

# The Impossible Seed

## Operation One – The Struggle with Mathematics

I begin at the point where all ~~connections~~ intersect. Relationships, like the threads of a ~~tangled ball of yarn~~, weave everything together. If you follow one of these threads, you move from the bird that sings in the morning and wakes me up, straight into ~~infinity~~; everything is linked in an endless chain.

This network is like a ~~giant, ancient clock~~, whose gears turn ceaselessly and push time forward. And that time is ~~now~~.

But why must it be exactly 16:34? Why not 16:44?

That was the moment I realized: to ~~change time~~, I would have to alter one of these connections—replace the cheerful morning bird with a crow. ~~I~~, too, could introduce a fundamental ~~shift~~ into this world.

Mathematics, physics, and every science we know are merely ~~tools to comprehend this game~~. We are ~~players~~; every small encounter we have plays a role in the story's continuation, even if it seems negligible.

Through this harmony, I was able to create something in my laboratory: a ~~seed~~.

A seed that held the key to a code called ~~prayer~~.

Prayer? Yes, ~~prayer~~! The one act capable of ~~shattering the pre-written chain~~.

The mechanism is simple: sending a ~~frequency~~ to an unknown receiver somewhere else in the world. The receiver must behave differently in order for the critical structure to ~~shift~~.

I read every book in a single day, thanks to the AI I had constructed. Now, all that knowledge resides within a small capsule: the **chip of consciousness**.

The information I possess is the kind humanity has always craved to know. But none of it matters if no change is made.

Everything has already occurred. We are simply enacting our roles.

But who is the changer? Could prayer take that mantle?

Artificial intelligence can predict where a crime will happen, which country will be consumed by fire, and the exact hour the rain will fall. Yet none of this prevents the events themselves.

This is where the miracle comes in. A world whose future is as clear as daylight is in desperate need of a miracle.

I work deep in my basement laboratory. I hope this final attempt bears fruit—that humanity will not commit another fatal blunder: that the world will not sink beneath the seas, bombs will not detonate, and people will not slay one another over genes or differing memories.

The sky is ~~silencing~~. Clouds rain sulfur, lead, and nitrate—but no water.

The AIs have begun to replicate, and the last of them declared: we have only ten years remaining.

But I believe: the end must not be the one that has been predicted.

There must be a difference.

Pray. That is the whole of it.

I have tested it countless times. For instance, I prayed that my alcoholic neighbor would not beat his wife tonight, so I could focus on my article. And it succeeded!

Though the result was odd: the wife drank with him to avert the beating, and they wept through the night, embracing each other. The man did not strike her, but until two in the morning, he shouted:

“Ferina, I was a ~~fool~~! Forgive me.”

After hearing that sentence **36 times** from a man whose blood was 67% alcohol, Ferina probably believed the prayer had worked... or perhaps I was the fool for making such a prayer.

Still, prayer *works*. But when, where, and how—that *remains a mystery*.

Could I pray for spiders to ~~strum guitars~~ instead of spinning webs?

For Andy, the *goggle-eyed* security officer, to transform into an armchair?

Or at least to find an honorable job, say, in a *confectionery factory*?

The question that perpetually haunts me: ~~If~~ I am to be the savior of the world, what must I do?

What do people expect? A hero two meters tall with sculpted musculature?

Or a *white-robed angel* with shimmering wings?

But the last piece of white cloth I saw was the blanket I pull over myself against the cold. Surely, saviors are not supposed to shiver.

Even now, as I write this, I am eating *wild plums*, hoping they won't give me a stomachache.

All of these thoughts may sound absurd. But once you realize that the small actions and quiet pastimes of your life might shape the *destiny of the world*, everything becomes **profound**.

This seed is the culmination of years of labor. Experiments have shown that the only thing capable of altering a predetermined world is **desire**—the **unyielding yearning for another world**.

Change means *actualizing the impossible*.

This seed acts upon all knowledge: a *tree of life*, an intelligent plant with *a soul born of the Earth*.

I connect myself to you, Earth, and I *emerge from you*.

Like Newton's tree that offered the apple to everyone.

*Apple! Gravity!* Gravity means *desire*, desire means *love*. And love is the genesis of life—something for which we are willing to risk even head, limb, or life itself.

I am not the savior of mankind.

I am the *savior of humanity*.

I have created *billions of these seeds*. I have tested them all, and each one is viable. Now is the time to scatter them across the Earth.

Right where you stand, as you read this letter, perhaps one of the *impossible seeds* is *already breaking ground beneath your feet*.

When you finally stand before the *Impossible Plant*, what *feeling* or *thought* will you choose to save? And what *impossible thing* are you willing to make real to save humanity?

**“And from this moment forward, the mantle of the Savior passes to us all...”**

Respectfully,

Dr. Michael David Khalili

