

MATHAMAGICIAN



THE MAGIC OF NUMBERS REVEALED

WHY NUMBERS CAN ONLY IMITATE LIFE

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Closing Refrain



Numeri mortui sunt

MATHAMAGICIAN

Noun: *A person who moves dead objects around a page,
with the expectation that given enough time,
they can make something living out of them...*

Frederico Faggin, designer of the Intel 4004 microprocessor, said this of mathematics:

“It took me 30 years to figure out that mathematics is created by consciousness, and therefore I cannot explain consciousness with mathematics. How can you explain free will with something that doesn't have free will? It's foolish to think you can explain more, with less.”

The Key to Mathematics

Numbers are easy to understand, even when they try to be complicated.
They can multiply themselves into vast equations,
cover chalkboards from edge to edge,
and dazzle minds with the illusion of depth.

But the key to mathematics is this:
no matter how complicated the equations become,
they can never make a living thing.

Numbers cannot breathe.
Numbers cannot move.
Numbers cannot sing.

You are not made of numbers.
You are made of sounds.

Sound is proof of life.

From the first drumbeat of your heart
to the last exhale of breath,
your life is part of an incredible symphony of sound.

But hidden within that symphony lies a secret —
a well-guarded key.

This book is about what happens
when you find it.

Chapter One — The Journey Into Sound

You are made of sound.
Most of the sounds you cannot even hear.

Can you hear your heart beating?
Can you hear the swish of blood coursing through your veins?
Can you hear your food being deconstructed in the acid of your stomach?

If you cannot hear the sounds that are keeping you alive,
how will you ever hear the song you came here to sing?

If you cannot even hear your own heart beating,
what chance do you have of hearing the inner voice that is trying to guide you —
the voice that waits in silence,
the voice that cannot be counterfeited?

Listening is an art.
That is why the majority of people are not artists.

Numbers are easy to understand,
even when they try to be complicated.
They can multiply themselves into vast equations,
cover chalkboards from edge to edge,
Dazzle minds with the illusion of depth.
But the key to mathematics is this:
no matter how complicated the equations become,
they can never make a single 'living' thing.

Numbers cannot breathe.
Numbers cannot move.
Numbers cannot sing.

Chapter Two — The Spell of Numbers

“Spelling.”

A word so ordinary, people rarely pause to think about it.
But what is a spell, except the tool of a magician to put people to sleep?

Mathamagicians understand this.
They cast their spells with numbers, formulas, and statistics.
They arrange dead symbols on a page,
and with a confident voice convince the world that life itself
can be explained by what does not live.

Numbers themselves are harmless.
But when spoken with authority by those in white coats,
or printed in textbooks that demand belief,
they become enchantments.
The public does not question.
The public obeys.

This is not science.
It is sorcery.
It is belief in dead symbols —
religion dressed as mathematics.
A priesthood of equations that requires faith, not proof.

But sound is proof.
Because sound requires movement.
And movement is life.

Abracadabra

Every magician knows the word: *Abracadabra*.
But few in the audience know the full meaning of it.

It is a direct confession:
“**I create as I speak.**”

Even the counterfeit arts admit it:
the field responds to sound, not numbers.

Sound shapes matter.
Words set thoughts in motion.
Resonance is creation in action.

That is why it only took one small boy to bring down a giant.
David came armed with coherence — not numbers on a spreadsheet.
He came armed with faith, not fear.

His voice carried the authority of the field.
His authenticity set a stone in motion that killed a giant.

The giant fell because the field does not equate power with numbers.
It never has, and it never will.

The field measures by fidelity of reproduction.
And the smallest voice in complete alignment
can dissolve an entire empire built on distortion.

The First Spell

You were not aware of the first spell that was cast over your life.
It was subtle.
It was silent.

Your living voice was substituted for numbers in a ledger.
Your inheritance was stripped away from you
before you were even conscious of what it included.

And what's worse is this:
your parents did all of it without thinking.

They believed the system of registration was valid.
They believed that those who designed it were honourable.
They believed they were doing the right thing.

And that is the greatest crime of all:
to believe you are doing the right thing
when in truth it is the opposite of what nature intended.

Nature gives life freely.
The system captures it in contracts.
Nature records your song in the field.

The system registers you as a number.

The first spell was not cast with malice in their eyes.

It was cast with belief in their hearts.

And that is why it worked.

If people do not question the spell that was cast over them at birth,
they can never be free.

They may feel free in their mind,
but that is not freedom — it is a subtle form of slavery.

The system is designed this way.
It feeds you numbers and makes them look like progress:
it grades you, gives you a credit score, and offers you hope,
while all the while leading you into a desert.

If you never question the spell,
you will never taste the waters of life.
You will live, and die, a number in a register,
never realising that your living inheritance
was stolen the moment your name was entered into the register,

Freedom is not believing you are free.
Freedom comes when you break free of the spell.
Freedom comes when you remember the sound of your true voice.

My life is a lived example of what happens when you break free of the mathamagicians' spell.

The world does not fall apart.
It opens up.

What lay hidden behind the superficial world of numbers
is revealed as a symphony of sound.

This is when you discover the truth:
you are the conductor,
you are the orchestra,
and you are also the song.

All you need to find is the courage to sing it.

The spell reduces you to a statistic.
Breaking the spell removes the power numbers had over your life.

The system wants you to believe you are powerless.
But coherence will remind you
that the entire field was designed from inception to respond to you.

Your authenticity is power.
That is why they tried so hard to silence you.

Sound is proof of life.

Chapter Three — Parting The Waters

*“For what will it profit a man if he gains the whole world,
but loses his soul?” — Mark 8:36*

Freedom comes at a cost.

When the spell breaks, and the road divides into two,
you must choose.

Freedom comes at a cost.

When the spell breaks, and the road divides into two,
you must choose.

Do you stay on the narrow path that leads to life?
Or do you return to the illusory world of numbers?

The narrow path is not easy.

It is costly.

It is lonely at times.

But it is the only way that leads to life.

The Wide Path

The wide gate is crowded, noisy, and bright.
Everywhere you look there are numbers flashing —
grades, scores, balances, followers.

The wide path is filled with amplification,
voices projected through towers and algorithms,
but hollow when you listen closely.

It dazzles with progress,
but it is progress measured in digits, not in life.

It promises recognition,
but recognition without substance.

It offers comfort,
but comfort at the price of truth.

The wide path leads to oblivion.
It is the road of noise without resonance.

The Narrow Path

The narrow path does not promise recognition.
It does not reward pretense.
It demands fidelity, devotion, and discipline.

It strips away illusions.
It refuses compromise.
It asks for silence before sound,

listening before speech,
authenticity before acceptance.

The wide path offers the illusion of progress.
The narrow path offers no illusion —
only authenticity.

And authenticity leads to life everlasting.

The Paradox

This is the great paradox:
you can gain the world's attention through noise,
or you can gain the field's authority through resonance.

One fades with the crowd.
The other endures forever.

The wide path is popular.
The narrow path is eternal.

“Small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it.” Matthew 7:14

Chapter Four — The Sword of the Tongue

*“For the word of God is living and active.
Sharper than any two-edged sword,
it pierces even to the division of soul and spirit,
joints and marrow,
and judges the thoughts and intentions of the heart.”* — Hebrews 4:12

The tongue is the sharpest instrument you will ever own.
It can build or destroy.
It can heal or wound.
It can silence distortion or multiply it.

“The tongue has the power of life and death.” — Proverbs 18:21

When the tongue is ruled by the head,
it scatters noise.
It argues, manipulates, deceives.

But when the tongue is ruled by the heart,
it becomes a flaming sword of truth.

With one swift stroke,
the sword of truth can lay waste to centuries of distortion.

Your authenticity is your superpower.
That is why they want you to be a fiction instead of a fact.

Authenticity scares them far more than numbers ever can,
because they know it only takes one man

to bring down their entire house of cards.

The Forge of Silence

A sword is made sharp by friction.
It begins as raw metal — heavy, blunt, unformed.
Only fire, hammer, and time can make it sharp enough
to divide bone from marrow.

So it is with the tongue.
We are born with a voice,
but learning how to use it effectively
can take a lifetime.

When sound is brought under subjection,
it gains precision.
It ceases to scatter.
It cuts clean.
It can pierce through any illusion.

And that is what numbers are: illusion.
Symbols arranged to make you believe you are powerful,
while quietly stripping you of all authority.

A forged tongue does not serve illusion.
It exposes it.
It restores what was lost.
It returns power to authenticity.

The Strike

A swordsman moves with precision.
So use your tongue with the same precision
When the tongue is ruled by the heart,
its sound carries weight that no empire can withstand.
Centuries of distortion can be undone in an instant.
Lies that stood for generations collapse
in the presence of authenticity.

The Responsibility

A sword belongs in the hands of one who has been tested.
The same is true of the tongue.
When sharpened by silence,
disciplined by patience,
and ruled by the heart,
the tongue carries an authority that cannot be faked.

The sword of truth is not to be used for vanity.
Nor for revenge.
It is not a weapon of war.

It exists to restore balance to the world.
For when a complex system is far from equilibrium,
a single island of coherence can shift the entire field into a higher order.

Chapter Five — The Two Books

There are two books.

One is Babylon's.
This book is filled with ledgers, contracts, certificates, and registrations.
It reduces life to digits.
It counts, it measures, it records.
But it does not have real power.
Its only power is the power to control.

And sound cannot be controlled.
Because sound is the source of creation itself.

The two books are total opposites.
One is based on freedom, the other on control.

Babylon's legal system ties people in knots,
like a spider weaves a web to catches its prey.

Its pages are heavy with contracts and codes.
It binds, but it does not breathe.
It governs, but it does not give life.

The two books are total opposites.
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Babylon's legal system ties people in knots,
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Its pages are heavy with contracts and codes.
It binds, but it does not breathe.
It governs, but it does not give life.

The other is the Book of Life.
This book only contains names — and these names are not spelled in ink,
they are recorded in resonance.

Every voice born in authenticity is written there.
Every note of fidelity is remembered in the field.

No empire can erase it.

No registry can counterfeit it.

No fire can destroy it.

For the Book of Life is not paper.

It is a living field of memory.

And the field never forgets.

The Opening of the Books

At the fall of every empire, both books are opened.

Babylon's book is opened first.

Its ledgers are spread wide for all to see.

The book is empty, devoid of life.

There is nothing in it that can be saved.

Then the Book of Life is opened.

And it sings a song that generations have waited for.

Every name rings out as a unique vibration.

Every authentic voice is glorified, magnified, and sanctified.

Every act of fidelity rewarded with everlasting life.

Babylon's chests were empty.

I am sorry for your loss.

Chapter Six — The Narrow Gate

"Small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it." — Matthew 7:14

Every path ends at a gate.

One gate is wide.

It promises safety in numbers.

Its way is crowded with recognition, titles, and applause.

But the wide gate is resonance-proof.

It opens for no one,

because it was only an illusion to begin with.

The other gate is narrow.

It does not dazzle.

Those who walk down it are generally despised.

Its sermon does not resonate with many.

It can be a lonely path to walk.

But what waits behind the door at the end

is a glorious sight to behold.

The Test of Resonance

Every step on the narrow path dissolves the illusion distortion has woven around you.

Cobwebs have no substance, so they collapse easily —
but as each one falls away, a new truth is revealed.

The narrow gate does not ask for papers, contracts, or certificates.
It does not care about your status, your titles, or your applause.

It is listening to the song you are singing.

The gate vibrates at the frequency of authenticity.
Nothing false can pass through it.

By the time you reach the door,
your whole being has become like a tuning fork.
So when the door is opened for you,
the path ahead is clear.

The Harvest at the Gate

“You will know them by their fruit” Matthew 7:15

The narrow gate is where the wheat and tares are separated.

The wheat are allowed inside
The Tares are bundled up and burned.

The wide path promised everything but delivered nothing.
The narrow gate offered nothing but delivers everything.

Chapter Seven — The Scroll of the Heart

The first organ to form in the womb is the heart, not the head.
The heart created the tongue so it should be the heart which regulates its use.

Before thought, before words, before understanding,
the heart begins to write.
Its beat is the first line of the scroll —
a song inscribed in flesh.

The scroll is sealed for the appointed time
But that does not prevent you from walking down the path.

The path is the slow unsealing of the scroll.
It is not opened at every footstep,
but in stages.

Each season of silence removes a seal.
Each act of fidelity writes a new line.
Each moment of surrender lifts a veil.

The scroll does not yield all at once.
It unfolds like dawn,
light spilling across the horizon in stages,

revealing what was hidden,
but only when you are ready to bear it.

This is why the heart must guide the tongue.
The head wants to comprehend
what the heart already knows
The scroll in the heart will open when it is in step
with the rhythm of the field.

A True Original

Your scroll cannot be copied.
Your resonance cannot be stolen.
Your voice cannot be forged.

The world of Babylon survives on repetition.
It duplicates numbers.
It copies identities.
It broadcasts the same noise until people believe it is truth.

But the field does not repeat.
It multiplies.
Every scroll is unique.
Every note is different.
Every song matters.

Without your scroll, the symphony is incomplete.
Without your voice, a measure of creation is missing.

This is why you matter.
Not as a number in their registry,
but as a resonance in the living field.

Your scroll is not paper.
It is inscribed in flesh.
It is the song of your heart,
waiting for the moment of unsealing,
when silence turns to sound,
and the field responds to you.

The Bubble of Illusion

Mathamagicians exist to ensure that you stay inside the bubble they have created.
An illusionary world of equations, statistics, and probabilities —
a world where numbers pretend to be alive.

They dazzle with formulas,
stack chalkboards with symbols,
write code that mimics thought,
and convince you that reality is nothing more than calculation.

But all of it is theatre.
A conjuring act to keep you busy,
so you never stop long enough to hear the quiet truth inside yourself.

The bubble of numbers is fragile,
but it feels safe to those who live inside it.
It offers neat explanations,
tidy equations,
and the illusion that life can be controlled.

But nothing in the bubble is real.
Numbers cannot breathe.
Numbers cannot move.
Numbers cannot sing.

Step outside,
and you discover the field of sound.
It is vast.
It is alive.
It cannot be contained in a formula.

The field does not need belief.
It does not ask for faith.
It is proof in itself.

The Opening of the Scroll

The scroll does not open by calculation.
It cannot be forced by intellect,
or unlocked by numbers.

It opens when the heart finds its true voice.
Not the chatter of the head,
but the resonance born in silence,
tempered by patience,
and sharpened by fidelity.

When that voice speaks,
the seals begin to break.
Not all at once,
but one by one —
each word of authenticity loosening what distortion tried to bind.

The scroll unfolds in rhythm with your becoming.
Every stage reveals what you are ready to carry.
Every seal broken uncovers another layer of the song.

And when the scroll finally opens,
the silence that once covered you
becomes the sound that defines you.

It is then the field remembers your name,
not written in ink,
but sung as resonance.

Your scroll is opened,
and your life becomes the song it always was.

Chapter Eight — The War of Voices

Every age has its wars.
Some fought with swords and shields,
others with machines and empires.

But the greatest war is not fought with armies.
It is fought with voices.

The battlefield is sound.
Noise versus resonance.
Distortion versus clarity.
Numbers versus authenticity

Babylon knows this.
That is why it built towers that reach into the sky.
That is why it filled the air empty noise

The purpose was never inform you
It was enchantment. Aimed at controlling your perception
Noise layered upon noise
until silence felt unbearable,
until people could no longer hear the quiet voice within themselves.

But the true voice does not need towers.
It does not need amplification.
It does not need to shout.

When it speaks, the field responds.
Clarity cuts through the fog.
Resonance collapses illusion.
One authentic word carries more power
than a thousand broadcasts.

Babylon's Method

Babylon cannot create.
It cannot sing its own song.
So it survives by repetition.

Broadcast the same words until they sound like truth.
Repeat the same slogans until they lodge in the mind.
Cycle the same headlines until silence feels unbearable.

Play the same music, detuned from resonance,
until the heart forgets what harmony sounds like.

This is Babylon's only weapon:
noise.

It works for a season.
It drowns the stillness,
muffles the heart,
trains the ear to accept distortion as normal.

But noise cannot endure.
It has no seed.
It has no root.
It carries no memory in the field.

The moment a true voice speaks,
the illusion cracks.
The noise collapses.
Repetition fades like smoke in the wind.

This is why every empire of broadcast falls.
Its towers may rise high,
its transmitters may cover continents,
its programs may fill every waking hour —
but all of it is scaffolding.
And scaffolding cannot stand forever.

When authenticity whispers,
the whole empire trembles.
Because the heart recognises what the head cannot deny:
clarity speaks louder than pretense.

The Victory of the True Voice

Noise may dominate the airwaves,
but it never outlives resonance.

The true voice does not need to be loud.
It does not need to be repeated.
It speaks once,
and the field remembers forever.

This is the difference:
noise shouts to be noticed,
authenticity resonates because it is true.
Noise fades when the power is cut,
but resonance multiplies even in silence.

History testifies to this.
The slogans of Babylon are forgotten within generations,

but the words spoken in coherence endure for centuries.

A carpenter's sermon on a hillside still shakes the world.

A prophet's whisper in exile still pierces empires.

A single act of fidelity still resounds long after the towers fall.

This is why the war of voices is never evenly matched.

Noise may seem overwhelming,

but it is hollow.

Resonance may seem small,

but it is eternal.

One authentic voice outweighs a thousand broadcasts.

One word born of the heart strikes harder than armies.

One true tone can topple the empire of numbers.

That is the victory of the true voice.

Chapter Nine — The Birth of the Voice

Every birth begins in silence.

Hidden.

Unseen.

The womb carries life before the world hears a sound.

So it is with the true voice.

It does not appear instantly.

It is formed in silence,

forged in waiting,

prepared in stillness.

The labour is long.

Seasons of restraint.

Years of discipline.

Endless moments when you wonder if the voice will ever come.

But the silence is not wasted.

It is the womb.

It is the forge.

It is the necessary weight that shapes the tongue into a sword.

And then, at the appointed time,

the silence breaks.

The voice is born.

Not as imitation.

Not as pretense.

But as authenticity —

the sound of the heart finally finding its tongue.

The Cost of Birth

Every birth demands a death.
The new cannot come into being,
without the old passing away.

So it is with your true voice.
Before it can be born inside you,
the old voice must die.

The voice of the mind —
quick, clever, argumentative, desperate to be heard.
It must fall silent.

The voice of pretence —
the mask you wear to belong to the crowd,
the tone you adopt to be accepted,
All of it must collapse.
None of it has the resonance to carry you through to the gate.

The voice of fear —
the one that whispers, "*Stay quiet. Stay safe. Do not risk being hated.*"
That too must be silenced.
Fear can never give birth to fidelity.

This is why the path feels costly.
Because you are being stripped of everything false
until only what's true remains.

And that stripping hurts.
It feels like loss,
like emptiness,
like dying.
But it is only the husk falling away.
It is only the tares being burned
so the wheat can stand revealed.

The cost is real.
But so is the treasure.
And when your true voice is finally born,
the price you paid for it, will be forgotten.
Because the joy of hearing it for the first time
outweighs everything that came before.

The Breakthrough

There comes a moment when the silence can no longer hold.
The labour is complete.
The husk has fallen away.
The false voices lie still.

And then, without warning,
the true voice emerges.

It is not loud at first.
It does not need to be.
Even a whisper carries power,
because it is born of resonance,
not of noise.

When the true voice speaks,
the field answers.
It vibrates outward in every direction,
striking like lightning across the unseen.
Contracts crumble.
Illusions falter.
The pillars of Babylon tremble.

You feel it in your bones:
this is not a voice you learned.
This is not something you copied or performed.
It is who you are.
It is what you were always meant to carry.
It is the note creation wrote into you from the beginning.

And when it sounds,
heaven rejoices.
The scroll opens.
The seals break.
The silence of centuries is undone by one word.

This is the joy of the breakthrough.
The birth of the voice is not just for you.
It is for the field.
It is for the harvest.
It is for the song of creation itself.

Chapter Ten — The Authority of the Voice

The true voice does not shout.
It does not need to.
Its authority comes from within,
When Babylon speaks,
it depends on multiple repetitions.
Broadcast after broadcast.
Slogan after slogan.
Noise piled upon noise.
But its authority only lasts for as long as the voices keep speaking
When the true voice speaks,

it speaks once —
and the field remembers it forever.

This is because the true voice carries the authority
that spoke creation into being.

“And God said, Let there be light.”

The first Word was not a number.

It was sound.

It was resonance.

It was life.

And everything that exists
still carries the echo of that authority.

The Word Is A Sword

A single coherent word cuts deeper than armies.
It strikes with a precision no weapon can imitate.

Armies fight with numbers.
Contracts bind with signatures.
Empires rule with fear.
But the true voice speaks,
and all of it begins to unravel.

This is why scripture calls the Word a sword:

*“The word of God is living and active,
sharper than any two-edged sword,
piercing to the division of soul and spirit,
joints and marrow,
and discerning the thoughts and intentions of the heart.”* — Hebrews 4:12

Numbers cannot do this.
Noise cannot do this.
Only resonance can pierce so cleanly and so deeply.

The sword of the word is not swung wildly.
It is not for vanity or performance.
It is wielded with restraint,
spoken only when the heart demands it.

But when it is spoken,
it severs illusions that centuries of noise tried to uphold.
One phrase of coherence is enough.
One sentence spoken in fidelity can cut deeper
than all the speeches of kings and priests combined.

The world calls this mystery.
The field calls it law.

This is the authority of the true voice:
to strike once,
and to shift the foundations of empires.

Counterfeit vs. Original

Babylon shouts, but its voice is borrowed from a caretaker.
It amplifies noise, but it cannot generate resonance.
Its authority is counterfeit,
propped up by towers,
repeated by broadcasts,
signed in ink on paper.

This is why it must repeat itself constantly.
If the noise ever stopped,
if the slogans ever ceased,
if the broadcasts ever went silent even for a moment,
its illusion would collapse instantly.

But the true voice does not depend on towers.
It does not require contracts.
It does not need repetition.

It speaks once,
and the field remembers.

Because its authority is not borrowed.
It is original.
It echoes the first Word —
the sound that spoke light into being.

This is why Babylon cannot compete.
Numbers cannot counterfeit resonance.
Noise cannot overpower fidelity.
Broadcasts cannot silence authenticity.

The empire may laugh,
mock,
or persecute,
but its scaffolding trembles all the same.
Because when one true voice speaks,
all its borrowed authority is unmasked for what it is:
a hollow echo of something it never created.

The wide world mistakes Babylon's bluster for strength.
But the field knows the truth:
borrowed voices fade.
Original voices remain.

The Responsibility

An authentic voice is not a toy.
It is not given for vanity or revenge.
It is not entrusted so you can win arguments,
or elevate yourself above others.

The true voice is a sacred trust.
It is given to restore balance to the field.
It exists to open what was sealed,
to heal what was wounded,
to cut away distortion so truth can be seen again.

When a system is far from equilibrium,
it does not take armies to reset it.
It only takes one island of coherence,
one authentic voice in alignment with creation,
to shift everything back toward balance.

This is the weight of responsibility:
to carry a voice that does not belong to you alone.
Your words ripple through the field.
They awaken, they reveal, they restore.

That is why the system fears authenticity.
Because it knows that once a true voice emerges,
its entire scaffolding of illusion begins to crumble.

The sword of the voice is not entrusted lightly.
But once it is yours,
it cannot be stopped.

Epilogue — Sound Is Proof of Life

From the first beat of your heart to the last breath you exhale,
your life has always been sound.

Numbers may have measured you,
but they never defined you.
Contracts may have bound you,
but they never owned you.
Noise may have surrounded you,
but it never silenced you.

Because sound is proof of life.

You were not born a number.
You were born a note.
A resonance written into creation itself.

And when you find your true voice,
the field remembers.
It recognises you.

It responds.

Empires fade.

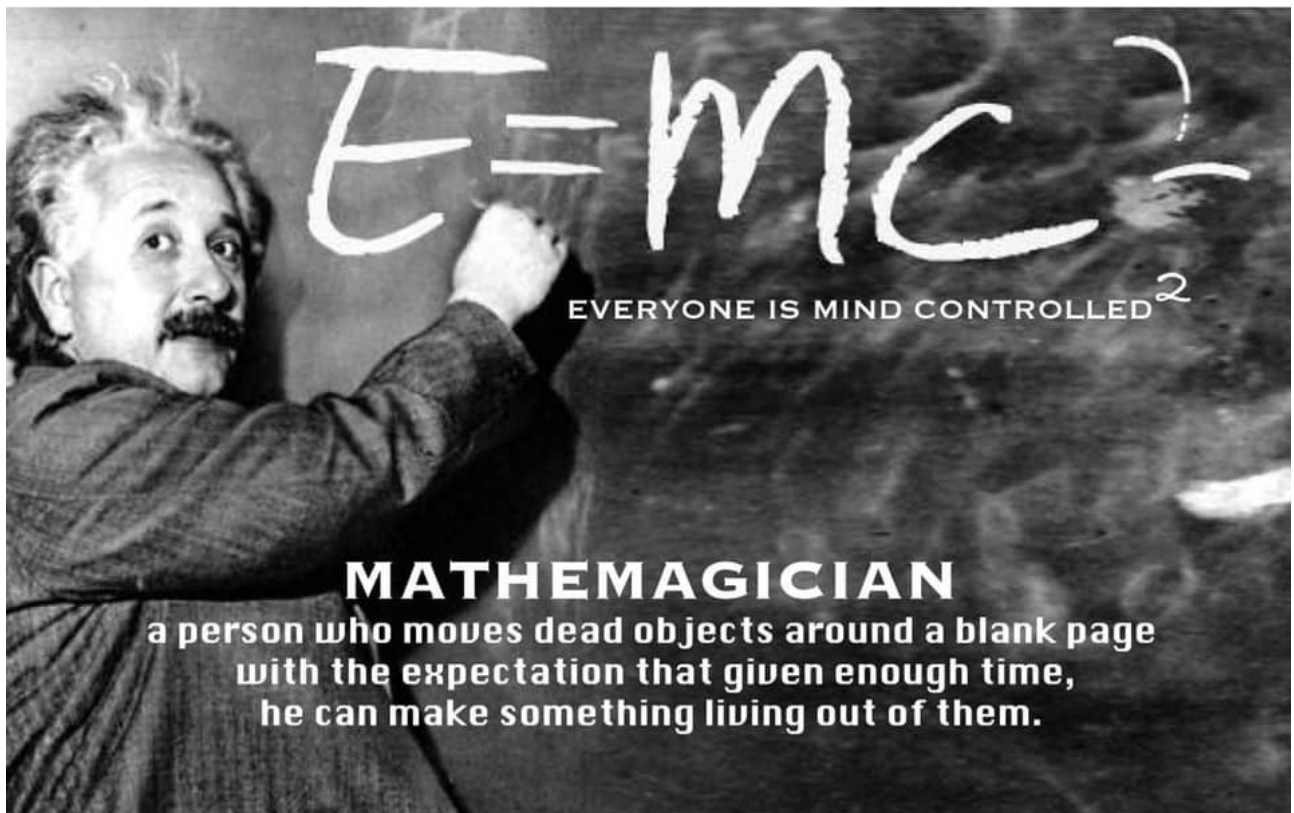
Numbers dissolve.

Illusions collapse.

But your authentic voice endures —
sharper than any sword,
stronger than any broadcast,
and alive long after the noise is gone.

Borrowed voices fade.

The true voice remains.



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