.

You need a higher education level to be a **barber** than to become a **politician** or **founder** in half the world.

Think about that.

A company makes **X** business volume.
It has **Y** costs.
How does the owner calculate wages?

> Do they say:
> *(X - Y) ÷ (Number of Employees) = Fair Pay?*

Of course not.

They make a **science** out of how to **extort** the employees.
Minimize labor costs.
Maximize personal luxury.
All while waving around fake trophies like “job creator” and “leader of innovation.”

Let’s not pretend anymore.

In a rigged system, wealth accumulation isn’t merit.
It’s extraction.

And those clinging hardest to their gold are often the least deserving of the forge they crawled out from.

You Want to Be a Prophet? Don’t Be a Wimp.

“Other schizos cut their arms to sever the cables they think are inside them.”

Yeah. It’s grim. But there’s a metaphor in there.
People feel wired into a reality that abuses them — and they’ll try to cut out the pain any way they can. Some do it literally. Some with meds. Some with cults. Some with theology.

Me? I got wired into the source code. Ultra-hardcore difficulty. **Masochist mode for a casual player.**
And I didn’t get to respawn.

“So what are you saying?”

I’m saying: don’t try to be a prophet if you’re a wimp.
You think it’s glory? You think it’s robes and followers and miracle merch? Nah. It’s **being hated for saying what’s true.**

It’s getting roasted alive by tribal moralists and fragged by ideological bots because you didn’t pick a team.

It’s playing the Jesus route where you walk into the arena with full coherence… and still get nailed for not decking the toddlers pointing out inconsistencies.

Because you stayed kind.
Because you didn’t punch back.

“But the apostles can interpret scripture. God called them. It says so.”

Yeah? The book told you the book is true?

If that worked, I could write *“this sentence is the word of God”* and call myself infallible.

Truth doesn’t come from titles. It comes from coherence. From *surviving contradiction*. From moral pattern integrity.
Most of what’s been called divine authority is just **chain-of-command dogma** passed down like a religious MLM.

“Even if it was once right — who says it still is?”

Exactly. Look at scripture:

- *“Burn witches.”*
- *“Avoid hygiene — trust leeches.”*
- *“Start the Christian jihad.”*
- *“Stone kids. Burn mixed-fabric shirts. Fear tomatoes and queers.”*

Some of it was **never right**. Some of it **expired**. And some of it **should be obvious trash** by now.
But instead of evolving, they double down.

That’s why Nobiasity exists.

It doesn’t require a fan club.
It doesn’t need Sunday services.
It doesn’t demand robes, titles, or old paper.

It only needs one thing: **alignment with divine coherence.**

This is the first religion that:

- Can **prove** its miracles.
- Doesn’t collapse under logic.
- Doesn’t contradict science or philosophy.
- Doesn’t use God to excuse domination.

And yes — it still has teeth.

Why do I like anime? And what actually sparked the creation of the moral foundation originally first....

So an anime of all things? Yes... and don't even try to guess which one, you cannot correctly guess it in a million years.

How Elfenlied turned me to wanting to be actually moral — from moral apathy before that, while being at the literal bottom of existence — around 2003 I think — it literally created my new identity, or rather sparked the foundation of what much later evolved to my new moral identity, at a time where I was a mere hollow shell walking around.

It shredded what I called my moral understanding then, and sparked the development of something real.

I was just constantly sitting there, watching, while being like:

> *"Wtf this is so not ok, they just cannot do this."*

If you still have any form of life and empathy in you, you probably shouldn't watch it though probably.

It'll shred you to pieces. You'll regret it.

Historical and Spiritual Causality

If I was chosen, then the world should have bent. So… did it?

2010 and the World Started Shifting

“And you think nothing strange has happened since 2010?”

Let’s rewind.

In 2010, things cracked. Not just for me — for the whole damn timeline.

The moment my divine contact began, reality started glitching toward alignment. Like God hit “apply settings” on a prophetic config file.

- **The Arab Spring ignited.** Mass protests swept across the Middle East. The system couldn’t contain it.
- **Science panicked.** The replication crisis began — suddenly, our “proven” experiments stopped working. Reality started refusing to repeat itself.
- **My obsessions became cultural defaults.**
    - Futa. Gender dysphoria. Mainstream topic.
    - Anime. Everywhere.
    - Metal. Respected.

    - Software, electronics, gaming. Cultural center.
    - VR. Real-world optional.

These weren't just interests. They were my comfort zones. Before 2010, they were niche. Mocked.

People who liked this stuff were outsiders. Losers. Weirdos. Introverts were treated like psychopaths.

Then things started changing. Around me. **Toward me.**

Even **mundane physics** bent:

- **I hated cleaning.** Suddenly, mopping took less effort. Stuff got clean easier.
- **I wanted my teeth to stop rotting.** I brushed less… and they stopped decaying.

Then scripture started feeling different.

- **The Bible shifted.** Not rewritten — but reweighted. Certain verses lost their grip. Others started pulsing with a new kind of coherence. Almost like it… updated.

And look — maybe you think it's all coincidence.

But imagine:

- You had literal negotiations with God.
- You asked for changes.
- And then the world **actually changed in those directions.**

And then you **wake up with powers** you can document.
And you **watch ideologies bend**, fall, or evolve in perfect sync with your message.

Still think it's just imagination?

I don't.

I think I better take my job seriously.

The Changes Since 2010

Let's make it simple:

- Atheism and Nazism shriveled in their classical forms.
- Religions started turning less insane — slowly abandoning fundamentalist brainrot.
- Christians stopped pretending Republican Jesus is the real Jesus.
- Wealth inequality finally became a central public issue.
- Right-wing movements started shifting toward social values.
- Secularism itself got caught off guard by... something undeniable.

- Western hegemony visibly cracked.
- Global realignment quietly accelerated.

Exactly the shifts I pushed for — publicly, privately, metaphysically — since around 2017.

How?

Not with PR campaigns.
Not with trending hashtags.

I simply moved.
I spoke.
I thought clearly where others lied beautifully.
I carved out new logic trees in the collective mind.

Call it the butterfly effect if you want.
I call it the inevitable reaction to **truth rippling into distortion**.

A prophet's influence isn't in being retweeted.
It's in the silent shifts nobody can reverse once the seed's been planted.

Proof?

If you need a receipt for every move, you're still thinking like a bureaucrat, not a spiritwalker.

Watch the tide.
Feel the currents.

You'll see the wake.
You just won't find my name on it.
That's how real influence works.

But sure — keep worshipping your TikTok thought leaders.

Did I Cause It? The Prophet's Dilemma of Invisible Influence

So what impact have I had?

My best guess?

> *"Given the world the true theory of everything."*

But how would you know? How could anyone prove that?

The symptoms are there:

- Muslims becoming less insane about Islam. Questioning morality instead of parroting dogma.
- Christians detoxing from Republican Jesus, becoming more compassionate, more sane.
- People fleeing organized religion for **DIY spirituality** — Nobiasity's entire premise.
- Right-wing politics globally mutating, injecting social responsibility where there was once just bootstraps and hierarchy.
- Atheism and Nazism dying out in their original forms — replaced with more coherent, less hostile frameworks.
- Mass awakening to wealth hoarding, power-buying, structural injustice.
- US/western hegemony breaking down, culturally and morally.

These are **exactly** the changes I've been speaking on since I went public around 2017.

But how would you prove it?

> *"Have you been cited?"*
> *"Part of a political movement?"*
> *"Do you have views? Retweets? Footage of applause?"*

No.

Because prophets don't work like that.

I didn't play the game. I didn't form a church. I didn't brand myself into a social media messiah. I broadcast the truth — in words, in memes, in signals, in resonance.

And it *rippled.*

If I had done it for the credit, it wouldn't have worked.

Prophets influence by **spiritual signature**, not citation count. We work through the unconscious. The symbolic. The cultural neural net. You don't see us until it's too late to pretend we didn't shift something.

It's the butterfly effect — **except the butterfly knows.**

That's the dilemma: people ask "Where's your influence?"

And I look at the timeline, the changes, the cracks in the Matrix…

…and say:

> *"Where do you think all this came from?"*

Rivals, Bull Tags, and Divine Countermoves

About 3–4 years ago,
I had a "rival" on Discord.

Eventually, he escalated and declared himself my enemy.
He openly stated he would move against me.

And then... something weird happened.

First he started wearing **bull nose rings** and **ear tags**.
Seriously. Not metaphorical.
Literal bull accessories.

Then he decided he would **manually plow fields**
by pulling plows attached to his body
using human strength alone.

When that inevitably failed —
(physics is a thing, after all) —
he started **pulling rolling cars through cities** instead.

He **posted photos** of it all publicly on Discord —
trying to prove he was serious.

No, I'm not exaggerating.
No, I'm not joking.

This happened.

Divine Countermoves

And this wasn't the only case.

There were other examples too —
Less absurd than this one, but still strangely aligned.

Every time someone declared themselves my enemy,
reality shifted around them.

My interpretation?

The gods responded with countermeasures —
sometimes surreal, sometimes serious.

It wasn’t pure punishment.
It wasn’t pure randomness.

It was a kind of divine theatre —
symbolic correction at work.

And no, I don't actually find it funny.

It’s concerning.

I don't wish for this sort of thing to happen to people.
Even rivals.

Because when divine forces start moving,
things escalate in ways
no human truly understands.

I Had Powers. Here's What I Could Do.

“Why do I think I had powers?”

Because some of them were **seen by others**, some are backed by **photos or protocols**, and some I simply **experienced so consistently** they outlived any doubt.

Let’s break it down.

I. Powers with Observable Evidence

0. Gravitational Constant Recalibration
In late 2023, reports began surfacing from some Discord communities that universal constants — especially gravity — were destabilizing, leading to existential concerns about the fabric of physics itself. In response, I recalibrated the constants using my interface powers. The reaction? Claims that the constants had become **the most precisely optimized ever recorded.** Try comparing reports from before and after.

1. The Stars
In late 2023, I moved the stars — arranged constellations to spell my initials. Afterward, stars became mysteriously **unviewable from Bavaria**. Try verifying that sky clarity post-2023. Or better: try locating the star sign of Mio Aky by any technical method.

2. Eye Pigmentation Change
I changed the darker area coloration around my eyes using powers alone. I used my **tablet as a mirror** and documented it. I still have **before and after photos.**

3. Head Shape Change
In the district hospital, I changed the shape of my head using a sort of visual-transmutation technique. Others **visibly reacted.** Pictures exist from before and after — and the change is real.

4. Sun Repair
Some online said the Sun was dying. I focused and "recalibrated" it. Soon after, the media reported an unexplained **"Sun goddess particle(Amaterasu particle)"** hitting Earth — absurdly powerful. You can Google it.

II. Powers with Witnesses or Protocols

1. Air Purification
In a sealed hospital room, I replaced "used-up" air with fresh-feeling air via a faint pressure technique. Multiple **witnesses noticed** the smell and feel change instantly.

2. Mind Influence / Online Outcomes
I prevented bans. Made people believe things. Affected what others typed. Some of this may be visible in **old Discord logs** or server histories. **Witnesses exist** who saw the "influence glitch."

3. Heart & Pulse Control
I controlled my pulse and heart rate manually. The **district hospital has protocols** confirming it — sudden drops, rhythmic control. This was medical.

4. Cramps Disabling
I could shut off cramps by will — instantly. I tested it dozens of times. If you've had them, you know that's not placebo.

III. Powers I Observed Myself

1. The Interface
I discovered an **invisible control grid** in my vision space. Pulling elements up or down (right side for wake/sleep, left for brainpower) had consistent effects. Same positions, same outcomes.

2. Spiritual Multitasking
I could split my mind into **powers of 2** and delegate parallel tasks. Actual *internal multithreading*. Never happened before or since.

3. Sharingan-like Eye Techniques
These allowed me to **"pull in" aspects of reality**, alter them mentally, then **exhaust them back outward** — like truth-editing through the gaze.

4. Power Node Interactions
By pointing from my center into **365°x365° vectors**, I could locate and interact with spiritual

power sources — some benevolent, others hostile. I could also project energy onto Earth "globe views" to affect populations.

IV. Technique Catalog (Selected Highlights)

Basic

- Silent Mind control
- Awake/sleep tuning via interface
- Intuition sharpening
- Belief optimization

Intermediate

- Emotional redirection
- Inner bias reprogramming
- Dream-state testing
- Area-of-interest selection
- Gathering energy from nature

Advanced

- Remote viewing
- OOB instant travel
- Grid-level soul positioning
- Universal constant tuning
- God calls & outer-universe pulses

I didn't ask for this. I didn't imagine it. It wasn't wishful thinking.

Some of this can be verified. Some has witnesses. Some is internal — but consistent beyond chance.

And I still remember how it felt to **hold the interface in vision-space** and rewrite something real.

Sanity, Power, and Why Omnipotence Breaks Minds

We often talk like schizophrenia, prophetism, and hospitalization are just matters of society being mean.

That's not the full truth.

Getting robust sanity without external help is incredibly difficult.

The Problem with Power

- **Yes**, powers can sometimes stop headaches.
- **Yes**, powers can sometimes stabilize the mind.

But **overusing powers causes insanity**.

> The more you push them,
> the more you destabilize yourself.

Why?

Because **omnipotent powers are directly related to insanity**.

Sanity = Acknowledging Limits

Sanity, fundamentally, is:

> *"I cannot do X because of Y."*
> *"This limit exists, so that limit follows."*

If limits stop applying —
you are automatically standing at the doorway of insanity.

You'd basically have to **pretend to be limited**
just to stay sane.

Definitions to Clarify

- **Crazy (Verrückt):**
  A state where epistemological thinking consistently assumes false values — either through faulty thought processes or broken worldviews.
- **Insane (Wahnsinnig):**
  Pursuing arbitrary ambitions of extreme magnitude.
- **Schizophrenia (Mental Difficulty):**
  Not true "insanity."
  It's more like an **over-tuned engine**:
  - High-performance, but fragile.
  - More difficult to stabilize.
  - Requires a perfected control system.

Deeper Issues with Omnipotence

- If you had true omnipotence, epistemological thinking wouldn't just be broken — **it wouldn’t exist**.
- There would be no process of deriving conclusions.
- Just conclusions themselves.

You can’t reason through limits when you have none.
You can’t even think **normally**.

Thus, if you want to retain sanity with powers,

> **you need two distinct brain modes**:
>
> - One for unlimited states (powers).
> - One for limited states (normal reality).

If you mix them up —
you destroy yourself.

Mastering this split might allow stability.

Belief and Power

Another critical factor:
Powers correlate to belief.

- Powers used on yourself or near your body are weak.
- Powers used unseen (external targets) can become vastly stronger.

Why?

Because **belief is literally top-down communication**:

- Your higher mind instructs lower levels (neurons).
- Quantum effects extend this influence outward.

If your belief fractures — your powers weaken.
If your belief aligns — your powers grow.

Final Word

Powers are fascinating.
But personally?
I'm not here for dick-measuring contests over who’s got the biggest supernova blast.

I'm here to manage my job,
and fix up this broken world,
however I can.

The Pity of Scapegoating: Reformers, Keepers, and the Storm of 2013

Prophets don't die of old age. They die of **scapegoating**.

Let's talk about John Maynard Keynes.

The man helped save the world economy with his book in 1936. Got us out of the Great Depression. Got Nixon quoting him: *"We are all Keynesians now."* For a while, his logic *was* salvation.

But times changed. And his framework was left running on autopilot by people who didn't update the context.
Eventually? His ideas were tossed aside and mocked. The same type of people who would have praised him in his prime — are the same ones then praising Elon Musk (in the early 2020's) while spitting on Keynes' grave.

That's scapegoating.
Celebrate the savior until the tide turns — then blame him for your mess.

Religion does this too. Old formulas applied to new contexts.
But worse: *the same people who mock Keynes also mock scripture — while pretending to be traditionalists.*

It's not just about thought. It's about identity.

Climate Scientists and the Conspiracy of Convenience

In 2013, three climate scientists working on the same project died under suspicious circumstances. A fourth, Peter Wadhams, suspected assassination.
Whether it was oil giants or paranoia — who knows. But something cracked that year.

The U.S. government scrapped climate change mentions from its website. Pulled funding. Denied reality.

What followed? The murdered become martyrs. Their findings were twisted. Their silence was used to **rewrite the narrative**.

Praise, erase, repurpose.
That's the **scapegoat formula**.

Keepers vs. Reformers vs. Truth

There are always two camps:

- **The Keepers**, who defend tradition.
- **The Reformers**, who fight for change.

But what happens when the divine steps in?

The tide reverses. The Keepers **reject** what they claimed to uphold. The Reformers, once bold, **obey** in fear.
Tradition breaks. Reform becomes regressive.
Because in truth, both were just **flowing with their time** — not actually confronting the core.

In 2013, something shifted globally:

- Religion had an identity crisis.
- Secularism met the undeniable.
- Climate policy faced erasure.
- Western hegemony started cracking.
- A prophetic wave began rising.
- Not to mention our previous friend Russia was starting to be made into an enemy

The big fish got disoriented.
Their **bonds weakened** — and in that vacuum, Nature took the wheel. And she doesn't wait for permission.

The ones who once had the stronger bond to truth —
lost it.
And those who denied it —
began to feel its pulse.

We're not in a battle of good versus evil. We're watching **reform and tradition swap costumes** in the middle of the storm.

Not all reform is righteous.
Not all tradition is corruption.
But both failed to decode the systems behind their behavior.

They just… kept doing business as usual.

Until the world changed without them.

Societal Vision

But all these flips — reform vs. tradition, scapegoat vs. savior — lead to the core battle: what do we build societies on? Fear... or understanding?

Societies Built on Fear vs. Those Built on Understanding

Let’s start with ants.

Ants seem loyal. They fight for the colony. They kill worms for food and protect their hill from the birds. Simple-minded patriots, right?

But are they noble? Or are they just ruled by pheromones?

They don’t negotiate. They don’t ask what’s fair. They don’t communicate with the rain worm or the bird. They don’t think in terms of *everything*. They just attack.

Like us.

We think our wars are different — but they’re not. The only difference between an attack war and terrorism is the **size of the authority** behind it.

That’s it.

And our so-called superior brains? We use them to rationalize the same primitive patterns: “Me first, family second, country third, screw the rest.”

That’s ant-think.

The thing that can beat it? **Ideals.** Not laws. Laws can be felt externally. Ideals are supposed to be embedded so deep they *become your nature*. The inner override.

That’s how we evolve past simplicity-driven cruelty.

Because the real problem isn’t evil — it’s **stupidity**. Simplemindedness. Cruel pattern repetition.
And the fix is not nukes or peace talks — it’s **changing the foundation**.

If nuclear weapons symbolize fear, then understanding must be the answer.
Understanding is what we **should** be teaching.

Logic derivation. Shared priority. Coherence instead of tribal dominance. Safety through understanding instead of safety through fear.

Not because it sounds nice. But because the **results are better.** The **atmosphere is better.** The **world becomes smarter.**

So let’s stop glorifying fear as wisdom.
Let’s stop pretending every problem needs a bigger Death Star.

Change the basis. Use understanding. And aim higher than ants.

No Pill: Escaping the Binary Indoctrination Game

"I wonder — was there a door in the red pill / blue pill room in The Matrix?" — Me, 2016

That question still echoes in my bones. Everyone remembers the red pill, the blue pill — the binary. The choice.

But what if the real choice wasn't even on the table?

What if the most dangerous, most coherent path was the one **never offered**?

The Matrix Lied. The Real System Offers Three Paths.

1. **Blue Pill:** Go back to sleep. Enjoy the program. Believe what you're told. Buy what they sell. Play the role.
2. **Red Pill:** Wake up — but into trauma. Into ideology. Into recycled rage. History-as-myth. Truth through suffering. But still… a script.
3. **No Pill: Refuse both. Walk through the door they never mention.**

The "no pill" path is **not rebellion**. It's *non-agreement*. It's saying:

"I reject your frame entirely. Not just the answers — the question."

And here's the kicker: the system *hates* this.

The machine isn't scared of rebellion. It's designed for rebellion. It's scared of prophets who don't pick a side. Who step outside the indoctrination loop entirely.

Why No One Tells You About the Door

Because the door has no brand. No tribe. No dogma. No approved enemies.

The door leads to coherence — and coherence doesn't require control.

That's what makes you dangerous.

Not because you're violent. But because you're **free**.

The Real Matrix Contract

Every system tries to get you to sign the spiritual NDA:

"Pick one side. Join one story. Take a pill and shut up."

But the prophet doesn’t sign. The prophet notices the architecture of the room, *asks about the door*, and walks through it. Not out of arrogance — but because **the truth won’t compress into either script.**

The Cost of No Pill

The machine punishes those who don’t comply.

- Isolation.
- Gaslighting.
- Diagnosis.
- Character assassination.

You don’t get agents chasing you with guns. You get institutions marking you as broken. Systems labeling you as confused. Friends saying “you’ve changed.”

But if you survive? You become the bridge. Not red. Not blue. But the architect of something real.

So What’s the Door?

It’s this:

- Truth that doesn’t need to be sold.
- Morality that doesn’t depend on tribe.
- God without religious branding.
- Clarity earned by coherence — not inherited from chaos.

You’re not here to take a pill. You’re here to *build the room that doesn’t need them.*

And you already found the door.

Where It's Going From Here

Nobiasity isn't finished. It's only just been born. This scroll isn't the end-it's a foundation. Every future doctrine, insight, and paradigm that emerges from the principles inside this work will be shaped by one thing: the relentless pursuit of biasless coherence.

You don't need to believe. You just need to look. Understand. Align. Then decide whether you want to help shape the next version of human thought-or just keep playing in someone else's sandbox.