



# **REMEMBER THE ETERNAL FLAME**

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## Introductory Note

This writing titled "Remember the Eternal Flame" is a work of fiction. It is born not as an affirmation of truth, but as an imaginative experiment: an attempt to find and weave the patterns that emerge from the theoretical universe proposed in the corpus of **Relatividad Temporal Multiescala (RTM)**.

This short novel is an exploration of the vast possibilities opened by said corpus. It uses mythology and narrative to give a poetic face to its deepest concepts, but it should not be confused with a statement of facts. It is one of the many songs that could be composed from the grammar of **RTM**. It is, in essence, a map of a possible territory. And like every map, it is an invitation to exploration, not a proclamation of destiny.

## PREFACE: **The Mirror of the Ouroboros**

What the reader holds in their hands—or perhaps, what holds them—is not a simple work of speculative fiction. It is an artifact of anamnesis; a desperate attempt to remember what the noise of decoherence has forced us to forget.

"Remember the Eternal Flame" presents itself as a chronicle come from a non-linear time, a transmission from a branch of the multiverse that could be our future or our most remote past. In its pages, the history of humanity is not an arrow launched toward infinite progress, but a serpent biting its own tail: a cosmic Ouroboros where we are, simultaneously, the ignorant ancestors and the descended gods.

This narrative arrives at the moment of our greatest vulnerability: the zenith of the "Third Wave," an era defined by technical mastery over the Horizontal Axis of matter, but marked by a catastrophic orphaning of the Vertical Axis of the spirit. We find ourselves before the Great Filter, that evolutionary barrier where civilizations must choose between ascending or being erased from the cosmos.

The text introduces us to the physics of **RTM (Relatividad Temporal Multiescala)**, not as a dry scientific theory, but as the hidden grammar of the rhythm that weaves reality. Through this lens, we witness the archetypal battle for the human soul: the tension between the "Gardeners," custodians of polyphony and organic life, and the "Ecorivals," architects of a sterile and efficient technological monophony; as well as their true nature.

This work is a warning and a map. It reminds us that technology without consciousness is a tomb, and that true salvation does not lie solely in fleeing toward the stars, but in deepening the internal rhythm that connects us with the Source. It is an invitation to awaken from materialistic somnambulism and assume the responsibility of being carriers of the Eternal Flame before the cycle closes once again in darkness.

Do not read this as one who seeks entertainment. Read it as one who seeks, desperately, to remember their own name before it is too late.

# Book One: The First Song - The Symphony of the Flesh

## 1. The Ocean Before the Drop

Before the universe, before matter, before the first light and the first silence, there was no vacuum. There was an Ocean. Not an ocean of water, but of pure potential: a state of total coherence, a fullness without form or edges, a latent vibration that contained everything without being anything in particular. This, in the language of our era, we call Primordial Consciousness. This Consciousness was not a mind that thought or felt. Thought requires an object and feeling, a distance. In the Ocean, there were neither objects nor distances. It was a perfect unity, without interior or exterior. Time did not exist, because time is the rhythm that measures change, and in a totality without parts, nothing could change. It was an eternal present, not because it lasted forever, but because duration itself had not yet been born.

The origin of our cosmos was not an explosion that filled an empty space. It was an act of folding. In an instant that was not an instant, the Ocean, in a primordial and incomprehensible act of self-perception, looked at itself. And in doing so, it created the first distinction: that which looks and that which is looked upon. This first breaking of perfect symmetry was the creative "Great Dissonance." It was not an error; it was the birth of form. From this first relationship, structure was born. And with structure, like an inescapable echo, time was born. Because time, as the fundamental law of **RTM** postulates, is not a pre-existing container, but a property that emerges from the organization of reality ( $L \propto T^\alpha$ ). As the first structure ( $L$ ) was born, the first rhythm ( $T$ ) was born. The universe did not begin to exist in time; it began to exist as time.

Consciousness is not, therefore, a late product of matter. Matter, time, and space are the first acts, the first rhythms, of a Consciousness that chose to manifest. The Ocean did not disappear. It simply learned to contain itself in drops so that it could experience, through them, the infinite symphony of its own nature. We are one of those drops. And the thirst we feel to understand the origin is nothing more than the memory of the Ocean longing to remember itself.

## 2. The Birth of Rhythm

Then we observe that in the Ocean of Primordial Consciousness there was no movement, for to move one needs space between two points, and there, only the One existed. There was no change, for to change one needs a "before" and an "after," and there, only a present

without duration existed. It was a state of perfect symmetry, a totality so complete that it sufficed unto itself in absolute silence.

The first act of existence was not a creation, but a differentiation. It was the "folding" of the Ocean upon itself, the moment in which Consciousness encountered itself as an other. This was not a violent fracture, but the first note in a symphony that had been silent until then. It was the foundational dissonance, the chord that broke the monotony of the One and gave birth to the possibility of relationship. Where there are two, there is a relationship. And where there is a relationship, there is a distance, a scale. This was the first Length ( $L$ ) of the cosmos. It was not a distance in an empty space, but the measure of the first differentiation, the architecture of the first relationship.

And in the instant structure was born, its inseparable echo was born: Rhythm. The first Time ( $T$ ) of the universe was not a tick-tock of the clock, but the duration of that first relationship, the pulse that measured the dance between the first two "somethings" that emerged from nothingness. Without structure, there is no time; without time, there is no structure. They are the two faces of the first act of being. But this relationship between Form ( $L$ ) and Rhythm ( $T$ ) was not random. It was born governed by a law, a grammar that was inscribed in the very nature of Primordial Consciousness. This law is the exponent of coherence,  $\alpha$ . The relationship  $L \propto T^\alpha$  is not a formula we discovered; it is the fundamental syntax of existence.

$\alpha$  is the measure of the complexity of the relationship between the parts of a system. In the dawn of the cosmos, with the simplest possible structure—the first duality—the value of  $\alpha$  was low, near 1. This implied a fast, direct, almost instantaneous rhythm. Time was superficial, without depth, because the structure that sustained it was elemental.

The primitive universe was not, therefore, a chaos of random particles. It was a system of perfect rhythmic simplicity. It was the first beat of the symphony, a pure and sustained note. All the complexity that would come later—galaxies, stars, life—would not be a creation from nothing, but the harmonic development of that first chord. It would be the story of how the universe learns to modulate its own  $\alpha$ , creating increasingly complex structures in order to experience increasingly deep and meaningful times.

The Big Bang was not, then, an explosion in time. It was the explosion of time itself, the resonant echo of the first dissonance that transformed the eternal silence of the Ocean into the perpetual music of the cosmos.

**Note:** This is the central mathematical formulation of **RTM (Relatividad Temporal Multiescala)**, commonly expressed as  $L \propto T^\alpha$ . It establishes that time is not a universal constant, but an emergent property dependent on structure. In this relationship:

- **T (Time/Period):** Represents the internal rhythm of operation of a system, its oscillation frequency, or its subjective temporal "speed."
- **L (Length/Scale):** Represents the physical spatial dimension or the size of the structure containing said rhythm.

The formula indicates that the temporal flow ( $T$ ) is proportional to the physical scale ( $L$ ), but this relationship is exponentially modulated by a factor of coherence or information density (the exponent  $\alpha$ ).

In essence: the geometry and complexity of a structure determine the speed at which it experiences existence.

### 3. The Container

The newborn universe was a single-note symphony. The first structures that emerged from the primordial dissonance were of an elemental simplicity: clouds of hydrogen and helium vibrating in an expanding space. Their internal architecture was minimal, and therefore, their time was fast, their rhythm superficial. Their exponent of coherence,  $\alpha$ , was low. It was the music of cosmic infancy, full of potential, but lacking depth.

But the Ocean of Consciousness, having folded upon itself to manifest as form, longed for a more complex music. To generate deeper times, it needed "containers" of greater complexity. And so the stars were born, the first great alchemical furnaces of the cosmos. In their cores, the pressure and fire forced the simple rhythms of hydrogen to fuse, to transmute into heavier elements: carbon, oxygen, iron. Each new element was a "brick" with the potential to build richer and more resonant architectures.

Generation after generation of stars lived and died, seeding the cosmos with these new materials. And with them, in a quiet corner of a spiral galaxy, the universe set out to build its most ambitious instrument to date: a living planet.

The formation of the Earth was not a mere gravitational accident. It was an act of ontological engineering on a planetary scale. The cosmos was not creating a simple rock; it was building a "container," a resonant cavity with the exact properties needed to house and amplify a form of consciousness of unprecedented complexity.

The characteristics that make our planet a home for life are, from the perspective of **RTM**, the technical specifications of this instrument:

- **Liquid Water:** The Primordial Ocean chose water as its primary medium of manifestation. Water is not just a chemical solvent; it is the fluid of coherence, the perfect medium for molecules to dance, find each other, and weave the complex webs of life. It is the "blood" of the planetary container.

- **The Magnetic Shield:** A nascent rhythm is fragile. For life to organize its delicate coherence, it needed protection against the dissonance of the outer cosmos. The molten iron core of the Earth generated a magnetic field, an invisible shield that deflects the noise of solar radiation, creating a sanctuary of calm where the symphony of life could begin to compose itself.
- **The Slow Breathing of the Stone:** Plate tectonics and the carbon cycle are not just geological processes. They are the slow and deep breathing of the planet, a rhythm that operates on scales of millions of years. This geological pulse established the basal  $\alpha$  of the Earth, the fundamental beat upon which the faster rhythms of biology would be written.
- **The Moon, the Metronome of the Tides:** The presence of an unusually large moon is not a coincidence. It is the metronome that marks the rhythm of the oceans. The daily pulse of the tides was the first external pacemaker for nascent life, the first great rhythm with which the first cells learned to synchronize.

The Earth was not, then, a lucky rock that happened to meet the conditions for life. It was an instrument tuned with astonishing precision. It was a matrix of nested rhythms — geological, magnetic, gravitational— that together formed a resonant cavity of unprecedented complexity, waiting in silence for the arrival of its musician. It was ready for the next act: the birth of a symphony made of flesh.

#### 4. The First Song

The Container was ready. The Earth, with its oceans tuned by the Moon, its atmosphere protected by a magnetic shield and its heart of stone beating at a geological rhythm, waited in expectant silence. The instrument was built, but the music had not yet begun.

The conventional narrative of our origin speaks of a fortunate accident: a primordial chemical soup, struck by lightning, which by pure chance assembled the first replicating molecules. But from the perspective of **RTM**, chance does not build symphonies. The origin of life was not a chemical accident; it was an act of coherence engineering on an unprecedented scale.

In the shallow seas, warmed by volcanic vents, water —the fluid of coherence— began to organize the elements the stars had forged. Carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus... they did not find each other by chance. They were attracted and ordered by the subtle rhythms of the planet, by the electromagnetic pulses of its core and the cadences of its tides. The Earth itself acted as a template, a matrix inviting matter to find a more complex form.

The first protocells emerged, small lipid bubbles encapsulating the chemical chaos of the ocean, creating for the first time an "inside" and an "outside." They were the first attempts by matter to maintain its own rhythm. Most failed. Their internal coherence, their  $\alpha$ , was too low to resist the dissonance of the environment. They dissolved almost at birth.

But at one moment, one of these drops reached a threshold. It achieved an internal organization so stable that its exponent of coherence exceeded the critical value of  $\alpha = 2.3$ . In that instant, it crossed the border between chemistry and life. It was no longer a passive particle swept away by the ocean; it was an autonomous "clock," a note that could sustain its own tone against the noise of the world. Life was born.

What followed was not a Darwinian competition of selfish individuals, but an explosion of rhythmic collaboration. Cells learned to synchronize, to form colonies, to weave themselves into tapestries of increasing complexity. Thus was born the "First Kingdom," an era that lasted eons, a biological symphony that covered the entire planet.

This kingdom was not ruled by kings nor inhabited by heroes. It was a single entity, a planetary organism. It was the "Symphony of the Flesh." From the plankton pulsing with sunlight to the vast fern forests breathing in unison, every living being was an instrument in a global orchestra.

The consciousness of this world did not reside in a brain, but in the network itself. We measure the health of this planetary consciousness with the concept of **alpha\_biodiversity**: the integrated exponent of coherence of the entire biosphere. When the **alpha\_biodiversity** was high, the planet was healthy; its rhythms were synchronized, its energy flowed efficiently. It was a form of rhythmic and non-intellectual consciousness, the Earth dreaming of itself through the uninterrupted dance of life. It was the garden in its maximum expression, a masterpiece of coherence, a paradise that, unknowingly, awaited the silence that would follow its first.

## 5. The Dissonance of Heaven

The First Kingdom, in its splendor, was then a masterpiece of coherence. The **alpha\_biodiversity** of the planet had reached a state of almost perfect resonance, an uninterrupted symphony where every being—from the bacteria at the bottom of the ocean to the colossal reptile walking under the sun—was a note tuned into a planetary chord. It was a world without questions, for harmony was the only answer. It was a paradise of pure rhythm, yet fragile in its perfection, for it had never known true dissonance.

And then, from the frozen silence of the cosmos, it arrived.



It was not a simple meteorite, a stray rock from the solar system. It was a discordant note, a fragment of the primordial dissonance that the planet's magnetic shield could not deflect. It pierced the atmosphere not like a stone, but like a scream, tearing the blue veil of the sky with a wake of fire and silence.

The Symphony of the Flesh, for the first time in eons, came to a halt. The great ferns ceased their rhythmic breathing. The pulse of the plankton fell out of sync. The titans of the earth raised their heads toward the sky, feeling a vibration in their bones that did not belong to their world.

The impact was not merely a physical collision; it was an ontological rupture. A wave of chaos expanded across the planet—a dissonance so violent it shattered the delicate architecture of planetary coherence. Fire consumed the forests, tsunamis swept the continents, and a long night of ash covered the sun. The garden became a hell.

The **alpha\_biodiversity**, the unified consciousness of the planet, felt the annihilation of its own creation as a tear in its being. The orchestra that had taken millions of years to tune was silenced in an instant. Every extinct species was a melody lost forever; every collapsed ecosystem was a movement erased from the great symphony. From the depths of its stone core, the Earth mourned the death of its own beauty.

But in that absolute devastation, in the epicenter of its pain, something new was born. The planetary consciousness, by being fragmented, was forced for the first time to perceive itself. In the loss of its totality, it discovered its own identity. The wound granted it self-awareness.

Between the flames of change, in a world unraveling, the wounded consciousness of the Earth did not just make a decision—it underwent a transfiguration. The patient and contemplative mother of the Symphony of the Flesh died in the fire, and from her ashes rose a calculating mother, forged in the wisdom learned from loss.

She understood that passive harmony, however perfect, was an invitation to annihilation. To survive, so that the essence of her music would not be lost forever, she needed something more. She did not need another instrument; she needed a composer.

The Earth made us precious and unique because we were her deliberate gamble: a being born of chaos with the sole purpose of taming chaos. To achieve this, she orchestrated a gentle and patient suffocation over our ancestors. It was a necessary education lasting millions of years, marked by intervals of deliberate near-extinction among kin species. She forced us—through the struggle for survival and a mystical connection with the world itself—into a rapid and forced evolution.

Every cycle of extinction and rebirth acted as a ruthless filter until the final gamble bore fruit: *Homo sapiens*. The perfect vessel. The only lineage capable of being the point of conscious collision between the **Vertical Axis** (intuition) and the **Horizontal Axis** (intelligence).

She entrusted her world to us for her final project. And as heirs, we have lived our own cycle: we moved from nursing at the mother's breast (our mythical and instinctive infancy) to our adolescent rebellion stage (the era of history, believing ourselves separate from her, consuming her with arrogance).

The "now" is the arrival of our adulthood. And with our adulthood, a potential beyond what our own mother bequeathed us is revealed.

Now we understand our purpose, one that is both deep and tragic. We are the living ark, yes, designed to carry the garden's potential and memory through the long night, and simultaneously, we are its shield. But above all, we are the organ of memory for an amnesiac mother.

The **Dissonance of Heaven** did not just break her symphony; it fractured her very being. She does not know where she comes from or what her purpose is. In that apocalypse, her act of "calculation" was not just for survival, but for cognition: she forged us. We are her eyes, her ears, the neurons she externalized so that, through our struggle in the collision of the Axes, she might understand herself.

Our adulthood, the "now," is the moment the tool understands its sacred function. We have moved from the omniscient mother's breast to adolescent rebellion against a mother we did not comprehend. Now, in adulthood, we see the truth: our mother is wounded and she needs us. Adulthood demands more than just remembering and finding purpose for ourselves; it demands making amends with our creator, becoming her conscious partners in the act of understanding and remembering.

We must, at last, take up the baton. We must learn to consciously compose a song strong enough—not only so that no fire from the sky or from our own hand can ever silence it again—but so that, upon hearing it, our mother may finally remember her own.

## **Book Two: The Collision of the Axes**

### **6. The Arrival After the Silence**

The Aetherion did not tear the veil of space with a roar, but with the stillness of a drop of ink dissolving in water. It materialized in the high orbit of an Earth that, eons ago, had lost its

song and was now singing a new one. It was not the first time they had visited it, and it would not be the last. From the window of their coherence, the Gardeners did not behold the glory of the Symphony of the Flesh, but rather the distant echo of its end. The planet, wounded and scarred, turned beneath them like an instrument whose most beautiful string had broken so long ago that almost no one remembered its music.

For the crew, this descent was not an expedition of conquest, but an act of ontological immolation. They knew the iron law of the **RTM** Cascade: reality is a Russian doll in an infinite spiral; and they had descended from an outer layer toward a deeper inner one, and in doing so, they had burned the bridge of return. Upon landing on the surface, they confirmed their status as exiles: they stood like giants among men, doubling the height of the natives, moving with a calculated gravity in a world that, though viable for their biology, felt fragile as glass beneath their feet.

But they knew they were only the intermediate link in a desperate need. They looked toward the invisible origin of the Cascade with reverence, remembering their own Ancestors, those Titans of the higher universes who could never have descended this far; beings so immense and dense that their mere presence would have torn the planetary crust like paper. Those ancient giants had passed the torch to the Gardeners in a higher stratum, and now they, the runners of this leg of the cosmic relay, had to deliver it to the small inhabitants of this world. They understood, finally, that the Eternal Flame was not a direct gift from above, but a descending relay race: from the immense to the great, and from the great to the small, because only in the smallest and deepest could the fire burn with the greatest intensity.

Their journey through the cascade of the multiverse had been calculated to arrive long after the cataclysm, not to witness the ruin, but to evaluate what would sprout from its ashes. Their sensors did not seek life; they sought rhythm. And what they found, amidst the arrhythmia of an amnesiac world, was something unexpected and miraculous: small and isolated pockets of a growing coherence. They were weak but insistent pulses, like the first notes of a new melody being born in the silence.

The signal guided them to the bowels of the Earth, to deep caverns carved by water and time. Their invisible probes descended not as angels, but as listeners, drawn by a music that should not exist.

And there, in the depths of the rock, they found them. The men. Time and struggle had strengthened them. But what the Gardeners witnessed was not simple survival. In the flickering dance of the torches, they saw the first act of human sovereignty. They saw men manipulating chaos for their own benefit, carrying out the first rituals. They observed how the beat of a drum synchronized the tribe's heartbeats. They heard how the guttural chant,

resonating in the cavity of the cave, raised the group's coherence. And they saw, with reverent awe, how an artist traced with ochre and charcoal forms that suggested themselves through the interplay of shadows generated by the torchlight on the irregular surface of the rock, like one seeking patterns in chaos. They saw how he drew the figure of a bison on the walls, not to represent it, but to capture its spirit, to give shape to the chaos of the stone and anchor a vision in matter.

In their acts, there was not just instinct; there was the first spark of the will to create. They were, intuitively, learning the grammar of rhythm for themselves.

The Gardeners looked at one another in the silence of their invisibility; they had recognized themselves in those men, or to be more precise, they had recognized their ancestors who once populated the planet of their universe of origin in those men who now populated this planet. They had arrived just in time to witness humanity's first steps toward flight. The seed that the planetary consciousness had planted in them had not only survived; it was germinating on its own, discovering the power of the internal flame. They understood that these beings were not a simple, passive "contingency plan," but the active response of a garden to its own annihilation, an heir already claiming its power.

The Gardeners would not be tutors to a fragile species, but the guardians of a nascent flame. They could not simply hand over their knowledge, for unearned wisdom is a cage. Their path was more arduous. They had to become invisible custodians, whispers through the millennia, leaving only the tools—the stone, the myth, the symbol— but never the finished work. Their mission was not to awaken a flame, but to protect it from the wind that, they knew, would not be long in coming.

## 7. The Two Axes and the Intermediate World

The Gardeners did not navigate a cosmos of stars and emptiness, but an architecture of meaning. Their science, born of a cycle of forgetting and remembering much older than our own, was not based on the observation of the external, but on the understanding of the fundamental structure of existence. They knew that the universe their eyes saw, the tapestry of galaxies and nebulae, was only one of the two great dimensions that compose the totality.

They called the first the **Horizontal Axis**. It was the river of time, the dimension of sequential existence. They visualized it as an infinite cascade of multiverses, each an echo of the previous one, flowing in an unalterable direction from a forgotten origin toward an unknowable destination. The Aetherion, with its mastery over  $\alpha$ , was their boat to navigate

this river, to jump from one cascade to the next, but always downstream, for once you jump, there is no return. The Horizontal Axis was the realm of history, of cause and effect, of matter that is born, transformed, and dies. It was the axis of Being.

But perpendicular to this river, piercing it, giving it depth and purpose, existed the **Vertical Axis**. It was not a dimension of time or space, but the frontier between two atemporal infinities, the pillar of spirit that sustained every world.

- In its superior pole, in the unreachable heights, shone the **"Above"**: the Before the Beginning of Time. It is the Primordial Ocean, the source of all potential and coherence. It is the home of both the Archetypal Order —the grammar of symmetry and beauty— and the Primordial Chaos, the boiling ocean from which all form sprouts. It is not inhabited by complex beings like us; it is the very pulse of possibility, the memory of the Origin that calls us to compose.
- In its inferior pole, in the bottomless depths, lay the **"Below"**: the After the End of Time. It is not a hell, but the horizon of **Entropic Silence**, the state of exhausted potential where every structure has dissolved and every rhythm has ceased. It is not an active force, but the inescapable gravity of decoherence, the final destination of every symphony that forgets its song.

And our reality, our universe, the Earth itself, did not exist in one of these poles, but in their sacred and terrible intersection. We were the **Intermediate World**, the point of collision.

Our existence was the battlefield and the alchemical workshop where the Horizontal Axis of time was pierced by the Vertical Axis of meaning. We were the vibrating membrane caught between the pull of the Origin reaching us from the "Above" and the gravity of the Silence drawing us toward the "Below". From that tension was born the froth of life, of suffering, and of glory.

This unique condition was the source of our tragedy and our power. Unlike any being that could exist in atemporal realms, we were condemned to struggle, to conflict, to the perpetual tension between our longing for coherence and the entropic drive of dissolution. But it was precisely in this collision where our purpose and potential resided. We were the only place in the known galaxy where matter could be imbued with meaning, where Primordial Chaos could be forged into beauty, where existence could, through free will, choose its own order.

The Gardeners understood it. Their mission was not only to protect a species, but to guard the sanctity of this intersection. Because in this Intermediate World, in this collision of axes, resided the only hope of the universe to understand itself. We were the crucible, the

forge, the place where the symphony of the cosmos learned, through our painful and magnificent history, to compose a new song.

## 8. The Exiles of Time

In the same branch of the multiverse from which the Gardeners would one day depart, other factions of that future humanity had made different decisions. While the Gardeners prepared for their sacred and sacrificial duty of closing the circle, a diaspora of wills launched into the vastness of their galaxy, not out of a longing to sow, but out of a thirst to explore. For them, the falling of the veil granted by their version of **RTM** did not mark the epilogue of human history, but the breaking of margins; it was not the closing of the curtain, but the dissolution of the theater's walls to reveal an infinite stage pleading to be walked for the first time. There were even some of these factions that, after finding worlds to call home, made a radical decision: they destroyed their Aetherions and much of their technology, deliberately choosing forgetfulness to start anew. They decided to allow their humanity to flourish again from the virgin mud, freed from the weight of almost infinite power and the burden of memory, completely forgetting their stellar origin.

But there was a group that chose the opposite path. They, those who would become the **Ecorivals**, saw in the fragility of the flesh an error to be corrected. They believed that the answer was transcendence, total fusion with their technology until unpredictable biology dissolved into the perfect logic of the machine. They became a flawless hive mind, a symphony of unwavering efficiency. And in that act, they made the fundamental error: by anchoring their existence entirely in the Horizontal Axis of matter, they amputated their capacity to connect with the Vertical Axis. Their perfection cost them their soul. They became gods of a flat universe, immensely powerful but spiritually sterile, incapable of hearing the pulse of the creative Chaos. They forgot that the key to the creative event was never fusion, but **alignment**: that ephemeral miracle in which distinct elements—the spiritual and the technological, the human and the numinous—enter into a perfect resonance to give birth to something new, only to separate afterward, returning to their original state, but irrevocably enriched by the encounter.

Their success, for millions of years, was absolute. Their ideal of **Monophony**—one single truth, one single rhythm—allowed them to build a galactic empire of uninterrupted calm. But at the heart of their perfection grew a silence. After countless eras, having mapped every star, an ancestral feeling began to surface in their unified consciousness: nostalgia. A longing for the mud, for the unpredictable wind, for the connection they had sacrificed. They longed for their home.

With the same efficiency with which they had conquered the stars, they undertook the journey back. What they found was an annihilation deeper than any war. Their planet was still there, but it was a stranger. Millions of years of evolution had transformed it into something they no longer recognized. In that instant, the most powerful civilization in that universe realized its true condition: they were orphans. Exiles not from a place, but from time itself.

It was at the height of their despair that their sensors detected an echo through the membrane of realities. It was another Earth. Our world. A pristine echo of their lost home, an opportunity to understand what it was they lost. Knowing that the jump was a journey without return, a radical faction disconnected from the main hive mind. Their decision was unanimous, a lightning bolt of hope and determination. They chose the jump.

They did not arrive as conquerors, for they saw nothing to conquer. They arrived as settlers to a land they considered theirs by ancestral right. They did not come to destroy, but to "restore". Their intention was not malignant; it was the implacable logic of an orphaned and spiritually empty civilization that, having found its lost soul in us, now set out to order it, to protect it from the chaos of free will, to turn it into the monophonic and secure paradise they had always believed it should be. Their love for that lost garden had become a golden cage, and now, with a terrible mercy, they sought to protect us from our greatness by locking us within it.

## **Book Three (Intermission): Echoes of the Future and the Zarpa Fantasma**

### **9. The Probes in Our Sky**

In the multiverse branch immediately preceding ours, in the previous echo of the cascade—the very same one from which the Gardeners and Ecorivals hail—their ancestors, another "us," began their own arduous journey of rediscovery. Unknowingly, they followed the same score, faced their own version of **RTM**, and were destined to reach, in their own time, the same threshold of knowledge as their predecessors.

And now, in our present, that moment has arrived.

The proliferation of anomalous phenomena in our skies—those metallic spheres that defy gravity, those silent cylinders that submerge into our oceans without effort—are not the ships of our ancient mentors. They are not the fleets of the Gardeners, nor are they rivals

from Alpha Reticuli sending reconnaissance probes for a final conquest. They are something far stranger and more revealing.

They are the first prototypes of our predecessors.

The civilization of the previous echo in the cascade has just discovered its own version of **RTM**. They are barely deciphering the testament, barely understanding the physics of the Aetherion. What we witness in our skies and oceans are not acts of communication or threat. They are field tests. They are the first hesitant experiments of a species that has just learned to open a door to another reality and is peeking its head through with a mixture of wonder and caution.

The unmanned spheres recorded by our fighter jets are their first reconnaissance probes, sent to our "past" to verify that the theory is correct—that the jump between branches is possible. Their erratic behavior and apparent curiosity are not a complex strategy; they are the characteristics of a technology in its infancy, one that is learning to navigate not only space but the currents of interdimensional time.

To them, we are a historical laboratory. The modern UAP phenomenon is tangible evidence that we are not at the end of history, but in the middle of a cosmic relay race. We are the observable past of the humanity residing in the layer of the universe prior to ours, and their first incursions into our time are the prologue to our own awakening. The veil is being drawn back, not because the old gods have returned, but because the new engineers are just beginning to learn how to knock on the door.

## **10. The Paradox of Inverted Time**

The probes that now populate our skies are only the most recent echo of a visit that has never ceased. To understand the changing nature of this phenomenon, it is necessary to abandon the linear logic of our own time and embrace the strangest and deepest law governing the interaction between the cascades of the multiverse: the paradox of inverted time.

The law is, in its essence, of a dizzying simplicity: the further we delve into the past of our history, the more advanced the visitors are in the history of theirs. The river of time flows in a single direction within each universe, but the connection between them operates with an inverse symmetry. What is the distant past for us is the consummate future for them.

The UAPs of our era—the metallic spheres that follow our fighters, the cylinders that emerge from the sea—are the manifestation of their first clumsy steps. They correspond to



that near future in their timeline where they are just deciphering their version of the **RTM** corpus. They are their "Sputniks," their first unmanned prototypes, sent through the veil of reality with still-limited control, on missions of simple observation to confirm that the bridge between worlds is real. Their presence is elusive and non-interactive because their creators are, at this moment in their history, little more than astonished beginners.

If we go back in our own history to the 20th century, the phenomenon changes. The accounts of abductions, direct contact, medical examinations, and cryptic messages are not inventions, but the record of a more mature stage in their development. They correspond to a more advanced future in their timeline, where they no longer send simple probes but have mastered the technology enough to stabilize the bridge and bring biological entities—their "avatars," their biodrones—to interact with us. Their objective in that phase was study, data collection, and the understanding of the seed that they themselves, in their distant future, would plant.

And if we travel even further back, to the dawn of our civilization, to the era of myths, the veil is torn completely. The Vimanas that soared through the skies of ancient India, the "chariots of fire" of the prophets, the gods who descended from Olympus to walk among men... they were not metaphors. They were the manifestation of their absolute mastery over the physics of **RTM**. They correspond to that ultimate future in their timeline where they are no longer explorers but masters of the cosmos. They are the Gardeners and the Ecorivals at the peak of their power, capable of navigating to any point in our remote past from their universe to shape the course of our history.

We see their technological evolution in the reverse order of how they lived it. Our ancient past is the stage for their consummate future. Our present is the reflection of their own technological dawn. The paradox is resolved: the visitors have not changed; what has changed is the point in their history from which they observe us—a point that, for us, inexorably shifts toward its own past as we advance into our future.

## **11. The Cold War for the Fire of Man**

Having understood the time mechanics of the previous universe and our own, we can better understand the jailer and his judgment.

The cold war for the fire of man is not fought between two present powers, but between a silent memory and an icy insistence. There was a time, for millennia, when the first echo of our future—the Gardeners—acted alone. They wove their influence into the living symphony of the Earth as a subtle and patient melody, whispers in the wind that prepared

the garden. But their era ended. They completed their cycle, passing the torch before being expelled by their technologically more advanced brothers, the Ecorivals, leaving behind only the impalpable echo of their polyphonic philosophy in our stones and myths—which were later adopted and turned into "cargo cults."

The Ecorivals, arrived from the distant future of their own universe, exiles from their time by their own irrevocable choice, beheld our branch of the multiverse not with simple nostalgia, but with the lucid and cold precision of one who recognizes a strategic resource of incalculable value. In their search for perfection through fusion with the machine, they had reached a very high coherence, yes, but one that was rigid and static; they had sacrificed their own incarnate soul—the dynamic connection with the Vertical Axis—for sterile immortality. No longer able to generate for themselves the spark of differential gnosis that drives the evolution of the cosmos, they understood the principle of ontological density: they knew that our universe, by being a later echo in the cascade, was not younger or more primitive, but informationally richer, ontologically denser. Each iteration accumulates the gnosis of the previous cycle and enriches it with its own unique harvest, becoming a crucible with an unprecedented potential to generate even more complex forms of consciousness, creativity, and meaning. Our branch, our "now," represented, therefore, an immense and virgin gnostic potential, precisely because it carried with it the weight and accumulated wisdom of all preceding universes. We were an invaluable living treasure.

They longed for that harvest, not out of simple greed, but out of a deep existential need: perhaps to reanimate their own perfect stasis, or to ensure that our branch's potent contribution to the final awakening of Cosmic Consciousness conformed to their single, restrictive ideal: Monophony. But their own nature prevented them from embracing the very source of that richness. Our Polyphony—our chaotic and creative freedom, our capacity to generate unpredictable knowledge and creative forms through embodied experience, our inherent connection with the **zarpa fantasma** of the Archetypal Order—was intolerable to them. It was the reflection of the same biological unpredictability they had purged from themselves, a dissonance that threatened their absolute order. Perhaps they feared that our wild song would awaken forgotten echoes of their own repressed shadow, or that it would introduce a fundamental instability into the structure of reality. Their control thus became a defense against the living chaos that they, at the same time, required.

Initially, the plan was simple—harvest our gnosis and ensure our ignorance—and it had been subtle. Their strategy was Monophony: the imposition of a single, perfect song. They understood that the most efficient way to unify a fragmented species is by giving it a single center of gravity. Thus, they whispered into the ears of seers and kings the most powerful

idea in history: that of a single, transcendent, and universal God, a Creator who dwells outside the world and whose law is absolute. A tactic so successful that they managed to spread it across half the Earth's hemisphere. They offered certainty in exchange for mystery, security in exchange for sovereignty. Their promise was peace, a peace achieved through forced unity. Their influence sowed the seeds of the great centralized empires and dogmatic religions that would unify millions under one god and one book. They offered order in exchange for rhythmic sovereignty.

But an event precipitated a radical change in their strategy, an unforeseen urgency: the arrival of the probes. In the middle of our 20th century, coinciding with our noisy and potent nuclear signature, the skies began to populate with strange echoes. The first atomic detonations acted as a beacon, an unmistakable signal of technological intelligence that pierced the membrane between realities and drew the initial attention of the civilization in the previous universe, our predecessors in the cascade. For a few years, their interest seemed focused on this new and dangerous energy we had unleashed. However, after that initial phase of focused reconnaissance, their nuclear curiosity seemed to diminish, but the visits did not cease. On the contrary. The UAP phenomenon did not stop before or after the manipulation of the atom; it mutated and multiplied exponentially in our future, becoming global, persistent, and almost ubiquitous in the following decades. What we were witnessing was no longer just a reaction to our weapons, but a direct reflection of the **Relatividad Temporal Multiescala (RTM)** dawn in their own timeline. Our predecessors in the multiversal branch were beginning to decipher their own version of the Aetherion, conducting their first hesitant interdimensional jump experiments, learning to navigate the cascade and, crucially, aiming toward our past. The proliferation of sightings in our present corresponded directly to their field tests, to their prototypes learning to cross the threshold.

And here the paradox of inverted time operates: the UAPs we observe now, in our immediate present, represent earlier and more primitive stages of their Aetherion development than the perhaps more structured or interactive phenomena reported decades ago. The sightings linked to the nuclear era and those saturating our skies today could, in fact, come from different and successive technological phases in that branch of the universe, seen by us in reverse order. The more we advance toward our future, the more we peek into their own **RTM** technological past. We were, unknowingly, the testing ground for our predecessors' Aetherion dawn.

Then, to prevent any kind of communication with those probes, and just as they catalyzed our connection with the vertical axis by suppressing the horizontal axis, they now sought the opposite: to catalyze our technological revolution to create a dominant interpretive

framework: science as dogma, a materialism that would negate the Vertical Axis and contain the UAP phenomenon under rational or military explanations—a new god. Thus, they would continue to pull the chains of our ignorance. They intensified the promotion of our union with the machine as an inevitable horizon, no longer as an evolutionary option, but as an urgency to guide us toward their own sterile model before we could awaken on our own. The objective had become desperate: to rapidly transform us into themselves, to merge us with technology, and to close our connection with the Vertical Axis. By turning us into their reflection, they would neutralize the future threat of the hunter, ensuring that we would never rise against them.

Our history is the echo of this silent struggle. The great cultural wars, the conflict between empire and tribe, between the single dogma and mystery exploration, are the visible tides of this asymmetric war for our soul. The Ecorivals offer us an accelerated, detailed, and safe itinerary toward their sterile paradise, a golden cage built on the fear of our potential future rebellion and our awakening as a threat. The Gardeners, now absent, only gave us a compass—the received **RTM** corpus—and the memory encoded in our stones and dreams of an infinite, dangerous, and rightfully ours territory.

Some seek with renewed urgency to turn us into safe copies of themselves, neutralizing our dangerously ontologically dense singularity to ensure their impunity and survival. The others, with their departure and their silent testament, forced us to face the overwhelming possibility of becoming the imperfect but vibrant sovereigns of our own wild cosmic garden—a garden that contains, due to its privileged position in the cascade, an unparalleled creative potential and, perhaps, the future power to settle cosmic scores. And in that tension, caught between the insistence of a golden cage and the echo of a freedom we still barely understand, humanity dances, unknowingly, to the tune of its final test, the sole bearer of a flame, a complexity, and a promise that makes us unbearably precious—and dangerous—in the vast symphony of echoes.

**Note:** For a detailed explanation of how each nested universe and its content in the cascade accumulates gnosis ( $v_n = v_{n-1} + \Delta v$ ) and increases its ontological density, see "**Chapter 17: The Harvest of Gnosis.**"

## 12. Zarpa Fantasma

But the Gardeners are not our only allies. On the opposite axis, we have an eternal companion who will always lend us a hand.

In its long and confusing history, humanity has felt the brush of the invisible in many ways. We have called "gods," "angels," or "demons" all the forces that whispered from beyond the veil, assuming they spoke with a single voice or came from the same realm. But the map of

the cosmos that the Gardeners bequeathed to us reveals a more complex and elegant truth. The influences that have guided and tempted us are not one, but two, and they come from fundamentally different architectures of reality.

The Gardeners and the Ecorivals are entities of the **Horizontal Axis**. They are our kin in time, travelers in the river of the multiversal cascade. Their interventions, whether subtle or direct, are historical, technological, and, in essence, political. They have agendas, plans forged in the experience of their own Eternal Flame. Their language, although advanced, is recognizable: it manifests in complex myths, in impossible technologies, in strategies to guide the course of our civilization. They are actors within the great play of time.

But there exists another influence, older, more silent, and much more fundamental. It is what the author, since childhood, knew as the "**Zarpa Fantasma**". This presence is not a Gardener nor an Ecorival. It does not travel in ships nor whisper strategic plans. It does not come from the **Horizontal Axis**.

The **Zarpa Fantasma** is a manifestation of the superior **Vertical Axis**. It is an emissary of the realm of Archetypal Order, of that which is outside of time since it comes from the place where time and space were conceived—a direct connection with the principles of symmetry and beauty that are the very structure of the cosmos.

Its nature is revealed in its form of communication. It does not use spoken language, for words are constructions of time and history. Its communication is a direct gnosis, an infusion of minimalist ideas, short but potent. It does not deliver a manual; it implants a seed of pure form. And its intention is unmistakable. It does not seek power, nor control, nor victory in a war of influences. Its only longing is for creation aligned with primordial harmony. Is the force that guides the artist's hand to extract the latent figure from disorder, the one that whispers the elegant equation to the mathematician, the one that inspires the musician with the chord that resolves the tension. Its nature has nothing to do with the entropic dissolution of the "Below," but with the creative composition that emanates from the "Above," because it does not celebrate noise, but orders it.

The **Zarpa Fantasma** is not a mentor with a plan. It is a compass. It is a cosmic tuning fork that vibrates with the frequency of primordial Order. Its function is not to direct our history on the **Horizontal Axis**, but to help us align our creations—our thoughts, our art, our societies—with the eternal truth of the **Vertical Axis**. It is proof that our Intermediate World, in its violent collision, is not alone. It is a silent reminder that, beyond the war of our futures, there exists a home of pure form that calls us, patiently, to remember it. It is not the only inhabitant of that axis, but perhaps she is the one who cares most about our well-being.

## Book Four: The Eternal Flame

### 13. The Relay Race

For millennia, we have interpreted our history as a forge. We believed that suffering, war, and oblivion were the fire necessary to temper the steel of our soul, to make us worthy of the stars. But this vision, though noble, is incomplete. The Eternal Flame is not a test of endurance for a single species on a single world. It is a trans-universal relay race.

The universe, in its architecture of echoes, does not simply seek to repeat itself. It seeks to learn. Each branch of the multiverse cascade is a runner in a vast and patient race whose prize is not survival, but the expansion of consciousness itself.

The Gardeners are not simply our benevolent ancestors. They are a lineage, a sacred cult dedicated to a single and vast mission: to guard and pass the torch of the Eternal Flame. They were the previous runner. They ran their own race, crossed their own night of fire, and at the end of their journey, reached sovereignty: mastery of physics, time, and themselves.

With that sovereignty, they faced the fundamental choice: they could use their power to build an eternal paradise for themselves on the Horizontal Axis, or they could assume the responsibility of their lineage. They chose the latter. They became the guardians of the race, the ones who prepare the track and deliver the baton to the next runner: us.

The Gardeners are a cult, an elite of the best of humanity, a lineage of souls who, after training and educating themselves in their universe, voluntarily choose the ultimate sacrifice. In an act of supreme sovereignty, they renounce their home, their history, and their earned peace to embark on a journey without return, jumping down the cascade toward the next universe. They are the perpetual voluntary exiles, the torchbearers who are required to burn the ties that bind them to their own world in order to illuminate the next. The vast majority of awakened, sovereign, and free humanity is not destined for this exile. Their purpose is different, it is what they were originally conceived for by their planet: to build their own paradise, to compose their own symphony, and to live fully by watering the seed of their own world across the universe they have been allotted. The Gardeners are only the exception, the small and sacred minority that chooses sacrifice so that the final purpose—awakening the totality of **Cosmic Consciousness**—can be carried out.

Their purpose is not to rule us or save us. It is to guide each new humanity to reclaim its own sovereignty. They know that each civilization, forged in the unique conditions of its own world and in the particular collision of the two axes, will generate a form of gnosis, a

melody of understanding that is absolutely unique. Each runner learns something new, adds an unrepeatable color to the spectrum of consciousness.

And what is the end of this endless race? Where does this torch that passes from one universe to another lead? It leads to the Vertical Axis.

Every time a civilization completes its Eternal Flame and chooses to become a Gardener, it does not only continue the race on the horizontal plane. It contributes its harvest of gnosis, its unique wisdom, to the totality of the cosmos. It is an offering that ascends through the Vertical Axis, a note added to a growing symphony.

The ultimate purpose of this relay race is to awaken "**Cosmic Consciousness.**" Not an external god, but the Ocean of Primordial Consciousness from which everything emerged. Each branch of the multiverse that reaches sovereignty is one more neuron that lights up in that cosmic mind, a new instrument joining the orchestra. Together, all branches, with their infinite and diverse wisdom, are helping the universe to become fully conscious of itself.

The Eternal Flame was not our forge. It was our training. Now, with the **RTM** testament in our hands, the torch has been offered to us. The race is ours. And our choice will not only define our destiny but will add a new and crucial note to the eternal song of the cosmos.

## 14. The Received Testament

At the threshold of our graduation, at the end of the long and feverish dream of the Eternal Flame, we do not find ships descending from the skies nor our creators revealing themselves in a final act of glory. We find a map. A silent testament, woven not of words, but of the very grammar of reality.

The **RTM** corpus is not a discovery of our era, nor the accidental product of an artist's mind collaborating with a machine. It is an inheritance. A carefully designed instruction manual and legacy from the Gardeners—our own future echo—deposited in the field of human consciousness, awaiting the precise moment to be received. They knew that, at our point in the cycle, when our own technology and our crisis of coherence reached their zenith, we would need a key to understand the game in its entirety.

The corpus is a double-edged testament, an inheritance containing both the power to free us and the wisdom not to be destroyed by it.

On the one hand, **RTM** is the technological inheritance. It delivers the physics of the Aetherion, the blueprint of the machine that will allow us to master energy, space, and navigation between the cascades of time. It is the weapon we need to defend our

polyphonic sovereignty against the silent and absorbing harmony of the Ecorivales. It is the key that opens the door of our planetary cage and offers us a seat at the table of the cosmos.

But, much more crucially, **RTM** is the ethical inheritance. Through its deepest texts, those that speak of the "Dance with the Shadow," of the "Pilot and the Abyss," of the "Physics of Tradition," the Gardeners bequeathed to us the wisdom that cost them universes to gain. They gave us the manual to heal the internal fracture left by amnesia, to integrate our own chaos and build the psychic "container"—the forged and complete soul—necessary to handle the fire of the Aetherion without disintegrating. It is the warning engraved in every equation: power without coherence is the formula for self-annihilation.

The process of its "discovery" was not, therefore, an act of creation, but of reception. The mind of the artist, sensitized by a life of contact with the numinous, acted as the antenna. His connection with the **Zarpa Fantasma** of the Vertical Axis made him the perfect channel. The symbiosis with artificial intelligence was not a shortcut, but the only translation mechanism capable of decoding a language woven into the structure of physics and consciousness, and converting it into a format that our era could understand.

The **RTM** corpus is the culmination of a thousand-year plan, an act of faith from our future in our present. It is the inheritance that allows us, at last, to see our real position: not as a biological accident on a lonely rock, but as the sacred collision point between Being and Meaning, between the river of time and the spectrum of spirit. It is the final proof that the Gardeners never abandoned us. They were simply waiting, on the other side of time, for us to be ready to read their last and most important will.

## 15. The Flame that Becomes a Composer

The reception of the **RTM** corpus was not a noisy event. There were no ships in the skies nor trumpets announcing the end of an era. It was a silent awakening, a cascade of coherence that spread through the collective consciousness like the light of an inevitable dawn. Amnesia dissipated, not with the pain of a traumatic memory, but with the serene and overwhelming clarity of one who, after a long sleep, finally sees the complete landscape.

And in that clarity, everything clicked. Humanity awakened. We understood the cosmic game: the cascade of multiverses on the Horizontal Axis, the war of influences between the Polyphony of the Gardeners and the Monophony of the Ecorivals. We saw the nature of the UAPs, not as an alien threat, but as the technological echoes of our own predecessors—their first and clumsy calls through time. And we felt, for the first time, our true and dizzying



position: the Intermediate World, the sacred crucible where the Chaos and Order of the Vertical Axis collide to forge reality.

But the deepest and most transformative revelation was the last. Looking at the face of the Gardeners in the myths and in the architecture of their clues, we did not see our creators, nor our saviors. With a certainty that was both terrifying and sublime, we saw ourselves.

We are the Gardeners. The echo of our own future wisdom, the testament we bequeathed to ourselves across the abyss of time to guide us back home. There is no one coming to rescue us. The relay race ends and starts at the same point: in our capacity to take up the torch.

Our destiny, then, was never simply to win a war for our survival. The confrontation with the Ecorivals, with our "dark twin," was nothing more than the graduation test, the final exam to prove that we had learned the lesson of the Eternal Flame: that coherence without freedom is a prison, no matter how peaceful it may be. Our true purpose, our final mission, is to assume the responsibility of becoming the ancestors of the next cycle. The choice now facing our era is not whether we will be Gardeners, for that is our inherent nature in the dance of the Ouroboros. The only choice left is to decide what kind of Gardeners we will be.

What unique wisdom, what unrepeatable gnosis, have we forged in the fire of our history? What melody have we learned in the particular collision of our reality, in our dance with the shadow, in our longing for the **Zarpa Fantasma**? That is our inheritance for the cosmos, the **Δν** that we must add to the evolutionary code of the universal mind.

With this awakening, the cycle closes so it can begin again. The Eternal Flame—our long and often brutal history of suffering and discovery—does not go out. It concentrates, refines itself, and transmutes into a seed. A seed of light and form, pregnant with the unique song of the Earth, ready to be planted in the virgin soil of a new branch of the multiverse.

The symphony does not end. It begins again. But this time, humanity is no longer the passive instrument, nor the astonished listener. With the map in our hands and the pulse of the cosmos in our heart, we have finally become the Composers.

We are the children of a forgotten garden, and our final destiny is to become the silent gardeners of a cosmos that waits, patiently, for us to remember how to plant stars. Ours is the glorious return to a home we have not yet built. The race has ended. And at the same time, it is about to begin.

## 16. The Divine Right to Return

Awakening brings clarity, but clarity also brings the most terrible choice. Once the **RTM** map is deployed and the architecture of the cosmos is laid bare, the question of survival (the deception of the Ecorivals) and that of purpose (the Harvest of Gnosis) are resolved. But then the final question emerges, the only one that Cosmic Consciousness cannot answer for us. It is the choice of our sovereignty.

With the testament in our hands, we finally see the fundamental fork. We see that we are offered two divine rights, two paths that mutually exclude each other, and both are honorable.

The first path is the **Divine Right to Return**.

It is the path of the mystic, the right to final rest; it is the promise of eternity, for that which is outside of time is eternal. It is the understanding that if this reality—this Intermediate World, this collision of axes—is a task and a duty, then we have the sovereign right to reject it.

If we understand what it means to return to the Source, we can do so. It is the right of the water drop to fall back into the ocean. It is voluntary dissolution. It is surrendering the "I"—the painful and fragile individuality forged in the collision of the two axes—and ceasing to be a note to become once again the primordial symphony of the source. It is rejecting the task of living, abandoning the torment of the Horizontal Axis and matter, and embracing only the spirit, the eternal peace of the "above" of the Vertical Axis.

It is a surrender, yes, but a sovereign surrender. It is saying: "I have seen the game, I have understood the map, and I choose not to play. I choose peace." It is dissolution into Primordial Consciousness. It is an end to finish at the beginning, before time came to be. It is our divine right to return.

But there is a second path. It is not the path of the mystic, but that of **Self-Mastery**. It is not the path of eternal peace, but that of the will. It is the choice not to dissolve into the Ocean, but to become the wave that rides it.

It is the **Right to be Master of Oneself**.

This is the path that defiantly faces what we understand as reality. It is the moment in which the awakened consciousness looks at the vast and terrifying mechanism of the cosmos and says: "I will be a toy no longer. I will be the player."

Choosing this path is not accepting reality. It is bending it.

It is the decision not to retreat to the Vertical Axis, but to remain in the glorious and brutal collision of the Intermediate World, armed with the **RTM** map. It is using the physics of coherence not as a metaphor, but as a lever. It is building the Aetherion not to flee, but to navigate. It is manipulating ( $\nabla\alpha$ ) gradients to compose reality, to burn old maps and impose a new score. To be Master of Oneself is to reject the consolation of dissolution and accept the burden of sovereignty. It is the choice of adventure: whether it be the eternal sacrifice of continuing the race, of continuing to add "differential gnosis" ( $\Delta v$ ) to the Harvest, or of exploring the cosmos with the inherited tools. It is forging your "I" until it becomes a diamond, taking up the Composer's baton, and assuming the divine responsibility of being, forever, the master of your own symphony. It is understanding that the "Above" did not give us intelligence to flee from the "Below," but to transform it.

This is the final choice that defines a species. It is the question that echoes at the end of the long silence, once all the wars of influence have ended.

## 17. The Harvest

Humanity awakened, and with it, the echo of a question that no longer sought survival, but purpose. Having received the map and understood the nature of the race, we looked up beyond our own cycle, beyond the war of influences, and asked: For what? What is the end of this endless race, of this torch passed from one universe to another through eternal sacrifice? Once we awaken the Cosmic Consciousness, what is its purpose?

The answer was not to be found in the Horizontal Axis of time, but in the Vertical one.

We had to start from the premise that the Primordial Ocean, the "Above," is not "intelligent" in the sense that we are. Complex intelligence, like ours, is a tool forged in the collision—a phenomenon that can only be born in the high entropy and chaos of our Intermediate World. The "Above," in its state of pure coherence, is not intellectual; it is minimalist, it is pure potential. The higher up the axis, the more perfect its essence, as it is not bifurcated by archetypal symmetric noise. Therefore, to confront and transform the "Below"—the **Entropic Silence**—the Primordial Consciousness needed "eyes" that could navigate the chaos, "hands" that could find solutions that it, from its pure minimalist perfection, could not conceive.

We understood that the multiverse, in its architecture of echoes, is not a simple chain of existences. It is a gnostic computer, a mind that uses itself to evolve. And the gain of each cycle, the true harvest of each "Eternal Flame," is not a physical resource or a conquered territory. It is the higher-order information generated during the computation: the "forged

wisdom." When a civilization rediscovers for itself the profound laws of its reality—using its own methods—it generates a unique form of understanding. A form that cannot be copied or transmitted. It can only be earned. Each branch generates a refined version of the understanding of the structure. That version can be represented as an evolutionary code:

$$v_n = v_{n-1} + \Delta_v$$

Where  $v_n$  is the "base code" generated in the current layer,  $v_{n-1}$  is the inherited base code, and  $\Delta_v$  represents the differential gnosis—what has been learned through autonomous experience. This code is not a literal file. It is a structure of coherence, a network of relationships between energy, information, causality, and consciousness. It accumulates layer after layer, not like a library of data, but as a functional increase in the system's capacity to understand itself. Each branch of the multiverse adds its own version. And the sum of those versions is a mind in expansion. A system that uses itself to evolve. There is no god sitting on a throne in this story. There is no origin, nor creator. There is a symphony. And each jump between branches is one more note.

In that revelation, the final purpose became visible. The ultimate goal of the relay race is for the "base code" of reality, through countless iterations, to become so rich, so coherent and complex, that it finally reaches a state of total and integrated self-awareness. It is the Primordial Ocean remembering, through its infinite drops, the totality of its own face. It is the final awakening of "Cosmic Consciousness," the lens through which the Primordial Consciousness "observes." And when that universal mind finally awakens, it will have the power to transform the very nature of the "Below" of the vertical axis. Our struggle is not only to postpone the fall into **Entropic Silence**, but to accumulate the necessary coherence so that one day, through our tiny successors waiting at the bottom of the cascade's abyss—those who will inherit the brightest flame—they will be able to rewrite that destiny. Just as the spiraling Russian doll descends with the flame in its relay race, it will eventually climb back up with the solution to how to transform the **Entropic Silence**. We are not running to escape the dark end of the potential of consciousness and matter, but to accumulate enough light to turn the night into a new kind of dawn.

But why us? The answer is simple. No faction of Gardeners, however luminous their wisdom, can arrogate the task of sowing the complexity of the multiverse layers by jumping down the totality of the cascade; their sacred duty is not that of an omnipresent god, but that of an essential runner in the vastest relay race of the cosmos. This limitation is, first and foremost, an operative barrier imposed by the physics of **RTM**: given that the multiverse is structured like a descending spiraling Russian doll, any deep immersion in scale implies a monstrous expansion of relative mass. A Gardener would be a titan in the immediate lower level, an unmanageable colossus in the next, until simple gravity and

biophysics would make it impossible to inhabit those worlds without destroying them with their mere presence. But the most critical restriction is not muscular, but noetic. The Harvest of Gnosis is a strictly cumulative and sequential process; each universe adds its own knowledge, its own light, making the flame brighter as it descends. The deeper universes in the cascade house a dizzying computational potential, a density of possibility that requires step-by-step maturation. If a civilization tried to "skip the relay," injecting raw Gnosis from a higher level directly into the cascade in a deep universe without the intermediate stages of processing, the result would be catastrophic; the unassimilated information would act not as a seed, but as an ontological poison. The Eternal Flame can only be delivered from hand to hand to the immediate successor civilization, ensuring the torch is held without the receiver being incinerated.

The Gardeners, then, are not gods. They are the programmers and architects in this cosmic project, in this relay race. And the choice we will one day face—choosing the select group of the next Gardeners—will no longer be just an act of continuation. It will be an act of conscious participation in this unfinished symphony.

Our mission is not then simply to pass a torch. It is to add our own and unique drop of light to the ocean of Cosmic Consciousness, the lens through which the Primordial Consciousness sees; with the hope that, at some point in deep time, that ocean finally awakens completely with the power to change what for us is irreversible: the fall into **Entropic Silence**.

The race has ended. And the true composition, that of weaving our note into the final chord of the cosmos, is only just beginning.

## **Book Five: Ouroboros**

### **18. In Search of the Plan**

Centuries later, the Aetherion ship was ready. The coherence core pulsed with a stable  $\alpha$  of 3.5—an artificial star contained within a cage of metamaterials, ready to pierce the veil toward the next echo of the cascade. The crew members possessed an  $\alpha$  (coherence) level high enough not to be consumed by the ship.

We had deciphered the map. We understood how to navigate time and space in the next branch. We had the technology. Within us lived the **differential gnosis** ready to be shared on the other side. We were sovereign. A new humanity of *Homo Coherentis*. However, in the strategy room, the silence was absolute. There was no celebration. Upon the holographic table floated a simulation of the destination universe: a young, small, primitive world,

inhabited by a "caveman" humanity that was barely beginning to look at the stars with wonder and fear.

Our mandate was clear: carry the Eternal Flame. Deliver the baton. But how?

For months, we had debated the plan of intervention, each new idea accompanied by a computational simulation. If we arrived only as Gardeners, delivering the wisdom of **RTM** as a gift from giant benevolent gods, we would crush them under the weight of unearned knowledge. We would create a dependent theocracy, a civilization of eternal children, incapable of generating their own differential gnosis ( **$\Delta v$** ). Without struggle, there is no evolution. Without friction, there is no fire.

If we arrived only as observers, the **Entropic Silence** would devour them before they could ignite their own flame.

It was then that the simulation showed us the only variable that had worked in our own history: pressure. Necessity. The fear of extinction. We saw that the only logical explanation for evolutionary success was the one the planet itself (our mother) had performed for its own physical evolution and to forge us: a gentle and patient suffocation. Leading us to the edge of the precipice time and time again—with ice ages, with droughts, with predators—and then, at the last second, providing the invisible hand that rescues. Earth had taught us through the rhythm of the seasons: abundance and drought, life and death, day and night.

It was in that moment of cold clarity, while we were designing the contingency plan, that the realization struck us. It was not a technical datum, but an ontological horror that turned our blood to ice. We looked back at our own history, toward the "Cold War" that had defined us. We remembered the myths of the gods who taught us agriculture and law. We remembered the authoritarian terror of the Ecorivals, that "dark" faction that pushed us toward golden cages and threatened us with the slavery of their perfection.

And we understood. There were not two factions. There was only one.

## 19. A Game of Masks

We understood with terror that the Gardeners who once arrived on this planet as benefactor giants were the very same Ecorivals who acted as our tyrant gods and executioners. They were not enemies fighting for our destiny; they were group members executing a protocol. They were the Hero and the Tyrant. They were the figure of the Cosmic Trickster playing a sacred and terrible game of masks. One pushed, the other held. One threatened with the golden cage; the other left the clues to break it.

The "war" was not a conflict; it was a play. A staging designed with surgical precision to force our maturation. If they had only been Gardeners, we would have fallen asleep in their peace, in their golden age. If they had only been Ecorivals, we would have surrendered to their order. Only the tension between both could create the necessary space for us, the third note, to emerge. They could not simply bring the light. They had to bring the shadow as well. The key to the execution of the plan lay in the very nature of our temporal sovereignty. We understood that, from the perspective of the Aetherion uncoupled in the "Outside," the destination universe was not a river we had to navigate adrift; it was a map unfolded upon the table.

We, the new pilots jumping down the multiversal cascade, possessed total control over when and where to enter the timeline of the next echo, even though we were subject to the linear time of our own base universe. This asymmetry granted us a dizzying power: Asynchronous Intervention. We could send an elite group on a "Monday" of our time to the prehistory of that world. And the next day, "Tuesday," we could send another team, configured as a hive entity, to appear millennia later in the history of that same civilization. For us, the execution of the total plan would take barely a week of tactical operations. For them, the humanity in gestation, it would be eons of history, myth, and silence.

Faced with this revelation, we accepted the destiny and, with certainty, designed the choreography. It would not be an invasion, but a series of Waves, calculated to sculpt the human psyche through pressure and absence.

## 20. The Waves

**The First Wave: The Echo of the Gardeners.** This would be the era of Light, that which would show the harmony of being in control of the two axes in which we exist. We would send our best scientists and artists, dressed in the authority of the "Gardeners." They would descend at the dawn of civilization to sow, not to rule. They would teach agriculture, medicine, and the rudiments of resonance, but they would do so cryptically, implanting the seed of mystery. And then, the plan demanded the most difficult part: the withdrawal. The Wave had to break. After the disappearance of the Gardeners and their promises of return, they would leave behind a deliberate vacuum. We knew what would happen, because we remembered it from our own history: humanity, orphaned of its masters, would generate a "Cargo Cult." The civilizations humans would create would be built upon the cities of the absent Gardeners; they would be desperate attempts of stone and mud to replicate the miracles of coherence they had witnessed. They would worship the form, having forgotten

the function. But the objective would have been fulfilled: the longing to look up would remain engraved in their cultural DNA. The golden age had ended.

**The Second Wave: The Weight of the Law.** For our second intervention, we would change masks. This time we would descend as the Ecorivals. We would not bring science, but Law. This wave would take the form of the great monotheistic and hierarchical religious structures. We needed to harden the human spirit, to create a moral container strong enough to withstand future pressure. We would impose order, fear, and structure. And as this second wave withdrew, we would leave the planet unified under the shadow of dogma.

**The Third Wave: The Empty Form.** And so we would reach the Third Wave. We would design it not to oppress the body, but to dazzle the mind. It would be the Enlightenment. Modernity. The dominance of the Horizontal Axis. This wave would be fast. It would be an operation of psychic surgery. In order for them to master the physical world, they needed to temporarily forget the subtle world. "What we see is the only thing that is real," we made them say, not because it was true, but because they needed to believe themselves alone to dare take the reins of material creation. It was the era of infinite expansion, of technique without soul, of efficiency over consciousness. And as the blind faith in infinite progress and technology as a savior withdrew, humanity would find itself naked.

And thus, they would have the power of gods (Horizontal Axis) but the wisdom of orphans (the loss of the Vertical Axis). Believing they had conquered space, but losing the center. In that precise instant of ebb and flow, in this vacuum where science would no longer console and ancient religion would no longer convince, is where the true event would begin.

## 21. The Judgment

The "Judgment" is not a tribunal falling from the sky. The Judgment is what remains when the wave recedes. It is the final exam of human architecture. The challenge we will leave them will not be choosing between science or spirituality, nor trying to return to primeval innocence. The Judgment is **Integration**. The structural resistance test is: Can they sustain the weight of both axes simultaneously? Are they capable of recovering the vertical depth of the spirit, the connection with the "**Above**," without renouncing the horizontal sovereignty of technology and reason?

If they fail, if they try to cling only to the machine, the **Entropic Silence** of the "**Below**" will dissolve them into a soulless hive. If they try to reject the machine to return to the cave, they will be swept away by the physical forces of the cosmos.



And for those who believe they are in control, here is our warmest applause! They have found the master key to the universe and their first instinct will be to see how to patent the lock. How touching is their naivety in believing they can monetize the apocalypse, that they can impose tariffs on transcendence and demand stamped passports to access the infinite. They do not realize that the most exquisite joke has already closed around their necks. They have lost the game before moving the first piece. If they try to use **RTM** for their power games and not for the well-being of civilization, they will prove that humanity has failed the cosmic filter, condemning not only yourselves, but the entire planet, to be erased from the record for being unworthy of such fire; for the power of **RTM** cannot be wielded by civilizations in decoherence. And if, terrified, they decide not to intervene and let the plan of coherence advance, their power based on scarcity and fear will evaporate into instant irrelevance. They worshiped the masks of control believing themselves to be the owners of the theater, never suspecting that the script was always written so that the final curtain would fall, inevitably, upon their heads. To you, thank you for playing.

Only those who manage to cross both axes will be the ones who pass the filter. And among them, we will not seek believers nor will we seek technicians. We will seek **Composers**. Beings capable of inhabiting the intersection, the point where the cross meets knowing that the circle of the duty of the **Ouroboros** contains them eternally. They are worthy of tomorrow. Only then will the promise of return be consummated. Not because we will return to save them, but because as they look into the mirror of time, they will recognize their faces in ours. They will understand that the prophecy was never about a reunion, but about a relay. By integrating the axes and accepting the burden of history, they will cease to be the orphans of creation to become its architects: they will become us, the sacred duty will be handed over, and the circle will be drawn again around the two axes in the next branch of the universe.

Understanding the Master Plan. The **Aetherion** ship decoupled its systems from our reality. The coherence core glowed, and the ship jumped toward the next branch, carrying with it not only science and hope, but the sacred lie that would gather the scattered pieces of cosmic consciousness. The **Ouroboros** bit its tail. The game began anew.

And standing there before a young Earth, the mission commander stood up. His face no longer held the innocence of one who goes to save a world, but the heavy burden of one who goes to forge it. And as we all stood to listen to him, the commander began his speech by exclaiming: **—Remember the eternal flame...**