

Paradigm Shift



Dominic Vicharelli

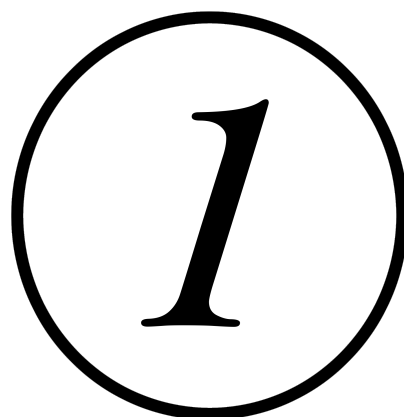
a note to the reader...

This text consists of three parts. I only ask one thing of you as you dive into this project of mine; please read them in the order I've presented them.

The rest, well, the rest is the rest.

Why don't you come in and take a look for yourselves? It's quite cozy in here.

Enjoy :)



A Problem

Ahh... the beginning. Where to begin, oh, where to begin. All big ideas start small I guess, so there's really only one place to start at; the beginning.

The beginning is difficult, because you don't know about me, and I don't know about you. You don't know what I'm like, and I don't know what you respond to. Your mind doesn't know if it should prepare for what I am about to say, or relax, and let any and all thoughts just come and go.

It's a hard spot, the beginning. And it's up to the author of the story to make this hard spot, well.. not so hard. So, in an attempt to ease this transition into a brand new relationship between your brain and mine, I'll start with something that we can all understand; a story related to each and every one of us.

I want to start with a story of the mind.

Building a Model

Let's say that one wanted to model how a human mind works—something that we all have and are able to understand. How should they go about it?

The mind is a complex piece of machinery, and any attempt to model how it works will have to account for such. But the more complex the model becomes, the greater the chance for there to be inaccuracies within it. And it seems as if our understanding of the human mind changes every decade, with the advancement of available technology introduced into our society at a rate never seen before, making the idea of creating a complex model even more convoluted.

But just because the mind works in a complex way doesn't necessarily mean that the model has to be complex as well. In fact, there's a very simple way to model how one might think about the functioning of a human mind, one that contains a minimal amount of components and terms. And it goes like this.

First, we start with a definition. The mind, what is it? The mind is an abstract sensation that continuously takes place—from the time of 4-5 years old, until the day that we die—in what we perceive to be somewhere in the front of our skulls. This sensation called the mind has the ability to do what we call “think”, and “remember”, and “compute”, and “imagine” and countless

of other abilities, to limitless possibility. With this vast range of capability, the idea of a simple model becomes even more enticing. So, how might one model it?

It starts with the building blocks. A building block; *a* thought.

A thought, any thought; the building block of everything else. A thought, defined to be anything that exists to any frame of reference, happening in the nonphysical. A thought, exemplified by the space that holds our weekly grocery lists, the space that remembers a loved one's upcoming birthday, and the space that visualizes the answer to $x - 3 = 0$.

Thoughts exist in spots. Different thoughts exist in different spots. Spots that are always changing and dynamic in size. The amount of spots depends on a lot. Genetics, health, environment, nurture, nature, the whole she-bang. Sometimes 3, sometimes 15, it really just depends.

Thoughts can be short-lived, thoughts can be long-lived. I can think about the outfit that I am going to wear tomorrow, just as well as grieve over the passing of a loved one. Thoughts can lead to any emotion, they can lead to any behavior. Thoughts can be benign, malicious, obsessive, invasive, painful, joyful, any combination of those, and so much more. But they always come and go, with some coming back.

There exists a natural ordering on these thoughts that enable us to talk and reason about them; the order in which we perceive them. Thoughts have an inherent ordering to the perception of the human mind; a one-two-three. First I see the car, then I see the chipped windshield, then I think about my own chipped windshield. A one-two-three, happening in a row, not all at once.

Thoughts, happening in the mind, with some order. A stream of thoughts, happening over time. A stream of thoughts presents something more than just an ordered set of building blocks, it represents data. Data for the mind in the form of ordered thoughts over time.

This mind of ours, super-intelligent as some might say, has the ability to do one very powerful thing in particular. It has the ability to recognize things that we call patterns given a set of data. A pattern is something that gives rise to predictability, usually in the form of repetition. Predictability as to what's to come. A system understood in the abstract by this super-intelligent mind; a predictable sequence of events that may be used for one's own advantage.

Patterns of thought; predictability in the sequence of building blocks. Patterns of thought about the mind, that exists within a mind—a space for the nonphysical. A mind that is picking up on patterns with the ordered set of behavior that is being produced by itself; learning from a meta pattern. This is what the first story of the trilogy is all about, a pattern of meta-patterns. One that some of you might find useful. In particular, a group of people that, in the twenty-first century, have been given the overarching label of “neurodivergent”; a term used to describe any one who strays away from the average.

In modern society, those that are deemed neurodivergent are given a bad rap; and, understandably so. On average, those that are neurodivergent are likely to experience a plethora of mental health issues, making them less than ideal workers of a functioning society. But, I have something else to say about

this group of people. And in order to do so, there's some setting up that I have to do.

So then... what pattern is it that I would like to discuss? Put simply, the pattern of obsessive thought. What is obsessive thought? The concept is best explained through an example rather than a definition.

Thoughts have an ordering, a one-two-three. What we call "normal" thought might look something like one-two-three, four-five-six, seven-eight. What we might call "limited" thought could look something like one-two, three-four, . . . three-four, four, four. What we might call "impaired" thought might look something like two-one-three, one-three, four, one-one-three, two. And finally, "obsessive" thought would look something like one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three.

Except, with obsessive thought patterns, one-two-three, one-two-three, time plays an important one-two-three role. Specifically, if we look one-two-three at what happens over one-two-three time, quickly, the full effect of one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three the obsessiveness is shown. And how much one-two-three of a disruptor it one-two-three, one-two-three is for everything else.

If one tries to let it go, one-two-three one-two-three one-two-three . . . one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, . . . one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, . one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, . . . one-two-three, . . . it never goes away. And if one-two-three you instead focus really one-two-three hard on one-two-three it, one-two-three, the one-two-three, more one-two-three, it one-two-three, seems, one-two-three one-two-three to one-two-three happen one-two-three, and one-two-three with one-two-three greater one-two-three, one-two-three, frequency.

This is what I define to be the problem. The problem of obsessive thought.

Here's a bold fucking claim... what if I told you that I solved this problem? That I solved the problem of obsessive thought. That I, some nobody from nowhere, solved a problem that's existed in psychiatry for the past couple of hundred years, at the ripe age of 24?

Would you call me crazy? Call me a liar? A bullshitter? Mentally ill? Or maybe, hopeful? Optimistic? Arrogant? Which bucket does your mind choose for me?

Before settling on a bucket just yet, I find it a bit unfair that the judgmental mind is so quick to find a bucket without it even hearing the argument, but, here we are, judgmental creatures and all. This solution that I claim to have, you don't have to just take my word for it. The solution that I propose is something that anyone with an internet connection can gain access to, and anyone who is not comatose can experiment with. No resources, no predispositions required. Just a channeling of focus on what I have to present here, for, what I aim to propose is a reliant method for one to change their own reality; a returning of the control of what modern society has ripped away from us.

But before getting on with this so called solution for those who want to hear what a madman has to say, it's important that I first finish building my model. Luckily for the ones getting bored, not to fret, for there is only one other aspect of the model that will be important for later on. The concept that I will refer to as grooves.

A groove is a pattern with the thoughts; predictability within a certain set of one-two-three's. A groove isn't just one instance of a one-two-three, it's the instance of a one-two-three happening over days, over months, over decades.

Grooves are carved out by repetition, enforced by habit. The more a series of thoughts takes place, the easier it is for them to be thought of again. Repetition strengthens grooves, and the amount of instances that a groove is entered into is a good indicator of the ease of future accessibility to think or act in that certain way again. The more that we are swayed in certain directions, the more likely we are to be swayed in those directions again.

Once a groove is born, its presence is known about; once and for always. The digging of a tunnel that is surely bound to be looked down again. But, being hand-wavy here is only going to get us so far, so luckily, I come equipped with examples.

Example 1; the work groove. Let's say that you live in a city. And in this city, you have a job. To get to this job, you have to take the bus, for you are not an automobile owner. But before you get on the bus to go to the job, the one in the city, you must eat a meal, for the calories are necessary to perform your job in a timely manner. But before you eat, you like to shower, to rinse off the night sweats you get from the nightly concoction you ingest to knock you out from the night before (ya know, from having to wake up to a 9-5 and all).

So every single day that you have to work, it's the same routine. Alarm clock goes off at 8:00, in the shower by 8:05, eating breakfast by 8:20, preparing self for 8 hours of torture at 8:45, catch the bus at the same stop every morning at exactly 8:57, ride the bus to work, spend work time thinking about work things, ride bus home after 8 hours, get home, eat, chill, sleep, repeat.

Like clockwork, the same set of events every single work day. Shower → eat → prep → bus → work → eat → work → bus → eat → rest. And every iteration of this sequence of events, a strengthening of the sequence of actions. Through the lens of this model, this presents a pattern with the building blocks; a groove. A groove that, by the nature of how it is defined, has both a trigger and an ending. A trigger of the sound of the alarm clock every morning, and a set length of time that ends upon getting back home from work.

A groove is simply this; a pattern with the thoughts in the spots, that is triggered by something and lasts for some long. Thinking about certain things, in a certain way; nothing more and nothing less.

Another example of a groove; the friend groove. We humans are social creatures. We interact with others, share experiences with others, grow in the presence of others. Despite us being social butterflies, we also have unique individuality. Things that separate us from every other living creature out

there. Asymmetries, handicaps, stylistic choices, and so much more, all coming together to create a unique instance of a human being.

When we spend time around others, a bit of our uniqueness is swapped for a bit of the uniqueness of others. And this is most noticeable when becoming friends with someone new. As the friendship develops, a few of their idiosyncrasies become your own, and vice-versa, some of their lingo becomes your own lingo, and vice-versa; a part of them becomes a part of you, and a part of you becomes a part of them.

Every time you are around each other, your mind prepares itself for the tomfoolery that is about to come. All of the jokes, all of the pranks, all of the shared good times, primed in the forefront of the mind, and activated as soon as their presence is near. And in this way, this pattern of thought fits into the definition of a groove; a pattern with the thoughts that has some trigger and lasts for a certain duration of time.

One last example to exemplify another aspect of grooves, and the subtleness of their full implications. For this example, I'll need to introduce a character; good ole' uncle Tommy. I was going to choose a female in order to fill the whole sexist cooking role thing that I plan to present, but then I thought to myself.. how about no? So uncle Tommy it is.

Uncle Tommy has no kids of his own, and, God forbidding, won't, any time soon. Let's just say that, uncle Tommy isn't one for sitting in on parenting 101 classes, or, life skills 101 classes, or even, how to take care of a fucking plant 101. He's a traditional Italian catholic with his only real skill sets being his ability to acquire cash and take care of his mother. But tonight, uncle Tommy has been tasked with babysitting your 6 year old ass while your parents have a night to themselves to hit the naked boogie.

Now, between you and me, uncle Tommy is a pretty shit cook. But he doesn't know that, and neither do you, you're just a kid. Nothing way out of the ordinary, just under-spiced, overcooked, low heat, burnt on one side, sort of a situation. He's cooked a variety of meals for you before, but on this one particular occasion, he has decided to tackle Brussels sprouts. Ah, the brave soul.

He cooks them as flavorless as possible. Straight out of the bag, freezer burnt, soggy, out-of-season, pesticide pumped, factory farmed Brussels sprouts that never had a chance in the first place, mind you, but a decree to the method he used nonetheless. You try uncle Tommy's world famous bagged plants, and, surprise surprise, they taste like shit.

You spit them out, throw your little tantrum, but get forced to eat them anyway by an uncle Tommy who thinks he's doing the right thing. You see if you can out-grudge him . . . you get out-grudged, eat the Brussels sprouts despite wanting to vomit the whole time, and begin your bout of pout. You finish dinner, brush your teeth, change into your pajamas, and the whole thing is forgotten about before cartoons at 8:00. But the effect that uncle Tommy has played on you is far from forgotten.

Now, we fast forward to your mid twenties. Haven't consumed a single Brussels sprout since leaving uncle Tommy's greasy, temporary nest for you

when you were a kid. On this particular night in the future, you get invited to go out to a fancy restaurant with a couple of friends for one of their birthdays.

Among the small talk that happens at the table, before everyone orders their meal, speculations as to what everyone is going to get bounce back and forth.

“Swordfish with lemongrass aioli or the mahi-mahi tacos with mango salsa?”

“The charcuterie board or the shrimp and crab bisque?”

“The spicy tuna roll or the wagyu beef with sautéed Brussels sprouts?”

The thought of uncle Tommy’s Brussels sprouts pop up in your memory. “Definitely not the Brussels sprouts, Brussels sprouts are disgusting.”

“What, no way! You have to try them at this restaurant, I hear that they make a mean Brussels sprout here.”

And, peer pressure, with the assistance of a couple of drinks in the system, win, and the Brussels sprouts are ordered. They’re brought out to the table, with trepidation being felt during the entire wait. But, you end up finding the (liquid) courage to break out of the invisible cage that uncle Tommy set forth on you when you were a child, and, as your brain prepares itself for the possibility of having to kill off previously learned neural connections and pathways, you try one.

Absolutely delicious. Sautéed in garlic infused olive oil on high heat to get a nice crisp on the outside, and seasonings galore that made it more closely resemble a sweet treat than that of a vegetable. And so, on that day, you find out that you actually love Brussels sprouts, and your perceived notion of not liking them solely came from being at the hands of a shit cook when you were younger. What else have you been lied to about?

An inactive groove of 20 years, completely disbanded in the matter of an instant; an interesting point that might be of particular use later on. A groove that had a trigger of being presented with the option of Brussels sprouts, and had an ending that was brought about in the presence of a competent chef.

Grooves exist until they don’t, with it often being the case that their endings are unforeseen. Repetition that exists until the last repetition, sometimes sneaking up to us in such a way that its presence is only known about after its effect has been played.

And with this, the full model is complete. One that comprises of just two parts; the building block, and the patterns with the building block.

With this in mind, the next step forward is to think about an average model. Surely, I’m not the only person that this model works for as a framework for thought and the mind and what have you, meaning that we can compare individual models to other individual models. Looking at all the models, an average presents itself; a clustering of like-behavior.

In this average, there are patterns that emerge that enable us to even call this group ‘an average’. What are some of those patterns? We see that, in the average, a couple of principles apply to the majority. To start, there exists bounds on activity in a specific time frame; e.g., those in the average can’t think

of everything they know all at once, and, no matter how tired or exhausted they are, they always possess the ability to focus on a bare minimum of one thing.

Secondly, in the average, it seems that thoughts move smoothly between one and the next. It's much more common to see one-two-three, four-five-six, seven-eight, nine-ten, than it is to see one-two-one-two, three, two-three, three-four, one-three-two-four. Going from one to two and from two to three is expected; anticipated. There is no hesitation when going from thought to thought, and why would there be, when it's always been this way?

Smooth transitions, bounded by above, and one other thing that is a distinct mark of the average. They experience relative emotional stability. Thoughts flow smoothly, and emotions do too. Abruptness of either only happens in infrequent occurrences. For those in the average, happiness is anticipated, felt, and reflected upon with the same smoothness that exists when switching back and forth between thoughts, only with the addition of more gradualism sprinkled in.

The average model is a happy model; a healthy brain. Thoughts, feelings, and experiences all come and go as they do, with little deliberation spent on them after-the-fact. For those in the average, they might not even realize that something outside of it exists. But alas, there's an entire group of people alive today that have been dishd a whole slew of labels for their known positions away from it. A group of people that have been given the overarching label of neurodivergent; those that stray from the average.

A Story About Joe

Now that you know a little bit more about me, without actually knowing anything new about me, I can get to the point of the first part of this three part text. Originally, I had planned to tell the story of Dominic Vicharelli in its fullest, and the story of how all of this came to be, but then, through the help of feedback, realized that a) no one gives a shit, especially in a society where TikTok exists, and b) I'm not good enough at story telling to get a bunch of strangers to hear me and my particular story. So, instead of me trying to tell my tale of triumph, I'll stick to what I know better; the explaining of a more relatable one.

There's been a whole bunch of narratives forced upon these so called neurodivergent folk, with a whole lot of them having some sort of negative connotation. Something along the lines of, those that are neurodivergent are less reliable as employees vs those that are in the average. Or, they are more emotionally sensitive than those in the average. Or, the depression and anxiety that they experience are essentially handicaps that must be accounted for, handicaps that don't have to be accounted for those in the average. In any

case, some reason as to why the neurodivergents aren't fit for the society that's been hijacked by those in the average. And so, classically, we are to believe that any stray from the average is unhealthy.

Because of this, one of the patterns that emerges when looking at this group of so called neurodivergents, is one that correlates people in this group with a high intake of pharmaceuticals. Staying away from causation, and sticking to correlation here, it's without a doubt apparent that someone who has been given a diagnosis that falls under the huge umbrella of neurodivergent is way more likely to be taking medication—either diagnosed or recreational—compared to those that fall in the average.

The story for this bunch of people is much different from the one told for those in the average. For, even if the never-ending grasp of society can be escaped momentarily, the pressures placed upon the outliers by the ones in the average must be eventually succumbed to. Pills are gulped, poison is sept, minds are ruined, and lives are lost.

The story for this group has common themes of depression, anxiety, and trauma, not ones of smoothness, continuity, and gradualism. Ones of hurt and ruggedness and survival, not of choice and luxury and lavishment. There are too many of these stories to hear. People upon people upon people that have spent the majority of their lives in endless suffering, with some of them ending just as horribly as they started. My story, the story of Dominic Vicharelli, is nothing more than a drop of water in an ocean of despair, all with similar themes throughout.

But my story has one unique element to it that props up my motivation behind wanting to share it with everybody; it's been my mission to spread a set of ideas in the same way that I found them: untouched by the average. In my story, the ending is quite different from any ending that I have heard of before.

In all of the stories that I have heard before, they all seem to end in one of three major ways. On one of the far ends of the spectrum, the villain of the story wins as the adversity is too challenging to overcome, and, in what we're told is a sad set of circumstances, a tortured soul is lost. On the other far end of this spectrum, healthy coping mechanisms are achieved and habituated enough to essentially null any signs of the previous symptoms that once caused so much damage. Or lastly, somewhere in the middle, where the problem is always present, but is managed to some extent.

But I have yet to hear of a position outside of this spectrum. That is, until I found one.

I wish to present another scenario that exists. One that isn't talked about in psychiatry offices, or family interventions, or even around buddies smoking a joint. A structured way of thinking that eradicates unwanted thoughts once and forever. A relabeling of a problem to something that becomes much less significant than a problem; one where it's solved once and forever.

But this is a loaded tale, the one of how to solve a problem as large as this one. And before I get to the punchline, I think it's important that we all get on the same page; the average and the non-average, that is. How do we achieve this? Through relatability.

Instead of using the same, seemingly powerful, yet somehow empty words that are commonly used to describe an experience of the non-average to one in the average—things like, *soul-sucking* depression, or *crippling* anxiety, or *chronic* fatigue—I want to share my experience by not sharing it at all. Instead, I will tell it through a fictional story. A story about a guy named Joe.

Meet Joe everyone. Joe, say hi.

“Hello everybody!”

Joe here is going to be the main character of the stage for the next little bit, hopefully aiding me in my endeavor of trying to relate a common experience of the non-average to the average, without them having to go through it for themselves. For those of you in the average, you might not have ever felt what it's been like to be something outside of it. Luckily for you guys, Joe here is going to demonstrate it for us. Joe is going to show us what it's like to go through a bout of depression.

Okay, so what are we in the story? We're just observers, observing Joe and his situation. We're observers, but not human ones. You and I? We're gods of time. Gods of time sent to study Joe so that we can report back to our supreme god boss, back in our mother universe. Why have we been sent to study Joe? That's not important right now. The only thing that matters right now is that we study Joe. And by watching Joe, this is what we see.

Every week, Joe goes to the store to get groceries. Joe isn't a picky eater, he mostly just sticks to the basics. He gets good produce, not too many processed foods, and a variety of meat and seafood. He shops with a visual scale in mind of quality vs price, and tries to get food that evens his scale to be right about in the middle.

Every week, he goes to the store to get groceries. In fact, he goes every Sunday. Every Sunday, he does groceries and laundry. Joe is a minimal man, and prefers to stick to just the essentials. And so, every single week, on every single Sunday, Joe goes to the grocery store to get the basics, and does his laundry when he gets back.

Something that used to take him half his day, Joe now does in just a couple of hours. The aisles of the grocery store have been memorized, the weekly grocery list has stabilized to the same repeating items, and he goes to the store during a time of day when traffic inside the store, and on the streets, is minimized.

But at some point, as does inevitably happens, some adversity hits Joe's life. Money becomes tighter, bills become higher; less comes in while everything else goes up. Not to worry though, Joe is a veteran when it comes to life's struggles, and knows how to handle himself through it. Compensations are made, adaptations are to be had, but, without fail, he does groceries and laundry every other Sunday.

Every other Sunday, groceries and laundry. But prices seem to keep going up, while wages seem to be going down, and so, as Joe's hand is forced, more work must be had. More work which leads to more stress which leads to more rest which leads to more work.

More time working and more time resting, but no matter what, groceries and laundry every other Sunday. Every other Sunday, without fail, groceries and laundry, every other Sunday. Less on groceries and less on laundry, but, he has yet to worry, because, every two weeks, he has yet to miss.

He works and rests and works and rests until he slips up on the rest, which turns a little rest into a whole lot of rest. More work and more rest and somehow even more work and somehow even more rest. This doesn't make sense... how is more work leading to even more work? How is more rest leading to needing even more rest? Something feels off. But, there's no time to think, for it's time to get back to work.

Purchase a treat, card declined? Card declined, but how? Must be not enough work. But where's the time? There's no more time for more work. It must come from somewhere else... it must come from the rest. Ah that's right, it's more work and less rest and more caffeine and bloodshot eyes are okay and pressures are succumbed to and load is to be carried; how could Joe be so silly to think otherwise?

More work and less rest, more stress and less recovery. Need more time working, need more time resting. Need more time working, need more time sleeping. Need more time working, need more time recovering. Need more time working, need more time working. But no matter what, groceries and laundry, on Sunday, every single month.

More work and less sleep and some eat and more work and shitty sleep and struggle to eat and calling in sick and now only sleeping and still not eating.

No more working, can't work, need sleep, too tired. Rest is needed and rest is to be had. Just a nap this one, repeating in Joe's skull as he quickly fades off to snoozing.

A pleasant dream, a break from the fatigue. Energy, boundless energy. Exploration, boundless exploration. Routes to be discovered, beasts to be examined, a new sandbox for endless categorization. Joy oh joy, boundless joy. What Joe wouldn't do to stay here fore-BEEP BEEP BEEP

Alarm clock going off, it's a time that makes Joe shake his head. How was it only that long, it felt like forever? Until Joe checks his phone and sees the date.

2 days. 2 days had passed. A 48 hour nap. A grumbling belly, a quivering chill, and nothing in the fridge for poor old Joe; must have been too much time resting, not enough time working.

8 missed calls, oh no, work is in danger. Worry, worry, worry, quick, quick, quick, call them back, explain the situation. No answer. Call again. No answer. Call again, no answer, leave voicemail.

Quickly prepare for work, go to work, compensate mistake of missing work with even more work. Ooh, that's it! More work, keep the pay. Just don't

let me lose work. And the offer gets accepted and thus is so; more work to compensate for not enough work.

More work, less sleep, more screen. More screen, more work, more screen, still hungry, but no matter what, a ride to the grocery store from Joe's roommate, once a month. Not always Sunday, and doesn't always line up with the laundry schedule, but it's the only way for him to make it to the store.

"Are you okay Joe, you don't look so good?" He's fine, tell them you're fine Joe! "I do my groceries and laundry every month. Once that goes away, then I'll know I'm not fine. But until then, I'm fine, I have to be. I have to work. Work so that I can rest so that I can work again, don't you understand?"

How could they understand? Not when they don't have this label. But I have this label, even the doctor said that I have this label, so I know it's true. Ugh, silly people and their ignorant minds, don't they know that this label exists? If only-BEEP BEEP BEEP-oop, shift is getting ready to start, time to get back to work."

More work and some sleep and more work and some sleep and some eat, and some earned time off, and Joe thinks to himself, you know what? I could be doing less. All the work and all the rest has payed off and I can finally do less. Relief is felt, the chair back squeaks, and a sip from the drink is finally had.

Joe makes a phone call, request in hand, smile on face. He gets patched through, a chance to speak his mind. And, upon his courage to take his health as a priority over work for once, he gets his expectations shattered as he's denied for a drop from full time to part time. Wait what, denied? Yeah, denied. There's not enough workers, not high enough wages, all requests for a drop in hours denied on the spot. And so it is to be.

More work and less eat and less sleep and more screen. More work and more cope, more work and more cope... why? For more work, of course.

More work and some eat and less sleep and onward and onward and onward, everyday, slowly ripping Joe's poor little soul apart layer by fragile layer.

More work and less rest, and more fatigue and more frustration, but definitely more fatigue. More work, no care for eat, barely sleep, adrenal fatigue, can't wait to sleep. But not quite yet, for there's more work to be had, more anxiety to be felt. Muscles that need to tighten, moods that aren't going to lighten.

Waiting for the fatigue to set in. Waiting for collapse to happen. More work and more waiting and more stress and more fatigue. More work and more waiting. Waiting, waiting, waiting, until... that's it! Enough! No more work! Only sleep. Compromises will be made, backs will be whipped, but first, rest will be had.

Rest is had, longer than a nap, for chronic fatigue won the battle that it was oh so very equipped to do so, and upon waking, it's a similar situation to the first. Missed calls and angry managers, but this time, with a permanent mark to the record that wasn't present before; a strike 1 and a strike 2.

But see, that's just the thing about chronic fatigue; it's chronic. It doesn't just go away with one good snooze, it's a habituated series of events; a groove.

And so it doesn't take long before Joe falls to the hand of the invisible once more, having to call in sick for a shift that he wasn't allowed to call in sick to before; strike 3.

Something that was motivated by his subconscious even though it was feared of by his conscious, Joe loses the one opportunity that was holding up his entire life. And so it is. No more work, way less eat, okay sleep, groceries and laundry *every* month fading into groceries and laundry *most* months.

No more work, way too tired, but somehow barely sleeping. That's weird, Joe thinks. Way more time, way more tired, but somehow less sleep. Peculiar indeed. Oh, but look, it's that time of month again. Time for groceries and la-card declined? Uh oh.

Can't work, too tired. Can't sleep, don't have work. What is to be done? Money from parents? No, not an option in Joe's case. Money from the government? On what grounds, "being too tired to work"? Money from a rich relative? Ha! For Joe to be so lucky. Which snaps Joe back to reality; uh oh.

Cope is consumed and options are stirred upon, and then, that's it! A plan! A plan from A to C with directions on getting from A to B and from B to C. Brilliant, time to get started on A.

All that has to be done is this thing that Joe's done before? Easy. He gives it a go.

Failed attempt

Huh, that's strange. He's done this before, plenty of times actually. Maybe if he just tries again.

Failed attempt

Huh. Maybe just try it a few more times and see if that works.

Failed attempt

Failed attempt*

Failed attempt*

"Ya know, if only—" Lights go off. Power bills past due.

No more heat, running low on food, behind on money, and soon, even without shelter. And, oh boy, Joe does not want to feel that cold winter air each and everyday without warmth. But unfortunately for Joe, the one piece of advice that rattles around in the hive mind of humans today of "Just try harder!" is useless to him. Joe has nothing left to give; he is chronically fatigued, biologically speaking just as much as mentally.

And so the days pass. Mail unattended to, voicemail box full, knocks on doors unanswered. Can't do any work, need more sleep.

Sleep and sleep and sleep and sleep, with some eat. With only some eat but somehow develop an ulcer? Peculiar as well. No matter, no time to think, only time to sleep.

More sleep and little eat and a check of the phone and holy shit 2 months have passed? Quick, check the mailbox and listen to the voicemails.

Services to be dropped, scores to be adjusted, and warnings turned to actions-taken. Joe has hit rock bottom; he has ruined relationships between friends by ignoring their communication, he has ruined his financial status in

today's modern society, and he has ruined his body which is in very poor physical shape with it bordering the line of malnourished... a rock bottom that he can't imagine getting any lower.

Joe has no option but to take the option even worse than the pre-determined-to-doom family "borrowing" and decided he must borrow from the greedy; the bank. Big bank; big money. The hand-shakers in suits sitting in cubicle offices playing the game of money in a fashion that hurts other participants; intentions of the transactions being far out of reach from the well-being of the people involved in them.

Joe is prey to these sharks, with very little concern of his well-being showing its way through any sort of their behavior. Joe owes a whole lot of his struggles to this group of predatory hunters living in today's concrete jungle, but that's a discussion for another time. The only thing that matters now is that groceries and laundry now happen with the help of a credit card. Splendid.

And so it goes. More sleep, more eat. Work is sought, not found.

More sleep and some eat. Work is sought, work is not found.

Bills are due. Weather is getting colder. Work is sought, but can't even be bought.

More is sleep, less is eat, more is stress, less is time. Mind is racing. Racing, racing, racing. All of the sudden, very stressed, oh no, very very stressed. Heart rate is up, heart rate is up up up, oh no oh no oh no, here we go, heart rate is up up up, uh oh, very stressed, just breathe, just breathe, just breathe, heart rate is up and breathing is fast and heart rate is up and breathing is fast and oh no what do I do, oh no, oh no, oh no, what do I do, what do I do, quick, someone help me, what do I do??

Heart rate is up and breathing is fast and part of the mind tries convincing the other dying part that things are going to be okay, you just have to breathe, but things aren't going to be okay, things are far from okay. And without money, support, nourishment, sleep, or material assets, things aren't going to get better anytime soon. In fact, worse even.

The dire thought of this, this feeling of not being able to catch your own breath over a situation that was no more than simply thought its way into, is a scary thought for Joe to experience to say the least. But so it goes. Breathing gets erratic, heart rate is through the roof, Joe is on the verge of something very bad happening to him, until... it does. Something happens. A breakdown. A pit of despair lower than what he was even able to conceive of as being possible before taking a swimming in it for his own. A feeling so raw and vulnerable and terrifying for a human being to experience; a shattering of a glass floor, only to be left screaming in free-fall with nothing to grab onto.

And so rest is needed. And rest is had. And when Joe rests, he has time to think. Time to think about what, all the ways that he can work his way out of this putrid hole that he's in? If only his circumstances were that giving. No, instead, he's had time to think about what a shitty human being he is for making the shitty choices that brought him to this point. He thinks about all the effort that he put into something that was off in a direction that didn't pan

out to anything, or all the energy that he didn't put into the things he knew could've.

He thinks about how getting out of his situation now is going to be similar to trying to run up a muddy hill in the rain, and how he has no energy to even get himself to get to the beginning of the hill. He thinks about all the monkeys in suits at the top of the hill, under shelter, drinking champagne as they watch peasants try to climb it for their own enjoyment.

He thinks about a lot, and this thinking takes a toll on him. You see, there's an aspect of the behavior that his mind is exhibiting that's much more permanent than the moment that it is exhibiting it in. As Joe goes through this process of self-doubt and shame and guilt and the sort, he builds the grooves associated with negative self-talk. Over time, as these grooves get dug, so to speak, the likeliness that they are visited again increases. Abiding by the way that grooves were introduced, the more that he thinks about those certain things in those certain ways, the more likely he is to do so again.

The real damage of going through this sort of mental adversity isn't related to the bruises, or even the scars that come with it. The real damage comes from the digging of a groove that didn't exist before going through that experience, that now has the potential to last for a lifetime even if it's never visited again. And the longer that the adversity is endured, the more that that groove gets dug.

Except in the extreme cases, majorly depressed people don't kill themselves. It takes too much energy. And with chronic fatigue being a huge burden, everything becomes one. But people getting out of depression? Then there's danger. Because as soon as any adversity is felt again, no matter how small, the mind defaults to the groove that it knows the best; the one that it most recently accessed in a similar situation. In the case of a deeply dug groove that's associated with negative self talk, small adversity can lead to drastically bad mental states almost immediately.

But enough thinking, there's no more time to think, it's time to get back to surviving.

Health is better, not much better. Mind is bad, very bad. Something has to change. And there's one very easy change for less than \$20 a month (with insurance). Pills. Anti-depressants. SSRI's, SNRI's, anxiolytics, tranquilizers, stabilizers, day meds, mid meds, evening meds, sleep meds; whatever you need, they got. And so it is to be had.

More sleep and more pills and more sleep and *way* more eat.

More sleep, more worry, more pills, more sleep, more eat.

More worries, more reasons to worry. No money, no heat, no job, no health. More pills, more serotonin, *l e s s* of a worry. And so it's learned; more pills, less worry.

Weather gets colder, way more eat, way more sleep, still no heat. Cold days and cold nights, short days and long nights. Job becomes more important than food for Joe; he needs heat.

Standards are lowered, and with pills now serving as the backbone of what little energy is created for Joe, work is sought, and an immediate pickings job

is finally caught. Shitty work, bullshit pay, but being a warm slave is better than being a cold one.

Work is had, heat is bought, work is had, food is bought.

More work, more cope, more sleep. Did he take his meds this morning? Better take some again just to be sure.

More sleep, more eat, more cope, more sleep.

And when the day rolls back around for Joe to go back to work, as he's putting on his boots, he stops in his tracks. In just a single moment, Joe has an experience that spans over years in his perception.

Joe has a flashback of doing the exact same thing that he's doing now, and the path that it lead him down. He remembers more work and less rest, and he remembers chronic fatigue and a stagnating mind. He's in the middle of tying his boots and as he's having this powerful sequence of thoughts, he can't physically get himself to finish tying his boots. When he snaps back to being present in the moment, he's stuck. He can't bring himself to finish tying his boots because he knows of exactly what comes after. The pain, the misery, the suffering, all from an experience that he used to be able to brush off so promptly.

He can't do it, he won't do it. He checks his phone, another few precious minutes gone. If he's going to do something he has to do it now. He's crouching here, stuck, staring at his shoe, experiencing a post epiphany hormone wave, thinking about how he has to go stand in the same spot for 8 hours and flip burgers and fry potato clippings, or sit in the same spot for 8 hours and punch keys and read emails, or whatever it is that's so mind numbingly basic of an activity set that he has to do for 8 hours at a time, with a 30 minute lunch in-between.

He checks his phone again. 2 minutes before he's going to miss the bus. And he already has to sprint to make it. Too late, right? He should just call in? Attempt after attempt of justifying why he should just make a move to get out of work, but ultimately, the decision is out of Joe's hands, for the biology of his state will have the final say.

1 minute. Fuck. Are we really doing this? We're really doing this. Fuck.

Off in a sprint, Joe jumps out of bed as quickly as his crippled nervous system will let him, to get dressed and groomed and ready for work in the matter of just a few seconds. He sprints out the door, having just been curled up under his comforter less than 30 seconds ago, in order to sprint to catch the bus. And after he barely catches it, he's hardly able to breathe a sigh of relief, for his mind can't help but envision what the next 8 hours of his time is going to look like; misery.

Joe gets to work, body and mind feeling like they've already worked for 16 hours, and now is expected to perform in the presence of others on some task that means nothing at all, but at the same time, somehow everything there is—to his manager that is—with rest only able to be taken at predetermined intervals. That's four 2 hour blocks at the very least.

Now, 2 hours to someone in the average might not seem like it's all that big of a deal. But, as someone who lives in the non-average, let me step in for Joe

here and say that 2 hours can feel like a lifetime when energy levels are in the negative and sleep and diet are right there alongside of it. Imagine a 2 hour ice bath, or a 2 hour scavenger hunt to find something where someone's life is on the line if you don't. Time is relative; and to the exhausted subset, time is *l o n g*.

Joe suffers through his four 2 hour chunks by suffering through eight 1 hour chunks by suffering through thirty-two 15 minute chunks, by suffering through four hundred and eighty 1 minute chunks. As hard as every second is to get through, Joe knows that he can make it by the minute. And so he does.

More work, and need sleep, shitty eat, only here for heat.

And as Joe suffers through his blocks of misery, he begins to think again. He begins to think about the ones with the power, and what sets them apart from the ones without it. A clarity of thought fueled only by a glowing rage of frustration and anger towards the misery that he must endure as he watches the clock tick by the minute to rest his heavily fatigued nervous system.

He thinks about how he belongs to a group of people that are being herd like cattle by another, much smaller group of people, and how this upsets him. And how his life doesn't have to be this way, slaving away his time only to make enough money to slave away more of his time. He thinks about a balanced world, one at equilibrium with its own set of ecosystems, and how this image is being torn apart and burned by the greedy. And-BEEP BEEP BEEP-ohp, break's over, time to get back to suffering; thinking isn't rewarded here.

Joe reaches into his pocket to pop another anxiolytic to cope with his existence, and as he's pulling the pill bottle out of his pocket, his heart drops. He looks up with eyes wide and starts to breathe heavily. His worst nightmare. His pill bottle is empty.

Oh no, oh no, oh no, fuck, fuck, fuck. What am I going to do, I completely forgot to get this refilled, fuck, what am I going to do? I can't go without this right now, fuck, this is bad. Oh no, oh no, oh no, here we go again, oh no, oh no oh no, fuck.

Heart rate is up, way up, pupils are heavily dilated; sweating from the face, muscles activated, and a nervous system that is prepared for disaster, Joe is having his second panic attack. Except this time, it's at work.

Joe falls to his knees, trying to catch his breath so he doesn't die, heart rate going back and forth between 150bpm+ and 35bpm+. Upon seeing Joe fighting for his existence, his coworkers are forced to call an ambulance.

Joe wakes up in a hospital bed and leaves the same day with newfound damage to his reputation, his mental health, and, most importantly, his wallet (Go USA!). On his feet, but looks as if he shouldn't, Joe shuffles his way home with time off of work to rest and recover.

And so it goes. Sleep is more, pills are more. Sleep is less, pills are more. Sleep is even less, pills at the most, eat is no, stress is up, what day is it again? Headaches are yes, cope is maxed, tobacco is new, caffeine, you too.

Joe slowly spends his time falling further and further down a pit that he will feel to its fullest in not too much longer. At some point, the now doubled

down, chronic fatigue catches up to him, and his hand is forced to take the drastic route. It's time to call his grandma-ma.

Broke, job-less, credit card debt, medical debt, and addicted to SSRIs, benzos, tobacco, and a handful of other mild recreational drugs, the true damage is still the one done behind the scenes. With the process of shattering glass floors, the consequence for all the next iterations of falling is that, next time, Joe doesn't stop at the layers that he once did before. He goes all the way to the new bottom. And so every time Joe is faced with more adversity, this is how it goes. A tunnel that leads to the same spot that it just did lead to last time, except, this time, dug just a little bit further. The bottom, just a little bit lower, and the tunnel, just a little bit wider. By workings of the mind, Joe is forced to now feel the full effect of his negative experiences upon every new instance of any little thing that sets him off towards a downward spiral.

And being in such a fatigued, vulnerable, raw state, Joe is very excitable, for his nervous system is constantly unhinged. So how does Joe cope with the shitty state that he's found himself in, when he's already coped-out? Simple, he ups his dosage.

At home with grandma-ma, Joe takes his time trying to recover from something that becomes increasingly harder to do as the days pass him by. He goes to up his SSRI dosage and receives news that triggers him on yet another downward spiral... "We can't go any higher. Doing so would be too dangerous for your health."

Oh fuck. You thought not having pills in a moment was bad? Try getting told that they can't give you anything stronger. The effects of this permeate through Joe's soul as if he just received news of a loved one passing. Joe is now forced to cope in the exact way that was trained out of him by ingesting a prescribed pill every 24 hours. He doesn't know how to go about dealing with more stress in a way that doesn't involve taking more pills.

For Joe, less is sleep, and more is frustration, and some is eat, all while on borrowed time on his grandma-ma's couch.

Eventually, the less sleep and shitty eat catch up to him and he acts out in a way that also makes his grandma-ma responsible—both monetarily and emotionally. A stupid stunt that lands Joe in the hospital yet again, his grandma gets called there to pick him up; acute alcohol poisoning that demanded a stomach pumping.

And as Joe is laying awake in the hospital bed, waiting to have to explain his situation of being "too tired" that's causing him to act out, to an old lady who carved her own path from nothing, through the great depression and world war, he feels an extreme amount of guilt and regret for getting his innocent grandma-ma involved with his bullshit. It pains him, but not enough to find the energy to get up and do the actions required to start getting healthier.

But it does pain him enough to begin his coping before she gets there. He looks around for his benzos that he's been popping like jolly ranchers, but they seem to be no where around.

"Nurse?"

"Yes?"

"Where is my Xanax? I've been taking Xanax for the past X months, I need my Xanax."

"I'm sorry, but we can't give you that. You're going to have to wait to speak to the doctor."

"Can't give me that? Oh boy, one of us is about to be in serious trouble."

Joe tries explaining simply... "Look, if I don't get my Xanax, we're going to have a problem. I will start going through withdrawal. No one here wants to see me go through withdrawal."

"Look, I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do for you. You'll just have to wait."

Oh fuck, here we go again.

Joe begins acting out, seriously acting out, enough so to where the guards are called. But Joe here is a sturdy man, and when he's fueled by rage de withdrawal, it takes more than just a couple of pesky security guards to hold him down. The cops are called, and as they show up, at about the exact same time, Joe's grandma arrives at the hospital to pick him up.

Joe's grandma gets the pleasure of watching the spawn of her own spawn go through a fit that no parent should have to see *any* child go through—much less any human. Joe is thrashing and flailing and screaming and trying to do anything to subside the pain from the rift that is beginning to form and tear apart deep inside his body. In the car, Joe's grandma was planning on the talk that she was going to give to Joe during the car ride back to try and help him get his life back on track. Now, she's thinking about if she has enough liquidity to bail Joe out of county jail if need be.

Joe, on the other hand, is going through a process so painful that it can induce suicide, and is now being put behind a set of bars so that he can suffer on cold concrete for being the pesky degenerate that he is, of course. He's being shoved into the back of the cop car, screaming and spitting and cursing, while Joe's poor, innocent grandma is having an officer explain to her how she can go visit him and bail him out, if need be; all with tears in her eyes and a part of her soul, tainted forever, having to see the boss fight that is cops trying to detain a drug user going through withdrawal.

Joe, in the back of the cop car, is now in a story that no longer favors the main character. If we analyze Joe's state, we see just how bad it actually is. Besides the obvious things like no money, no job, lots of debt, mental disease, and now, going to jail, there's even more goodies packed within for lucky ole Joe.

On top of all of that, Joe has developed serotonin syndrome on top of his already existing depression. Just thinking about this combination of symptoms makes me want to kill myself. That is a reduction upon a reduction of a very much needed neurotransmitter and hormone, one that affects mood no less. By fueling into the never-ending cycle of consuming more of a cope that was only meant to be a band-aid, Joe's endocrine system is what pays the final price.

Serotonin syndrome isn't like the common cold; it doesn't come and go in the matter of a couple of days. Serotonin syndrome is something that gets developed over the course of months and months and months (except in the

case of molly or ecstasy, or the similar, acute sort), and likewise, is something that is gotten out of over the course of months and months and months. Maybe as I might convince some of you later, the body works in a very gradual fashion, with buildup for certain diseases happening long before the chink in the armor is actually shown.

So before Joe is even able to function as a human being on his own, he has to deal with the situation that is his maxed out medication vs his serotonin withdrawal, essentially; the first only being something that delays the second. So, before he even considers finding another minimum wage job and eating better and sleeping better and taking less drugs and living a healthier life, he needs to get to the point where he feels comfortable being able to wipe shit from his own asshole; a process that, in his case, is going to take at least a few months, but, more likely closer to a year.

When thinking about the length of time it's going to take for Joe to "pull himself up by his own bootstraps", it's enormous. Joe somehow has to figure out this beast of a monster of mental dysfunction, and has to figure out a consistent way to stop him from wanting to crawl up under a blanket all day. He thinks about the years that it's going to take him working bullshit jobs and climbing bullshit ladders, all for bullshit pay, and how, during this whole time, his body and mind are going to constantly feel like they're on the verge of shutting down on themselves, and Joe has a hard time seeing the good in his life for the next couple of years at the very least.

For now, during the entire process that Joe fights for his life as he climbs out of this very deep hole that he has dug himself into, every single setback that he experiences on his journey out is going to be akin to falling to the same level as the times that it was the worst. The precedence of the bottom has been set to the absolute lowest one he has ever felt, and for Joe, this is pretty damn low.

Years and years of climbing a muddy hill, just for every single slip to send you to the very bottom of the hill; how depressing of a scenario. And, of course, this is all on top of a situation where chronic fatigue is still a factor, and energy levels are at all time lows. The body is doing nothing more than trying to recover its damaged systems with the little nutrition that it's getting, combined with the poor quality of sleep that it's also getting, making the process even more cumbersome.

As Joe thinks of all of this in the back of this cop car, it sets off the beginning of another panic attack. Except, this one is immediately too much for his taxed physiology to handle, and he passes out. His body goes into rapid recovery mode, and after just a short while, he's woken up by the dong of the church bell that the cop car he is in is passing, marking the passing of midnight.

And as he hears this church bell ring, he's struck with a very powerful memory. Joe is snapped back in time, to when he was doing his groceries and laundry, every week on Sunday. Oh how stable that time was; how predictable everything was that came and went. Joe longs for such a time. He snaps back to being present in the cop car as they hit a bump, and he gets hit with a wave of sadness and nostalgia.

How he wishes he could go back, before all the pills, before all the medical debt, before he was forced to get a credit card, to when his only worries were which of the routes was the fastest on the way to the store every week. He thinks about the thousands that he's down, what it's going to do to his grandma, and if she's even going to let him live with her again or if he'll have to find a shelter.

And then, Joe has a thought that he's never had before. One that gives him hope, but because it gives him hope, it also unsettles him. Joe realizes something that's very scary for the novice mind... he realizes that his situation would be much better off if he was dead.

He realizes that he can skip the years of hard work and pain and suffering and misery to himself and his poor grandma-ma by just putting an end to it now. That he doesn't have to go through the whole process of getting better if he just nips it in the bud to begin with.

As he has these thoughts, it's going to be very natural for an instinctual part of the brain to bring the mind back to reality. Whether it be a memory, or a relationship, or some love of something, something will be done to pull the soul back to the light once this initially happens.

But unfortunately for Joe, this isn't an isolated occurrence. Because now, now that this thought has been had, oh boy, is there danger to be had.

Every single time that Joe comes across adversity when climbing this muddy hill and all—a moment that will occur quite frequently—his mind is going to default to the groove that it just carved out most recently. The one that tells him that his life would be much better off if he was to end it. Upon every failure, upon every setback, the first line of defense: suicidal ideation.

Years and years of having to fight adversity head on, feeling shitty the whole time you do it, and having thoughts of suicide every single time you make a tiny mistake, mistakes that are doomed to happen—constantly so—feeling misery and pain with every step, even with the ones not taken; can you imagine the feeling of this scenario? The pain that this could bring to a tortured soul?

Joe sits with the fact that he's going to get no vacation from himself for so many months to come; no break from the hopeless pre frontal cortex that just wants to be heard. An internal storm, trying to be rectified by spoon-fed serotonin, one that doesn't pass upon simply waking up to a new day. Worse than nightmares, worse than headaches, worse than fatigue, as it is all of these and more, and doesn't pass with chance, not even with luck. This, this feeling, of hopelessness combined with suicidal ideation, this is what depression is. And, for those of you in the non-average, for the ones who will never feel it... you have been blessed by a God that I don't even believe in to have gone through a life without ever feeling this feeling.

This feeling isn't one that comes and goes like all other feelings. It's an all encompassing darkness that culminates in silence, slowly tearing apart someone's life piece by piece, as they actively watch themselves become a shell of the person that they once were.

This is not a disease that plays its role and then goes away. It's one that morphs to the role until it becomes the role. It's a demon of a beast that only exists in the shadows of one's reality until it has found its way to completely envelope their entire physical and mental being, at which point it latches on with a bite that doesn't miss. Scary enough to get people to think about suicide, and painful enough to get them actually do it.

Depression is a unique son of a bitch because it has a couple of things working for it that make it quite the effective disease. For one, similar to that of cancer, it's one's own body against itself. Except, instead of just having the body to deal with, the mind gets involved as well. No bacteria to kill, no tumor to take out, no problem to rid. Just a body that's fighting to stay afloat, and a mind that is under so much siege that it's willing to take the final option, the one that goes against every instinctual gene in its body, just to stop the madness.

This alone makes it quite effective, but it also compounds any negative experience had, since this disease gets the mind working for it as well. Any sort of negative experience gets reflected back upon, and ultimately leads to anxious thoughts relating to the behavior that was seemingly chosen. Thoughts of things like, "why didn't I do it this way?", or, "I should've done this instead of that".

Combining with this, depression also cripples the action required to get rid of it. When one gets a bacteria infection, or a virus infection, or something of the sort, once the initial contamination is over, there's no further action taken by the pathogen to prevent someone from getting the care that they need. We have yet to come across a pathogen of this sort, one where, for example, the scope of helpful medication becomes narrower as the days pass from initial infection. The pathogen isn't crippling the system needed to rid the pathogen, only the system that is hosting it.

But not with depression. Getting out of depression takes months and months and months of deliberate effort set on creating healthy life habits. Those months and months and months take energy. A whole lot of it. That energy requires the flow of hormones and neurotransmitters, and the use of the central nervous system and the endocrine system; all systems that become crippled by the tight grip of depression.

There's no shot or pill or drug that you can take to get out of depression. Even psychiatrists will tell you that anti-depressants aren't the golden bullet; it's what they allow one to do to their own life that allows for change. It takes consistent and deliberate work from a crippled system in order for one to change their state to something other than depression, something that only gets harder the more time that passes. Work that can't come from anyone else, no matter how much we wish we could share the burden with those that are constantly hurting.

On top of all of this, even if the depression is to be defeated, it's mark in the form of an undiggable groove has the potential to last for a lifetime. Meaning that, if you are a person who is predisposed to facing more adversity than someone in the average, it's much more likely that the speed at which you

reach your lowest of lows will increase upon every instance of you thinking in that way. As they say, what's dug can't be un-dug, son; and you better believe that the mind will have a very hard time forgetting about such a substantial experience.

It is quite the beast, and any attempt to downplay its ferocity is ignorance to what it can truly do to a human being. Currently, our best solution to fighting such a disease is a masking of the pain by playing god with our endocrine systems—an already godly creation—to distract from the feeling that one is living their life under a wet blanket, armed with the knowledge that they will be for quite some time. A massive oversimplification of a massively complex system, with our best train of thought being something along the lines of, serotonin leads to happy, so more serotonin leads to more happy. A band-aid at best.

Depression presents a complicated problem. One that I believe has a very simple solution. In a world where we go back to living in the environments that we were bred from, living in the best way that we knew how, depression is not something that commonly exists. In a world where we live off the land, by the land, for the land, instead of taking it all into our own hands, cases of depression would be few and far between.

The problem is complicated. The solution is not. But we will never have the solution. At least, not any time soon. Because there seems to be some attachment to the idea that human progress is linear and unidirectional, and how, going against the grain of progress is akin to de-evolving as a species. Those of us who want it so bad, who need it so bad, will never get it, for the hands of the vile, greedy few at the top are vile enough to keep us from having it.

Because of how simple I claim the solution to depression is, it is not the problem that this first story is revolved around. Because, in short, we can easily solve depression by introducing a natural, from the land, for the land diet, with 8 hours of sleep on a circadian rhythm and daily exercise, and a responsibility within a tribal-like setting—one rich with social connection and bonding. So simple, anyone can do it.

What I mean to say is that the theory behind solving a problem as complex as depression isn't actually all that complex. In a world where we live so far off from the conditions that made us, it's easy to speculate that, hmm, maybe it's sitting in a chair for 8 hours a day, and staring at screens for 14 hours a day, and consuming any mix of seed oils, refined sugars, pesticide sprayed flour as the main constituents of our diets, and scrolling endlessly on social media feeds, and living alone and separate from our families and friends, and lack of exercise, and everything else that is making us all collectively feel like shit. Not the medication that's not being taken, but nevertheless is being advertised to us on TV in between downs of watching our favorite football team play. And the antidepressants that are gulped are effective enough to keep people from killing themselves, so we collectively shift our attention to more pressing matters at hand; like whether the dress is blue or gold.

But I did have to start somewhere to get those in the non-average acquainted with a different reality. One where time isn't spent choosing between

options, but instead surviving as the only one. No, the problem that I wish to talk about is a related one, but a different one entirely. And to understand this problem, it's best if we shift our attention back to Joe.

There's a reason that you and I, gods of time if you remember, have chosen to study Joe. You see, our situation is a little bit different from that of Joe.

Off in another universe, you and I belong to a unique race of gods; ones that can control time. Forward, backward, we control it all at the snap of our fingers. We live amongst other gods of time, off in an ethereal cloud made up of the same stuff that heaven is. And amongst our species, or more particularly, our local tribes, there exists dominance hierarchies similar to the ones that we observe on the planet Earth. You and I exist somewhere in the middle of this hierarchy, taking orders from the *B1supremeB2* gods of time, and then taking orders from the gods of the gods of time.

You and I are trying to get our wings, the ones that will promote us to being supreme gods of time, thus unlocking a whole new range of capability and power. In order to do so, our supreme god above us has given us a list of problems to solve. If we manage to solve all of the problems on the list, we get our wings. For, in this universe of ours, the only currency is knowledge. If we can all go back and forward in time freely, visiting other universes and timelines as we please, anything of material becomes worthless for its accumulation can easily be had by any of the gods.

But knowledge is different. Because even though these gods can travel anywhere and any-when they want, finding specific knowledge still requires that they observe the *right* places at the *right* times. And so, if we are able to find solutions to the problems we've been given, by either crafting the results we need with direct influence, or by finding the moment in time that produces them naturally, we give our supreme god above us a leg up, so that he can work his way towards being a god of the gods of time.

You and I have chosen to study Joe because we believe that he is going to help us solve one of the problems on our list. You see, there is a part to Joe's story that I didn't give on the first go around that was crucial to understanding the downfall of Joe's life into the pits of depression. Joe has a predisposition; a very important one.

Whether it be an uncontrollable looping neuronal network, or an unstoppable endocrine disruptor, or a learned personality disorder, or simply a maladaptive thought pattern, Joe has a predisposition to becoming depressed. More so than someone who fits into the average model. Joe is what you might call a stray from the average.

Joe's predisposition to experiencing such a disease manifests very directly into his day-to-day behavior in a way that is related to the problem that you and I must solve. In fact, Joe suffers from the exact problem that you and I must solve. The problem of the obsessive thought pattern in the human brain.

Defining what the obsessive thought pattern is can be a little tricky, but luckily for us, we have a model that we can use to define it from. Obsessive

thought is used to refer to a pattern of behavior that happens consistently over time with little variation from a mean, one where there exists a looping pattern of the thoughts in the spots. Or, put another way, a predisposition to creating grooves at a faster rate than someone with non-obsessive thought.

This chronic repetition of thought in the human brain proves to be one of mystery to our community of gods, one with a bounty in the form of an increase in godly reputation to whoever may solve it. And we have chosen Joe to be our subject of study, for better or for worse, for Joe's sake.

You and I, we knew that Joe was going to become depressed way before it happened. In the process of looking at different humans to pick who to study from, a lot of time was spent studying a wide variety of creatures—and their circumstances—before a selection was made on Joe. During that process, a lot was learned on the patterns that exist within the human race; and more particularly, the patterns that emerge from humans that experience a chronic case of obsessive thought.

We've seen case after case of people fall to the throes of depression, the ones who experience the obsessive thoughts, way more often than those that exist in the average. There's something about the either physical (with neurons) or nonphysical (with something we don't fully understand) looping pattern that correlates heavily to neurological distress, leading into physical distress. A correlation that we can't help but pick up on as we look through the library of lives.

We stopped particularly on Joe because, well for one, we wanted time to study this problem out in the wild before narrowing our selection onto a particular case, but more importantly, we stopped on Joe because he possesses a characteristic that is perfect for testing the plan. My plan. My plan on how you and I are going to solve the problem of obsessive thought.

Joe has a very poor memory. Not a case of dementia, but much more likely to be a case of an underdeveloped brain region related to long term memory (his mom was a drinker). But as to the exact cause and reason why, they're unimportant. All we care about is the fact that he has a hard time remembering things in the long term, but is still able to function on a day to day basis just like anyone else (maybe except for a few bumps along the way).

It's perfect for execution of my plan; you're going to love it. I think it might be the one that gets us to solve this problem so that we can go on to get our wings. And if it works, drinks on you afterwards. What it is you ask? Well, why don't I just show you in action instead of telling you. Let's go introduce ourselves to Joe.

We spawn in front of Joe, at the period of time picking up right where the depression story ended, with Joe in a very poor physical and mental shape. We make ourselves visible to Joe as floating clouds of glowing dust and speak to him in the friendliest tone a god of time can have with a mere earthling.

"Hello Joe. No need to worry, we come in peace. Allow us to introduce ourselves. We are gods of time, coming from a distant universe that is unknown to you. We are all powerful, all capable, merciful gods that have come to discuss something with you."

Joe is clearly shaken but eventually pulls himself together and is attentive to what we have to say.

“We have a gift to offer you Joe. But this gift doesn’t come for free; it comes with a price. The price of time. You see, you won’t receive this gift until after we are done with our work together, something that might take a long time. As much as we wish we could give you the gift upfront, we’re afraid that this just isn’t possible. So Joe, what do you say, do you decide to work for us for a substantial gift that you will receive when we are finished?” We offer him, as if he has a choice.

Joe mumbles out a “sure” as tries not to shit his pants, and we go ahead and take it as binding.

“Fantastic! Well then, let’s get started. To begin, we’re going to need you to take this.” We use our fine control of gravity ability to inject Joe with a syringe and plunge the plunger. “This, Joe, is water from the fountain of youth. Not literally, but essentially. You see, you humans turn out to be very intelligent. It turns out that your race, the same one that eats potato chips while watching *Storage Wars* in lazy boys, progresses medical science enough to figure out indefinite cell immunity from all pathogens and cancer cells, essentially creating an mRNA vaccine that allows humans to skip the whole aging process. So congratulations Joe, you’re now going to live forever!”

Joe, still confused as to what’s going on, initially is fearful upon hearing such a statement, even though it was something that kid version of Joe would have always wanted. His thoughts now aren’t ones related to how much freedom he would have, but instead, how much pain he would have to go through.

“We need you to be able to live forever, so that you can experience the same boundlessness that we experience on an every single moment basis. We wouldn’t want you croaking in the middle of our science experiment now would we?”

Joe, wide-eyed, gulps.

“No we wouldn’t. So... it’s time we get to work. We –”

“What do I have to do?” Joe asks as he finds the courage to interrupt. “It better not be something up my ass” he jokes, in an attempt to lighten the load on his nervous system.

“Relax Joe, we’re not the Catholic church. If we wanted something up someone’s ass, we could do a whole lot better than ole’ Joe Schmo. No, we want you because we know that you suffer from a problem that we happen to be interested in. We hear that you suffer from having to go down the very dark roads that obsessive thought patterns have lead you down.”

Joe’s heart drops just a hair, and his eyes widen just enough to show how much he is interested in what we have to say.

“We want you to help us solve this problem, for solving it is in both of our interests.”

Joe’s interest is piqued.

“All we need you to do is answer some really simple questions for us Joe. Tell us... what are you thinking about right now?”

Joe takes a few seconds to respond as he doesn't know how, and eventually mutters out an "I don't know".

"Joe, we're going to need you think harder than that. Just answer the question as simply as you can... what are you thinking about right now?"

Joe takes some time to himself but can't think of anything due to the fact that his body is still fighting shock. After a bout of silence, we decide to light a fire under Joe's butt by demonstrating our godly capability.

"Well, maybe you just need some time to acclimate." We back out of the picture and snap our metaphorical fingers and just like that, a year passes from the perspective of poor ole, depressed little Joe. We travel back to be in front of Joe and announce our presence again.

"Hello there Joe. Remember us?"

Joe freaks out a bit, and then freaks out a lot a bit, as he remembers us giving him hope a year ago and then disappearing without warning or a return date. Initially fear, now a little bit of agitation, Joe decides to speak up about what we did. We, being understanding and merciful gods, let him say his piece even though we couldn't give less of a shit, and then, after the dust settles and his hormones get absorbed, we ask him the same question that we're looking for an answer to.

"Now that you've calmed down Joe, it's very important that you answer this next question for us very carefully. Tell us Joe, what is on your mind right now?"

"This again? I don't know, I'm still shaken up."

"Would you like another year to think about it?"

Joe immediately begins to put his tail between his legs and apologizes for his actions.

"We don't need an apology, we need an answer Joe. And so, it's back to the year old question; hopefully you've come up with something better for us this time around. Tell us Joe, what are you thinking about right now?"

"Uh, uhm", Joe's mind panics. "Uhhh.. apples. I'm thinking about apples."

"Apples?"

"Yes, apples."

"Apples. That's what you're thinking about, you're thinking about apples?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess we have to start somewhere. Okay fine, excuse us for a second Joe."

We back out of the picture and I get filled with excitement to be able to share my plan.

Okay you ready to hear my crazy plan? Okay, okay, hear me out... what if we got rid of all the apples?

You look at me with a scorn of bewilderment, as if I'm just as crazy as Joe when he first said apples.

"That was your plan? To get rid of all apples? That's what you think is going to get us our wings, by removing all the goddamn apples?" you tell me.

No, but hear me out... it could work. Maybe not in the immediate sense, but in the sense of what it can lead to.

“How? What universe do you want to travel to in order to prove to me that removing all the apples of Joe’s existence is going to end up solving the problem of obsessive thought? How are those two connected in anyway?”

No, trust me, I’m on to something. We remove all the apples and then whatever is next, we then just remove that, rinse and repeat, all the way until there is nothing left. Then, problem solved.

You take a moment to respond as you internally begin to question my competence as a god and how you ended up getting stuck with me to solve this list of problems.

“You do realize how long that’s going to take? Much less, if you’re even capable of removing whatever new thing that he’s thinking about after you get rid of apples, not even considering if you’re even able to completely get rid of all the apples or not. What sort of plan is this? How about you let me come up with a plan that will actually work.”

And I, being confident in my approach to remove all the apples, put my foot down to how we proceed with the case of Joe.

We could do that, let you come up with the plan and all, but, you know what? We *always* do your plan. I want to do my plan for once. And even if it’s stupid, I’m asking you... let’s just do this stupid plan just this one time. You don’t even have to do any of the work, I’ll do it all. You can spend the whole time picking your teeth and twiddling your thumbs, I’m just asking for the opportunity to do it my way.

You take a moment to think about my request, and in a moment backed by a little bit of remorse and a lot a bit of aloofness towards to the issue, you reluctantly agree even though you’re not thrilled about it, and I take off with excitement. “Wait here”, I exclaim on my way out.

I spend the next 18 earth months setting up traps and plans and schemes to completely remove all apples from the entire earth. I burn all trees, ruin all seeds, raid all the stores, dismantle the company, and even somehow manage to start a campaign to change the common saying to “eating an orange a day keeps the doctor away!”

I come back, metaphorically huffing and puffing as I’m filled with godly excitement to finally be able to boast my accomplishment to you.

“I’ve done it, I’ve finally done it! All apples, completely gone. The chance of Joe thinking about apples ever again with his memory issues are slim at best.”

You, unimpressed, congratulate me on my useless achievement. “What have you achieved? Like we both already know, you’re just going to have to rinse and repeat a few more billion times as he’ll just keep coming up with new things.”

“Yes, but now we know that he won’t be thinking about apples again.”

We spawn in front of Joe once more, who hasn’t seemed to change much from the last time we saw him 18 months ago. He’s still depressed, but hanging on to life with the little hope that we’ve given him with the promise of our gift.

“Hello again Joe! I hope you remember your godly, science experiment partners, for we’re back for more data collection. Tell us Joe, out of all the things in the world that you could be thinking about right now, what are you thinking about?”

Joe responds. “What am I thinking about? How am I supposed to answer that when I’m looking at what I’m looking at?”

“Joe, we really would like for you to get on with answering the question. Need we remind you that for both of our immortal souls, the difference between 1 year and 100 years is trivial. But for your human mind, the experience is far from.”

Joe’s eyes get wide as he has a sudden, rare memory of the year of prolonged, dwindling hope that we caused the first time we met. Upon reliving this feeling, Joe’s mind snaps to the quickest thing that it can think of to answer the question.

“Oranges, I’m thinking about oranges.”

If there was a way for an ethereal cloud of god dust to show defeat, it would be written all over my space complex. There’s silence between all three of us as you are getting ready to pounce on the opportunity for a good old ‘I told you so’, and Joe is trying to figure out what him saying oranges has to do with us acting weird.

Obvious to us now, when under acute stress, Joe’s brain defaults to similar pathways of thinking that give rise to similar behavior. In his particular case, somehow simple fruits have been coupled in his brain with the idea of the mind needing to pull information from a highly accessible source of learned knowledge very quickly. Maybe fruits was one of the first things that he learned of as child, maybe they were the first thing his mind was able to visualize, whatever it is, it’s unimportant.

What’s more important is that we’re 18 earth months into working towards a solution and we’re 0.000000001% of the way there. At this point, we could have also just been gods of human physiology and simply plucked the problem out of existence. But I’m adamant with my choice of continuing on this oh-so-silly path, much to your continued dismay.

You ask me what my genius plan will be this time; to get rid of all the oranges? Just to keep rinsing and repeating for a few more billion times? And I respond with something even crazier.

What if we got rid of all the food?

A moment of silence had from you who is now considering if my so called ‘godly’ brain actually belongs amongst the ones we’re studying now. “Remove all food? How? Why? Did you even think about that before you breathed it into existence (metaphorically breathed of course)? How are you going to take away all food from an organism that is dependent on it to live?”

I told you at the beginning that you don’t have to do any of the work, and besides, time is of no concern to us; bitch, let me vibe. I say, appealing to my godly ego of wanting to do it my way; and yes, I would argue that gods have egos—I mean, are you going to tell me that Zeus couldn’t have used a therapist? But I digress.. allow me to continue on with my plan.

It's my burden to bear so go back to twiddling your thumbs or taking a nap or holding your dick or whatever it is you want to do while I go back to trying to solve the problem my way.

You do a metaphorical eye roll and buzz off to leave me to it. And I, I get to thinking.

Hmm, removing all food... this one might be tricky...

7 earth years pass on by, at the blink of an eye for you and I, and I come back to you even more excited than the first time around.

You're not going to believe this, but I solved it. I actually came up with a way to remove all food from Joe's environment, once and forever.

"Bullshit. Show me."

Gladly.

We go and visit Joe and you see the creation that I have been working on for the past 7 years. We're in the middle of a valley with a river flowing by and plenty of trees on the outskirts and open fields in the middle. There's a small population of people living in primitive houses in the middle of this valley, untouched by anyone else but those that live inside of it. Upon entering the village, you notice that everyone inside of it is wearing a backpack for some reason. You ask me what the backpacks are all about it, and I instruct Joe to come over to us so that I can unzip one of them.

Wah-lah! Behold, my creation. So, I did some research with the aid of some nonethical human testing, and I found something quite interesting. As it turns out, humans are able to survive solely on a mixture of bull shark stem cells, blood from the elusive Siberian tiger, koala semen, and the original fruit punch Jack3D, all the way until the end of their life cycle. Every single person in this village is wearing one of these rigs, with someone coming in at unknown intervals during the night to refill each of their rigs with more of the life-sustaining fluid. I have built a community of people that don't need food, aren't around food, and thus don't think about food. I did it!

You, slightly impressed this time, still turn to your repeated rhetoric. "Okay, but so what? We're in the same scenario as last time. Let's ask Joe what he's thinking about again so that we can waste another decade."

Joe, who, is living a fairly better life now in this community of people, still suffers from the one thing that you and I are after; his relationship with what we call the obsessive thought pattern. Aware of this, we talk to Joe once more.

"Joe, hello again. I know you remember us this time, so I'll get straight to the point. Our data collection needs to continue, so tell us Joe, what are you thinking about right now?"

"I'm doing better, thanks for asking.. dick. What am I thinking about right now? Well, it's gotta be all the beautiful nature around me. The trees, the water, the mountains, the animals, the fields; all of it. It's so wonderful, in fact, that I can't stop thinking about it!"

"Oh don't worry, we'll help you with that. Back in a jiff Joe!"

We leave Joe's presence and sit in silence for a bit as we both prepare for the discussion that's inevitably going to come up. You, thinking you don't need a reason as to why we should stop with this plan now, and me, already

working on how I can remove all the natural elements from Joe's life, making him revert back to depression as a likely consequence.

You, annoyed with the silence, break it with anticipation. "Are we really doing this again?"

"Indeed we are my friend. Patience, please."

You, not having the energy or desire to fight this fight, go back to your hibernation as I stew with my thoughts.

Then, there comes a period of repetition. For the next 50 odd earth years, the cycle is the same. Joe presents something that he's thinking about that seems impossible to completely remove from his life, you reluctantly agree to letting me continue on with the plan that you think is going nowhere, and then, after some arbitrary period of time, I present a working solution to your still majorly unimpressed self.

Over and over again, this happens. And, in the process, something interesting to note. Upon each iteration, I increase my skill of being able to remove whatever arbitrary thing it is that Joe come ups with from his immediate environment. In the process of having the scope become narrower and narrower over time, I am forced to become better and better at coming up with solutions. The only way for me to continue down this cycle is to rise to the needs of the occasion on each occurrence; a chiseling of a new skillset.

And poor Joe, destined to live for forever as our paltry science experiment, as his reality slowly becomes narrower and narrower upon each repetition of our acquaintance.

At some point after doing this time after time again, I come to you, with a metaphorically confident grin and glowing complexion that you can feel in the fabric of reality before I even get close to your presence, as I come equipped eagerly with exciting news.

"I've done it. I've finally done it."

"Done what?"

"Done the impossible. Check it out."

We spawn out in a void of any light or energy; a vacuum of space.

"What is this place?" You ask.

"We're in deep space. An area where there's no visible light from any distant star, or structures for millions of light-years around."

You spot something else floating out here with us; a human. It's Joe.

Upon recognizing you becoming aware of Joe's presence, I call out to him.

"Say hello Joe!"

"He can hear us?" You ask.

"Not through vibrations through this medium, but through an antenna, chip, speaker, and microphone set he has in his space suit. And check it out, he also has one of those life sustaining rigs that I made, but even more optimal. With this one large suit he's in, he's holding enough life sustaining fluid to last for a very long time, taking his very low energy expenditure into account. With his massive space suit that he can't even see because of the blinders in his viewing window, we won't have to refill his suit for a very, very long time. Joe, say something!"

There's no response from Joe.

You, confused at the situation you're looking at, ask me of the moment's importance.

"Because check this out. Hey Joe, I know you can hear me you son of a bitch so answer my question or else I'll make this a whole lot worse for you. Don't embarrass me in front of my friend Joe. Say it for my partner's godly ears to hear... what are you thinking about right now?"

There's a pause and then Joe answers real slowly.

"There is nothing any more. Only nothing...". Joe's voice slowly fades out.

"Okay so you've ruined a poor man's soul, so what?"

"Don't you see? This is it, we've done it!"

"Done what?"

"We've solved the problem! No more obsessive thought patterns!"

"You're joking right? Poor old Joe floating out here in deep space is your example of how staying with your plan to the end is an answer to the problem of obsessive thought pattern?"

"I do indeed. Here, watch."

We say goodbye to Joe for now and teleport back to the planet Earth. We ctrl + f earth's population and enter the keywords "obsessive thought patterns". Everyone that deals with this problem is highlighted for us to see, and within a snap of our metaphorical fingers, they are all wearing space rigs and are shot out to various regions of deep space; each to live the rest of their days much like how Joe is now.

Within another snap of our fingers, we fast forward a few earth years, and go to visit each and every person that was shot out to various regions of space. And, to neither of our surprise, none of them now have an issue with obsessive thoughts.

I boast my achievement once more to you, now armed with proof that my solution actually works. "Ha! And you were worried that we were wasting our time doing this plan!"

You, at a loss for words, are experiencing a mixture of frustration, confusion, and disappointment. But, in any case, you manage to get out, "Yeah, you might have solved the problem in some very specific case, but it's in the most backwards way possible. It only works given a perfect set of circumstances, and even then, it doesn't even address the problem directly. How is that considered a success in your mind?"

And I, who have been eating your shit for my plan this entire time, am boiling over with excitement at the chance to finally make my claim as to why this whole thing was worth while.

You see, my fellow brethren of a god, what you don't understand, and might not ever have the ability to, is that not every god gets the option of having the best choice available. Not all gods have the circumstances that grant them the top of the list, despite them possibly being able to see the top of it, nonetheless. We didn't all get VR Xbox 1440's and World Destroyer for the Nintendo 64³ in our godly youths. Some of us had to eat Cinnamon O's Munch, and were

given hand-me-down knowledge from gods above us in the hierarchical order, instead of us having the opportunity to find it for ourselves.

This whole time, this entire time that I was working on my plan, I knew that it wasn't the best plan available. I knew that I wasn't working with first place material, and hell, I couldn't forget it with you ramming it back down my throat upon every instance of me succeeding. I'm doing my plan because it's one that I believe in, and have believed in since the beginning, despite your constant noise. It was a path that I wanted to explore, and, now, this path that I've explored, I've come to find out bears incredible fruit, and you're too blinded by your circumstances to see and appreciate biting into its sublime sweetness.

"Oh please, you act like shooting people off in space and making them forget everything is a proud solve of the obsessive thought problem puzzle. The only thing it is, is a subpar, barely functional solution that solves the problem only with a given set of circumstances."

You still don't get it. So I'll explain further. In order to do so, it's going to help if we think about things a little more abstractly.

Our task is to solve the problems on this list of problems that we've been given. Let's think about solving problems in a general, abstracted way, instead of particular solutions to particular problems. If we think about the methodology used for solving any type of problem there is, there are two large buckets that one can use to arbitrarily categorize the types of solutions. Those of the direct vs. indirect type.

The direct approach is the approach that everyone is familiar with. In the direct approach, the problem is labeled as a problem, and the imaginary game of tug and war begins. A person, dealing with a set of circumstances that are labeled as being a "problem", is to come up with a sequence of events that changes the dynamics that this "problem" brings, mitigating the negative issues that its presence brings about.

In the direct approach, there exists a see-sawing curve, where the power shifts back and forth between the problem and the entity trying to solve the problem. When breakthroughs are discovered, the see-saw moves in favor of the problem-solver. When the problem-solver is stumped, the see-saw moves in favor of the problem. That is, until, at some point, the problem-solver comes up with a solution that allows them to get off of the see-saw entirely.

The aim of the direct approach is simple; defeat the enemy. A deep understanding of the components at play is only secondary to coming up with a functional solution to the problem at hand. Essentially, if it works, it works, and no other questions need to be asked; there are other problems that need solving.

Compare this to the indirect approach of solving problems, a method that you might not even know exists. The indirect approach is used to refer to a sequence of events that changes the dynamic with the state that is labeled as the "problem", but ones that aren't necessarily aimed at the source of energy that is providing this "problem". Easily seen through an example, imagine that you're dealing with a school bully. The direct approach is to confront the bully,

or learn karate, or tell a teacher, something of this sort. An indirect approach could be the case of your dad getting a job out of state and your family having to move. A sequence of events that was unrelated to the problem at hand, yet changed the dynamics that one has with this thing labeled as a problem; changed the dynamics once and forever.

The indirect approach is sneaky, as seen through the case of using one to solve the problem of obsessive thought by shooting anyone dealing with it out into deep space, wearing a space rig full of life sustaining fluid. In some cases, the indirect approach can take a sequence of events that seems far off from a path that would lead to a total mitigation of the symptoms arising from this problem we must deal with. Just like how getting rid of apples didn't make sense in the beginning, getting rid of apples had nothing to do with actually getting rid of apples. It was the first step that was used to set off a cascade of seemingly-unrelated events.

And, at first glance, the indirect approach might not seem like a solution at all. And, for the majority of the time spent developing this pathway, it's not. The indirect approach to solving problems remains completely worthless only until after a point in time where the entire set of actions sum together to create something of more value than the sum of the individual components. There's a binary switching of a flip that is provoked by the large amount of volume it takes to get to the point of a working solution, at which point, the switch is flipped, where it will stay switched for quite some time.

If we were to compare these two methods of solving problems, you might initially think that the direct approach beats the indirect approach in every way. And to this, I argue that the direct approach only beats the indirect approach in one way. The amount of time and resources and creativity it took for the indirect approach was more than likely multiples higher than that of the direct approach. If instead, we were to have studied psychology and psychiatry and biology and the history of the human being and all this jazz, we probably could've spit out a solution in less than 5 years time, given our seemingly endless capability here on Earth. But instead, we spent 10x that long, while probably doing 100x the work.

In this way, the indirect approach is blatantly subordinate to the direct approach. It took way longer and it took much more. But the direct approach comes with a very sneaky implication hidden away in its details, much different from the sneakiness that the indirect approach presents front and centered.

We have to remind ourselves that what we think up in the mind is always just a bit detached from actual reality. When we think about ideas and concepts in their general forms, we usually think about them in grand truths; perfect theory. But, being hosted by a biology that has a mind of its own, the mind is constantly juggling imperfect body with perfect theory. So, when we imagine what it would have been like to spend those 5 years coming up with a direct approach, we have to also consider how this plays out after those 5 years.

Not to say that this will happen, but just consider this scenario that doesn't seem too far off of something that might be. Let's say that we solve it directly after studying whatever it is that we have to study. It takes us 5 years, progress

was made and progress was lost towards solving this problem, but, we finally do it, we solve the problem. Because of our actions here on Earth, we spark a new chain of events into existence that goes unnoticed by the traveling problem-solver.

Later on, while off solving a new problem on our list of problems, we just so happen to find ourselves in the timeline that exists 20 odd earth years after us having directly solved the problem of obsessive thought. Except, something is off. We can feel something is off before even remembering the problem we solved a while ago with Joe.

Because our direct solution involved person-to-person interaction at some point in the sequence of a person getting access to the solution we created—whether it be a pill or a conversation or a surgery or whatever it is—we opened up our solution to influence from human imperfection.

It took these 20 earth years for a mutation to happen, because of the haphazard human practice of administering the solution to the masses, finally catching up to the DNA of our species, and so now, a new problem exists. Two new problems. Like a virus that splits into two different mutations, because of some idiot not doing what they were supposed to, there now exists a problem of distracted thought and the problem of obsessive, reoccurring nightmares.

Let's say that our supreme god above us gets word of this before we're done solving all the problems on our list. And, because it's only valuable for that problem—and anything directly related to—to be solved in its absolute entirety, we're sent back to solve two new problems. Which, if we wanted to take one step farther, maybe this cycle were to happen again, later down the road after we've solved both of these two new problems, and so now we have to solve 4 new problems. Maybe it takes longer for those 4 to show up, lighting a fire under our ass in the meantime, but do we really want to deal with the stress of always having to worry that we'll have to come up with a new solution once a mutation inevitably rears its head?

Which brings me to my point, the one pro of the solution that I've come up with. If we look at the end game of how these differing solutions play out over time, we find that the indirect approach gives rise to much different circumstances. Let's say that Joe, floating off in space, eventually floats in range to see something new; a sparking of the flame of gas that had seemed dormant for so long, Joe's mind instantly reverts to its most recently known behavior and starts obsessively thinking about whatever it is that he just saw.

Our boss gets word of this, it's the same scenario, and we're sent back to deal with it. Except, instead of having to devote a lot of time and energy coming up with another direct solution that we might have to do again the future—double fold—we are instead tasked with something directly related to the one skillset that was just carved out over the much longer period of time that came before the working solution. The time spent solving harder and harder problems, ones of continuously narrowing scope, the 50 odd years that we were doing this, this is our area of expertise.

What's gained by going the long way around isn't the advantage that is given on the before side of the event happening; it's the advantage gained

on the after side. Any new problem that we are tasked with solving, our capability to perform is fortified by the large amount of time we dedicated to solving nonsense problems as we built up to a functional solution. We were provided no advantage of coming up with an indirect solution when our focus was narrowed to how it performed relative to the leading up of the solution, not against what came after it as well.

If there existed a scale that rated solutions to problems against other solutions to the same problem, there are, in particular, two characteristics that would have to be accounted for in the standard ranking system; the demand of coming up with the solution, and the demand of up-keeping the solution after it's implemented.

In a very general sense, putting direct solutions on this scale of solutions would have them score very high in the before portion of the judging—the demand of coming up with it. Humans have an insane ability to solve even the wildest of problems when we're given a specific direction, a statement that needs no explicit proof other than us having planted a flag on the nearest spinning space rock. This leads to a time crunch in the leading up to coming up with a solution, as it's the human's natural curiosity that leads them to the edge of what they know before fortifying what they already do.

But, the score that ranks how well general, direct solutions work after the solution is implemented—because we are not floating minds yet, and are attached to imperfect biologies—it's almost guaranteed to be some changing in the original dynamic that the problem first presented, possibly in a fashion similar to a common phenomena happening in the natural world—a doubling of change and return upon each iteration. It might not always be the case that the direct solution we implement will be overtaken by the random mutations of the natural world, but it's something commonly seen throughout history.

A direction solution to tuberculosis was once heroin. The direct solution to solving people from mental illness was by drilling holes in their head to let the demons out. The direct solution to creating a more superior race was to kill 6 million Jews. With humans, direct solutions advance the way of progress, but sometimes at the cost of doing so in a very ugly way. That isn't to say that Hitler was some hipster pioneer, but rather to say that it was only after he did what he did that the ideas related to it never happening again were actually able to be discussed (which feels kinda off considering what's going on in China, but should I just sip my tea on this one?).

Direct solutions can be messy, because humans are messy, leading to inconsistent scores when considering the dynamics of how the solution and problem mesh with each other over time. Let's compare that to indirect solutions.

Obviously, indirect solutions score very low when being judged according to the demands that it takes for them to get to the point of a working solution. They're worthless until that point is reached, and, it takes much longer than if we were to explore the source of the problem directly. But, when scoring the pre-demands for indirect solutions against the post-demands of up-keeping them, they score extremely well. The one payoff that comes from dedicating

a much larger chunk of time in the beginning of the process—essentially front-loading the work—is the robustness that emerges once it all comes together. It’s like pieces of a puzzle that unlock some door only when all the pieces are in place.

So, in a very generalized sense, we say that direct solutions are good before and possibly bad after, and that indirect solutions are possibly bad before but good after. What makes the indirect approach so enticing is only seen when we consider doing something that negates the negative effect that it presents with its arbitrary scoring the “before” section. What if, we gave this solution of a space rig with a formula for life sustaining fluid, and everything else that went into getting to the point of a functional solution, to other gods of time working on this same problem?

If this were to happen, the one major con is completely washed away, as the gods of time receiving the solution don’t have to go through the 50 odd years that we did. For them, they get a completely free solution that didn’t take anything at all, and, in general, it’s more robust to the passing of time than that of a direct solution. There’s nothing separating the share-ability of a direct vs. indirect solution to other beings, one just remains more resilient to change in the long term. It’s the difference between coming up with a vaccine that we’ll have to modify in 5 years time, vs. the millions of light years that Joe will slowly be floating in space before he even has the chance of seeing something new.

In this way, the vast cost of the initial trip weighs a whole lot less when it’s considered over the average of other souls. If we were to give this solution out to thousands of other gods working on this problem, and consider the good that that initial 50 years does over the wellbeing of the thousands of individuals that it influenced, all of the sudden, 50 years for one set of gods doesn’t seem so bad.

“Your argument makes no sense”, you tell me. “You’ve now based your argument as to why the indirect approach is better than a direct approach around an idea that you just made up. Why would we give this solution out to other gods? Even if we wanted to be altruistic, nothing is to be gained by spreading the knowledge, for the first pair of gods that turn in the solution will negate any ones exactly like it that get submitted after it. We gain nothing by sharing the solution with other gods, how does this play a role in your argument?”

It doesn’t. Not exactly. Because, I’m not giving this solution out to other gods. I’m giving it out to humans.

“Humans? What humans?”

The ones reading this book.

“Okay, so you’re giving it out to humans, I see. But I’m still confused on the one point that got us into this whole conundrum... you haven’t given me a reason as to why this subpar solution is better than any other subpar solution we could’ve come up with?”

It’s not. It’s simply the best that I could do.

“Oh. Well now I kind of feel like a dick. Well, alright then, let’s go ahead and hear this solution of yours.”

Sure, sure, but, before I share it with you all here, there’s someone who deserves to hear it first.

We teleport back in front of Joe, and announce our presence to him for the last time.

“Joe! Buddy ole’ pal, how goes it? Listen, we’ll keep it brief because we know how busy you are rotting in a void of nothingness and all. We brought you a gift! We think you’re really going to like it.”

Joe takes a moment to respond, but he remains just as inanimate as before we spawned in front of him.

“Alright then, moving on... listen Joe, we—”

“Please kill me. End my suffering”, Joe is barely able to spit out.

“Ahh, wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey; look who finally decided to join us! Relax Joe, try not to be so dramatic; what are you, Italian? Look, we come bearing fantastic news old friend. Do you remember that gift that we promised to you before we began our research together?”

Joe’s bionic eye lights up just a hair.

“Well Joe, being gods of time and all, we possess a whole slew of abilities that you earthlings like to ooh and ahh at. For one, going forward and backward in time are things that we’re free to do at our leisure. We can watch your civilization first begin just as easily as we can see the last one fall.

This ability doesn’t just exist for us, we’re also able to exercise it on humans that we please to. Joe, how would you like to go back to before we met, with nothing different from before any of the interactions that we had, except for one eansy-teansy little detail; what if we gave you the solution to the problem of obsessive thought?”

Joe’s head turns.

“Come with us Joe, you’ve suffered enough.”



A Solution

The second story of the bunch. In this second story, I wish to share something with you all. But before I do so, I want to say a word on a human created concept that plays a large role in the stories to come. A concept that we now call categorization.

What is categorization? Well, to fully understand categorization, it's helpful to start with the fundamentals. We humans experience life in many different shapes and forms, but there's one common thread between the way that all humans experience life. That is, all humans experience the *continuity* of time, with very slight deviations from a norm. Trees grow gradually, storms roll in and out, and puberty doesn't happen as soon as we're born. There is a continuous process of things going from one state to another, and we humans experience life as such.

Categorization is a tool that the human mind uses to help make better sense of the continuous world around it. When everything exists on such a continuous progression, it can be difficult to share specific ideas without first explaining all the broader ideas that are prerequisite. But, when we instead break up continuously happening events or ideas into discrete chunks, communicating with these smaller, specific ideas becomes much easier.

For those unfamiliar with the concept, it's easily understood through the use of examples. For one, consider light. The wavelength range of all possible colors of visible light is completely continuous. No gaps, jumps, or hops in the frequencies of these waves. But yet, we split these wavelengths up into discrete buckets that we call 'red', and 'orange', and 'yellow', and so on. By doing so, it helps us better communicate the idea of color with more precision and exactness without both parties having to know the exact wavelengths of the different colors in nanometers. When I say red, you know that I'm talking about a color within a certain *range* of continuous wavelengths, not one specific wavelength that everyone has honed in on.

In this way, the categorizations of the colors that we visually perceive help us easily share ideas with other humans in a quick and easy way. Another example of us using categorization is in the way that humans structure the way that we perceive time. There are arguably only 4 dates that matter when it comes to the point of view of the planet Earth that we live on. Not Christmas, or New Years, or Labor Day, or anything of this sort, but rather the two solstices and the two equinoxes; the beginning of each of the four seasons. On our planet Earth, with our specific tilt, axis of rotation, and orbit, we experience these four days once every complete cycle around our parent star, which for us, takes 365 day-night rotations.

But 4 days every 365 doesn't make for much of a calendar, does it? Maybe, 50,000 years ago, this wouldn't have been much of a problem. But today, in 2023, when people have every 5 minute block of their day planned out on their iPhone calendars, having only one day of reference for every 91 makes for a planning nightmare. So we further categorize a continuous event—the earth going around the sun—into more discrete buckets. And thus came the week, and the month, and the leap-year, and the hour, and the minute, and the second; all arbitrary lines drawn on a continuous scale.

Categorization has its hand in many different areas of human behavior. It is used as part of the reasoning behind stereotypes, it's how humans have managed to make it to the moon, and it's how information is taught to us inside of a classroom. It's a way for us to be quicker and more effective communicators, without placing a burden on the other party to understand specific, prerequisite ideas.

Much like the labeling of different colors, and the seconds and minutes on the clock, words are one of the main categorizations that we use to underpin most of our verbal and written communication. Words are meant to describe ideas; ideas that exist in, in their purest form, a continuous, abstract space that is hosted by the mind.

For example, the single word that is "chair" doesn't refer to exactly one discrete object that is a chair. It refers to the *idea* of a chair, a formless, continuous idea that encapsulates much more than just one chair. My chair and your chair and this chair and that chair are all instances of a form, a form existing in a continuous, nonphysical space.

Ideas exist in the sandbox of creation that is our mind, which has the ability to visualize, imagine, create, predict, problem solve, and much more. A land where things blend together seamlessly to create just one reality, in a perma-continuous way; not a land of clear cut borders and rigid rule sets. Yet, we use discrete, arbitrary words to describe things that don't exist as discrete or arbitrary in nature. But, words are, currently, one of the quickest and most efficient messengers of ideas that we have at our species' disposal, and so, despite their imperfection of never being able to convey exact ideas, we use them because they get the job done.

Until we have a way to link our hair together and share ideas and thoughts without us having to use words, like in Avatar, we're stuck using the discrete, arbitrary borders that everyone has (been forced to) agree upon. Feelings are another example of a continuous phenomenon that we try to describe using discrete words, only for them to fall short of sparking the exact feeling by themselves. It's like trying to explain what happiness is to someone who's never felt happiness before; words are only going to go so far.

All of this to say, I'm going to use discrete and arbitrary words to describe something that is not discrete or arbitrary in nature. What I want to describe is a structured set of ideas that exists in the continuous, nonphysical abstract; a place that we all have access to. The best that I can do is use different variations of words to lay the foundation that your brain will (hopefully) do the building on top of. If no feeling is immediately apparent, no worries, for

groups of neurons don't always connect immediately. And, if I've done my job well enough, and you get to feel the feeling that I've felt from what I wish to share, you'll know why it's been my mission to give this out to as many people as I can, free of charge.

But enough with the dramatics (these Italians, always building up to nothing), why don't I get on with sharing. So then... what exactly is this thing? Well, that's a complicated question. It's a lot of things. But it's also no thing. No product, no physical manifestation, no tangible collection of mass. No feeling of its intricacies, no smelling it, tasting it, hearing it, feeling it. Choosing just one set of words or one pairing of adjectives to describe this thing is too simplistic. So instead, I'll use a lot.

This *thing* is a map. It's a nested data structure that gets infinitely more complex the closer that one looks at it. It's a way to efficiently store information that favors the visual system in the human brain. It's a way to remember a lot of things, by only remembering a few things. A single seed of thought that gives rise to everything one needs to know.

This *thing* is a lens. It's a way to look at the past, the present, and the future. One that can be adjusted to focus on different things, depending on how the user manipulates its presence. It's a way to reason about what did happen, what is happening, and what is going to happen; all with neutrality. A way to understand, reason, and infer.

This *thing* is a shoulder to lean on. A train of thought that can be accessed in the darkest of hours, anywhere and any-when. An umbrella in the rain; order amongst chaos. This thing is comfort. A way to pad yourself before the inevitable falls.

This *thing* is a platform giver. A way to change your current reality to a different reality. An organized framework that keeps progress and can adapt to change. This thing is flexible; it changes as much as change is required.

This *thing* is a source of inspiration. A reason to keep waking up when the days get long. To keep walking when the legs get tired. A quantified set of hypothetical ideals that can always be chased. A way to strive toward what's not currently here. This thing is hope; a waking dream.

This thing is nonjudgemental; un-opinionated. It doesn't care about what was or who was when. It doesn't care about what people think of it, not even yourself.

This thing is a home, customized to one's exact taste. It provides warmth and comfort and security and contentment, all at the low cost of \$0 per month. It is a home that exists on the go, no matter where one does go; a home for a nomad.

This *thing* is also no thing. Nothing at all. No money to be made, no agendas to be had. Nothing to be grasped, nothing to be seen.

It is not something that is valuable in the immediate sense; it is not a get rich quick scheme, not a get out of jail free card. Just as it takes time to understand the components of a map for it to be of use to you, time is needed

to settle into a groove of understanding not only this creation, but also of yourself.

It is not a way to avoid negative feelings. It is not an adrenaline shot to the heart, but rather a suit of armor that better equips one for battle.

It is not a solution to the dysfunction. However, it may be a solution to the symptoms of the dysfunction.

It is not used to control the future. However, it is used to prepare for it.

It is not the red pill. It is not the blue pill. It is not a pill at all. Its use is dependent on that of the user, for all I have to offer is nothing more than a framework. A boilerplate; skeleton code. Something that needs implementation for it to be of any value; implementing that is only going to be done by the user.

This thing is a lot of things. But it's also no-thing. But really, it's four things. Four things arranged in the shape of a diamond.

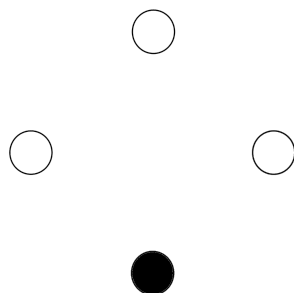
The proportions and angles between the four things are insignificant. What's of importance is that there is a top, a bottom, a left, and a right. Each of these things holds a group of related ideas in the context of human behavior, as this map in its entirety is meant to resemble one way that a person can organize their entire life.

Because each of these four things is going to be holding a large group of related ideas, ideas that are close but not synonymous, it's going to be difficult to find a single word to comprehensively describe each of these buckets. But on the flip-side, there most likely IS a word, a single word, that is going to be individually favored as the label for each of them. These labels might differ from person to person, but no matter the arbitrary categorization chosen to describe each region, the underlying themes will remain the same. And although just a single word will always fall short to describe these things in their completeness, they do offer a quick and meaningful exchange of information; i.e., shorthand.

One more thing to note before getting into the meat of it. Much like using the arbitrary categorizations of words to describe a continuous idea, labeling these 4 things as their own discrete buckets is a way of chunking one continuous map. In practice, things flow and happen continuously between each of these buckets, making for one fluid region. By picking the four corners of this region as the markers to describe it, it will be taking advantage of the extremes that are present at the poles to get the best understanding of the map as a whole.

One way to visualize this dynamic is to think about it like children playing within a fenced playground. Everything is moving chaotically, balls are flying this way and that way, kids are screaming and jumping around and swinging from the monkey bars, and yet, the sitter of these children shows no signs of worry, for this chaos exists within a larger, controlled setting. If one were to zoom out with the aid of the prefrontal cortex, they would see that there's actually no chaos at all. Only structures meant to invoke control.

Clean cut in theory, controlled chaos in practice. Behold, I give you, my Categorization of Life.



It starts at the bottom, where else would it start? The bottom is what everything else is built upon; it's the foundation for any other structures. If the bottom is not taken care of, how is there to be an expectation for secondary layers to function properly?

The bottom is the place for all the things that have to be done; what must be done in order for everything else to be done. What does this mean for a human living in the year 2023 AD? At the bare minimum, food, water, warmth, sleep, supplies, and money are all needed—to some extent—to survive in today's climate.

Individually, each person will have a unique set of things that goes alongside the bare minimum core, with the size of the set being a function of how spoiled they were during their developmental years. For some, the bottom is nothing more than what's necessary. For others, the bottom is what they dedicate their entire life to perfecting. But for most, the bottom is nothing more than a stepping stool to what exists beyond it.

When asked for a single word—an arbitrary categorization—to label the bottom, I would choose the word “Health”. I used to prefer the term “Micro-life”, but changed it to health once I realized that there's nothing insignificant about taking care of one's health. It is a ritualistic, instinctual behavior that stems back through our genome over millions of years; there is nothing small or petty about that. So now, I like Health.

Health is flexible, and should be customized to one's own needs. Instead of running, one can swim. Instead of swimming, one can box. Instead of boxing, one can stretch. Instead of stretching, one can breath hold. Similarly, instead of using a smart phone, one can use a physical calendar. Instead of working in a kitchen, one can work in a trade. Instead of having nothing to be responsible for, one can get a plant. There are many ways to implement one's own unique bottom; something that is also going to be true for each of the remaining 3 areas.

Health is something that is going to need to be taken care of for the rest of one's existence. From sentient start to too fast finish, health is a nonnegotiable requirement of living that needs constant attention. Because of this, one should aim to optimize their methods for taking care of their health in a way that

takes advantage of personal interests and motivations. Just because health is something that has to be taken care of for the rest of time, doesn't mean it's something that has to be unenjoyable. Find the activities that both take care of your own unique spectrum of health, and make it fun along the way, is the drop of advice related to taking care of one's health that I'll throw in here.

Appointments, tasks, to-do's, messages, (e)mail, reminders, responsibilities, work, all the bullshit that comes on top of the basic set of needs that are required to be alive in the twenty-first century, are put into the bottom region. Nutrition, hydration, sleep, exercise, hygiene, warmth, all the things that the body needs to stay alive, are put into the bottom region as well. Although the bottom can be organized in any way that one sees fit, the most obvious one staring us in the face is this simple distinction of two parts; physiological needs vs. societal / mental needs.

With the plethora of options available, one always has the ability to take care of their physiological health, even if it's suboptimal. Taking food, water, and sleep for granted (because it's not like being able to get your hands on any of these things is important or anything), the combination of breath work, stretching, and cold water immersion can comprehensively take care of one's bodily needs, and can be done by just about any person living on this planet.

For the other side of health, the mental/societal side, the same cannot be said. Unfortunately, the global economy in the twenty-first century has fallen prey to the hands of the greedy. What this means is the disappearing of a once prosperous middle class, with the majority of survivors falling down into levels below what is considered poverty. For some, taking care of the needs of the bottom demands all of one's time and energy, from start of life to end of it. An example of a robust, yet crippled body that has been forged by a lifetime of hard work, all just to maintain one's position of being in a perma-frightened stance.

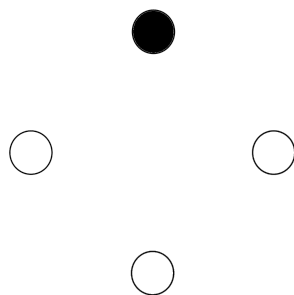
For these unfortunate crew, they must find their footing in any foothold that they can; to help endure the societal winters that they have no say in experiencing. But by doing so, they learn a valuable skill that goes unnoticed by the ones in the select few at the top. They learn the concept of anti-fragility better than anyone studying it solely from the outside.

In a world as fucked up as the one we live in today, the recommendation is to find the base minimum set of things needed to take care of one's own health by plucking away superficial needs one by one, instead of piling on as many things as possible to achieve peak performance.

As will be discussed in more depth later, if peak performance is related to an internally motivated goal, then an exception is to be made. But in all other cases, it proves more valuable to be comfortable with less instead of striving for endlessly more. The way to go about learning of one's own core set of health tenants is by trial and error with pushing through limits; for limits are only known if they are broken. To find just how little it takes for one to get by, go without everything and then some, but in an orderly and procedural way. As a consequence of going through this process, you will find out what is truly needed for your own survival.

The last thing to be said about the bottom is related to the very common trap that people often find themselves prey to in a capitalistic society. The absolute obsession with the legal tender of one's residence; money. It's way too easy to see the benefit in playing the game of more and more and more without considering what it's taking away from. There's a reason that money belongs in the basement of the structure, as a piece of the foundation, and not on the top floor on a diamond table. Simply put, there is much more to this crazy thing that we call life than the superficial joy brought upon us when receiving an uptick in the global database of non-resource, resource allocation.

What's left beyond money is precisely what's left beyond the bottom of this structure of four; the top, the left, and the right. And so, with the definitions of the bottom in mind—and a single label of “health” for shorthand use—we can move to its complement; the top.



The top; the bottom's complement. An area not necessarily of joy and pleasure, but of principle and value. The top is the space for what's held true over different experiences, across time, across settings, for each individual human being. The ideas and behaviors that get reinforced and strengthened upon every interaction that we have, in turn, defining the process that is ourselves; the defining marks of our own individuality.

That isn't to say that what belongs in the top, belongs there once and forever. The things in the top can change, but change is intermittent at best, being driven by reality shifting experiences. Things like epiphanies, mentorships, near death experiences, or, sometimes, just happening as a consequence of having a continuously developing brain that learns something new.

The bottom is where things go to get out of the way, and the top is what the way is for. If Maslow was here, he'd be screaming something, something, self-actualization needs, but he's not, so I'll keep it in my own flavor instead. Self-actualization is part of the puzzle, but not the entire picture. The top is for *any* behavior related to the big picture ideas held here, no matter how mundane. This may mean running an errand for a family member, not just ritual sacrifice to a mythical god.

The top is for the things that are true, even if the owner wish they weren't. Both sides of the spectrum of love, the great, the good, the bad, and the ugly; the spark-notes of a person's personality. If asked for a single label to accurately describe the top, it would be something along the lines of "Values", "Identity", "Self", "Soul", "Me", "Root", etc.

We have no choice as to what goes into our top spots, for we are not choosing, but instead, discovering. What we want to be in our top spots requires no further action, for it's already in there, we just have to find it. The top contains the ideas that act as guiding forces throughout one's existence, sometimes changing, sometimes not.

To get a better understanding of what might exist in this top space, a real life example may prove useful. And since there's only one person who has their life implemented using such a framework as of right now, looks like I'm the lucky volunteer.

Inside of my own top spot, there exists four large ideas. In order, the first one falls under a huge umbrella of something that I use the word “Trust” to encompass. What do I trust? I trust a whole lot of things. I trust in myself, and my own capability. I trust in others, and that they will act in accordance to who they are. I trust the ones that I love, even if the trust is tested. But above all, I trust the process, and for things to happen in the exact way that they do. I don’t worry, because I trust. And if things fall apart, and the trust was all a scam, well then it wasn’t, for peace was provided up until the moment of its breaking. It’s quite simple when the cortex quiets down; no trust -> more worry, trust -> no worry. Why make a fuss about it?

Secondly comes my family. I am incredibly fortunate to have been born into a loving and capable set of parents that filled my environment with a lack of unnecessary stressors. It is because of my family that I was able to move across the country by myself at 18, become a locksmith by the age of 20, graduate with a math degree by 22, and now, writing a book at the age of 24. I owe my entire existence to the sacrifices that my parents made for me, and this will remain my truth up until the point of my passing.

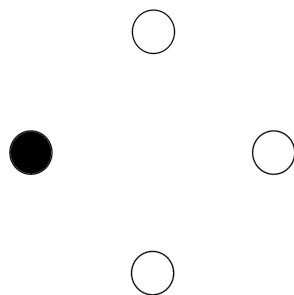
Third on the list is given to the natural world that we were bred from. I hold my relationship with nature very close to my heart, as it’s something that not only stems back to my youth, but to all of our evolutionary youths as well. We humans, currently living in the age of convenience, have seem to forgotten that we were once forged by the elements of the natural world. But I do not forget. I do not forget that I am nothing more than a monkey living on this floating space rock. I abide by the rules set forth by the natural laws, not the ones artificially made by the monkeys in suits, for they are usually nothing more than arbitration wrapped with a bow called “morality”. The only thing that rules me is what is waiting for me outside of my door in this unpredictable, unforgiving, unimaginable world that we live in.

Lastly, an idea that exists solely for the people. If I was to examine my life by comparing my circumstances to others’—something that Teddy Roosevelt would have something else to say about—I would find an incredible amount of a phenomenon that is best described with a single word: luck. My life has been extremely lucky. Even with superficial hardships along a journey down the path of mental health, I am able to recognize just how much of my life I do take for granted. To name just a few things, I am a white male born into parents who gave me a wonderful childhood into a land of freedom and choice. I have an able body and mind—with the use of available and cheap medication—giving me the freedom to explore what I wish to in this lifetime. I am over 6 foot tall, have an athletic build, straight teeth, plenty of hair, and above average looks. The list goes on as to all the freebies that have been handed to me in my life, and so, all this to say, I’ve been given an incredible amount. The way that I resolve this conflict in my head, of having a lot despite working very little, is by introducing the last of my values that I hold very close to my existence. Simply said, my last value is so; when I am in a position to do so, I give.

I give to those who weren't so lucky, and have been given a shitty set of circumstances. What I have learned about this life at the ripe age of 24 is that circumstance determines all in the outcomes of our lives. Pointing fingers and saying something along the lines of "you are who you are because of the choices that *you* made" is absolute and utter bullshit. You are who you are because of your genetics and upbringing and childhood experiences and ethnicity and the opportunities that were placed in front of you and the people you interacted with and the teachers that you had and everything else that played a role in your development, not because of choices and decisions and deliberation. There are genius people working dumbass jobs, and dumbass people working highly influential jobs. There are people who break their back their whole life for nothing, and others who were handed a fortune before they were even able to conceptualize what a fortune is.

Nothing is guaranteed in this lifetime, not even what some might consider a basic set of rights; considering we live in an "advanced society" that is okay with global superpowers implementing modern day concentration camps for religious minorities. Fair isn't a concept that exists in practice because humans aren't a creature that were made to be fair. We were made to survive, and one very good way to survive is to gain power; power that harms the ones without it. And because fairness has no inherent value in a society full of power hungry chimps, I find myself implementing it for myself, by giving to the ones who were given nothing else.

With those four things, combined with taking care of my physiological and mental wellbeing, I live a complete life. Action and reason for action. My top exists only in the presence of the bottom. My bottom exists only in the presence of the top. There is a duality between them, where one must happen in order to fully enjoy the other. Choice vs no choice, long lasting vs. to be hurried, stronger feelings and bigger decisions vs. constant repetition done in one of many ways; the top and the bottom make a complete life: doing things that must be done, and a reason to do them. So... what's left?



What's left is time. For most, their entire lives aren't going to be dictated by just the top and the bottom. The average model here looking something like, the occasional time spent related to something in the top, and then, the daily ritual of health taking up to 50%-80% of their time—and not necessarily in an evenly distributed manner. This leaves a lot of time when added up over the course of a lifetime, and so this added time is accounted for in between the top and the bottom domains.

The left side of this spectrum is categorized by internal interests. This isn't to say that interests aren't motivated or swayed by external circumstances—because they always will be—but instead to say that they are the interests that remain without anyone telling them that they need to be there. The things that one would still be interested in even if every person was to disappear completely from the face of the earth.

Far on the left side of this spectrum, right in between the top and the bottom, is where true passion exists. Physical pursuits, intellectual pursuits, spiritual pursuits, whatever it is that one could dedicate their full being towards with very few limitations. For some, this may be one thing over the course of 25 years, and for others, this may be 25 things over the course of one year. Some spending their time trying to perfect a small few, and others seeing how many they can collect; and surely everywhere in between.

Similar to the top, the exact contents of each person's left side are not only going to be unique, but are also going to be less of a function of choice and more of a function of circumstance. Snowboarders and skateboarders know that they are one and the same, one was just born near a mountain.

Related to the top in this sense, we have no say as to what interests us, but, relating more to the bottom now, we do have a say in how we implement our methodology. I have no choice as to whether I wanted to write this book or not, but once I accepted that it was fact, I then did have a say in how I went about doing so.

Unlike the top, and sort of similar to the bottom, the left comes with inherent structure beyond its abstract idea. Loosely, the general structure of the left is best represented as a collection of domains. The bounds of these domains are chosen in any way that the user sees fit. For example, if one has a

strong internal interest towards lifting weights, and the feeling that it brings, they may choose the borders around this activity in a way that fits their exact, individual desires. They may say that the domain is “Strength Training”, or maybe that it’s “Physical Fitness”, or maybe yet “Movements of the Body”. The interest is not chosen, but the boundaries are. And they should be chosen to best fit an individual’s own psyche.

Domains may overlap, or they might be completely separate. One might have individual interests in each of snowboarding, surfing, and skateboarding, and label the bounds as such, or lump them together under one continuous progression that’s labeled “Board Sports”. Once one’s internal interests are recognized, and realized, the mental abstraction that fits into the left side here is essentially play-doh in one’s hands. Break it apart, lump it together, shape it to your own desires.

Continuing with this metaphor of play-doh, what’s not chosen is not only the color of the play-doh, but also the amount. The amount of play-doh we have to mold with in our left side is completely dependent on the amount of time spent in that particular domain. The more time, the more play-doh. There are factors that can be considered that might speed up or slow down this process (things such as focused, dedicated practice vs. mindless, unfocused repetition), but, in any case, there being an ever increasing amount of play-doh given as time passes, with relatively small fluctuations in rate.

The left side, categorized by internal interests, and organized with arbitrarily chosen domains, isn’t about either of these things, but rather, the structure that they bring for what goes inside of them. The left side, in essence, is primarily centered around one idea: goal-defined behavior.

The boundaries of the domains chosen are arbitrary because their importance is minimal. What is much more important than the organization for the content, is the content itself. As I have come to find out, there is an entire science behind goal-defined behavior; some of which I wish to shine a light on here, from my own personal experience. In the desire (and implementation) for minimalistic simplicity, I wish to boil down this science to its most important parts, getting rid of any unnecessary details. Here are the axioms that I found to be of the most importance.

Axiom #1. Each domain, at any point in time, is to have, at most, one goal. This first axiom comes with an asterisk, because it’s not entirely true. What will make sense in a couple of axioms, there is a way to squeeze in more than one goal per domain, but only with necessary conditions at play. What this axiom does mean to cover is the deliberate, single focus of achieving goals related to some field of interest. Having more than one goal per domain can lead to a splitting of intent when the end game of each goal is being played.

Sometimes, to achieve a goal, it takes sacrificing time and energy elsewhere. When there’s more than one goal per single domain, this shift in intent can hinder progress on related goals in the same domain. On top of that, more time is needed to carry out two goals together, compared to adding up the time it would take to do them separately, one at a time. Time and energy is

spent during the transition between focusing on different activities related to different goals, simply as a consequence of us having brains that require rest. The farther along a path that one is towards achieving a goal, the more time is needed in between sessions dedicated to achieving that goal for the energy and focus demands naturally become greater as one's skill increases in that domain. Focusing on one goal at a time compresses the total time, especially in the end game, when large chunks of continuous practice can be devoted to achieving said goal.

What axiom 1 also implies is that it's okay to not have a goal per some domain. How else would exploration and confidence in choice happen? The main focus of the left side is goals, but that doesn't always mean that every moment of your entire life is going to be dedicated towards achieving some goal. There's always going to be in-betweens. Time spent just thinking about and exploring different pathways that seem interesting, while also leaving some of the discovery open to happenstance. There also can be downtime in between goals in the same domain. For example, one can lift weights their whole life, but only have a goal to squat a certain number of pounds for a fraction of their lifting career.

One of the main, personal recommendations I have related to this first axiom is to spread out your left side to at least more than one domain. Transitions occur much smoother between goals when there is a separate goal that progress can still be made towards. Like a monkey ladder that you can always climb, staggering completion of one's goals in different domains makes for extremely fast progress as the mind always has something to focus on. But implementing this concept can be much easier said than done, for having more than one domain, and more than one goal, on the left side, at the same time, can take up a lot of time and energy. When taking the other three quadrants into account—especially for someone who has a flourishing right side, which we'll get to in a bit—even having two open domains on the left side at once can seem like a lot. But if one wishes to dedicate more of their free time towards their left side rather than their right, then staggering goals in different domains is a very fast way to achieve.

Axiom #2. Lingering domains are to be closed before the active opening of new ones. A lingering domain is one where no action has been, or currently is, being taken towards a domain that once was. Essentially, it's not gaining closure over a past interest. Closing lingering domains can take the avenue of creating a new goal in the old domain with the idea of gaining closure upon success or failure of completing this new goal within a loose time frame, or, in the more hurried sense, ridding one's immediate environment of any triggers related to said domain / goals in that domain, usually in a ritualistic manner, in a dedicated effort to close the domain and move on to something new.

This could be burning pictures, putting trophies into storage, selling old memorabilia, something of this sort. In either case, closing a lingering domain is about putting an end to any and all thought patterns related to said domain that happen on a semi-consistent basis. This doesn't mean forgetting about the

domain entirely, but merely, replacing its daily occurrence of mental visitation with something else. The memories are available for recall on demand, it's just that the demand slowly becomes less and less as time goes on.

The importance of axiom 2 relates to how much of a hindrance not closing lingering domains can become when attempting to achieve towards an entirely different goal in a different domain. The effect of a lingering domain can last for a lifetime, causing intermittent grief and regret along the way, making any argument as to why one wouldn't want to take care of it immediately, once and forever, nonexistent. A little bit of energy up front can allow for the creation of brand new pathways in the future with much less resistance, especially when considering that domains don't have to be closed with time and energy towards a new goal; it can be as simple as cleaning one's place and deciding to set their intent on starting anew. Why not allow for the good to be even better, for the rest of time, for the price of nothing more than running up a short uphill battle?

My advice related to the second axiom is one that seems to go against the grain of capitalistic society. That is, failure is okay. There is nothing shameful about ending a domain on a failed attempt at a goal. If the interest is no longer there, it's much more foolish to force oneself to go back in time and care about something they no longer do, going against the grain of the flow of energy, than to simply let it go and let something new fill its place. On the flip-side, where the intent only grows stronger to go back and complete a new goal in a domain you still have passion for, channel that energy and go back to get what you know is yours. Listen to what the gut has to say about whether or not to proceed past a failure, for it will never be wrong.

Axiom #3. Bring into existence some physical reference to each goal's set of "W's". The W's refer to the four questions that are to be asked alongside of each and every goal. What exactly is the goal? Why this particular goal at this particular point in time? When, according to the completion of some event, is this goal going to be complete? And, How is this goal going to get done? Alongside the four W's (yes, I know one of them is an H, but what do you want from me, 3 W's and an H? Come on, get real), one should also consider the closing of said goal; some physical act that marks the true completion and closure of the entire thing, allowing space for new.

The idea behind splitting the "what" from the tagline of the actual goal, is to give an area to clearly define what might otherwise be a shorthand label. The "goal", so to speak, is usually under a convenient label that refers to a more detailed task. Someone might have a goal of getting healthier, but the actual "what" is where the specifics are defined; what does healthier mean? By what time frame?

The "why" is used for support during times when intent becomes fuzzy, and is especially useful for narrowing in on true desires before tackling long term goals. Clearly defining the why can take some time, especially if this question has never been asked in this way before. As a general guideline that one can follow, the shorter the "why", the stronger the intent.

The “when” is to give oneself a box to check off once major steps towards achieving the goal are completed. An unarguable moment in time that either happens or it doesn’t. The when is where there exists wiggle room to achieving more than one goal at once, as brought up as the asterisk to the first axiom. A simple refactoring here is what allows the set of ideas to keep true to the first axiom, of there being at most one goal per domain.

An example of this may be, instead of having a domain of powerlifting with an active goal of achieving a 495 lbs squat, and also a domain of health with an active goal of gaining 5 lbs of muscle, with these domains that overlap but are not synonymous, combine the two into a single domain of strength training under a single goal, with a tagline of something like “Hit physical benchmarks”, where you now put related, but separate goals under the same tagline, but separated in the when portion of the goal. The when has the capability to host more than one goal at once, per larger goal, granted that they’re both related enough and separate enough.

Gaining muscle and hitting a strength PR are related to the same bodily systems, but require different methodology to excel in both. By abiding by the first axiom, and putting multiple related goals under the same goal belonging to the left side instead of having them be their own goals outright to similar domains, efficiency and clearness of focus is what’s gained. By disregarding the first axiom, distraction has the chance to become extremely apparent, as well as intent splitting that was referenced to earlier. One finds it difficult to give everything they have towards just one thing when they are constantly juggling multiple one things.

The when doesn’t always have to have multiple things. Sometimes, it can be as simple as the goal tagline itself. For example, Goal: lose weight. what: lose 5 lbs. when: when I weigh 5 less lbs. But usually, the when represents a chronological progression of steps towards achieving a larger goal. For example; Goal: get in shape. what: be able to do a triathlon. when: run half marathon, swim half portion of triathlon, bike half portion of triathlon, run full marathon, swim full portion of triathlon, bike full portion of triathlon.

The when is to be binary. A moment in time that either happened or didn’t. Upon checking off the last when, deliberation is either spent on adding another when, or closing it off and moving onto something new; whether that be a different goal in the same domain, or a different domain entirely.

And last of the four “W’s”, the “how” is the hardest of the bunch. The how is where one has to come up with a plan that gets them from point A to point B, with actions and behavior that match their intent. Despite this being somewhat challenging, the how has an incredible amount to offer.

The how is the space for creativity, exploration, innovation, problem solving, and personal expression, all in one. It’s the space where all bars are lifted, and freedom to explore personal ideology occurs. The how, along with the right quadrant (which we’ll talk about next), presents a human with a very powerful reason to live on this planet. A place for us to express ourselves, our true selves, by solving problems that genuinely interest us in the best ways that we

see fit. The how is one's chance to show the world that they are competent and capable of success, in the way that is tailored to their own individual desires.

Me, personally, I live for the how. I live for the "justified", drug-fueled benders that somehow produce results, and the freedom to take this unconventional route. The how is where I get to do something that I want, in the way that I want to, without any outside influence dictating how I go about it. It's a place for creation that allows for mistakes and treats falls very kindly. No punishment and no stalling, just right back on the saddle.

Intuition guides and trial/error refines. Being harsh to one's self over mistakes and/or dwelling over harsh criticism are going to be much less effective than repetition with a neutral mindset. Allow for failure, don't put an expectation on time, and for Christ's sake, do it with a smile, you're on the left side!

The real ending of the "W's" isn't with the how thought, but with the "close" attribute of the goal, which acts as the caboose that cleans everything up in the end. It's what allows for something new to enter, possibly another goal, or possibly spending more time doing something other than chasing goals. One of the ideas behind stating it explicitly before it comes, is to prepare the mind for the moment before it comes, through the power of visualization. When coming up with it at the beginning of undertaking a goal, one has the entirety of the time spent working on that goal to envision the moment that is now going to happen in the future that marks the end of the journey that they are currently on.

The "close" can be something as simple as burning pieces of paper, or it can be as complex as taking a trip to Africa. But whatever the close may be, the only aspect of whatever methodology is chosen worth consideration, is that of comprehension. Close it and close it well, this is the opportunity to really change one's self, by deciding to fully close off a past chapter of their life and create space that invites for new opportunities. It can be hard coming to terms with what it means after the "close" activity is completed, but let me drop a reminder in here that, life is really just one big change from beginning to end. Whether we try and avoid this or not has no effect on the ever passing arrow of time.

The importance of the third axiom has less to do with covering for a forgetful mind, and more to do with what is being brought into existence with the creation of some reference to the W's. The left side is defined by things that are found interesting and worth pursuing to each person's individual desires. The goals that are self-chosen, inside of self-chosen domains, are ones that are to bring excitement and curiosity, not dread and procrastination. By bringing into existence a clearly defined goal, being chased for a clearly defined reason, with a clearly defined point of time that it's finished, along with a clearly defined plan to get there, the only reason one wouldn't begin taking action towards that direction would be one of insufficient resources (whether it be material resources or time).

It's all stated in the definitions, a place of interest with a goal of interest, and a self made, self-believed in plan to get to that interest. But, when this

reference to the W's doesn't exist, it's a common scenario for people to begin drifting away from the task at hand as time goes on, especially when the goal demands one to push past uncomfortable barriers (as all worthy goals would do). With this drifting, intent can become hazy, as well as the other details of the goal. Having a physical reference keeps focus on the exact task at hand over long periods of time, while also allowing for change and adaptation as needed, as the how portion of the goal can change as many times as needed.

Similar to the ending of the argument for why one wouldn't close off lingering domains by putting a little bit of energy into it up front, there's no reason as to why one shouldn't spend a minimum of a couple of minutes detailing the specifics of something that they are already interested in.

My advice related to the third axiom is already somewhat stated in the explaining of the how portion of the W's. In a society where bureaucracy rules all, it's easy to be convinced that humans were made to live by artificial rules, with man made limitations dictating how we should behave. I, personally, am under the impression that humans, by nature, are the exact opposite. That we instead thrive in periods of brief chaos, considering it's what we would have evolutionarily been selected for being able to handle, and because it seems to be the underlying mechanism to the evolution of the natural world (through random DNA mutations)—the exact one that we were bred from.

Rules and limitations are good for keeping order, but in some sense, humans weren't made for order. That's not to say that we can't emulate it for the greater good, but more to say that there exists some importance on channeling energy through pathways that have been naturally chiseled out by the arrow of evolution, instead of the ones that become dulled down in a bureaucratic society. If anything, we humans were made to create. And any one who has created anything new has had to take a step into the unknown to get there, a place of reacting to some controlled chaos. The how is the exact place for this is to happen. It is a playground to challenge one's own mind to think in a way not previously thought of before. By treating the how as a grand platform for one to create something new in their own vision, instead of a rule based place of duty, one will find that the joy that comes from respecting the opportunity to create in their own vision leads to a much more satisfying journey than one without it.

Axiom #4). Goals are to match personal desires. This axiom may seem obvious due to the way that the left side is defined, but serves one particular purpose by explicitly stating it out. One might find themselves at some point trying to fit an externally motivated goal into their left side. Trying to not get lost in the meaning of words here, the goals that belong on the left side are to exist even outside of the presence of any other living person. They are to match what's inside of one's individual soul, something that might take some time to find. If this is the case, then in the meantime, it serves to be much more beneficial to leave the left side open to happenstance than it is to fill it with something that isn't desired.

As a teenager/young adult, it can be difficult to understand what's really internally motivated, and what's just the consequence of someone brushing off on them, but as time goes on, one begins to narrow in on the particular set of activities/hobbies that means something to them outside of the existence of others. Also, there's nothing wrong with not achieving any goals at a particular point in time, leaving the left side open to chance. There is no axiom that states that the left side must have goals, or even domains at all.

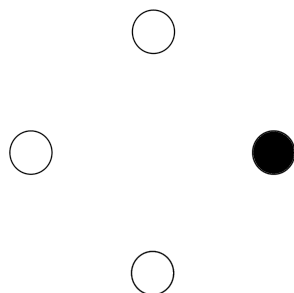
My strongest piece of advice is related to the fourth axiom. Don't let the toxic sludge of today's media seep into your left side; that's what the bottom is for. The left side is pure and meticulous, and if it has to be put on pause for some time, so be it. It's better to look at it untouched and pure from a distance than it is to try pushing rope inside of it. The left side is about learning and creation and exploration and discovery and achievement and recognition and passion and freedom, not of the spilt honey that is other people's opinions.

And lastly, Axiom #5). Allow for adaptations, for change is inevitable; simply keep a record of the progress. Progress isn't always linear, and sometimes seems to go in the wrong direction. In reality, every occurrence of doing something exists as a part of a larger whole; a parent process. Life happens, things change, plans must be amended. There's no shame in changing a goal, or one of its details, for life always has its own story in mind. But in any case, keep some record of the change. Maybe it's writing down each new change on a piece of paper and saving all the papers. Or maybe its some form of digital storage, as I'm sure that someone reading this would be able to create a version control system for keeping such specific changes, but in any case, the mental security that comes from knowing past iterations can be accessed allows for a greater depth of exploration.

It's not the fact that keeping records of changes is supposed to help with the memory of what's been done, but rather, it's the physical act of doing the thing that leads to either conscious or subconscious guidance towards staying on the path directed towards desire. A somewhat necessary guiding tool given the mind's natural fear—or rather, avoidance—of situations needing mental resolution. By keeping record, one knows undoubtedly what has been tried, and when it was tried, even if it's not held in the forefront of the brain. It's not knowing the details, but the security of knowing that the details are accessible.

This detailing of the land of goal-setting completes the structure of the left side. A loose collection of domains with individually selected borders that hosts goals that are directed towards internally motivated desires. Domains can have no goals, one goal, or goal after goal happening progressively over time. Goals are motivated by personal desires, catering to the inner soul of the individual in charge of creating them. Domains *may* change over time, goals *will* change over time.

With this, we can move to the last of the four regions; the one that exists on a spectrum opposite the left, due to the leftover time we still have after taking care of our health, our values, and our interests.



The right is simply the opposite of the left. The activities, thoughts, and behavior related to externally motivated stimuli. This includes all social behavior, every relationship—human or otherwise—and any action towards changing the perspective of another organism that lives on this planet. When thinking about it in shorthand, it’s useful to condense the right side to strictly people related activities, although it encompasses more than just our relationships with other humans. The right is what connects us to each other in a very primordial way. A consciousness that we all share, and are able to relate to with each other (especially in the case of naturally occurring psychedelics).

The right is about external relationships, whether they be with family, friends, peers, associates, students, teachers, lovers, pets, trees, aliens, and anything else that has an ordered, reoccurring process of “life” inside of it. In contrast to the left, the right has no inherent structure at all. In fact, the opposite. The right is even more freeform than coming up with a “how” for an internally motivated goal, simply because others offer more than what we can offer ourselves. Bounded by our own knowledge sets, we require an external stimulus to continue to grow and learn and change, something that stalls overtime when we strictly rely on ourselves to provide such a reoccurring stimulus. And the right side is where we naturally get it from.

The right side presents the most beautiful parts of life, even more so than chasing our own passions. While the left side has passion in its pure, far left side, the right has love on its pure, far right side; something much more powerful than that of passion. Although more difficult to achieve, and even more difficult to maintain, the right presents the human being with the ultimate reason to live; to feel in the presence of others.

The left side remains to be about achievement and exploration. On the right side, exploration is a given, and achievements are a non-factor. The right side is free from any structure or rule set, simply because any attempt at doing so would perfectly capture the creator’s own individual bias towards seeing the world in the way of their own reality; the same bias that the right ends up washing away. The right side is limitless, boundless, and allows for endless discovery; to a greater degree than that of the left.

As much as the right has to offer in theory, our current political climate has diverged to something much different. Instead of everyone throwing around endless love, altruism can only be relied on so heavily when times get tough. Due to our primal instincts, we have no choice but to put our own survival in front of anyone else's (you know, the whole, putting your air mask on before the kid's, idea and all). And in a time when there are many of us just trying to survive—even in the richest of nations—generosity becomes a secondary concern.

In modern times, humans have tried creating varying, overlapping hierarchies within a larger hierarchy of society, that can be used to tell us our societal roles in a given environment. This overlapping of hierarchies leads to an incredible amount of confusion for the individuals apart of many, as the mind is constantly having to frame switch between its role and how it is to behave around others doing the same. Take some guy who is working at a company, who is younger than his assistant, has a boss that he used to bully in high school, and works alongside a janitor that used to bully him in middle school, how is this person going to react if they're all sitting in a meeting together?

Back in our evolutionary past, power within a tribe was held apparently and obviously. The strongest monkey ruled the weaker monkeys, and as a result, had children that were more likely to be stronger than the weaker children. This was a time where power was more determined by physical strength and vigor, not of intellect and strategy. Nowadays, things are much different.

In between then and now, power dynamics still existed in a range of in-between states. Societies formed around agriculture, and power was held by those that were able to survive in this way; by farming. When currency was created as a way of trading goods in a fair way, power was held by those with the most currency. And in this process, it changed the power dynamics of the entire species of the human being once and forever, as all cultures began to adopt the way of the new.

Power was no longer determined by physical strength, but by a completely separate metric, one completely detached from the one that we were so used to. And in this new metric, one's value is attributed to the judgement placed on them by the ones that came up with this silly little game. We are the first species that we know of that has advanced to the point where evolutionary benefits now come from the power of the mind, and not of the body.

But this change in our species isn't why things nowadays are so different. I mean, obviously they play a large role, and when looked at through a zoomed out lens, one would see just how large of a change in a species' behavior this really creates. But there's an even larger change that happened after that one, one that's even fresher to our culture than that of using our minds to gain power over others. First, with the invention of the printing press, and then, with the invention of the internet, power dynamics within our species changed once again, and in an even larger way.

At first, power was determined largely by genetics. Better genes, bigger muscles, more strength, more power. Then, it was determined largely by circumstance. Born white? Or into money? Or into a healthy childhood? These things allowed for greater monetary success. And now, with the creation of the

internet, an extreme, widespread distribution of power has been released over all nations containing all people with access to a phone line.

Anyone that can log online through the use of an internet browser connecting to a public server, has the ability to learn just about anything, ever; a change in what drives a species towards its next step in evolution. Ever since the recent development of our pre-frontal cortices, we've known that information and knowledge can be a decent marker for power, given that they belong to domains that are deemed useful. But it's always been the case that information and knowledge were hard to achieve, and were usually only achieved in the case of wealthy circumstances. Being able to afford school, or afford the time to become a scholar used to be luxuries, not givens. This presents a tall barrier for those that were well capable of living on the other side but didn't have the resources required to do so; a lifetime of unrealized potential.

With the common adoption of the internet, now, anyone, anywhere can be working on the same problems as the ones that only the .01% of the global population were working on in previous ages. The effect of this change on a species cannot be captured well enough with words. An entire species, one of 8 billion plus, where over 7 billion of them have access to all the information and knowledge that any other being does; the amount of change that this brings to a species' evolutionary track is absolutely enormous. Friendly competition, along with healthy collaboration, and a connection of some of the smartest minds in all generations across the globe, all in the matter of seemingly instantaneous communication, pushes a species' capability to heights exponentially higher than anything we've ever seen before.

As a result of this incredible invention, the effects on our intra-species power dynamics become even more complicated, so complicated that we are left no choice but to leave the right side barren of any structure. Any one person walking down the side of the road can exist in a handful of varying hierarchies with varying positions in each, all unknown to the person they're passing by; a new to the profession teacher, that's been squatting competitively for 15 years, and has a blackbelt in Jiu Jitsu, has no power whatsoever as soon as he walks into a stand-up comedy bar. Someone who is considered a god at what they do in different domains, can be humiliated in an instant by simply being in the wrong location at the wrong time. And so, alongside the enormous change in trajectory of our species comes this enormous spread of power distributed over individuals. Tribes within tribes within tribes; roles overlapping on roles overlapping on even more roles.

Not only does this present the psyche with the constant need for resolution as it's constantly needing to re-evaluate its place in its environment, but it makes for way too complicated of a data structure to accurately present the information in a way that makes sense to us. Fast forward to the current day of 2023, and the situation becomes even more bleak when one considers the implications of vast adoption of new technology; specifically, social media and smartphones.

The presence of social media and smartphones yet again adds another layer of complexity on a stack that's already made up of layers of complexity. With

the vast majority of people being connected to the same source, we've created a hive mind of thought and reason that is an echo chamber to any thought that's shared by the average.

In the current, current day, there actually is a hierarchy that we abide by; it's the one that emerges from having thinking humans all connected to the same source. Any single person that is connected to social media has the ability to connect with any single other person connected to that social media, granted it's in a language that is understood by both people. On social media, the rulers of this hierarchy—that is, the ones with the most followers, likes, etc.—are the ones that are best able to grab attention. Anyone and anything that can grab the attention of the human race, in a consistent and unique manner, are the winners of the hierarchy that now dominates our society. Opinions are not valued by their merit, but rather by how many likes that opinion can get.

With, let's just say, 6 billion people connected to social media, it can be very hard to grab attention when there's that many other people playing the same game. With so many people chasing the same trophy, an average of behavior comes to light that follows some general pattern. Anyone who can capture the attention span of this hive mind is the one that stands out from the rest, due to the sheer number of average people being average people on social media.

This consensus of average minds, the one that is made up of average monkeys, can be the sayer of one's fate. Everyone, everywhere is playing court with this hive mind, where the average controls the judge, the jury, and the security. Worse yet, this average group of monkeys, oh boy, are they an emotional bunch. And in their court of law, logic is only secondary to initial feeling. They judge based on how they feel, not how they think; something all hypothetical defenses must take into account.

Any action taken—that is documented and posted by one of the majority of the 6 billion—that goes against a belief of the emotional hive, gets immediately dejected and ridiculed by the weight of the majority of 6 billion other people on this planet. Any mistake, any fuck up, any slip of the lip, and one now has the weight of the entire average world on their back. A nonnegotiable sentencing of how the majority of the world is going to judge you and attempt to further the stress placed upon you by looking for more opportunities to document and post of the activities you're doing that go against their grain.

Appeasing to this beast is the only option, as one only has so much power going against the many. Accepting this idea for one's self is yet another change to the social power dynamics in our species. If one is unable to recognize that they are being judged by a consensus of human beings, everywhere, all the time, or if instead they are able to recognize it but are unable to appease it, it adds ankle weights to that person for the rest of their societal lives—and sometimes, real fucking heavy ones (making wanting power even more desirable to the one who can never truly have it).

Just in the past couple of years has this been an added layer to the complexity of the right side, largely beginning during the lockdown of COVID-19. Too much time and too little stimuli leads to acting out in unprecedented ways, as largely shown by all of our behaviors during that period. To predict what's

to happen in the coming years is practically impossible, for our reality seems to surprise us each time we think we've got a grasp on it. Change is still happening at an unprecedented rate with our species, largely caused by the widespread access of the internet within our species combined with our boatload of spare time.

This isn't to say that the future is all doom and gloom though, for one is able to step outside of the meta by knowing the information that is presented here. By knowing that there's this omnipresent force judging our actions against some arbitrary set of beliefs, one is able to appease the system with it only having little effect on their daily life. The primary action here being the removal of oneself from all forms of social media. It's real simple; out of sight, out of mind.

The secondary action being the know-how of how to act in key social situations. If you want to talk in circles endlessly to yourself wearing an aluminum foil hat, go ahead, just not in the middle of Walmart.

And the tertiary action being a long term one, where optimizing one's life around a minimal amount of constraints slowly begins to blend into a reality that is seemingly limitless.

And to the people that know and accept this, it adds yet another layer to the social dynamic. Power is gained over the majority by simply having information organized and revealed in a certain way. All of this to say that, if one thing is apparent, it's that the complexity of the modern age has eliminated any possibility for us to organize the right side in a meaningful way.

Everyone carrying guns in their pockets, both literally and metaphorically, makes for an unsettled community. One where everyone is dangerous, armed with the power of one tweet or one bullet; this breeds a species that is constantly on edge, having to play the game of the average just to not be outcast from society, or to not be outcast from simply being alive on this planet anymore. With all these intertwined games being played between various groups within our species—ones not bound by geographical location—it makes for modeling social behavior quite difficult. Any attempt at trying to explain our social behavior in a piecewise fashion—something along the lines of, us acting in accordance to this theory, or us acting in accordance to that theory, both in these sort of social situations—fails to fully encapsulate the entire complexity of living in the twenty-first century. We have built layer after layer of defense and coping mechanism, turning all of our psyches into twisted knots of anguish and anxiety.

The answer to the question of why do we act the way that we act is who the fuck knows, and who the fuck cares? My piece of advice for how to reason about the right side goes something like this. Largely due to the widespread adoption of the internet, human social behavior has become too complex to adequately model with any sort of data structure that we currently have at our disposal. Fortunately for us, this isn't something that necessarily needs modeling. There is an incredible amount of freedom gained when one lets go of their assumed control over their behavior when it comes to how one acts in accordance to the right side.

By letting go of the reigns of control, and saying, whatever is to happen, is to happen, one will find that the common, backwards facing lens of, “why did I do that?” or, “I should’ve done this instead”, turns into a frontward facing lens of “If I did this under these set of circumstances, I bet I will do this under these other set of circumstances.” Grief related to the past turns into curiosity related to the future, as less time is needed to be spent on deliberation of how one acts. If one is to act independent of how they wish to be, an incredible amount of space opens up to explore the facets that bring about our uniqueness.

There remains an infinite amount of joy to be had on the right side, without the need for any sort of structure or control. Mother culture might have convinced some of us that the right side has tons of inherent structure, that one needs to abide by ethics and morals and act this way in this situation and this other way in this other situation, but one must not forget that we share the same blood as the other mammals on this planet, and often, act as such. The suits and ties go devilishly well with rhetoric about how one must go about living a “good” life, but I challenge the notion by saying that there is no more such thing as a “good” life. We have reverted back to survival being the number one concern, except this time, in a jungle made of concrete.

We’ve evolved to the point that making sense of our own reality around us has become too complicated due to the speed at which we have changed. But this doesn’t change the fact that we are here, experiencing this transition in our species as such. Being in evolutionary limbo, there’s not advice to be had other than find what makes you yourself happy. There’s too much nonsense and too much chaos and too many agendas that are happening everywhere all the time, that the only reasonable path is one that attempts to negate all the negative by finding joy in what brings the positive.

The right side isn’t one that has to be joined for one to live a happy life, but, upon finding relationships that truly mean something to oneself, one will find that the right side is where life truly is to be lived. The bonds, the emotions, the love, the vulnerability, all of it, irreplaceable to experiencing the strongest feelings that this life has to offer. There’s no need to bring flashcards or notes to the right side; all that’s needed is to listen to what the gut has to say, and maybe a mama’s prayer to protect you from some of the evil that exists out there.

It’s a shame that we’ve somehow isolated ourselves in our “achievement” of advanced technology that was supposed to bring us all together; something our tribal roots are not happy about. But we must deal with our reality nonetheless, and find contentment where we can. We’ve seen many miscellaneous groups pop up and get shamed for existing and trying to find their own contentment among others who felt the same way.

As a species, we are currently, deeply, deeply hurt, and are doing everything in our subconscious to safeguard what innocence we have left. Kids are being exposed to the same massive influx of information—both good and bad—as adults are, wiping away the little innocence left on this entire planet. The things that people are doing to resolve this pain are even more absurd than some of the past, hyperbolized articles that TheOnion wrote. The things that Florida man

has done, the things that dirty politicians do, what pastors do to children, what mentally ill children will resort to, what protestors are setting themselves on fire for... our reality has become stranger than any fiction we can come up with.

Because of this deep, unavoidable pain that we all feel deep within our souls, we say fuck it; whatever happens, happens. I don't know why I act in the way that I do, but goddamnit, if everyone else is running around doing fuck all, then you bet your ass I'm going to be doing it too. Because of this rationalization with even the most absurd, the right side becomes the sink of the overall structure; the dev/null, an incredibly important aspect to the whole operation.

With the detailing of the right side, this completes the detailing of the overall architecture of the entire structure. And now, because there exists a sink, everything belongs somewhere. Everything, ever, belongs somewhere. Keep that in mind.

In trying to better understand each of these components—along with the fluidity of a map described in discrete pieces—it might be helpful to look at how each component relates to each of the others. So, we'll do just that.

Starting in the direction of going backwards chronologically, the relationship between the left and the right is going to be dependent on the individual contents of one's left side. True for almost every activity—besides maybe those that exist in the pure left—there is guaranteed to be some social contact with other souls at some point in a journey from beginner to non-beginner. Whether it be for advice, or competition, or necessity, most things existing in the left have some relationship with that in the right. This relationship can be symbolized by thinking about one's teammates to play for the sport that they love, or the people they have to interact with as they perform their favorite hobby, or their competition on a journey to accomplishment.

The relationship between the top and the right shows itself in another form of love, one hardly of a sexual nature. This is where the relationship one might have with their family could go, or the love for a god, or the love for some other living thing that's not themselves—one that means something to them beyond what we can fully experience in this plane of reality. Relationships beyond the superficial; meaningful connections that seem to be timeless.

The bottom and the right can best be visualized by thinking about the people that you work with. Maybe colleagues or co-workers or associates or attending the same school, or the person working the drive thru-line you frequently visit, or the person who helps you at the self-checkout section in the grocery store; things of this sort. This region is best defined by forced proximity—and often, interaction—between others, usually in a repetitive fashion. This doesn't necessarily imply negativity, for people existing in someone's bottom-right structure can easily move to their pure right, given the conditions are right.

The relationship between the left and the top is often described with words like destiny, or fate. Things that exist here, to your experience of them, are

beyond just some hobby or some activity. They represent a feeling into something much greater than words could ever describe. The two combine to give promise to unlimited dopamine; a passion to do something with a firmly rooted reason backing it. As much as we wish we could spend all of our time here, life presents us with a different reality.

The left and the bottom are connected on the dependence of how one's bottom is implemented. A strong bond between one's left side and bottom, whether it be a passion for health, or passion for work, bidirectionally implies a greater sense of self-security and a lesser probability to achieving new heights. Having things in the left side that are completely devoid of any connection to the bottom allows for a higher degree of intensity in exploration, thus, often leading to a higher probability of limits being broken. In the pure left, one is able to push past acute discomfort with a disregard for immediately tending to one's health. Essentially put, don't expect to be a Picasso if your passions are related to sleep, diet, exercise, and whatever office job you have.

Lastly, the top and the bottom share the obvious, inherent connection that they have from being each other's complement, but also symbolizes a place of pure peace. There's something divine about taking care of our health in a way that aligns with what our soul desires. A place devoid of any bullshit or arbitration, this region represents a place for stretching in the woods, a place for making money while helping out family, a place for taking a week long trip to the Bahamas for one's mental health. A space that allows for more space to think and to be, without any stress on how to do so.

Now, with a better understanding of this continuous map, it's more efficient to start looking at how this thing behaves as a whole instead of trying to understand its individual components. If we are to believe the notion of a whole having the ability to be greater than the sum of its parts, then looking just at discrete portions of a continuous map is going to leave out some key information. Upon zooming out, and looking at this structure as a whole, there's one last relationship worth looking at that will complete the telling of this second story. The one it has with time.

This map, in its entirety, is always moving along the axis of time. Always moving in some direction, regardless of what the direction is; for all we know is that it never goes back the way that it came. Along its way, the things within it may change as a function of the differing behaviors' locations in the map, but the entire contents of the map are never all changed at once. The higher up that a behavior exists in within the map, the less likely it is to change as a function of time. One may take care of their physical health in a different way every single day, but one is most likely not going to be changing their core set of values on the daily.

One may arbitrarily categorize the continuous path of their own map's trajectory over time with the notion of a chapter. A chapter, being an arbitrary segment of time; one that is usually categorized by large scale life events happening in one's own timeline. Things like, moving to a new place and getting a new job. Or, finishing a 10 year long self motivated project. Or, breaking up with a partner of 5 years. Large scale events allow for easy chunking of a

rather long and involved life span, with the map provided as a strong, mendable framework to use as a backdrop for the memories.

While it is common for the things inside of the map to change over the course of one's life, it becomes less and less common for one's entire map to change after around the 25 year mark. Stabilization occurs as a big chunk of time dedicated to exploring new is now gone, and specific personal interests and desires are able to be put on the front burner. When this happens, the items that remain in one's map until their end can be called the seed(s) of one's existence. It could be a friend that lasted from childhood to deathbed, or a value that's been held close to the heart from start to finish, or a passion that was found early on. It could also be nothing at all, or everything one has ever known.

This completes the description of the structure that I wish to share with the world; my drop of expression on an already paint-filled canvas. As much as I wish I could just end the conversation there, if there's one thing I learned from computer programming, it's that user error must always be accounted for. I detail a complicated system with simple components—a combination one would think would be enough for the masses—but alas, the story doesn't end here.

You see, I've actually told these stories out of order. The story that I am about to tell next is the context that gives rise to the power contained in the story that I just did tell. But I had to do it in this order so that I didn't get the people that don't take their full prescription of antibiotics running around spouting ideas of "mine", that are completely out of context. Maybe some of you feel the potential already, maybe some need more explaining, but in either case, I aim to give this solution the pedestal that it deserves; making it accessible to all as a result. With that being said, join me in my last story, where I get to share a few more :).



Perspective Determines
Reality

My final beginning starts with a story of my youth. Back when I was a teenager, there was one night, just a few days before Christmas, that I remember particularly well. It was one of those, cozy by the fireplace with no stress sort of nights where everything was just right. The smell of hot cocoa, mother and father wrapping Christmas presents in the other room, fresh baked cookies on the counter.. okay maybe I exaggerate the specifics, but you get the point.

My mother, bless her heart, is a Facebook Marketplace fanatic. Always looking to strike a good deal, or get rid of something that she doesn't want anymore, she is frequently using the service. On this particular night, she was selling a pair of shoes to some lady that she didn't know (ironically, I can't actually remember if it was a pair of shoes or not, on this memorable night and all, but whatever the item actually was is unimportant), and my mom had arranged to have this lady come pick up the shoes at our house, on this particularly cozy night.

When she arrived, my mom later said that she could tell that this lady didn't look like she had much money. A rickety car, old clothing, a fatigued appearance, that sort of thing. She comes to the door, and the two of them talk for a second, exchanging nice-i-ties, and as the lady does the thing where she asks how much the shoes cost, even though she already knows how much they are, my mom stops her. She hands her the shoes and says something along the lines of, "here, they're free".

The lady tries to refuse the offer, even though the shoes would clearly help her situation, but my mom insists. This tired lady's poor, innocent soul, genuinely trying to refuse a gift because she can't even imagine putting my mom out of a pair of shoes that she doesn't even care about anymore (and frankly, doesn't really need the money for either).

My mom eventually wins, and the lady accepts the gift. When she does, she breaks down crying, right there in the hallway of our house. It turns out that yes, she was struggling, and yes, she was tired, and yes, she was extremely thankful for such a gift. She was getting the shoes for her daughter for Christmas and admitted to struggling to pay for her gifts this year. And so, my mother was able to unknowingly play Santa Clause for this lady this year, who was able to appreciate her generosity to the fullest.

Before the woman left, my mom was able to share the reason as to why she did what she did. She told the lady, "Hunny (my mom calls everyone hunny), when I saw you, I just knew. I just knew that I had to help. It was a sign from God."

And there it was; a sign from God. She did what she did because she chose to act on the sign sent to her from above. As much as I would love to squeeze in my point of why attacking people's religious beliefs when it gets the believers to do net positive deeds in society is nothing more than a display of ignorance of trying to shove an unwanted cock down everyone's throat, I can't now because I already did; but I digress. A sign from God. She did what she did because of a sign from God.

Now, taking religion out of the equation, we can zoom out a bit here and look at the situation from less of a human biased lens, despite us having biologies that tell us otherwise. My mother, believed in a set of perspectives, which then lead her to act in some way. The belief is what lead to the action. My mom believed in God, believed in his teachings, and chooses to act according to such.

But, what if this isn't true? What if this is actually backwards? That, instead of belief causing action, the action happens first, and then the belief is constructed secondly? What if, my mom gave the shoes to the lady for free, and upon her brain realizing that the situation that just happened of my mom giving one of her items away to a stranger for nothing in return doesn't make any sense, it resolves the dissonance as to why the situation happened in the way that it did, with the use of a handy dandy justification that is constructed only after the event happened. This would feel topsy-turvy right? Action which leads to a reaction of belief? Seems fishy. But just because it doesn't initially feel right doesn't mean that it can't be explored further.

If this really was the case, that action happened regardless of desire, and justification is given to it afterwards, then maybe we would be able to tell ourselves any story that we want to. We could play the game of, "Oh, I acted that way because of ____ (insert first thing that comes to mind, dependent on current mood)", and "If I have no say over action, I can do whatever I want", but it's not quite that simple.

If we were able to do this freely, the entire concept of personality would dissolve away. We are in fact bound; bounded by our own individual selves. The ones that remain semi-the same over time, despite the specifics changing as a function of our environment; we tell ourselves a story that takes the raw input from the senses, both internal and external, and attaches meaning to the otherwise neutral data that we are constantly receiving. Thus, creating a narrative.

But our narratives are constantly influenced by emotion. The way that we feel has a hand in the way that we reason about life. We are constantly swayed by the hormones that flow through our body, even the smallest of which has an effect in the largest ways that we think of life. If it really was to be the case that action happens first and justification happens second, then one might find out that their narrative becomes completely based off of their average mood.

In a bad mood, they would find that their justifications lean more towards, "Oh, that must've happened because ____ (insert pessimistic reason)". And in a good mood, they would lean more towards the opposite side of the spectrum; "Oh, that must've happened because ____ (insert optimistic reason)".

And if we are to believe that action happens first, largely out of our control, then it would be very difficult to find a way to regulate one's mood on a consistent basis. We would constantly be reacting to whatever our environment was throwing at us on that particular day, with the ways in which we react being determined by things of the nature and nurture sort.

Then it would look something like, action —(no choice in reaction)—> justification (dependent on mood), both events of which are out of one's control. A bleak scenario for those that hold on to the reigns of control so tightly. If we are to believe in this model instead of the one that goes the other way around, then one might reason their way to the idea that working on the action side of that equation is a fool's game. It's silly to waste time trying to control the things that really are out of our hands. The things that our environment presents us with are forever uncontrollable, and somehow, always find a way to surprise us in doing so. Which leads to a shifting of focus to the other side; thinking about the way that we justify our own behavior, which is often influenced by the way that we feel.

In doing so, one finds an avenue to attack that, if true, would lead to positive, real-life change in one's experience. What if, on top of our already what if, instead of the justification being dependent on mood, it were to be able to be dependent on a constant? Essentially, like a look-up table that tells one how to think, regardless of the mood or situation. That would be quite a powerful tool, because then, one could manage to manipulate the look-up table to get them to think in anyway that they desire. This is how psychopaths reason their way through their existence.

But if we could become able to find a look-up table that leads to the most positive results in one's real-life experience, this would be a valuable tool for anybody. Because, surely, this would save our reptilian brains quite a bit of grief and confusion when trying to understand what's happening around us, and replace unneeded negative feelings with at least neutral ones or better. An attempt at the game of optimization to say the least, but, upon imagining this far, I'm sure one can find the mental energy to make one more imaginative leap (and, frankly, it's not even that optimized to think that one can eliminate just the unnecessary negative stuff, and not change everything to be of a much greater positive magnitude, so for those taking a leap, relax, there's much more we could be leaping over).

If we are to imagine that action happens first, and then justification happens after, and if we are to imagine that we have a means of control over the way that we justify things, and that it doesn't have to always be dependent on mood, and if we are to imagine that, even further than control, we can then optimize the way that we justify things, then, in all of this hypothetical nonsense, one can imagine just how important it would be for someone to take the first step in revealing this being an actual possibility. And I'm just crazy enough to try.

I give you my narrative of the world around me; the last of a set of stories that gives context to what's come before it. A comprehensive story that describes the way that I reason about the world around me; which, to my anecdotal experience, has some pretty neat effects.

A natural perspective

Everything starts with time.

We humans experience time in a very distinct way. In every single one of our experiences, time flows in the same direction; forward. We don't assign a direction on time other than it moving in the direction it always has been. No loops, no backwards travel; just, forward.

The rate at which we experience time changes as a function of a lot of things, including personal enjoyment of the activity at hand, as well as physics phenomena such as gravitational pull from large objects and how fast we're moving throughout space-time. But the rate at which we experience time is largely unimportant for this discussion, and what's more important is a drilling down of the idea that time always has, and—we are to believe—always will, move in the same direction; forward.

Time, alongside everything else we experience in the natural world, is continuous. There is a seamless integration in the moments that we experience, no matter how fast or how slow. Things don't appear and disappear instantly, they happen in a progression. Just like us only ever experiencing time moving in the same direction, we always have believed, and, as of now, are to forever believe, in the continuity that time brings.

In this omnipresent continuity of time, there exists a natural ordering on the events happening within it; the order in which we perceive them. On the quantum level, this may cause dispute, but here on the classical level, this is largely something taken for granted. We don't write mathematical equations backwards, or from starting in the middle, we start at the natural starting spot; the beginning, the parts that make up the equation in succession.

Things happen in a one-two-three, not all at the same time. Whether this is true on the quantum level is unimportant for the reality we deal with is largely unaffected by the answer to such a question. What this gives us is, time, always moving in the same direction, with events happening inside of the continuity that it brings in a one-two-three, consecutive sort of manner.

In this continuity of time, one-two-three's happen in something we call space. Essentially, a sandbox arena that permits physical beings to take mass and interact with each other under 4 fundamental forces. The one-two-three's, happening over time, in space, take on the same continuity that is present with time itself. Using a complicated example to clear up a simple concept, one might have heard during a biology or psychology class that action potentials are discrete, not continuous. And I would say that whether or not they happen is a binary, yes, but when we look at brain activity before, during, and after an action potential, there's no break in activity. A dramatic change, yes, but never a period where it stops; for low level activity is still activity. In a

similar fashion, the entire living world represents continuity from the start of its existence, all the way until its final demise.

There is a gradual aspect to the living cycle of all things, happening in space, over time; processes that have to happen for other processes to happen. Following the one-two-three, consecutive ideology, things on the classical level don't happen instantaneously. Things happen, more things happen, and even more things happen, for trillions of years, until this universe ends its life cycle and becomes desolate and inactive, at which point, no more things will happen (unless they do of course, but, in any case, besides the point).

We see that the gradual things that happen in physical space, over continuous time, occur in groups. It takes a very specific group of gradual, localized events to happen in order to grow a tree, not randomly timed and randomly spaced events happening across the universe. These groups of gradual, related events are called processes.

A bacteria is a process that hosts the processes of cell components. A single plankton is a process that hosts the process of bacteria. A single plankton is part of the eating process of another process called a whale. A whale is a process of processes that is hosted in a process called the ocean. The ocean is a host process to many other processes, that is hosted by the host process of planet earth. Everything and anything that we experience in this continuity of time is a process.

Processes happening over time, in space, processes that we—human beings, processes ourselves—are able to speak of and reason about with other human being processes. We know that a plant has a life cycle, a beginning and an end, without having to be the process that is that plant.

Not just limited to living organisms, the life cycle of every process on earth, in space, is limited. This inevitable ending of every collection of energy brings about a concept that is usually shied away from in modern society; death.

Death is just as natural as life, but it tends to get the devil role instead of the angel one. Life and death are coupled together as part of the same process, one not able to happen without the other. What comes after death, we're not sure of. Maybe it's being recreated into a different form of energy. Maybe it's traveling to another universe. Maybe it's traveling to another dimension in our own universe. Maybe it's haunting the still living. It could be anything really, the unidirectional arrow of time doesn't allow for us to go back and forth across the goal posts of living and dead freely. But, we do know that death surrounds us just as much as life does; the yin to the yang.

Humans, existing as a process on earth, have developed one ability that allows us to do all of this conversing and discussing about what's going on around us. We have developed what we call abstraction; a way to talk about physical processes with nonphysical ideas.

With abstraction in mind, there are such things that we might call "forms". When we see a plank of wood resting on 4 other planks of wood, we know that structure to be what we call a "chair". That physical chair we're looking at is a direct manifestation of an abstract form of a chair, for, the idea of a chair exists only as a form without a physical manifestation—one purely as concept.

It doesn't need a direct manifestation into the physical world, as we're able to reason about it without one.

Through abstraction, we reason about other processes besides our own. We are able to talk about the concepts of continuity and gradualism and processes happening in space and even abstraction itself through the power that abstraction gives us. We are able to reason about other processes happening around us, without us necessarily having to currently exist as that process; predictions that can lead to an understanding. Any process that we are able to witness can also be abstracted as having a form, one away from its physical bundle of energy, with the aid of our advanced mental architecture.

If we trace back all of the processes that we see in our environment, they all belong to the same system of processes that we call "Nature". Nature is a system of processes that implements a set of laws that all its children processes are to abide by. It consists of much more than just the living organisms on our planet, for when viewed through the lens of time provided here, it consists of any and all processes that we perceive to be, in the entire observable universe. There may be other systems that exist outside of nature that are beyond our current means of comprehension, but nature is used to refer to the system that hosts all processes that are meaningful to us humans.

These laws that nature provide are applied to both the living and the non-living. The nonliving get a flavor of laws in the form of limitations of force interactions. The ones saying that the speed of light is a constant in a vacuum, that energy and mass belong to the same spectrum of a similar form, and that there are four fundamental forces running all motion in our universe.

There's also the ones that exist for the natural world (the world of carbon-based energy pumps). The ones that say that traits that lead to a greater likelihood of living and passing on like genes are selected for over time in a naturally competitive environment. This leads to an ever-changing meta between organisms, the one that determines how DNA is replicated, and how culture is created, and how we interact with other carbon based life forms. Any process that we see, carbon based or otherwise, abides by the laws set forth by our parent system of nature.

In this way, we can visualize nature as being a bubble, with other bubbles inside of it. The realm of possibility of embedded bubbles is going to depend on their individual size, but one can say for certain that they will be bounded from above by the larger bubble that they are contained within. One such bubble encapsulated in this larger bubble of nature, is that of the human being.

The human being is a process that abides by the natural laws, both for the living and nonliving, and is perpetually bounded above by such. We have no choice as to the fact that we need to eat every few weeks, and sleep every few days, and drink almost every day, and breathe every few seconds. We have no say in the fact that we interact more commonly with forms of mass rather than energy, what lightwaves pass into our eye balls, nor to the pain felt when touching something hot. In these ways, we are bounded by our biology, which is bounded by the bigger bubble of nature.

The human being interacts with many other processes happening around it in nature. But the human being is the only one, that we currently know of, that has developed the ability to realize that it itself is a process happening in nature, and share thoughts and feelings related to such with others of the same species. The reason that we gravitate towards believing that no other species has had this mental capacity, instead of assuming that everything is completely sentient, is largely because of the extent to which we have assumed power over not just members of our own species, but every single other species that we're aware of.

The human being is an apex predator of apex predators, one that has topped all other food chains that exist on the planet Earth. As far as we know, no other species has ever done this, nor even came close. Due to the combination of us having opposable thumbs and able bodies, as well as the inventions of controlled fire and agriculture, we have found a way to stop playing the game that every other living process on this planet devotes its entire existence to playing; the game of survival.

Albeit to say, the brain of the human being, what we believe to be largely powering this powerhouse of a genocide causing machine, is quite advanced. It has the capability to do much more than just conquer, even though it was bred from an environment that would have selected for that exact trait.

In particular, we have the ability to think about time as a partition of intervals instead of one continuous stream. That is, we can split up the entire length of time, from beginning to end, into intervals of whatever length makes the most sense to us; our own categorization. We could say, for example, that all of life is split up into 5 second intervals, chained together seamlessly. And, us saying that 5 seconds is the interval of all intervals would be just as valid as anyone else saying any another interval is the interval of all intervals.

Picking any length of time to create arbitrary separations, the sum of all the intervals is all of time. If one was to think about making the interval as small as possible, condensing it to as close to a single moment as we can get, there comes a point where narrowing in further provides diminishing returns on its appreciable exactness to that of the human mind. This single point, similar to a single point on a continuous number line, is what we call a state.

A state is a single moment in time; a snapshot of how everything is in an exact moment. If you sum up all the states together, you get all of time; analogously, taking every point on the number line gives the whole, continuous number line.

Besides just being able to reason about physical objects as abstract forms, we are able to use our advanced brains to do much more. We have the ability to analyze, predict, and understand the progression of these states, these chains of moments in time. We know that certain states must happen before other certain states, and that states give rise to processes that have beginnings and ends, just like our own biology. We have the ability to compare states to other states, and note the similarities and differences.

By comparing processes to other processes, states to other states, all abstractly, we are able to pick up on patterns, given enough time and data. In

order words, we're able to gain knowledge and the ability to accurately predict outcomes of other processes, and, if given plenty of time and data, turn that knowledge into a deeper understanding of the underlying mechanisms at play.

Across the history of the human being, we have had a whole lot of time to not only understand so many different processes other than ourselves, but also the ability to pass all of this knowledge down to the next set of generations that come after us. This had lead to a compounding effect in the way that humans have come to learn things, only largely happening in the past few thousand years. A process that had already topped the food chain of food chains that it existed in, now with the ability to continue to advance in a different domain than the purely physical—at an unbelievable rate—due to knowledge being passed down from those that came before us.

With the smartest people working across varying fields, that are able to connect with one another, instantly, from across the globe, we find that, over time, there becomes a general consensus of what knowledge is accepted and which is not; a meta, if you will. And since every meta is plastered on the front page of the internet constantly, the refining process becomes rapid as everyone tries to subconsciously (or consciously) outcompete everyone else; the best information wins. With the smartest minds working across different fields, able to compound on the smartest minds that came before them in their fields, the consensi that are come to in the year 2023 are quite resilient to change, to say the least.

That isn't to say that the details of what we understand might change, because it most likely always will, but rather, we know that DNA replication is happening in the nucleus, not the mitochondria. We are very confident in the frameworks we have built to perceive the world around us, because they have been continuously getting built over time, across the generations and generations that came before us.

All of this to say that, one of the processes that we've come to understand fairly well over only the past few hundred years, from this process of an open source, common understanding that gets chiseled out over time in a global society of intelligent minds, is the one of ourselves. The human being, a process occurring in nature that not only has the ability to analyze its own process, but the ability to do it well.

Through the time and experimentation of our ancestors, we have been able to understand the human process better than we ever have before. Through understanding the biology, the chemistry, the neuroscience, the psychology, and the sociology of ourselves, all of which came from the dedication to explore each of those domains by the intellectual pioneers that first did so, we have a large portion of cause and effect relationships related to our physiology figured out.

With everyone being able to agree on most of the ideas related to the process of the human, there are some who believe in radical beliefs on top of the shared beliefs. One of whom is called Dr. Robert Sapolsky. Dr Robert Sapolsky is a neuro-endocrinologist at Stanford who is able to agree on all the agreeable stuff, but who holds a radical belief when it comes to his understanding of the

human process. But before I get to that, I would be doing Dr. Sapolsky an injustice if I at first didn't give him the pedestal that he deserves.

Dr. Sapolsky is an incredible intellect that has credentials for both abstract theory formulation as well as hands-on, in-field practice of theory. He graduated at the top of his class from Harvard, has won awards for his work in his field, hosts one of Stanford's most viewed lecture series on Youtube, has authored a handful of books, and has spent multiple seasons living amongst the baboons and locals in various regions of Africa. Not only has he studied the biology of human beings, but he has lived with, which lead to an understanding of, a process that is very similar to ours; the one called the primate. He understands the mechanisms at play behind that of the primate's biology, leading into an understanding of our own as well, indicated from his lecture series and various talks.

Now, here's where I'll lose half of you, but I hope you can at least hear me out with what I have to say; for whether or not we have a say in what we get to believe in is largely out of our hands. Dr. Sapolsky doesn't believe in free will. That being put into the narrative I've made here, Dr. Sapolsky is to be a big believer in the action before justification direction. He believes that action happens entirely independent of the choice that we assume when thinking that we put justification before action.

Dr. Sapolsky is an intelligent man. This isn't something you have to take from me, as if I was relaying the whispers I was receiving from an angel. He has publicly accessible work that is available for free to anyone with an internet connection. Instead of taking my word for it, watch something of his, anything of his, and come up with a conclusion for yourself on the matter.

I think a very important idea that needs to get explicitly stated here is that I'm not here trying force a particular frame of view upon anyone reading this. Instead, I'm here to state a set of perspectives that I believe in, and furthermore, the effects that pop out when believing in them. Simply put, I couldn't give a fuck as to what you believe in. But, if you either do the research yourself and agree with the argument, or are too lazy and so will just take my word for it, you might be interested in hearing some of the specific consequences that fall out of it.

As much as I wish I could provide a biology based reason as to why we—as advanced monkeys roaming this earth—are completely dictated by that which is out of our hands, it would take a few degree's worth of time and knowledge before I would even feel the slightest bit comfortable giving an argument backing a claim as big as that one. I know very little about biology and chemistry and neuroscience, and all the disciplines that fall in-between of those, and I don't plan on dedicating years of my time to learn about those domains before I finish this book. Luckily for me, I don't have to. Because Dr. Robert Sapolsky has. And, to his experience, I'm a believer.

Understanding the belief of no free will comes down to thinking about just a few questions. First off, is all of life predetermined already, or is there some computation that's taking place in each (or some) of the state that pass by,

that determines what comes in the next states to come—not something that can be known of in advance?

The argument for why we think life tends to be more on the not predetermined side is because of the discovery of a concept at play in our universe that we call chaos. For those that have only heard of the word chaos in a nonchalant, societal setting (e.g., “It’s so chaotic in here!”), there exists technicality behind the word chaos when used in the fields of mathematics and biology and computation, just to name a few. Simply put, chaos is complete unpredictability of a process that we can otherwise reason about just fine.

Example. A single pendulum is a weight hanging from a fixed anchor. You can swing the weight from side to side, and the weight will move in a smooth arc back and forth until it loses all of its kinetic energy. Very predictable, very easy to reason about. A double pendulum is essentially a single pendulum with another break in it; a weight attached to a fixed anchor with a joint somewhere in its connection. You take a double pendulum, and you do the same thing, you pick it up to one side and drop it to watch the smooth arc that it carves out in space, except, it doesn’t do just that.

It acts very erratically as it displays seemingly random movement. In order to understand it better, we stop it from moving about, pick it up to the side, and drop it again. This time, the movement is still erratic, except, in a much different way than the first time. The pattern that it displays, which is no pattern at all, carves out a completely different shape with its path over time than the first one did.

We do this again and again, each time, dropping it from what we think is the same spot, and each time, it acts completely different from the last. Every time, we think we might have an idea of how it’s going to behave, and every time, we’re completely wrong. A double pendulum represents a chaotic system, one that we cannot predict.

Reasoning about a double pendulum is otherwise simple. We know of the physics governing the motions of the weight, we know of the role of gravity in the whole thing, and we can abstractly talk about the idea of a double pendulum in the first place. But, when it comes to predicting how it’s going to behave, we have no nothing to say. This is a system where even the slightest of variations in initial conditions—the height and velocity at which we let go of the weight—creates drastic differences in the end behavior produced. Even knowing of all the parts of a double pendulum, and how they work on their own, we currently have nothing meaningful to say as to how it works as a whole; thus, chaos.

To us, chaos represents randomness in an otherwise orderly system. Chaos is all around us, and in us, as it seems to be a very natural component of the natural world. Chaos is the reason behind the idea that we’ve somehow already have made it to the moon, yet, can’t even get daily weather broadcasts right. Chaos is the igniter of the process of natural selection—at the heart of DNA mutation. It’s the shape that’s created when dropping a drop of food coloring in water, it’s us all having unique finger prints, it’s at the heart of a lot of natural processes that govern a part of our reality.

If we take chaos into account when we consider the answer to this first question of whether life is completely predetermined or not, it gives strong reason as to why we might think that it's not. Unless we just don't have the capability to understand it fully yet, chaos in our environment presents us with an undeniable concept that must be taken into consideration when answering such a question.

When we zoom in all the way to the fundamental interactions governing the way that everything moves forward in time, it's no doubt that chaos is apparent. We can't even predict where an electron is, much less how the fabric of different space-time fields interact with each other. Since everything is built on top of these fundamental interactions, it's an easy leap to think that the structures built on top of them have an aspect of chaos as well.

It seems to be that chaos is dictating how things move forward on a moment-to-moment basis, but when we zoom out, we see that there are patterns present. For example, we can't always predict what the weather is going to be on a day-to-day basis, because of the chaos underpinning a large majority of it, but, when we look at it on a larger time scale and lose some of the specificity, we know a lot about the weather. We know that during these times of the year, the temperature will range in between these bounds, and that places that experience wet seasons will have rain in the wet season, and places that experience dry seasons will have sun in the dry seasons.

It's definitely apparent that, here on the macro-scale, a lot of things definitely are predictable. Even though there's chaos happening all around us, even giving rise to the reality that we see, we're able to understand the patterns of the processes around us so well, that we can spend 30 minutes time with a 10 year old—one whose internal mechanisms are completely determined by chaos—and can gain a decent prediction as to what direction they will lean to in their future, through a prodding of their barely developed personality. And so, the chaos present in the foundation of our reality loses its omnipresence when bubbling up to the structured reality that we experience.

In this way, the belief moving forward for the sake of these perspectives sits somewhere on the scale that leans heavily towards the side of there being no pre-determinism. If we really break it down, and really look at the deepest level that we're able to of the fabric of our universe, chaos seems to be everywhere; thus making it seem that the belief should be all in favor of no pre-determinism. But, humans, here on the classical scale, do experience patterns and consistency and anticipated results when dealing with a lot of processes that we've come to understand quite well. And so, it doesn't seem that *everything* is necessarily predetermined, but rather, heavily influenced.

As a metaphor, the chaos underpinning our universe presents default, pre-built channels for things on the macro-scale to happen. The chaos existing in each moment is in control of exactly which channel the involved parties take, but, when looking at the pre-built channels from a distance, we see that there's only little variation between the different paths that the chaos could have chosen from.

As an example backing this metaphor, you can tell that some nerdy kid is going to grow up to do something nerdy, even though the exact job that he'll end up doing is left to the randomness that his environment presents him with as he grows up. You don't have to know the exact path that they will take to know the bounds of the ones that are possible. Maybe, there's a random interaction that happens on the fundamental scale that rises up and manifests its way into their real life as being the difference between taking a shower or not on a particular day, only one of which leads to them meeting the CEO of the tech company that they now work for in a coffee shop that wouldn't have happened otherwise.

The chaos underpinning our reality has the final say in our exact path through life, but that doesn't mean that patterns aren't able to be drawn from the group of possible realities for each of us, when we zoom out and look at our path from a distance. Which brings us to the second question, if life is (inserting a possible 'largely' here) not pre-determined, and chaos is playing enough of a part to influence our realities, just how much control do we have over this chaos?

Is it possible to influence this chaos? To channel it in certain ways? Is there anyway that we can have some say in what happens that goes against the chaos? And if so, how much? This second question is what gets at the heart of the question of free will, the one that comes after knowledge that we don't actually have knowledge on how a large portion of how our universe works. With chaos and unpredictability happening on the smallest of scales, is the effect that they play on the largest of scales entirely in the hands of the seemingly random computations?

On one end of the spectrum of beliefs related to this concept, you get the Sapolsky view. This being, that we have absolutely no say in any of it, and whatever is happening on the smallest scales, bubbling up to the largest of scales, is what is ultimately deciding what each and every one of us do. On the other end of this spectrum, you get the, oftentimes, very religious based belief, that yes, we do have a say over all of this chaos that's happening on the micro-scale, and it comes from nothing other than belief.

As to which one you believe, I don't give a shit. Again, I'm not here to push narratives upon people by force. I care much more about exploring the consequences of what comes after the perspectives that are believed. And, to me, the perspective that is believed is the one that strongly favors Dr. Sapolsky's position.

As a thought experiment that I like to use as to why this belief makes sense to me, imagine choice through the most zoomed out lens possible and incrementally zoom in, and, after each step, ask the same question; could there have been choice involved? For example, did I have any choice in the fabric of space-time being the way that it is? Probably not. Did I have a choice as to being a specimen that's part of the Milky Way? Probably not. Did I have a choice as to whether or not I was born on a planet that experiences one trip around its parent star every 365 day-night rotations? Probably not. Did I have choice as to what state I was born in? The schools that I went to? The

information that was taught to me? To the parents that I was born from? With the brothers that I had? And how long I was breastfed? Or what my DNA looks like? Which genes are expressed? The forced interaction I've had between other groups of individuals?

At what point do we say that choice was involved? All the time? Only part of the time? Only after puberty? Only in adulthood? Only in dire circumstances? Only when we say we do? It's very hard for my mind to find a good starting point of there being a switch of us suddenly expressing intent that possibly goes against the grain of the fabric of our reality. And, on top of that, Dr. Sapolsky prevents very good real life examples of just how much our biology controls our behavior; examples that can't be overlooked.

So then, what are some of the consequences of believing in such a drastic claim?

At large, it evaporates any notion of something that I've come to learn, a lot of people have a hard time letting go of; control. It evaporates control. It washes away the pride in all of the decisions we make, the grief in all the decisions we didn't make, and every feeling that lands in between.

Bill Gates didn't choose to be Bill Gates no more than the homeless drug addict didn't choose to become a homeless drug addict. We all experience a unique current that is set onto us from the moment we are brought into existence, and is incrementally defined by the unpredictable interactions that we experience in our environment over our lifetimes. Taking pride in the paths we've taken, because of the decisions we've made, is akin to taking pride in it raining during the spring, and it being sunny in the summer.

When life is looked at through the lens of one that takes away our say in the decisions that we make, a cascade of new considerations and changes in belief occurs. It's not just one change to one belief, but rather, one belief causing change in a whole lot of other beliefs; a mentally expensive endeavor. But, given enough time and consideration, one might find that the idea becomes more digestible and absorbable the more that they dabble with it. When this moment comes, there is still a lot of conversation to be had, for this is not where the story ends.

All walks of life, good, evil, and everywhere in between, is living a life that has been handed to them; even despite the ones that contain hard work. Upon acceptance of this, empathy begins to replace judgement, and generosity begins to replace stinginess. When we look at people as the consequence of riding a particular wave that was given to them, instead of them choosing the waves that they've ridden, we open the door to understanding some of the feelings that they might have felt during their own specific journey.

It's when we look at someone who we put below us on a made up scale in our heads, whether it be the homeless man begging for money, the crack head tweaking on the street, or the prostitute just trying to make enough money so her pimp doesn't abuse her again, and begin to pass judgement on people that we don't know, on a journey that we didn't take, with assumptions sprinkled throughout that they chose their path to be the way that it is, that judgement leads to negativity in a social environment.

“I’m not going to give to the homeless person, they should just *choose* to get a job.” “If I give them money, they’re just going to *choose* to spend it on drugs.”

But when we replace the lens of judgement—the one that’s ultimately fueled by assuming control—with one that encapsulates the idea of choice being less of a factor in the outcome of one’s life path, our hearts immediately open up to feeling that their situation has to offer, without us having to experience that same pain. This, very naturally, leads to a free well-being boost within a society; one with no cost at all, simply happening from a change in perspective.

“I wonder what’s keeping that homeless person from working. Is it a disability? A severe mental health diagnosis? Chronic pain?” “If I give them money, they’ll have no choice but to spend it on drugs, so instead, I’ll give them warm food.”

An innocent, inquisitive nature begins to fill a society with this one simple change in perspective; saying that we have no choice in the way that we behave, instead of assuming that we actually did. That’s all it takes to better the lives of both parties involved; an extremely low barrier holding us back from a symbiotic relationship between members of our own society.

So, why is it that it feels so natural to hold on to the opposite belief? Why is it so difficult to let go of choice if it leads to such positive effects? Well, with the good comes the bad. And the ‘bad’ here being completely subjective to how one reacts to a certain idea. On one end of a spectrum, saying that there’s no choice in the way that we behave and act, we get these beneficial feelings of empathy and generosity replacing feelings of judgement and shame. But on the other end, it can also wipe away pride and accomplishment.

How is one to feel proud over what was already laid out for them in the chaotic fabric of our reality? How is one to feel proud over a path that they had no say in? Can one truly gloat over their path down a current where they had no say in the direction of the water, the raft given to them, or the others that surround them on this path down the river?

In some sense, there’s absolutely no denying that hard work is almost always a prerequisite for success, so there does remain some sense of accomplishment that will never be wiped away. Just because the path wasn’t chosen doesn’t mean that the path was easy. But one has to realize the platform that they were given for them to be able to take the path that they did. Even people who were forced to run uphill both ways have to realize that there existed an energy within them that powered them up those hills.

As someone who has been through 2 rounds of major depression now, I can tell you that, when there’s no energy left, when the body is chronically fatigued, and the mind is under full siege, there’s not a goddamn chance in the world that someone creates the energy required to get up those hills by themselves. Creating energy when energy is not there is so far detached from

your reality in a state like that, that making consistent leaps across that gorge to get out of it without the help of anything else is nothing short of a miracle. And so yes, even the ones who wake up at 4AM, even the ones who train 3 times a day, even the ones that torture themselves just to achieve the label of 'winner', are all given the platforms to be able to do what they do. A healthy body, a thinking mind, and the tools necessary to take their own path.

And so, with a belief of something like, free will being largely out of our hands, both positive and negative consequences fall out. On one end, grief, shame, and regret all disappear with a snap of the fingers, and on the other end, pride and ego and one's self image can take a fairly large hit if they were heavily relied on before. Upon further consideration of all the remaining effects that sit everywhere in between this spectrum, a new feeling emerges. A feeling of peace.

Why peace? It's simple. I do not choose, therefore I do not worry. There exists ways to train different reactions to stimuli that we already have been exposed to, but there is no inherent need to so. There isn't an inherent need to do anything. One can simply sit back and watch their whole life unfold without having to take any action besides the occasional sip of an ice cold lemonade.

Don't be mistaken, the path of default isn't always one of joy. For some people, myself included, letting go of the reigns means becoming homeless, or not having a job, or not having a car, or all three at the same time. Letting go of the reigns and assuming no control isn't a path that always goes up, and it's very hard not to grab the reigns once the path reveals it to be so, but one can't forget that ups and downs are both parts that make up a whole life. Bad times aren't to be shied away from, because that sentence no longer makes any sense. There is no shying away from anything, because there is no action to take at all, we are simply experiencing.

For others, ones that have the resources and means, letting go of the reigns is stupidly simple once given a proper framework that is able to switch from a previously held perspective. And the framework goes like this.

We are simply experiencing a ride that is constantly being pieced together by some very large number of chaotic computations. There are things that we can do in this ride to change how it feels, such as leaning one way or the other, or putting our hands up or down during the drops, or even opening our mouths the whole way down, but we have no say in where the ride is taking us, and for how long it will last.

The process that is myself-Dominic Vicharelli-has had no say in how he was to develop, and under what conditions, both nature and nurture. That isn't to say that the life I lived was pre-determined, but rather, being pieced together on a moment by moment basis depending on the interactions of naturally occurring chaotic systems.

By letting go of choice, I ease the burden of responsibility of superficial matters, and place a larger emphasis on core values; for the superficial is to come and go as it does, but the things that are to remain over time are worth studying. A lifetime's worth of holding onto chronic, unnecessary stress related

to artificial, self-imposed burdens, completely lifted off of my shoulders upon acceptance and digestion of the fact that my life is out of my hands.

A freedom prevails, and a new space emerges. For, however I act, is in perfect alignment with how I was determined to act; caused by the uniqueness brought into this moment that was unpredictable in nature. There's no more stress for doing the "wrong" things, the "wrong" way. That concept makes no sense when mistakes are considered as an integral part of one's timeline, instead of as a concept that we must choose to be as minimal as possible. Mistakes happen because there is no other way that the event could've happened; there was no place to interject the notion of choice anywhere in the process. And so, there is no "wrong" way, only the way. The one that happens.

Every action leads to reaction, and everything is to come as it does. We will always act in accordance to my path, for there is no other path that we can take. No stress, no preparation, no worry. That is, for me at least. I've had two years to ponder this, and to deal with the frustration of the killing of old brain cells for the formation of new ones, and thus, two years to also prepare for the consequences in believing in such. I do not worry because I am prepared for anything that life has to throw at me. Some may not share the same feeling towards letting go of control, for they are unprepared for the chaos that is now not-noticeable in their lives.

For those currently unprepared, you might be feeling just a tad bit of angst. A touch of unease; ready to fight or flight. And I don't blame you. I'm making some fairly strong claims. But this isn't a stand-off that I wish to win with force. I just wish to present my case and have you deal with it as you do.

There's one last question that emerges from the needs of the unprepared; how is one to go about preparing themselves for the unpredictability of life? The answer to that question is complicated, because I seem to have just washed away any plan of action one could take toward anything at all, if there really is no notion of choice and all.

How are we to take action towards changing something if we have no say in what we are doing, and how we are reacting to our environment? Yet, despite this viewpoint, a beacon of light shines through the fog that is going to be viewed as our guiding star. A beacon of light that requires a group of perspectives separate from the ones presented here. So, before we move on, a recap of the natural perspectives.

Time only moves in one direction, continuously and forever. With time, comes space; a physical arena. Our space comes in the flavor of 3 dimensions of measurement, but the number could be any. Gradual, localized events called processes happen in space, over time.

Nature is a system of processes that hosts all events perceivable to mankind. This includes both the living and the nonliving, with the laws that each abide by. Processes that happen in nature are gradual and are known to be heavily influenced by chaotic systems.

The human being is a process in nature that is unique to all the other processes in nature (that we currently know of) in, particularly, one big way.

The human being has developed the ability for abstraction; the ability to think about, reason about, and communicate to others abstract forms of physical (or nonphysical) objects. This ability opens an incredible amount of doors for the human being process to explore.

Because of this abstraction, one of the forms that we are able to reason about is the one of ourselves. We have developed the ability to study the human being process, as a human being process; truly remarkable. Through the compounded knowledge that the smartest minds in the fields of the sciences have recorded, there exists a current meta of information that is accepted by all—even in today's extremely polarized world.

Now, there's something to note that might be getting overlooked subconsciously. Up until this point, I have made absolutely no stabs at religion or science whatsoever. We can all agree on the fact that time only moves forward, and that nature exists, and that we—humans beings, existing too—belong to it, and that chaos is an idea that exists in nature, and that we have minds that are able to not only think about, but talk about all of this with each other. Then, there's a split.

One of the ideas at the forefront of this meta of current information is the one that says that a human's behavior is completely determined by the laws and interactions it has within its parent system of nature. Simply explained, the belief is that, we are what we are, and we do what we do; nothing more and nothing less. The opposite idea related to this belief is the one that says that, we are in fact agents of choice, having a say in our realities and all (by mechanisms currently unknown).

Some of you are going to end up believing in the former, some of you are not. If one does end up believing in the whole no choice shebang, then they get the added benefit / trade-off of all of the consequences that come from the notion of free will being a myth. Depending on one's circumstances, this will either be liberating or scary as shit. If one instead subscribes to the idea that chaos has negligible effects on our realities, and that we're agents of choice, they too stand on ground that is absolutely defensible as well. But no matter the path of belief taken at this fork in road, both groups of believers meet back up at the same spot, with the same question.

How do we prepare ourselves for what life has to throw at us, whether or not we actually do have choice? The big picture, theory stuff only gets us so far, for at some point, the body and the mind will default to some physical action. So, what's left for us inside of this nature bubble for our exploration?

A whole lot.

Body, Mind, & Me

The exploration continues with further examination into the human process. So far, the encompassing bubble scheme is Time → Nature → Human. And

now, it's time to dive deeper into the Human to add another layer to the scheme. The body, the mind, and the me.

What is a human? Easy, I just answered it. I joke, only sometimes, but understanding what a human is, is a complicated task. We are one complex organism with a whole lot going on inside of us—with our biology—and a whole lot going on outside of us—with our social behavior. It also depends on what previous biases each of us hold towards thinking about what a human is. To a Christian, a human is the making of God. To an evolutionist, a human is an evolved monkey. And, to this framework, a human is a process belonging to the nature system.

But no matter the biases that we each hold towards understanding our own species, there are a few things that are indisputable. For one, we know that there has never been a predator as adept as us at the game of surviving in our natural world. Whether our talents were chiseled over millennia by natural selection, or God-given, it is undeniable that the human being really is the apex predator of apex predators. With the use of our own creations, there is not a beast that we can't take down; and in an elegant fashion, no less.

We also know that we all share something that, in English, we call "consciousness". Consciousness is some abstract phenomenon that we can all feel, yet have trouble describing. Viewed in the framework here, consciousness is a process that starts definitely in humans—and possibly other living organisms—around the age of 4-5, and continues until the point of the organism's death. At that point, we aren't certain as to what is to happen, for it seems to be a one-way street.

Consciousness is something that we all largely feel in the same local spot within our skulls. It is hosted by a larger process called the mind. The mind, similar to space, is an arena for things to happen in. Except, opposite of space, the mind is an arena that exists solely for the nonphysical. Space is a physical arena. The mind hosts a nonphysical arena. The rules that govern such are different, but both are bounded by the laws that govern them.

In this story, consciousness is happening inside of the mind; an entity that can perform much more than just be sentient. But in your story, you can make it however you want. The undeniable part here being that we all experience an abstract phenomenon called consciousness that we largely feel inside of our skulls.

These two parts make up some, or all, of the components of the process of a human being. A conscious mind hosted by a chiseled killing machine; something we can all agree on. Why view them as two separate parts of one whole? Because, fundamentally, they are.

The body has a set of tasks that it is capable of doing that is different from the set of tasks that the mind is capable of doing. The body runs, and the mind thinks, but, although separate entities, capable of separate tasks, they are connected together by an unbreakable bond. A connection where one has the ability to heavily influence the other.

Because of this separation of capability, it feels very natural to draw our arbitrary lines here with a physical body and a nonphysical mind, even though

they coexist as a whole. Two parts of a continuous event that we can now reasoning about in parts—two parts. And in doing so, there's a lot to say.

It starts with definitions. The body is defined to be all that is physical. All the cells, all the tissue, all the bones, all the neurons. The body is what we see living in the continuum of space, as it's our main form of interaction between other physical things within the world that we live in. We see the body, we feel the body, we are the body. Partly that is.

The mind is defined to be all that which lives in the nonphysical. What happens across time, but not necessarily in space. What happens in the mind is individualized to every single person, with it only being shareable in different forms than its original format. The mind hosts processes that exists in a dimension that we are only barely accustomed to perceiving, through this one recently developed avenue that we call thought. The mind is where the answer to $3 + 9$ is, it's where we can close our eyes and visualize sitting on a beach with a Corona, it's where we can imagine the laugh of a loved one.

Beyond the natural separation of what I define to be the body and the mind, there exists a natural tendency to arbitrarily categorize another boundary; that of the me. Some call it the soul, Hindus call it atman, but in any case, the memory of what our own body and mind do in space, over time, leads to the need to draw another bucket to which we can use to understand ourselves.

The me is defined to be what the body and the mind carve out of space, over time. The gradual, localized, consistent form of energy that behaves in ways according to how it's behaved before. The body and the mind only ever exist in the moment that they are in (even though the mind can play pretend otherwise), but the me exists across time, with vast influence in the fabric of other living souls—possibly in timelines it doesn't even exist in.

The me is the force that is able to place intent on something that might not initially be in the best interest of either the body or the mind. Each of the body, the mind, and the me have their own desires that might conflict with the interests of the others. My body wants steak and milk, my mind wants drugs and porn, and my soul wants to finish this book. Different desires, different pleasures, different modes of reasoning, all housed within the same system, working as one seamless machine.

The mother system of the human being (nature), combined with the interactions that the human being has with other living processes in this system, are enough of an influence to completely define the activity of a person's body and mind; and thus, their soul. All the parts of a collection of processes under a larger group of processes called 'human', belong to the fate set upon them by all the factors influencing their behavior. Visually, this can be seen as:

current state \longrightarrow (body \leftrightarrow mind \leftrightarrow me)(decision) \longrightarrow
 appendage to 'me' \longrightarrow influence to current state \longrightarrow . . .

A feedback loop of the environment throwing something at a person, for the three forces that comprise of them to react in a way according to behavior consistent with what they have learned, for them to exhibit some behavior that

adds to the chaos of the environment, for everything else (and themselves) to react to. In an attempt at a better understanding of these three forces, and the interaction they have with each other—as well as with their environment—it might be useful to look at the relationships that are present between them.

The body and the mind share an inseparable connection with one another in the sense that, one hosts the other. The mind wouldn't be possible (yet) without a physical brain to host it in. Because of this connection, the body and the mind share an incredible amount of influence on how the other behaves. One might think that, by now, evolutionarily speaking, the body and the mind would've found a way to coexist in true harmony. But, instead, we see that, in today's society at the very least, the mind constantly shows up to the battles of the body, and vice versa.

Even though they are part of the same system, their own set of desires present conflict for the other when we begin to get to the outer parts of the visualization. In pure bliss, the mind wants no distractions. Eating and drinking and shitting all get in the way of the flow state, for once it's accessed, the needs of the body become of secondary concern. Conversely, bringing real change to the body sometimes involves ignoring the false warnings set up by the mind in an attempt to ease the pain that it is feeling during the transition to a new state.

Being apart of the same system, the body and the mind possess inherent modes of communication that often get overlooked by our prefrontal corteces. When I present your mind with something that it's forced to react to, there's no time spent trying to build a bridge between the body and the mind to get the body to respond to whatever the reaction requires. The mind and the body share the ability to communicate with one another in such deep rooted ways, that there is not a concern of one being unable to communicate with the other; no matter if the thought gets passed through the conscious stream of reality or not.

For nonbelievers and skeptics, examples are always handy. Especially when they're ones that get the audience involved as well. You hear that? Everyone stand up! Class participation time!

Okay I kid about the standing up part, but this *is* an example that you'll (hopefully) get to feel for yourself. A way in which the mind possesses the ability to quickly, and powerfully affect the body which it is in. I'll access this pathway through the use of a story based around an interaction I had when I was in college.

Back when I was getting my undergraduate degree, I minored in computer science. As one can imagine, this meant spending a lot of time around a lot of other computer science students. Anyone who's been around a group of computer science students from anytime around the mid 2010s onward can probably tell you that the topic of cryptocurrency comes up at least once.

Over time, multiple of these conversations occur across a spread of people across a series of courses, and, even the uninterested become at least initiated with the idea of crypto. In my case, this meant knowing which cryptocurrencies were being held by what people. Obviously, I couldn't remember every coin that

everyone held, and didn't plan on keeping record of such, but there were definite patterns that I couldn't help but pick up on through the various conversations I had. Certain types of people with certain personalities definitely tend towards certain types of coins. You don't have to know what coin every person is holding when there are large groups that everyone can be placed in instead, making for a much more efficient store of data.

All this to say, in the year 2022, when crypto experienced a large boom, shit hit the wall. For those unaware, a crypto boom has occurred cyclically, starting with the creation of bitcoin in 2009, up until 2022, with the one occurring in this past year the largest one yet. Teenagers that still get their moms to serve them Eggo waffles in the morning became millionaires essentially overnight, because of the low sanctions and high volatility present in the crypto sphere as of the early 2020s.

Those who struck, struck. And I knew one such person that struck. And not just some somebody; somebody who's number I had in my phone. When all this crypto craziness had settled down, I reached out to him with a text with something along the lines of "were you still holding blah blah blah coin during that huge rush?" and got the response that I hoped for. The dude, was in fact, now a millionaire.

Some guy that I knew, some random connection I built with another human in college, and thousands upon thousands of other nerds, literally beat the game of life before their brains have even fully developed. Way to go hipsters!

But anyway, upon talking about it with him further, I realized that he didn't actually need the money because of his well paying job, and almost forgot about the coins entirely. In fact, his gracious soul had decided to give most of it away. Now, I wasn't friends with the dude or anything, I just happened to know him and have his number from acquaintance, so I wasn't planning on asking for him to give some to me or anything (and even if I was friends with him, I'm not sure I would ask of such a thing) but regardless, he did something truly unimaginable that I will never have the chance to forget.

He asked for my bitcoin wallet address, and less than 10 minutes later, I had one whole bitcoin sitting in my wallet. One whole bitcoin, something that cost less than a penny upon its creation, was, at that time, worth over \$40,000. This dude was practically handing them away because of some whole, "money isn't important" mantra that he was preaching, and I just so happened to be walking on the right path at the right time. He gifted me \$40,000 just because I was willing to talk to him for a bit about his spoils while not asking for my own piece of them; an act of generosity that would be hard to believe even from a best friend.

The reason I tell this story is to give credit to the statement that I hope will spark just a little feeling of joy within each (some) of your hearts. When I first got that single bitcoin, I cashed it out immediately. I eventually put some back in, and wound up winning some more. I then transitioned to cheaper cryptocurrencies, where a little money can turn into a whole lot of money real quick—at the price of high volatility—where I hit big on one coin.

I did a lot of research into all the top 500 cryptocurrencies, as well as read commentary on what the masses were saying about each, and felt very confident in gambling on a small handful of coins that had the potential to turn me, myself, into a millionaire as well. And, as luck would have it, before the wave was over, the days I spent dedicated to research proved to be worth it; my numbers hit. A coin with the ticker AVAX, I made an incredible amount of money by betting on it before the masses really got their hands on it. It went from under a couple of dollars to a max height of just around \$100 in just a few months time.

With this money, I have set myself up for the rest of my life. Money is of no concern to me anymore; hence the reason as to why I'm giving this book out for free. With some of the money that I have leftover, I'm free to do whatever I wish with. And what I wish is to give back to the people.

The first 100 people that go to the link buried within the supplemental portion of this text at the end, and submit bitcoin wallet addresses, will each get a bitcoin of their own.

Now, before all of you run off to see if you made the cut or not, there's something very important you must understand. What you must understand is that... the link doesn't actually exist, because the story was a lie. I made the whole thing up.

I don't have a friend who hit big, I didn't get the chance to really gamble with crypto, and I didn't get the chance to make a site that gives out bitcoin to 100 people dedicated enough to read this far into the text. But you thought that I did, and because of this fictitious story that lives solely in the nonphysical, I was able to create a feeling in your physical. I apologize that I had to go to such lengths simply to prove a point of how the mind is able to influence the body, but wide nets must be cast for an audience of everyone.

The mind is able to affect the body in more ways than just one. I could have told a happy story, a sad story, a story causing any emotion that I wished. All different neurotransmitters, all different hormones, all different heart rates and breathing patterns, all caused by everything happening in the nonphysical. It's a powerful dimension, the nonphysical, the mind's sandbox, one that we are only just beginning to understand the depths of.

The mind has almost outgrown its evolution in terms of what it's capable of doing. We, as a society, are on the brink of becoming cyborgs, as some of us already walk around with artificial parts. One of the characteristics that it's seem to have outgrown, and relatively quickly, is the gradual nature by which the body naturally operates by. This isn't to say that the mind doesn't show gradual characteristics, but rather to say that it's not completely governed by them. The mind has the capability to switch between ideas, thoughts, and trains of reasoning seamlessly, and as quickly as is demanded; much quicker than the body switching between modes of sleep, hunger, and exercise.

Because of this, when I describe how the effects of the mind influence that of the body, the mind, outpacing its evolutionary track with the aid of overpopulation and an abundance of resources, has the ability to switch between

the joy of “*Gasp* I might be getting a bitcoin!” and the despair of “this fucker thinks he’s got jokes” in the span of a single moment; abiding by its just now—evolutionarily speaking—developed rule set.

This relationship between the mind and the body goes both ways. Just as the nonphysical has the ability to affect the physical, the same is true in reverse. This one, much harder to convey on a shorter time scale—at least partly due to the gradual nature that our body still stays true to—is one that exists, but in a much more subtle way.

Exercise, happening with the body, semi-consistently over time, leads to positive changes in the mind 100 times out of 100. There is something so primitively simple about advancing the body in some domain that requires energy, and the positive change that it brings to the mindset of the mind attached to it. And what’s more, is that the amount of avenues that one can take to access this change is near endless. Whether it be playing a sport, or breath work and meditation, or instead, just taking care of one’s diet and sleep quality, positive changes in the body lead to positive changes in the mind every single time.

Likewise, not taking care of the physical needs of one’s body plays immediate and apparent negative influence on the mindset that comes along with it. It doesn’t take a genius to realize that one isn’t going to be visualizing sunshine and rainbows during a hangover.

These changes come on more gradually than the opposite pathway (in the general case), and are more permanent of a change in feeling over time than that of the other pathway as well. Body change is gradual and long term, for systems upon systems have to work in succession and integration, and thus, is shown in its relationship with how it affects the mind. The mind, comes from a gradual process, but happens to exhibit fast acting change that doesn’t necessarily have to last for long.

The body and the mind, affecting each other bidirectionally, affect the soul in the most obvious way possible; they are it. The soul is defined to be that of the body and the mind over time, so this direction of influence is apparent and needs no further explanation. The other direction, however, presents something of interest that will make much more sense given the context of what’s to come. Before describing how the me has influence on its host body and mind, we’ll take a deeper dive into each of these individual buckets. We’ll start with the body.

The extent to which the body is able to perform is jaw-dropping. Instead of me using strong words that try to push bounds—like “limitless potential”, or “incomprehensible ability”—I’ll use real life examples with real life people; people of whom completely deserve to have their names collected together in history.

Eddie Hall. The first man to pick up over 500 kilograms off of the floor, shattering all previous records at the lift. For my fellow Americans, that’s just a pinch over 1,100 pounds. In the process of doing so, he gave himself a concussion and a nose bleed. Since Eddie Hall, there have been other successful

attempts at lifting over 500kgs, but none in the record breaking fashion that Hall pioneered.

Eliud Kipchoge. The first man to run a marathon under 2 hours. For those who don't know, that's 26.2 continuous miles, ran at a pace of 4 minutes and 34 seconds for each mile. 4 minutes and 34 seconds for 26 miles, that's running 104 laps around a track, continuously, where every lap is under 1:09 pace. That is incredibly fast for incredibly long; an act that will undoubtedly go down in the history books as one that pushed the limitations of the human body.

Alex Honnold. A man that has climbed over 3,000 feet (about 900 meters) of near vertical, sheer, granite-faced rock wall... without any rope or harness. Over 3,000 feet of holds that an amateur would literally drop their jaw at, where one mistake leads to the ending of his life, and he does it without a safety net. Talk about sweaty palms.

Pyrros Dimas. The first person to lift over twice their bodyweight over their head, from the ground, in one swift motion, in a ruled competition. A show of mastery in strength and elegance in finesse, the work needed to perform such an act is not simply of the brute force variety.

James Lawrence. A man who completed 50 ironman races in 50 consecutive days, across 50 different states. The ironman is one of the most grueling tests of endurance on its own, without the help of there being 50 of them in a row. For those unacquainted with an ironman race, it's just a mere 2.4 mile swim followed by a 112 mile bike ride followed by a full length marathon at 26.2 miles. No biggie, just 50 of those. In a row. Goddamn.

Ross Edgley. A man who swam around Great Britain, a total of 1780 miles (2860 kilometers), over the course of 157 days. Need I say anything else on this one?

There are people on this planet that can break stone with their hands, there are people on this planet who can jump over 4 feet in the air, people that can run as fast as the speed limit in a neighborhood, people that can run for as long as the amount of time it takes for the earth to rotate about its axis, and people that can pull airplanes that are set in neutral. When it comes to the spread of capability that the human body possesses, there exists an almost unimaginable one that is easily taken for granted when we're told that 8 hours of our day belong to stagnation and screens.

The body is able to withstand heat, it is able to withstand cold. It can go weeks without food, and days without water or sleep. It can survive off of just meat, it can survive off of just plants. It can make tools that enable it to take down any beast of any size, and is equipped with a stomach that can digest just about anything that it does. It has a fail-safe adrenaline system that can turn on in the fraction of a second, that can give us either superhuman strength in the short term, or endurance beyond our normal capability in the long term, to keep us alive against any novel stressor that we come across.

It has an immune system that protects it against millions of foreign invaders, some of which it has never seen before. It has a nervous system that allows for such fine motor control, that it is able to cut the skin off the outside of

a grape while also being able to crush apples with the same hand. It has a visual system that is able to process millions of colors and textures at once, an auditory system that can detect even the slightest breaking of twigs, and a nose that, well the nose isn't all too great, but it's still pretty cool. Whether one believes our attributes are God given or chiseled by the environment, there's no denying that man is a highly advanced, highly capable species of the animal kingdom that has a body that helped it reach the heights that it did.

Any time dedicated towards focused repetition, in regard to any physical activity under the sun, and one is guaranteed to see an increase in capability over time. It's actually nutty to think that the body can do anything that we put in front of it, and elegantly so, and all it takes is repetition of doing that activity over and over again to get there. On top of the simple methodology used to get better at the endless list of activities that the body can perform at, once competence in the activity occurs, recall of performing that activity again in the future, no matter how long passes before the initial learning process, becomes automatic; in other words, the body's memory is essentially infallible and endless.

Any activity that is learned to the point of some competence by the body, is able to be recalled at any point in the future, without fail. One can dedicate their entire life towards the mastery of just one activity, or towards doing as many activities as they can fit into just one lifetime. The option to mend the body's capability exists solely to the hands of the owner.

Because of this overarching framework that is used here, the one that gets to the idea of the body's ability to learn anything through repetition, further investigation into the body looks at the nested frameworks that one might use to reason about how they could go about repetition to optimize the learning process. One such framework goes like this.

Generally speaking, the body's learning process is most optimized during repetition as far detached from the mind as possible. That is to say, the body, being good at its own set of tasks, and the mind, being good at a different set of tasks, work best at their own set of tasks when they're as far away from the other as possible. Any energy dedicated towards the secondary entity in the learning process is energy that can be used towards the primary learning entity, thus speeding up the process in a way that's faster than that of attempting to develop both entities at the same time.

We lift best when the mind is empty, and we do calculus the best when our body is exercised and fed. The learning process is the most optimized when distractions are at a minimum, and the entity that's learning, whether it be the body or the mind, is able to completely focus at the task at hand. One very common distraction that the mind presents to the body during the learning process is the one of emotion.

Emotion is something that the mind brings to the body in an attempt to speed up the learning process. Ironically, emotional interference from the mind limits the full capability of the body's innate learning process; the one that is magnitudes better equipped to learning the set of tasks that it was developed to learn, rather than the backseat driver that thinks it is.

It's a very common scene for sport players to get frustrated at themselves when their skill on a particular day isn't at its peak. Or when someone doesn't hit the PB they were planning on hitting, or when their time was that much worse than their best. The emotional interference by the mind here causing feelings of grief and sometimes regret on which path was chosen.

Part of this emotion comes from the fact that we're just emotional beings. We have no choice but to feel joy upon success and a little bit of grief upon failures. For example, if one is adept at shooting free throws, they couldn't help but feel a little bit of frustration if they were to miss 10 in a row.

But that isn't to say that practicing with emotion that seems to seep its way into the learning process can't change. One can develop the skill of practicing with neutrality through focused repetition of letting go of all thoughts—positive, negative, or otherwise—while performing an activity that one hasn't mastered. Any thought injection by the mind is to be let go of and replaced with a focus at the task at hand, followed by more repetition.

There's an entire book revolved around this idea, of letting the body learn in the way that it best knows how, instead of the frameworks placed upon it by the mind—that end up hindering the learning process in the long term. The book is called *The Inner Game of Tennis* by Timothy Gallwey, and is definitely worth a read if one wants to gain more of an understanding on how this process works (the book isn't really about tennis). But, reading this book isn't a necessary prerequisite to continue on reading with the back pocket belief that the body learns best with a *laissez-faire* approach.

To some, coming to terms with this belief can be more difficult than expected. I can't help but think that part of the reason for this is that living in a competitive, capitalistic society has made us think otherwise. In a society where mistakes cost money, and money is the ultimate goal, mistakes will be minimized as a consequence of humans that optimize limited resources. Failure isn't something that has an inherent reward in our society, for it seems to oppose the ultimate goal of progress. A's and B's deserve cookies, while F's deserve a slap on the wrist.

And this is natural in a society that exists with limited resources. When mistakes cost resources, both time and material, there's no reason as to why we wouldn't optimize for less failure. But, unfortunately, this belief that failure is to be avoided, has seeped into the other perspectives that we also hold as a general collective. In particular, ones that have their deep roots in our history, ones of the opposite nature. Perfection was never something that would have been selected for in an environment, for it usually comes at the trade off of exploration. When focus narrows, the chance to be open for change gets diminished.

I claim to argue that failure is just as important, if not more important, as success in the arc of one's learning journey in a given, physical domain. Failure proves as a catalyst to the learning process, with exploration of different avenues being an immediate consequence of its presence. Without failure, the rate at which we learn will always be limited by the one artificially imposed on us—by ourselves—when we try to avoid the one thing that speeds up the

process. Especially when it comes to learning of the physical—learning of the body, that is—failure isn't a necessary component, but one where the argument for its removal has no merit.

The body was made to fail, and learn through such, not be forced to act in perfect accordance to an ideal. Given enough time and repetition, mastery is simply a consequence of neutral repetition, without it having to be the main focus of every physical act. Playfulness and learning by falling are the body's main modes of learning in the way that it was bred to learn, with scratches and bruises simply being a part of the process. Avoidance of this natural methodology comes with the cost of long term hindrances on performance and capability.

Just as failure is to be forgotten about with each repetition, so is success. The body and the mind, sharing inherent modes of communication, already know what the goal is before the conscious mind has the thought of so. When the body goes out to perform a physical task, it knows that its goal is success of that task, without it ever needing telling that that's the case. Because this indifference towards success is always present when doing anything with the body, channeling the energy that it brings in this way proves to be a tremendous energy save in the totality of the learning process. Why spend mental energy telling yourself that it must be performed in some way, when the body is already aware of that way?

Result or fail, drop any of the shoulda, woulda, coulda's, and move on to the next repetition. Over and over again, rep after rep after rep. No smile, no frown, just a focus on the individuality of each repetition. As if the body is an artificial intelligence made up of neural networks, doing computation over and over and over again, until it gets to the point that failure is no longer even an option. The body possesses the same optimizing architecture that we've created artificially with AI's and neural nets, but its performance and spread of capability gets tarnished when the mind interjects with its superficial opinions. Let the body be, just as the body was meant to be; for one will find that the natural learning process that we all inherently possess seems to work quite well.

Theory is always more useful with practice though, so, here's another chance for audience performance; except this one doesn't come with the additional false wave of hope. I plan on teaching each of you—that are willing to stand up and give 5 minutes worth of your effort to—a new movement that you've probably never done before. And when I say me teach you, I mean, your body teaching itself; no thought needed.

Okay here we go. Standing up, both feet on the ground. It's better if you can get someone to read the next bit for you, but if not, doing it yourself is fine.

Okay, now that everyone's head rush is gone from standing up (damn smokers), follow these instructions.

Feet not touching, but fairly close together. Slowly rock from side to side and feel your hips loosen up just a bit. Feel the weight shift from the left side of your feet, to the middle of your feet, and finally, to the right side of your

feet. Feel how much there is to feel, just from standing still and shifting your attention to what your feet are feeling; both internally and externally.

Now, as you stand there, balancing in the middle of your feet, there should be, in particular, three parts of the foot that are making contact with the ground. The toes, the thick pad right before the toes, and the heel. Forgetting about the toes, focus just on the pads and the heels. To accustom yourself to feeling them even more, rock back and forth on the heels and then on the pads of the feet. Do this a few times and let the body find a natural rhythm that it sways too; first on pads, then on heels, then on pads, then on heels.

Now, standing still, with the left foot, go up onto the pad while keeping the right foot flat on the ground. Go up high enough on that pad with the left foot, so that, if you look down, you can't see your left foot because your knee is in the way.

Finding your balance, swap the state of your feet; left foot flat now, and right foot arched on its pad. Swap back and forth at the same time for a few repetitions, and again, let the body find a natural rhythm to the motion.

Now, standing still again, both feet flat on the ground, go back to doing the first rhythmic motion, which was rocking back and forth between the heels and the pads of the feet. Up on the pads, catch on the heels. Do this a few times, and then go back to the second rhythmic motion, which was swapping between one foot being flat and the other being arched up on its pad. Do this a few times as well, and then go back to the stance with the left foot on its pad and the right foot flat.

This might feel weird at first, but, keeping neutral repetition with no attachment to the result in mind, keep the position of both of your feet exactly how they are, and drag your right foot back as far as you can, pausing in this split squat stance. Now, keeping that stance, swap the state of your feet; left foot flat, right foot on pad. Then, do the same thing you just did with your right foot now with your left; drag it back as far as possible while keeping both feet in the same position.

Rinse and repeat, a little wax on, wax off, and within 5 minutes of neutral repetition, you now know how to crudely moonwalk. Within 15 minutes, that crude turns into average, and within an hour or two, that average turns into above average. From there, the moonwalk oyster is in the palm of your hands, as more time dedicated to repetition further leads down to the path of eventual mastery.

5 minutes of no pre-conceptions or expectations, just neutral repetition with a refocusing to "wax on, wax off" every time the mind wants to interfere with the process, and the body is able to learn something brand new that it will never forget. How crazy is that? The total time it takes to learn this movement well is going to depend on everyone's own exposure to learning in the physical previous to this occurrence, but one can be assured that this isn't something that they need to free a block of time on their calendar for. Better yet, the 5 minutes put into learning it upfront, lead to a literal lifetime of being able to perform it in some crude fashion. Dementia patients that are still able-bodied, are still able to ride a bike given that they learned at some point before their

brain slowly began shutting down on itself. The body, like an endless terabyte solid state drive, is able to recall any movement that it once learned in the matter of an instant.

With this endless capability of the human body, one can't help but take a second look at the lifestyles we've been convinced are the new norm. Without even bringing the mind into the conversation, an average day of the week for a working class man has very little to do with the amazing hardwired architecture that we all come equipped with. We wake up, sit at a table for breakfast, sit in our car to go to work, sit at a desk where we stare at a screen, sit in our car to come back from work, and then take a load off of our challenging day of sitting by sitting in a recliner so we can look at a different screen. I just have to ask... is this really the way we ought to be living?

We've been persuaded that in order to fill the "too much" time that we have on our hands, we must slave away the excess towards tasks that just bring about more tasks. We've been convinced that fancy clothes and pointy shoes are the mark of excellence; a display of how far we've come from our natural environment from which we were forged. We've been convinced that all the red meat, egg yolks, and salt are what are causing heart disease and body ailments and cancer, and that the answers to all of our solutions are the ones marketed to us by our own personal practitioners. This disgusts me. It should disgust you too.

We've been convinced that the health of these infinitely complex machines that we all possess are only of secondary concern to that of "pulling ourselves up by our own bootstraps" when it comes to what we channel energy towards. We've been convinced of way too much, and frankly, I'm over it. If there was ever a time for a revolution, 2023 looks like as good a year as any, and, when the pot is already full, it doesn't take much for it to boil over. So, with some courage on my end, allow me to be the one to see if I can bring it over the top.

The way that we are currently living is so far detached from the environment that we were breed from (or given to) that the health of both our bodies and our minds have taken the ultimate sacrifice. With suicide rates rising, and mental health conditions becoming a standard for the youth, it's apparent as to the cost of what changing from our natural environment has done to our general well being. Only few are okay, the same ones that are preaching that one must 'work harder' to get to the results of the circumstances that were handed to them; the ones whose messages get broadcast to the masses. But for the rest, we are not okay. We are far from okay. We are hurt and we are in need of help.

Help for us doesn't come in the form of stronger medication or healthier coping strategies, but a change in the way that we see reality. Under the story that is told to us by Mother Culture (thank you Daniel Quinn), those that are not successful are immediately treated with suspicion, for we operate under the assumption that they could have *chosen* for things to be a different way along their journey; not that, instead, their circumstances that were given to them were the determining factor in how their story played out. Change will

never come if we keep telling ourselves that we are the way that we choose to be, instead of us being the way that we were meant to be.

Change is not going to come with different political figureheads, it's not going to come by voting on different rules, it's not even going to come by rioting in the streets. Change is only going to come from the way that we think, and thus, the way that we act. Change is only going to come once we accept what we are, before we think about who we are. Change is going to come from us realizing that we, as a species, are indeed capable of change; that things don't have to be the way that they have always been.

A perspective that is currently floating around in our society is one that puts our deviation from our roots connected to the natural world on a pedestal called "progress", where every technological step is labeled as a step in the right direction. That, with greater technology, comes greater convenience, and a greater way of life. But with the adoption of these idea sets, we tend to throw out the importance of the needs that tie our bodies to our evolutionary histories.

Our bodies are bred from, and belong to, the natural world, and still operate as such. The lifestyles that have become the default in our society are a slap in the face and a kick in the balls to the true demands of the body; the demands that aren't governed by rule sets or bureaucracy. 40 hour work weeks in 8 hour intervals of stagnation, childhood diets consisting of pig grade food, unavoidable exposure to constant advertisement starting from the time of sentience to the time of death, drinking from the same water that we dump our ever increasing garbage into, killing off of the environment that is propping up our greedy behavior, and, because of all this nonsense, us coming up with coping mechanisms just as complex as the problems we are coping from.

Gen Z is addicted to TikTok like millennials are to prozac like boomers are to painkillers. We poison our bodies with our customized choice of personalized ethanol, and even blend it into a part of our common culture. We have psychiatrists handing out day meds, night meds, mid meds, tranquilizers, benzo's, barbiturates, serotonin re-uptake inhibitors, serotonin and dopamine re-uptake inhibitors, serotonin and norepinephrine re-uptake inhibitors, fuck, even speed. Some of us have reached a tipping point as to what else can be put into our bodies to handle the reality that society faces us with outside of our doors.

The cure is simple, it always has been. It's one where we return to a lifestyle that suits the architecture that makes us who we are. The route to get there, is not. And if we are to change as a society, we must accept the idea that, sometimes, a difficult route is worth the trip if the destination proves to be of higher quality and a higher degree of sustainability than the one we're currently headed to. As to what exactly it's going to entail? I don't know. I just know that doing so won't be pretty.

I look forward to what this next generation of humans has to bring to society. One of the very, very few positives of an entire generation going through a filter of mental illness that begins as soon as they become sentient, is that, on the other side of this, we're granted with a generation that is completely

empathetic. One that knows how to recognize pain, knows how to reconcile pain, knows how to be a fucking human being to other human beings feeling pain, way more so than a generation where empathy was instead replaced with hard work.

There's much to be said by the newbies to the game of life, and I'm very excited to listen. But this isn't where the story of perspective ends, for, when we're all done revolutionizing and all, there's still more to the tale. My agenda is two part, and revolutionizing only fills the first. There's still more to come, and it starts with the story of the mind.

The story of the mind shares some similarities with that of the body, but differs in one large way. Both the body and the mind have been chiseled over time to be the complex beasts that they are—either by natural selection or by a god's hand—but the mind has relatively recently jumped a hurdle that put it on a new level of capability when compared to that of its ancestry. The body is strong, it's always been strong. The mind is smart, it's always been smart. But, as of recently, the mind just got *really* smart. So smart, that it developed a new ability. It has developed the ability to become aware of itself.

Self-awareness, a process belonging to the mind, is exactly that; the awareness of self. It is a mind and a body writing this text about minds and bodies, and it is a mind that is referring to the mind as "the mind". Because of this new ability that our species has been given, an entire shift in behavior becomes present. Now, all of a sudden, we might start behaving in ways detached from how we feel. We start to "want", we start to "desire", and, in the extreme cases, are willing to sacrifice our health for such causes.

With this recent evolutionary ascent, the doors have opened up to all new sorts of capability. We have an incredible amount to discover when it comes to just finding the limits of what we are able to learn, much less the near infinite amount of content that we are able to learn about. But this new capability doesn't come without us experiencing some growing pains that come with it.

The doors have just opened to a world that, thousands of years later, we are still discovering, which has a subtle but sure implication of us experiencing the latter portion of trial and error in abundance. Any step we take, any ability that we discover, comes with the growing pains of learning that specific ability. Exploration comes with the cost of the unknown, and, in the unknown that the mind has been evolutionarily wading through, there's many traps that it has come across. Traps that will require time, energy, and selection to get past; time, energy, and selection that isn't present in our timelines just yet.

So, despite all of this potential, potential from the mind, because it has just found itself in a brand new area with vast avenues for exploration, its intelligence and capability relative to what it *can* do is low. We have to wonder, what are our minds really capable of? What are some of the things that we might imagine will become better over time, compared to where they are right now on the scale of our capability?

For one, the biology of the body presents the mind with needless hurdles to jump over. Our bodies give the mind some simple challenges, but ones that

can't be thought their way out of. Things like mood. Things like not getting a good night's sleep. Things like saying something about someone just because you don't like them. Limitations on what the mind can do in its purest form; a state of pure thinking.

Instead of being able to think with clarity and precision, we get hungry, and all of the sudden, we're looking at the world through a lens of anger and frustration devoid of objectivity. It was Dr. Sapolsky who famously referenced a very interesting study that concluded that the single greatest predictor of whether or not a judge amongst a parole sentencing board was to rule positively or negatively towards the potential parolee, was the amount of hours it had been since he last ate.

Here we are, thinking we're all high and mighty with our morals and ethics and laws and the sort, and yet, here we have someone who has devoted their entire life's arc to judge accordingly and fairly to a system of law that exists without human emotion, only to have his life's mission stripped away from him by a rumbling tummy.

The mood patterns that our bodies exhibit are constantly limiting the full, unbroken potential that the mind has to offer. Telling a depressed person to feel better is just as useful as telling someone with a flourishing life to have a bad day. On top of this, we see the second thing that we might imagine seeing some change in the direction of over the course of our species' existence; our minds lack the capability to change the biology of the body that hosts it at a moment's notice, even when it knows that something better exists.

We can spend a whole lot of time studying which neurotransmitters and hormones give positive feelings vs. which ones give negative ones, and still be depressed. We can know which situations are going to bring stress, vs which ones will bring joy, we can know if a stimulus is going to present us with pain vs. euphoria, we can know all of these things, and many more ideals that exist in practice-related to the biology of our bodies—and yet, lack the ability to be able to think our way there.

We can't think our way into a better state, even if we know of the underlying mechanisms and messengers that could get us there. Might this change in 2 million years from now? It might very well be the case that, given enough time, an ability that gets selected for within our species is one where the mind is able to block out any negative internal feedback from ever crossing into its perception during times of acute stress. For example, while getting sober, or after breaking a bone, or even after a heartbreak.

One can't help but think of other, random mutations that would lead to vast changes in the way that we perceive reality. Maybe our dreams become completely controllable as a default. Maybe food only acts as a supplement to a baseline of thinking that can take it in completely different directions; treating different foods as if they're a vast, no-cons having, spread of hallucinogens. Maybe our minds learn to communicate strictly in the nonphysical; no language, no drawings, no facial expressions, just thought. All of these and countless other possibilities that might exist in the future of our species.

Not all is doom and gloom for the story of the mind in present times though. In regard to us having just jumped over an evolutionary hurdle and all, yes, our minds are rudimentary, immature, and error-prone. But in every other regard, they are the complete opposite.

Similar to the body, the mind is an all powerful entity that has either been chiseled over time by a merciless environment, or given to us by an all knowing God, depending on belief. But in either case, there are indisputable aspects of the mind that we can all agree upon. When we shift the perspective from what can be, to instead, what is, the incredible complexity of the mind that's shown is utterly beautiful.

The mind is capable of such an immense amount of things, that trying to create a comprehensive list would be foolish. Unlike the body, explicitly listing the abilities of the mind doesn't exactly fit in the same clean cut buckets that the activities of the body do. With the body, it's easy to group specific movement patterns that occur in a similar context with one word labels that encompass all the variability. "Swimming" refers to much more than just one movement pattern, but all the movement patterns that happen in the similar context of being in water.

With the mind, this is much more difficult. The body, containing 600 odd skeletal muscles, makes for a lot of combinations of movement. But the mind? Billions upon billions upon billions of neuron connections. Millions upon millions upon millions of connections of networks of connections. The amount of combinations is so large that the literal entity that came up with it can't even process it.

We do throw around very loose labels for some processes, but it takes away from the beauty of the true complexity that is going on under the hood. We use words like memory, learning, concentration, prediction, visualization, computation, things of this sort, in order to convey meaning in short and efficient ways, but each of these terms refers to a countless number of very specific neuronal networks doing very specific things at very specific times, all with seamless integration.

It's insane to think about the amount of processes all happening at the same time, the amount of systems it requires to work with seamless integration, the amount of data that is constantly being processed—both internally and externally—and how it all comes together to form one continuous reality that can last for up to 100 years without it ever showing its internal mechanisms. The mind, hosted by a super organ that has the ability to change itself from conception to death, is so mind boggling complex that it itself can't even understand it, and yet, our reality is so simple. Just one stream of consciousness with repeating patterns in what we experience.

Saying that the mind just does this or just does that takes away from the elegance of its convolutedness. So instead, here are just a few of the things that the mind has managed to accomplish in the recent blip of its evolutionary existence.

It has built a particle accelerator that smashes together subatomic particles

at speeds approaching our universal ceiling of speeds; all without us being able to see any of it.

It has taken a picture of a space object that's millions of light years away from us; a space object that emits and reflects exactly 0 lightwaves.

It has discovered short and concise ways to universally represent the underlying laws that govern how its parent universe works, thus giving it the ability to accurately predict behavior in the natural world that it comes from. Better yet, these symbols are sometimes as simple as just a couple of lines that are globally understood; see $+$, $=$.

It has figured out a way to engineer on the scale of both nanometers and megameters, with robust architecture that has, and can, last(ed) for centuries.

It is on the brink of having global satellite internet access accessible to anyone on the entire globe for a monthly rate; a monthly rate no more than a few hours of work (depending on where you live), and at a data rate that would allow for someone to download every single one of our entire DNA sequences in just minutes.

It has created a reliable and consistent method for harnessing the power that comes from splitting atoms in half; and has proven so with the genocide of entire modern cities on the island that we are currently calling Japan.

And, it has created a global surveillance system that possesses such an enticing stimulus in the form of never-ending new media, that individuals around the globe are opting in by the masses; all within just 30 years of us creating the internet.

And this is just to name some—some—of the things that the mind has done, and can do. Despite its relative infancy that comes with imperfections in other domains, in the domains that the mind can do, it can do very fucking well. With the tools of highly advanced motor control, memory, and language at our minds' disposal, they have well outpaced the biologies that host them. Our knees haven't even adapted to lateral stress, yet, our minds went from airborne to the moon in the span of just one hundred years.

A few hundred years ago, people would dedicate their entire life and career towards learning one specific branch of all there is to study. Now, we have the knowledge of just about everyone, ever, refined over thousands of years, literally in our pockets, accessible by a few movements of only our thumbs. Absolutely ridiculous what the mind has achieved once we were able to take the physical health of our host bodies as certain.

A lot of the recent advancements that we see with the mind have to deal with the aspect of it being able to understand the basics of time. The mind knows that time is always moving forward, it knows that its end is somewhere along the arrow of it, it knows that the things that did happen influence the things that are happening which will influence the things that will happen, and it knows that it itself knows of all of this. This creates power; a chance for influence. And the mind will take those, every single day of the week.

Our ability to project into the future as well as remember into the past is one of the hallmarks of our immense learning capability. I am able to come up

with a hypothesis that is able to predict the future, as well as remember the result of it once it happens. This allows for an incredible increase in the rate of learning of a species, relative to its capability before developing this ability of scope. And with this ability, the mind gains the freedom to stray away from the moment that it exists in, on either side of it, by both looking both in the past as well as ahead in the future.

At first glance, this might seem like a tremendously beneficial trait that an organism can develop—for the sake of its survival, that is—and for most things, I would agree. By being able to plan ahead, we become better hunters, gatherers, growers, and lovers. By being able to remember the past and draw conclusions from it after it's happened, our situation becomes safer, more comfortable, and more convenient. In so many ways, being able to step outside of the moment that the mind itself exists in proves to be beneficial. But, in some pivotal ways, it's not.

A wandering mind playing the game of what-if can bring itself a great deal of grief if it finds itself where it doesn't belong. As anyone who has thought about their own mortality can tell you, sometimes, the traveling mind finds itself somewhere in the nonphysical that ends up bringing very real feelings to the very real physical, all in the moment that the mind exists in—not the prospective one that it just created. Being able to think about our inevitable doom can bring a lot of stress upon a species, as maybe seen by the recent fascinations in bunkers and cryogenics; anything to expand the inevitable boundary of our demise just a little bit further out.

It doesn't take something as serious as thinking about one's own death in order to feel the feelings of the future; this is something that happens all the time. Getting nervous about what someone is going to say to you, feeling apprehension towards a presentation that you have to give, thinking about getting that flu shot that you know you should get, all of these and countless more examples where the feelings that are inevitably going to be felt in the future are doubled over by experiencing them now, as well.

What other species is able to bring about a stress response to its own body—and, sometimes, in the long term—with nothing other than thoughts which live in the nonphysical? Like babies that were given hammers, it's only a matter of time until our mind wanders off to a place that ends up bringing it pain. And just like babies given hammers, it's not that we don't possess the capability to understand how the tool we've been given works, but rather, that not enough time has passed for us to understand the true nature of its functionality.

One might claim something along the lines of, getting a taste of the feeling beforehand is a way that our mind prepares itself for the feelings that are to come, and to this, there may be some human truth. But, it's also undeniable that, sometimes, the damage brought into this current moment from a mind that is looking in either the past or the future can lead to more damage in total, compared to if the mind wasn't wandering in that direction and the feelings never crossed the bridge into the physical before they were destined to happen, or already did.

On top of that, sometimes, since wandering into the future takes accurate predictions to get right, sometimes the predictions are just wrong. But that doesn't stop them from bringing unwanted feelings. Things like imagining mom isn't answering the phone immediately because she must have gotten into a fatal car crash, or the reason that person didn't text back is because they hate you. The mind's wandering into the future is imperfect to say the least, as it still has a lot of learning to do.

The case of a wandering mind bringing damage to an individual is especially shown in the case of someone experiencing depression. You take a person who is depressed, someone who spends every waking moment of their life just trying to endure the storm that their own body and mind are creating for them, just so that they can make it to the next one—in order to experience more pain, of course—and you equip them with a mind that has the ability to teleport in time. One might think that, maybe, just maybe, this depressed person uses this ability to solve the complex problem of depression that it's facing, and get itself out of the hole that it is currently in. But reality has its own plan in mind.

Instead, the wandering mind is first going to think about the moment that it is in, and how, it, along with the body, are so chronically fatigued, that they are unable to take care of themselves in this current moment. Then, the wandering mind travels forward a little bit, and it thinks about the moments to come; and how, if it can't even take care of itself now, how is it going to take care of itself in the future? This creates more stress. Stress that would have belonged in the moments to come, but is now going to be felt in the current moment as well—and still be felt in the moments to come anyway. And, unfortunately, this is not where the story stops. The wandering mind still has some exploring to do.

It wanders its way into the past moments just as readily as the immediate future ones, but only has the capability to travel so far in either direction because of its chronic fatigue state. But no matter, for it only has the range that it needs; the one that goes back just far enough to see how much of a piece of shit it is, and just far ahead into the future to realize that it's hopelessly doomed. This brings depression's best friend along side of it under the current label of anxiety; stuck analyzing the moments that just passed or predicting the ones to come, bringing unwanted feelings to the current moment with this exploration of what's not actually here. Thus, presenting a gap in someone's current perception of reality that lasts until the mind snaps back to the moment that it exists in, so that it can process all the data that's currently coming in from the senses that it was just ignoring.

One would think that, the mind, being highly intelligent in many regards, would realize that thinking about the past isn't just a waste of time a lot of the time, but can also be a parasitic relationship that brings negativity to the current moment, and has the chance to reshape memories in a negative way, but nope. Instead, it decides to spend all of its time there and think about how everything that just happened sucks and how everything that is going to happen sucks just as much. This leaves a poor, poor human being, who has an

inevitably wandering mind that brings damage to itself in the moment that it exists in—a moment where it's already damaged—no matter where it travels.

And of course, because of the fatigue and all that, it doesn't possess the ability to think outside of the ever narrowing bounds of time. It can't think back far enough to realize that things were once okay, and it can't think far enough ahead to realize that there's a chance that the pain it's feeling now might pass once and forever. A stuck human, bringing pain from the nonphysical into their, very real physical, with nowhere to go but to follow the steps that were just immediately taken; the same ones that brought about pain.

The ability of scope; it presents the mind with give and take. And until we have some evolutionary time to think about it, we're left with infantile growing pains that come along with developing any new ability. And from this scope, we've also seemed to have picked up a tick along the way; the tick that is rationalization.

Rationalization; oh, does the mind love this cool little thing that it just found. Rationalization basically says that anything, ever, happened because I said so. Why? I just said so, because I said so, that's why. Rationalization is all about projecting our emotional bodies into the nonphysical in an honest attempt to give causal reason as to what's going on around us. And, because we bring emotion here, one might guess that the results are often swayed by the mood that is brought in to the rationalization used.

In a bad mood, the mind says that that thing happened because of bad reasons. In a good mood, the mind says that that thing happened because of good reasons. In a bad mood, the mind looks for the negative. In a good mood, the mind looks for the positive. In an attempt to explain causal events that are happening in our otherwise neutral universe, we forget to realize that the system that we're using of rationalization that's just as imperfect as we are. Rationalization provides an imperfect human with an imperfect system to explain what happens around it; maybe its not a tick after all.

One of the consequences of intense usage of biting into the sweet goodness that is rationalization is only one that makes sense in our, currently, fairly advanced society. Specifically, it becomes very difficult for someone to change themselves. Say one wanted to change themselves. This way, that way, doesn't matter; just, change. In order to change, something must be different; different from what is right now. But the mind likes right now, the right now is comfy cozy. It's comfy cozy because it's known to the mind, it can be grappled with, because the parts that make it up are present for our digestion.

Because of this, it's in the best interest for the mind to keep things exactly how they are. The mind is well happy with where it's at, for where it's not at, might contain something scary. Or worse, something painful. In this way, the mind develops a bit of Stockholm syndrome with its current reality, even in the case that it's not the best reality (again, can be seen heavily in depressed people who claim they don't want to get better).

One of the tools it uses to keep itself how it is, is using rationalization from differing viewpoints. A mind can take the stance of the future self, the current self, or the past self, when arguing for any point; viewpoints that might all lead

to different, sometimes conflicting, behavior. Not only can I imagine a feeling that belongs in the future, but I can argue on behalf of it, and same goes for the past. Inherently, because some viewpoints may have conflicting interests, this leads to inconsistency in behavior and thought. A year ago, I didn't go to the gym because the timing wasn't right. Today, I say I didn't go to the gym a year ago because I was depressed. And in a year from now, the rationalization may change again.

How is one to consistently change something that is always changing appearance? It's like trying to attack a Pokémon that has used the move double team a bunch of times—raising its evasiveness. To attack the major bias that the wandering mind is going to have, one has to find clever ways to trick the mind into going somewhere it might not want to go. Sometimes, it takes someone to hold one's hand down an uncharted path, in order to cross the natural barrier presented by the wandering mind.

It's like trying to wrangle your terrified pet into the car once it learns of the word 'vet'. Our minds know of our own vets, every second of every day, with each of us having a unique one; a set of activities that would lead to change that might not be the most comfortable. Just like how you have to pick a new word to label going to the vet, the party being tricked has to be presented with information in a different, ordered, yet distracted way, in order to take it to the places that it doesn't want to go. Doing so is challenging, and takes a very delicate touch, for there is a natural aversion for change that any living organism, trying to do its best to survive, would have. But, as some may come to know, the unknown path can sometimes lead to tremendous discoveries.

Rationalization, making its use difficult for the user to change, one has to wonder... is there a better system of explanation that exists? Well, as it turns out, give humans enough time and energy, and they'll find just that. The imperfectness of rationalization is well contrasted with a system we found that belongs in an opposite direction, one that we call logic.

Logic is a system that is different from rationalization. Logic is a system that can be looked at from any angle and provide the same consistent feedback. With rationalization, visual perception of the system is dependent on one's location; looking at it from the location of a bad mood vs. a good mood would provide different results. In logic, everything is, and always is, no matter how it is looked at. Once and forever, it presents a system that is unchanging to our perception of it.

Discovery of such a system forever changed the human mind. Not as large of a jump as the self-awareness one, but one that drastically changed the course of the human mind forever, nonetheless. Logic presents a framework for the nonphysical; a way for us to reason about what's happening around us that's devoid of our bodily biases.

But, similar to scope, this too, has its give and take. The give being obvious through all the scientific discoveries that we have made that help other human lives, sometimes in the drastic case. Looking at the modern medical discoveries of our time gives anyone enough proof as to how using logical systems in a practical way can lead to drastic increases in the general well-being of the

people. The take might not be so obvious, but is easily understood through one real life example.

Just over 300 hundred years ago, happening in the very new United States by the, not very new, established European citizens, there were women who were tied to stakes and burned alive because of the belief in the idea that they were witches. Witches. In the 1600s; witches.

By this time, Kepler had already published his Laws of Planetary Motion that explained how that which we can't see operates, and what were the new settlers of the grand ole US of A doing? Burning women alive. Oh, I'm sorry, witches. Burning witches alive. Why? Because that's what you do to witches. You burn them. Alive.

Makes sense to me. And apparently, to the people at the time, as well. A perfectly logical system that is to explain what is happening around us without the subjectivity of human emotion involved. No matter the viewpoint that is to be taken, day, night, happy, or sad, those women are perceived as witches; once and always. And this, presents the critical take that comes with the ability of our minds to understand logic; no one said that the logic has to be sound.

There's no requirement of logic being true logic (in a mathematics sense) when it comes to our mind's ability to believe in it. All it takes is just that; belief. The requirement for logic to be logic, when it comes to our perception of reality as human beings, is simply whether or not we believe in the system that we've either been told, or have come up with for our own. Women were burned alive on stakes not because of sound logic, but because of sound belief. And this, creates logic.

Unfortunately for us, we don't get to choose what we believe in. Our minds have the final say in what they believe in, a decision that usually flies under the radar. For anyone who has taken a basic level math course at any point in their life, if I write $2+3=?$, their mind has no choice but to believe in the answer of 5. Why? Because it makes sense, that's why. And it will make sense until a logical system other than mathematics shapes the way that we see computation.

When presented with mathematics the first time around, the same system that humans use to most accurately model our reality, actual connections between groups of neurons in the brain were to be created once the rules were understood; a process of learning. This creates long lasting effects in an organism, ones that, apparently, are undisturbed by environmental fluctuations. We see that, once we understand something, especially in the case of a logical system, it's likely that we will understand it, in that way, for a very long time.

But in the same sense, not having a say in what we believe in can prove to be beneficial. For one, this basically means that someone else can put in all the leg work to discovering a logical system so that the person that wants to use it after its creation doesn't have to do any of it. One doesn't have to create mathematics to understand mathematics and use it as a tool. And one sure as shit doesn't have to put in the same amount of time and effort as the forefathers that discovered it did for it to be a useful tool.

When considering what's been presented here as a logical system, the perspectives related to rationalization—the concept of applying reason that changes depending on we feel—and logical systems—the concept of applying reason that remains constant over time—if believed in, present the idea transition-er with a relatively easy transition over to a different groove.

The transition from using rationalization as one's main method of reasoning to the use of logical systems, or from a particular logical system to another logical system, is hardly a difficult one, given that there's an obvious benefit of doing so. A metaphorical example that appeals to this idea is one that Timothy Gallwey mentions in his book that is revolved around the body. Essentially, once babies learn how to walk, the transition from crawling to walking is insanely fast, and happens in a one-way progression of events.

Why is this the case? From one viewpoint, one can say that walking is a more efficient means of getting around than crawling is. Why wouldn't the baby stop crawling when it can walk? If we attempt to translate this reasoning to a metaphor that pertains to the mind instead of the body, it would be something along the lines of; once a mind finds a framework for thinking that leads to, on average, a greater well-being than the one that it is currently using, changing from whatever system is currently being used—emotional or not—to the perceived better one, is hardly a challenge.

When comparing this idea of belief in logical systems to that of the nature of our biology, this aspect related to how we experience the effect of believing in a logical system in a, one time, flip of the switch manner, seems to stand out from the rest of the phenomena that we experience in the natural world. The body, hosting the brain, which hosts the mind, comes from a gradual world with gradual processes unfolding in a gradual way. But, belief in logical systems, something pertaining to the mind and not the body, doesn't always abide by these gradualistic rules.

In nature, everything takes gradual steps over time and decays if not maintained in some form. With logical systems, they introduce an opposite, sort of, lock-and-key effect that emphasizes what happens in one particular moment, not what happens over a whole bunch of them. A flipping of a switch that is rarely apparent out in the nature world.

The moment in time when belief in a logical system equates to flipping this switch is a point of understanding; understanding here being a different concept than that of knowledge.

Understanding is deep and connected, knowledge is isolated and singular. We know facts, we understand concepts. Knowledge is being able to recite the pledge of allegiance (for my fellow Americans at least) after having not said it for X years. Understanding would be realizing that it's a mild form of propaganda exposed to humans at unarguably one of the most malleable times in their life. Knowledge and understanding both have the ability to last over long periods of time, but, on average, knowledge fades out of memory quicker than understanding does.

Understanding comes with connections of neural networks in our brains; relationships to that which we already know. Knowledge is what is gained on

the path to understanding; or, not. Sometimes, knowledge has nothing to do with an arc at all. Did you know that rats can't vomit? Sick, right? An idea represented by, most likely, a relatively smaller amount of neuronal connections than that of the vets that understand why that's the case.

It's not always about how much is known about a particular process that gives rise to the understanding of it. It's about *what* is known, and *how* it was learned, not just the sheer amount of all that is known. Although each of us will have predispositions that create varying levels of ease for understanding varying things, there are some things that, I claim, everyone person-reading this text at least-has the ability to understand; given a proper bridge of knowledge, of course.

The most accessible example that will give context to the major benefits of understanding vs. knowing is the one that anyone with at least a public school education or better is familiar with (and one of my all time favorite logical systems); mathematics. Mathematics presents us with a logical story built around symbolic logic-cause and effect. It presents us humans with a very convincing story that we use to model what happens around us, and it better, considering it was something that we had to birth into existence to fit our specific human needs.

The power of understanding a system like mathematics is, in particular, two fold. First, the permanence of those neuron connections, even when upkeep of the system isn't maintained. Someone who hasn't touched math in 40 years can still use it on a basic level, at a moment's notice, given that it was at one point understood. This isn't to say that, in the case of understanding, once believed in always believed in, because, as seen in the case with the people who burned women alive, the logical system does have the ability to change, given that the person believing in it is presented with evidence that gives rise to a reason to do so. It's more to speak on the idea of there being the same outstanding memory that the mind shows with once understood concepts when juxtaposed with that of the body's insane memory when learning coordinated movement patterns.

Secondly, one of the powers that comes from understanding is the efficiency that it holds as a data structure. You take someone who has never seen mathematics before, but has the pre-frontal cortex ability to reason about it, and within 20 minutes of teaching them the basic principles of addition, these principles can be used to quite literally solve an infinite amount of addition problems. 20 minutes that leads to understanding, and this understanding leads to infinite time, doing infinite problems. As someone who has a JV education in computer science, I drool over the optimization that naturally exists when we talk about this idea of "understanding" and the consequences it has on a human's ability to efficiently and quickly reason, for the rest of the time that those neuron connections remain present.

This concept of understanding marks a connection between the physical and the nonphysical in a way that we don't fully understand yet. And, as seen with the humans that put on the Salem Witch Trials, the things that we think we understand, well, sometimes, we don't. But, realizing that it

exists as a concept, and distinctly marking it as something that's separate than knowledge, gives rise to free energy that can be channeled; an effect of believing in the perspective worth checking out.

Understanding of a logical system is a powerful thing, as it has the chance to once and forever directly change our behavior. It presents us with easily accessible avenues of thought, that are flexible enough to account for differing scenarios, and can be manipulated in a way that produce a net positive benefit on one's life. How?

How does one go about channeling this energy?

We're not quite there yet, for there's still some cleaning up to do before we get there. Before I attempt at wrapping this whole thing up and placing my personalized bow on top, there's one last major idea that needs diving into. But first, a quick recap.

The human body; all capable, can learn anything, best through brushing off failure, and is strong, robust, and adaptable, yet, we sit in chairs for 8+ hours a day and stare at screens with our free time. The human mind; immature yet godly, as it's at the beginning of a large learning curve while also being at the end of a million+ year one. There is manipulation to be had with the mind when considering the aspects of scope and logical systems. As to how? We're not quite there yet.

Going back even further, the body and the mind belong to a human being; a process happening in the system of processes that we call nature. An environment that is hosted by both time and space. This leaves one last thing to talk about. The combination of the body and the mind, happening over time; the self.

The me is where things can start to get a little tricky. The body and the mind both have very clear, very tangible bounds. Everyone (most everyone) knows what the body and the mind feel like because everyone reading this must have some functionality of both. But the me isn't so much the same.

For some, the me might not have ever been felt before; or at least, not remembered or categorized under this naming scheme. It's an average life to bounce back and forth between the needs of the body and the needs of the mind without ever zooming out and asking why to the whole thing; things are just moving, so they keep on moving. It takes a certain set of circumstances for one to get to feel the true essence of the self; especially when the perspective has been framed from the viewpoint of either the body and the mind for the majority of their existence.

There are external tools that one may use to gain access to the me in a work-free way, such as the use of hallucinogens and other pharmaceuticals, but external tools are not needed for one to gain access to the me. The most easily accessible way for anyone to gain a glimpse of what the me feels like is to go and stare at yourself in the mirror for 10 minutes. No distractions, no people around, no music playing. Just look and observe. And in those 10 minutes,

you will come out of it knowing more information about yourself—your true self—than before you went in.

Another, more time and structure dependent method is one where someone completely takes care of the needs of both their body and their mind. Some of you reading this may have never in your life felt what true rest feels like because of the incessant need to do the next thing that must be done. For others, you may have a hard time imagining a life where you can't access what you've, only now, started taking for granted, is like. But in any case, if the totality of the needs of both the mind and the body can be met, the moment that this is realized by the mind, it becomes incredibly easy to feel a sense of self that's abstracted away from both the physical and the nonphysical. A sense of peace that permeates one's body and mind, a realization of something greater.

One last example to give a better sense of what this third force that is driving our behavior feels like. This one might only make sense in theory to those who have never felt it for themselves, but will hopefully make a lot of sense to those who have gone through a similar scenario.

Have you ever grinded for something? Grinded not like, you just worked hard for something and then got it, but like, dedicated your entire self to achieving something that felt larger than your own life? In a grind, the destination isn't important; the journey is. And the journey, is tough as fuck.

For those that have felt what a grind is like, you know of the time that it takes, the energy that it takes, the blood, the sweat, the tears that it takes, and the dedication that it takes to something larger than what the body and the mind are currently experiencing in this moment. Sacrifice and an acceptance that one is going to be uncomfortable for what seems like every moment of every day is what goes into a grind. There's no time requirement, there's no success requirement; just time and energy towards something with full intent, often with the sacrifice of something non-negligible.

And, for anyone who has been through a grind that requires really early mornings, there's a feeling that you just don't forget of, even after the grind is over. It's those, middle of winter, 4:30AM alarm clock wake up calls from what only felt like 20 minutes of an actual 5 hours of sleep, where the thought of getting out of bed and starting the day of misery—the day of heavy weights or heavy working or heavy people interaction—that is waiting for you outside of the warm—oh so warm—comforter, is the farthest thing from your current desire. You think about having to wait for the shower water to get warm, and being cold as you do; you think about having to eat the same meal prep for the however many days in a row now; you think about having to defrost your car in the pitch black, and the cold minutes spent waiting for everything to get going.

You think about the cold hands and the cracked skin, and the shitty mood, and the tired disposition, and you keep on thinking for exactly 9 minutes, until the snoozed alarm clock goes off again, and now you're forced to act upon the misery that is starting your day. Out of bed, cold ground, short night, the body is one tired bag of bones, being overworked and under-slept, and the mind is

doing everything in its power to come up with a rationalization as to why not starting the dreaded day is actually a better option. And thus, the power of the third force is shown; the me.

A desire that exists outside of the moment that it is in, sometimes going against the feedback coming from the body and the mind. A puppet-master that controls the two parts that make it up, the me is what ironically remains constant over the course of an arc that is made up of ever-changing entities.

We don't know where the me lives, because we don't fully understand the me. We know that there's a deep rooted connection between all the physical and nonphysical parts that make us up, and that the word consciousness has a big thing to do with it, and that, those that have tried DMT will tell you, there's somehow elves involved, but other than that, we don't have much to scientifically say about the me. Luckily for us, science is not needed to understand something that we all inherently are.

A soul is something that has effects in other souls, well beyond its own timeline; a connected piece of a network that causes ripples upon its removal, as it makes way for a new one to enter. The 'me' is defined by its past in its entirety. A collection as a whole, much greater than the sum of its parts. Not just the good parts, not just the bad parts, but all the parts. It's something that's quite literally always changing, always being added to. Like an endless game of stacking one more brick on each of our own tower of bricks.

Not all the bricks are good bricks, not all the bricks are bad bricks, but all of the bricks are our bricks. Each person, a unique tower of unique bricks, able to interact fully with other towers of other bricks. We don't have to enjoy the stack of bricks that is our own; all we have to do is accept it.

Besides the difficulty of experiencing it to its fullest, the me is tricky for another reason. Up until this point, there has been no conflict of interest with any of the perspectives presented thus far. Time moving forward, yep, with nature being apart of it, yep, and human beings fitting inside of nature with bodies and minds that are out of our control, yep and yep. All of these, stacking upon one another simply and smoothly.

And then, we get to the me. Moving forward, it would provide a contradiction to say that the me has influence over the body and the mind when we're currently under the belief that there is no drop of influence that we have over our realities. So, to account for this confusion, let's develop another logical system on top of the one we've built thus far.

By default, no choice is existing in our universe, that is measurable by us in any way. The thoughts we have, the feelings we feel, the actions we take, the perspectives we believe in, all out of our control or say. But then, the me is introduced. And the me is something that's sitting outside of all of this, able to look at what it itself is made up of, and observe its components with neutrality. We say that there is the body and the mind, and that they are completely influenced by their state, and how we have no control and all of this, and then the me is just there.. watching all of this unfold; becoming aware of itself in the process. Until, a point of digestion; a flip of a switch. And it looks something like this.

“Okay, so here I am, a person, a combination of a body and a mind that have carved out energy in space over time that other people have and can interact with. A body and a mind that are to behave entirely according to their state. A body and a mind that I’ve had no control over all along; no control over their desires, no control over their fears, no control over their mistakes, and no control over their successes. And then there’s me, sitting outside of these two, observing all of this.

With this third entity now sitting at the table of influence, what if, instead of trying to constantly control the body and the mind that make me up, I was to instead, just observe them? Observe them as if they were any other consistently behaving process in nature that is able to be studied? If me, the me, is able to believe that the factors that went into determining my individual body and mind that make me up were, and are, always out of my control, then surely, with the power of this third view point, I can watch what my own body and mind do without any guidance as to how they do it.

Instead of telling them what to do, I’ll watch what they are already going to do. Instead of telling them how to feel, I’ll observe how they already feel. And instead of trying to fit them to an arbitrary schedule, I’ll see what schedule they’re already on.”

In this way, I begin to understand *how* I really am, instead of the narrative that I’ve come up with telling me *what* I am. Through nothing more than listening, I begin to gain the possibility of understanding myself to the absolute fullest, once I evaporate the notion of the me trying to decide what paths are to be taken. By being able to learn about one’s own body and mind, by taking a perch way up high, with a pedestal called the self, we are able to learn about ourselves as if we were any other person. And in doing so, we gain a particular advantage; the advantage of manipulation.

The mind, showing different behavior over known knowledge vs. understood concepts, might start to act differently if it demonstrates an understanding of itself. The connections of interwoven connections of neurons might manifest differently in our behavior, compared to just the knowledge of isolated facts related to whatever miscellaneous domains pertaining to our lives. And, if this point of understanding ever does come, the manipulation we gain would come by way of the ability to accurately predict ourselves in varying circumstances.

The mind, using the body, is able to craft functional car engines because it understands the dynamics of pressure and combustion. It is able to fly in the air in winged aircraft because it understands the systems of aerodynamics and engineering. And, if we are able to understand ourselves, we gain the ability to shape our behavior in pre-set ways, much like the other physical systems that we understand.

If our minds got to the point of understanding their own selves—being able to predict their own individual behavior given a range of circumstances—would how we look at choice change? Under this logical system of the ‘me’, the perspective is that it is a separate entity than the two that make it up, having the chance of possessing different—sometimes conflicting—desires than the body and the mind. Sometimes, this desire takes the form of something that isn’t in the best

interest of the body and the mind, especially when it has an understanding of the two large systems that make it up.

Is the me exhibiting choice here? Choice that's different from the defaults of the body and the mind? Does this choice only come once an understanding of our own bodies and minds is gained? Whether or not true free will exists with the addition of the me here, it's undeniable to say that there exists an advantage to looking at the me as a separate entity as the body and the mind anyway; combined with the perspective of no choice, the me is then an alternate viewpoint that one can use to study—and, eventually, understand—its own body and mind, with removing a lot of the superficial bias that would be present when taking the viewpoint of either the body or the mind. Once understood, the me then has the ability to direct action through the body or the mind by taking into account the natural behavior of its individual systems.

All of this makes more sense with an example. Say, I believe in the Mother Culture perspective. That is, that I get to choose my behavior and choose parts of me and choose this and that. Let's now say that there's a goal that I have in mind, something that I want to complete.

When chasing this goal, because I believe that it is my duty to choose my way to success, an unnecessary stressor is artificially placed upon me when thinking about how much of my future choice has to swing the right direction for this goal to be achieved. I know that I have to choose, and choose correctly, for me to be successful here.

And so, everyday, after doing whatever responsibilities that must be done, attention is directed towards behavior that will help me achieve my goal. There's no time to rest, there's no reason to not be working, for, if I rest, there's a possibility that my choice in deciding to rest ends up playing a negative role in the end game of the goal. Maybe it takes away the few precious hours of practice that are needed to advance the skillset needed to achieve the goal just enough to where it makes a change in behavior that wouldn't otherwise be present. And so, everyday, even if I don't feel like it, as soon as I can, I force myself to get to work.

Sometimes I'm hungry, sometimes I'm tired, and sometimes, I just really don't want to do it, but I make myself do it anyway. Overtime, this becomes tiring. Always knowing that I can choose to be working towards what I want leads to a restless body and mind. And, over time, can lead to a very tired body and mind. Unless exceptional energy reserves are consistently present, the energy that is sucked out of me by the stress of constantly feeling like there's a need to do something is non-negligible to say the least.

Compare this instead to how the behavior would change with belief in the logical systems created by the perspectives given here. I have a goal in mind, something that I want to complete. The very first step is to mentally place it in my left side; the place for goal-defined behavior. With it in place, now, I must do nothing. Nothing at all. There's nothing to choose, no path that must be taken. Nothing at all.

Because there's nothing to do now, I sit back in my recliner with a glass of ice cold lemonade, and relish in the fact that there's nothing I have to choose

my way towards. I finish my lemonade, watch a little TV, end up taking a short nap in the recliner, and wake up to a grumbling tummy. I get up, make some food, pour another glass of ice cold lemonade, and get back to not choosing to sit in my recliner.

And then, the point that relies entirely on the instinctual restlessness of the human condition is reached. After I finish that second ice cold lemonade, I take a moment to think to myself. Those lemonades were tasty, and that food was good, and this recliner is comfy, and that TV was interesting, but I'm starting to feel like I want to move around a little bit. When it's noon, and the sun is shining outside on a beautiful day, and I'm sitting here in my recliner, resting from all the work that I haven't done, I start to get a little antsy.

Now, something important to note here, is that this is different from a moment that is fueled by procrastination of something that doesn't want to be done. This is different from someone who is sitting in their recliner, drinking an ice cold lemonade, thinking about the work that they don't want to go to tomorrow, but have to anyway, taking away precious time from the recliner. This person will be more than happy drinking millions of ice cold lemonades, given the choice, then have to go back to a job that they don't have any interest in. But, when procrastination of something that doesn't want to be done is absent—a feeling some might not have ever felt before—one might find that the time they want to spend resting from nothing is filled with a natural curiosity to do something else.

And so, with no worries on my mind, no choices that have to be made, I get up out of my recliner, stretch my arms, and think about what I want to do with all my free time. My mind, primed to think in a certain way, about certain things, thinks about the four things structure presented in the second part of this text. The first thing it thinks about is the bottom; where else would it start?

Physical health is completely taken care, maybe except for some exercise that wouldn't hurt, but I'll push that off for as long as I can. Mental health is completely taken care of as nothing on that side has anything to do with my current situation. This then moves my attention to the middle of the structure; the left and the right. Starting with the left because English is typically read from left to right, oh wow, would you look at that, there's something that exists over here. Let's check it out.

In an area defined by internally motivated goals, I find an internally motivated goal. Accompanied with the 4 "W's" that I will create for this specific goal, I have a what, a why, and a how to get this goal that I am interested in. And so then, just then, the moment that proves to be of value from believing in the logical system here vs. the one presented by Mother Culture finally presents itself; without having to choose to do anything, my behavior naturally begins to reflect the contents of my personalized 4 things structure.

No choice, no deliberation, just a naturally flowing river of current. Every step exists as the natural progression to the last, ending in a spot that demands energy towards getting the thing that will drive change and adaptation to the system creating the steps. On top of saving myself from the unneeded stress in

having to choose my way to success, I was able to fully enjoy what life had to offer before I got to a point of wanting to work. I was able to get the best of both worlds. I got lemonades and TV time and recliner naps, as well as getting work done on the things that I'm interested in without ever having to create energy that wasn't already present; a riding of the wave.

Over time, this situation plays out much differently than the one presented by belief in Mother Culture. In the first example, it was the case of me starting out strong, and diminishing in motivation and energy over time as the weight of the chronic stress of having to choose for things to be done the right way eventually becomes too heavy to not notice.

In the second example, the motivation and energy is something that increases over time due to the dynamics of how believing these logical systems plays out. Instead of constantly being worried to have to choose my way to success, I think about all the time I get to spend drinking lemonades whenever I want, and watching however much TV that I want, and eating whatever food that I want, and how, even though I get to spend however much time I want doing all these fun things, there exists a point that I naturally crave to do something besides just resting. When not pressed to do the things that go against the current grain of energy, I find that I'm much more interested in doing the things that it feels like I'm choosing to do, even if I'm not choosing at all. Time and energy isn't spend forcing a particular reality, it's spent channeling it.

Regardless of if, in some grand, cosmic truth sort of way, the me, as described here, is an entity that even exists, the effects of believing in so plays out in ways leading to large scale change in behavior and perception. All of this separation of the soul from the mind, and how they act differently and have different desires and offer different viewpoints, might all just be a self containing story that exists all in the insanely complex mind. But truth in perspective isn't something we're after here; just a belief and the consequences of that belief.

So, wrapping up this logical system that says that the me exhibits some sort of pseudo-choice, on top of the logical system that says that there's no choice at all, the summary of all of this might not end up being a useful summary at all, but I'll give it a go anyway.

The 'me' is an entity that exhibits pseudo-choice over the body and the mind, but only after realizing that 1) the behavior of the body and the mind that make it up are out of its control and 2) even the pseudo-choice being exhibited after the accepting of number 1), is still out of its control. It's all one big circle jerk here where, the 'me' has no say over the body and the mind, until it does when it learns that it doesn't, but actually it doesn't because the stack that is the self is also out its control. It's an argument that personifies as a snake eating its own tail, and because of this, we now are able to move on; a self closing logical system.

To further encapsulate the benefit of believing in this pseudo-choice that the me has over its body and mind, a commonly used metaphor is handy.

Imagine that life is one long river. When you're born, you get placed somewhere along this river to float down it for the rest of your life. Some of us were given really nice tubes, accompanied by orange slices and snickers bars, as we go down this river of life; and some were thrown in with nothing other than a fear of the water. We don't get to choose our circumstances down this river of life.

Going down this very large river, there are other floaters that we have the chance to interact with; other people. The ideas of chaos and no choice from the perspectives told earlier translate here to the direction of the river, the rocks underneath, the directions of channels of current, are all completely out of the hands of the people floating down it. Our individual path of life is our individual path down this river, forged by the things that were forged by other forged things.

Now, for the longest time, one of the meta's for the humans floating down this river has been to do the following. When you're floating down this river, if you see an upcoming current that is going to take you to the left side, just wait. Wait until the current comes and for it to take you to the left side. Then, as soon as this happens, start paddling. Paddle, paddle, paddle, paddle along with the left side current. And then, when someone in the right side current next to the one you're in now, yells out to you, "Oi mate! How did you get over to that left side current? I wanna get over there!", you answer with, "It's because I paddled this way!"

This is what we are currently doing. Using rationalization as our reasoning tool to take pride in the directions we paddled in. But, the river, having a mind of its own, was to take us down the exact paths that it did, without the need for anyone to ever paddle. It had its own plan in mind, abiding by much larger laws on much larger timescales; ones that we don't get the chance to interact with on a day to day basis.

Learning that we operate entirely according to what this river presents us with, is then translated into the metaphor as putting one's paddle up to watch the currents, instead of trying to swim with them. And by leaning back in the raft, instead of paddling with the currents, peace is felt.

A peace that has never been felt of before, when one realizes that they can very easily live the rest of their time on this river without ever having to paddle again. No stress, no worry; let the river take care of it for you. And upon sitting back in your raft down this river, and giving your arms a much needed rest, you breathe.

Time to think, time to smell the air, feel the breeze, look around and see other people on their rafts. Waving to this person, waving to that person, watching others needlessly paddle as you want to shout out to them that they don't have to be, and watching a few others leaning back in their raft just as you had recently learned how to do. And then you see me, with my, put-together-ass raft, rippin down the currents, bottle of Svedka in hand, rum ham in lap; just living.

Given enough time sitting back and enjoying the breeze, one can only relax with no worries for so long until the mind gets bored, with its not-so-new

freedom any more. Just because it doesn't need to do anything, doesn't mean it doesn't have to do anything because of it; time is still plentiful, and action is free to take. And upon this boredom, one might learn of something of particular value in regard to this metaphorical river that they are floating down. They might learn that a well-timed paddle is much more powerful than an effort-filled one.

That, by looking far enough down this river, if one sees that the left current up ahead is going to be really bad, as opposed to the mild right current, and if they're floating in the middle of calm water now, they realize that a shove now to the right side, in preparation for what's to come, is much more handy than either, using energy to swim where the current is already going to take me, or trying to swim out of a current that is way too strong to swim out of.

Learning about our bodies and minds through neutral observation translates into this metaphor as it being the same as learning about what makes the river flow certain ways. Studying the rocks, studying the weather, studying the water, studying anything that is willing to give consistent information. The more that is studied, the swifter the pushes become. Small signs, leading to big changes, avoided or prepared for with minimal energy; an optimizer's wet dream.

This skill, of neutral observation turning into prediction as to what's to come, is only able to be developed under the viewpoint that everything is acting out of anyone's desire for it to happen. Learning when to push instead of devoting all one's energy to mindlessly pushing, can prove to be a much more beneficial endeavor when considering the total energy required, over the course of one's entire life from both methods. Sure, we can do what we've always done, and keep paddling, and boast our paddling skills, or we can stop and observe, and learn a very powerful skill in the process. One that saves us energy over time as well as well-being in the current.

So, do we have choice? Does free will exist? Do we get to have a say in who we are? Well, it's complicated. But to boil down this whole argument to a single sentence; if we say we do, then we do. And if we say that we do, we get the added benefit of saving us moments of unnecessary energy expenditure, both in the short term and in the long term.

The conclusion of the 'me' having choice (or not) over the body and the mind by the accepting of no choice, and a learning of its own individual body and mind is great and all, but how does the me actually exhibit this choice? Is it inherent? Is there effort involved? Does attention need to be shifted one way or another?

The me has exactly one means of control over the two systems that it controls. The me is the decider of intent.

Decider of intent, this is very important. What is intent? Agh, if only words were so ply able. Intent is felt when wanting to win really badly in a competitive event. Intent is felt when one's had a 12 hour work day, and rides the bus home visualizing getting into their bed. Intent is someone getting out of bed

at 4:30am to do the run that they really don't want to do. Intent is one thing that gives way to *anything*.

Intent is like looking through a straw. You don't see anything that's not where it's pointed. One can point the straw in any direction they like, looking at this, looking at that; moving between things quickly, focusing on one thing deliberately, it completely depends on the person looking through it. Intent is only one straw, but it's the only straw that one needs. It can be pointed anywhere and anyhow, even towards what's felt internally. A chokepoint that opens up to infinity.

Intent is how the me decides to paddle in what direction down the river. The one means of control; the one action to take. Intent is such an inherent feeling that everyone has felt it, and is feeling it, most of the time. Example; after you read this sentence your intent will be focused on your breath. After you read this sentence your intent will be focused on your blinking rate. And after this sentence, your intent will be dead set on exactly what I have to say next as your self waits to change its direction of intent once more.

This is the one ability that the me possesses as a way to make change to itself; everything else is out of its control. Constantly being appended to by an ever-changing, out of control, body and mind, the me has only one tool that it can use to grapple with the chaos that is forever creating it; the channeling of intent. One ability, once and forever.

With this, a door opens to limitless other doors; the science of straw pointing. Different people, choosing different directions, with uniquely decorated straws; we live in a wonderful expanse of life. The channeling of intent is what gives us our ability to do something—anything—meaningful in this world; a gateway to a field of our own expression. Intent is only one thing; but it's *everything*.

Just as a fun little teaser that allows one to imagine the mind-boggling amount of directions that there is to point one's straw at, consider this direction. I want to point your straw in the direction of something that I want to call "manifesting".

Now, manifesting is quite the loaded term now-a-days, not because of manifest destiny or anything like that—we've already killed everyone that needs to be killed—but because there are groups of people alive today that have stumbled upon pointing their straws in the same direction as the one presented here. Groups of people that represent a *range* of different concepts

Defined here to mean something specific, manifesting is nothing other than finding *a* path from A to B. That's it, it's that simple. A path, any path, granted that it's a **complete** path, that starts somewhere and ends somewhere else. This is all manifesting is. A series of thoughts that join together in one cohesive train with a well defined beginning and a well defined ending.

Coinciding with our recent development of pre-frontal corteces, we gained the ability of scope as discussed in the detailing of the mind; in particular, the ability to project forward in time. We have the ability to predict—mostly accurately—and use it as a practical tool, even if the predictions are wrong sometimes. Most commonly, we see this ability of being able to predict the

future, being of the isolated variety. That is to say, it's easy for me to imagine my death, but not easy to imagine every single step that leads up to my death. From a computational standpoint, it becomes exponentially more difficult to accurately predict the more that one tries to predict in succession. Our minds don't currently have the capability to think of long, thought out, trains of thought on a moment's notice; it's much easier to think of B instead of thinking of a complete path to B.

With this knowledge, one might understand why this concept of manifesting hasn't worked out for them just yet. It's not about visualizing yourself owning a million dollars; it's about visualizing a path (whether it ends up working or not) that could get you to the point of having a million dollars. It's easy to visualize swimming with the dolphins in the Bahamas, but coming up with a detailed plan to get there from where I'm currently at, is not so easy. But, if we are able to come up with a complete path from A to B, then something magical happens.

Once and forever, the path is brought into the existence of the universe, with its presence not ever being able to be denied. It's here now, the mind knows of such, and will always know of such; thanks, entropy. A truth that can no longer be denied, the mind has no choice but to accept it as having some value—recognizing it as valid and possible—regardless of the path being the one that brings success.

The important part isn't that the path is the one that works, or even that it's good. What matters is that it's complete. A complete train of events that leads from where you are now to where you want to go. Presented with any unexpected roadblocks, the case of experiencing a path that is somehow broken during its following, the step going forward follows the same ideology as taking a brand new one; come up with a new path. Manifesting isn't always a one-and-done, as much as we wish it might be, as it often requires adaptation to the chaos of life. But, so long as complete paths from current location, to that location over there, are able to be thought of, the process of manifesting can continue.

After thinking of a path from A to B, the hard part is essentially finished. Because, with the perspectives presented here, there's no other action to take but to channel intent towards the path just created. Coming up with a path from A to B doesn't invalidate all the perspectives that came before this one; the river of life is still going to do what it wants with us.

Because of this, one skill that is of use to us, in an ever changing world, is one that focuses on one's ability to quickly and efficiently change the direction of one's intent; ideas of non-attachment and anti-fragility bundled into one. It's a much more valuable skill to know that I can manifest many different paths from many different endpoints instead of being really good at creating paths from the same A and B. Once thinking of a path from A to B, let go, and just be an observer as to what is to happen. Optimization and adaptation will come naturally from an optimized and adapted infrastructure.

With this in mind, go play you bunch of hooligans. See what you can come up with, test your manifesting limits. The bounds on what someone

is capable of doing is only known upon tripping over an end post; at which point, it expands it even farther out. Those fortunate enough to have been told that anything is possible by their mom as a kid might find the truth held in that statement, for, when we imagine what we want, the result is already going to be bounded by our ability to imagine. Me wanting to be a millionaire is different from a millionaire wanting to be a billionaire, which is different from a billionaire wanting to be a trillionaire. Each of what we conceive as being desirable is going to be limited by the scope of what we have already experienced.

There is incredible fun in discovering the extent to just how much we can do as individuals, and manifesting is a means to make it happen. Besides manifesting, it is my duty to direct your intent for a short period longer towards another direction that needs to be looked at. In a world where people believe that they are largely, or entirely, operating under no free will, the group of people that are bordering a very blurry line into the realms of what we now call psychopathic, are going to default to wanting to rationalize all of the terrible things that they are doing and are going to do. And, with the perspectives held here, there's no getting around this. Bad people are going to do bad things just like good people are going to do good things. This text isn't to rid the evil from the good, but to level the playing field between the two.

The only thing we can do is add one more small logical system on top of everything said about the me thus far, to account for the inevitable continuance of malevolence. Unfortunate for those dealt a shitty biology, the argument is real simple. In a society that is to have order, there must be accountability for the actions taken within it, to avoid the anarchy that would naturally arise from a bunch of competing, power hungry monkeys. The simplest and most clean cut way to delegate responsibility across an ever-changing global population of 8 billion people is to do a simple one-to-one. Every body and mind responsible for their own body and mind.

The unavoidable truth of this is that, for some people, this really fucking sucks. Some people are given an absolute shit hand, and have to spend their whole, miserable life dealing with such, and to these people, we say the same thing to those born on yachts; no matter what behavior comes out of your body and mind, whether channeled through intent by the self or not, is yours and yours alone. Every single one of us is responsible for exactly one thing before having children; the constant output of the three forces that comprise each and every one of us.

No matter what arbitrary lines are drawn to categorize the different sectors of a human being's presence, whatever behavior is put out into the world of other souls is attached to its creator through the connection of accountability. It is this way, because it has to be this way; order—with the current architecture that humans have—isn't something that gets naturally sorted out over time, it must be implemented. And the easiest implementation that scales and is robust is the one that says that, unfortunately for those dealt a 2 10 with nothing on the flop, you've been dealt it, and now it's yours. Deal with it, don't deal with it, your intent when acting isn't considered when ruled against the jury of life.

Bezos, my mother, and school shooters, all judged by the same court of perspective; no matter the behavior, no matter the intent, no matter the body and mind, each and every one of our souls is responsible for the actions that it produces. We aren't to blame as to what we are to produce, we are only responsible. This can make the frustrated crew even more frustrated, but let's just hope that they get golden grapes in the afterlife to account for the suffering they must deal with in this plane of reality.

With an explaining of the one means of control that the me has over its body and mind, and the responsibility it must take over what they produce as behavior, there's only one last direction I have to channel your intent towards before we get to the last part of this third section. A channeling of intent towards something that's very easy to forget in a competitive, capitalistic society.

The me, defined by things out of our control, individualized to each of our own stories, is stunningly unique. We don't live in a world where uniqueness is necessarily valued, or even judged as a useful parameter for that matter; we live in one where profits are. Because of this, it's easy for one to want to channel their intent towards whatever activity that better helps them mend to the norm; hoping to have their future selves fit within the average. And to this, I gag.

The best that people have to offer this world comes from a place that's devoid of external influence. With all the defense mechanisms picked up in primary school, enemies that are made in middle school, and range of copes that are picked up in high school, it's easy for one to build a layering of their sense of self with artificial nonsense. For someone to exhibit behavior that is truly out of the ordinary from what we're used to experiencing, it takes a ridiculous amount of courage for one to do so in a public setting; a uniqueness that is often shunned by the average. And that's because uniqueness isn't rewarded in a society where repetition is.

But, if one does find the avenues that peel away these rotten layers that exist on top of an otherwise pure and innocent soul—whether it be from psychiatry, self reflection, meditation, shrooms, or anything else—they will probably come to the same conclusion shared here.

That conclusion being, you are beautiful in your own uniqueness. There is no need to change anything about who you are; who you are is who you are, and there's not a soul that should be able to convince you otherwise. There is no need for you to fit to any mold that someone says that you have to fit to; you can make a new one.

You are beautiful, accept it. If, to no one else, then, at the very least, to one person; me. I crave things that are different from the average, a craving for uniqueness. A craving that only gets strengthened in a society where everyone seems to be subconsciously forming to be part of the NPC hive mind. And so, to me, you are beautiful. And, as I would be willing to bet, to a whole lot of other people as well.

Love the tower of bricks that you are, it's the only one that you're going to get. All the chips and the discolored bricks don't make for something to be

shameful over, they make for something to be celebrated over. There is beauty in your exact uniqueness, no matter if you had a parent tell you so or not when you were growing up; I'm telling you now.

Love the me, express the me, accept the me. What I'm going to get painted on my wall instead of live, laugh, love. It's the only sensible avenue to take in a world where we're stuck with just one for as long as we experience a lifetime. And thus, love yourself; you are yourself.

And when we're all done revolutionizing, and tricking our minds, and loving ourselves, everyone meet back here to listen to the last set of stories that I have share.

A Coordinate Change

The final beginning, it's bittersweet really. I've enjoyed my time on the stage but goddamn am I ready to get off of it. But before I get off of it, there's some finishing up that I have to do.

I need to be honest about something.

I've been lying to you all about a whole lot. For the majority of this text actually, I've been lying to you guys.

You see, this entire text was built around one premise. That there exists 1) a problem and that there exists 2) a solution to that problem. But this isn't right.

This isn't right because there is no solution.

There isn't a solution because there isn't a problem.

Now, right now, in this exact moment, that statement isn't going to have the effect I want it to on you. But, by the end of this text, you'll understand why that's put there.

It's not going to make sense right now because, before I get to my attempt at a grand-slam threading of the needle (sounded better in my head), there's still one more story to tell.

And this story, brings us back all the way to the beginning. One more story about time.

Where did we start? Time; always moving forward, and, continuous. Now, it's time to look at time from a different point of view. In order to tell the new story of time, I have to pull a couple of concepts over from mathematics (can you tell that I like math yet?). This transition of taking concepts that exist in pure logic and laying them on top of imperfect, word-based logical systems isn't perfect; but it doesn't have to be perfect. The concepts absorbed into the narrative here are to give a framework for additional structure, granted they have some structural integrity; the "inherent truth value" of such concepts when transferred over to a domain they don't belong to is much less important

than whether or not the logical system is simply believed in, as re-iterated for the thousandth time.

The first concept from math to bridge over is the idea of a partition; but even before that, a set. A set is nothing more than a collection of objects. There is no repetition of objects and there is no order of the objects. A set is as simple as $\{1, 2, 3\}$, it's as complex as the collection of all the atoms in our universe. A partition of a set is a way to arbitrarily divide that set up so that every element belongs to one and only one of the smaller sets. For example, $\{\{1\}, \{2\}, \{3\}\}$, is a partition of the set $\{1, 2, 3\}$. $\{\{1, 2\}, \{3\}\}$ and $\{\{1, 2, 3\}\}$ are also partitions of that set. But $\{\{1\}, \{2\}\}$ and $\{\{1\}, \{1, 2, 3\}\}$ are not partitions of that set.

With this in mind, there exists a partition on time that gives us a new lens to look through; the most natural one we could think of. The one that separates it into 3 sets: the set of all past moments, the set that holds a single element that is this exact moment, and the set that holds all the moments that are to come but aren't here yet. Pseudo-mathematically, $\text{Time} = \{\text{past moments}\} \cup \{\text{this moment}\} \cup \{\text{future moments}\}$. In this way, every moment that ever has and ever will exist belongs to one and only one of those sets—even if it makes a one time change from future to present to past.

The second concept that I want to bridge over from mathematics is one with a little more nuance, and a lot more confusion. There's a concept in math called the Induction Hypothesis that confuses the shit out of all math students learning it for the first time. At first glance, one would think it's intuitive. But upon further deliberation, one finds that it's actually just one big mind fuck. But, and an important but, is that, in mathematics, it works.

For those who don't know, basically every college 300 level math course and beyond strays farther and farther away from computation and closer and closer to proof and theory; it's much less about being able to solve specific problems than it is to apply theory to prove specific statements. The Induction Hypothesis is a tool that can be used as a way to prove certain types of statements, a tool that doesn't always work, as it requires a certain type of setup for it to be of any use, but in the cases that it does work for, it works for elegantly. Instead of giving the explicit definitions, it's much easier to understand through a classic example.

Say I lined up a whole bunch of dominoes standing up, all the same distance from each other, ready to be toppled over once the first one is pushed over. If I made some claim that, if I push the first domino over, then all of the other dominoes will fall over as well, there would be, in particular, two ways that I could prove this statement. The tedious of the two would be to prove that, one by one, by looking at each individual pair of dominoes, every first of the pair of dominoes pushes over the second of the two if it is to fall over. This would require a whole lot of proofs, and if my line of dominoes is really long, it quickly becomes more and more burdensome to prove. The other way, is through use of the Induction Hypothesis.

First off, it does have the word hypothesis in its current label, something that might change a long time from now. But, although having a title contain-

ing the word hypothesis, it is widely accepted and used by the most prominent of mathematicians in the twenty-first century. So, how does it work?

It works in two steps. With my line of dominoes, under the logic of the induction hypothesis, if I can prove that a) I can knock the first domino over, and that b) if I were to assume that any one of the dominoes was to fall over arbitrarily, then it follows that the next one falls over as well, then I've proven that every single domino will fall over without actually having to push any of them over.

Part a) of the requirement is straight forward enough. Obviously, if I can't even push the first one over, then how am I going to show that I can make them all fall over? But part b) is the more nuanced part of the Induction Hypothesis. Essentially, what it gets at is, if I can show that an arbitrary domino falling over—any domino at all, but not a certain one in particular—pushes over the (still arbitrarily) next domino, this logic can be applied to any pair of dominoes that exists in the line. If it's proven for an arbitrary pair of dominoes, then this could be applied to domino 2 and 3, it could be applied to 3 and 4, it could be applied to $n-1$, n for any pair of dominoes in a line of n dominoes; it's something that is proven in the arbitrary case. Proving these two components equates to proving the original claim of all the dominoes falling over with the push of the first one, without having to go through the rigor of a case-by-case basis. This is the power of using induction, it's a way to prove something about all the dominoes falling over without any of them besides the first one having to fall over. Induction is confidence in the future before it comes.

But this story isn't about dominoes, it's about time. Transferring this idea over to ideas and words instead of numbers and pure logic, it would look something like, being able to produce a behavior in an initial case, and, assuming that that behavior happens in an arbitrary future moment, then it also happens in the arbitrary next one, would be enough to prove the claim that that behavior can be done anytime, any-when, without having to prove it to be this way on a case-by-case basis. This collapses the thought of being worried that one can't perform that behavior in the future to zero. Essentially, if I know I can do something now, and that, if I were to do it in the future, that I could also do it in the moments that come right after, why ever worry that it can't be done?

And this is fortunate for the sake of this argument, because the direct approach to solving this problem isn't one that we even have access to. How would we be able to prove that we could produce some behavior, anytime, ever, without first experiencing what those moments bring and how we first react to it? We don't possess the ability to predict chaos, so all predictions will come with a couple grains of salt, only increasing the amount of salt the more that we try to predict. This is where the Induction Hypothesis comes in.

In, again, a pseudo-mathematical fashion, I wish to use the Induction Hypothesis to help me argue for a claim regarding the partition of time from earlier. The claim is simple; this moment, the one that we're experiencing right now, is the only moment of importance from the viewpoint of a human

being.

Before proving this, a word on the methodology of the proof going to be used.

When using the Induction Hypothesis in the way that it was designed for—by using it as a framework under a different logical system called math—proofs are binary. A proof is only called a proof if it has flipped the switch of trueness; trueness under the logical system of formal logic. It is a 1 or a 0, always, in every case, except in the cases of problems that we don't know of their trueness or not.

This isn't true when transferring the idea of the Induction Hypothesis to that of psychology, because, one, brains and reasoning and thoughts and ideas are all abstract and continuous and abide by imperfect logical systems—not the seemingly perfect ones present in math—and two, because time itself doesn't necessarily operate under the same logic that is present in the human creation of modern day mathematics.

So, when transferring the idea over to words and behavior and psychology—all belonging to the system of imperfect nature—instead of trying to flip a binary switch of the proof being true or not, I want to view the idea behind the proof as following along the lines of this metaphor.

Imagine a circle. The circle is empty. When I begin the proof, every piece of evidence that I provide as I go along the main arc of the argument begins to fill in the circle from the outside in. What I plan on doing, is to give enough evidence so that the circle is almost completely filled in, except for the very center. For, the very center is never going to be reachable because of the imperfection that nature abides by. But hopefully, filling in most of the circle will be enough to create a significant change in thought pattern, without worrying about the last bit of unchanged behavior that is left over from a not perfectly filled in circle.

All this to say, most is enough in the case of logical systems that don't often abide by just 1's and 0's. It's about collapsing in to a forever unreachable state as close as one can, and then forgetting about the whole thing and moving on to something new; the beauty of the human condition.

So, to begin, a restating of the claim that is going to be representing a circle that we're trying to use reason to fill in. To the experience of a human being, the moment that it currently exists in is the only one of importance when viewed against every other moment that has been or will be.

To begin the proof, create a partition on the arrow of time that we experience like so.

[past moments) this moment . (future moments]
 —————> time

What I aim to show is that deliberation on both the set of past moments and the set of the future moments provides an individual with extremely quick

diminishing returns the farther out that is ventured from this current moment; essentially squeezing perspective down to a constant, yet, ever-changing, state that is focused on the current moment that we are all experiencing. To do this, I'll prove it in the individual cases of both the past and the future. I'll start with the set of past moments.

The argument for dismissing thought patterns towards the past occurs naturally as a consequence of believing in the perspectives presented regarding time, nature, the human, and the components of a human, but might not be explicitly organized in your pre-frontal cortex yet.

When we assume that chaos happening in our environment is influencing our bodies and our minds to the point where we have no deliberate say in the actions that we perform, there comes an advantage that relieves feelings of grief and past-related anxiety. It's as simple as, the past is played; it has come and went, influencing the elements of chaos in just a brief moment before it's lost forever. When there's no choice, there's no reasonable action to take towards a moment that exists in the set of past moments. What is there to gain when one can't ask themselves questions like "why didn't I do it this way", "I should've done it this way", and "if only I would've ..."? The action that those moments have, have already communicated the effect that they needed to, without any further deliberation needed.

In this way, one can visualize our process of us continuously processing our perception of reality as a forever planting of seeds given to us in the single moment that they exist in. Every passing moment that we experience, presenting us with chaos that is to be dealt with once and forever, planting a seed of influence in the process, one that gets watered simply as a consequence of time moving forward.

The farther out that is ventured into the sequence of past events, the more unlikely one is to wring an effect out of the thought of it, for there has been much more chaos processing placed on top of the effect that that event either had or didn't. Thinking about the most immediate past moments can provide small benefits that lead to large differences—things like aiding in the explicit learning process of attempting a new skill—but quickly approaches 0 once one travels even just a little farther out than the events that just did happen.

On top of trying to feel already felt emotions, one creates a bubble that increases in size with every passing second; a bubble that creates a detachment with the processing of current reality. The fundamental nature of the soul being able to channel intent with the use of the body and the mind is one where it only possesses the singular ability to do so. Although it has the ability to switch between directions at an almost indiscernibly fast rate, we—as a collective species—are fairly confident with the baseline of bounds that seems to be present on our perception of reality; the ones stating that our souls are only able to channel intent towards one direction at a time.

By creating this bubble that is devoid of perceiving one's current reality, one creates more leg work for the mind to process once it snaps back to perceiving the current moment. Because, now, in this current moment, it realized all that just went by it, and how, it thinks, thinking about everything that just was

will somehow provide explanation to its reaction to the chaos that just came and went. In reality, this process just creates a continuous game of playing catch up with trying to process all the information that is always going to be available for the mind as soon as it creates this void of processing its current reality.

In this way, not only is thinking about the past a worthless endeavor (again, not a binary, but a quickly, ever-decreasing function of distance that approaches 0), but it also takes away from the time that someone will never get back by creating this bubble of lost processing.

This is the argument for the past; in a sentence, the effects of the past have already been played. The inherent modes of communication between the body, mind, and soul are able to process and react to the chaos that already came and went, without it ever having to explicitly cross over into the realm of the nonphysical mind. That is, one doesn't have to channel intent on what is happening everywhere, all the time in the brain, for the effects of what's happening inside of it to influence the body and mind in the way that they do.

There is plenty happening behind the scenes of what we are always experiencing, and my point is that trying to reveal what's behind the curtain is not only a pointless effort, but also can be an act of curiosity that kills the cat. We can never know what's truly behind the scenes because we don't possess that capability yet, to know of all the mechanisms and all the data that give rise to exactly how we behave on the macro-scale level, and by attempting to reason about it as if we do, we create stories that may or may not have to do with any of the factors at play that gave rise to those specific behaviors. Sometimes these stories are useful, sometimes these stories are harmful, sometimes they approach some truth, and other times they don't.

In conclusion for the argument of the collapsing of the past, leave the past where it is, where it belongs. Further deliberation creates an unneeded void of attention to the current state that can be avoided because of the inherent modes of communication present within the body, mind, and soul. Like an ever decreasing curve that approaches this moment, it becomes less and less useful for one to venture out into the long forgotten about domain of the past, as a continuously, single-focused, ever changing, always processing organism.

The past is baked into us as if we're all unclean-able cast-iron pots, except, there ain't no scrubbin away this rust baby! Every scar, every battle, every emotion, every experience, making up the grand total of exactly one soul. Whether we are pleased with this or not has no effect on the nature of our existence. This collapses the left side of the partition of time to the moment directly in the center. What's left is to do the same for the right side; the sequence of moments to come.

This side of the argument is symbolized with the opposite imagery of an ever decreasing curve, where area under the curve is meant to symbolize the lack of value in venturing farther and farther out into the sequence of events that have already passed by; it's symbolized by an ever increasing curve, where the area under the curve becomes larger and larger the farther that one ventures out from this current moment.

This second side of the argument is mainly dependent on the perspective of chaos being present and apparent. With this mindset, the more that one tries to predict into what hasn't happened yet, the less likely of a chance they are to accurately predict every step of the process. This is why manifesting isn't something that anyone can do anything with; coming up with a long path into the sequence of future events is a difficult endeavor.

But the compounding difficulty of trying to predict chaos is only part of the argument; the part that takes care of the long term. To take care of the short term is little more difficult, because I essentially have to call the people that spend a lot of time dabbling in the what's to come a bunch of pussies.

I joke, for this conversation is actually extremely nuanced. There exists a whole lot of variability when we talk about behavior, and predictions of behavior belonging to the future set of the partition, making it very difficult to have a grounded conversation between one and many, with all the biases that could be present. In one sense, thinking ahead is what allows us our insane capability of the human mind. It's an advanced feature that our mind has picked up that allows for better survivability for the ones who have it.

But in another sense, thinking ahead towards what's not currently here can be a form of anxiety presenting itself as preparation for dealing with the unpredictableness that isn't here just yet. There are macro-scale patterns that we are able to perceive within our behavior, macro-scale patterns that arise from chaotic principles, but we can never truly know what the future moment has to bring. Our guesses as to how we're going to feel, or what is going to be said, or even what the weather is going to be like, are attempts at predicting the outcomes of the chaos, the macro-scale patterns; imperfect guesses at best, until we gain an understanding on the concept that we now label as chaos. Nonetheless, they are used as an attempt to prepare for what isn't here yet.

A lot of people that do this often will argue for the point of it being a necessity, an unavoidable truth that comes hand in hand with living—not only just in the general sense, but especially in today's society. And to the latter half of that, there is some human truth. We do have to know of our appointments and deadlines and schedules, all before they happen, to be a functional human in the fabric of society. And so, because of this, the argument for the future set collapses in to the never-reachable singularity less so than the one for the past set. That is, with the past, it very quickly becomes essentially meaningless—under the logical system that is these perspectives—when wandering in that direction, but not as quick and not as substantial when wandering into the future.

Here is a spot where the average has built a societal framework that must be adapted to by everyone, at the cost of those that aren't built for it; a weakness in my argument that exists because of the societal pressure to be apart of it. In a world where we live in an in-between of advanced monkeys with advanced tools but also living by the land, for the land, my argument would collapse in more fully, with the train of thought following the one I presented for the past set. One that says very little forward thinking is necessary to live full and complete lives. But until this becomes our reality, the need to mentally travel

ahead to what's not here yet is artificially created by the societal pressure to have to plan ahead.

But, there's still an argument that exists—even in this day and age—backing the same stance of the viewpoint on the past sequence of events, that still plays a large effect regardless of the ever-unreachable center being just a bit larger. And to explain this argument, I will use induction.

Claim: The me that exists in the future moment, that is, once the future moment becomes this moment, the me that exists in that state, is capable of dealing with whatever chaos is presented to its body and mind.

Proof: The, at large, idea here to be taking the ideas surrounding induction in mathematics and to apply them in a loose sense to a domain they might not necessarily belong in; but, we'll try anyway. The first part of an induction proof in mathematics always starts with the base case; the pushing over of the first domino.

For the sake of this claim, the base case would be to show that the me that exists in this current moment right now has a means of control with dealing with the unpredictableness that it is currently being presented with. The cornerstone of the entire argument is revolved around the idea of us being able to push over this first domino, to be able to say that we have some direct means of control over ourselves in an otherwise uncontrollable body and mind.

And to do this, the practice takes advantage of an evolutionary quirk that presents our biologies with a constant barrier to jump over. When our very distant ancestors first made the transition from sea to land, it placed a demand on the biologies present during the transition that, millions of years later, still hasn't been resolved by mammals. Not literally, but practically, we have to be breathing every few seconds of every single day for our entire lives. More importantly, the rate at which we do so is, one, not fixed, and, two, directly controllable by anyone who has ever lived. Our brains have developed the hardware and software to be able to very easily give direction that shifts the breath in any way that we tell it to.

If I tell you to hold your breath, you can do that. If I tell you to speed up your breathing, you can do that. If I tell you to slow down your breathing, you can do that. If I tell you to rhythmically breathe in sets of three, ending in slight holds, you can do that. Any permutation of breathing patterns that I can come up with, whether done before or not, can easily be instructed to anyone who is listening.

In this way, by being able to always and forever control our breath, and because of the constant nature of us needing to breathe, we *always* have a means of control over our bodies and our minds in any moment that comes down the pipeline of the future-current-past progression. This solves the base case. Control over breath is something that the me can shift its intent to, in any moment, at any time, allowing us to push over the first domino whenever we please. Now, for the inductive step.

In math, the inductive step works like so. First, assume that an arbitrary number is hit along a sequence, and then, assuming that that domino fell over, show that the one immediately after it does as well. Because the assumption is specifically an arbitrary element, this means that being able to prove it in the arbitrary case is equivalent to proving it in every case. The argument has to be sound for every single domino, and by first assuming that an arbitrary domino has fallen over, if we're able to show that the next one falls over in every case, then the argument is comprehensive.

Translating this idea to this domain, it would look something like, assuming that in some arbitrary moment, one has the ability to exhibit a means of control over their body and mind (more specifically, through breathing), why is it the case that this would be true for the moment that follows directly after? And the answer to this question is entirely supported by the nature of nature itself.

The gradualism of nature, and the continuity of time, combine to give us the inductive step for free. In any moment to come, the next moment is guaranteed to come, even though the pace at which it does might change; this is the nature of our reality, it's what the entire set of perspectives here is built upon. And so, if we assume that in some arbitrary moment, that we have control over our breath, well then saying that we have control over our breath in the moments that come right after is given to us as a consequence of living in a gradual, continuous world that's always shoving the next moment down our throats.

Breathing is a continuous, gradual process. Being able to control one's breathe at a moment's notice is one that doesn't just exist in a single moment, but over a sequence of moments. Even in the case that one can't keep concentration on the stream of breathing, one always has the ability to redirect it towards the one thing that their bodies have to be doing at all times regardless. It doesn't matter if intent is channeled towards it or not, to the body, it just knows that it always has to breathe.

And so, by getting the inductive step for free by nature of our universe, this completes the proof. We've shown that in any arbitrary moment, we can always push over the first domino by channeling our intent towards the activity we have to be doing regardless, and that, assuming so in an arbitrary moment that exists in the future, leads to it also coming in the moments that come right after it. Wah-lah, my pseudo-induction style proof on collapsing our perspective of the future set of time down to this very moment (well, not exactly, but close enough).

The complete set of perspectives has now been told. The perspectives presented within the third part of this text are symbolized as a pyramid of beliefs that is topped with an infinitesimally sharp point that represents the unique moment that we are forever experiencing. Shackled to our biologies, the roots of our beings are present, unavoidable, yet, able to be taken advantage by way of channeling energy.

A recap.

Everything starts with time. As we experience it, it is always moving forward, and always moving in the same direction. The rate at which we experi-

ence it changes all the time, but has no place in the needed set of perspectives to get to the point that I want to reach.

With time, comes space. Space is a physical arena for physical things to happen. Physical things are localized collections of energy or mass. A physical space that allows for things to happen over time, where physical entities—perceivable by us—are localized clusters of energy. With this, a general form called a process is created.

A process is a localized cluster of energy that has a beginning and an end, something we can say because of the dimension of the always present passing of time. Some processes are similar, some are not. But, as we perceive them, all processes abide by the rule sets imposed on them by fixed, constant, quantitative relations governed by our universe. There's a base layer rule set that everything that we can perceive abides by; things like the speed of light in a vacuum, or the gravitational pull on objects of differing mass and energy, or the bounds that are present at the edge of the observable universe. On top of this base layer rule set, there exists another one for processes that are labeled as 'living' (a term that might change in the future); things like cellular respiration, or replication of nucleotides, or rate of growth in mass or size.

These principles that both the living and the nonliving abide by are collected under a single label called nature; a system of processes that abides by fixed rule sets. Then, further rule sets are individually placed on top of the ones imposed first by time, then by nature, to the collections of groups of processes that exist within nature. For example, the platypus first abides by the rule set that it can't go backwards in time, then by the rule set that says it has to eat every so often and breathe every so often, and then finally, the rule set that exists specifically for platypi—mating interactions, mode of passing on genes, max swim speed, and so on.

Within nature, one of the similar groups of processes that exists is the one that we call the human being; the one of ourselves. Although each one of us is a unique bundle of energy, carved out over time, there are patterns that we all share, similar rule sets that we all abide by. The rule sets apply to, largely, two domains that are separate, yet connected deeply and wholly; the domains of our bodies and our minds.

We are able to talk about the general form of what constitutes a body and a mind, even though we all have unique instances of this form. There are patterns present between all bodies and mind, across the generation that they are spawned into, and, to these patterns we are able to speak without scientific backing for we can all feel and access them for ourselves.

Specifically, the body shows incredible features in the process of learning when using the ideology of unattached, neutral repetition of a physical activity. It has a seemingly endless memory of anything that it learns how to do just once, with ease of recall being a function of time passed since the initial learning process. It has a wide range of capability, with the ability to specialize in, again, a seemingly endless list of activities. And lastly, once the practice of detached practice is developed past the initial stages, the rate at which we are able

to learn new physical activities—related or otherwise—only increases over time (given a lack of mobility restrictions for whatever reason).

Similar to space being a physical arena for physical things to unfold, the mind presents us with a nonphysical arena for nonphysical things to unfold. A dimension that can be accessed by our minds' relatively recently developed brains and all, one of the most interesting features of the mind is its ability to understand the process that is itself. The ability to talk about a mind, with the entity using this language a mind itself, is something that we don't think any other organism on planet earth has gained the ability to do.

Along with self-awareness, we have a couple of other umbrella terms for generalized abilities that the mind can perform; two of which are, its ability to remember the past and project into the future (exploration of time's arrow before or after it has passed), and its ability to do what we call 'understand' a consistent system (a deep and semi-permanent connection of neurons that leads to flexibility in many problem solving directions in the future).

Externally, the single entity that is combined of this all-capable body and recently advanced mind, with the passing of time, is called the soul. The soul is an always increasing stack of layers of experience; layers of experience that are perceived by an always changing body and mind. Up until around the age of 25 in humans, the internal desires and motivations of a person can become drastically different, presenting the soul with layers of varying, emotion-filled memories; where the emotions backing the memories will be looked back upon differently than when they were once felt, because of this always growing stack of differing motives. Changing moment to moment, the soul is the sink for the set of desires that don't initially appeal to the body or the mind.

The soul has exactly one means of control in an otherwise uncontrollable body and mind; the channeling of intent, or, if you prefer, the directing of one's attention. The single stream that has the ability to unite all three forces that exist within the localized bundle of energy that every individual person is. The channeling of intent is the single key that opens the door to any pathway imaginable, making the stability and duration of this continuous stream of attention important traits for an individual to develop. With the channeling of intent comes power; a whole lot of it.

This pyramid of perspectives is then boiled down to just a single moment; the one that we exist in. The effect of the past has already been played, and, if need be, can continue being played behind the scenes, through the inherent modes of communication that exist between the body and the mind. The chaos that the future has to bring can't (yet) be predicted, an act that becomes exponentially more difficult the more that is tried, and, whatever chaos that the future does bring, future me has a fool-proof way of dealing with it.

This moment is all that matters, and the channeling of intent is the only means of control that we have on our lives. These two combine together elegantly to make the most compressed data structure that exists; the one that is just a single point. Channeling intent on what this moment has to bring is the only statement that makes it out alive after the ripping away of choice and control and influence from our lives. We have only one action that we can

take, in only one moment that we ever exist in, and yet, this is enough to do anything and everything that we can dream of. Forever paused in a moment that's always being ripped out from under our feet, concentration on what this moment has to offer us is the most valuable currency that a human can have, as it can easily be converted to whatever other currency that one pleases.

This creates a self closing loop of perspectives that fit together as if they're pieces of a puzzle. One that starts and ends with time, and has room for everything else in-between. And so, now, the fun begins.

It's time to thread the whole thing together.

Grooves. Remember those? If you don't, there's no worry because the idea of a groove is quite simple. A groove is nothing more than thinking about certain things in a certain way. We belong to grooves in the classroom, we belong to grooves while talking to our parents, we belong to grooves when we're participating in the act of having sex.

A groove is defined as having two parts; a trigger, and an ending. Except, you see, this is one of the other things that I've been lying to you guys about. This isn't exactly true.

Grooves definitely do have triggers, that's for sure, but, not all grooves have endings. The easiest way to imagine this is to think back to uncle Tommy with his Brussels sprouts and how he made you believe that they were shit for so long, except, instead of it ending with a change in perspective towards Brussels sprouts, it ends with the dinner with friends having never taken place. And, never again does a similar occurrence to the one where the groove could have been ended with another dose of peer pressure and happenstance occur, leaving you with a groove till the grave.

But the Brussels sprouts story is one where the groove plays a, depending on what subjective lens is taken, negative role in the life of a child—that turns to adult—who doesn't know any better. What about an example of a long lasting groove that plays a positive role in one's life? Does such a groove exist?

Well, obviously, things like exercising and eating a healthy diet can certainly be labeled as a groove, and they don't necessarily ever have to have an ending. And, yeah, sure, that's great and all, but these sort of grooves require some set of resources to be accessed. Maybe its time, maybe its material, maybe it's just energy, but something of sacrifice to gain access to them. You don't get the benefits of going on a run just by thinking about it, it takes action; it takes energy.

But, some people don't have energy at their disposal. Especially in the case of someone who is depressed, how do you tell someone that they need to eat better, sleep better, and workout more, when you both know that the energy required to make those things happen is nonexistent? A better way must exist.

Because of this idea of work having to be put in to get some reward being embedded into the way that we experience a large chunk of our daily interactions, it can be hard to initially accept a notion that goes against this. Reward without work? How preposterous.

But, I challenge the notion, and say that reward without work is absolutely possible. Just because work being put into, what's deemed a, healthy set of habits, is something that always leads to reward, doesn't necessarily imply that no work leads to no reward. It's a typical logical fallacy seen by beginners studying formal logic for the first time. If we view the statement as a logical statement: if work, then reward, then one might think that it follows that: if no work, then no reward. But, negating a conditional statement of the form $p \rightarrow q$ is not, $\text{not } p \rightarrow \text{not } q$; it's instead equivalent to the logical statement, $\text{not } p \text{ or } q$, not necessarily one leading to the other.

When looking at the truth tables for the logical statements of, if p then q , and, $\text{not } p \text{ or } q$, they are equivalent. So, saying that work leads to reward, is not equivalent to saying no work leads to no reward, but it is, however, logically equivalent to saying, no work or reward, implying that there can be both. Which means that no work and a reward is a reasonable logical equivalence to the one that's shoved down our throats by the generations that learned it from a day in and day out basis of living in a more inconvenient world than the one of today. It doesn't always have to be case of work required for some reward, and if you don't believe me in the theoretical case, hopefully you'll believe the practical case that you might feel for yourself real soon here.

Formal logic is good and dandy and all of this, but we're still in the sphere of reality, where formal logic plays less of a role than we might think. We're stuck with imperfectness and continuity, not perfectly discrete, made up buckets. But, no worry, for the math part of the argument is only the introduction to something each and every one of you will get to feel for yourselves.

So, the natural question that arises from all of this... no work and some reward, all long-lasting, how do you go about getting this? What are the steps to take towards something that is revolved around the concept of no work?

It begins in an arena where there is plenty of energy to be had, independent of the physical energies present in one's body. It begins in the nonphysical.

A framework, a way to think. A way to channel energy that already exists, not energy that has to be self created and is resource dependent.

Frameworks are free. Frameworks are accessible. Frameworks are boundless. Frameworks are shareable. Frameworks allow for immediate building. Frameworks allow for unbiased comparison. Frameworks allow for change; for anyone who is given one that's robust.

A framework; here, now. One that's built upon information that you and I both know, even if it's not in the most accessible memory slots. If you've read the words that got you to this point, with even just the slightest bit of concentration along the way, you have enough of a knowledge base that gives merit to the argument that I wish to give.

Grooves. What are they? Thinking about certain things in certain ways. They have a trigger, and sometimes, an ending. A groove becomes more accessible the more that it is accessed; the more I think about certain things in certain ways, the easier it is for me to do so again in the future. The metaphor of "digging" a groove is quite powerful in this way, as it represents an ever increasing space that gets carved out over time.

For a groove to be endless, one might initially think that there must exist some principle that remains true over time that limits it from ever ending. That, for a groove to be endless, it is to never end; simple as. But, there's another way to go about endlessness. Endlessness, not in the perfect theoretical sense, but in the pragmatic, realistic sense.

When we shot Joe off into space with my brilliant plan of circumnavigating the problem in mind, this presents Joe with, practically, an endless groove for the rest of time. The reason that there's a practically there is because it could very well be the case that sometime in the distant future, there arises something that catches Joe attention that we must now get rid of from his presence. But, as mentioned before as one of the most powerful pros to going the long way around a problem, the amount of knowledge gained from going through the arduous process of getting to a functional solution becomes useful in the endgame after the solution is finally implemented.

Anything that we must rid from Joe's environment brings us back to the 50 odd years of practice that we got from coming up with a solution to a similar goal. And so, there's not even the slightest worry of us not being able to perform again, because it's something that we feel very confident in our ability to change.

In this way, Joe's groove isn't perfectly endless, but, in practice, it essentially is. It doesn't matter if a problem arises in the future that breaks Joe from his groove, we're so adept at handling problems in the way of removing things from Joe's environment, that the endlessness will only break for short periods of time at best. It's not perfect, but, to imperfect humans, it doesn't need to be.

Knowing that a groove can be endless without it actually being endless, allows for the freedom of failure for however long it takes for one to pull the lawnmower string to get the lawnmower started. It's not about what it takes to get to the point of a working solution, but rather, what is gained after the solution is implemented; what you can do once the lawnmower is turned on.

With all of this in mind, of the positive, forever-lasting groove that exists as a source of reward without work—accessible by a framework—let me point out a groove that you and I both know of. The groove of the 4 things.

Thinking about certain things, in a certain way.

Thinking about 4 things, in the shape of a diamond.

Grooves have triggers. Some have endings.

This groove has any trigger, and it has no ending.

A groove that can accessed as readily as one's trigger is available. And, if a trigger doesn't immediately spring to mind, allow me to share one with you.

A trigger for a groove that has one's entire life in it, a place of comfort, a place of familiarity... what qualities would you want from this trigger? Certainly not dependent on some hard to get resource. Having a trigger that's flying to Bali is no bueno for the common man. A trigger that's accessible by anyone, and better yet, anywhere, is what's going to be desirable.

Even better yet, a trigger that's accessible by anyone, anywhere, and, any-time. Wow, that would be a great trigger.

If only our bodies possessed some physical action that they have to take constantly, by everyone, in any setting, all the time. Some naturally happening phenomenon that can be controlled when it needs to be. One that intent could be channeled towards, in even the darkest of times, and even the scariest of situations. One that isn't dependent on where someone lives, or who they're surrounded by, or what they've done with their life. One that is free of charge, and requires no additional resources other than the ones everyone has at their disposal. If only such a trigger existed, maybe then the world would be a happier place. If only.

This is how all three of the stories come together. If you don't see it, I'll get you going in the right direction.

Right now, in the moment that you are reading this, this moment that your brain is processing these words in, is one where you have exactly one means of control over. As you read this, your body and your mind will be reacting to whatever is present in their immediate environments; what you ate, how you slept, what time you have to go to work, the words you're reading now, etc. But, despite this, you still have one means of control over everything; a train of thought that collapses everything you're experiencing down to just a single point.

In this very moment, you have the ability to channel intent. You can channel intent on whatever is around you, or, whatever you can come up with internally. One thing that you can always direct it towards is the breathing that is constantly taking place by your body. Right now, channel your intent on your breath, and do some pre-determined, arbitrary breathing pattern. Maybe its breathing in really slowly for 10 breaths, maybe its breathing really fast for 10 minutes, maybe it's just taking 3 deep breaths. Whatever it is, channel your intent towards doing it.

After you do it, close your eyes and visualize 4 things in the shape of a diamond. Doesn't matter if they're empty right now, doesn't even matter if they're nothing more than just single dots. And then, after visualizing it, that's it. You're done.

You just watered a seed that is going to grow into a groove that grows in size according to how many times a sequence similar to the one that just happened is performed.

You can do this hundreds of times a day, thousands of times a day, as many or as few times as you want; channel the one means of control on the one thing that we always have to be doing, to water the only groove that one needs. A groove that opens up to any pathway that one's internal desires can be manifested through, one that doesn't take anything that everyone can't access.

This groove, customized to one's own liking, is a space that represents comfort. A space that unbiasedly holds your entire life, all of the memories, all of the relationships, all of the passions, all of the interests, all of the values; an appealing to the individuality of the soul that created its implementation. A space that is always changing, but not to the perspective of the one going through the change. To them, they see a constant groove amidst the chaos that is causing change around them.

This groove, the one that represents a home for anyone without a physical one, is accessed with something as simple as breathing. As simple as literally one breath. Channeling intent on taking one breath is enough to enter into a groove that contains your entire life. Any path that then needs to be taken, any direction that is then desired to be taken, is created from the playground of energy inherently contained within your individualized 4 things.

It might be helpful to extend the example out farther in time to see how this channeling of energy can become useful. In a moment, any moment, let's say that I direct my attention towards my breath. I do some breathing pattern that I've come up with before, and, upon doing it, I enter into the mental groove that contains my entire life.

Upon entering this groove, where does my mind initially wander? Well, it starts at the bottom, the foundation that everything else is built on. My mind travels into my bottom spot and it takes a look at what's inside there. Personally, I like to split up physiological health from mental / societal health; the difference between eat, sleep, and shit vs. appointments, to-do's, and money.

As an American, I read left to right, and so, naturally, once my mind enters into the bottom spot, it starts at the left; the spot where I contain my representation of physiological health. So then, my mind zooms in again; first zooming in on the bottom quadrant, now zooming in on the left side of the bottom quadrant, my mind now is primed to think about whatever structure I use to reason about all of my own physiological health. This can be as simple as a pie chart that is one-third sleep, one-third diet, and one-third exercise, it can be as complex as a multi-layered data structure that tries to encapsulate every single component of an individual's physiological being; it is to appeal to the individual behind the implementation.

Skipping past sleep and diet, because both of those require external resources (yes, even sleep), my mind zooms into the exercise portion of that pie chart. But exercise, exercise is different from sleeping and eating. Anyone can do stretch, do breath work, run in place, do body weight workouts, anything that involves movement of the body. It doesn't take shoes, equipment, or dedicated space. Just a channeling of intent that directs the body towards whatever the activity is.

Then, where does the mind wander to? Is there additional structure embedded within the exercise domain? Indeed there is. I personally break up exercise health into a further mapping of arbitrary quadrants that helps me reason about what sort of activities are needed for the health of the human body. And so now, my mind exists in a place in the nonphysical that is structured, ordered, and leads to a bridging of some specific activity that is going to happen in the physical realm.

After zooming in all the way in a deductive reasoning sense, there now exists a single point that intent can be channeled towards. After I reach the mental conclusion that my focus is to be directed on exercise, there exists an unignorable source of energy pushing me towards a specific action related to that conclusion. Anytime that I access the groove that my mind knows it can

access at any point, at any time, it leads it to the same destination; the place that is currently demanding intent. It doesn't matter how long passes, even if it's days, the groove always leads to the same spot. That is, until the energy that is created in the nonphysical by directing one's attention towards the same location in a consistent way becomes enough to motivate the action towards it.

When I was depressed, this took weeks. Stuck on the same spot, thinking about the exact same thing, for what seemed like every second, until, eventually, that thing gets completed. And then, once complete, the wandering mind again asks the question that it will ask until the end of its lifetime; what now? And so, it's onto the next thing. The next destination in the four things, the next train of thought that leads to a physical action.

Now, as a healthy individual that's not depressed anymore, this takes seconds. I can access and proceed further with trains of thought in the matter of seconds. My individual four things have been branded into my pre-frontal cortex through the repetition that has to be in the order of hundreds of thousands by now. Hundreds of thousands of entries into a groove that only still becomes wider as I continue to access it.

It's a skill that is to be developed by anyone using this framework as a train of thought; switching between areas in the mental map, directing intent towards predetermined pathways—all of the speed of which is determined by how much time has been spent practicing this ability. There's always something present to channel intent towards, and in a structured, consistent manner; always a direction to place intent towards that makes sense to the soul coming up with the order to follow.

I'm telling you, human being to human being, this shit fucking works. It's like a natural spring of free energy that is to be harvested whenever one finds a way to access that energy. It's as simple as structured trains of thought that get one's perspective to shift towards a specific light that can no longer be ignored. This creates endless energy, boundless energy that takes time to learn how to harvest.

At first, this energy might simply show itself as anxiety. "So much to do, so many things to think about." This is natural. But, this phases out once familiarity with the process of moving things from the nonphysical to the physical emerges from doing so over and over again. This also phases out once digestion of these perspectives happens (granted you believe them, of course), for they bring goodies that aren't always explicitly stated.

For example, one of the hallmarks of both anxiety and depression is the damage brought upon the physical by activity in the nonphysical. In anxiety, this can be seen as the mind constantly regretting the past, or it constantly being worried about the future; either of which release cortisol into its host's bloodstream. In depression, this can be seen by people self-degrading their own self-image in their head, despite the bout of depression only being a chunk of a much larger existence.

Instead of telling these people that they need to choose to think differently, give them a framework that does it for them. Most negative self-talk is completely erased when the mind believes that it didn't choose any of its steps, and

that its circumstances determined how it developed. It might take some time to accept the consequences of such a powerful statement, but, once accepted, it becomes an extremely robust, negative thought deflector. How can you feel regret over what you didn't choose? How can you feel shame if this was the only way it could have been? How can you be harsh to yourself when it's your own biology influencing your own thoughts?

Any unreasonable questioning of one's own psyche, gone. Completely gone. Even in states of distress, even in states of emergency, one no longer possesses the capability to question their own actions if they truly believe that their biology has the final say. With this, comes unlimited freedom.

The amount of time that negative self talk plays an effect in one's life goes far beyond the moments in which it's actually happening. It shapes the paths that are taken after it, as constantly doubting one's own ability isn't a predisposition that leads to chasing heights that can't be seen. The removal of all of this self talk not only frees up the time spent dwelling on internal nonsense, but replaces it with a favorable groove that is forever accessible and can lead anywhere.

When using the complete set of perspectives as a quick deflection of negativity, insight into why the set of perspectives negates some specific occurrence of negativity isn't always needed. But, if doubt or suspicion ever arises, the set of perspectives can easily be peeled open like an onion to give an explanation as to why that specific negative thought doesn't need to be there, by providing the one looking into it with a framework that remains constant no matter when or how they use it. Sometimes, that reason will take some digging to find, for, I haven't provided a complete map of what these perspectives give rise to, for, I would never be able to truly capture everything that falls out, but the starting trenches that I've dug give enough directions for people to now dig for themselves.

The four things act as a structure that is able to channel energy; like a magnifying glass that can start a fire from the very rays of the sun that can't on their own, this diamond is a lens that can be used to channel intent towards something as specific as one's individual breaths. Any direction that one wants to channel their intent towards can be done by simply finding a place for it in their own individualized structure in the nonphysical; something that is free and can be done anywhere, any time, by anyone. A way for even the most of the extreme strays from the average to gain control over their otherwise chaotic realities.

And better yet, the desire to channel this intent towards certain directions is inherent to the three forces that comprise each and every one of us. The body, mind, and soul have inherent modes of communication that allow for all sorts of information to be exchanged, without it ever having to pass through conscious thought. In this way, I'm not deciding on what goes into my four things, I'm discovering what's already in them.

The beautiful consequence that comes from having a structured framework that gives rise to the belief in us having no choice over our actions, is that the word "trying" now means something completely different from its traditional

use. How is one to try harder when they're not even in control of their actions in the first place? This notion of "trying harder" gets changed into "channel your intent better". But again, we zoom out one level from the person having these thoughts, and, we see that they actually had no choice in the direction and duration of their intent as well. Getting back to the idea of us exhibiting pseudo-choice with our channeling of intent, instead of it being free will that exists outside the bounds of our biology, I'm saying here that we have choice over our intent and where we point it and all of this, and, for the sake of those reading this now, you do, but, to the perspective of someone looking down on everyone else, there's no choice at all.

So, "channeling intent better" doesn't turn into anything either, and instead, crumbles to dust. There is no action to take besides the one that is already inherently inside of us. There is no direction that needs to be given to a beast that is self-directing by nature. One will find that the inherent desire to get better at the skill of channeling intent—as it gives rise to everything else that's meaningful in life—comes just as naturally as them moving forward in the arc of their life. You don't have to tell someone to be better at something they already want to do, and if you do, you probably need to ask them if they even want to be there in the first place.

Humans wanting to create in the individual ways that are best suited for us is one of the most natural, free sources of energy that exists to mankind. This desire to create with our own expression isn't going to be revealed if our four things structure is filled with things that don't feel right. And, if this is the case, another free source of energy exists from the desire to rid the things that don't belong.

Anything you can dream of, anything that you desire, can be placed into your 4 things within the nonphysical. Then, by doing nothing other than focusing on your breath, you can bridge the thought of something occurring in the nonphysical to an action being taken towards it in the physical. Furthermore, when taking into account the idea of manifesting as presented earlier, one is able to craft the life of their own pleasing through further manipulation happening solely in the nonphysical. A complete path from some state—that can currently be represented through the lens of the 4 things—to another state—that can also be idealized through the lens of the 4 things—is able to change realities; with absolutely no energy spent on "trying" for it to happen other than trying to wrangle thoughts into place.

A channeling of energy that is able to breathe life into those that have lost it. You don't have to create the energy for yourself if there exists somehow for you to channel energy that's already there. By taking so many different factors of the human condition into account, it remains apparent that, human beings want to do, and human beings will do. The two traits that have and will most likely remain true until the end of our time. This natural unsettledness of our species is a free source of energy that can be manifested into our behavior, by using the 4 things as a lens to magnify it through.

There is hope for those that think they have lost it all, and it doesn't require for them to do anything besides breathe and visualize a square turned

sideways. You don't have to try harder, you don't have to find the energy to drag yourself to the gym, you don't have to make that phone call that you don't want to make yet. All you have to do is close your eyes and breathe your way into a better reality.

At first, this groove isn't going to have much of an effect on one's reality. And, that's because time is needed for it to grow. Time is needed for you to understand how to use it as a tool. Time is needed for implementation to match one's self fully and comprehensively. Time is needed for new connections of neurons to spread throughout a brain that's now looking over the hedge to a field of endless possibility.

In some cases, time might also be needed in the process of implementing a particular 4 things structure.

In the beginning, accessing this groove, and building it to one's individual self is similar to pulling a lawnmower string. At first, you don't have to the strength or the know-how to pull the string in a way that starts the machine. Practice and strength are both built over time as one tinkers with the machine, and tries different things that might not always work. At some point—the point of comprehensiveness—there remains nothing stopping you from starting the mower anymore; and as you start this mower, your mind immediately goes through a frame shift in thought as it's now faced with a reality completely different from the one it was just in. One where everything is focused around what to do with this mower, on this lawn, instead of dedicating all thought towards how to get the mower started in the first place.

When this point is reached, the one that gets the lawnmower started, a moment of beauty. One that no drug can emulate, no matter how many we create. This moment represents extremes on both the scales of peace and enthusiasm, without introducing anything at all into our bloodstreams. A raging fire to get out and do, do anything, with the peace of mind of there being no wrong step that could be made in the process. Every step is part of the dance, even if there exists trips and falls along the way.

I firmly believe that each and every one of us has a medium to create to our fullest selves in this world, especially in the day and age where technology has advanced to the point of us having VR headsets. This natural, unique motivation that exists deep throughout the layers that make us each up, isn't one that gets to be realized in a society where work is deemed the most valuable activity. Some of us are born into, or forge our own circumstances, that allow for pure creation without having to be shackled to the incessant monetary needs of living in a monetary based society; a privilege that should be not be taken lightly.

Even if the ideas I've pointed out are easily thrown out by your individual mind—for whatever reason that may be—if you've read this far into the text, I've now forced your mind to reconcile what it believes in as compared to what my mind believes in—as presented here.

Essentially, I've just passed your neo-cortex a ball that it didn't even know it existed, and it is now forced to either play with the ball, or take some action

to get rid of it—either of which will increase activity in the domain of self awareness. This might not be known in this exact moment, because of the speed of this text, but if the ideas I've presented are fully understood and believed upon from wrangling with them for some time, even more interesting consequences pop out.

A final reframing. A reframing of how we look at everything that's left. A logical system that we are going to use as a lens to process reality through. Not a logical system of memorized parts, but one of inherent feel. We can use this feeling, and apply it to varying cases, checking our comparison—if need be—against the explicit one laid out here, when the borders get fuzzy.

To best understand this reframing, it helps if we first look at the thing that we plan to reframe.

The current metaphor that's constantly rattling around in our society goes something like this.

Here we are, human beings, mankind. Most of us here believe that God is the almighty power that gave us the experience of life, but belief in origin plays no part with this perspective. Life, is like so.

As mankind, it is our duty to work. Traditionally, 5 days of the week, but most of us here prefer 7. Work is what mankind is for, to build, to learn, to create. We work because it's what we do, what else would we do with our time?

We work until old age, when our bodies start to give out, and our motivations start to dwindle, then, and only then, do we deserve to swim in the spoils that we've built with our own backs along our work-filled paths. Except, not actually swim, because, for most of us, this point doesn't arrive until our once capable bodies are now riddled with injuries, asymmetries, and chronic pain.

We work, then we retire, where we rest, and then, we pass; a life well-lived. We're not supposed to start working until we're 16, but most of us here find a way to start earlier anyway. Why? To earn. We work so that we can earn.

Earning is important, earning gives us value in society. We work so we can earn so we can feel good about ourselves and live a wholesome life. Most of us here are happiest working one thing until we wait for our retirement; why go through the trouble of having to learn something else? But, if one thing for 40 years doesn't interest you, some of us here do 2 or 3, I think there's even a guy here who has done up to 7! Can you imagine? 7 different jobs until retirement must have drove the lad mad!

We enjoy living in squares, because, well, most of us are. We like square screens and borderless monitors and sharp edges and bright lights. We like square bread and shiny utensils and packages in plastic. We take joy in the fact that we get to live in a time where we get to experience the most that technology has to offer! So many shows, so many movies, so many games, so many streams, so much media, never-ending media; what a time, what a time indeed.

Luckily for those only working 5 days a week, they get to spend their weekends enjoying such advanced technology. Endless games and endless movies and endless popcorn and endless laughs and endless good times; how much envy the weekend-getters get from everyone else. How much envy they get from those that don't have the luxurious time off, and, also from those that don't even have a job; those that are too lazy.

Oh, how those pesky twerps grind my gears. You know, I hate to say this, but, I mean, from private discussions with other people here, it's obvious that we're all thinking it... those lazy ass fuckers that beg on street corners need to stop being so goddamn lazy and go get a job. Don't they know? They can work so that they can earn, so that they can work some more; how could they be so dull headed?

School and learning is devoted to a whole 18 years of our lives, and, for doctors, possibly up to 28, but, the rest? The rest is for work. We all know this, everyone knows this, why can't they know of this? It must be something serious... I bet they're addicted to drugs. Yeah, addicted to drugs, it scrambles the brain you know, that's all they can spend their street-begging money on. That's why we don't give to them, because we don't want to fuel their addictions; yeah, that's why.

But the point is, life is simple. We're born, we go to school, we learn, and then, boys become men and girls become women and everyone gets to the point of this whole thing called life; we work. We work until we're tired, at which point, we rest, and look back upon having lived a life worth lived; oftentimes, in the presence of others doing the exact same thing in neat little facilities where they wake us up and give us our pills, and even hand out cherry flavored jello on Wednesdays, how neat is that?!

Anything that we label as a 'problem' in our society is almost guaranteed to be one that is anchored to the concept of one's inability to work. Anything that is preventing someone from working is deemed as a problem, one that needs solving. Because, if they can't work, what will they do? Turn to drugs and porn, that's what they'll do. We can't have people just turning to degeneracy all willy-nilly like that, and the way that we avoid that is through work.

Work hard and the work will not fail you. Keep your head up when times get rough, and push through the pain. We're warriors, not pussies. Work hard, and then rest; you've earned it.

This is the current default for the average. This is the current default that is reinforced in public schools. This is the current default that is selected for in a competitive work environment. This is the current default that is present in the majority of the world. Work hard, and then let the work do the rest.

Ugh, how this view churns my gut. Equipped with the logical systems that give rise to the complete set of perspectives that explain everything we need to know, this needs changing; a reframing.

It begins with a reframing of the way that problems are viewed. But, first and foremost, how about a word on how these problems are being dished out by the average like candy on Halloween.

To the average, they view problems as being anchored to limitations of one's ability to work. But, behind this facade, there lies some unavoidable truths that I feel like I have to point out.

Nature is a host of imperfect processes that rewards, in particular, one characteristic; adaptability. Those that are able to adapt are more likely to pass on their genetics on to another generation. Although there are some fixed processes that are always going to exist in nature, the way that every instance of it happening unfolds in a unique way—due to the always present chaos.

The life styles that are currently being rewarded in modern society are the ones where the individual can adapt to non-adaptability; i.e., repetition. Adaptability is no longer nearly as favorable as a trait as it once was, as our current lifestyles are lived the majority of the time through stagnation. It's no longer about adapting to being able to hunt different types of prey, or to digesting different types of food, or to traversing different terrain, or to studying the migration patterns of predators, or to knowledge of whatever concoctions of varying plants and animal parts that give rise to natural medicinal soups.

It's now about being able to type the same things with the same programs in the same setting around the same people eating at the same times, all in climate controlled, square box, LED-lit facilities made of concrete. With this large change in the behavior that is now being selected for in what some love to call an "advanced society", there are some of us that are so deeply intertwined with our roots to the natural world, that adaptation to non-adaptation is fairly difficult, and sometimes, nonexistent.

Some of our biologies still prefer the million year old, tried and true way of living, that brought us to the heights of our now global culture, and, upon knowing that a reality exists where we could theoretically have that again, don't have the ability to adapt to something that is seen as an overall net negative. And yet, despite some of us being able to see and feel for ourselves that the current default standard for living is one that is directly leading to the internal suffering that some of us constantly feel, we are the ones that are deemed problematic.

We are the ones that are deemed incompetent, or unable, or, "not fit for work". It's kind of funny how the ones that are now labeled neurodivergent have been given the connotation of being below the bar in some form, when none of the inherent skills that a species would need to survive are being tested. Before SSRI's get handed out, the one seeking an end to the suffering isn't given the chance to see how they would perform in a society that is more closely tied to its roots. One where a small to medium sized group of people live as a tribe, and where everyone has a role that they must fulfill for the greater well-being of the tribe. One where stories are shared around campfires while eating slowly cooked meat and drinking from nearby natural springs. One where one's competence isn't judged by how well they can survive in a concrete jungle, but instead the natural one that we were bred from.

If one doesn't possess the ability to stand still, or sit still, for two four hour chunks at the minimum, for 5 consecutive days, for 40+ years worth of weeks, they are deemed the ones that are unfit to live by the new standards that have

been set. They are the ones that must gulp the pills and cope the cope and have to manage living in a world that they were never made for. They are the ones that are medical mysteries, the ones where something remains to be off when everything else seems to be right.

And, for those that are unable to adapt to this system, they're given permanent brandings that must be carried with them for all future job opportunities, doctor visits, and parent phone calls that display their incompetence to the rest of the world around them. Unable to be, here lies a group of people that are sub-par; assistance to be required.

Okay so that's the first thing. Our competence as human beings is being tested against a system that is already setup for some of us to fail, with our million+ year old roots having a problem adapting to non-adaptability. But, I didn't even need to say any of that because the reframing of how we look at problems is going to change anyway. I just wanted the people to know that it's not them that are unable.

Let's examine this idea of a "problem"—whether it be work related or otherwise—under the set of natural perspectives. A thought experiment... do we say that the tree that didn't grow perfectly vertical has a problem with it? Do we say that the river rocks that aren't perfectly smooth are dysfunctional? Do we say that the water filled clouds that didn't rain need therapy?

No, because, in nature, the system that hosts all these processes, the concept of an ideal is far detached from the nature of nature itself. Nature is fueled by species that have been given beneficial, random mutations. Nature is a system that is filled with chaos, with unpredictability in what is to happen. To say that the crooked tree has a problem with it is to imply that there exists an ideal that it could have chased; the perfectly straight, perfectly grown tree. But, this tree doesn't exist. It will never exist, so long as trees remain bounded by the imperfection fueling the fabric of its host system. You look at this idea of, all trees should be grown to this completely hypothetical, ideal that doesn't exist, and, from the perspective of the tree, it just doesn't make any sense.

To the tree, it grew exactly the way that it grew. It's still living, its leaves are alive, its bark is alive, its roots are alive, what's the problem? It's still living because of the exact way that the life cycle of that tree played out; there was no coulda, woulda, shoulda involved in the decision making that created that tree the way that it is.

Humans, being a child of the nature system, just so happen to inherit this quality of, there only ever being imperfection around us and within us. What is the ideal? Who is the ideal? Any answer to these questions, any of which would be completely biased by the ones coming up with them, is pre-determined to doom for such an impossible question. There is no ideal, not in nature, not with humans.

We don't say that the tree grew the wrong way, or that its existence has a fault in it; because, we know that that tree grew in the only way that it could have grown. But we say this to humans. Why? Because of a series of adaptations to their environment that won them the award of the continuation

of life? Because, under that point of view, that's quite a large success, is it not?

In the respect to imperfection, people are no different from trees. You look at a person, one who has adapted, survived, and coped in the exact ways that their environments set up for them, and you say, let's imagine a world where you're not how you are. Let's imagine a world of what-if's, where there's a perfect ideal, one that only exists in theory, and then let's imagine how you aren't it. A flaw, a problem, something wrong about you that needs to change in order for you to be accepted by the eyes of the others; because, you aren't where you need to be with where you are right now.

Instead of looking at individual humans for the individual beings that they are, experiences and all, we assign them the lifelong homework assignment of trying to solve a problem that exists only arbitrarily. We throw out a label that is nothing more than an arbitrary categorization of an otherwise continuous phenomenon, one that stays with a human for their entire life—no matter the change that they might go through.

Best seen in the case of the kid that's under 18, they're given a label of an arbitrary bucket that becomes engrained in a part of their developing brain, forever and always. Like a psychiatrist placing his hand print in the wet cement that is this child's developing brain and signing the patient's custom bucket below in cursive, the groove that will end up dominating that kid's existence gets dug out for the first time; a seed that can no longer be ignored.

This label becomes a part of this developing child's identity, as it finally gives them something to grapple with; a beast to conquer. And, for some people, they spend their whole life fighting this beast that might have started out as nothing more than a series of transient states. This person builds friendships around this label, community support from others that have also been given this label, they feel attached to this label—in an oddly comfortable way. The connection that this person builds with this label goes far beyond something that can be put on a blank, Hello, my name is ____ sticker. It gets embedded as a layer into the stack that is their soul, one that affects how the ones on top of it will fall.

There's a different way to go about this. One where permanent marks aren't given out as invisible ceilings on a person's stack that is their soul. Consider this way of going about treating mental “problems” with a delicate touch, instead of the harsh scarring that exists as the current default.

The traditional method of anchoring the concept of a problem to the notion of work is to undergo a coordinate change in the way that it is represented, given the stack of perspectives given here. Instead of a problem anchored to work, I wish to replace it with, a state anchored to concentration.

We currently are saying that problems exist when one is unable to work. Under these set of perspectives, this changes to, one is experiencing a unique state that strays from the origin—a place of pure concentration.

In this way, people that would traditionally be labeled as having a life-long condition called “bipolar disorder”, are now told that they simply exist as

having some process inconveniencing their ability to reach a state of pure concentration. This position *may* change, it may change direction—representing a different set of symptoms—it may change distance—representing differing intensities of the same symptoms—and, if not labeled with a bucket from the start, it’s likely that it *will* change at some point; but, this isn’t something that can be proved one way or another until a relabeling of what has traditionally been called a “problem” has spread and affected an entire populace so that we can observe the effects that it actually has.

Areas that are surrounding, but not at, the center point of undistracted channeling of intent can be arbitrarily categorized just like the colors around a color wheel can be. Some areas can largely be labeled with phrases like mood imbalance, hyperactivity, compulsions, hallucinations, seizures, psychotic episodes, things of this sort; with the idea being that these short phrases, much like the short handles used to describe each of the 4 spots in the structure described in the second part of this text, are umbrella terms covering a shit ton of variance.

This isn’t a small map. There exists an incredible amount of directions and distances away from a single point, even if bound to one general region. This individuality of diagnosis is one that’s objectively better than the current meta of using large umbrella terms as end all be all’s to diagnose dysfunction for the following reasons.

A) When armed with the prerequisite note of one’s position being able to undergo a change over the course of their life, telling someone that they exist as a unique data point away from a central point invokes the natural curiosity within them to explore the idea of them being able to influence their position towards a well-defined point, by a means that they can control. Much more so than when you tell the person who is experiencing mild symptoms that they have the exact same disorder as the ones who literally can’t wipe their own assholes; this is a bucket placement that allows for little variation, even though it casts an extremely wide net.

B) You inspire hope into a species that has done incredible things with the power of this feeling alone. You tell them that their position is not fixed, and that they currently exist as a state, not a disorder, and that there’s a point that—although maybe not perfectly achievable—can be worked towards that allows for unlimited freedom, and then sit back and watch. Watch what happens when a species isn’t defined by permanent labels. Watch what happens when a species is told that change is possible and accessible. Watch what happens when you stop calling a member of our own species incompetent. Just watch.

C) It impels a species to get help changing their—possibly—currently unwanted state, to one that’s closer to a point of pure concentration, without there being some implication that help is a process that looks like a series of feeling better feelings; help is nothing more than being closer to a different data point—a change in state. This primes a populace to talk about personal issues with a trained professional, armed with a framework that they can fall back to if there arises some confusion in communication, easing the initial transition into opening up one’s soul to a stranger. Seeking help to change one’s personal-

ized state is not something that happens when umbrella terms are dished out, and then googled upon, leading a person to think that they know everything about the disorder that they've been diagnosed with, really just locking them into a self fulfilling cycle of continuously being the way that the disorder thinks that they should be.

A diagnosing procedure that leaves people without diagnoses at all is one that remains supreme to the one that we're currently doing.

Much like how Uncle Tommy locked us into a groove of disliking Brussels sprouts for 20 odd years, it doesn't take much effort out of a shove to create a potentially life long effect, given that it's well-timed. A slight nudge in their raft down the river of life that only manifests its full effect once their raft is no longer afloat, they get made to believe that the presence of energy that is themselves is bounded by an imaginary cage, with an arbitrary label, one that lasts from diagnosis to death; instead of them believing that the presence of energy that is themselves is currently operating under certain principles that give rise to the behavior we are seeing with it, and that, by introducing change into their environment and mental state, we have the possibility to drastically change this unwanted state, as well as their perception of reality.

But instead, it's presented as "bipolar disorder which means that you will have to take lithium until you die." The damage of statements like these is only going to become apparent once there's a more positive perspective to compare them to. Why don't we present it as (after first giving the framework presented here as context), "your stray from the point of pure concentration is grouped in the direction of mood imbalance. For someone existing in this location, these medications will help mitigate these symptoms. If you wish to change the location that you are currently at, these methods will be helpful . . .". This has the ability to let people find out the extent to which they can change their own lives, without them having to go through the years of distress that takes place when people tell them that they can't.

What's said is that there is a beast that needs fighting, one that must be taken down or it will take over. That we have a problem that needs solving, a problem that needs addressing, a problem preventing us from living the lives that we want to live. That, it's not the stagnant jobs doing repetitive tasks, eating shit quality food, staring at screens for the majority of our day, spending the majority of our day indoors, spending the majority of our time isolated from other people, spending the majority of our time doing just about anything that seems to go against the natural behavior that we come from. That us—we—are the problem, leading to generations of young people growing up holding the core belief that they are the ones that failed the system, and not the other way around.

That it is our choices and our decisions that must be changed, that this is our problem that we must deal with, that it is our behavior that must be changed. An entire generation of people believing that they are incompetent to live, when their ability to do so was judged using a rigged test, in an environment separate from the one that our biologies are still deeply rooted to. But, with a diagnosing procedure that doesn't give out permanent labels, instead

of one spending time grappling with the idea that their location of their data point is permanently fixed away from the center, they can spend time dedicated towards seeing if they can venture in the direction of the one spot that we all want to achieve; pure concentration.

This doesn't happen when you tell kids that they're bipolar, this doesn't happen when you tell kids they have generalized anxiety disorder, this doesn't happen when you tell kids that they have something that makes them unfit for the work force. You get sad kids, fighting very sad lives, in constant pain and suffering from the diseases that riddle their body, the ones that get reinforced by their inability to adapt to a completely foreign society—one that's long forgotten about our ancestry.

We tell these kids that there's nothing to be done but to manage the symptoms and to brace for impact, but there's a lot to be done, and it can be done by anybody. No matter the direction, no matter the distance, no matter the circumstances, everyone can breathe and visualize a diamond.

The current solutions that exist for the ones that are suffering start with a disconnect to the reality of the intensity of their suffering of, leading to empty phrases like "try harder". Both the hurt and the non-hurt know that there are incremental steps to take to better their wellbeing, it's not the case that depressed people are ignorant in this regard, but rather, the energy requirements needed to consistently do these activities over time can never be met when grappling with chronic fatigue.

Telling a person in the direction of depression to take steps to eat better and sleep better and exercise more, falls on deaf ears as they're currently struggling to gather the energy required for them to get out of bed and take a piss. This, in the average case, is a process that psychiatrists admit can take years to change. Years of fighting this battle, and falling down in the process, hopefully to an end that rules in their favor.

And to this, there's some truth. Depression is a gradual process with gradual effects. Getting out of it doesn't happen overnight. But, it does in fact happen much faster when the rationale behind it changes. Instead of telling people that they need to start choosing to be better, that they need to start choosing to eat better and choosing to go to the gym and choosing to get in healthy relationships, we need to start telling people that there isn't a drop of choice involved, so that we can better prepare them for the inevitable storms that they are destined to face. Letting the storm pass by makes time seem to go by a whole lot faster than when trying to fight it, for even if the total length of time is the same, the perception of them might not be.

What I aim to argue for here is that, by looking at one's position away from a point as a consequence of their state—not a permanent feature of their being—this sense of transience sparks a natural source of energy—coupled with an inherent desire—that can easily be channeled towards testing the limits of just how much one can change. This is a process that is slow at first, and then, all at once. Although the distance that we can all move relative to where we are now is going to completely depend on individual circumstance, upon looking at these labels for the arbitrary, discrete categorizations of a

completely continuous phenomenon that they are, mobility in any direction becomes easier as the weight of the permanence of these labels doesn't have to be carried around upon every occurrence of changing location.

A new way of looking at mental dysfunction; a simpler way. One that seems to de-evolve in an otherwise forward-facing direction, but rather, captures all complexity by collapsing all directions down to the same point. One that only comes from a bare minimum set of assumptions, one that every one of us can see and feel for ourselves. One that doesn't leave a permanent mark on someone's record for the entirety of their lives, but one that only marks a chapter—one as small as they can make it.

Now, with creation mode hindered and damage control mode turned on, there needs to be something said to those who have already been damaged by the effects placed upon them by the average.

In a society where value is based on scores out of 100, it's easy to make entire generations believe that possessing a low score is something that equates to incompetence. And to those that believe that they're incompetent because of some made up number, I'm here to tell you, you're not.

You're not incompetent. You're not incapable. How can anyone say anything about your competence as a mammal of this earth when the tests set up to derive your value only appeal to the ones who have adopted stagnation? You are not what they say you are. You do not belong to inside of the invisible cage that you have been tried putting into. You are whatever you wish to be, and fuck anyone who says otherwise. You are you, no one else is. It's your head with your thoughts with your body that hit the same pillow each night, are you really gonna let some sheep tell you that you are incompetent?

You are very capable of change, and don't have to be bounded by the limits set upon you by the average if you find a way to master the continuity of your own stream of consciousness. The limits of your river are only going to be found once they are pushed.

You are not here by mistake, and even if the hurting gets real bad, you cannot forget that you are cared about by at least one other person; me. Maybe you didn't have a parent tell you this growing up, maybe you've never been told this by a partner, maybe you've never been told this ever before in your life, but I'm here to tell you now, that you are loved.

You, as a human being process occurring on this earth, are capable of being loved, and are loved, by another human being process on this earth. Every single one of you reading this are connected to every other person that has read this before, through the relationship of love. That's power. That's love.

If we plan on changing as a society, it's not going to come from electing different figureheads, or voting on different laws, it's going to happen through a change in perspective. A change in perspective that allows us to open our hearts to one another, and see each other as the unique towers of bricks that we are; instead of agents of choice all grinding to become the perfect stack of bricks.

To answer the question that this entire book is built upon, of, how do you solve the problem of obsessive thought? Well, that's the thing. You don't. Because problems don't exist; states do. As to how to go about changing your state from where you are now to one closer to a point of continuous concentration? You've been given a framework that can be used as a lens to channel energy in a precise, targeted way. A blueprint to build your life however you want, using the resources that are available to everyone in the nonphysical. Consider it, an evening of the playing field.

You see, this entire text was built around one premise. That there exists 1) a problem and that there exists 2) a solution to that problem. But this isn't right.

This isn't right because there is no solution.

There isn't a solution because there isn't a problem. Not with you, not with anybody.

Imagine that, perspective might actually determine reality after all.

Where does this leave us? Just nearing the end, that's where it leaves us. But before I end, I have to finish my reframing. I attacked the idea of problems not actually being problems, both because the way that we're being tested is bullshit, and because problems don't actually exist in the natural world. But I haven't reframed the notion of constant work being needed to live a fulfilling life. And so, while I still have the stage for a little bit longer, allow me to reveal the last of what I wish to share.

The metaphor of work being required to get some reward is one that absolutely has merit when a large part of our environments have this concept embedded into each interaction we have with them. But, as (hopefully) seen with the power of the perspectives presented here, this belongs as nothing more than a story that has consequences of believing in it, just like any other story.

Really, any sort of metaphor can be used to replace the notion of work being a requirement for reward, assuming that it has some resemblance to a real life experience as well. And, any such metaphor that captures apart of the creator's experience as a human being is going to be just as valid as any other metaphor that does the same for someone else.

We're not here to push beliefs, we're here to craft our own. And so, calling out a metaphor because it's "wrong" makes no sense. It's just a story, stories can't be wrong, they're stories; stories that have consequences and effects that spawn from believing in them.

And so, with everything up to this point being said, I can finally get on with my last reframing of something that needs changing.

Here we are, human beings, mankind. Some of us here believe that God is the almighty power that gave us the experience of life, but belief in origin plays no part with this perspective. Life, is like so.

Each and every one of us is born into this life with differing circumstances. We are predisposed to enjoy the things that we do, we are predisposed to

believe in the truths that we do, and we are predisposed to fear the fears that we fear.

We don't choose our predispositions, in fact, we don't choose much at all. We don't get to choose our parents, or our upbringings, or our environments, or our genetics, or our heritage, or our culture, or the generation that we are spawned into. We choose nothing at all and are given a hand that we must play until the day that we pass on to the next stage of life; it's complement, death—all on a day that we do not choose.

As mankind, it is our duty to do not a goddamn thing. It's our duty to do nothing at all because that statement has no place in a stack of perspectives containing an argument for no free will. We do, as we do, without an artificial rationalization placed on top of why we do what we do. The motivations and desires that each of us have are inherently inside the three forces that make up each and every one of us, the three forces that govern all of our individual behavior. And it is not our duty to direct this collection of energy towards any fixed direction at all.

It is not our duty to do anything at all, largely in part due to the assumed duty we took on that got us to where we are in the first place. Always claiming that it's our duty to advance technology, that it's our duty to explore space, that it's our duty to build more efficient societies, that it's our duty to be better, to choose better. How about, no?

Due to the duties that we've somehow convinced ourselves of along our, now fading, arc, we have by and far ruined the system of processes that gave us our very life. We have spit in the face of our ancestors and ruined the planet that brought us to the heights that it did. We have globally siphoned resources for money, we have artificially warmed the earth by a few degrees, we have spread micro-plastics to the greatest depths of the ocean, we have wiped out numerous other species of animals on this planet—both because of sport and overpopulation—we have bombed habitats around the globe—destroying the ecosystems that come with them, we have cut down the trees that give life to the wild and replaced them with concrete that's not breakable by even the strongest of tree based desires, we have set a world on fire and are looking around to see who's to blame. Motherfuckers, it's us.

The natural world is looking primed for a reset, but not as quickly as the societal one; for that one seems to forever loom in the, maybe-tomorrow category.

We have by and far ruined the planet that gave us our very life; not for forever, but for generations to come. It is no longer our duty to work 5 days a week when the sake of our own futures are at stake; when we have to decide between punching a time card or prepping food storage. It is only a matter of time until the first big domino gets pushed over that leads to widespread disruption across the lives of the average.

The fact that we are where we are has nothing to do with anyone choosing for it to be this way or not; the first downfall of a species is always inevitable. But in ash of the fire grows stronger, more resilient organisms that have been selected for their ability to adapt to change; the roaches. The ones that survive

this transition will learn from the ones that came before it (ha, I've heard that one before), breathing life into a new society; hopefully one that is centered on love instead of work.

Just as we didn't choose to get where we got, we can't choose to get out of our arc that is nearing its end; an arc that will end with the compounded dramatics that got us up the massive hill that we climbed up so quick. For the near future, our fates are set, and we must face the music that is the first drop of a rollercoaster that we've never ridden before. We've made our beds, and now it's time to lie.

As we wait for this ever-looming doom to come, what do we do in the meantime?

Isn't it obvious? We do nothing at all. If anything, we look forward to the shit that life is about to throw at us, for it's gonna be one wild ride.

Shit is getting ready to hit the fan, maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon. There are too many people hurting, too many under too much stress, too many people crushed by the system. One of these people is going to do something drastic. Even more drastic than what we currently consider as drastic, and the global surveillance system is going to miss just one important person, and this person will inspire change for generations to come (and not necessarily in a violent fashion you gutter thinkers).

Can you feel it in the air? I can. And it feels damn good. Change is destined to happen for our species, whether we choose for it to come or not.

And so, consider this my passing off of the baton, my passing off to anyone who's willing to grab hold of it. Bringing the issues that I did to the spotlight, and (hopefully) getting this to the masses, was my part in all of this. As to what's to happen next or to how do we proceed further, I don't know. But I don't have to know, because one of you will.

And this person will be the next person to go down in history as being a revolutionary, and I can only dream of a reality where this person references this text as a source of inspiration.

One last message, before I leave for real this time. A goodbye. Not from me to you, but from us to the ones that we are going to lose. Death, although a natural part of our world, is not easy to handle.

We are going to lose a subset of you with the times that are to come, as none of us have a say in deciding when we get to leave this plane of existence. And, unfortunately, there is nothing that is able to be said to the ones that will lose someone that they love. No words of grace, no kiss from an angel that can take away from the pain that can be created from the void of somebody else's existence.

No action to take to prevent the pain and the misery and the depression and hurt that comes from losing someone close to you. But, as the pain and the misery and the depression and the hurt go along, they will eventually start to become less than they are when they first started. A gradual fading that almost

goes unnoticed, until, one day, the pain and the misery and the depression and the hurt are just bearable enough to be able to take action once again.

Through the ashes emerges another set of stacks to append to your own, fueled by the inherent part of the human condition that keeps us moving forward. Time is always adding to our stack, whether we want it to or not, and those that can adjust to this will have an easier time dealing with whatever their reality throws at them. Through the ashes, a new person is born, capable of new thought, capable of new action, even if the scars of old layers remain.

All that there is to be said in the meantime is, just hold on. Hold on until that moment comes; the one that allows for new space to be present. Sometimes, all we can do is just hold on, and there's not a damn thing wrong with that.

If nothing else, just hold on; as best you can. There's more that exists on the other side of pain, more that doesn't get the chance to be realized when the process gets stopped early. If you can't do anything else, just hold on. Things change, they always do.

With that, I bid you all farewell.

I would say that this isn't the last time that I'll be writing out what's on my mind to you all, but fuck this, I'm done writing. Back to numbers I go.

If you made it this far without skipping past any of it, a sincere thank you from me to you for the attention that you were willing to give to me and my crazy stories. It has been an honor and a pleasure to have had center stage in a world where there are so many other beautiful souls doing so many other beautiful things on so many other beautiful stages.

To sum up my entire book in just three sentences for you prick bastards that skipped ahead... Don't worry. Just breathe. It's the only thing that you can do.

Salud. See you all on the other side :)

□

Closing remarks

Man, how good it feels to be done with that. Look, I'll keep the ending real simple because I've already taken enough of your guys' time.

I am a human, living in modern society, no different from other humans. As a human, I possess needs. In particular, needs of the monetary sort. And so, I just have one thing to ask of you all in return.

Look, I know one of you motherfuckers reading this actually did pop off in the crypto-sphere, or maybe the stock sphere, or maybe just the good old inheritance sphere, but in any case, how about sharing some of that love? I need to eat, and these food stamps are only going to last for so long. Words can't describe the feeling that financial security would bring to me—or to anyone for that matter—as fighting to stay above the water is something that we get oh so tired of.

As much as I would love to keep “working harder” and go get another job picking items off of shelves again, I wouldn't. I have absolutely no desire in spending my time doing something that I have no interest in. Call me spoiled, I don't give a fuck; I prefer the term optimized.

But, giving to me doesn't just have the sole benefit of widening my wallet. Given a platform to be able to do so (which really just comes down to money), I truly believe that I could help a lot of people on this planet. Help people in more significant ways than loading their groceries into their cars. But, I'm not able to help other people when I'm too busy spending all of my time helping myself.

As to what I would do? I don't know. I haven't developed that train of thought yet. But I'm not worried about it. It will come when it does, and when it does, I can only hope that I make a lasting impact on as many lives as I can.

Let me be free; I like to fly. And, I can help other people fly as well.

I would do something about it myself, but the only thing that I can do is breathe :).

Donation links GoFundMe: Paypal: Venmo: BTC wallet: XMR wallet: ALGO wallet:

If you have something to say, say it. I'm all ears. paradigmshift.dv@gmail.com