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10 DAYS

Full Textbook

SCHOOL OF
SPIRITUAL BADASSERY™





SCHOOL OF SPIRITUAL BADASSERY™

BECAUSE HARVARD DOESN'T TEACH THIS SH*T.

The Official Leaked Memos



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SCHOOL OF SPIRITUAL BADASSERY™
Because Harvard Doesn't Teach This Sh*t

ORIENTATION: WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW BEFORE WE BEGIN (SO AS NOT TO FUCK THINGS UP FURTHER)

Filed by: Department of Advanced Human Studies | Office of Divine Affairs

Be it known throughout all realms, dimensions, and multiverses that the following Decrees have been issued by the Universe Itself, delivered to those Souls initiated enough — and brave enough — to receive them.

- These are not *suggestions*.
- These are not *affirmations*.
- These are not *things to post on social media* and promptly ignore — while continuing to make the same mistakes with remarkable consistency and creativity.

These are the Rules. The ones nobody taught you. The ones your culture forgot. The ones your ancestors needed desperately and never received — which is why everything has been going the way it has been going. (*We see you. We have always seen you. We are working on you.*)

We will be honest with you: we debated writing any of this down. Your human track record is not encouraging.

Previous attempts to transcribe divine truth into document form have — without exception, across every civilization, in every language, on every available surface — been edited, weaponized, mistranslated, fought over, used to justify the precise opposite of what was intended, and occasionally printed on merchandise. We are not bitter. We are simply aware of the pattern.

Therefore, let the record show: this is not a sacred text. This is a leaked memo series, circulated internally and intended exclusively for advanced Earth students who have already sensed that the current human curriculum is missing some critical pages (*all of them*).

So if you are reading this, you were meant to find it. But if you plan to start a religion with it, please don't. We have watched that go sideways enough times to have developed strong feelings on the subject.

WE BELIEVE PIGS CAN FLY. AND SO CAN YOU.

The Department would also like to preemptively address the following objections, which we hear incessantly from your species:

"Easy for you to say."

"You clearly don't understand what I've been through."

"This feels dismissive of real pain."

"I don't believe in any of this."

"Okay but MY situation is different."

"Who do you think you are?"



All objections have been logged, reviewed, and noted with tremendous affection. They have not changed the content.

We are aware that some of what follows will feel, at first contact, like a cosmic shrug at your very real, very painful, very specific human experience. It is not. We have been watching your life with considerably more attention than you have given us credit for. We have not missed a single thing. Not the big ones. Not the quiet ones. Not the ones you've never told anyone. *Not one.*

We are simply operating from an altitude where the whole map is visible — including the parts you cannot yet see from where you're standing. This series was not written to minimize your suffering. It was written because we are tired of watching you suffer *unnecessarily* — and because several departments finally agreed that a strongly worded memo might accomplish what endless centuries of gentle nudging have not.

You may also notice that some of these ideas sound familiar. Humans have been hearing many of these truths for centuries. But *hearing* a thing and *embodying* a thing are not remotely the same activity. Most of your species can quote wisdom beautifully while simultaneously spiraling in a Target parking lot because someone used an exclamation mark in a text.

- ◆ **Read them carefully.**
- ◆ **Read them again.**
- ◆ **And then read them one more time.**

There is more here than you think. Because you will think you understood them on the first pass. You will not. *Not fully.* Possibly not for several more lifetimes. That is fine. The Universe is patient. (*You are less so, we have noticed.*)

Proceed at your own risk of becoming highly aware of all the shenanigans — and wild magic — this planet contains.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

PS: If you're already arguing with us, excellent. That means you're paying attention. Proceed.

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DECREE #1: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF THE (SEEMINGLY) ELUSIVE TRUTH ABOUT CROAKING

Filed by: Department of Mortality Affairs

Dearest Humans,

We realize most of you have lost your ability to see and sense the other realms. We are attempting to help get you back “*online*”. In the meantime, we need to reiterate once again the truth about death that still seems to stump you.

Let it be known: you cannot die.

- You can log off.
- You can change characters.
- You can exit this particular round and head back to the main campus for a rest, a debrief, and what we understand is a genuinely excellent cup of tea.

But die? No.

You are an eternal Spirit having a temporary human experience. Your skin suit is a rental. Your Soul is the driver. The driver does not cease to exist when the car is returned. Play accordingly.

Life is merely a game. A class of sorts. A Soul-expanding ‘escape room’.

Play the game boldly. Creatively. Joyfully. Love wildly. Heal deeply. Have adventures. Take leaps of faith.

Like any gifted game player — chess grandmasters, Olympic athletes, OR the person at your office who treats trivia night like a blood sport —they’re so fully submerged inside the experience that everything else temporarily ceases to exist. That’s focus. Humans call this “*being in the zone.*”

(We call it “*finally living your damn life.*”)

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Sure, your body can absolutely get banged up, age, get sick, and dwindle into dust. Your brain can freak out, stress, rage, and want to give up entirely. That's how it's currently programmed. But a program can be *rewritten*. That's the part we're here to walk you through, one step at a time.

And then, when your human game is over, you can go “*home*”, have a nice cosmic dinner, and rest with your loved ones. Because it was, at the end of the day, just a game.

You can care deeply about your life *and* simultaneously know in your bones that you are eternal, that you cannot get this permanently wrong, and that the version of you who is terrified right now is the *avatar*, not the player.

The player is fine. The player is always fine. The player is *you* — the one on the divine sofa alongside your Soul family members, all staring at the giant screen of life — clutching the joystick, watching your avatar white-knuckling her way through your current level of the video game (*that you could be enjoying more if you'd just chill out a little bit.*)

We attempt to send you signs. Messages. Psychics. Dreams. And synchronicities. (*That is, until your biology catches up and you can tap straight into Source.*) But sadly, you rarely pay attention.

So here we are again, attempting to convince your stubborn species that what you think is “*reality*” is not as real as you think. And what you think you understand about life, death, and the spirit realm is... well... adorable. (*Much like a preschooler attempting to convince a PhD mathematician that $2 + 5 = 8$.*)

We still love you very much, even though you are very, very, very wrong, about... well... *most everything*, most of the time.

Yes, you may feel anxiety about us saying that. You may be worried that if nothing really matters, you will go feral and do terrible things. You will not.

Your nature — underneath the fear, the conditioning, and the truly baffling decisions — is *love*.

Finish your curriculum. You will see.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

PS: We'll have a delightful chat once you hand in your Earth Suit — to discuss this amusing time in your evolution. Until then, try to enjoy the game.

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DECREE #2: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF THE UNSEEN WORLD — AND WHY YOU KEEP GHOSTING US.

Filed by: Department of Whispers, Nudges & Increasingly Obvious Signs

Dearest Humans,

The intelligence running every atom of everything that has ever existed is available to you at all hours, free of charge, without a waitlist.

You consult it approximately one percent of the time. (*We are being immensely generous.*)

The other ninety-nine percent you spend arguing with your own assembled-from-hearsay mind, asking everyone else what they think, ignoring us completely while your phone is velcro'd to your face — and then doing whatever your anxiety suggests.

We are not offended. We are just...*baffled.*

- **You trust your brain** — which was assembled in childhood from hearsay and panic.
- **You trust your friends** — similarly assembled in childhood from hearsay and panic.
- **You trust your various leaders** — also all assembled in childhood from hearsay and panic.
- **You trust selfies on instagram** (*filters: FYI*) — once again, assembled from hearsay and panic.

And we haven't even gotten to the politicians, doctors, parents, gurus, therapists, religious leaders, teachers, and motivational speakers. (*We could continue. We don't have the time.*)

This beautiful, assembled-from-other-people's-opinions mind of yours gets you into big trouble, allowing you only to trust your 5 senses (*which are lovely senses, especially when it comes to beautiful sunsets, avoiding skunks, keeping your hands off the stovetop, and listening for oncoming cars*).

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But... they are the same senses that have led you to:

- Questionable romantic partners
- Haircuts you cannot explain
- Financial decisions made with considerable confidence and insufficient information
- Absolute certainty — on multiple occasions — that you were ready for something you definitely were *not*

The Universe rests its case.

We know when to make that left turn. When to leave a party. When to leap into that new relationship. When to avoid eating that suspicious shrimp dish. And when to wait to cross the street (since buses and large vehicles have a remarkable talent for rearranging your human squishy bits in all sorts of unfortunate ways.)

We also know that the thing you are currently terrified of is, in fact, the door you have strategically barricaded for three+ years — while telling everyone you're just "*discerning*."

We have been whispering to you this entire time. (*Even screaming at moments.*)

You have an entire *team* here — your higher self, guides, ancestors, angels, and the occasional deceased pet who has surprisingly strong opinions — all whispering, nudging, winking, and occasionally rearranging your life in ways you will only appreciate once you're on the other side.

To be clear: we are not asking you to hand your power over. Your Soul *already* has the answers. We are simply trying to help that inner intuition become loud enough for you to actually hear it.

So we request that you develop a regular practice of sitting in the extraordinary silence your species actively avoids. Quiet the clutter in your mind. And question your most stress-inducing thoughts — until our whispers are finally the loudest thing in the room.

You also amuse us with your confident belief that this silence contains '*nothing*.' In truth, it contains the entire database of the Universe — and is considerably more colorful than even your best earthly podcast. (*We checked. Your podcasts are fine. This is better.*)

We promise we have better information than your mother, friend, partner, pastor or politician. (*We say this with love. They are all doing their best.*)

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

P.S. The next time you catch yourself thinking, '*I don't get any signs*,' pause and notice how many hours you've spent today listening to other humans (or your own mental noise) instead. This is not a mystery. It's a *volume* issue.

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DECREE #3: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF DIVINE MATH, AND WHY YOU SUCK AT IT.

Filed by: Department of Spiritual Mathematics & Human Delusion

Dearest Humans,

Mathematics, you trust. Its laws are fixed. Its outcomes consistent. Two plus two does not become five on a particularly hopeful Tuesday, regardless of how badly you would like it to.

The spiritual realm operates on identical principles. There are equations here too — constants that produce the same results regardless of your feelings about them, your childhood, or how convincingly you argue otherwise.

The equation humanity has been running:

1. Love FROM Others + 2. Love FOR Myself (*if I get around to it*) = **Eternal Divine Bliss**

(It is difficult for us to stop laughing long enough to type this. But we persist, because we love you.)

This equation has a 100% failure rate. It has always had a 100% failure rate. It will continue to have a 100% failure rate no matter how creatively you apply it.

We should note, for the record, that squeezing love from other humans is merely your most popular method. You are, to your credit, remarkably innovative in this department.

You have also attempted to fill this particular void with:

- **A thinner body** (*the goal post for which moves suspiciously every time you approach it*)
- **A larger home** in which to feel empty in more square footage
- **Alcohol, sugar, scrolling, and other numbing agents** your species has invented specifically to avoid sitting quietly with yourselves for four consecutive minutes.
- **Fame** (*which is simply the industrial-scale version of needing your mother to notice you*)
- **Money beyond what is needed** (*which we support acquiring — it is simply a terrible therapist*)
- **Youth** (*which is leaving regardless, and seems annoyed by the chasing*)

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None of these are wrong. None of these are shameful. All of these are the same equation wearing a different hat. Here is the correct equation, issued from this department and available at no charge:

1. Divine Love → 2. Self Love → 3. Love Overflowing Out to Others

Note the *order* carefully. It is not the order you have been running.

Step one cannot be skipped: you must first drink from the Divine well — your Soul — the Source that loves you unconditionally, completely, and without the slightest interest in whether you are having a good hair day.

This is not a small point. You cannot manufacture self-love from thin air through sheer willpower. (*Humanity has tried. The results are in your therapy waiting rooms.*) Self-love is not a decision you make. It is something you learn — by first allowing yourself to be loved by something that has never once withheld it.

And as that love fills you — as you genuinely absorb what it feels like to be loved without conditions — you begin to extend that same quality of love inward. You become, slowly and rather magnificently, a loving extension of that Divine Source. THEN — from that ridiculous, overflowing abundance — you become a human sprinkler system that helps hydrate your dry, depleted, slightly crispy fellow humans accordingly.

The Divine source does not run dry. It does not need a nap. It has never once been in a bad mood because someone ate the last of the good cereal. It is available at full capacity at three in the morning on your worst Tuesday.

Your fellow humans, meanwhile, are parched. Running on fumes. Most of their heads are crammed quite a ways up their bums. They are busy working, cleaning, cooking, sleeping, pooping, complaining — and also attempting to squeeze water from the same dry stones you are squeezing.

They cannot — nor have they ever been able to — love you fully, totally, unconditionally. (*Even though your collective delusion, and the Disney company, has brainwashed you to believe otherwise.*)

Stop squeezing each other. Fill up from the Source that actually has endless supply. Then go give it away. (*This is the only way you won't end up loathing the ones you are currently trying to love.*)

Your Spirit Team requested a lengthier doctrine to cover all the ways this equation has been screwing up your lives. We have declined on the grounds that none of you would read a 9,371-page memo.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

P.S. We are not condoning isolation from the love of others until you become enlightened. That is silliness. Simply refrain from desperately clinging to fellow empty humans whose lives are enthusiastically on fire.



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DECREE #4: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF THE FERAL TODDLERS TRAPPED IN YOUR BASEMENT.

Filed By: The Department of Shadow Studies & Reluctant Self-Discovery

Dearest Humans,

We need to have a talk about your subconscious basement. You have not been down there in quite some time. We are concerned. It resembles more of a dungeon at this point. And it is quite full. Overflowing, in fact. Down there — in the dark, on the cold, hard floor — are your inner toddlers, locked away since some of your earliest memories (*and even earlier*). They are dirty, feral, hungry... and rather pissed off at this point.

Several have developed scurvy. All of them have a Vitamin D deficiency. At least two have resorted to eating their own diapers. And the smell... it's overwhelming. You have been ignoring the smell. (*Your loved ones and neighbors have not.*)

Allow us to explain how they got there: You arrived as a complete human — pre-loaded with the full rainbow of human emotions. Silliness. Rage. Jealousy. Grief. Selfishness. Spite. Loudness. Laughter. The occasional spectacular lie. And every other emotion in between. *All of it.* Factory installed.

And then your family, your teachers, and various other well-meaning authorities took one look at your full emotional inventory and said: *"We won't be needing some of these, thank you!"* — and banished any feelings that made them uncomfortable.

The rage toddler went in the basement. The jealousy toddler. The grief toddler that was *"too much."* The selfishness toddler that was *"unacceptable."* The loudness toddler that was *"a lot."* All of them: tossed downstairs, door closed, lights off, bolted shut — while you conveniently forgot where the key was hidden.

(*A note for the record: We suggest you stop convincing yourself your personality is simply innate. This basement operation is the most elaborate coping mechanism we have encountered across many Multiverses. You are, in fact, the talk of several planets.*)

Here is what your species keeps forgetting: These toddlers are innate. They are part of your inner operating system and cannot be deleted. (*Everyone's got them.*)

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So they do what any neglected toddler does. They do random jailbreaks in your life — causing chaos such as:

- Your **terrifying inner self-talk** that, if plugged into a megaphone, would rival the best horror films in history
- Your **freak-out in traffic** when someone fails to meet your toddlers' exacting standards
- Your **internal meltdown monologue** at three in the morning that has the enthusiasm of a motivational speaker in hell
- Your **sudden breakup** no one — including you — saw coming, over an argument about loading the dishwasher
- Your **desire to stab out your partner's eyes** with a butter knife for chewing too loudly
- Your **addictive patterns** of scrolling, spending, eating, drinking, negativity, gossip, overworking, zoning out, or numbing of any creative sort

If you continue to avoid opening that basement door long enough, it WILL become mutiny. They WILL find another way out. And if they do, they will likely burn down your entire house — then stand in the ashes looking relieved.

Note: they are toddlers. Cute, adorable, well-meaning, full-of-life aspects of yourself. They cause zero problems when allowed to flow *freely*. Your troubles began when the basement-banishment-tour started — likely from birth to first grade.

So. Open the door. Each one is a frozen version of you from a specific painful moment — still utterly convinced she is keeping you safe. She is not. She is operating on methods developed by a child's under-developed brain under considerable duress.

Bring a flashlight. Bring snacks — the toddlers are starving. Learn their names. Ask what happened. Bring them upstairs for a hot shower, warm meal, vitamin supplements and a complete change of clothes.

Self-love does not begin in bubble baths and affirmations. It begins in the *basement* — as you re-introduce yourself to the parts of you that have been abandoned for so very long.

They are *not* too much. They never were too much. They are, and have always been, *perfect*. (*Well-meaning adults simply should not lock toddlers in basements. We cannot stress this enough.*)

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

P.S. Your basement toddlers have been informed that help is finally on the way. Several are cautiously optimistic. Two are still eating diapers. Progress is progress.



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DECREE #5: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF THE MESSENGERS YOU KEEP SHOOTING.

Filed From: The Department of Messengers and Inconvenient Mirrors

Dearest Humans,

We would like to introduce you to your most sophisticated spiritual technology. You have been using it as target practice instead. It is called: **Other People.**

Every human currently making your eye twitch, your blood pressure spike, or your thumbs compose a text you will definitely regret — is not, in fact, your enemy. They are your mirror. Your curriculum. Your teachers.

Here is how it works — and we will use small words, as this particular concept has a remarkable failure rate: The specific thing that enrages you about Brenda? = That lives in your basement. (*See previous decree. We will wait.*)

The rage, the neediness, the selfishness, the loudness, the shamelessness (*whatever Brenda is doing that makes you want to briefly leave your body*) — you have an aspect of that within you too. Even if just at 1%. (*You simply locked yours downstairs in 1987 and told no one.*)

Your species has developed three primary responses to this situation. We have catalogued them with considerable weariness:

1. **You run:** Quietly deleting people, avoiding rooms, suddenly becoming very busy whenever certain topics arise.
2. **You rage:** At the audacity. At the nerve. At the sheer inexplicable BRENDA-ness of Brenda.
3. **You fix:** Forwarding relevant articles. Delivering pointed observations disguised as concern. Loving someone aggressively in the direction of becoming a different person.

All three responses share one elegant feature: they keep your attention firmly on Brenda and nowhere near your own basement. Which is, of course, the point.

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A brief sampling from the Department's case files, for illustrative purposes:

- **The colleague whose shameless self-promotion makes you want to quietly combust** → may simply be doing the very thing you have desperately wanted to do, but decided long ago was too embarrassing to attempt.
- **The person whose laziness enrages you** → may just be resting. (Your basement, which has not been permitted to rest since approximately 1994, is furious about this.)
- **The friend who lies casually and you cannot seem to forgive** → even though you lied about the chocolate at age three (and many other moments, let's be honest) and have conveniently arranged not to remember this.
- **The politician whom you furiously believe is the antichrist** → is activating your own inner Ms. PissyPants, who, we gently note, predates this particular political moment by several decades.

(This Department does wish to note, for the record, that a separate 9,000-page memo regarding the current state of your species' political choices is currently being processed. It is equally concerned.)

NOTE: the *intensity* of your reaction is the *intensity* of emotions of the basement toddler being activated.

This does not mean *becoming* like Brenda. Nobody is asking you to become Brenda. (*We have enough Brendas.*) It means considering — with great suspicion and even greater curiosity — whether a homeopathic dose of whatever is making you murderous might be exactly the medicine your basement toddlers ordered.

You may just need one small healthy drop of the trait that tripwires your circuits. (*In some cases: a gallon, let's be honest.*) The basement does not always require a revolution. It may require just a small, slightly terrifying step toward a part of you that got banished long ago.

IMPORTANT NOTE: None of this means passive acceptance of genuinely bad behavior. It means: do the inner work *first*. Then act from clarity, not from your basement. There is a meaningful difference between a person who takes action from *healed wholeness* — and a person who wages war on the world as a creative alternative to facing themselves. (*One changes things. The other just keeps the basement very, very busy.*)

The messengers will keep arriving until the message is received. They are *not* your enemies. They are the most expensive, most inconvenient, most infuriating gift the Universe delivers. Usually dressed as Brenda.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

PS: Brenda, for the record, has her own Brenda. She is also exhausted. She is also waiting for this exact decree to land in her inbox.



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Because Harvard Doesn't Teach This Sh*t

DECREE #6: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF SHITTING WHERE YOU EAT.

Filed By: The Department of Universal Interconnection & Chronic Amnesia

Dearest Humans,

We are sorry to be crass, but we need to discuss your relationship with the concept of separation. **Specifically: it does not exist.**

We realize this has been said before. By prophets and mystics and that one yoga teacher in 2009. We are saying it again because the current behavior on your planet suggests it has *not* — how shall we put this — *landed*. Not even slightly.

Here is the situation, delivered slowly and with great patience:

You are not over *here* — and the Divine is over *there*. You are made of the same stuff as everything that has ever existed — stardust, God-particles, universal Chi, and those multi-colored mystery snacks at the gas station.

It's the precise intelligence that designed: the galaxies, the platypus, the inventor of glitter, and the specific quality of light on an autumn afternoon. Which means every other person, creature, and blade of grass on your planet is made of the same exact stuff.

You are cells of a larger body. Tentacles of one Divine Octopus, if you will. (*We have tried many analogies. The octopus is the one that stuck. We are committed to it now.*) So when you harm another tentacle, you are harming yourself in the most direct energetic sense available.

We realize you are oblivious about this. And arguing amongst yourselves is breathtaking in its commitment to missing the point. Yet here we are.

The primary reason this amnesia persists is, frankly, impressive: your five senses present you with a very convincing daily performance of (seeming) separateness. Separate bodies. Separate problems. Separate Brendas. (*Your senses are committed to this narrative.*)

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We understand why you found it believable. You are still far closer to cavemen genetically than you are to your fellow aliens, cosmic starseeds and other astral organism. But we are slightly less understanding about your continued devotion to it after every mystic, quantum physicist, near-death experiencer, and person who has had one very good Tuesday in nature has told you otherwise.

Allow us to demonstrate some analogies using your own physical form, to make our point:

- **Cruelty to another human** = Your left hand punching your right hand and declaring victory. (*The right hand would like a word.*)
- **Racism, tribalism, nationalism** = Your kidneys deciding they are superior to your liver and refusing to cooperate. (*Spoiler: you need both. This ends badly for the kidneys.*)
- **Environmental destruction** = Setting fire to the only home you will ever have — *the one with no comparable listings, no checkout date, and no backup location* — then being genuinely surprised you are also on fire.
- **Casual indifference to suffering** = Your hand noticing your leg is broken, shrugging, and going back to scrolling. (*We observe this approximately eight billion times daily.*)
- **War** = Your cells. Declaring war. On your other cells. On purpose. Repeatedly. With flags.

You cannot hurt another tentacle without hurting yourself. Every single time. (*Even when you are blissfully, spectacularly unaware that this is happening — which, currently, is most of the time.*)

And your planet: She is not a resource. She is not a backdrop. She is not a very large storage unit for your convenience. (*Avoid evicting yourself from the only habitable address in your solar system.*)

You are a miniscule part of her greater body. Her oceans are her *bloodstream*. Her forests are her *lungs*. Her soil is her *skin*. Her atmosphere is the *breath* you are currently, rather urgently, requiring in order to continue existing. (*You're welcome, by the way.*)

And you — with the focused determination of someone who has completely forgotten they live here — have been cheerfully chainsawing the lungs, poisoning the bloodstream, and strip-mining the skin. Then wondering why everything feels progressively terrible. This is not a mystery. You are (*and we cannot stress this enough*) shitting where you eat.

We are delivering this today because the amnesia — the spectacular, gold-medal-worthy, commitment-to-forgetting that you are connected to everything — is exhausting to watch from up here. We have made popcorn. We are not proud of the popcorn, but you must admit: you do put on a good show!

You are all — every last bewildering, occasionally catastrophic, magnificently oblivious one of you — tentacles of the same ridiculous organism. Act accordingly.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.



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DECREE #7: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF SEEKING PEACE THROUGH WAR, AND ITS REMARKABLE FAILURE RATE.

Filed From: The Department of Conflict Resolution & Chronic Repetition

Dearest Humans,

Welcome. Today's decree will be presented in the form of a pop quiz.

SELF ASSESSMENT: IDEAL SCENARIOS

Please select which of the following strategies actually work:

A. Little Timmy lives with his exhausted mother, who would very much prefer that Timmy be quieter and less emotionally inconvenient after her long day. To achieve this noble goal, she regularly beats the living daylight out of him with belts, yardsticks, hands, and whatever else happens to be within reach. This, she believes, will teach him to behave and eventually grow into a calm, successful, emotionally healthy adult.

B. Denise would like her husband to feel safe enough to open up emotionally. To encourage this, she criticizes his tone, corrects his every misstep, brings up his failures during unrelated arguments, and periodically reminds him that he is emotionally unavailable. This, she believes, will inspire vulnerability, tenderness, and deep relational trust.

C. Christy would like to become more confident, radiant, and happy in her own skin. To achieve this, she speaks to herself internally with the warmth of a prison warden, compares herself to strangers on the internet, and treats every perceived flaw as evidence of personal failure. This, she believes, will one day produce self-worth, peace, and stunning beauty.

D. A frightened nation would like to create lasting peace. To do this, it bombs people who look, think, worship, and speak differently, because its leaders believe this will finally end violence. This will surely not traumatize children or inspire future wars. No, no. This will go swimmingly.

Correct answer: None of the above. And yet your species continues to re-enact these scenarios with confidence, both privately and at scale. Because you remain bizarrely devoted to the idea that pain, applied with enough force, will eventually produce peace. It will not.

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Abuse does not create safety. Shame does not create self-worth. Violence does not create peace. Terror does not create trust. Wounding does not create healing.

Please be advised that the *Department of Preventable Catastrophes* has flagged an active domestic terrorist operating inside your own skull — one who has, to date, faced zero consequences, filed zero peace plans, and remains disturbingly well-funded.

Please review some of your more popular internal self-directives, currently on file under *Division of Unnecessary Suffering*:

- “*You are disgusting and should be ashamed of yourself.*”
- “*If you make one more mistake, no one will ever love you.*”
- “*You should definitely keep replaying that humiliating moment from 2017 until your nervous system learns excellence.*”
- “*Rest is laziness. Joy is suspicious. You are only as worthy as your most recent output.*”

The Department notes that you would never say these things to a frightened child, a grieving friend, or a barista having a difficult Tuesday. And yet: these are your active domestic policies. Toward yourself. Enforced daily. Without a peace treaty in sight. This is where your wars begin.

Every external war is an internal war that ran out of room.

Until humans can create a harmonious inner world — as well as harmonious family, friend and community relations (*and be honest: fellow humans rub you all the wrong way more than you may want to outwardly admit*), then planetary peace is of zero possibility.

Addendum: For those concerned this means tolerating harmful behavior indefinitely — the answer is no. Please consult your common sense, which remains available and has been waiting patiently.

This does not mean harmful people should not be stopped. It means they should be understood accurately. And handled with a compassionate heart. Hurt people hurt people. Healed people interrupt the cycle. (*This has been on the whiteboard since the beginning of time. We are starting to question the font.*) Until your species learns to treat wounded humans as *wounded* instead of “*bad/wrong/evil*”, you will keep replaying the same war with slightly different flags.

Compassion is not *passivity*. Compassion is not *indulgence*. Compassion is not *weakness*. (*We have submitted this memo in fourteen languages across several millennia. We remain optimistic.*)

But until you can address your own anger at the angry people, your species is — and we are using the technical term here — *screwed*. Love is the only thing that has ever, or will ever, interrupt the cycle. That is the assignment. The assignment has been on the board since approximately the beginning of time.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.



PS: The angry people are also basement toddlers. This is, admittedly, inconvenient.

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ATTENTION



SCHOOL OF SPIRITUAL BADASSERY™

Because Harvard Doesn't Teach This Sh*t

DECREE #8: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF YOUR MIND BEING A BIG FAT LIAR.

Department: The Department of Cognitive Recalibration & Chronic Misinterpretation

Dearest Humans,

Today we wish to begin with a bold, possibly triggering decree just sent down from Central Administration:

“The Only Problem in the Entire Universe is a Perspective Problem.”

We understand you may interpret this as uncaring, dismissive, in denial or cruel. It is not.

One of the more difficult truths for your species to grasp is this: much of your suffering is not caused by the event itself, but by the interpretation you attach to it with extraordinary speed. (*As well as your insistence on replaying these interpretations over and over and over and over*). No outside assistance required. Just you, alone, generating catastrophic meanings at a volume that frankly impresses even us.

You have, essentially, hired a disaster movie director to narrate your life. You take a situation, add fear, memory, projection, interpretation, great lighting, spooky filters, a dramatic soundtrack, then call the final production: Reality.

Every unanswered text is ominous. Every person who leaves becomes a verdict on your worthiness. Every physical symptom is the opening scene of something tragic, hopeless and terrifying. Your inner director rarely ever suggests the benign explanation. They remain absurdly dedicated to emotional rollercoasters (*and stay very well employed*). But the evidence to the contrary is everywhere.

One hundred people can witness the same event and walk away with one hundred different realities. One is devastated. One relieved. One furious. One somehow finds the whole thing funny. Another immediately links it to something that happened in 1987 and loses the rest of the afternoon there. Same event. Different commentary.

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Imagine walking in the woods, when a tree branch springs back and smacks you across the face. Then later that same week your neighbor Walter smacks you across the face, too. (*Walter is obviously not well.*)

One of these scenarios you will forget by lunchtime. The other you will replay on spin cycle with considerable gusto (*possibly for decades*).

Why? Not because one stung and the other didn't. Both stung. But because one became a story.

Repeated commentary, delivered with confidence, does not become truth. It becomes habit.

And let us be clear: we are not, for a moment, minimizing what was done to you. Some of what happened was genuinely awful. We saw it. We kept records. Your abusers, perpetrators, bullies, and other emotionally underdeveloped mammals have their own curriculum coming. (*We are actively handling this for you.*)

That is not your concern right now. Yours is simply to lay down your mental hammer. Many of them stopped hurting you long ago. Your own mind simply continued the project on their behalf, replaying the original wound endlessly while insisting this repetition would somehow keep you safe. We are sorry to inform you that it does not.

It is much like carrying around your own tree branch and smacking yourself in the face every twenty minutes, just to remember to avoid future trees. The original strike was unfortunate. The ongoing one is now being administered in-house.

For the record, telling the story of your painful moments can be helpful at first. That is called processing. By the 2,431st retelling, to therapists, besties, strangers at Costco, or the occasional feverish Reddit thread, it is no longer processing. It is *rehearsal*. And you are pouring fresh drops of gasoline on a candle that might otherwise have gone out decades ago.

So to recap for the official record: We are not saying your pain is imaginary. We are saying your commentary is not neutral. The *event* may be real. The *story* about the event may be brutal. They are not the same thing. And one of them, with practice, becomes optional.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.



PS: We attempted to calculate the total number of hours your species has spent suffering over events that never actually happened. Or scaring yourself for sport. Or regurgitating painful memories, ad nauseum. The number was so large it crashed the department's system. IT is looking into it — though they are, predictably, making the situation worse with their thoughts. (*Even the universe is a work in progress sometimes.*)

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TOP SECRET



SCHOOL OF SPIRITUAL BADASSERY™

Because Harvard Doesn't Teach This Sh*t

DECREE #9: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF SHIT SHOWS AND THEIR HOLY BENEFITS.

Filed From: The Department of Divinely Disguised Disasters

Dearest Humans,

The Universe has observed that your species suffers from a rampant addiction to **COMFORT**. Unfortunately, this intriguing addiction itself is creating quite a bit of discomfort. This causes you to treat problems as if they are punishments and evidence that life has gone terribly wrong. It has not. And you treat your emotions the same — jumping out of your skin at the slightest breeze of anxiety, stress, anger, sorrow, sleepiness, and hunger.

Yet all your discomforts and so-called shit shows — every last smoking one of them — are FOR you, not something being done TO you. (*Yes, we saw that eye roll. We see everything.*)

The decree stands: **Within Every Problem Lies the Solution.**

Yet here you are, still fleeing discomfort like you're being chased by an alligator on a reality show with questionable safety regulations. But uncomfortable emotions are simply information. A flare. A signal. A messenger pointing toward the beliefs, wounds, patterns, and ancient survival strategies still running under the surface of your life.

When the messenger arrives, you humans do what you do best: You get busy. You get numb. You suddenly develop a passionate commitment to checking email, folding laundry, researching air fryers, and reorganizing cabinets at 11pm with the intensity of a Navy SEAL avoiding emotional intimacy. Instead of feeling one human emotion for even six consecutive minutes.

We hear you say, "*Everything happens for a reason*" — not as wisdom, but as a stylish way to avoid feeling the thing.

And you get "*spiritual*" in ways that would concern even the Buddha himself. You attend workshops, buy crystals, download apps, light candles around wounds you refuse to actually look at, say affirmations, and perform all manner of healing-adjacent activities — provided none of them require you to sit in the fire and ask why it's burning.

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But the Universe will keep sending the same lesson wearing increasingly aggressive disguises.

Central Administration has noted with considerable concern the recent proliferation of "*trigger warnings*" — the practice of alerting humans that they are about to encounter information that may cause them to feel something. We understand the intention. We question the execution. Feelings were never designed to be avoided. They were designed to be understood as the messengers they are. These "*warnings*" do not prevent the pain. In fact, it helps keep the wound buried and festering all that much longer.

Your emotions are not interruptions to your peace. They are the doorway *to* it. Every avoided feeling remains trapped in the basement — banging pipes, setting small fires, and sabotaging your relationships from the shadows.

But when a feeling is finally allowed — truly felt, heard, and understood — something remarkable happens: It settles. Underneath all that noise, beneath the panic and avoidance and endless attempts to outrun yourselves, is the peace you have been searching for the entire time. They are your lighthouse back home.

The feelings you are avoiding do not require you to move in with them. They require only that you stop barricading the door. Many emotions, when allowed instead of resisted, pass through much faster than your species seems willing to believe. Some of you have been running from a ninety-second feeling that has simply been festering for thirty-seven years.

Because when you avoid discomfort, you do not escape the lesson. You delay it.

- **The messenger knocks politely.** *You do not answer.*
- **The messenger knocks louder.** *You put on your headphones.*
- **The messenger eventually kicks the door down.** *And humans still have the gall to act surprised.*

The breakup. The bankruptcy. The illness. The job loss. The third relationship with a different face and the exact same nervous system overload. They are spotlighting the beliefs, wounds, and patterns still running beneath your life. They are not the enemy. *They are the curriculum.*

We know you will resist this. Humans generally prefer enlightenment without the inconvenience of transformation. But your shitshows are, in the most inconvenient way possible, the *answer* — to what you have been seeking your entire life. (*Total and utter peace, via an unfortunate portal.*)

So the next time life deposits a fresh, sparkly turd on your path, do pause before sprinting in the opposite direction. Hold your nose if you must. Go toward the steaming pile... Because the answer to your most persistent problem has likely been hiding within your most persistent pain this entire time.

We did try to tell you earlier. You had your headphones on.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

WE BELIEVE PIGS CAN FLY. AND SO CAN YOU.





SCHOOL OF SPIRITUAL BADASSERY™

Because Harvard Doesn't Teach This Sh*t

DECREE #10: ON THE SACRED MATTER OF WHERE THE HELL YOU KEEP GOING.

Filed From: Department of Now (Currently Understaffed)

Dearest Humans,

Let us cut to the chase: You are almost never *here*.

Even now, as you read this, some part of your mind is likely replaying the past, rehearsing the future, stressing over your task list, wondering when you can check your phone again, or quietly reliving something embarrassing you said in 2014 to a person who has already forgotten your name.

You are, to our considerable bewilderment, the only creature on Earth capable of being physically present somewhere while being mentally absent almost all the time.

Consider the animals.

Your dog is here. So comprehensively, ecstatically here that your return from the bathroom is treated as a heroic reunion after a perilous sea voyage. By most available metrics, the dog is more spiritually advanced than a distressing number of humans.

Your cat is here too, though primarily in service of personal comfort. We admire the discipline.

You, meanwhile, are in 2009. Or 2037. Or in a parallel timeline where you said the right thing, chose the right person, took the right opportunity, and everything unfolded differently.

Your Spirit Team has been attempting to deliver the very things you keep asking for, but the address continues to come back: Recipient currently unavailable.

Here is something your species finds deeply irritating: Your circumstances will never be perfectly arranged before life begins.

There will always be one more problem, one more fear, one more unfinished task, one more reason to delay your arrival into your own existence. The next now will also be *now*.

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And the future (*you are so diligently preparing to fear*) does not yet exist. You are spending your actual, irreplaceable life emotionally rehearsing events that have not happened, many of which will never happen, and some of which you accidentally assist into existence through the sustained application of dread. Meanwhile, life keeps occurring without your full attendance.

Here is the part many of you have missed entirely: Everything is only ever happening *here*. And *now*. Not someday. Not once you heal enough. Not once you understand your entire childhood. Not once you finally decode every painful moment from your past like exhausted emotional archaeologists armed with journals and nervous systems held together by far too much coffee. Fortunately, life is more efficient than that.

For those of you who feel as if your past baggage looks more like the lost and found at an international airport, the present moment is your kindest comrade. You don't have to go digging through all your endless baggage — *The Now Moment* will bring forward exactly what still requires your attention. Whatever is surfacing now is all you need to tackle. Promise.

And for those of you fascinated with the laws of manifestation, it's important to note that The Now Moment is the only place where your future is being created. Learn to manage your energy in the present, and the future will take care of itself.

Here's an image to understand this more thoroughly: Imagine a red pen, a blue pen, and a floating stream of blank pages stretching out to your right — each one representing a moment of your future. When you choose to draw with the red pen (*of anger and resentment*) all those future pages instantly fill with red — creating a future of *fear*.

But the minute you choose the blue pen (*of peace and love*), and begin to write — that same floating stream of papers instantly turns blue — filling your future potential with endless *joy*. You get to change the “colors” of your future at any moment. In *this* moment. Your future is being created continuously by the energy with which you meet the *now*.

And the remarkable thing is this: When you finally become present, truly present — healing begins naturally. In fact, it is impossible to suffer and be in the *now*. This is because presence is free from the mind's horror stories, temper-tantrums and stress-outs. So the nervous system unclenches. The inner war ends.

Not hidden in the future. Not trapped in the past. But here. *Now*. For the ordinary Tuesdays. For the dinners. For the tiny moments that seem unremarkable until decades later, when you realize they were quietly the entire, glorious point.

Be *here*. Handle what is in front of you today. Life will choreograph the rest one moment at a time. You are aware of it now. That is enough. That is everything. That is the whole game.

SO IT IS WRITTEN. SO IT SHALL BE.

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THE END.

SCHOOL OF SPIRITUAL BADASSERY™

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