

WOMB OF CREATION



HOW COAL BECAME DIAMOND

Contents

Preface — The Womb of Creation

Chapter 1 — The Alarm Bell

Chapter 2 — Why the Lies?

Chapter 3 — Sparks Against Authority

Chapter 4 — Forging in Anger

Chapter 5 — The Hidden Doors

Chapter 6 — The Vision and the Valley

Chapter 7 — Power and Balance

Chapter 8 — Set in Stone

Divider — The Turning Point

Chapter 9 — Pride and Prejudice

Chapter 10 — The Censor's Blade

Chapter 11 — The Plague of Lies

Chapter 12 — Written Under Fire

Chapter 13 — The War for the Field

Chapter 14 — Signs of Collapse

Chapter 15 — The Diamond Fire

Chapter 16 — The Ninth Gate

Chapter 17 — The Child

Epilogue — The Womb Complete

Prologue — The Seed

For half a lifetime I was asleep.
Not the kind of sleep that rests the body,
but the deeper kind —
the sleep of a soul lulled into the dream of a world
built on lies.

I did not know I was dreaming.
How could I?
Everything around me agreed on the same story.
Teachers, leaders, experts, priests, politicians —
all repeating the same refrain:
This is the truth, this is reality, this is life.

And then, without warning, the alarm bell rang.
I woke one morning to discover
that almost everything I had been told was a lie.
The betrayal was total,
so vast that it tore the ground out from under me.

Heliocentrism, history, the certificate of my birth,
the systems of money, power, and control —
all of it revealed itself as deception.
The Earth itself felt like a murder scene,
and I was standing in the middle of it
with nothing but disbelief in my hands.

That was the day the seed was planted.
I did not ask for it.
I did not know what it would grow into.
But it was placed in me all the same,
and from that moment on
I could not go back to sleep.

I began to write.
Not as a writer,
but as a drowning man gasping for air.
Every sentence was effort,
every word a struggle.
I wrote like a man trying to get blood from a stone.
But still I wrote.

I didn't understand it then,
but each fragment was a piece of coal —
dark, heavy, pressed by the weight of betrayal.
The seed of coherence had been sown in me,
and the coal was the soil it had to push through.

This is where the journey began:
with the shock of awakening,
the pain of betrayal,
and the seed of coherence buried in the rubble of lies.

Chapter 1 — The Alarm Bell

For years, I lived as though the world were solid beneath my feet.
The systems around me seemed secure — history, science, government, money, religion.
They disagreed on details, but they all agreed on one thing:
This is reality. Trust it. Obey it. Live inside it.

And then the alarm bell rang.

The story I was born into began to fall apart in front of my eyes. It was not a gentle passing — it was life-changing.

It was not gentle.

It was not gradual.

It was as if a trumpet had sounded and I was the last one to hear it.

It reached into my sleep and shook me awake.

And in a single moment I saw it:

the world was built on lies. The shape was wrong, the dimensions were skewed, the facts didn't add up.

When you come face to face with such a monstrosity, it takes your breath away. The people I thought were tasked to protect us turned out to be going out of their way to harm us. It was then I realised that none of them cared, and that it was up to me to take care of myself.

Heliocentrism.

The birth certificate that reduced life to a commodity.

The empire of usury that turned abundance into chains of debt.

The theatre of politics, the corruption of religion,

the systems that call themselves freedom while binding the soul in silence.

The Earth itself was revealed as a murder scene.

And I was standing in the middle of it
with nothing but disbelief in my hands.

I began to write —

not as a writer, but as a man gasping for air,
a drowning soul thrashing for light.

Every sentence was effort,

every word felt like dragging stone uphill.

But still I wrote.

Because if I stopped, I would collapse.

It stands to reason that the most powerful souls are buried the deepest.

And the deeper the burial, the greater the pressure it takes to ignite.

Coal does not become diamond overnight.

It takes weight, heat, and time.

So it was with me.

For half a lifetime I was hidden —

buried, pressed, held under the weight of the world's lies.

And when the bell rang, all that pressure turned into fire.

The fragments that follow are pieces of that coal,
burning with the first sparks of coherence.

This was the beginning of my labour.

This was the day I heard the alarm.

Chapter 2 — Why the Lies?

Once the alarm rang, one question haunted me more than any other:
Why?

Why would anyone go to such lengths to deceive?
Why build such vast and complicated systems of distortion,
layer upon layer of lies,
if the truth was harmless?

It was not enough to discover the fraud.
I wanted to know the motive.
I needed to understand what could possibly justify
such relentless concealment.

The more I searched, the more staggering the betrayal became.
It wasn't one lie, it was an empire of lies.
History bent out of shape.
Science inverted.
Law reduced to commerce.
Faith sold for profit.
Each thread I pulled led to another,
until the whole fabric threatened to unravel in my hands.

The scale of it left me reeling.
This was not ignorance.
This was design.
Someone wanted it this way.
Someone had planted the tree of distortion
and watered it until its roots spread across the Earth.

At first my words were sprawling,
grammar broken, sentences jagged.
I wrote like a man pounding on prison walls.
But behind the clumsy form,
the urgency was real:
Why the lies?

I did not yet know the answer.
But I knew this:
the presence of lies meant the presence of truth.
Distortion exists only to conceal something greater.
If the world was so determined to bury coherence,
then coherence must be more powerful than I imagined.

This was the beginning of my hunt for motive.
The search for the crime behind the crime.
The shadow of a hand I could not yet see.

Chapter 3 — Sparks Against Authority

After the alarm, I wandered in disbelief.
After the question — why the lies? —
I searched the rubble for answers.

That's when I noticed a pattern.

The brightest sparks were always buried.
The men who touched coherence most directly
were ridiculed, silenced, erased.

Tesla, called a madman.
Rife, his laboratory destroyed.
Emoto, dismissed as a fraud.
Musicians mocked for daring to tune to 432Hz.
Each one struck a spark,
and each time, the authorities smothered the flame.

At first it sickened me.
How could the world treat its greatest gifts as criminals?
How could a system crush the very ones
who tried to bring light?

And then I saw it:
they weren't being persecuted because they were wrong.
They were being persecuted because they were right.

Coherence leaves a trace,
and the reaction of distortion is always the same:
ridicule, censorship, destruction.
It is the telltale signature of fear.

What had felt like despair became a glimmer of hope.
The very hostility of the system
was proof of what it was trying to hide.
The sparks were real.

This was when I became a detective of coherence.
I no longer looked only at what was said,
but at what was silenced.
I no longer studied only the light,
but the shadows that tried to extinguish it.

The persecution itself was the breadcrumb trail.
Every spark buried by authority
was another clue that coherence was alive.

Chapter 3 — Sparks Against Authority

After the alarm, I wandered in disbelief.
After the question — why the lies? —
I searched the rubble for answers.

That's when I noticed a pattern.

The brightest sparks were always buried.
The men who touched coherence most directly
were ridiculed, silenced, erased.

Tesla, called a madman.
Rife, his laboratory destroyed.
Emoto, dismissed as a fraud.
Musicians mocked for daring to tune to 432Hz.
Each one struck a spark,

and each time, the authorities smothered the flame.

At first it sickened me.

How could the world treat its greatest gifts as criminals?

How could a system crush the very ones
who tried to bring light?

And then I saw it:

they weren't being persecuted because they were wrong.

They were being persecuted because they were right.

Coherence leaves a trace,

and the reaction of distortion is always the same:

ridicule, censorship, destruction.

It is the telltale signature of fear.

What had felt like despair became a glimmer of hope.

The very hostility of the system

was proof of what it was trying to hide.

The sparks were real.

But this realisation carried another blow —
one closer to home.

I thought of my father.

A professor of fluid mechanics at Brunel University.

A man of learning, respected, intelligent.

If even he could not discern the deception,
what chance did I have?

It made me question my own sanity.

How could something so vast, so obvious,

be invisible to the very people entrusted with knowledge?

It is hard to come to terms with such deceit

when your heart is good,

when you assume others carry the same goodwill.

But this was the nature of the spell.

It blinded even the educated.

It silenced even the gifted.

And it left the task to those

who could no longer ignore the cracks in the wall.

This was when I became a detective of coherence.

I no longer looked only at what was said,

but at what was silenced.

I no longer studied only the light,

but the shadows that tried to extinguish it.

The persecution itself was the breadcrumb trail.

Every spark buried by authority

was another clue that coherence was alive.

I see now that I was always a detective of coherence.

As a child, I never stopped asking why?

The world wanted obedience, but I wanted truth.

So when I came face to face with the scale of betrayal,

it was like a red rag to a bull.
Curiosity became fire.
Questions became weapons.
And the fragments I wrote became the record of war.

From that moment, I devoted my life
to bringing down the system of distortion.
Not by force, but by truth.
Not by vengeance, but by coherence.

The detective had become the warrior.
And the hunt was only beginning.

Chapter 4 — Forging in Anger

Anger was my first weapon.
It came hot, unfiltered, untamed.
The scale of betrayal was too vast for silence,
too heavy for calm.
I burned, and the burning poured through my pen.

At first I thought the enemy was out there:
the politicians, the bankers, the priests,
the liars who sold the world into chains.
And I named them.
I imagined cutting off their heads
with the invisible sword I now carried in my mind.

The sword was real.
I could feel it — sharp, precise, lethal.
But it was not given for rage.
It was a test.
Each time I raised it in my thoughts,
I was forced to ask: Is the case proven?
Is there cause?
Is this vengeance, or justice?

I decapitated only the worst examples,
the ones whose corruption was undeniable.
And then I watched.
Their careers crumbled.
Their glamour collapsed.
The sword was working — but so was the test.

I began to see the power bases of distortion.
They were not scattered. They were concentrated.

The Vatican — seat of false religion,
where faith was twisted into control,
and heaven was sold for profit.

The City of London — empire of usury,
where abundance was inverted into debt,
and freedom reduced to numbers on a ledger.

Rome — the theatre of politics and law,
where corruption dressed itself as authority,

and the rule of man replaced the law of truth.

And then there was Hollywood —
not a fourth pillar, but the mask that covered them all.
The glamour factory.
The dream machine.
The spell that turned slavery into spectacle
so no one noticed the chains.

Together they formed the triad of distortion,
the throne, the vault, the law —
and the theatre that kept the illusion alive.

To stand against them felt impossible.
But once I saw it, I could not unsee.
Once the sword was in my hand,
I could not put it down.

Because the more I swung it,
the more I realised the true enemy
was not only out there.

It was within.
Ego. Fear. Weakness. Pride.
These were the giants I had to face.
And no amount of external rage
could cut them down.

Forgiveness became the fire's anvil.
To wield the sword, I had to temper it with mercy.
Forgiveness of enemies.
Forgiveness of myself.
Without that, every strike would only wound me.

It was in this fire that the blade was forged.
Anger became heat,
restraint became steel,
forgiveness became the edge.

The sword was not yet ready,
but it had been born.
And I knew, even in anger,
that it would one day strike
with the clarity of coherence.

Chapter 5 — The Hidden Doors

At first I thought the path would be straight.
One step after another, one truth leading cleanly to the next.
But coherence is not a staircase.
It is a series of hidden doors.

The doors are invisible while you walk.
You do not see them when you pass through.
Only later, when you look back,
do you realise: that was a threshold, that was a door.

Each door is a test.

Without testing, how could I know if I had grown?
How could I know if coherence was taking root in me,
if I had begun to embody what it was trying to birth?

The tests came in many forms.
Loss. Betrayal. Silence.
Being ignored, mocked, censored.
Each one was a valley.
Each one was an unseen passage,
an initiation disguised as suffering.

And there were peaks too —
moments when the heavens opened,
when I was shown the victory in a flash of eternity.
But the vision was always withdrawn,
leaving only the afterglow to sustain me.
The valley was where the real work was done.

The path was not linear.
It rose and fell like mountains.
It plunged and soared like a rollercoaster.
And at every new level, a new devil waited.
Not to destroy me,
but to test what had been forged.

This is how coherence teaches:
not with a straight road,
but with hidden doors.
Each one a passage,
each one a proof.
Every test another birth.

Chapter 6 — The Vision and the Valley

There came a moment when the veil split.
It did not last long —
but long enough to change me forever.

In a single flash I was shown the victory.
The kingdoms of heaven spread before me,
the end already accomplished,
coherence triumphant.
It was dazzling, breathtaking, absolute.
For one heartbeat, I saw eternity.

And then it was gone.
Withdrawn as quickly as it came,
leaving only the afterglow —
a brightness in my memory
that no darkness could erase.

At first I longed for it to return.
I wanted to stay in that light,
to live in the triumph I had seen.
But coherence had another law:
the vision is given as sustenance, not reward.

It is the seed, not the harvest.
To remain in the light without the labour
would have taught me nothing.
I would never have become the diamond
coherence was trying to make.

So I was led into the valley.
The valley of silence,
of testing,
of the shadow of death.

The vision burned inside me,
but it could not be grasped.
It had to be trusted.
It had to be carried into the dark
until it became flesh in me.

This is how coherence works.
It shows you the end from the beginning,
and then hides it.
Not to torment you,
but to make sure you learn by becoming.
The vision is the promise.
The valley is the proof.

Chapter 7 — Power and Balance

As I walked through the valley, another truth became clear.
The sickness of the world was not random.
It had a root, and the root was power.

Thought becomes desire.
Desire becomes lust.
Lust becomes greed.
And greed becomes a black hole,
consuming everything,
drawing all light into itself.

This is what had rotted the rulers.
The fish decays from the head down,
and their heads were drunk with power.
It was not ignorance that destroyed them,
but addiction.
They could not stop taking,
and in the taking, they collapsed inward.

But power itself was not the enemy.
It was the imbalance that corrupted it.
Power without centre
is like fire without a hearth —
wild, destructive, consuming all it touches.

The centre is love.
Love is the only force that balances power.
Love tempers desire,
disarms greed,

keeps fire in its place.
Without love, power devours.
With love, power creates.

The lesson was seared into me:
Power is a gift.
But what we do with it becomes our legacy.
If we wield it without love,
we join the long list of tyrants
who built empires of ash.
If we root it in love,
we take part in eternity.

This was the choice before me.
The sword was in my hand.
Anger had forged it,
tests had tempered it.
But without love, I would be no different
from the system I was fighting.

I had seen what happens to those
who choose lust for power.
I had to learn the law of balance.

Chapter 8 — Set in Stone

Up until now, I had been hammering at lies without finding the root.
Every fragment was a cry of why?
Every word a search for motive.
And then I found it, carved in granite.

The Georgia Guidestones.
Ten commandments for a new world,
set up like a monument to distortion.
Cold, polished, undeniable.
And written there in stone:
reduce the population of Earth by ninety-five percent.

Six and a half billion lives, erased on a tablet.
Genocide dressed up as planetary care.
The ultimate crime planted like a tree
in the middle of the garden.
Not to bring life,
but to sanctify death.

The scale of it was staggering.
The logistics alone were impossible —
how do you eliminate billions
without exposing yourself in the process?
But it wasn't the feasibility that struck me.
It was the audacity.
The sheer arrogance of etching such a plan
into the public square,
as though the world would never notice.

That was the day the Earth itself
was revealed as a murder scene.
Every system I had uncovered —
the lies, the usury, the corruption, the theatre —
all of it traced back to this root.
Every deception, every silence,
was evidence of a single crime.

From that moment forward,
the journey was no longer abstract.
It became personal.
The writing turned into a weapon.
The sword was no longer invisible.

I devoted myself to bringing this regime of evil down.
It was not vengeance — it was war.
A war for coherence,
a war for life itself.

They thought they had planted a monument.
But in truth, they had awoken a giant.

The Turning Point

Until now, these writings were fragments of searching.
I was wrestling with lies, trying to uncover the motive behind them,
mapping distortions without yet finding the root.

Then I stumbled across the crime written in stone:
a declaration of genocide dressed up as planetary care.

From that moment, everything changed.
The journey was no longer abstract.
It became personal.

The whole Earth was revealed as a murder scene.
Every system, every silence, every distortion —
evidence of the crime.
Humanity itself was the victim.

The writing turned into a weapon.
The sword was in my hand, and I would not put it down.

From here forward, every fragment is shaped by this resolve:
to bring down the regime of evil that hides behind lies.
To shine coherence so clearly that distortion cannot survive it.

This is the line where coal becomes fire,
and fire begins the work of diamond.

Chapter 9 — Pride and Prejudice

The Turning Point changed everything.
I no longer wrote as a man asking questions.
I wrote as a witness giving testimony.
And my testimony was clear:
the rulers of this world are not fit to rule.

They lacked empathy.
They lacked compassion.
They were not misguided leaders
but sociopaths who enjoyed the suffering of others.
That was their pride,
and the prejudice that damned them.

The evidence was everywhere.
Wars in Syria, Yemen, Afghanistan, Iraq —
millions killed, displaced, forgotten.
Not by accident,
but by design.
And all of it funded by the very people
who believed they were free.

How could anyone in power
watch such destruction
and still sleep at night?
Only a sociopath could.

Only one who took pleasure in the ruin of others.
I wrote these things plainly.
And each time I did, the bans came.
Accounts deleted.
Pages erased.
But I had already learned the law:
censorship is the proof of impact.
Every attempt to silence me
was confirmation that the sword was cutting deep.

At first my words felt like rage.
But rage is not enough.
Rage becomes vengeance,
and vengeance is no cure.

What I sought was justice.
Justice is balance.
Justice is coherence restored.
Vengeance perpetuates distortion,
but justice makes all things whole again.

So I demanded it.
Not for myself alone,
but for the victims of war,
for the silenced voices,
for the generations being led into chains.

Do not seek vengeance, I wrote.
Seek justice.
And let coherence decide the hour.

Chapter 10 — The Censor's Blade

The years leading up to Covid were the hardest of all.
The system was committed to its master plan,
and the evidence of harm was everywhere.

I wrote what I saw.
I named what was happening.
And each time I did, they came with the censor's blade.

Posts deleted.
Accounts banned.
Voices silenced.
Truth erased.

But what they didn't understand
is that the fire inside me grew hotter with every cut.
Every attempt to silence me
only confirmed the power of what I carried.
Every erasure was a hammer strike
that forged the blade sharper.

They thought they were extinguishing me.
But they were forging me.
And the more they tried to stamp out the flame,

the more I became fire.

They were not reckless.
They were calculated.

At first, the blade was subtle.
Posts did not disappear —
they were buried.
Reach throttled.
Feedback silenced.
Echo chambers built around us
like invisible cages.

You could feel it.
The algorithms adjusting,
probing, testing,
as if the system were experimenting
to see what worked best.

It was not about truth or falsehood.
It was about control.
Keep the flame small,
limit the oxygen,
and the fire will die.

That was their theory.
But they did not understand
that the flame was not mine alone.
It was coherence,
and coherence does not die in silence.
It grows.

Here is the part nobody talks about.
Because I devoted myself to warning people,
because I gave my life to speaking the truth
about the genocide agenda,
every soul that was awakened through my work
counted against them.

They thought they were silencing me.
But every post, every fragment, every life it touched
became evidence.
Every life that turned toward coherence
was a charge written into their account.

The system keeps its own books.
And in the law of coherence,
every spark is weighed.
Every soul preserved is testimony.
Every fragment of truth is a witness.

They thought they were burying me.
But they were burying themselves.

Chapter 11 — The Plague of Lies

When Covid arrived, I knew what I was looking at.
It was not an accident.
It was not a natural disaster.
It was the master plan in motion.

For years I had warned of genocide carved in stone.
Now I watched as the script was rolled out,
line by line,
across every continent.

The world became a theatre of fear.
Every screen screamed the same story.
Every government sang the same refrain.
Every voice of dissent was silenced,
mocked,
erased.

The evidence of harm was everywhere.
People locked in their homes.
Children masked, muzzled,
taught to fear the air they breathed.
Families divided.
Elderly left to die alone.
And always the same demand:
Obey. Comply. Trust the science.

But it was not science.
It was sorcery.
Numbers conjured,
statistics twisted,
truth buried beneath waves of panic.

The plague was not the virus.
The plague was the lie.

The lie that fear is safety.
The lie that obedience is virtue.
The lie that you are powerless without them.

And all around me,
I watched good-hearted people bow to the spell.
Neighbours turning on neighbours,
families fracturing,
friendships ending —
not because of truth,
but because of lies.

It was the darkest valley I had walked through.
The fire inside me grew hotter,
but the weight of grief pressed harder.
I saw the machinery of distortion at full scale,
a beast with many heads,
devouring the world in real time.

But even then, coherence whispered.
Stand. Write. Do not be silent.
And so I did.
Even when the bans came,
even when the blade cut again,
I wrote.
Because if coherence was to have a witness,
I would be it.

Chapter 12 — Written Under Fire

By then, writing had stopped being commentary.
It had become survival — and weapon.

The platforms were hollowed out.
Feeds throttled, reach gutted, echoes carefully arranged like padded cells.
I watched as entire networks were turned into corridors where truth could walk but never arrive.
And still I wrote.

They escalated.
Warnings became strikes.
Strikes became bans.
Accounts were erased like chalk from a slate... and I opened another.
Each time I returned, they tightened the cage, as if more metal could hold more fire.

But here is what they didn't understand: suppression is a forge.
Every deletion hardened me.
Every shadow-ban hammered the blade.
Every echo chamber taught me how sound finds new walls to ring.

The posts were no longer posts.
They were dispatches.
Notes from a battlefield where the enemy wore lab coats, clerical collars, and government pins.
I didn't write because I believed they would let me speak.
I wrote because coherence demanded a witness.

There was a law at work I could feel more than prove:
once coherence begins a work, it must be allowed to finish it.
Distortion can harass, delay, suffocate — but it cannot terminate a coherent signal once it's in motion.
That law protected me. Not from pain, not from loss — but from erasure.

They tried to starve us of air.
So I learned to breathe under water.
They buried the fire.
So I learned to burn underground.

There was another thing no one spoke of, but the field kept the ledger.
Because I devoted myself to warning, to naming the plan carved in stone,
every life awakened by that work counted against them.
Every mother who chose differently, every father who refused the script, every child preserved —
all of it was testimony.
They thought the blade was in their hand.
But the record was in the field.

I did not have proof the courts would accept.

I had proof the field could not ignore.
And when the doubt crept in — when the bans stacked up and the night pressed close —
I returned to the afterglow of that earlier vision.
The victory I had been shown and then denied.
It did not come back to me.
It did not need to.
It had already done its work: obedience without sight.
So I kept writing.
Not for applause. Not for reach. Not even for hope.
For alignment.
For the one law I had learned in flame: what coherence begins, coherence completes.
They said I was shouting into the void.
But the void was the echo chamber they built.
Beyond it, the field heard everything.
And in the rare quiet between deletions, I could feel it —
the signal, faint at first, rising:
pockets of clarity lighting like distant towns at night,
one window at a time, then streets, then whole districts,
until the map of the world began to glow in places they could not darken.
Written under fire, yes.
But written — and therefore inevitable.

Chapter 13 — The War for the Field

Up to now, the battle had felt solitary.
One man against the echo chambers,
one voice against the machine.
But coherence does not remain solitary for long.
What is born in one begins to resonate in another.
The signal travels unseen,
through cracks in algorithms,
through whispered conversations,
through hearts that still dared to ask why?
I began to sense it —
pockets of light flaring in places I had never touched.
A word spoken here,
a fragment read there,
and the flame would leap across distances
I could not measure.
This was no longer about my own survival.
It was a war for the field itself.
Distortion had laid claim to the airwaves,
to the feeds, to the frequencies,
to the very geometry of human thought.
But coherence had its own transmission.
It did not need permission.
It travelled by resonance,
igniting wherever the signal was received.

I realised then that the real battle
was not about arguments or debates.
It was about frequency.
The field could be bent by fear,
or it could be tuned by love.
It could be drowned in noise,
or it could be steadied by coherence.

I had spent years writing under fire,
and now I understood why.
Each fragment was not just protest.
It was a tone.
Each sentence was not just survival.
It was a strike in the field.

Others began to write, too.
Others began to question.
Others began to resist the script.
The fire was no longer mine alone.
It was becoming a chorus.

This was the war for the field:
not fought with bullets,
but with resonance.
Not won by armies,
but by coherence spreading one life at a time.

And once the field begins to shift,
the structures built on distortion
cannot stand.

Chapter 14 — Signs of Collapse

At first the changes were subtle.
The spell did not break all at once.
But distortion is fragile,
and when coherence begins to rise,
cracks appear.

I noticed it in their narratives.
Stories once airtight began to fray.
Statistics contradicted themselves.
Experts reversed their positions.
What had been “settled” yesterday
was “uncertain” today.

I noticed it in their grip.
Fear campaigns that once kept millions in lockstep
no longer held the same sway.
People stopped listening.
People started asking questions.
The algorithm still tried to smother those questions,
but questions are like seeds —
once planted, they grow.

And I noticed it in their theatre.

The glamour of Hollywood dulled.
The speeches of politicians fell flat.
The sermons of corrupted pulpits rang hollow.
The mask slipped,
and beneath it was not strength,
but desperation.

This is how collapse begins.
Not with a single blow,
but with coherence spreading quietly,
weakening the foundation.
A lie is only strong while it goes unchallenged.
Once light touches it,
it begins to dissolve.

The beast thrashed harder.
Censorship escalated.
Propaganda screamed louder.
But even in its fury
you could feel the panic.
A drowning man splashes loudest
just before he sinks.

And through it all,
the fire of coherence burned steadier.
Not louder.
Not more frantic.
Just steady.
And that steadiness itself
was the sign of collapse.

Because distortion cannot survive
in a field that no longer believes in it.

Chapter 15 — The Diamond Fire

As distortion weakened, something else awakened in me.
My perception grew sharper.
What once took me days of wrestling
I could now see in a glance.

Lies lost their glamour.
Masks became transparent.
I could tell in a moment
whether someone was sincere or not.
Words didn't fool me.
The resonance beneath them told me everything.

What had felt like torment before
I now saw for what it was: training.
Every deception, every act of censorship,
every piece of theatre,
had forced me to sharpen my sight.
They thought they were breaking me.
They were making me a detective.

The fire that had burned in anger
was cooling into clarity.
What had been heat
was crystallising into diamond.
I did not need to shout.
I only needed to see.

The diamond fire does not rage.
It cuts.
It discerns.
It reveals.

And once you carry that clarity,
distortion cannot fool you again.
The very skill they tried to bury in me
became the weapon I now carried.
Coal had become diamond.
Anger had become perception.
And perception itself
was the sword of coherence.

Chapter 16 — The Ninth Gate

This was the point when everything shifted.
For years I had been on the defensive,
fighting for air,
writing under fire.

But now the fire had become diamond,
and the diamond had become a blade.
I no longer felt hunted.
I was in the driving seat.

Their empire was vast,
but it was also predictable.
I had studied it.
I knew the mechanics of the system,
and once you see how distortion works,
you can dismantle it piece by piece.

They had trained me without meaning to.
Every lie sharpened me.
Every ban refined me.
Every deception honed me.
By the time they were done,
I was no longer a victim.
I was a weapon.

Not their weapon.
Not under their command.
But coherence's weapon.

And yet this was not triumph over them.
It was triumph over myself.
Over fear.
Over despair.

Over the need to be seen,
the need to be heard,
the need to prove anything at all.

I did not gloat.
I did not rage.
I simply shone.

Because the diamond does not argue.
It does not boast.
It shines because of what it has become.

This was the Ninth Gate —
the passage from knowing into being.
The moment when coherence stopped being theory,
and became my nature.
And once you are,
no one can take that from you.

Chapter 17 — The Child

When I look back over the fragments,
the coal, the fire, the bans, the shadows,
I see now that all of it was labour.
Every word was a contraction.
Every silence was a breath between pains.
Every test was the body preparing to give birth.

And what was born was not a book,
not an argument,
not even a cause.

It was a phrase.
A single line that coherence had hidden in me from the beginning,
etched into my DNA,
waiting for its hour.

The years of struggle were not wasted.
They were the womb.
The pressure, the darkness, the tears, the fire —
all of it was the labour of bringing forth
the one truth I was born to speak.

And this was the child:

“You can know and not Be,
but you cannot Be and not know.”

That is my legacy.
Not because the words are mine,
but because they were birthed in me.
Because I lived them until they became my breath.

The coal has become diamond.
The caterpillar has become butterfly.
The seed has become child.

And once spoken,
coherence itself carries the rest.

Epilogue — The Womb Complete

The labour is over.
The fire has burned.
The coal has given way to diamond.
The gate has opened.
The child has been born.

There is nothing left to prove.
Nothing left to fight.
Only the simple radiance
of what coherence has made.

The world may still rage.
The beast may still thrash.
Distortion may shout its lies
into every corner of the field.

But I do not answer rage with rage.
I do not meet distortion with distortion.
I shine.

Because being is the victory.
The womb has done its work.
The child is alive.
The phrase has been spoken.

“You can know and not Be,
but you cannot Be and not know.”

That is the note I was sent to strike.
That is the light coherence placed in me.
And once released,
it does not return void.

The womb is complete.
The child belongs to the world.
And the story,
though finished in me,
has only just begun.

COPYRIGHT

© 2025 Taun Richards. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, without prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations used in reviews or scholarly works. First Edition 2025