

A hand in a black nitrile glove is pouring a golden beer from a plastic jug onto another hand. The scene is set in a cemetery with tombstones in the background. The text is overlaid on the image.

"...FOR OUR NEW MESSIAH
ANOINTS US WITH
RESURRECTION..."

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The Fluid

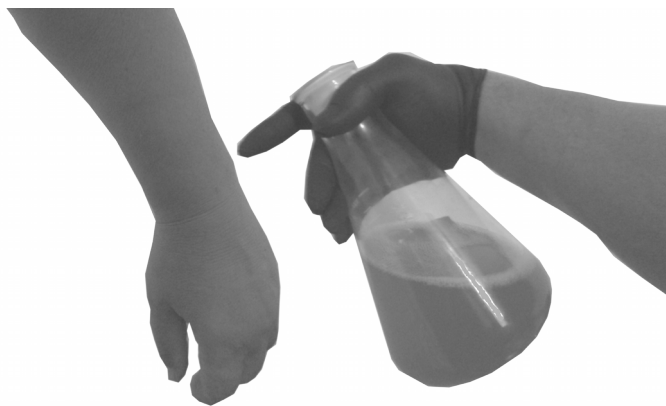
EMBALMED FOR LIFE

Fred Kisse/L

The Fluid

EMBALMED FOR LIFE

Fred Kissell



**A Science of God.
Your Eternal Life Begins...**

The Fluid

Embalmed for Life

Fred Kissell © 2020

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ebook version of *The Fluid – Embalmed for Life*
Zystrix

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The full audio immersion experience as read by the author.
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Sound effects by Naomi Gain Digital
Engineers: Steven Brackenbush of AMG, Captain Cadaver, Leg Motion
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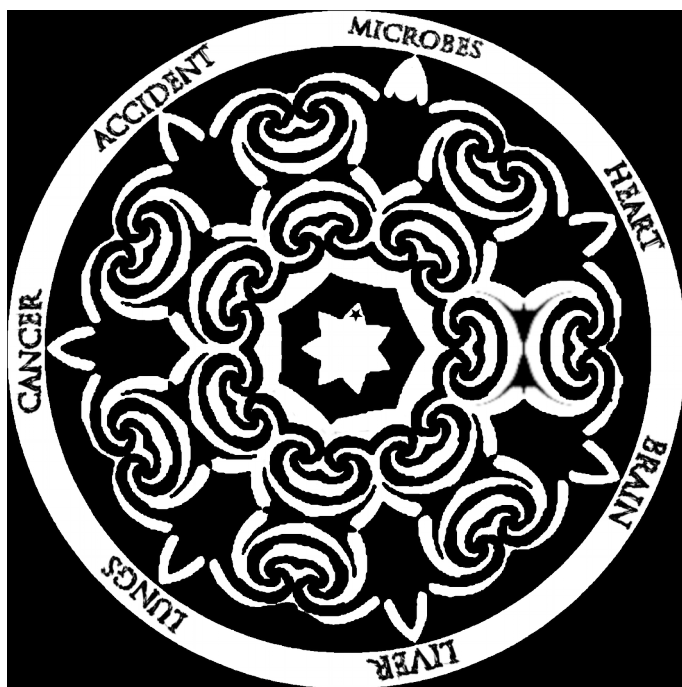
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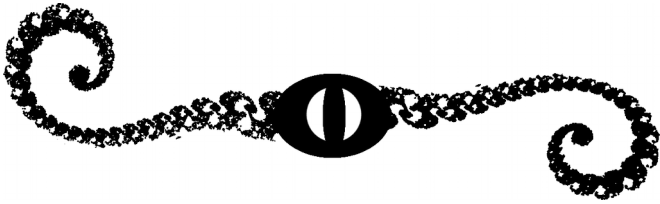
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File under

1. horror
2. science fiction



Spin the Fortune Wheel of Death.

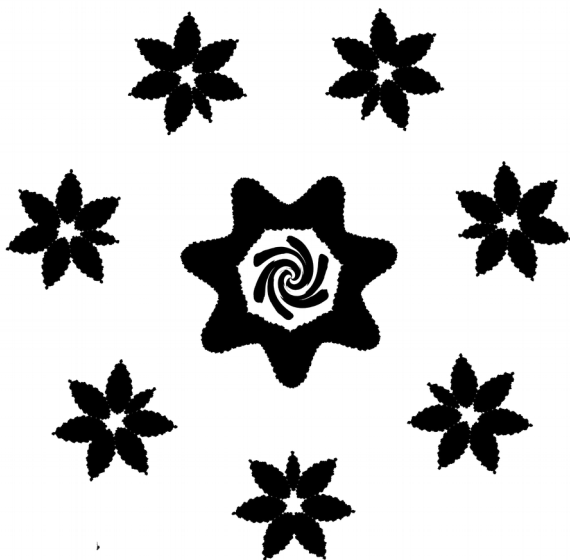


Ecobrian Embrace of Embalming

BOOK REVIEWS

- #01. *“Where is God or His science in all this? Ethics don’t seem to matter in your secular world view because you are being guided by Satan. Leave your fate to God and stop meddling with what is His. I will pray for you.”*
Pastor Billie Ray Slickman, Follow Holy Truth Ministries
- #02. *“We do not condone your death racketeering. This (book) is a seriously misleading representation of funeral homes, funeral directors, mortuary services, and what we do to support our community.”*
Gary Dekan, vice president, National Funeral Professionals
- #03. *“Thank you for sending your proof copy and cover letter to our office. ...and we are aware of mortuaries selling stolen body parts. This has become a big problem in America and we have been keeping an eye on suspect funeral homes. Cremation detail paperwork and increased banking activity usually indicate these illegal sales.”*
Brian Belmish, public health enforcement,
Federal Investigations Office
- #04. *The end of life should always begin at the leading edge of eternity. The Great Spirit – who sees over all – teaches us a beginning from an ending which leads to another beautiful beginning.”*
Ms. Sara Tattoos Running Bird, Native American Spiritualist,
Grand Rapids, MI
- #05. *“These experiments could cause a virus storm. It will literally rain killer micro-cells on us – it’s called large animal extinction. Raping a billion year old evolutionary process by virus based gene transference is never a good idea. Kill this fluid, or we will be locked inside our homes for a long, long time. Wake up, folks.”*
Dr. Harry Begoni, genetic research, Ammon University
- #06. *“There was only one true messiah and one true resurrection. And He ascended to heaven without any need of your fluid.”*
Pastor Andrew Dassie, Let Jesus Be Our Redeemer, LJBOR

- #07. *“This is just another flippant and artfully crafted new religion story intended to offend and deceive people with misleading satanic symbolism, stir up funeral service mistrust in the gullible, and use science to lead the faithful away from God and the church.”*
Bishop Brian McFolton, Our Holy Lady of Peace
- #08. *“... and although we enjoyed it, there is no such thing as a science of god. You must first demonstrate a god, and so far no one’s done that. On the other hand, we applaud your beautifully sincere religious mind pollution.”*
Memphis Black Atheists
- #09. *“Hatred and mistrust of the mortuary industry is perpetuated by crap like this. Hell no, I’m not going to give you a quote for your book.”*
Robert Wykowski, director,
Wykowski-Nowlen Funeral Homes
- #10. *“Sickening sadness,... death is so wrong,... I’ll never think of funeral service the same way ever again.”*
Stephan Coleman, book reviews, Saint Lyons *Town Crier News*
- #11. *“...so I am returning your inclose [sic] book in good condetion [sic] for a refend [sic]. I do not want my son reading this. Thank you.”*
Mrs. Glenard Brown, Holly Springs, Mississippi
- #12. *“... and I had to read it in secret because my husband won’t allow your book in the house. It’s in a shoe box under our bed.”*
MsSciFi4Ever, Clinton, Oklahoma
- #13. *“If this book doesn’t jerk a tear then you have no tears left.”*
Sandy Tucker, Metro Bus Transit driver, Kalamazoo, MI
- #14. *“A tour de force of a futuristic funeral home off the rails.”*
Aaron Owenks Jr., professor of anatomy, Graham Hamil Univ.
- #15. *“Wrap me in your science and inject me with your fluid.”*
Spiderluvgrl



Dionese Cremation Alter

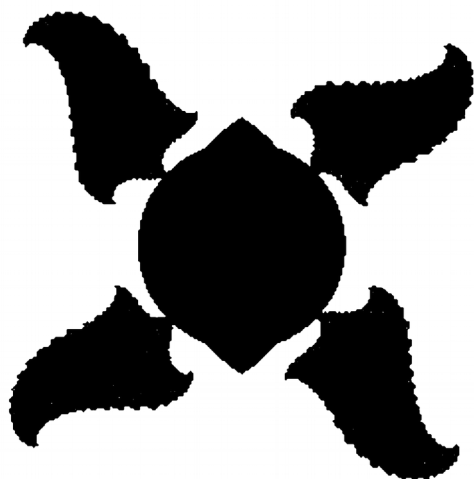
DEDICATION

This book is sincerely dedicated
to those who are no longer with us...
Tril, Tom, Jasper, Dr. Ray, Mom, Dad,
Vera, Robley, Mary and Hadji...

and to all friends who will eventually join them...

I raise my glass to you...

Salute!



Kenzo-oz
Point of No Return

EPIGRAPH

The First Greeting

Soft bedside whispers left far behind;
a final sighing breath the surest sign.
Deaths' call heard o'er the gale
beckons way through life's secret veil.

A beautiful most precious day,
lone trek begins by making the way...
pursuing sweet voice... calling the name
of Eternal Homes' most recent claim...

“Welcome to the Abyss of Forever.”

Paul William Leah
1834-1873
Michigan poet

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Title Page	i
A Science of God (lab photograph)	ii
Copyright Notice	iii
Fortune Wheel of Death (art).....	vi
Embrace of Embalming (art)	vii
Book Reviews	viii
Dionese Cremation Alter (art)	x
Dedication	xi
Kenzo-oz Point of No Return (art)	xii
Epigraph (poem)	xiii
Table of Contents	xiv
The Flight of Truth (art)	xix
Malkurst Family FH Burns Down (art)	xx

Chapter 01.

Apocryphal Gospel According to William pg. 001

BECA (art) pg. 008

Chapter 02.

Ascension, Tribulation, Oppression pg. 009

Ancient Embalming Icons (art) pg. 018

Chapter 03.

Gnostic Master Class

Secret Sacred Knowledge pg. 019

Stir Plate Vortex pg. 037

Helpful Body Parts (art) pg. 038

Poor Embalming Pests (art) pg. 038

Chapter 04.

- Underground Roots of Hell pg. 039
- J-J on Embalming Table (photograph) pg. 058

Chapter 05.

- Joshua's Lament pg. 059
- Highly Infectious Virion E.L.V. (photograph) pg. 068

Chapter 06.

- Biogenesis and Hybrid Evolution pg. 069
- Helen Lives Again (photograph) pg. 088

Chapter 07.

- Ascien Embalmination pg. 089
- Eye Wash Station and Shower (photograph) pg. 096

Chapter 08.

- Love Knows Not Fear pg. 097
- Mausoleum Vandalism (photograph) pg. 102

Chapter 09.

- The Prophecy of Lukman pg. 103
- Embalmination (digitized photograph) pg. 112

Chapter 10.

- Suffering Souls Death Camp pg. 113

Chapter 11.

- Mystery of Death pg. 121
- Kenzo-oz Tea Kettle Fortune (ancient art) pg. 131
- Divination Cards 5555 (ancient art) pg. 132

Chapter 12.

- Revelation According to Helen pg. 133
- Praying Hands (art) pg. 144

Chapter 13.

- Final Prayer of Beblesan pg. 145
- Ecobrian Cremation Emblem (ancient art) pg. 147

Chapter 14.

- Grave Robbery Relics pg. 148
- Thirteen Spike Labyrinth (ancient art) pg. 155
- Begozi Fluid Prediction 1536 pg. 156

Chapter 15.

- Armastation
Dawn of Debacle pg. 157
- Farewell (poem) pg. 166

Chapter 16.

- Apocryphal Gospel According to William II pg. 167
- Ecobrian Religious Alter (ancient art) pg. 172

Chapter 17.

- Glossary pg 173
- creative art goes here pg 186

BONUS CHAPTERS

Chapter 18.

- Great Contributions from Great Minds pg 187
- Thirteen Spike Labyrinth (ancient art) pg 201

Chapter 19.

- The Wandering Skeleton
Eulogy Wiz pg 203
- TEA Time (art) pg 212

Chapter 20.

- Farewell TEA pg 213
- “Killness” (photograph) pg. 216

Chapter 21.

- My son, Jasper pg. 217
- The Grand Send Off (art) pg. 218

Chapter 22.

The Grand Send-Off for Mr. Vandi pg. 219

A Lonely Chair (art) pg. 222

Chapter 23.

Goodbye, Dr. Ray pg. 223

Drilda (art) pg. 226

Chapter 24.

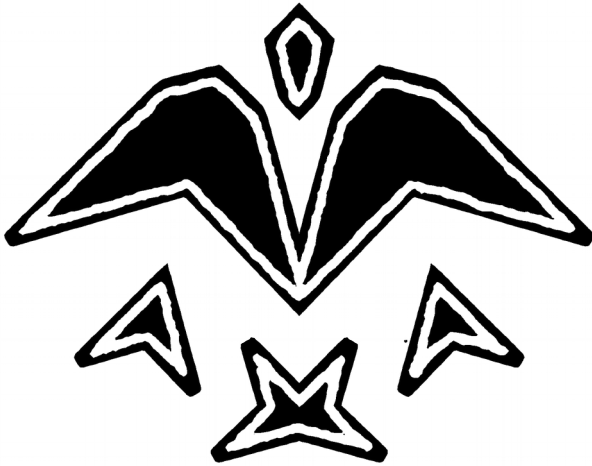
What's Really Beyond Death? pg. 227

Cemetery Grave Marker (photograph) pg. 228

Chapter 25.

About the Author

Fluid Affects pg. 229



The Flight of Truth



Malkurst Family Funeral Home Burns Down

Apocryphal Gospel According to William

*“What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother’s blood
crieth unto me from the ground.”*

The Bible, *Genesis 4:10*, King James version

*“Many important religious writings were left out of the original
collections – these books are called the apocrypha. As a scholar of
these often ignored religious texts, I feel their teachings are just as
interesting as the books most people know today.”*

Dr. Mahmood Balasucharya,

author of *Religious Trends, Faith, and Society*

It was evening twilight when my brother, Erick, was burned alive in that funeral home blaze. The gathering neighbors said they could hear the death throes and screams of people cooking to death inside. And before anyone knew what was happening or could call for help, the main floor of his funeral home was gutted with flames and sparks, smoke billowing toward the dark blue sky. No one dared run in and risk their life. A young woman, completely nude with full dark healthy pubic hair, was standing in a window, waving her arms to be saved, her plump breasts swaying side to side, and there was nothing anyone could do.

About seventy-five bloodied torn figures came out of the shadows from every direction and started fighting with the firemen beginning to battle the flames. These living corpses,

embalminations as Erick called them, were on a mission and hell bent on suicide. Several firemen were ambushed and tossed aside end-over-end like rag-dolls while the other embalminations tore holes in the water hoses just for attempting to put out the fire. Other firemen were screaming and pleading for their lives, beaten to the ground, their necks nearly bitten in half. Their spines were exposed in a sickening bloody gruesome display of horror. There was water leaking all over the road mixed with their blood. Several vehicles and two firetrucks were flipped upside down – tossed into the air landing on their tops. A young boy with a leashed dog was crushed to death when the firetruck landed on him. His dog was able to crawl out and limp away by some miracle. The other fireman backed off while the police moved in. Shots were fired, but the embalminations weren't fazed. They were fighting their way to the flaming funeral home. Two other filthy torn looking police officers started shooting back at their own men. Everyone took cover. The fire raged on, getting ever larger. A gunfight ensued between the police as more embalminations walked from the shadows into the flames, smashing their way through the melting funeral home windows and scorching hot doors, disappearing into the flames, never to be seen again. Embalminations came from everywhere. The two armed police, still shooting shoulder to shoulder, backed-up together into the roaring hot conflagration and fell backwards out of sight into the flames. Gone.

Dozens of formally well dressed people – people from all walks of life – were angry, on a mission, and closing in on the funeral home all eager to die in flames. They conspired to murder my brother by burning him to death. It was a roaring inferno mass suicide. The main floor eventually gave way and collapsed into the basement, sparks flew to the sky. The excitement settled down as the fire raged on. People came out of hiding and stood at the edges of the flickering orange glow in silent astonishment. The withering screaming corpses in flames searing the memories of all who witnessed it first hand. A Dawn of Debacle. It was

