

"Next up in our mailbag, we have a letter from Mrs. Grimsure of Dry Flats. She writes: Q. What is wrong with Sulhe House Publishing? You already print crazy books, but your latest release, Phew, is the worst of them all! I started reading it, thinking I was getting invested in the touching story of a privileged young man and his journey from deep despair to illumination. But then, suddenly, I am reading the inner workings of his mind as he reads a message from ancient Guides to humanity, a message that apparently changes the world while he is in a suicide-induced coma! Next thing I know, I am being taught what a thought actually is, what emotions are as a biological fuel, and why people are so sick and sad. Then I'm learning from the conscious mind of the Universe itself (who calls himself "Sourcey"!) about the meaning of life, and how we literally feed Him energy by manifesting things that make us happy. And just when I am getting my head around that, the book flips the entire medical paradigm! Suddenly I am reading about the Endocannabinoid System, macrophages, and potential treatments for cancer, neurodegenerative diseases, autoimmune disorders, and systemic stress. And I mean exploring it from a cellular level, to quantum wave-particle mechanics, all the way up to cosmology! And don't even get me started on how it tries to explain human behavior! The book has the absolute nerve to claim that people aren't morally bankrupt, but just suffering from a "hemodynamic shunt" that starves their Prefrontal Cortex of blood! It says we are all walking around with "Chemically Induced Stupidity" (CIS) because chronic stress has turned off our mirror neurons, stripping us of empathy, impulse control, and rational thinking. Suddenly, human morality is just a matter of biology and blood flow?! It tells me I shouldn't be intensely focused on my problems, but instead use a "wide panoramic vision" to see solutions and calm my nervous system. And if that wasn't absurd enough, it claims my belly fat is just a "Visceral Hoard" from living in a biological "War Economy," and that if I just use this protocol to tell my brain the war is over, the weight will naturally fall off! Ridiculous! I want to suffer on a treadmill, count calories, and feel guilty like a normal person! And the formatting! Where are the normal chapters? I mean, there are forty-four of them, sure, but why are there also numbered verses from Guides? Why are there hardcore rap songs being used to disguise incredibly cohesive science backed by peer-reviewed studies? Then comes all the philosophical stuff! Reframing homosexuality and neurodivergence as the planet's biological immune response?! Dismantling the concept of sin, crime, and punishment?! OMG, it gets worse. There is a massive proof-of-concept about an Australian Rules football team, a theological reframing of all Edenic-based religions, and the assertion that "spirituality" is just biology that was once esoteric, but is now understandable, measurable, and actionable with technology! Not to mention the terrifying warnings about how we have to use the Waking Dream State to stop us from falling into the apocalyptic trap of Technology-Induced Boredom (TIB)! And then, just to top it off, it brings in cellular biology to prove that Antoine Béchamp was right all along in his 19th-century debate

against the Germ Theory we all adopted wholesale! Why can't you people just publish ordinary books? I want to read about two people who fall in love, misunderstand each other, and then feel bad and apologize. I want to read about simple childhood magic. I want to comfortably lament my past, not actively heal it and celebrate my future! Mrs. Grimsure A. Thank you for your correspondence, Mrs. Grimsure, and of course, you are completely right in your summary. We would like to take this opportunity to wish you, Mr. Grimsure, and all your little Grimsures the very best with your ordinary books in these extraordinary times.