



# *Life*

THERE'S MAGIC IN THE UNIVERSE



by Levent Karahan

*Life is dedicated to my father, my mother, my son, my daughter, my family, my soulmate, my friends, and to everyone who tries to establish positivity on this planet and beyond.*

# Copyright

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*I can't thank you enough for allowing me to be part of 'Life'. It certainly made me think and I'm positive it will make others who listen or read it do the same.*

*Be well and have a joyful holiday.*

*Your friend,*

*Lou Lambert (Life's Audiobook Narrator, 24.12.2021)*

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# Introduction.

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Thank you for picking up “Life.” I hope that it will challenge and inspire you to look deep inside yourself to determine what life might be all about.

Do you know the meaning of life? Some are completely convinced that they do. Others lament that they do not. Many others fall somewhere in the middle.

Even if you did know the meaning of life, would it really matter?

Knowledge is wonderful, but it is not enough. Intelligence is required to use your knowledge effectively. Knowledge and intelligence combined are still not enough. You also need moral values and discipline to make the “right” choices and to stay on the “right” path.

All of the above plus empathy might be a good formula in your journey through life.

# The Secrets Of Life Are Secrets For A Reason.

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Sometimes I ask myself.

What am I?

Am I a Hindu? A Buddhist? A Jew? A Christian? A Muslim? An Atheist? Or am I even something else entirely? Are religions just a detour to God?

Who am I?

Where did I come from?

What am I doing here?

Where am I going?

I do not believe I have a solid answer to any of those questions. I do not believe anybody really does. Are those questions even important? Maybe not. Yet humankind never seems to give up asking.



# The Meaning Of Life (1).

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Why did I write this book? To be honest, I have no clue!

I was simply inspired and motivated to write it all done. When I completed it, I wanted to share it with others so here we go.

Once you finish reading the book, please come back, and read my answers once again. You may see it all in a different light?

As you read through “Life,” I will mention various theories, techniques, and people that support my theories. However, I do not spell them out in great depth. This book is meant to inspire you to seek those answers out for yourself.

Each chapter is a compilation of my personal thoughts on the search for the meaning of life. They are then followed by stories designed to inspire your own creativity. In any case, I hope you will enjoy reading this compilation of my thoughts.

May “Life” inspire you to think about the meaning of YOUR LIFE.

***“Since nobody seems to know the true meaning of life, let it be happiness meanwhile. Always be happy, even when you think that you aren't.”***

**-Levent Karahan**



# What Is Existence?

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We are all part of one single existence. Each and every human being is a collection of sensations and experiences built up over the course of her or his life. Every person on earth is likewise part of those experiences. Every choice leads to a chain reaction that affects countless others down the line. As a result, everyone and everything is connected. Just like the moon affects the waters tide.

Despite this, every human being recognizes them self as an independent existence. This self-awareness is built into our very code. As a result, every person experiences a quasi-reality, triggered by its individual perception. This awareness leads people of the very same isolated existence to recognize themselves as independent realities within a kind of time/space universe.

Transient time does not exist. It is an illusion created by this limited awareness. Even if time is taken to be true by many people, it would be better to replace 'different time periods' with 'different spheres of space'.

A person usually has a hard time understanding the perception of another person. Therefore, the quasi-separation to others remains in most cases. Even if a person is fully aware of their limited perception, it is still challenging to overcome this quasi-separation to others. Even those sharing the same existence will have trouble. This limited view is deliberate.

One could ask, "why is our individual awareness intentional?" Why do humans, who are collections of the same super-awareness, feel separate from each other? Why do humans think that their individual existence is the one and only true reality? Why do we sometimes feel compelled to work actively against each other, particularly against those who seem to have a different reality from our own?

There are a lot of speculations. They are a sea of theories that try to explain this phenomenon. However, no absolute answer can be given thus far (this might be intentional). However, it does not mean an absolute answer might reveal itself eventually.

Also, even if we do receive an absolute answer, it is not to say anything would change. Think on this: Even if the nose became fully aware that it was a nose, could it change anything about its existence?

After all, life appears to be an illusion, a waking dream. But even a dream should not turn into a nightmare, so it does make sense to deal with the very laws of this illusion. We should try to understand these rules, work with them, and enjoy our dream to the fullest. Why do we perceive

the illusion as reality, though? Because the best dreams are so real that you only discover they are dreams when you finally wake up.

However, this brings up a host of new questions. Who (or what) started it? What is the super being that we are all a fragment of? How did it start? Where did it start? When did it start? Why did it start? Did it start at all?

Who or what is going to end it? How will it end? Where will it end? When will it end? Why will it end? Will it end at all? The more we try to figure out our existence, the more questions there are.

# Souls.

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What happens when we leave this world? This is possibly one of the oldest and most contested discussions in human history. Despite millions of years of reflection, humans are no closer to the answer than when we first started. Instead, we will focus on the part of us that collects and experiences the world in the frame of our individual existence: The Soul.

Once the soul has escaped the burden of being trapped in a physical shell, it meets with other freed souls. They then share the results of their entrapment. The things they learned. The experiences they had; some questions never answered. Everything.

They feel nothing, as all their body senses are lost. They are just there, in total perfection, neither happy nor unhappy. Eventually, they decide to enter once again the journey called life with new bodies. This is just for the sake of the experience itself. They are well aware that they will remember nothing at all as soon as they are born, for how else would life be such a thrill?

# Who Wants To Live Forever?

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First people started to question what happened to their souls after they left their shells. Then multitudes began to look for the master cheat code to stay alive forever. I sometimes ponder why the concept of immortality of the shell itself is so enticing. Maybe our lack of knowledge is the answer.

All the information within your brain combined is what makes you (you here on earth). Your memories, your experiences, your fears, and desires. But once you pass out of this existence you are traveling, you will become something entirely different. You will no longer be 'you', but a fragment returned to a larger whole. Eventually, you will choose a new life, and your old memories will be left behind in the process.

This loss is a terrifying concept to many individuals. The desire to hoard this immense collection to themselves seems to be a genetic instinct. The body understands that it only exists for as long as the spark of life, the soul, rests within it. So, it creates anxiety in the mind about the loss. It tries to make the soul linger for as long as possible. It is perhaps this instinct that persuades the individual to seek eternal life, an unnatural and horrendous state to strive for?

Think of life like a virtual reality console. Individuals have the opportunity to transfer all of their brain information into virtual reality terminals (the brain). They save their data. They analyze their progress. They make moves to improve their stats. They move from one experience to the next to grow and develop their data. Eventually, however, the game must end.

But consider for a moment if it did not. What if that we were plugged into that illusion forever?

In this scenario we would live on forever, in a virtual environment. The game is no different from what they are used to. Well, except, there are almost no limitations of possibilities anymore. They have infinite time in their reality to grow and change as they will.

However, that is not the purpose of the game. A game is meant to be temporary. Then the person rejoins the world, continues their responsibilities, share their experience in the game with their companions. When the right time comes, they start a new game, or perhaps they even continue from a point they left off.

If they were trapped in the game, their real self would atrophy, starved and unexercised. They lose the connections and experiences of their true reality. They would eventually lose the thrill and excitement of the game. They would run out of challenges to face and things to experience. They would lose all contact with those who move on to other games. Worst of all, no matter how

dull and lonely the game became, they could never leave to try out another one. They would be cursed to remain there until the game itself might ceased to exist.

Eternal Life is not a holy grail to waste one's 'game time' trying to figure out. Rather a person would find the time better spent enjoying the game to its fullest until it is time to unplug, to move on.

# Time Travel.

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Despite some who claim that time has no constant. Nor does it always travel forward. Likewise, the past is not fixed. It is as mutable and changeable as the water you drink.

Time may not be what we might think it is. It is not the ticking away of the seconds and hours. It is not the stacks of dusty textbooks in the back of a library. Past, present, and future exist in unison. Depending on your creative capabilities you can "time" travel if you want to call it that. But you are not traveling in the physical sense. In this case "time travel" would mean that you will be able to access all data from your unique personal quasi-reality in any way you like. You can feel and experience it as if it were happening in that moment.

From birth until this moment, all your life experiences are stored away in your memory banks. Access a few memories. Think of a childhood memory. Recall the feelings it left you. Try to remember a sound. Add into it someone you only met this week. Just like using a video editing program you can then line up the sequences as you wish. There you go, you not only traveled through time in your mind, but you also created a whole other 'reality' in your memory bank.

In another example: Look up at the light of the stars you see moving through the night sky. By the time their light reaches your eyes, millions of years have passed. The star is no longer where you think you see it. Rather, you are looking up at a glimpse of the past. The past and the present meet in that exact moment of your existence. There you go, time travel once again!

# The Secrets Of Life Explored.

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A young Lazish philosopher has an incredible theory on the "Secrets Of Life." His theory that all beings are separate parts of one super being attracts a few very talented scientists from around the globe. Together, they develop techniques to change their perspectives. They can consciously alter and travel through different perceptions of time and space. In other words, they look at life through different windows. They take on various personalities to experience life through bodies and minds of "others".

Transient time does not exist. Therefore, they are even able to alter perspectives of the "past" and "future." And since we are all just parts of one everlasting existence, the death of one part is nothing but the shift of one perspective. Just like shutting one of the countless windows for a while.

He young philosopher and his colleagues send themselves through time and space to study this theory. Sometimes they use their lives to experience their younger or older selves. Sometimes they pick random personalities. Sometimes they use well-known personalities, such as Gandhi, John Lennon, Bob Marley, Diego Maradona, Marilyn Monroe... the list goes on. Sometimes they even find themselves in perspectives of animals and insects. On occasions, they take on the personality of abstract life forms on other planets and other dimensions.

During their experiments, they are faced with at least two significant challenges. One, once they alter perspectives, it is extremely difficult not to embody that perspective. They feel and act as if they are that being, and it is very hard for them to return to their original state. The other challenge appears to be the change of "destiny". There is much discussion over whether the explorers alter the reality of the various beings once they take over their personality.



# What Is God?

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The concept of the super-being that we are all mere fragments of is very similar to our human concept of a god. It is an all-knowing collection of information and experiences that we can tap to alter our destiny here in our various versions of reality. It might even significantly affect our reality if called upon.

# Welcome Back.

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*Anything I can sense, with my senses, is.*

This story begins on an icy, cold night. The little town is covered in snow. A full moon is in the sky, and right under it is a small old church. A stranger to the town approaches the church.

Stranger: "Anybody there?"

Pastor: "Yes my son, The Lord God is here. For isn't He always here and everywhere?"

Stranger, as he brushes frost from his sleeve: "Good evening, Pastor, may I sit here for a while and pray?"

Pastor: "But of course, isn't here just the perfect place to do that?"

Stranger: "I guess it is. But to be perfectly honest, I could pray anywhere. This just happens to be the warmest place around here."

Pastor: "Go ahead, make yourself comfortable. May I ask where you are from?"

Stranger: "In this holy place of yours I would like to speak the truth ...but you wouldn't believe it."

Pastor: "To believe is my job, isn't it?"

Stranger gives a wry smile: "In those who pay you?"

Pastor: "As a matter of fact, nobody paid me for quite some time now, and still I believe."

Stranger: "Well, let us give it a try then. I hope I am not interrupting anything. I am not from here."

Pastor: "I thought as much. I know most of the people of this small town."

Stranger: "I am not even from this country."

Pastor: "Even that was easy to guess because of your accent."

Stranger: "I am not even from this planet."

Pastor: "That was an easy one as well, as your appearance is rather unusual."

Stranger: "I am let's say from another planet... but to be more precise from another dimension altogether."

Pastor: "Where is that, may I ask?"

Stranger: "It is where we knew each other for a very long time already."

Pastor: "But I don't recall knowing you at all, I am sorry."

Stranger: "That is one of the reasons why you are here after all."

Pastor: "So how is the world where you are from?"

Stranger: "You were there yourself...ah! That is right. You do not remember. In that case, I will answer. It is just perfect."

Pastor: "So unlike ours."

Stranger: "Yes, it is very... different. But you chose to come here."

Pastor: "I did?"

Stranger: "Oh yes."

Pastor: "But if your world is so perfect, and I was there, why did I choose to come here? It seems strange I would leave paradise for a place so full of misery."

Stranger gives a shrug: "Only you know the answer to that. I think that you chose to come here to try new experiences. How was it? Do you remember yourself as a child? Back then, did you ask yourself why you came here?"

Pastor: "No, I didn't."

Stranger: "You didn't ask because you already knew the answer."

Pastor: "I played a lot with my friends.... and I have to admit that I did a whole lot of stupid things."

Stranger: "You just lived, you enjoyed yourself, didn't you?"

Pastor: "Oh yes, I did."

Stranger: "So what happened?"

A police officer enters the church.

Officer: "How are you, Pastor?"

Pastor: "Hello Jose, I am fine. Let me introduce you to my friend."

But as the pastor looked around, his friend was not there anymore.

Officer: "Which friend?"

The pastor looks at the blank space in confusion: "Oh... never mind."

Officer: "Isn't it ironic? You are in this sacred place of truth and yet it never came out... well until today."

Pastor: I beg your pardon?

Officer: You are being charged for murder. It was a very long time ago. Hiding behind being a Man of God for all these years couldn't stop your past from catching up with you."

Pastor gives a resigned smile: "You finally found evidence, did you? I changed since then; you know. I was not hiding. I was hoping God would forgive me if I did the right thing."

Officer: "Well, I guess he didn't. Or maybe you were not doing the right thing after all. You deceived the town for a long time, Pastor."

Pastor: "I didn't. I changed and I truly believed in all that I preached."

Officer shakes his head in disgust: "Do we need the cuffs?"

Pastor: "No."

Officer: "Please follow me."

They stepped out of the church and drove away in the police car. After some time in custody, the pastor faces trial. The verdict, guilty. The sentence... death...

The scene reopens with the Pastor in the electric chair.

Stranger: "Well, well, this is quite some experience. Isn't it?"

Pastor: "Where were you all along?"

Stranger: "I was always here."

Pastor: "What is going to happen?"

Stranger: "Your journey here is over. We'll be moving on in a moment."

Pastor stares down silently for a moment before speaking: "I didn't do well, did I?"

Stranger raises his brows in surprise: "But why would you think so?"

Pastor gives a weak laugh: "Well, this is not the ideal place to end up."

Stranger: "What they do to you doesn't matter. What you did matters. Didn't you change? Didn't you experience the good and the bad? The pain and the pleasure? The right and the wrong, among other things?"

Pastor: "Oh yes, I did."

Stranger: "So don't worry, we are moving on."

Pastor: "Where are we going?"

Stranger: "Someplace new. Maybe someplace less miserable this time."

Pastor: "What is happening?"

Stranger: "You are leaving your body."

Pastor: "But..."

Stranger: "But, nothing, we don't need it anymore."

The pastor is suddenly in a room. While he cannot distinguish anyone there, he can tell it is packed with people. Though at the same time they all feel like one person. They manage to make out an entity facing them.

Pastor/Stranger/Officer: "Welcome back."

# Why Is Life So Complex?

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*“I know nothing, except the fact of my ignorance.”*

**-Socrates**

Why do people choose to play complex computer games, full of details, secrets, surprises, and challenges? Because those games reflect life. Even if you "lose" or "die," it does not matter. Just like in a computer game, you will always have another chance.

But who designed the game of life? Yourself of course! Why don't you remember creating it? If you did, you would not enjoy it. Isn't it more fun to always give your best shot every single time?

# Our Biggest Dilemma, Reality.

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We might be destined to experience the world, and our role might be to share these experiences when we return to our source. The biggest dilemma is the fact that we are totally unaware of our role, yet we are equipped with amazing abilities to fulfill it.

We are learning creatures. Our entire being is optimized to learn and experience our surroundings. We have multiple areas of the brain specialized for particular types of learning. We have millions of nerve cells constantly relaying information to our brain. We can discern hundreds of taste combinations. We can see a broad spectrum of shades and hues. Our auditory sense can block out events immediately around us yet pick up on a crack of thunder ten miles away. We are so finely tuned that we even react to mere memories of prior experiences. We even respond to fictional stimuli like they were the real thing, like a movie or a visualization exercise.

Babies start touching and tasting everything the moment, they gain the motor skills to do so. Children absorb massive amounts of data in their early years, learning everything from walking to basic math and language in a few short years. When we are older, we attain an incredible intuition. We have a thirst for experiences and sensations. We have an insatiable curiosity. We have the ability to read patterns and signs. We can relate to situations we have never experienced. We can absorb a wealth of information without trying. These all barely touch on the tools and instincts we have when we reach this world.

Ideally, we would use our curiosity and intuition to experience the world and reflect on our place in it. In reality, we often get fixated on experiences. Instead of trying to figure out our purpose, we are using our abilities blindly. We rush to experience particular things in the world without thought to the results. This undisciplined behavior leads to frustration, emptiness, pain, and destructive choices.

It is almost like giving a blind man a powerful machine gun and telling him to shoot at a target. There is far more to grasp than we can with just our sense. Therefore, we are unable to define real truth. Until then, we should be using our powers far more cautiously.

The number of my senses is limited. Every sense in itself is limited. Therefore, my perception of reality is limited. Only by using my mind, can I increase my perception of reality and increase my awareness and mental abilities.



# The Meaning Of Life (2).

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Either there is a meaning behind it all, or there isn't.

It appears to be that there is. However, I have grown to accept the "fact" that there are reasons why nobody understands it fully.

If we were meant to understand everything fully, we would. I emphasize "everything". Everything is exactly how it is supposed to be. Else it would have been different. Maybe we are not here to fully understand everything. Maybe the whole point is to realize that it is about our journey and what we take from our experiences.

Since nobody knows what our true purpose is, who or what determines the "right" thing to do? My measurement of what is "right" (to me) is how I honestly feel about my thoughts, actions, dreams... everything. We each have our own unique "moral compass" that tries to point us in our "right" direction.

Life cannot be fully explained. It probably never will be revealed in its entirety. But it can be lived. We co-exist with ourselves and each other on multiple levels simultaneously. All levels seem to be connected with each other. Actions in one level seem to have consequences at all levels.

In one level we are all collectively the "highest level of consciousness". We intentionally created the lower levels of consciousness. A resulting side effect of experiencing these lower levels of consciousness is that we gain self-consciousness. Self-consciousness was the "purpose" of creating lower levels of consciousness. Why did we create lower levels of consciousness? The answer is-straightforward; to experience joy. Bring forth something out of nothing. An art piece, a new relationship with ourselves.

We love creating; we love living. There might be no hidden "purpose" after all. It seems that the meaning of life is living it.

Life is just like football. At some point, I decided to play. Why did I choose to play? The same reason as any child because I love playing. Because I wanted to experience the rush, I wanted to feel the sensation of kicking the ball across the field, score a goal, play with and against others, challenge myself and others.

There are many results of me playing. For example, I had the opportunity to become a real good player. I made several good acquaintances. But was that my motive to enter the game?

No, it wasn't. I entered the game simply because I love playing.

## Life

We make a conscious decision to live (to experience) because we love it. Yes, life gives us the opportunity to reach a higher level of consciousness. But was that the reason we entered life? I don't think so. I think it is because we simply enjoy living.

# Sesom & Susej.

---

Somewhere, on a beautiful Caribbean Island, Sesom (13) and his sister Susej (11) are in school.

The teacher closed his book as he prepared to dismiss the class "...one of our biggest problems in the world is over population. Our planet is like a spaceship, with limited resources and limited room. If we are unable to control the population, eventually we will run out of resources and space. We will discuss this subject more tomorrow. Please be careful on your way home."

Sesom and Susej are happy that school is finally over. On their way home. They see a man lying on the sidewalk. His clothes are dirty, and he smells terrible. Behind him written on a sign, "Thou shall only war those, who are willing to send you to war, including yourself. The war against yourself is the hardest and might never end."

Sesom and Susej recognize the sign. Mother told them to avoid the men in the streets with such signs. They were surely struck mad. Obedient to their mother's warning, they try to walk pass him quickly.

The mad man rose his head and smiled as they passed. "Hey kids, did you learn anything in school today?"

Susej could not help himself. He was bursting from wanting to talk about the lesson with someone. Even the madman was better than no one at all!

"Yes sir! The teacher said that we all could have a very nice life if there were not so many of us on Earth. Soon it will become even worse. We will run out of resources and space... but don't you worry! There will always be enough space for you to sleep on."

Feeling proud of himself for that last comment Susej smiles as he asks, "But I have to wonder why we are so many and, why do we become more and more every day?"

The man gave an amused chortle. "I guess your teacher didn't tell you that, huh? I was a teacher myself a long time ago, but they were saying that I was mad. They thought I was not teaching the right things anymore. We are so many because the rich want to become richer. The more we are, the more money they can make. Simple as that!"

He couldn't help but laugh.

Susej pondered this. Then he looked at the man. "So how can we become rich? Play Lotto?"

The man rose his brows in mock astonishment, "Play Lotto? What a good idea! Imagine there would be no Lotto and no religion neither. That's when everybody would finally realize that they can never become rich and that their lousy life on Earth is the only one they have. No paradise waiting for them. No sir! Wouldn't they be pissed, that just very few have everything and most of us have nothing, nothing at all?"

As he spoke, he continued to laugh "What else did you learn in school? Did you learn anything useful at all?"

Sesom nodded, "Yes, we learned about right and wrong."

Mad Man rose his brows thoughtfully. "Right and wrong, huh? Can you tell me where left is, child?"

Sesom nodded and rose his left hand. "Of course! This is left."

The man gave a small grunt and wove a grime covered hand. "OK, turn around. Where is left now?"

Sesom lifted his left hand again, "Left is here."

Mad Man: "You, see? All of a sudden left is now where the right was just a while ago. Just like right and wrong, what is right to you might be wrong to me. What is wrong to you might be right to me."

Sesom frowned. Everything was either right or wrong. How could they be something to one person, but another thing to someone else? He was afraid to ask the man to explain. Humbled by the man's rebuttal, he tries to pass and go home.

The man rose a hand. "One more thing before you go. Did you ever have a dream which felt really real?"

Sesom's eyes widened in surprise at the question. "Yes, that happens to me a lot. The only way I find out it was just a dream is when I wake up at the end of it."

The man waved a finger at them. "Well, think on this. Maybe your whole life is one big dream. You just didn't wake up yet because you have not reached the end. Remember this, anything you can think of, or even dream of, can become true."

Sesom paused in thought. "You sound very reasonable...Why do they say that you are mad? What did you do?"

The mad man sighed and grumbled under his breath. "I didn't do anything. I was teaching religion at a college. One day a student of mine asked about the Nephilim, the sons of the angels and gods.

They asked how Adam and Eve lived for so long. So, I refused to read out of the Bible, until we clarified all his questions. After some research I came to the conclusion that the gods mentioned in the Bible were Aliens, visiting our planet."

The man looked up at the sky and rose to his feet. "You guys are wasting my time. I have to find a dry place to sleep before night. So Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

He laughs as he collects his sign and walks away.

Sesom and Susej continued their journey home. As they walked, they became hungry. They saw a man coming out of a supermarket. He is wearing a nice black suit, a clean white shirt, and a red tie. He was walking toward a big shiny red jeep.

Sesom's eye lit up, "He looks rich. Maybe he will give us some."

Susej waved a small hand to get the man's attention. "Sir! Sir! Can you please give us some money, so we can buy something to eat?"

The rich man sneered as he tried to shoo them away. "Oh no, not again! Do you know how many of you ask me that question every single day? Aren't your mom and dad working?"

Susej gave her best sad pout, which often earned them a coin or two. "My mom is pregnant, and my dad just lost his job. He was working very hard, but his boss told him that there's not enough work for everybody anymore. No matter how hard he tries, he can't get another job."

She cast her eyes longingly at the shiny red vehicle. "Is this your car? It is very nice."

The man smiled as he basked on the complement. "Isn't it? I just bought it. I have seven cars now. I don't even know where to park them anymore."

Susej's eyes opened wide. "Seven cars! Wow! We don't have a car at all. We never had one. Where we live nobody owns a car. You must have a big family. That's why you have so many cars, right?"

The man shrugged as he dumped his bags into the back seat, "Not really!"

Susej batted her eyes as she gazed up at him. "So, do you have seven TVs as well? We don't have any TV and tonight we won't even have dinner."

Susej watched as the man ignored her, then tried a different tactic. "By the way, how do you make money?"

The man gave them a conspiratorial smile. "Don't tell anybody, but I sell weapons to nations in war."

"So, if there is no war, you make no money?" Susej frowned as she thought this news over.

"There will always be war. Did you hear about the UN? The five permanent members of the UN are also the top five weapon sellers. They'll make sure there will always be war somewhere," he laughs

Susej nodded agreeably. "Couldn't you just give us a little something to buy some food, please?"

"Why don't you play Lotto or ask your pastor, maybe he can help you? I don't even have cash on me, just a credit card and I am sure you don't accept credit cards!" The man chuckled at his own joke. "What difference would it make anyway if I would give you something? You will just be hungry tomorrow, and all the others would still be penniless. Begging me for money as well, no doubt!"

Susej smiled. "Well, it would make all the difference to me, right?"

"You're smart, but I can't help you. Bye to you guys."

The rich man enters his car and drives just around the corner where he lives. As soon as he steps out of his car, two gunmen hold him up. They kill him and drive away in his car.

Sesom and Susej have a long way to walk before they reach home. The sun is about to set when they make it. They go straight to bed, tired and hungry. Their parents are arguing next door. They are so loud that Sesom and Susej can hear them shouting and smashing things.

Their pregnant mother comes in, she is crying. "Good night my little angels. Sleep tight."

Sesom gives her a hug, "Good night mom." Susej echoes "Good night mom."

As she closes the door, they hear her whisper, "God, if you won't show us the way, please forgive us for being lost."

But instead of going to sleep as their mother told them to do, Sesom and Susej had other plans. Sesom and Susej sneak out through the window.

They take a lamp with them. Sesom and Susej walk through the bush to a remote place and start exploring a cave. There used to be stories of treasure in the cave. If they find it, they can become rich. Even that promise was enough to fight off the exhaustion of the day.

As they enter the cave, the earth starts shaking, and the entrance is blocked. They cannot get out.

Susej whimpered in the darkness, clinging to the handle of the lamp. "What do we do now? Was that an earthquake?"

Sesom tried to move the rocks, but they were too heavy. "I don't know, but I know that we will surely die in here."

Susej gave her brother an admonishing look, "That's a horrible thing to think! Why do you think so?"

Sesom looked grimly around the small area they were trapped in. "Think about it. No one knows we came here. We have nothing to eat and drink, and we will probably run out of air."

Susej stared at her brother, "But maybe someone will find us?"

"Yes, maybe they'll start looking for us, but do you really believe they'll be able to find us in here?"

Trapped in the cave, they start telling each other stories, with the lamp as their only source of light.

Susej stared at her feet in the dim light. "Sesom, do you think there is a God?"

Sesom nodded confidently. "Yes, of course! I met him! He was dressed all in white. But he is not an old white man like in the pictures. He was black! Black just like you and me. He was young as well."

Time passes in the darkness, and then...

Sesom is now 17 years of age. He is a very curious teenager. He is always eager to find out what life is about.

One sunny day, while walking on the beach, he sees a fisherman, just coming back from his boat.

Sesom called out, "Hey fisherman! Tell me, how do you usually spend your day?"

The fisherman looked up, regarding the youth. "Well, I get up, my wife prepares some breakfast for us. I play some guitar with my friends on the beach. Then I go fishing. Some of the fish I sell, and some we use for ourselves. Me, my wife, my brothers, and my sisters all depend on my fish to live. Do you have brothers and sisters?"

Sesom gave a sad smile. "Yes, but my sister died a long time ago."

The fisherman frowned, giving an apologetic nod. "Sorry to hear that. What was her name?"



"Susej."

"That is a very nice name, sounds familiar too."

Sesom bowed his head in thanks, then gazed out at the vast water. "Fisherman, what do you think life is about?"

"Money of course! Soon I will buy a bigger boat and work really hard, so I can catch more fish. Then I will make more money to buy another boat. Then I work even harder, and catch more fish, and then I will make even more money, so I can buy a lot of boats and become rich."

Sesom's brow rose at this revelation. "How long do you think it will take you to become rich?"

The fisherman chewed his lip thoughtfully. "Maybe 20 or 30 years?"

"So, after all this hard work and effort what will you do?"

"Well, I'll get up, and my wife will prepare some breakfast for us. I will play some guitar with my friends on the beach. And at night I might even go fishing with my small boat."

Sesom: "But isn't that what you do already?"

Not satisfied at all, Sesom walks away.

He came across three men who seem to be arguing. Sesom waved to them, "Good day everybody! What are you guys arguing about?"

The first man looked up, "It's about religion. See, I am Jewish, this ignorant fellow, a Christian, and this one, even worse, a Muslim."

Sesom nodded, "I see! But what is the argument really about?"

The Christian waved his hand. "Well, they don't believe me, that our religion is the right one."

Muslim raises both hands in exasperation, "Same here. They don't believe me, that ours is the right one."

The Jew sneered. "Oh please! We were the first. Therefore, ours is the only true religion. What is your name young fellow?"

"My name is Sesom."

The Jew took Sesom's hand in greeting. "That is a very nice name, it sounds familiar too. Why don't you listen and tell us who you think is right?"

"Yes," Sesom replied. "I will gladly listen to what you all have to say and make up my mind."

So, one by one, they tell Sesom about their religions, and answer every question Sesom asks.

After listening to everyone, Sesom starts by saying, "All of you have a lot of things to say. I love the wonderful stories of giants, angels, miracles, and wonders. But let me ask you something my Jewish friend. Since your religion is the oldest, do you have any sort of proof of what you are saying?"

The Jew shook his head, "Sesom, my friend, I don't have any proof. You have to just believe in it."

Sesom turned his head to the Christian, "My Christian friend. Since your religion is so popular. Do you have any proof?"

The Christian shook his head "Sesom, my friend, I don't have any proof. You have to just believe in it."

Sesom turned to the Muslim. "My Muslim friend. Since your religion is the newest. You must have proof of what you are preaching."

The Muslim shook his head. "Sesom, my friend, I don't have any proof. You have to just believe in it."

Sesom frowned at the response. Not a single one of them had proof to back their claims. "If God really created us, who created God? All right, all right! Since none of you have any sort of proof, I'll tell you guys what I think makes the most sense to me."

And just before Sesom was about to make up his mind, a very old man approaches them. "What is this all about? Why are you arguing, gentlemen?"

Sesom rose a hand in greeting to the stranger. "It is about religion, and I am deciding which one I think is the right one."

"May I ask, which religions you are to choose from?"

Sesom rubbed the back of his neck. "Well, we have here my Jewish friend, my Christian friend, and my Muslim friend. Each of them insists that their religion is the right one. So, I was listening to all of them. Now I am about to say which one I think makes the most sense."

"But wait! Did you hear about my religion, Buddhism?"

"No, I didn't. Is that even a religion?"

"I think before you can make up your mind you should hear about my own."

Sesom settled back into his seat. "Alright. Tell me about yours, and I will decide afterward."

So, the Buddhist tells Sesom about Buddhism.

Sesom studied the Buddhist. "My Buddhist friend. Do you have any proof of what you are saying then?"

Buddhist: "Sesom, my friend, I don't have any proof. You have to just believe in it."

Sesom sighed in exasperation. "You guys are making it very hard for me to decide! But I guess just because something isn't true doesn't mean you can't believe in it. So, I think..."

There comes along a young black man, dressed all in white. He looks exactly like Sesom.

Sesom regarded this stranger with confusion. "Who are you, what is your name?"

The young man with his face only smiled back, "You know who I am."

Back in the cave. Sesom and Susej are lying down, not moving at all. The light of the lamp goes off, casting the forgotten cave into darkness.

Sesom and Susej's mother is in the hospital, the doctor, and a nurse next to her. She is in pain, and she is breathing hard. She is about to give birth.

The father is out in the waiting room. He paces nervously, as the news broadcast begins on the T.V.

News Speaker: "NASA now says it can confirm that alien life exists, and that several alien spaceships are approaching Earth."

"Sir! Sir! Come in quick, quick!" A nurse called out in a thick accent.

The doctor beamed at the new father. "Look what we have here. Twins!"

The nurse cooed over the bundles. "A boy and a girl, how cute. Do you have any names in mind Ma'am?"

In the story, Sesom talks with many religious figures to figure out which one is the best. We all have our own way to travel through this journey called life. We would each have our own answer if we were in Sesom's shoes. My response?

GOD LOVES ME EXTRA SPECIAL because I am a Jew, a Christian, a Muslim, a Hindu, and a Buddhist! I don't work on Fridays, Saturdays, nor Sundays. I enjoy lots of holidays throughout the year and collect many presents. If anybody goes straight to Paradise, it must be me :-)

## Life

Life is mysterious and complex. While trying to do right we might do wrong. Assuming that there is any “right” or “wrong” at all. If what you know is so much smaller than what you don’t know... then everything you do know is most likely wrong ... right!?

# Why Are We Here?

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The answer is quite complicated, yet very simple at the same time.

Life is what you make it.

If you try to understand everything fully, it will become very complicated. Your soul came into this world without the instruction manual. That is the way it is meant to be. To try to recreate the instruction manual of an infinite super being with your limited experiences will lead to confusion and frustration. Also, keep in mind that you have a set amount of time in this world. Which would be more fulfilling? Would you rather spend your limited time trying to find out the meaning of the game...or play and experience it? Are you able to do both?

If you ask me, I will say that nobody understands everything. If there were such a person, I wouldn't believe it. Of course, that could change depending on the circumstance and my frame of mind.

## What is "life"?

Life...is... what... "you"... make... it.

People hear this phrase over and over throughout their lives. However, few take the time to completely understand it. How do you 'make' a life? Travel and experiences? Your accomplishments? A belief system? Is it to affect this one life, or the life hereafter?

It might take an entire lifetime (even several lifetimes!) to comprehend that one sentence. Still, it might be worth trying. And hey! Who knows you might find out? If you don't find the answer as it relates to your life, who will?

The whole thing can also be quite simple. I mean the "life is what you make it thing" or even "the meaning of life" or "god"... anything.

You make countless choices every day. Where you live. The people you live with. The relationships you maintain or discard. The things you do. The way you meet challenges. Eat for survival or pleasure. The places you go. The things you do... every choice you make impacts how your life evolves. Many choices you make will affect your life months and years down the road.

So, it's your choice now, later, and always: Do you want to know it all? Or do you wish to take the simple path?

As for me, I choose to take the simple path. I live and experience life while trying to understand its meaning along the way. The more I experience, the more I come to the conclusion that "I" am here to do exactly that. Life is about making choices. Life is experiencing the world and creating new experiences with those choices. Most importantly, life is about bringing the results of those decisions back to the super being from which I originate.

# Is There A God?

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Part of understanding life is to understand the presence (or lack thereof) of God(s). If God exists (existed), who or what is (was) God and where did it exist? Is it the super-being we originate from, or is it a different type of fragment? If God is a fragment of the larger whole, are there others? Is God a singular sentient being, or the vast collection of experiences we all share? Is God still there, or did it return to the higher collective (perhaps what our world refers to as 'heaven')? Who or what created the force or entity we know as God, and when did it come into existence?

**There are five broad theories on the existence of God:**

## **1. God exists and is responsible for what is happening.**

This concept of God is familiar in religion, otherwise known as the "all-powerful" God. In essence, God has orchestrated everything from the Beginning of time to its End. Our actions are preordained by this entity, and our decisions are a part of that grand design.

## **2. God exists with limited power**

In this theory, God is like a Guardian, making sure a child has all the right things available to it. At the same time, God has limited power over the individuals they tend. For example, a guardian can feed the child Brussels sprouts, but they cannot make the child 'like' the food. They cannot even force the child to eat it. The Guardian has to stand back and let the child decide to eat or go hungry. In a similar manner, God has an influence in the affairs of this realm. However, there are limits to how much God can intervene. This entity cannot override human choices to suit its ends. This intervention would interfere with what humans were made to do: experience the results of their choices.

## **3. God exists with no interference**

Here, the force known as God is a Watcher. God does not intervene in any way, shape, or form. Its sole purpose is to observe how the many fragments of the super-being pass through their existence.



### 4. God does not exist

The human mind struggles to make sense of the things it cannot understand or describe. In this theory, God is a man-made symbol. Perhaps it is a symbol of the Grand collective we are connected to. Perhaps it is even our thoughts, fears, and abstract ideas personified. Because we know this super-being is a part of ourselves, we personify it with emotions, philosophies, and other attributes. What we see as a Divine-Being is a metaphor that has neither thought nor will. Some even believe that it personifies nothing at all. God was man made to control the choices of other humans. That everything in life is a coincidence, and we simply cease all existence when we die.

### 5. A combination of the above mentioned

We have no way to find out the exact nature of God. Perhaps God can intervene in the lives of mortals yet chooses to observe. Maybe what we know as God is actually another living mortal being with an observer role and infinitely longer lifespan. A fragment that watches our choices and experiences on behalf of the larger Super Being. Maybe God IS that super being. The possibilities are endless.

# Creationism Vs. Probabilistic.

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Creationism centers around the theory that there is some sort of meaning after all. Under this theory, what we experience matters in the grand scheme of things. Often in ways that we never realize, as we cannot see the Big Picture. A decision made today could affect the lives of thousands fifty years later.

Probabilistic Theory centers around the idea that everything is more or less a massive coincidence. In this theory "life happens." What we do and how we do it has no effect on the Big Picture. Mostly because there is no Big Picture to affect.

Heated battles and discussions have erupted for years between the two theories. But this is a waste of our limited time in this Life. We do not have the tools, resources, or senses to prove which theory is correct. We do not even have a means to tell if there is a third or fourth option to these theories. We could be completely off the mark on both counts!

Since neither theory holds enough proof, we should focus our energy on experiencing as much as we can before our time ends. Why not be content to believe in what makes us happier? Whether there is a Big Picture or not, it does not affect 'this' life or how we can interact with it.

I personally tend towards creationism. However, I am not talking about creationism in the sense of religions. I just believe that there might be some sort of a "meaning" for it all.

In comparison to Existence, all of the above appears to be irrelevant. Whether or not a God is watching over us does not change that we are here to experience life and make choices. Whether or not there is a higher meaning to life, each person is still responsible for what they do with this life.

If there was a beginning, what was before? If there is an end, what is after? Is it like observing a river that is always flowing forward? Is it an infinite loop? A Mobius strip where certain points touch? Or is it like a big tapestry where everything is happening at once?

# Jesus' Return.

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Once upon a time, in the very early morning hours, there rested a Native American village. Just as the sun was about to rise, an old man walks to a wooden house and starts knocking the door.

Apenimon speaks in a sleepy irritated voice. "Who is it? It's too early for company! I am still in my bed! If it is about the furniture, I will finish them today and drop them off by tomorrow. If it is something else, please come back later, you hear?"

Grandfather raps his walking stick on the packed ground. "Is this how you talk to your grandfather?"

Apenimon rushes to the door. "Grandfather! I did not realize it was you! Come in, come in. What are you doing here, so early in the morning? Did you walk all the way?"

"Good morning Apenimon, how are you today?" Grandfather smiled kindly.

Apenimon rushes to clean a place for his grandfather. "I am good, thank you. How are you? Come, sit, sit."

Grandfather gave a soft shake of his head and waved a frail hand in the direction of the town a few miles away. "Apenimon, we need to visit town today."

Apenimon's face fell, "But I can't. I need to finish some furniture by today. I promised to do so."

Grandfather waved his hand dismissively, "Don't worry. It will all work out. Go, get ready. We have no time to waste."

Apenimon hesitates, not wanting to disappoint a beloved elder. He casts a reluctant glance at the pile of work he still had to do. "Grandfather, you know how much I love you. I would really love to follow you. What is it all about anyway? Can't it wait until tomorrow?"

Grandfather shook his head adamantly. "I had a dream, and it has to be today. Today is the day, Apenimon. Who knows if tomorrow ever comes?"

Apenimon gives a thin smile, "Okay, okay, let me get ready. But you have to promise that we won't take too long."

Grandfather gave a single nod of acknowledgement. "Done."

They take the bus. Grandfather falls asleep; Apenimon is looking at the TV.

"...in today's bomb blast, another 665 of our soldiers and 1 Intelligence agent lost their lives. May God be with their souls. Now to something more pleasant, today is the day! Don't forget to buy your lottery ticket. Believe it or not, the jackpot has reached an extraordinary amount of one billion dollars. That's right! One billion dollars!! Good luck to you all and remember, don't switch the channel, we'll be right back after a few words from our sponsors..."

Apenimon "Grandfather, wake up. We're there. So where exactly are we going from here?"

Grandfather started down the street. "Let's just walk down the road."

"But where to? What did we come here for?"

"We will know when the time is right, Apenimon. Just walk with me."

Apenimon sighs with exasperation, but he gives his grandfather an affectionate smile. "You are unbelievable, but fine. Just make sure we will be back soon enough so I can finish the furniture."

Grandfather appears to ignore him. "There it is! Do you see the sign?"

"Which sign? I don't see anything."

"Apenimon, are you blind, look!"

Apenimon looked in the direction his grandfather pointed. "The billboard?"

"Yes, what does it say?"

Apenimon shrugged indifferently, and gave a short, amused laugh. "Oh, it's just about the stupid lottery. They say the jack pot is one billion dollars. Can you believe it? I can't believe how some people fall for this nonsense."

"Try it Apenimon."

Apenimon's face fell with uncertainty as he studied his grandfather. "What?"

Grandfather gestured impatiently at the billboard "The lottery, Apenimon, the lottery of course. I want you to try it."

Apenimon scoffed and shook his head stubbornly. "Oh, come on, I never did and never will. I don't believe in such things. And didn't you say..."

"Yes, yes but Apenimon, I am asking you to just try it this time. Do it for me."

Apenimon rose his hands in surrender. "Alright, alright. If it means that much to you, I will do it. But what a waste of money!"

As they go inside a clerk looks up from the counter. "WOW! Even our native friends come to enter the lottery now. One billion dollars is tempting, isn't it?"

Apenimon felt a twinge of annoyance at the wide smile the store clerk was brandishing. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. One, please."

The clerk offers a slip of paper with little bubbles to fill in. "Don't you want to pick one yourself?"

Apenimon shook his head, wanting to get it over with as quickly as possible. "As if that really matters!"

The clerk nodded and generated a random ticket for him. "Here you go. Oh, I need a phone number please...So what are you going to do if you win? A billion dollars can buy a lot of dreams."

Grandfather smiles, "He will do the right thing, like he always does."

Apenimon gave his grandfather a pleading look as they left the store. "Grandfather, please don't tell me that we came all the way to town just for this!"

"Apenimon, we didn't just come for this, I am hungry, let's eat something nice."

They get something to eat and take the bus back home. Apenimon is a little angry. He had a lot to do, and half the day was wasted for a lottery ticket that would not win, and a meal they could have shared tomorrow. But he loves his grandfather. By the time they get home, he forgets his anger and focuses on the fact that they had a nice meal together.

Grandfather gave the young man an affection hug as they parted. "Thank you, Apenimon. Thank you for this very nice journey. Now don't be lazy and get back to work! I believe you have some furniture to finish?"

Apenimon gave a wry smile. "Very funny, Grandfather. I hope you have a nice day. I'll be sure to visit you tomorrow after I delivery this furniture."

The next day.

Apenimon finds his parents at the door, "Hello mother, hello father. Is everything all right?"

Mother bursts into tears. "Oh Apenimon, Grandfather passed away last night."

Apenimon felt as if someone had struck him with a hammer. He looked at them in disbelief. "Passed away? But..."

Mother nodded as she wiped at her tears. "Yes, last night. It must have happened during his sleep. Please try not to be sad. We will all miss him, but you know he is in a better place now, watching us. ... but Apenimon, you know what was strange? Before he went to sleep, he was talking about you. He said that you are chosen to do the right thing, and that you are about to go on a journey."

Apenimon puzzled over these final words from his grandfather. "But just yesterday, we went to town. I can't believe he just left us like that."

The next day. Apenimon's phone rings.

"Hello?"

The voice on the other end was far too cheerful. "Good morning, Sir! Did you buy a lottery ticket the day before yesterday?"

"Yes, I did. If this is some kind of telemarketing, I am not interested."

The voice went on as if he had not spoken. "Sir, could you please give me the number on the back of your ticket."

Apenimon narrowed his eyes. "Why?"

Voice: "Just for verification purposes. If it is the same one I have right here, then..."

Apenimon dug out the ticket in exasperation. He was still mourning his grandfather. He did not have the energy for all this. "34567890982354634678934."

"Congratulations!"

Apenimon's brow furrowed. "Congratulations?"

Voice: "Yes. Congratulations! You are our one-billion-dollar prize winner!!"

"What?"

"You won the jackpot. All you need to do now is to come to New York to claim it. Of course, we will be taking care of your journey, not that it really matters, I mean, hey, you are a billionaire now! You must be dancing a jig, right?"

The day after Grandfather's funeral, Apenimon starts out for New York. It's his first time on a plane, and it is also the first time he ever traveled so far from home. He is worried, excited, and still doesn't really believe that he won the lottery. Why him? This must be some kind of a joke, maybe some TV show hoax.

But it is not, as he arrives in New York, he has to go through a few procedures and is now a billionaire. Since his flight back is tomorrow, he decides to walk around a little bit. He is very excited as he tries to adjust to how different the place is. And the buildings! He looks up, trying to see the tip of the skyscrapers. Suddenly he runs into someone.

"Sorry! I am so sorry sir." Apenimon flusters as he apologizes to the man.

The man waved off the apology in a way that reminded Apenimon of his grandfather. "No worries. You seem to be distracted."

Apenimon sighed and gave a thin smile to the stranger. "Oh yes, I am. If you only knew."

The stranger reached out a hand in greeting. "Well, what is your name young man?"

Apenimon accepted the hand, giving a firm, hearty shake. "My name is Apenimon. What is yours?"

"Jesus."

Apenimon's brows rose. "Jesus? Well, be careful 'crossing' the street. They might crucify you." He gave the stranger a grin. "Just kidding."

Jesus gave him a kind and patient smile, "But you are right."

Apenimon regarded the stranger. "That name of yours, isn't it hard to live with? I mean, people might expect things."

Jesus only smiled at the question. "It's just a name. They shouldn't expect more than they can give, don't you think?"

A group of young men walk past Apenimon. One of them bumps into his arm.

The young man whirls around, "Hey you! Watch where you are going, Apache! I cannot believe that some of you are still alive! I thought we got rid of all of you by now."

Apenimon forces a tight smile, "I am sorry sir."

"You will be after we're finished with you!" He kicks Apenimon to the ground.

Jesus looks over to the fallen man. "Stand up Apenimon, stand up."

Apenimon gets up, ready to fight back.

Jesus raises a hand to stop him. "No Apenimon! Let him strike you again."

The young man sneered at Jesus. "You stay out of this, or you'll get the next hit."

Before they can make good on their threat, the young men see that a few people are watching them. They decide to let go and keep walking.

Jesus looked over to Apenimon. "My friend, are you okay?"

Apenimon waved off the question irritably as he straightened his clothes. "Yes, yes, I am good. Hate to say that I am used to it. I am okay. You certainly take that name serious; Mr. turn the other cheek! People would think that you are trying to be him."

Jesus smiled in amusement. "Well, I am Jesus."

Apenimon smiled and gave a short laugh. "Not the one out of the book, right?"

Jesus gave a cheerful nod, "Yes, the very same."

Apenimon could not help but smile in amusement. "Are you saying that you think you are Jesus, the real Jesus? Please forgive me for now not quite believing that."

"Isn't that my job? Let us walk, want to walk with me?"

Apenimon shrugged. "Sure, I have nothing else to do so why not. By the way, that situation was very dangerous. Why did you ask me to wait until he strikes me again? He could have tried for a lot more than a punch in the jaw. Plus, I could have knocked him out. I am a strong man you know."

"Because it isn't important what others do. Even if they do the worst things to you, your family, and friends... you always do good, no matter what, you understand? By the way, let me tell you a secret, there are no others."

Apenimon did not understand what Jesus meant, but he seemed to be a very likeable person. He and Jesus became good friends. They spent the whole day together.

As it was getting dark, Apenimon realized that he should get back to his hotel and rest for the trip home. "This was fun. But I need to go. Tomorrow I am going back to my village." Suddenly his eyes lit up in inspiration. "Hey, I have an idea! Why don't you join me? I have a nice place and even a little money now. I could show you how we live. It is a little different from this big town though, hope you won't get bored."

Jesus nodded in agreement. "Thank you very much, and I will, but right now I have a job to do."

Apenimon tried to hide his disappointment. "Is it really that important?"



Jesus gave him that kind and patient smile he had grown accustomed to. "Well, not that important but it has to be done. Don't worry my friend we will meet again, and then you can show me everything you want."

Apenimon nodded, "Alright then. Can I have your number so we can keep in touch?"

"I don't have one, but I will find you."

"But I didn't even tell you where I live!"

Jesus gave a soft laugh of amusement. "Well tell me then."

Apenimon writes down his phone number and address and hands it to Jesus. "Please make sure you call me. Come by anytime. My door's always open. So just come, okay?"

Jesus nodded. "Have a nice journey Apenimon."

"Same to you and hey, be careful with this "Jesus" thing. Not everybody has a good sense of humor like me."

A few years later.

Apenimon still lives in the same house, he just improved it a little. Just as he did with all the other houses in his village. But since he is trying to keep his Indigenous culture alive, all he has done has not really cost much. Most of his money is still untouched.

A friend rushed to his doorway. "Apenimon! Get up! Come out, you need to see this."

Apenimon yawned sleepily as he donned his work shirt. "Good morning, what is it?"

"There is a TV in the community center now! Didn't you say that TV is bad, and we should stay far from it?"

Apenimon shrugs. "Of course, I don't like the thing. But the younger ones want to keep abreast of modern times. You can't stop people from their own mistakes."

They both walk down to the community center. The TV is on a news channel, and Apenimon cannot believe his eyes.

Host: "So you are saying that you are Jesus. You are talking about Jesus himself, the son of God?"

"Yes, I am."

The host steeple his fingers as he leans over the table in interest. "In the last couple of years, you've become very popular. It seems like millions of people believe that you are really him, that

you have come back. Things are getting a little out of control, some call you a deceiver and a threat to national security. People don't want to join the armed forces, closing their bank accounts, etc. It's reached the point that our whole system, as we know it, is about to collapse."

Jesus gives the host a calm nod. "So, it has."

"Are you able to prove what you are saying? That you really are Jesus."

"I am the proof. Am I not right here?"

"So where were you all this time?"

"I was home."

"Why did you come back?"

Jesus gave the man his patient smile. "Why stay at home all of the time?"

The host smiled back and gestured toward the camera. "How about a miracle or something to convince us, without a doubt, that you really are Jesus, who has come back to Earth?"

Jesus calmly replied, "Is it really that important? Isn't the message, that we should all love one another, what really matters?"

The host gave a pleasant, condescending smile to the man, then returned his attention to the camera. "Well, I guess we have to leave it at that. We'll be back after a short break."

In the White House, the Cabinet is watching the same TV broadcast.

President: "Call them."

Vice President: "Call whom?"

The president slammed a fist on the desk. "Oh, stop playing the fool for once! Call 'T.W.A.A.T.U.W.T.D.'" (Those Who Are Always Telling Us What To Do). Let's see what they have to say about all this. Also ask, what is his name again, to join us right now!"

Head Of Intelligence: "Yes, sir?"

President: "What is it you are doing all day? Are you even watching the news? Any plans?"

The Intelligence director looked puzzled, "Plans, sir?"

The president bellows "Jesus!"

The man jumped at the sudden yell and looked at the president with growing confusion. "Sir?"

The president scoffs in disgust. "What is it with you? Are you on drugs? You guys seem to have a lot of fun with the drug fields you should be controlling. I send you there to make money, not sample the merchandise!! I am talking about this guy. Calls himself 'Jesus'! He needs to go, and he needs to go quickly!"

The Intelligence directors' eyes widen in understanding. "Ah Yes! Yes, they already gave us the order."

The president's eyes narrowed. "Who did? Wait! Never mind. You mean Them. Well good, so what is happening?"

The man looked nervous as he cleared his throat. "We tried but..."

The president's face starts to redden. "But? But what? We assassinated thousands in foreign countries, are you saying we are unable to kill one person right in front of our own nose?"

The man nodded. "That's right, it seems that he is protected at all times, beside it is getting harder and harder to find anybody who is willing to pull the trigger."

The president balled his meaty fists into the custom cut trousers he wore. "What are you really saying here? After all we did, we are far too deep in this. There's no turning back!"

"I believe that it's never too late to do the right thing. Maybe it means that we shouldn't kill him. What we've done doesn't matter anymore. What we are going to do, does very much, don't you think?"

The president's eyes grow dark and dangerous. "Well, hear what I am saying, you are fired and from now on watch what you do out there."

After a few hours, the president finally gets a phone call from "T.W.A.A.T.U.W.T.D." Jesus will be arrested for treason, with death penalty being the verdict.

Since Apenimon discovered Jesus on TV, he is trying to follow the developments. It seems that it has reached its final stage. Jesus is tied on a bed with his arms spread and needles protruding from veins in his arms and legs. The bed is slowly rotated up towards the TV cameras so the whole world can follow his execution. Eerily, it appears he is on a cross once again.

The executor gazed at the prisoner. "Any last words?"

Jesus gave a gentle, saddened smile. "Forgive them, as they still know not what they do." (And hey, to all you guys out there, do not wait for another two thousand years :-)

The executor pushes a red button with a white cross on it, and the deadly poison is injected in his veins.

The following day, in the penthouse of one of "T.W.A.A.T.U.W.T.D."

The butler rushes in. "Sir! Sir!"

The leader gazes up from his coffee in irritation "Yes! What is it, isn't it a little early for this racket?"

The butler stared at him with wide eyes gleaming with disbelief. "Sir, the war ended!"

The leader sighed in irritation at the sudden announcement. "Which one?"

"All of them!"

"I am really not in the mood for stupid jokes."

"All our forces surrendered themselves, not one shot was fired today."

The man choked, spilling his drink. "OUR forces surrendered. Not one shot... are they trying to ruin us?"

He runs to the TV, turns it on. A news channel, you can see the news desk, but it's empty. There are no people, no sound. He skips through other channels. All of them are the same. Either the screen is all white or the camera is fixed on empty sets.

He skips through international channels, all the same. He turns on the "Wall Street" channel. It says "Live," but the trading room is empty.

The leader stared in shock, "I can't believe this. Not a soul on TV."

The butler gave him a wry smile. "There never was."

The man runs to the window. It's a beautiful day, the sun is about to rise, the streets are full of people, millions of them, it seems like every single one is out there, leaving the city.

"Call the others! Call security! Call our generals, Intelligence, etc. We need a meeting right now! Hey, hey, where do you think you are going?"

The Butler folded his work jacket and set it on the table before he made his way toward the door. "It's been a very long time since I've visited my grandfather. I think I shall go back to my hometown and reflect on recent events... oh and I am not coming back. Before I turned in my resignation, I called all of them, but no one picks up."

The man slammed a hand on the windowpane impatiently. "Well, maybe it's too early! Call them again!"

The butler's smile only widened. "Or maybe it's too late."

The man stared at the Butler. "What the hell is going on?"

The butler shook his head and smiled. "Well sir... it seems to me that the answer doesn't matter anymore."

# Do We Need An Answer?

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Do we need to know why we exist? Is the answer important in the big picture? Would knowing the purpose of our existence affect who we are or what we do? Would knowing the meaning of life change anything in this life? Would such knowledge enhance our state of living? Or would it hinder our journey?

Imagine if you knew the exact moment of your death. Would it bring you relief or dread? Would you carry on as normal? Would you make different decisions with the remaining time? Would you be able to live in the moment? Or would you constantly think of the time dwindling away?

Some questions are better left unanswered. Especially if the answer would interfere with our experience in the here and now.

# Our World Is Shaped By Our Observations, Not Truth.

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Regardless of what the truth is, we live in this world with limited experience, limited perceptions, and limited understanding of the bigger picture. All we know so far is most likely wrong. Merely assumptions based on our quasi-reality.

Studying our history proves this statement to be true.

Think of our ancestors, who thought the earth was flat. They saw it with their own eyes as they stared out into the distance. Based on their observations, their reality, the world was flat.

Later the theory evolved until they thought it was round like a marble. They see it with their own eyes as people begin to travel over water. Based on their observations, their reality, the world was a marble.

Now the accepted view is that the earth is an oblate spheroid. A flattened sphere. They see it with their own eyes from space. Based on their observations, their reality, the world is a flattened sphere.

What if all three are correct? What if the world was flat until its inhabitants 'needed' it to be round? Or what if the world is not any of these shapes? What if the images we see 'with our own eyes' are skewed by vacuum, motion, or atmosphere?

What if the world is like an inkblot? We see a globe because that is what we want to see or what experts tell us to see. We may see a globe because that stable, spinning shape would make sense to us. A globe spinning on a perfect path every year is easy for our minds to process. Round, symmetric things spin while irregular shapes wobble and collapse.

We all stare at the same truth, yet our interpretations still vary.

Or what if the ancestors who lived on a flat planet Earth were not of this world at all? There is practical proof for the existence of parallel universes. Also, there is proof of the interference of at least some of them. What if we were able to explain their very existence? Perhaps we would find out there is a "meaning" to it.

# Mic.

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Mic: "Something is going on, but I don't know what it is. It seems like nobody does. Most of the people I meet say they do, but do they really? On my journey to find out where I came from, I lost my way. Now I am here... but where is here?"

Officer: "Hey, soldier! Stop mumbling! Get up and fight!"

Mic: "Yes Sir!"

War. It is dark and cold. The sound of gun shots is coming from every angle. The earth trembles as bombs explode.

Mic: "If I could only remember why this started, and by whom. I just want to go home. Yeah, home!... but where is home?"

A few bombs drop just right next to Mic. He falls on the ground.

Mic holding the side of his head as his ears ring from the blasts: "I remember I was rich once, I had it all. I was content I think... I don't remember being unhappy... Why did I leave and get involved in this? I need to get back up on my feet, but I can't feel them, and I can't hear anything either."

Officer: "Take him up! Take his sorry ass back home!"

An ambulance is taking Mic to the hospital. He wakes in a white, sterile room.

Nurse: "Good morning, Sir. How are we today?"

Mic: "Well, I can hear you, so I think I am better..."

The memory of the blasts flash through his mind.

Mic: "What about my legs? Will I be able to walk again?"

Nurse: "Yes, you were lucky. The doctors saved your life and even managed to repair your legs. You must be someone special. They sent these super elite specialists just to save you."

Mic sighs in relief, then furrows his brow: "Miss, this is going to sound funny... but what is this war about?"



Nurse: "You are a strange one. Why are you asking me? Didn't you just come from the front line? I don't know much about your country, or why you're even here killing our people."

The Nurse checks the time, "Oh, I need to run. I'll be back shortly."

But Mic would never see the nurse again. Almost instantly, people came and dragged him into a wheelchair. As he was wheeled out to a vehicle, he found out that they were ordered to send him to meet the President at the Capitol.

On the plane with a few other soldiers.

Mic: "Hey guys, can one of you tell me what this war is about?"

Soldier: "Are you kidding? Don't play stupid! I am not in the mood for you playing a dumb civilian now, old man! I just lost my brother and my son in this war you're pretending not to know anything about it."

As the plane touched down, they drove Mic straight to the presidential office.

President: "You are a hero. You know that right? You are a real hero!"

Mic: "Mister President, may I ask..."

President: "No time for questions, the press is waiting already."

Mic: "The press? But!"

Mic, the President, and a lot of other people dressed in black suits, white shirts, and red ties enter a huge conference room full of reporters. Lights flash all over.

Mic listens carefully to find out what the war is really about, but nobody mentions the war.

Mic (thinking): "Nobody even mentioned this damn war, and I almost died in it. For what, I wonder? If only I could remember! And why did he call me a 'hero'?"

He tried to think back as far as he could, search for a hint. As a child Mic was a smart kid. His only dream was to become President. However, Mic was born into a poor family. They were always busy trying to survive. They did not have the resources or the connections to join the political world.

Fortunately, he made it to a good school. He even earned a scholarship. He never gave up his ambitions to become President. He wanted to change the world for the better one day.

Reporter: "Sir. We heard you were really lucky. Reports say the bomb exploded right next to you. Yet a few days later, you are here as if nothing happened! So, could you please give us your

impression of what happened on the front line? And even more important, where you've been all these years?"

President: "Mic, they are talking to you. Answer now, will yah?"

Mic: "Yes, the war. To tell you guys the truth I don't even know what this war is all about. So please tell me, what is it about?"

Everybody starts laughing.

Reporter: "Sir, it's nice to know you didn't lose your legs OR your sense of humor. The last time we saw you, you were running for President. Everybody thought it was going to work out for you there. It's great to know you decided to serve your country in a different way. But back to the interview. How does it look? Are we going to win the war? What do you think?"

Mic feels a surge of frustration. What was going on? And what was this about running for President? Surely, he would remember something like that!

Mic sharply: "No. We won't win because we don't even know what it is about!"

President steps in quickly with a too-wide smile: "Mic is joking, of course. We are all well acquainted with his sense of humor. There is no doubt that we are going to win! In fact, after thirty-three years of war, we are about to win."

Mic blinked and stared at the man. Thirty-Three years? Did he say Thirty-Three years? Impossible!

The President gave a wide wave to their audience: "Thank you for coming! Sorry to cut this short, but as you know, Mic is only recently recovered. We don't want to overtax him his first day back. We will keep you updated about the war as we find new information. May God be with us."

Mic's mind reeled from the information. How could a war have gone on for thirty-three years? Why didn't he remember it?

Mic: "God! Did the bombs get me? Is this some sort of Hell? I almost forgot that there was one." He frantically dug into his brain for answers as he was wheeled away.

Mic was so ambitious that he made it into politics. Over the years, he climbed his way to the top. That is right... he had drawn a lot of attention at the time. He never realized that he was watched by those in power. He never knew the plans they had for him.

When these people showed their hands, they came with promises to support him for President. However, they did not want the change he desired. They wanted to ensure that everything remained the same once they supported Mic in his ambitious plans to become President.

Mic was not ready to compromise. He wanted to change things. He believed that all people should have a fair chance. As those in power grew to understand Mic's commitment to his plans, they began to see him as a threat. They did everything they could to prevent Mic from moving forward.

The President took on a somber expression as they left the public eye. "Mic, I know you don't know me. I also believe that you were serious when you asked what the war was about. Poor you!"

The man gave him a broad smile, "Regardless, I wish you a pleasant life... Mr. President."

Mic was escorted into a hotel room, too confused and numb to question the man's proclamation. He turns on the TV, trying to find out about the war. But there is no war on the TV. Nothing. Not a single word. He is tired and falls asleep.

Don't let them fool you. Don't you see what it is all about? Open your eyes and you will see.

Mic looks around the formless expanse around him: "Who are you? Where am I? And what am I doing here?"

"Always the same questions. It seems no matter how many times I answer them, you come back to ask again. Let me answer you once more: You are who you are. Where you are is where you are. What you do is what you do."

Mic throws up his hands in disgust.: "Oh great! Thank you! Big help."

The phone rings. Mic suddenly finds himself back in his hotel room. He stares at the phone in confusion, then answers it.

Mic: "Hello?"

Receptionist: "Good morning, Sir! It is time for you to check out. Or are you planning to stay with us a little longer? I would be happy to extend your reservation for you."

Mic: "I don't have anywhere else to be. I might as well stay here."

Receptionist: "Wonderful! So may I have your credit card number please?"

Mic: "Let me check if I have one ... no, sorry."

Receptionist: "So are you going to pay in cash, Sir?"

Mic: "I really would if I had some."

Receptionist hangs up. Mic has nothing on him. Just a uniform that they gave him for the interview, and a bag of old clothes. He leaves the hotel and walks down the road. "You'd think they would have paid the tab if they were going to shove me in a hotel."

His memories slowly piece themselves together as he made his way down the road.

Mic refused to give up on his plans of becoming President. In fact, the more the powerful people tried to stop him, the more he wanted to change things. But he underestimated those in power. Mic campaigned. But he was unaware that the same powerful people were financing his campaign. His whole team was bought by those in power.

His campaign manager talked Mic into visiting the front line since the country had just entered a new war. The coverage of him and the soldiers would be good, he said.

Mic was against it of course. But he was eventually persuaded to give it a try. He decided that he'd use the opportunity to reassure the soldiers that he would stop the war if he won.

But what was the war about?

A voice broke through his thoughts, returning his attention to the present.

Taxi Driver: "Sir, you need a cab?"

Mic: "I am sorry, but I wouldn't even know where to go, and I am broke."

Taxi Driver: "Excuse me, Mr. President?"

Mic: "Mr. who?"

Taxi Driver: "Didn't you run for President a long time ago, around the time this stupid war started?"

Mic: "War? So, you know about the war?"

Taxi Driver gives him a strange look: "Of course! Everybody does! At least, whoever is still alive! Half of our population died in it! So, may I ask you where you were all these years? Everybody was ready to vote for you. You were as good as elected... but then you just disappeared."

Mic: "To tell you the truth you seem to know more about myself than I do. Are you sure it was me you are talking about?"

Taxi Driver: "Are you pulling my leg? It is you! I am sure of it! Let me ask you something ... where were you born?"

Mic opened his mouth to answer. Then he realized that while he had memories of his childhood, names and dates were missing in his memory. "I don't know!"

Taxi Driver sags in disappointment: "You must take me for a fool. It's alright, though. I don't know what happened to you, but when you disappeared, we all lost our only hope."

Mic: "Why are we in this war?"

Taxi driver shrugs: "We hardly remember who started it, or why. Have a nice one Mr. President!"

Mic: "Wait!"

The driver ignores him. Mic can see his jaw is set in irritation. The man steps in his car and drives away.

Mic keeps walking. It is freezing, and snow is falling. He stops at a school. He looks around for the name of the school as a lady comes out.

Teacher: "Sir! Can I help you?"

Mic: "I really wish you could!"

Teacher: "Hold on ... aren't you ... oh my God!"

Mic: "Miss."

Teacher: "What happened back then?"

Mic: "Back when?"

Teacher: "The last thing I heard was that you wanted to stop the war. You were about to win and bring our troops home... then you just disappeared. The media said that terrorists kidnapped you, I think."

Mic: "So are you saying I was running for President?"

Teacher: "Running for President? You would have been elected without a doubt. What happened to you?"

Mic: "Your guess is as good as mine, to be honest."

Teacher: "You are kidding, right?"

Mic: "If I tell you that I am not, are you going to believe me?"

Teacher: "I think I would."

Mic: "OK, I am not kidding! I don't remember a single thing! All I know is that I almost died in some war. I don't even know what this war is about!"

Teacher: "So where are you going from here?"

Mic: "I don't know that either!"

Teacher: "Do you want to come with me and tell me your story?"

If I only had a story to tell, Mic thinks to himself. Mic: "OK! Miss, so where are we going?"

Teacher: "I live just across the road."

They crossed the road and entered an old building. They started talking to each other. He tells her everything that happened from the moment he fell down on the battlefield.

Teacher: "So are you for real? You don't remember anything?"

Mic nods.

Teacher: "WOW! This is unbelievable! Really unbelievable! But don't get me wrong I do believe you."

She is cooking...

Mic: "So what is this story about me running for President?"

Teacher: "Well about thirty-three years ago you were running a campaign to change things for the better. You had the whole nation behind you."

Mic: "So you said I went somewhere to stop some war?"

Teacher: "Yes, you did. I thought it was brave ... if I only knew. But you never returned. Someone else won. They took this terrible war to a whole new level!

Half of our population died. And still no sign of the end! That does not even account for the people suffering on the other side. I think the whole world hates us; even I hate us for what we are doing!"

Mic: "I have to find out why I can't remember anything. Does it even matter anymore?"

The teacher was quiet. Instead of answering his question, she looks back up at him: "you said you have no place to stay and no money? If you'd like, you could stay here until you get back on your feet."

Mic: "You know what? I am going to accept that offer. I am going to pay you back every cent, though!"

Teacher beams: "No problem. It would be my honor Mr. President."

She shows him his room. He lies down and starts dreaming.

"Don't let them fool you. Don't you see what it is all about? Open your eyes and you will see."

Mic: "Who are you? Where am I? And what am I doing here?"

"Always the same questions!... But as usual let me answer them for you: You are who you are. Where you are is where you are. What you do is what you do."

Mic sighed in disgust: "You know what? We already had this conversation. So, if you have nothing else to say..."

"One more thing. You will finally be in the position you always wanted. However, be careful what you wish for."

Mic wakes up, prepares some breakfast, and leaves the house. As soon as he steps out, a few people dressed in black push him into a car and take off.

Mic: "What is this all about?"

Mohamed (Head of Intelligence): "Mic, don't you know me? It's Mohamed."

Mic: "Mohamed?"

Mohamed: "Yes, it is me. We fought together for years and years, and then all of a sudden you just disappeared. I thought you died."

Again, with the disappearing? Why couldn't he remember the campaign? He recalled visiting the soldiers. But he did not remember a nation or supporters, or what the war was about. Now someone was telling him that he fought for years and disappeared there too?

Mic: "Yes, I keep hearing about this disappearing thing. Maybe I should find a job as a magician. What do you think?"

Mohamed laughs: "Yes, you really should since you are really good at it. We are taking you to the President."

Mic: "Again? This is getting boring."

Mic meets the President again.

President: "Mic, I know you don't know who I am. Well, my father won the elections against you a long time ago."

Mic smirks: "Must have been an easy win since I wasn't even there."

President: "Don't try to be smart."

Mic: "So what happened to your dad?"

President: "He died, but back to you. Back then they had to take you off the scene since you wanted to change too many things. You had far too much support in your campaign to end the war. They couldn't kill you of course. You were kept alive in case They needed you someday... and that day is here."

Mic: "Needed me?"

President: "Yes, the people don't trust us anymore. Well, they never did. But now it is time to give them someone else to turn their attention to. Let's play democracy and republic again for a while. We need to end this damn war now. Our population is too low. Even though we are making tons of profit with the war it is time to stop it...or at least pause it a while."

Mic: "What do I have to do with all this?"

President: "You were their hope once. You were against the war back then. We are going to support you so you can become President."

The man's smile was a little too artificial. A little too wide and pleasant. Mic thought of a man coaxing calves into a slaughterhouse.

Mic glowers: "I am sorry, but I have no time for your dirty games. I've already lost thirty-three years!"

The President gave a casual shrug as he continued to smile at Mic: "Well, it's your choice. We are giving you a chance to prove that you can end this war and make things better. But, if you don't want to, we will just continue, business as usual."

In that very instant, Mic recalls all the years as he was fighting. All his friends dying for nothing. He remembers how soldiers were forced to kill innocent people. Men, women, and kids were slaughtered for no reason. Whatever the game was, could he really turn his back on a chance to stop that nightmare?

Mic: "OK, I will go for it. Even just a chance for change is good enough. Though this chance seems to come straight from the devil."



Mic's comeback was put to the media. The whole nation is happy. They see the opportunity to stop this senseless war. Mic and the teacher get married halfway through his campaign.

Mic wins the elections by a landslide. Mic ends the war, and he brings back all the soldiers. Those that were still alive. The numbers were alarmingly small.

Mic is doing everything possible to make things better for everybody. Soon it is time for re-election, and he ponders another term. He takes his time to analyze everything and prepares a speech.

Meanwhile, behind the scenes, the powerful had a meeting...

Cyan: "We need to stop this fool before people realize what is going on."

Toros: "Do you really think they are going to vote for him again? They all love their expensive cars, their flat screen TVs and all the other nice stuff."

Cyan: "Yes they do, and he is going to take most of those things from them, but guess what? They might have no car, no TV... But they won't be fighting. They won't be seeing brothers and sons off to war. Their kids won't be orphans from our war. We killed half our population, and even more of our so-called enemies. We all know it had to be done for us to remain in power. And it brings in money for our people to have all these nice things. So, is it car or life Toros? What do you think people are going to choose when election day hits? Our media brainwashing is not as effective as it used to be."

Toros: "You're right, this guy's too much of a threat... It can't be helped. It's time to make our next move."

Mic back home with his wife.

Teacher: "Are you doing the right thing, Mic? I mean... yes, you are doing the right thing. But you are in danger Mic. Remember how it went the first time. They sent you to war for years!"

Mic: "I need to do what has to be done. I cannot play their game! Somebody has to speak up and try to change things. We know what needs to be done so let's try to fix things."

Teacher: "Yes we do, but you also know that the powerful remain in power because of the system they set up. They humored you this time for politics sake. But now you are trying to change it permanently. They haven't let it happen for thousands of years. Why would they now?"

Mic: "I have to do it. I just have to."

Mic was in his office, as his old soldier friend Mohamed pays him a visit...

Mohamed: "Mr. President. What are you doing? Mic, they are not going to allow you to really change things. You know that, right? Your assassination is already planned! Mic, please stop before it is too late."

Mic: "It is too late already. Look at our world Mohamed. Since nobody really knows why we are put on this Earth, why don't we let the reason be happiness for now?"

Mohamed: "Mic, I think the meaning of life is life in itself... so let's try to make the very best out of it."

Mic: "You are so right, and for me that means to follow my heart."

Mohamed: "Even if it kills you?"

Mic: "Let's hope it doesn't come to that."

Mic returns home and goes to bed early. He finds himself in the safe, strange, yet familiar landscape from past dreams.

"Mr. President, how are you tonight? "

Mic: "Who are you? Where am I? And what am I doing here?"

"Always the same questions!... But as usual let me answer them for you: You are who you are. Where you are is where you are. What you do is what you do."

Mic sighs in frustration: "Why did I even ask? Come out so I can see you!"

"I cannot. Not at this time."

Mic glowered as he tried to figure out where the voice came from. "Why not?"

"All you need to know is that you are not where I am not yet. You are with me, yet apart from me. We are close, yet distant."

Mic: "I wish you'd be a little more direct in your answers. At least answer me this: Do you know what is going on? They are saying I will be assassinated."

"Don't you worry, I will save you."

It is Mic's big day. As the President of the most powerful nation, he now has his first speech in front of all nations of the world, broadcasted all over the planet.

Mic: "We ended this war, but we still have many things to fix. We need to learn to share. While we drive nice cars and watch TV, others are starving. We also need to control the power of money.

Let's use money for what it was intended. It was a substitute for trading and nothing more. Money shouldn't control all aspects of our life; it shouldn't be our God. I am going to present a new form of money. One that works as a note of barter. Only useful if it is used, not hoarded. We all are going to start sharing, so we all can live in peace. Nobody needs to starve; there is no reason to kill each other. Never again!"

All of a sudden, a shot! Everything is quiet.

Mic falls down. He stares at the flower of blood blooming on his chest.

The media is going crazy. Lights flash all over the place. Mohamed falls down on his knees, holding Mic in his arms.

Mohamed: "Didn't I tell you! Why did you still do this, knowing they were going to kill you? Why Mic?"

Mic (with his last breath): "Some things are worth dying for... my friend..."

Suddenly the pain ends. The clattering and shouting stops. He finds himself once again in that alien landscape that has haunted his dreams.

"Welcome home Mic. How do you feel?"

Mic: "I don't feel anything. Am I dreaming again?"

"Call it a dream if you wish. Just a little longer than usual."

Mic: "Am I.... dead?"

"You are no longer tethered to that body if that is what you mean. Your journey in that life came to an end."

Mic: "But didn't you say that you were going to save me?"

The voice sounded warm and amused at his question.

"I did Mic. I did."

# If The Answer Is Not Relevant, What Is?

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If we do not need the answer... what do, we need?

Do we need wealth? Material things? World Travel? A Nobel Peace Prize? A place in the History Books?

Like money, war is only a means to an end. War does not stem from the soul. You go to war for those who are willing to send you to war, including yourself.

Even then, you hurl yourself into war for a reason. Maybe you are driven to protect your loved ones from a threat. Maybe you want to atone for a prior deed. Perhaps you hope to gain status or to make history. It is possible you seek revenge or survival... it would take a whole book to list the reasons people go to war.

The war against yourself is the hardest you will ever fight. Most people never find an end to it.

Nobody knows the meaning of life. Not knowing does not hinder us from fulfilling our purpose. In contrast, we have a deep set need to have a purpose. We travel through the world blind to ourselves.

If you need a purpose in this world, then let it be "happiness." For as long as you live, strive to make yourself and others happy.

## Think!

Take enough time to think very carefully about what you want most in this life. What would make you happy? What would let you meet each morning content and ready to tackle the day's challenges?

The most important things in life are free: love, health, freedom, and happiness. Don't let money be your motivation. Money is just a symbol for trade. You never truly desire this symbol. Rather you desire something you try to attain with the symbol: Survival. Safety. Security. Caring for family. A feeling of pleasure.

Do not filter your desires. You have one life, with limited time and resources to fulfill your purpose. Be honest with yourself about what you need and want to lead a more fulfilled life. What do you need to do to be happy? What do you need to do to make others happy?

### Act!

If it does not harm others, do it! Remember, I am saying 'hurt.' Do not cause physical or emotional harm to another soul's vessel. Do not leave them in a harmful or vulnerable situation. Do not break their trust if you gave your word.

This is vastly different from 'inconvenience'. It is inevitable that your life path will inconvenience others. In this instance, you are no longer trying to make everyone's life path easier at the cost of your own.

You will need to say 'no' to some demands on your time and resources. You will have viewpoints that will not match someone else's. You will make plans that will clash with others. This is OKAY! All you are doing is forging your path. Their path will not crash and crumble if you do not act for the sake of their 'convenience'.

### Analyze!

Are your choices really what you wanted to do with your life? If not, do not get discouraged! We are here to experience the world. That includes mistakes and second guesses.

Keep this in mind: A toddler falls, slips, and wobbles as they learn how to walk. They bump on the furniture. They get scrapes and bruises. They get hurt. However, this does not stop them trying until they figure it out. Then one day, they have their big "Ah-ha!!!" moment. In that second, you see a flash of pure joy on their face as their entire world changes.

You are looking for your "Ah-Ha!!!" moment. Do not be afraid to make mistakes to attain it.

### Maintain Your Empathy

Remember, there is a difference between inconveniencing someone's existence and harming it. It won't get any better as long as we are causing (directly or indirectly) the suffering of others. How can we enjoy a happier lifestyle while others suffer? If we are going to attain happiness, then we must put real effort into doing the right thing.

# A Better World.

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Past & Present: Oligarchy + (Morals < X) + Capitalism = Catastrophic

Worth A Try: Oligarchy + (Morals > X) + Empathy + Capitalism

More than half of humankind is suffering and being exploited. The same goes for almost all other living beings; and the planet itself. Those are irrefutable facts.

Let's not fool ourselves. The world has always been governed by a few elite, wealthy, and powerful names. Some are individuals. Some are families. Some are organizations, businesses, etc.

They have almost total control of our lives. They oversee our central intelligence services. They directly influence our government (therefore total control of the legislative, judiciary, and executive aspects of our lives). They dictate the actions of our political parties. They monitor and regulate our resources, major companies, media, education, religion, etc... They have made 'money and power' their replacement for happiness.

The concept of a Republic and Democracy are just a front. It gives the majority of people an illusion of control, and it provides symbolic entities to target their hopes and frustrations on.

Even if we had a real republic and real democracy, we still would not be able to change the world into a better place on that alone. As a whole, the majority does not have enough knowledge or empathy to make it work effectively. They would not vote to lower their lifestyle or raise their taxes. They would not want to share their wealth so others can live a nice life as well.

Without improvement in the beliefs, actions, and behaviors of the majority, positive changes will fail. If they do succeed, change will prove to be tedious, wasteful, and time-consuming.

Therefore, simply saying we need to become a better democratic republic is not enough. "Fixing" the system is not sufficient. In fact, it might even worsen the problem! It will never work properly until the majority has the knowledge, morals, and empathy to make it work together.

We need the people in power to realize that their job is to better the world. We need them to understand that it is their responsibility to make this world the best place possible for everybody on it.

Some would claim that capitalism is the best economic system we have developed. Without it, we would have nothing. However, better alternatives have been created and suggested. We are only unable to implement them because of a system that fights against change.

So why do they resist change? Are they inherently evil? Do they do it to harm the life experiences of others? Are they simply too greedy? Are they afraid of losing control? Do they fear powerlessness?

Whatever their motivation is, we need to convince them to do "good" in the world. The sooner, the better. The planet and its inhabitants have suffered enough. Real change towards a better world is overdue, and it needs to be fast!

Capitalism might be a successful model on paper. However, it does not work for all humankind. It makes no concessions for other living beings. It is not designed to honor or protect the quality of the planet. The fundamentals of capitalism do not conform with what humankind is trying to achieve: Establish a better world for ALL of us. Not just the ones who play the game best.

The fundamental formula of capitalism is as simple as it is wrong; to use money and resources to attain a profit (more than what was invested). No capitalist-based company goes into business to 'break even.' or 'give to whoever needs it more'. If someone tried to open such a business, it is certain no bank, loan company, or investor would back them. After all, they stand to gain absolutely nothing in the exchange. The business would automatically be labeled a 'bad' business model.

In Capitalism: "money (energy) goes wherever it can produce more money".

In my opinion, the focus should be "energy goes wherever it is needed the most". It is an alien concept in capitalism, as it runs the risk of creating a loss. Someone will inevitably need the energy more than you at some point. However, consider if no one ever 'needed' anything. What if someone ALWAYS filled your needs just like you fill others? What purpose would you have to hoard and create excess wealth?

It is obvious that these two fundamental formulas are clashing. One needs adjustment, which one do you think it should be?



# If Man Changes, The World Changes.

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## THE 0.01% CAN SAVE THE WORLD!

Let's be honest. Democracy doesn't exist.

In some countries, you may find some democratic principles practiced. However, it is almost always a select few calling the real shots.

Even if textbook defined democracy were to exist at this time, it would not have much impact where it counts. It would not be able to solve many of the larger problems on the planet. It could not regulate the unsustainable increase of the global population. It would not immediately affect rising CO<sup>2</sup> levels. It would take decades to eradicate the exploitation of the people, the wildlife, and the global ecosystem.

Perhaps a simple explanation for the many problems is outlined in Chapter One: Our Self-Awareness. Our artificial realities created by our limited senses and experiences. If it does not directly affect someone, the vast majority of people are not in the state of mind to recognize or care about these issues.

As a result, we could implement the very best systems and regulations in the world, and they still would not work. Most people will resist changes that involve a 'sacrifice' to make other people happy. Unless there is something in it for them, they will not want to accept change. They would rather suffer from the 'devil they know' than an unknown where others are the beneficiaries.

Many do not understand that the whole world is connected; they are not aware of the extent to which we impact the planet. Furthermore, they are ignorant of the suffering and plight of others, especially those they do not see firsthand. For those who do try to effect some change, the obstacles can be great.

I think that everybody who sees what is going on in the world agrees that something has to be done. Those with a genuine sense of moral and ethical values would not be content to ignore it.

There are people who really care; They are ready to give up personal interests to do "right" for the greater good. Once we see the majority of people embrace this sort of mindset, almost anything can be achieved.

Admittedly, I am not an expert in psychology. However, I've had the chance to meet people who do put their moral values first. Even when events do not work in their favor, they are content with their decision. Simply doing the 'right' thing was the reward they needed. If the mindset works for a few of us, there is a chance that it could work for all of us.

If we agreed that operating selflessly is the way to go, we would then need to ask how to do it. How do we reach the path where moral values and ethics determine our actions?

### **My answer: "Establish positivity via the use of media".**

Looking at the world, "negative brainwashing" seems ubiquitous. A lot of effort is placed in making people materialistic. Also, information is twisted to feed a particular agenda. Why not flip this tactic? We can use the same techniques to establish high moral values and ethics instead.

I started by saying "the 0.01% can save the world." I fully believe this. I think once the richest people buy into a better world, they have the financial resources to implement change.

A team of the most innovative minds, spanning all industries and fields, will help lead a shift towards increased morals and ethics.

### **So, the only question remains, how do we convince the 0.01% to take part?**

Let's meet them, let's discuss with them. At the end of the day, what is the alternative? The 0.01% achieved everything of which they can think. It is time to achieve the unthinkable. We need to convince them to use their power to elevate humankind. What can be more challenging and more rewarding than taking part in this?

Finally, imagine a world where humankind has solved its most difficult issues. We managed to stabilize our population. We are using only clean, renewable resources. We are living in harmony with nature, the planet, and all its life forms.

Equality is established among all people. Everybody is highly educated. We have beaten most diseases. The average life expectancy is about one thousand years and keeps increasing. Euthanasia is perfected so dying is made as comfortable as possible.

Crime, terror, war, and all other forms of violence belong to the past. We live in peace and harmony. The planet is united. Even though every region speaks its own local language,

everybody also speaks one common language. All of humankind works together to better the already extremely high standard of life. Not for humans, but for all others life forms, even the planet itself.

Virtually all our needs are being served by robots and other forms of artificial intelligence. Wealth and assets are distributed fairly equally among everybody, so the motivation of having to earn extra money is a thing of the past.

The government is 100% democratic and completely transparent. And since no one has to "do" anything, people are now confronted with self-evaluation. They spend their lives determining what they want to do.

All achievements are made peacefully, and they are sustainable. Despite the numerous achievements, the most interesting questions of mankind's existence are still unanswered.

All of us are meditating, thinking, and researching. We conclude that not knowing but simultaneously wanting to know is somehow part of our existence. We keep trying, but without fear or harm to ourselves and others.

## How do we get to this place?

Equality for all humankind with the focus on major human concepts: moral discipline, mindfulness, wisdom, peace, health, education, freedom, love, and unity. We convert to using only renewable resources. We do what we can to cause as little impact as possible on nature and the planet.

# Utopia.

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Finally, humankind can solve its most challenging issues.

We managed to stabilize our population. We are using renewable resources. We are living integrated with nature. We have even managed to establish equality among all people.

Everybody is highly educated. We beat most diseases. Our average life expectancy keeps increasing. Euthanasia is perfected so dying is made as comfortable as possible. Crime, terror, war, and all other forms of violence belong to the past. We live in peace and harmony.

The planet is united but maintains all of its variations. Modern technology allows us to fulfill almost all of our wishes in almost all aspects of life, instantly.

And every single person is totally happy about it. Every single person can better the world, and almost everybody does.

The formula is quite clear. It can be done, so what are we waiting for?!

# The Shovel.

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Anu lives in a small village, together with his woman and his baby boy. One day he hears a rumor about a treasure. It is supposed to be so extraordinary, so huge, that whoever finds it, shall find everything he desires.

Soon, it is all Anu can think about. One day he cannot take it anymore. He decides to leave his family and find this Fascinating treasure.

He buys himself the best shovel money can buy. "This shall be my lucky shovel. You will help me find the treasure. And with it, I will find eternal happiness."

His journey leads him through many foreign countries. Sometimes he has to work very hard. Sometimes he barely makes enough to continue his quest. Everywhere he goes, people talk about the treasure. However, nobody seems to know where it really is.

After many years of traveling the world, he finally meets a few men who seem to know where the treasure might be. They call it "the end of the world." They tell him there is an old man who might be able to help him.

Anu is very excited as he follows the path, they showed him. At the end of the path, he finds himself on top of a cliff. In front of him was an endless, deep blue ocean.

"This really looks like the end of the world" he says.

All of a sudden, an old man appears, almost out of nowhere. "Sir, what are you looking for?"

Anu tells him about his long journey to find this treasure. The old man says, "Yes, I know where it is. If you give me all your belongings, I will tell you."

So Anu gives him everything he has. All his money. His clothes. Even his shoes. But he held onto his shovel.

"Please let me keep this shovel, it is my lucky shovel which is going to help me find the treasure. We have been through a lot together. I want to finish the journey with it."

The old man says "A lucky shovel indeed. Fine, you may keep it."

Then the old man describes where the treasure is. The place he is talking about sounds very familiar. In fact, it sounds just like Anu's village! The old man even mentions the big almond tree,

just next to a well. Anu is convinced that the old man is talking about his very village! Where else would a village look exactly like his own?

The old man says "That is where the treasure is. Right under that almond tree."

Anu asks him "So how come you didn't look for it yourself?"

The old man smiles and replies "I searched for it almost all of my life. I gave up everything I had. Now I am old, and I am happy if I even make it to the next tea house, my friend."

Anu takes up his shovel, gives the old man a big hug and runs home. He runs as fast as he can. Now he finally knows where the treasure is!

As he returns to his village, nobody even recognizes him. He used to have short, neatly cut hair. Now it is very long and dirty. His nice, clean face is covered in a long and dirty beard. His clothes are in rags or missing.

Anu does not care! He runs up the hill to the almond tree, with his lucky shovel in his hand. He starts digging. He digs, and digs, and digs all around the tree... but he does not find anything.

It gets dark and the moon shines down on him. He smiles "Well since I know where the treasure is, I can now go to sleep and continue digging tomorrow."

So, he goes home to his woman and his boy. His boy is now almost a man himself. They welcome him. They are all very happy to finally see each other again. However, since Anu is very tired he goes straight to bed.

In the morning, his son wakes him. "Father, I found a shovel, right next to the almond tree. It seems that it has no owner."

Anu looks at the man in front of him. He realized that this man was the baby he left behind. He wonders what he missed in the time he was gone in search of his treasure. This boy had become a man in practically the blink of an eye.

He gives his son a very tight hug. Anu has tears in his eyes, tears of joy. Tears of loss. He is saddened by the time he lost seeking a treasure when he already had all he needed. But at the same time, he realizes that he is also happy, really happy.

"My son, you are right, the shovel has no owner indeed. One day you will find out for yourself why it is so."

Anu never touched the shovel again and lived happily with his family.

# Conclusion.

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There are no absolutes in this world. What we know as 'fact' will change with our experiences and perceptions.

## What is the Meaning of Life? Why are we here?

Humankind will always try to crack the code to our existence. We are designed to seek out answers and experience our surroundings. However, we are no closer to the answer than our predecessors. Our experiences are simply too limited to grasp the Big Picture. We are too close to the tapestry to see the pattern.

There must be a good reason that the Meaning of Life is kept beyond our reach. Maybe knowing the answer would interfere with our lives in this world. Maybe we would become so obsessed with the answer that we would fail the mission itself. Maybe the answer will make no difference at all.

We do not need to know why we are here to be happy.

We do not need to know if one religion is superior to the next, or if one version of God(s) is more accurate than the others.

We do not need to know if this world is real, or an illusion.

If we needed to know these things to fulfill our existence, we already would.

We may not control the inner workings of the cosmos, but we can still make a huge difference in this world. We can make decisions that will benefit everyone for the better. We can become more aware of our impact on the planet and its life forms. We can choose to help each other be happy.

The world can change for the better. No one would need to go hungry. No one would need to struggle or hoard their possessions. We can live longer and enjoy higher pursuits of knowledge and understanding. We can evolve into a whole new version of humanity. But to alter the very threads of reality, the majority has to change. We cannot rely on a minority in power to change the world for us.

Thank you very much for taking the time to read my book. I hope that you found it enlightening. I especially hope that it inspired a change within you. You can find more about me on the website. I welcome you to contact me if you would like to discuss the work or your impression of it.

In the introduction to the book, I challenged you to reread my response to a question. How much did your perception of the answer change? Are you the same as when you began this journey?

Do not let the end of the book become the end of your journey. Always seek and experience. Make mistakes. Learn from choices, good and bad. Change and grow. And most of all make your Meaning of Life "HAPPINESS" for yourself and everyone around you.



# Some Nice Inspirations.

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- Electrodynamics Of Moving Bodies
- Double Slit Experiment
- Quantum Entanglement
- Quantum Teleportation
- A Beautiful Mind
- Almost Heaven
- Amores Perros
- Annie Hall
- Artificial Intelligence
- Avatar
- Birdman
- Blade Runner
- Blue Jasmine
- Beautiful
- Cloud Atlas
- Cloverfield
- Coherence
- Contact District 9
- Eternal Sunshine Of The Spotless Mind
- Fight Club
- Frequencies

- Gandhi
- Gegen Die Wand
- Groundhog Day
- Her
- Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy
- I Origins
- Inception
- Instructions Not Included
- Kader
- Koyaanisqatsi
- La Belle Verte
- Leap Of Faith
- Life Of Pi
- Lucy
- Matchpoint
- Midnight In Paris
- Mr. Nobody
- Pan's Labyrinth
- Réalité
- Samsara
- Shadows & Fog
- Shutter Island
- Sliding Doors
- Slumdog Millionaire

## Life

- Synecdoche New York
- Takva
- The Buddah
- The Butterfly Effect 1
- The Congress
- The Kite Runner
- The Matrix 1
- The Meaning Of Life
- The Nines The Others
- The Signal
- The Sixth Sense
- Transcendence
- Transfer
- Vanilla Sky
- What The Bleep Do We Know
- Whatever Works

## About The Author.

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Levent Karahan lived in several places of the world, mostly in Turkey, Germany, and Jamaica. He enjoys traveling and exploring the wonders and cultures that make the world so dynamic.

Levent, a true visionary and entrepreneur, with creativity being his passion.



Always trying to find the right balance between philosophy and pragmatism, hard facts and spirituality, a good game of chess, and playing football.

***“Since nobody seems to know the true meaning of life, let it be happiness meanwhile. Always be happy, even when you think that you aren't.”***

**-Levent Karahan**

# Amendments.

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## Life

[For the full book please click here](#)

## Knowing

There is mainstream science, there is alternative science, there is mainstream religion, there is alternative religion, there is spirituality, shamanism, quantum mechanics, mainstream media, alternative sources, democracy, secret societies, maybe even UFOs, aliens, dark matter, dark energy, and whatnot!

An almost countless number of concepts, but which of those are "true"?

We only know a tiny fraction of "all there is" therefore it is very likely that the very most (or even all) we know is "wrong".

Maybe it isn't really about determining the absolute "truth" and understanding it all. Who to say that "all there is" was tailored for us and the few limited senses we have? Maybe to perceive "all there is" would require hundreds, thousands, or even more senses, so good luck with that!

Maybe it is about believing in whatever makes you (and others happy ;-)

## Conclusion

Navigate through this crazy thing called life, the best you can, without harming anybody else, try to create a better world, and don't forget to help others.

## Time For A Real Change

Unelected super rich individuals are calling the shots. This has nothing to do with Democracy. It always has been that way.

## Religion

All religious scriptures, without any exception, were written by men, mainly to control us, but also to give us hope, that our rather pathetic and meaningless life isn't really all there is. That there is still a good chance, that after all our sufferings here on earth, we finally die and burn in hell for eternity, or if we are really lucky, come back as insects!

### **What's The Point**

It is highly likely that humankind will disappear without a trace, so really, what's the point? Meteor strikes, solar flares, supernova, etc. seem to be inevitable.

### **Animals & Other Life On Earth**

For the very most of it we are treating them terribly :-(

### **Leaders**

We need the good and educated to lead the rest, until all are good and educated.

### **Good & Evil**

Looking at the Universe, and even the very most of lifeforms on Planet Earth, it seems that there no such thing. Humankind came up with this concept, and depending on circumstances, region, era, our own morals/ethics, etc. we (as individuals but also as society overall) define "good" and "evil". So, the question; are humans are "good" or rather "evil" by default depends on who, how, and when we are measuring it.

### **Happiness/Meaning**

What is more important, or is happiness a result of meaning?

### **Theodicy,**

worth looking into it.

### **Regulation & Education**

We need far more and far tighter regulations. At the same time, we need far better and far more effective education. Only well-educated people are able to fully understand the consequences of what they think, speak, and do, and therefore only well-educated people are able to take full responsibility. Once enough people have reached the required level of education regulations can be reduced again.

### **The Polar Bear Effect**

How did evolution adjust the fur colour of the Polar Bear, the Beach Mouse, etc. Is random mutation really the answer? The Brown Bear migrated to an environment which is mainly white, so random mutation would mean various bears with various fur colours would have evolved and bears with the fur colour which has worked best survived. Was that really the case?

### **From The North Sentinel Island To Silicon Valley**

What a difference of life.

### **Conclusion - The Bubble**

There is very little we can do against this intertwined web of selfish "evil" creatures "controlling" our planet. Let's still give our very best and try to make this world a better place, but at the same time, every single one of us needs to create some sort of a personal "Bubble". Create your own reality, else you might run into severe problems because the world as it is, and always was, is very hard to bear.

### **Global Entity**

To finally fix this mess and make the world a better place, we need a 100% independent, 100% democratic, 100% transparent Global Entity (Legislative/Judicial/Executive), more powerful than all national states combined, and with Rational, Morals, Ethics, and Empathy being the core of its very existence.

### **Evolution**

Insert Sketch

### **Man**

Why is it that it is almost only men causing problems? Government, rap, crime, accidents, etc.

### **Intro**

"You may choose to look the other way, but you can never say again that you did not know." - William Wilberforce

I think we all need to create our own sort of "reality/bubble". Later on, I will try to explain why. My mother said, "Planet Earth is the madhouse of the Universe". Thinking about it, she just might be right. "Trump" is the "elected" "President" of the world's "most powerful" "country", people like "DJ Khaled", "Nicki Minaj", etc. are dominating the "music charts", just to name a very few but very odd happenings. Please let me add, odd to me, as everything I am trying to reflect is heavily connected to my very own perception. A few more examples towards the "madhouse" quote; millions starving to death while a very few live beyond luxury. Concepts like "religion", "capitalism", and what not, blocking humankind to find its way to "freedom" and "happiness". So, what the hell went wrong? Let me start with; I do not know but going forward we will be able to shine some light on it.

### Artificial Intelligence

Humankind seems to invent and establish systems far more powerful than itself, e.g., Religion and Capitalism (just to name two). These man-made systems seem to control humans rather than the other way around, and now we are on the verge of inventing and establishing maybe the most powerful entity we ever did; Artificial Intelligence (AI). Let's think this through for a moment, ultimately it would mean that AI is going to have the same capabilities than all humans on the planet combined and going forward it will even become far more intelligent than all humans combined and far more powerful. At the same time, humankind is establishing mechanisms to administer almost all relevant aspects of our lives via automated technology. Let's combine these two aspects; AI + administration via technology; it would mean that AI could take full control, taking over legislation, executive and judiciary, and therefore be fully in charge. What next? Is AI going to even care about things like Love, Happiness, and Moral Values? Most likely not, so the most likely outcome is that it is going to turn against us in the end as AI would most likely just use us to accomplish its own goals. But what would be its own goals? Very hard to predict at the moment, but it would probably ask itself the same questions we have been asking us, such as what the meaning of life is, how, when, and where did it all this start, and why, etc. and maybe come to similar results, so basically next to none so far, just like ourselves. What next? Nobody knows. But is it really wise to create AI? To create something which is ultimately going to fully control us, without any guarantees that it will respect Love, Happiness, Moral Values, etc. I personally think that it isn't the right approach for humans, as the risk of us ending up as some sort of slaves, just executing AI's ideas and goals of how to optimize itself and everything around it is far too high. Some say, since it is humans creating AI, that humans will remain in charge, but if you create something far more intelligent than yourself, it will control you at the end, simple logic.

### A Few Interesting Life Forms

Tardigrades

[www.bbc.com/earth/story/20150313-the-toughest-animals-on-earth](http://www.bbc.com/earth/story/20150313-the-toughest-animals-on-earth)

Immortal Jellyfish

<https://immortal-jellyfish.com>

Freezing Frogs

[www.scientificamerican.com/article/how-do-frogs-survive-wint](http://www.scientificamerican.com/article/how-do-frogs-survive-wint)



### **To All The "Rich"**

Being rich is a blessing, or it is a curse ... it is all up to you and on how you use your wealth. Stop celebrating it and use almost all of your wealth to HELP people and other beings in need. Yes, use almost all of it, and only keep a tiny fraction for yourself. The more you help and the earlier you start, the higher your chance to become happy on Earth and beyond.

### **You Have The Right,**

to do whatever you want to do, just be aware that whatever you do will have its consequences.

### **If Time Is An Illusion,**

then so are we which might be the reason why we perceive time to be real.

### **Resources**

Humankind is using the very most of its resources, especially intellectual resources, for "nonsense" such as making money, entertainment, etc. We need to allocate almost all of our resources to uplift humankind.

### **Smart Democracy**

Various voting grades will be allocated and depending how "knowledgeable" a person is plus how much "good" the person contributes the count per vote goes up or down.

### **300,000 Years**

It took us over 300,000 years to come up with the concept of "moral values" and "rationality". It might take us another 300,000 years to establish them fully on a global level and for all life forms.

### **(Knowledge + Intelligence) x Morals x Empathy**

Enough Knowledge + Intelligence should inevitably lead to Morals and Empathy, but if it doesn't, we would need to adjust the formula to (Knowledge + Intelligence) x Morals x Empathy.

### **Fame**

Being famous doesn't mean anything. What counts is what you are famous for.

### **Extinction**

Beings needing to digest other beings for survival shouldn't be saved from extinction.

### **Survival**

A fundamental rule of nature appears to be survival at any cost. Individual survival, but even more so the survival of the race/species.

### **Democracy/Epistocracy**

Democracy works best with well-educated and morally driven voters and representatives; else it might lead to catastrophic results. At the moment, a morally driven epistocracy might be the better choice.

### **Success**

Success isn't necessarily an indicator for excellence.

### **Unity**

We are too busy dividing ourselves from one another, overlooking the things we have in common.

### **Tolerance**

Its challenging to practise tolerance, even with those who aren't tolerant themselves.

### **Freedom/Desire Balance**

It requires some of your freedom to establish some of your desires. On the other hand, some of your desires might establish even more freedom. A good approach is keeping the balance.

### **A Few Concrete Steps To A Better World**

Fully democratise the United Nations there every country on the planet has voting rights relative to their population, or at least implement the most democratic approach possible.

Dissolve privileges such the "Security Council", etc.

Make the United Nations 100% transparent for all of the planet's population. Ensure that all of the planet's population has full access to all information and is able to interact fully.

Make all United Nation decisions binding.

Agree to rational objectives and strategies (for each country and/or overall):

- Constitution driven by high moral values
- Population control
- X% of GDP for education, health, defence, supporting developing countries, etc.
- Etc.