How it is the thing.

It is completely evident that humanity's problem, the one that leads us to Collective Suicide, arose with ritual burial. And the key to understanding it is: "No one believes they are immortal," which we can call the Key to Hades, Hades being the place where souls writhe.

Without the Key to Hades, that is, considering that ritual burial means that human beings believe themselves to be immortal, an unsolvable labyrinth arises, even though it contains all the data and all the signs from those who have tried and/or asked to solve it. However, once we understand that no one, absolutely no one believes they are immortal, the matter becomes very very simple and obvious.

Well, how and when ritual burial began is not clear. Nor has anthropology shown much interest in determining it. It doesn't matter. The point is that, now and always since then, human beings behave very differently from animals. It's one thing to fight, as animals do, for food, reproduction, or territory, even to steal or kill… And quite another to provoke to be killed as a way of relating, which is unequivocally practiced by human beings. In short: Animals fight for life; human beings fight for death. The difference is clear and undeniable.

How this change occurs, as I said, is not clear. It's like the question: Which came first, the chicken or the egg? Here, it's also unclear whether the ritual burial or provoking to be killed came first.

With this approach, which is the correct one, we can now make very simple, clear, and direct deductions. The first is: What does ritual burial mean?

Ritual burial has two meanings, and neither of them is the hope of immortality. Nobody believes that, I insist. And the two real meanings are expressed in the Sign that unequivocally determines that it is a ritual burial.

The first meaning of the Sign is directness. Well, if we deliberately provok to be killed in every relationship, in every act, in every word, we are engaged in a continuous life-or-death

struggle. This is where Authority arises, determining who must humiliate themselves and endure, and who can humiliate others to the point of death through any kind of vexation. We all feel and suffer this. We live humiliated, with the added incentive of the struggle to climb the hierarchy so we can be humiliated less and humiliate others more.

And where does this lead? Quite simply, to the Suicide of the Planet, because in this fight for death, only One can remain. This One is God, the Winner, the Ultimate Humiliator, the one who humiliates All of Humanity, who will die without offspring, resulting in a Corpse worshipped by the corpses of All on Earth. Each one with the Mark of Submissive Coward on your forehead.

Therefore, the first and most direct meaning of the Sign on graves is to bet on one's chosen One, whom one will gladly worship with one's own corpse, sharing in the Victory.

The second meaning of the Sign is indirect, but real, authentic, noble, beautiful, and spontaneous. It is the one that resides in our hearts. And the Sign that best represents this is the Cross of Christ, which gives true meaning to all the Signs on graves, from a simple stone to the most enormous pyramid.

We human beings are all faced with the total and absolute obligation to submit to the struggle for death. A baby cannot commit suicide, and the other option is Madness, which I will discuss later. So, to live even a little, we must not only submit but also agree with the prevailing submission. We must become Cowardly Submissives, which is Death in Life.

Now, throughout our lives, we await Rescue from this grotesque existential situation, and we ask Christ for it. We cannot die in this shame, in this humiliation. We need to escape Death in Life, which is the Resurrection of Christ, but only until actual death, not for Eternity. Asking for Eternity is masking this need to fulfill the obligation to submit. If Death reaches us before Rescue, we place the Sign on our grave.

Look at a cemetery. Don't see dead. Feel those Signs right in front of you, screaming: “I wanted to be rescued. Do it for me too, please. Keep in mind the desperation of humanity

throughout the ages. Know freedom yourself, for me too, and don't already expect for me to come back to life!”

A Christ is a madman, a rather special one. First, let me say that there have been many Christs; they are at the origin of civilizations, reflected, though often distorted, in foundation myths. Notable examples: Osiris of the ancient Egyptians and even more clearly in the Mayans, in addition to Jesus Christ, the clearest of all. And they appear again and again with a frequency of between 1,000 and 2,000 years in each culture. The Christ phenomenon is universal, and it develops according to a specific scheme, an abstract center or recurring pattern found in the Bible, specifically in Revelation chapter 12, where it appears incomplete, reversed, distorted, but there it is, unmistakable.

I won't go into detail here because I've already done so in the document "Freedom and Madness", on this same website. I'll just clarify that I always thought a Christ was an ordinary madman who was lucky enough to find his way. However, there is a distinguishing fact. Let me explain.

An ordinary madman or madwomen is someone whose mother betrays her or him to have a foolish child. If the betrayal occurs before the age of two, when she or he is a baby, the result is autism. If the mother's betrayal occurs around the age of four or five, when socialization begins, we have madness proper.

Christ falls into the second category, with a very significant peculiarity: Christ did not submit to Death in Life at the age of three, as all human beings do, but rather maintained his awareness of his mortality and saw how the other children his age submitted.

I have this memory, recovered as I gradually came to understand, after a lifetime of forgetting. We used to play cowboys and Indians. When you said "wounded," you could heal him, but what about when you said "dead"? My friends discussed this, deciding that even in death, one could be healed. I knew I was mortal, and I knew my friends knew they were mortal too. I didn't understand why my friends did this until recently: They had submitted to human humiliation and had

become Dead in Life, hoping to be rescued from such a wretched condition.

Well, that's the whole story, but I'm going to make a few simple clarifications so the Message, which has come across as quite harsh due to its brevity, is clearer. These clarifications will also help in understanding our behavior in the face of this End of the World that is here, we are already effectively entering Hell.

We must start from the premise that human beings are obligated to submit to humiliation. Not only that, we are also obligated to accept such a grotesque condition. This life situation provokes hatred towards ourselves, but since we cannot confront this, we redirect this hatred towards others, and we fixate it on specific social groups, which are not inherently hateful, no more so than you are.

The humiliation that is received and cannot be returned to the aggressor, whether due to hierarchical superiority or dependence, is stored away and angrily rebounded towards others, those of lower hierarchical standing or dependents who cannot defend themselves. This is a chain that ends with injecting gasoline intravenously into a child… (The Nazis did it, and you will repeat it if you have the chance).

It is cowardice. I'm sorry, but it cannot be said or explained any other way. I've tried for years, but it's absolutely necessary to use this word: Cowardice. And its primary origin is provoking to be killed as a way of relating. You're trapped in Cowardice because it's what you feel is eternal within yourself. It prevents you from changing your ideas, which is what Reincarnation, or death/rebirth, is all about. When ideas change, Judgment arises spontaneously. And you won't pass Judgment, not a chance, because until now you've been a Submissive Coward, you've humiliated yourself to the point of death, enduring every kind of vexation, and you can't forgive yourself for that.

Yes, my dear friend. I too, none other than the Christ of the End of the World, have committed crimes I can't forgive myself for. However, this is Existence, there is nothing more, and Existence simply won't judge us because it doesn't have that

capacity. I choose to live, and to know Paradise before I die; this is what I've researched my entire life for. All of us who are alive now will drag our horrific crimes, assailed by anguish from time to time, until our death. But between assailants, we will experience real life, magnificent, grand, glorious… The sourceless gift that cannot be refused. I already feel this glory in moments, long moments, and I share it with you on this website.

Jesús Estrada www.nuevaera.info March 6, 2026.