

*The Liver Us
From Evil*



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Introduction

This book aims to convey a simple educational message through an entertaining narrative rich with symbolism. Its goal is to inspire small lifestyle changes that can elevate one to a higher state of well-being. The central theme is that the liver is essential to our health, and we must detoxify and transform our diet and behaviors to support our organs.

The characters have minimal descriptions, allowing you to imagine them with physical traits that match your preferences. This connection should help you relate to the characters better—creating a sense of familiarity and comfort, which should enhance your understanding of the story’s message. Most settings are generic and could be situated anywhere, enabling you to

connect them to places you've visited or those near your home.

The protagonist's flaws consist of three sins that she balances with corresponding virtues. I encourage you to internalize these flaws as your shortcomings. This may help you identify moments when you display these sins and cultivate the virtues as skills to support your journey toward healthy living. The brief exploration of sins and virtues in this book is intended to assist you in shaping your identity so that you can evolve into a higher state of being. Enhancing our individuality improves society at a collective level.

***** Medical disclaimer:** The information in this book is for educational purposes only and is not intended as a substitute for professional medical advice, diagnosis, or treatment. Please consult with your healthcare provider before incorporating these recommendations into your diet. Any use of the information from this book is your responsibility.

Chapter 1



Divine Intervention

Walking through the dense jungle is tough; her arms are scratched from thorny branches that reach out like clawing fingers, and her legs are weary from the muddy ground that grips her hiking boots with each step. As she moves through the wilderness, Hannah feels increasingly agitated by insects crawling around her, and the sticky blend of mosquito repellent and sweat drives her mad. She realizes that about an hour has slipped since she strayed from the trail. *Shouldn't I have reached the temple already? Another part of the ruins? Maybe crossed a trail? Or run into*

someone? She pulls out her phone to check her location, but the absence of a signal renders technology useless. Hannah is lost in this unwelcoming jungle.

This was a horrible idea. She tries to return, but the jungle is too dense, making it difficult to find her way. Thunder rumbles above, echoing her fears. *What if it starts raining and things worsen?* Another spiderweb crosses her face; she feels the wispy, sticky web as she peels it off her cheek. Hannah has had enough. “Help! Help!” she screams, hoping someone will hear her cries of despair. It’s been 10 minutes with no response. Her throat is dry, and her water bottle is nearly empty. *I made a terrible mistake by going off the trail. What if I never see Joey again?*

The fear of the lost ones consumes Hannah, and a suffocating darkness wraps around her mind. Her left knee collapses to the ground in defeat. A poisonous serpent awakens in the shadows as she hits the soil. With the mud seeping into her skin as if the earth itself were dragging her under, Hannah’s muscles tense, and she begins to hyperventilate. *I can’t*

have a panic attack now. She takes a few deep breaths and tries to calm herself, but the jungle is extremely noisy and alive. She fidgets with the butterfly necklace Joey gave her for her last birthday and tries harder to pull herself together by searching her mind for a peaceful memory. Everything was going well before this adventure. Hannah breathes deeply once more and drifts into the memory of where her vacation started a few days ago ...

Hannah sits restlessly in the hotel lobby with her sisters and nieces while her parents handle the check-in. The sound of crashing waves and seagulls and the salty air captures her attention and pulls her toward the beach. It's a vacation in Mexico with her family, again. It's been a long time since they all gathered for a reunion; each lives in a different state. Hannah feels lucky that her parents are still in love after decades of marriage, and they are fortunate to spend time with their children and grandchildren. She's restless not because she isn't happy to see her family but because

she has grown weary of similar activities at similar tourist destinations.

After reconnecting with her family for a few days, Hannah discovers some stunning ruins in a magazine just a few hours away. Her eyes sparkle with the hopeful anticipation of experiencing something for the first time. Hannah shows her family the pictures and exclaims enthusiastically and mysteriously, “Who’s ready for an adventure?”

“Ugh, no! Mosquitoes are a nightmare in the jungle,” says one of her sisters.

“Let’s stay near the beach,” says the other sister, enjoying the sun on her skin.

Since no one is interested, Hannah decides to go on this expedition alone.

Hannah rents a car and drives to the archaeological site. She buys a ticket for the ruins and puts in her earplugs, playing her favorite music. Surrounded by tourists, archaeologists, and local visitors, she explores the ancient city of a lost civilization. The jaguar temple, which she had read about, piques her curiosity. She approaches a tour

guide and asks, “Hola, could you please direct me to the temple of the jaguar?”

“I’m sorry, but that temple is closed to tourists. Anything else?”

“Not really, gracias!”

Hannah explores the remnants of the civilization that built these weathered structures, which have endured the test of time. She is captivated by the intricate carvings on the stone pillars, stained with mold, while the ash scars from torches remind her that the ruins were once alive with people centuries ago. After an hour of exploration, she is drawn to the frisky sound of the wind swirling through a stone corridor. Following the fresh breeze playing with her hair, she enters a half-collapsed chamber, where a stone statue of a jaguar leans against the wall. Her curiosity about the temple grows stronger, driving her to act impulsively as she ventures off the trail into the jungle to seek the temple on her own. To evade security, she journeys deeper into the wilderness, unafraid of the dangers the jungle may hold.

Hannah walks through the jungle for about an hour before she realizes she's lost. Kneedeep in mud, she finally relaxes her muscles after a few minutes of focused breathing and reminiscing about the beach with her family. The lively jungle's noise and mosquito-repellent stink pull her back to reality. *If I don't get out of here before nightfall*—she can't afford to dwell on that. *I wish Joey were here.* Thinking of her love helps her muster strength; she rises and scans her surroundings to see if anything looks familiar and to provide guidance.

The fear of being lost and alone is horrific, yet nothing compares to the fear of death. A poisonous serpent suddenly appears and bites her leg. Hannah screams in pain as the serpent crawls away on its belly and twists on itself, collecting its long body into a pile of evil and flicking its forked tongue like a sinister laugh. Hannah cries out as she plummets to the ground. Her precious body is in grave danger from the bite of that dust eater. Her heart pounds fiercely, her chest tightens, and breathing becomes difficult. Hopeless for

human assistance, she thinks of God. The serpent is trying to cast her away from the garden of life on Earth. She doesn't want to die, so she prays.

A celestial orb of light gracefully descends from the heavens. As it approaches, wings sprout from the light, and a halo ascends to the top of the lifelike form. The entity morphs into an angel before her eyes. "Hannah, my dear child," says her guardian angel.

"Please, dear angel, don't take me to heaven yet! Deliver me from this evil," Hannah pleads.

"The only thing that can save you from the poison is your liver. I can deliver you the gift of sensitivity so you can verbally communicate with your organ for three weeks."

"Anything, please hurry!" she gasps.

The angel places its hand beneath her right ribcage and verbalizes something in a divine language beyond her comprehension. Hannah's DNA begins to mutate rapidly, and her organs evolve to a higher state of existence as the angel ascends back to heaven.

“Hannah! It’s Liz, your liver. Can you hear me?”

“Yes! Loud and clear,” says Hannah.

“Hurry! Crawl to that vine with yellow flowers and chew the bark as quickly as possible.”

Hannah chews on the vine, and the biological compounds and healing properties flow through her veins, giving her the extra time she needs to reach civilization and get the antidote.

“Look at that crooked tree on your right; that’s the shortest way back,” says Liz.

Thanks to the compounds from the vine, Hannah manages to stand and walk, stumbling in the direction Liz indicated and fully trusting that her liver knows the way back to health. Finally, she hears people chatting and screams for help before losing consciousness. A good Samaritan hears her and takes her to the medics, where they administer the antidote for the neurotoxin and transport her to the hospital. Her family picks her up, and they return to the hotel. She needs to hear Joey’s voice before going to

sleep. They chat on the phone, and then she rests.

“Hannah, are you ready for the next bio-battle? The event with the serpent isn’t over; we are still in danger. We have a long detox journey ahead before we achieve the peace of health,” says Liz.

“But the antidote worked, and I feel normal,” Hannah says.

“I’m still filled with venom inside! I neutralized as many neurotoxins as I could by trapping them, chemically coating them, and storing them within me to protect your vital organs while we were trying to survive. We have been cleaning the venom from your blood, and now it’s time to begin the detox process from within me. Withholding and releasing toxic elements at will is one of my skills against the Micro Evil.”

“Micro Evil?” asks Hannah.

“Serpent venom contains neurotoxins, which are tiny molecules invisible to the naked eye, and each of these molecules is filled with evil. Everything that harms our

health and drains our vitality is evil to us. The Micro Evil is the microscopic enemy that decays the body on biological and chemical levels.”

“Got it. Do you have a strategy for this battle against the Micro Evil venom?” Hannah asks.

“I always have a strategy! Planning is part of my skill set. I record everything you eat in my memory bank, and based on your diet, routine, and behavioral patterns, I can develop a strategy to prevent internal disasters. Let’s start with a few days of no foods that contain fats. I can’t focus on detoxing if I’m busy producing bile to break down fat,” says Liz.

“Okay, no more tasty grilled meats; I’ll just have walnuts or almonds,” Hannah says.

“You don’t understand; even when the fat comes from healthy sources, I still have to stop functioning as a detox machine to produce bile.”

“But it’s better to eat walnuts instead of fried chicken.”

“Of course, but fat is fat, regardless of the source!” Liz states.

“What about proteins?” Hannah asks, knowing that protein sources frequently contain fat.

“A few days of eating only fruits and vegetables is exactly what we need now. Once we’ve recovered from the serpent microvenom, we can consume fat sources in the afternoon. If everything you eat before noon consists of foods without fat, I can spend most of my morning detoxing. After that, I’ll be ready to engage in many other functions. I have a strong need for detox; please help me,” says Liz.

“Alright!”—Hannah lovingly rubs over her liver with her hand—“We’ll become a great team now that I can understand your needs.”

Hannah spends the rest of her vacation resting and cherishing her time with family. She is grateful to be alive and saved by the trinity of health, which consists of natural remedies, modern medicine, and divine intervention. She lounges in the sun, sipping iced tea from the cat’s claw vine that saved her life. *I love this plant. I owe it my life! I will include it in my diet.*

Hannah's vacation has ended, and she returns to her motherland. At last, she's in her happy place, back home with her man. They were apart for just one week but missed each other immensely. Joey greets her with a radiant smile and a beautiful bouquet of fresh flowers. They share a long hug before saying anything. Joey missed her scent, and he let out a grateful sigh when he caught a whiff of her hair.

"My parents sent you a souvenir," Hannah says. She hands him a colorful clay craft magnet—which he places on their fridge, adding another trinket to their collection of memories.

"I missed you and love you, Bambi," Joey says. Hannah smiles and responds in the same loving way. They catch up for a while, and then Joey steps out to chop wood while Hannah is ready for another conversation with Liver Liz.

"Adjusting our diet is the first step in our detox journey," Liz states.

"That makes sense; it's one thing I can control since I can't dictate destiny or

accidents like the serpent attack,” Hannah says.

“Exactly! You’ve underestimated the power of choosing what you eat.”

“I suppose not everyone has that power. I can go to the market and choose what to buy, even if I don’t have the luxury of buying everything organic, like those with more money. I still possess the power and freedom to buy fresh vegetables and fruits instead of processed foods filled with preservatives or hormone-fed animals treated with antibiotics. Thank God I don’t have to hunt for food. I don’t even know where sandwiches live!” says Hannah, trying to amuse her liver.

“Always remember that you have free will. If you can afford beef burgers, you can afford oranges. And whatever your problem is, the answer isn’t in the fridge,” Liz says.

“I know. Well, I don’t need much more money to improve my diet. I need to exercise my free will to make better food choices. I can’t keep slacking off on my diet after the serpent attack. For the past few years, I’ve

been eating too much junk, processed, and prepackaged food because it was convenient. As a result, I'm about 15 pounds overweight, and the button on my jeans can't watch me eat another snack!"

Hannah contemplates the concepts of control, power, and freedom as she gazes at the flames of the beautiful fire her bearded man lit for her. She watches him through the window, as she loves seeing him work outside; he looks so manly handling an ax and wearing that lumberjack-style hoodie. As it consumes the wood, the crackling sound of the fire pulls her away from that spicy distraction. She continues to reflect on the inspiring and motivating thought that she already has the power to control her diet. Therefore, she has no real reason not to exercise her free will to improve and enhance her lifestyle.

With a sense of freedom, the concept of responsibility naturally arises. Suddenly, a divine flow of energy surges through her body. Her mind elevates to the understanding that she is entirely responsible for her choices. She begins to perceive reality from

a new perspective because she cannot be a victim when she is already free. Hannah cannot be manipulated by the food industry's deceptive advertising and neuromarketing tactics. She cannot fall prey to the addictive artificial flavors that push her to overindulge. Hannah has been responsible for stopping her binge eating by exercising her free will all along.

The enlightening moment when she takes responsibility for her choices quickly fades as she begins to experience the Sin of Anger. She feels guilt, shame, and anger toward herself for the many poor dietary decisions and binge-eating episodes from her past. So Liz decides to intervene. "Hannah, please be gentle with yourself; the health journey requires a lot of kindness. You must cultivate the Virtue of Patience to counterbalance the sin of anger. Even with the power and freedom to control your diet, there remains a divine element beyond our control. Illness brings darkness and evil, and we often have no power over it. We don't choose to get sick."

“Illness, it’s like a dark cloud that follows us around when we’re sick, casting a gray view over a world full of colors only perceived by the healthy ones,” Hannah says, sadly recalling the many terrible moments of agony when she or a loved one had fallen into the dimness of illness.

“The detox journey is like a redemption story. As we grow older, we often lose our health along the way,” says Liver Liz.

“Some people begin to lose their health in childhood due to lazy parents who don’t make the effort to provide them with proper nutrition. It was easier for those parents to allow their kids to eat anything,” says Hannah.

“I’m grateful for your mother. It was challenging to stick to a strict healthy diet. You wanted to eat french fries every day. Thank God your mom persevered. Without her constant care and attention to our diet, I wouldn’t have grown into a healthy liver. Also, we likely wouldn’t have survived the serpent attack. After you moved out, you became irresponsible and careless,” notes Liz.

“I’m sorry, my dear Liz. Should I perform some kind of penance or atonement for my poor dietary choices?” Hannah asks, eager to do anything to restore her liver health.

“Please, no self-punishment! You must forgive yourself. Patience and kindness are the best ways to tackle the changes and challenges that come with your dietary adjustments.”

“I feel like the upgrades to my diet revolve around concepts that aren’t related to food, like free will and patience,” Hannah says—noticing that Liz hasn’t mentioned food, even though they have been discussing diet.

“Reflect on the divinity of life and imagine the Garden of Eden, a place created by God where humans engineered nothing. What do you see in this vision of paradise?” asks Liver Liz.

“I see plenty of greenery and fresh water. It’s filled with trees bearing delicious fruits.”

“Delightful fruits and fresh vegetables are the holy foods that nourish our body and soul!”

“I think I understand your point. God’s natural foods are sacred and remain unaltered by humans.”

“What happens when you exercise your free will to choose the holy foods?” Liz asks.

“Mmmm, I feel a rewarding state of health and inner peace?”

“Yes. Now, we focus on detox, and you need to incorporate more holy foods into our diet. Natural, fresh fruits and vegetables, along with their consecrated vitamins and minerals and sanctified nutrients, will help restore our health. Our diet is about the Micro War resources. We feed our micro-allies, like probiotics, with Holy Foods, while we feed our micro-enemies, such as viruses and bacteria, with unhealthy options,” says Liz.

“Is the Micro War against the Micro Evil?”

“Indeed, every cell and living organism is constantly battling for survival and perpetually engages in the Micro War—the ongoing struggle for well-being, where there’s no peace without health. From the beginning of life until death, our bodies strive

to survive, and the victors get to evolve!” says Liz.

“Alright. I have the power to choose who I want to feed and fuel, and I choose to support my allies! Oh, Liz, don’t struggle anymore; I will provide you with the holy foods so you can cast away the Micro Evil from my body. I promise I’ll do everything to win the Micro War!”

Liz’s lessons pause as Joey enters the house carrying a large straw basket filled with chopped wood. A subtle, sappy, earthy aroma fills the room. He then places a few logs in the fire.

“Joey, I need to upgrade my diet to improve my health, and I want you to team up with me! We’ll start by incorporating more holy foods into our meals.”

“What is that?” Joey asks.

“Vegetables and fruits from the plant kingdom, along with some mushrooms from the fungi kingdom. And please, let’s reduce products from the animal kingdom.”

“That’s alright because I love you from my head to-ma-toes,” Joey says with a witty grin, immediately going along with her ideas.

“That’s funny! You have a peach of my heart,” says Hannah, giggling.

“You are berry special, and we make a great pear.”

“A great pear, hahaha! You are so good with words.”

“Orange you gonna say another one?” Joey asks, tickling her belly.

“Please stop! I’m out of jokes.”

“But I’m so egg-cited to play this word game. Let’s butter together!”

“Mmmm, I have bean missing playing with you.”

“Good one! I cherry-ish you, Bambi.”

“And I olive you!”

They laugh together for a while, and then Joey sings her a song. Time seems to stand still as he sings to her, and she can’t help but smile at him—the red and orange colors of the sunset spill into their home through the windows. Like molten lava, it brightens the living room with the life-giving star’s inspiring

and invigorating energy. After the song, they simply watch the fire without the need to fill the silence. Hannah rests her head on his shoulder. Joey closes his eyes, tilts his head back, and holds her tight, even though he knows she's not going anywhere.

I feel excited about my detox journey! That venomous serpent forced me to confront one of the many invisible faces of the Micro Evil: neurotoxins. It also raised my awareness of the Micro War. My liver is my strongest warrior; it's the organ that protects my body against microinvaders and detoxifies me from the evil already within. My current diet isn't supporting my liver, so I'm eager to start a new one. It shouldn't be difficult now that I know the holy foods are the salvation of my body and soul. I need to develop the virtue of patience and put in effort at first to change my routine and adjust my habits. But soon, I will learn how to care for my well-being, and everything will become easier.

Upgrading my diet is my vindication for every time I fall into temptation and choose

unhealthy foods. This detox journey is my redemption story; I want to reclaim the health I have lost over the years. I feel confident that I can redeem my past dietary mistakes through faith in myself and my liver, which has been with me throughout my life since I was in my mother's womb. My new diet is a reclamation of a healthy body; it's my way to rescue, honor, and detox my liver. This is my chance for absolution for the many times I didn't treat my liver with the care and respect it deserves for all the miraculous work it does for me. My new healthy diet is how I support Liz so she can the-liver me from evil, from the darkness of sickness into the light of healing.

Chapter 2



Toxic Clouds

Chapter 3



Biohazard Fogs