

I LOST MY WAY

AND THEN I FOUND IT

Lukas

*And being found in fashion as a man,
he humbled himself,
and became obedient unto death,
even the death of the cross.*

(Philippians 2:8)

*He was oppressed,
and he was afflicted,
yet he opened not his mouth:
he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter,
and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb,
so he openeth not his mouth.*

(Isaiah 53:7)

*«The Son of Man must suffer many things
and be rejected by the elders and chief priests and scribes,
and be killed and be raised up on the third day.»*

(Luke 9:22)

*And the serpent said unto the woman,
Ye shall not surely die:
For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof,
then your eyes shall be opened,
and ye shall be as gods,
knowing good and evil.*

(Genesis 3:4-5)

PREAMBLE

I do not know where it all began. But in the blink of an eye, I experienced something unbelievable, something that touched me deeply. Now I understand that if you trust the unbelievable, it can indeed return to you in a way that transforms you for the better. However, you must be cautious, because evil can easily creep in, casting its dark shadows over you. Never allow evil to enter your life, not even for an instant. Once it finds its way in, it will demand more and more, like a ravenous beast that grows insatiable the moment you offer it even the smallest morsel.

Now, back to my experiences. I can only describe them as surreal, almost dreamlike. Much of what is recounted in this book occurred within my dreams. That is, of Lukas. I don't wish to give the impression that what follows belongs solely to me. No, it is within these dreams that I have glimpsed the metaphysical edge of reality, and I believe I was guided by my conscience, or at least by what presented itself as my conscience. I am fully aware that these visions may simply be emanations of my subconscious, or the vivid imaginings of an overactive mind. Yet, after these experiences, I can no longer accept that I live in a purely material world. I don't believe in ghosts, but I find myself confronted with the undeniable fact that something beyond the physical is at play in this existence. And so, I feel compelled to share what I have learned about the metaphysical aspects of what we call reality, in the hope that it might help others live better lives.

Before we proceed, I must confess: I don't enjoy discussing the topics that follow. They are deeply personal, and even my closest friends have not been privy to these thoughts. I feel they are only relevant to a select few. This is not a book for everyone. I believe that the one who inspired me to write this wishes to reach a certain

group of souls. I did not write this book alone. I was constantly guided by a spirit — which directed me on what to write, what words to choose, and how to proceed. This spirit never manifested physically, and the only evidence I have of its presence is the ideas it planted in my mind as I wrote. One might say that these words were not crafted by my own mind, but by the spirit I've mentioned.

This spirit appeared to me a few years ago, introducing itself as my conscience. I believe it to be distinct from me, for I have been able to engage in dialogue with it, and all the words I present here are the result of this tireless internal conversation. This spirit revealed to me that while it is a part of me, it is separate from my mind. The meaning of what follows is for you to decide. I have revised this manuscript many times to ensure it is as clear and engaging as possible, dear reader. Allow me to persuade you: it was not I who wrote this, but my conscience.

I believe this spark of divinity — what we call conscience — exists within you too. When we act wrongly, our conscience speaks to us in the form of emotions, ideas, and insights. If you abstain from evil completely, I believe your inner self will speak to you in true words, directly in your mind. Listen carefully, for its guidance will lead you to a life filled with abundance and meaning.

Part I

Wealth, as I was told it works



I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw what I experienced the last time I fell asleep. I'm beginning to think that sleep is a state where we can communicate with beings beyond ourselves, where our conscience speaks to us with words we can only understand in our minds. That's why I've written this book for you, dear reader, to share the incredible experiences I've had, both in my waking life and in dreams. Let me tell you this: the impossible can become possible once you connect with your inner spirit and release any tension or blockage.

The first part of this book is about wealth and how my conscience led me to reflect on it. I used to be a currency trader, devoting my entire life to the pursuit of money. Now, with the wisdom given to me by my speaking conscience, I realise that life can offer much more at a far lesser price, allowing for a life filled with meaning. Have you ever thought that having money, without someone to share it with, is utterly pointless?

There's something else I must tell you: when you accumulate too much money, it becomes hard to manage. It's difficult to control, and if you're not careful, money itself will control you. Believe me, it's not the money we desire, but what money can

provide — relationships, experiences, and the time we spend with family and friends.

I write this to help you form a perspective on a topic that was once a burden for me: money. I believe I've learned enough about money and wealth-building to say that, most often, money is made by taking from others, often with a touch of deceit. Many people give back less than they take, and as a result, they are... scammers. I use no soft words here, for I was a scammer myself.

I don't want any form of deceit in this world. I want a world with dignity, where I can take pride in my fellow human beings. I want these global frauds to stop. That's why I wrote this section: to explain that if you cheat and I don't, we end up in an unequal state where you've gained something, and I've lost something. I don't want to be in that position, nor do I want the reverse — where I have and you do not. I envision a world where there's not just one cake to divide, but enough cakes for everyone. I want that world to begin now — a world without lies and without liars.

But what is a lie, after all? There's a book titled *The Occult Technology of Power*, which proposes that wealth is built through fraud. I can confirm that this is largely true. Trading, as it stands, is based on skilled traders taking advantage of the unskilled. Financial markets provide the very framework for fraud on a global scale. I know this because I've been behind the curtain. A notable scam was the so-called *Nixon Shock* in 1971, when US President Nixon unilaterally ended the convertibility of the US dollar into gold. In the old days, gold and silver were real money, while banknotes and coins were mere claims to such reserves. After all, we want something real, something of value — not just paper or digital

currencies that can be created with the push of a button.¹

Let us begin by understanding this: money is a tool. We use it to avoid carrying with us all the goods we might trade, be it in different places and times. But we must remember: money is dead. I'll say it again — money is dead. It does not live, it cannot love us, and though it is useful for making things happen when we cannot physically lend our labor, it holds no intrinsic value. Here's the good news: what you truly want is not money itself, but the goods and services it can provide. Of course, we want these at specific moments in time and space, and money allows us to receive wealth instantly. However, there's a final point to consider — the pursuit of money can become a beast, one that devours friendship, family, and happiness. I will explore this further in the next chapter.

In this section, I won't just discuss money. I'll also delve into how forces from another realm of existence affirm either good or evil on this planet. I know this is the hardest part for most people to accept. It's deeply supernatural, and many will dismiss it as «magic,» «sorcery,» or «nonsense.» I don't know if these labels apply to my experiences, but I do know I've conversed with entities other than myself in my mind.

You must understand: just because something isn't experienced by most people doesn't mean it isn't real. For example, most people haven't been to the moon and back, yet it's a possibility for trained astronauts. I believe my experiences are much the same — seemingly impossible in your mind, yet entirely possible. And I know that what I experienced was undeniably true.

I leave you with this hope: that after reading this first section,

¹In this sense, Bitcoin is distinct from fiat currencies, but that's a topic for another time.

your views on money will shift toward what we all truly seek — the real and meaningful good in life: happiness.

How Not to Lose Money in Managing It

The serpent lost its empire

*It now converted itself to the faithful serving of the Lord
In truthfulness, candor and love.*

I will begin this chapter by sharing a letter. Below, I address those who might benefit most from what I've learned during countless sleepless nights. I, Jordan — now called Lukas — was once a currency trader. Today, I have dedicated my life to helping the poor. No longer do I gaze at price charts or analyse the financial markets. Looking back, I see that I once «traded» smiles and friendships for four large screens, scanning currency pairs and making profits from day trades. Money was my life and my desire, not a tool to fulfill my passions or values. Now, relationships fuel me, and I am richly rewarded. I may not be the most well-known man in the world, but I can confidently say that I am content with my life.

In the following pages, I want to shed light on the thoughts that have come to me in dreams, or in those hazy moments when I am not quite awake. These experiences feel profound, and I believe they hold wisdom worth sharing with a wider audience. I cannot tell you exactly where they come from, but often, in the dead of night, I would wake with a feeling — some «presence» urging me to rise because a message awaited me. I would then sit and write the very words you are

about to read.

I am convinced that these thoughts were not entirely my own. They felt as though they belonged to someone else, yet somehow they lived within me. I've always been of sound mind and health, never plagued by illness, and I firmly believe that these messages were delivered through my «conscience» (more on that in a later chapter). While I don't know exactly who or what was speaking to me, it felt almost divine. These encounters were far from ordinary. I was awakened at 3 a.m. by a vivid dream, and what followed was a conversation with a being — another human, I thought, though one that existed solely within my mind. I was certain I wasn't just entertaining an idea but experiencing communion with another living entity, albeit an immaterial one.

I even consulted a psychiatrist, who assured me this was not schizophrenia, nor were these hallucinations — no auditory or visual distortions. I am, in every sense, healthy. Yet these «beings,» for lack of a better term, have entrusted me with a message to share with my fellow men and women. And so I make this promise: I will now live and feel better than I ever did as a currency trader, and I will pursue marvellous things that once seemed impossible to me.

I will begin simply: Here is the letter I address to you.

Bern, 18 October 2022

Jordan writes to all men and women who seek happiness in life. The dream I had

last night was otherworldly. There was something in my mind — not clearly defined — but I sensed it came from deep within. Oh, what an illusion the mind can be! And yet the mysteries of the brain are even harder to comprehend. I don't know if we are our minds, but I'd say we are, at the very least, the observers described by the so-called ACT schools of psychotherapy. I believe in this because it reveals truths about many aspects of the self.

I've often been questioned about the purpose of wealth, and here's what I've found: true wealth does not lie in money itself. Through my experience, I've learned that the most important thing is to serve others, to do meaningful work. Let me say this again: you are meant to be humble, to do favours for others — not for personal gain, but out of honest altruism. When you do good for yourself, you will appreciate it. Even more, others will value the unselfish kindness you extend to them. It's the timeless Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

As a former currency trader, I tell you this: if you want to handle money properly, do not see it as the essence of wealth.

Frankly, think of it as a mere tool, nothing more. Managing money is a job, a duty — not something to excite you. Money is important, yes, but it remains an object. Why be so obsessed with it? The answer is clear: you seek to get rich and live a life of excess. But I can assure you, you will find greater independence and happiness if you manage your money wisely.

With that said, here are my four key principles for a healthy relationship with money:

1. Forget about it
2. Define your values
3. Become rich in your values
4. View wealth with new eyes.

These are truths about life: First, life itself is the greatest wealth you can possess. Second, your time is irreplaceable. Third, when you reflect on your life, you may wish you had accumulated more money. But outside of poverty, I assure you, excessive wealth brings its own troubles. Finally, it is the people in your life who give meaning to your existence, for a life lived in selfish isolation lacks the richness of friendship and family.

I strive to be a good person. I want to do

good in this life. I am the creator of my own life, and I aim to make the most of it — to do meaningful things for my fellow men! To host magnificent celebrations because I have the means! To embark on meaningful ventures while enjoying every step! To explore foreign lands and languages, to see places hidden from my eyes! To watch my children grow, and to experience an idyllic marriage with my beloved wife! Behold, these are my desires, behold, this is my will, behold, this is what I seek!

Do you remember? Life is filled with precious gifts, but you must plant many seeds, for not all will survive to bear fruit. Yet when the tree matures, you will rejoice in its harvest. But never forget — you did not stop working while waiting for the tree to grow from a seedling into a fruitful giant. Come, dear friend, and I will teach you how to achieve your desires while remaining good, respecting friends, family, and even enemies. For remember, dear friend, a war will cost you not just an eye, but perhaps your entire life, and you may well lose your harvest. I don't think you want to lose your harvest, so refrain from waging war, speaking ill of others, or committing evil against your fellow men.

Have you ever thought that by going to war, you would lose friends and family — for what? Is more land worth the lives of those dearest to you? Think carefully, for the cost of war is the neglect of yourself, and in doing so, you may lose sight of what truly matters — life itself and the beauty the world offers you. Think well, for failing to focus on the best in life will rob you of those things, and, in extreme cases, life itself.

Remember, love is one of the deepest powers in man; use it for good. Think twice before doing harm to your fellow men and women. We've seen the devastation that follows revenge. Never allow anger or hatred to guide your actions, for these emotions will corrode the intimacy of your soul, causing it to degenerate into something undesirable to all.

«Hello, I am your conscience!»

«What?»

«I speak to you now, dear Jordan, for I am your conscience. We have been together since your birth. I know you from the depths of your being, for I have been given the task of guiding you through reality and ensuring that you end your life without

regret. But I also know it's not just about avoiding regret, but about maximising life. Think about this, for I won't say it twice: Happiness is the result of luck and hard work. But don't rely on luck — it's unpredictable. And yet, so many men and women depend on luck for happiness. So few, though, sit down and think about how they can work to reach the heights of earthly joy. Remember, my dear, if you dedicate yourself to being truly happy, you will be rewarded with the juiciest fruits possible, requiring little or no money.

Before my time runs out, let me remind you: it is not money, but happiness, that we truly seek. I know a man without money is often angry, but I also know that many poor farmers in the East are happier than wealthy men in the West. Do not be troubled by this old story, for the real secrets of wealth lie in a life well-lived. That, my dear, is true wealth: the result of disciplined labor. Winning the lottery — whether national or through financial trickery — is no path to lasting wealth. True wealth is you, alongside your friends and family, doing amazing things and savouring every moment. Taste the goodness of such a life: you are always uplifted, and nothing can harm you.

I also want to remind you that such a life is entirely within your reach. Everything we've discussed so far is possible for men and women of your generation, as it was for those of ancient times, and as it will be for future generations. I'm not speaking of countries devastated by politics or war. I'm talking about your fellow humans in developed nations, where conflict does not cloud foreign relations. And trust me, the attitudes you'll find here apply to diplomacy as well.

Though diplomacy is a very different thing from happiness, remember this ancient Chinese wisdom: the good ruler of a family will also rule the kingdom well, for the kingdom is but a large family. But now I must be silent and let you, Jordan, speak. For I am seldom heard with such a loud voice, I mostly speak by hints and sparks of ideas. Farewell, oh my, I shall be here — only a little quieter.»

And so ends the letter I've addressed to you, dear reader. As you may have noticed, the latter part was dictated by my conscience, or by what appeared to be its manifestation. I hope you found something meaningful within these words. But now, let us proceed, as this chapter addresses a different subject: how to avoid losing money.

We must tread carefully with certain words, especially

money, which for many evokes the terrible spectre of greed. This, of course, is not only unhelpful — it's dangerous. Therefore, I believe it's time to reconsider the terms we use. Instead of «money,» I propose the phrases *medium of exchange* and *store of value*. These terms are much more neutral, don't you think? Our mediums of exchange serve us by facilitating transactions, while our stores of value preserve our purchasing power over time, helping us acquire goods and services without diminishing their worth. I'm deliberately not delving into the issue of inflation here, which is an undeniable problem with modern fiat currencies, as they are no longer tied to any tangible asset like gold.

What we are truly focusing on is the art of preserving wealth, or in more technical terms, money management. The first step in this process is to remove all traces of greed from our financial dealings. This is no small task. Many will find this difficult — and that is a sure sign they are too attached to their wealth. Imagine for a moment that you could live just as well with several thousand euros (or the currency of your choice) less in your bank account. The problem isn't necessarily losing money, whether through speculation, impulsive purchases, or bad decisions. No, the real issue lies in the behaviours that lead to such losses. The loss is merely a consequence — the behaviours are the cause.

Now, I'm not advocating for losing money — certainly not! But I do believe that greed is often the

root cause of these losses. Greed will devour you the moment you stop focusing on the life you want and start obsessing over accumulating more wealth. To eliminate greed from your life, consider giving. Be selfless instead of selfish, generous instead of greedy.

If a charity asks for help, give what you can. Be generous to the poor, to those who beg of you. Make selfless gestures toward friends and family, and you'll witness beautiful moments unfold. But that's just the beginning. Spending money wisely will further refine your attitude toward it. Not every expenditure should be seen as a loss. If you need to redecorate your living room, for example, buying a new sofa or a tapestry isn't a waste. These are long-term purchases that enhance your quality of life. I once made the mistake of thinking that any money spent was money lost, but that's not true. You gain in other ways: comfort, joy, or the utility of the purchase. Of course, not all purchases are equal, but changing how you think about spending, with a more neutral approach, can help in the quest to eliminate greed.

Why is this eradication of greed so important? It is because we must reverse the roles of master and servant. When it comes to money, you should be the master, and money the servant. But too often, the reverse is true — money becomes the master, and we, its servants. I admit, I've fallen into this trap, allowing my money to dictate my actions rather than using it to serve my needs and dreams. The goal is clear: We must regain control over money, making it our loyal

servant, ready to help us fulfil our aspirations.

The key is this: as soon as you stop thinking about money all the time, its power over you diminishes. This frees you to focus on what truly matters: your values. If you recall the earlier letter, there were four key points. The first was to stop fixating on money. If you're someone who compulsively checks your bank balance every time your salary hits, start by resisting the urge. Check it a few days later, when it suits you, and in the meantime, focus on more meaningful aspects of your life.

Here's a challenge: commit to freeing yourself from the compulsion to track every cent, and start valuing something beyond what's credited to your account. You are worth so much more than the sum of your finances, and that, my friend, will be explored in another chapter of this book.

Now, let us turn to the four pillars, the four essential tenets of a healthy relationship with money.



1.1 FORGET ABOUT MONEY

Love is what you truly want. The love of a loving mother, and of a loving spouse.

This is the first point in the four-point list from the letter above: «First, forget about it,» where *it* refers to money. I understand fully that when we are in financial distress, money can dominate our thoughts. Such situations will be addressed later in this chapter, but for now, let's focus on those who have enough money yet are still overly controlled by it.

In this case, I suggest the idea of not keeping a meticulous account book. This doesn't mean you stop tracking your expenses entirely, but rather that you let go of obsessing over what you have, in order to free yourself from being bound too tightly by money.

Think about it: The less you dwell on money, the more space you make for other important things — like your favourite sport, your career, or your family. If you struggle with greed, consider that releasing your attachment to money may, paradoxically, bring more of it into your life and ultimately improve its quality. If this isn't yet clear, remember that money is simply a tool, a means to facilitate transactions. Nothing on earth is more utilitarian than money. We don't love a medium of exchange; we should be neutral toward it.

If you're greedy, you may be afraid to let go of this attachment, because it provides you with a sense of control, security, and comfort. But this is a dangerous mindset. If we want to have a healthy relationship with

money, we must see it for what it is: a tool, a form of technology that helps us achieve what we truly value in life. And that's the key: what we value most in life is the real goal.

Now, I'm not suggesting that you neglect your finances or shirk responsibility. Rather, I'm saying that our true desires lie elsewhere — in things like travel, meaningful relationships, or a loving spouse. These are the things we really want, not money itself. Money is necessary to achieve these things, yes, but it is not the goal: it is merely the means. Money is just a link in the chain, not the end of it. By now, I hope you see that money is not an end, not an achievement. It is the business you start, the home you provide for your family, the artwork you hang in your living room.

In truth, we can philosophise further and say that even these are not the ultimate goals. A business should foster creativity and help others. A home brings comfort and stability. A piece of art offers beauty and inspiration. What we truly desire are states of being that we recognise as pleasurable, fulfilling, and *good*. Yes, we may have found our ultimate goal: good. Good is what we want in every aspect of life. Think of a good car: wouldn't you want one? Or a wonderful vacation: didn't it feel good to go? It was good.

But what is good? Good is the end goal we seek in all our endeavours. It is the purpose behind our actions, and it is the ultimate fulfilment of them.

Now, what is the opposite of «good?» It is not «bad,» for bad is merely an adjective. The true opposite of good, as a substantive, is evil. We do not desire things that are inherently evil. Could you say you want a rotten fruit or a failed marriage? Of course not. These things are bad, and at their core lies evil. Evil is what makes bad things undesirable. I believe you understand my point: We seek what is good and avoid what is evil. Bad things make us feel bad, or worse: they make us suffer. And who wants to suffer? Good things, on the other hand, bring us joy and satisfaction. We want good things. No one desires something as harmful as a knife in their chest. We would rather have a loved one gently caress us. It's far more pleasant, far better (which is just another form of good).

The distinction between good and bad — or more accurately, between good and evil — is central to this discussion, because it leads us to what truly matters in our lives. We began by talking about money and concluded that it is not an end in itself. So, if money isn't the ultimate goal, what is? This question will be explored in the next section, or as I mentioned in the letter above, the part about defining your values. I believe this is the most important part of the book, as it will help us discover what really matters.

1.2 DEFINE YOUR VALUES

What is it that you truly cherish? Is your highest desire to own a Lamborghini? Or perhaps a yacht to sail the oceans? Maybe it's a loving marriage or a successful business venture. Among these, I

would bet that your true desires lean toward the latter two. I say this because I am fully confident that an Italian sports car or a yacht, whether large or small, merely serves as a means to something greater. The Lamborghini might fulfil a desire for speed on a proper race track, while the yacht might represent the dream of a memorable cruise with your best friends. But if we look more closely at the case of the Lamborghini, we find that what you truly cherish is not the car itself, but rather the thrill of the sport it enables. And if you choose to keep the car stored away in the garage, perhaps it's because you treasure its value as a collectible. In the case of the yacht, what you likely desire is the friendship it brings, using it as a catalyst for connection no different than a shared meal can bring people closer.

What, then, is truly good in these scenarios? Is it the Lamborghini or the yacht that is good? They may be good in their own right if they're well-crafted, but I believe it is the deeper values they help foster that are genuinely good. Sports are good because they make you interesting in the eyes of others, giving you something to share in your next meeting. In the case of the yacht, the true goodness lies in friendship. In this sense, friendship is a value — a link that draws us toward the absolute good.

I don't believe in God, but if God existed, He would undoubtedly be the highest possible good, a state we cannot reach by following a path of wrongdoing, but that we might approach through good deeds. I am

doubtful that such a path could be fully achieved on earth if God were to exist, yet I imagine it could be realized in a hypothetical afterlife where all the stains of evil would be washed away from our... souls, for lack of a better word.

What, then, is a value? A value, as I define it here, is something that connects us to the highest good. Since we all seek the good, values are what enable us to experience it. But there's more: values are intrinsically valuable. They span family, friendship, love, sport, knowledge, and nourishment — things we are naturally inclined to pursue on this earthly plane. The pursuit of wealth, in contrast, is not a value, just as money is not a value. But I admit, if we redefine wealth as *having all that is necessary to live a life of value*, then yes, I would consider even wealth a kind of value. But only in a limited sense. Notice that *money* is material: coins, banknotes, digits on a screen... whereas *wealth*, in the sense I propose, is something intangible. *Having* is a verb; it is non-material. Thus, we can say that values are both good and immaterial, while raw matter, in itself, is not a value. This is not to say that money is evil; it is neutral. But having agreed that we seek a good life, we would do well to focus on what is good, rather than on distractions that, while enticing, can lead us away from a life of value. These distractions may not inherently be bad, but greed certainly is, as it diverts us from living well and from reaching for the highest good. It stands as an obstacle in our way.

I challenge you to live a life of value if your focus is solely on lottery tickets, getting angry, or oversized meals.

Let's start with the first. The lottery is a harmful pursuit because it preys on the ignorance of the masses. The average lottery player doesn't realise just how astronomically unlikely it is to win. With odds like 1 in 10 million, you're more likely to be struck by lightning (a 1 in 700,000 chance) than to win a national lottery jackpot. If you haven't been struck by lightning, think about it: winning the lottery is far rarer. Yet thousands continue to play, losing not only their money but also their hope. «But someone does win!» I hear you say. Yes, just as someone does get struck by lightning. Lottery winners make the news, but the countless others who lose fade into obscurity — that's the norm.

Now, I challenge you to live a life of value if you habitually let yourself get angry. When you do, consider what anger truly is. Anger is simply a collection of biological responses designed to intimidate others — an emotional, even verbal, assault. Do you enjoy being shouted at? Do you like when someone's anger is directed at you? If not, then why should friends, colleagues, or family members appreciate it from you? Anger doesn't lead us to anything good; it takes us down a path that is, by its very nature, destructive. Think about it: you wouldn't shout at yourself in the mirror. Yet, when we refrain from acting with anger, we're moving along a path that declares, «I reject what is harmful; I

reject the devil, and I choose goodness.» We must reject what is harmful because it leads us down only one road — death. We must reject the devil (even if we don't know if he exists) as the personification of all evil. But if we reject goodness, then what are we left with?

I'll tell you, as this is a trap I often fell into in the past: If we say no to evil but do not say yes to goodness, we find ourselves in limbo. Suppose a friend hits us with an unpleasant remark. If we lack a moral compass, we might just shrug it off, thinking, «It's not a big deal.» But next time, we might lash out, saying something like, «Go to hell!» I argue here, emphatically, that we must actively choose goodness.

What, then, is goodness? I believe that goodness is not a person but a philosophical concept that helps us understand something deeply embedded in every soul. Goodness could be God if God exists. If He did, He would be ultimate goodness, the absolute, the end goal of every life. But what if God does not exist? In that case, goodness would remain an abstract concept without intrinsic power. Though I don't believe in God, I am convinced that goodness is more than a theory — it is something that enriches our lives.

So, I say again: say no to evil, no to any embodiment of evil, and actively yes to goodness. Doing so aligns you toward a life of meaning, value, and even joy.

Now let's talk about eating oversized meals. Why shouldn't you relish in the world of gastronomy?

After all, cooking is a joy, and a good meal can be immensely pleasurable. I, too, love cooking and enjoy surprising friends with new recipes at dinner. My point is not to disparage the joy of good food but to question the excess. If you consistently eat more than your body needs, your health suffers — whether through weight gain or other ailments. If you eat out of gluttony rather than hunger, you're not eating because you need to; you're eating for mere indulgence. «A few extra pounds won't kill me!» you might say. That may be true, but consider this: gluttony shifts our relationship with food, an essential part of life, toward greed. It moves us away from what is healthy and necessary. By indulging excessively, we damage our health for the fleeting pleasure of taste. The «sin» of gluttony, in fact, shifts eating away from its purpose (to nourish the body) toward something else entirely — selfish satisfaction.

Enjoy a good meal, of course, but ask yourself if you've ever sneaked food in secret, not from hunger but from the urge for taste alone. Such a sensation, while not wrong, is ultimately unnecessary if there's no physical need for it. Ever thought about how the moments we genuinely need to eat are those when we're actually hungry?

But I'll pause here. The point I want to make is that gluttony is a counter-value. Why? Simply put, it's selfish. In contrast, cooking for friends is valuable because it involves sharing your skills and bringing joy to others. Focusing on this value — sharing food with

others — frees us from gluttony, which in the long run only degrades our health and our character. By pursuing value, we transform into someone who is not only healthier but also appreciated by others.

What was the purpose of all this? The aim of this section is to help you identify your values. What is a value? A value, we've said, is something that guides us toward goodness. In this sense, a value is a tool, something that leads us toward emotions, feelings, and states of being, rather than an end in itself. However, since concepts like «good» or «goodness» can feel abstract, we can simplify by saying that values are like goals — ends in themselves, things that we inherently desire. A value is not something you fully attain; more importantly, it is something you live by continuously.

For instance, let's say your value is sports. You never reach an absolute state of «sporthood,» but you can engage in sports daily, making them part of your life and thus your value. Now, we need to outline a method for discovering your values, as many readers may be uncertain of theirs. Here, I propose that values are all those activities and states that bring us a sense of well-being. Perhaps mountaineering makes me feel great, while it may not for you. Or maybe you love traveling around the world (which, as it happens, I also enjoy). To discover your values, recall those moments in life when you felt truly happy and make a list of the activities you were engaged in during those times. Think about this: if you felt good, chances are those around you noticed it, and you likely shared

a wonderful time together. Values are not meant to be purely self-centered; they're meant to be shared. We do not live in isolation on this planet but instead share life with others, creating meaningful experiences along the way.

Consider this: *I want to live a life of value.* If you hold onto this aspiration, you will find goodness — the ultimate reward — in this mortal life. I can't say for certain if there are other lives beyond this one, but I do know that a life of value is a life worth living. Write down all those times in your life when you felt good and note what you were doing at that moment. To illustrate, here's an example below.

Moment in my life	I was doing (value)
• In the mountains	Mountaineering
• In my classroom, with my classmates tasting a cake baked by me	Cuisine
• In bed, cuddling with my former girlfriend	Relationship
• At my master's thesis discussion	Knowledge

This table of life moments and values made me realise that while working as a currency trader, I was barely living according to my values. I had money, yet I was neglecting the things I truly valued—sports, cooking, time with loved ones, and the pursuit of knowledge. It's worth noting that most of these values can be lived daily, requiring little beyond intention. Apart from mountaineering, which might need a weekend, the

rest can be pursued on regular days, unbound by any specific timing. To reach our own «good,» which may be within arm's reach, we need to give these values a high priority in our lives.

Have you identified your values? Do it now, because the next step is to *get rich in your values*. This richness isn't about money but about accumulating intangible, spiritual wealth. Remember, values bring us closer and closer to our ultimate good. Our good is our purpose, our highest goal, and values are the tools that guide us toward it. So let's get rich in our values and live a life of true meaning!

1.3 GET RICH IN YOUR VALUES

What is your main value? For some, it might be friendship. For others, family. For still others, perhaps it's work. Once you've defined your values — those that make you feel good, fulfilled, and genuinely alive — we can now explore how to nurture and fulfil them. If you've determined that «family» is a key value but only spend a couple of evenings with loved ones each week, you might increase that time to truly honour this value.

Let me share another example to illustrate what I mean. In moments of quiet reflection, I began to realize I was neglecting something important to me: cooking. In my youth, I often cooked for others, not for myself, and I found joy in creating something for others' enjoyment. This act of selfless cooking brought me closer to a meaningful life, which is what I believe

values are all about. A value like cooking, or art, can transform us; these pursuits connect us to beauty, immaterial and spiritual, and the pursuit of beauty is deeply fulfilling. Think of a piece of art: its beauty remains constant, never fading, and it offers aesthetics that can inspire endlessly. How wonderful that is!

Now, let's outline a path toward living richly in your values — a path toward a life of meaning. In the previous section, you identified your values; now let's make sure they become a constant part of your life. This is essential because your time and energy are limited, yet you want the best in life. So, what stands between you and a good life? The answer, plainly, is what we might call «evil» or simply harmful actions. To live a life of value, we must actively resist doing harm, especially to others. And while life might bring us hardship or even harm, what truly matters is how we respond to it. If we meet negativity with negativity, we only distance ourselves from the goodness we're seeking. So how should we respond? The answer, as paradoxical as it may sound, is simple: with goodness.

Consider this: if someone shouts at you, don't respond with anger. Avoid the temptation to defend your pride aggressively. Instead, choose silence, humility, and calm. And remember this principle: do not do to others what you would not want done to you. This, often called the «negative form of the Golden Rule,» can guide us when we are tempted by harmful actions. But there is also a positive side to the Golden Rule:

Do unto others as you would have them
do unto you.

What does this mean? It teaches us that refraining from harm is not enough to live a meaningful life. To truly live well, we must actively pursue goodness, especially toward others. How beautiful is that! A life not centred on ourselves but on others — a life rich in selflessness and meaning. The Golden Rule can apply to almost any situation, showing us the path to our highest good, and with it, happiness. Once you have discovered this goodness, you won't wish to return to old ways. You'll see that you are doing wonderfully, with no reason to disrupt the peace you've found.

We have outlined ways to live a life grounded in values, but how can we truly become rich in those values? To be rich in a value means saying yes to goodness in every moment. When you prioritise family tonight, you are saying yes to goodness. When you choose to prepare a meal for your partner, you affirm the value of cooking, drawing closer to goodness.

How can we grow rich in our values? Take, for example, the value of sport. Embracing a value doesn't just mean performing the activity regularly; it means embracing the very essence of that value: the spirit of athleticism, strength, and well-being. But what is «sport»? One might name curling, football, or skiing, yet these examples don't capture what the concept means. Ultimately, sport is something immaterial, an idea that exists within the mind.

Ideas like these give structure to the world around us, helping us to live meaningfully. Returning to our example, if your primary value is sport, how can you become rich in it? Practicing with good intentions is the first step. Selfless intentions uplift others; the benefits of your athletic pursuits can ripple outward, benefiting those around you. For instance, your physical strength might help you support your family with demanding tasks. When you approach your values with goodness in mind, they'll naturally feel enriching. This, in short, is what it means to become rich in your values — living them in a way that brings goodness to you, to others, and to life itself.

Keep this in mind: have the outcome in mind—being, feeling good—when living your values. This is how you become rich in them.

All that's left is to practice your values. Start small. Spend 15 minutes at the keyboard you've always meant to play, and you may already feel the joy of creating beauty, which can encourage you to continue tomorrow. The goodness you'll feel in this pursuit will deepen your love for it. Love is the driving force that brings us closer to goodness, drawing out more from within us. When we love something, we want it more! This is key to fully living our values. Thinking about the good outcome when practicing values is one thing, but love elevates that meaning to a higher level. Love is an end in itself, yet it also moves us to stay true to our path.

Love is what we ultimately desire, and those who claim

otherwise likely don't understand its depth. We can set aside their ideas as harmful or unhelpful for a life of values, growth, and goodness.

Some years ago, I wrote a short poem that feels fitting to share here, as it speaks to this theme of love:

One day I was looking
For the betterment of man
The superhuman, the man-god
The highest attainable on Earth.

But I found nothing here
I could use in this quest.
Then I saw a lady:
She was pretty and beautiful.

I saw her twice and I thought:
«I will speak to her!»
I don't know what it was that I felt.
But I got to know her.

She was interesting, funny, amazing!
I really treasured the moment with her.
What was that I felt?
What was that I perceived?

I don't know, but I feel better.
When I see her.
Because love is selfless.

And always for others.

And my time with her has been selfish.
I love you, dear nameless lady.
And I want to see you again.

Love is a powerful force, a value greater than ourselves, and ultimately, it's what we live for. Wouldn't you agree? My hope is that we can live our values with a steady focus on the good, and that we can embody them with love. For in truth, that is what each of us ultimately desires.

To conclude, let us remember: live your values with goodness as your goal, and let love be the guide in every pursuit. By doing so, we free ourselves from many demons, especially the spirit of greed — a fitting thought, given that this chapter centres on money. In the next section, we will explore a fresh perspective on wealth, one that shifts our understanding and transforms our lives.

1.4 VIEW WEALTH WITH NEW EYES

As the title of this section suggests, we're not simply rethinking money; we're looking at wealth with new eyes. Why focus on wealth instead of money? Because money is a tool, not a value. Wealth, however, can embody value if we use it to uplift others, to support our families, and to strengthen our communities. True, wealth can indeed be a force for good — but it's not just about the sum in our bank accounts. Wealth

is the sum total of all that you own, materially and financially: your home, your car, your investments, your bike — all of these assets contribute to your wealth.

To clarify, this book isn't a guide to accumulating monetary riches. That's not its purpose. Rather, my aim is to share ideas that can help you live a rich, fulfilled life and, ideally, experience the happiness that comes with it. I'm not suggesting you need great wealth to feel rich; rather, a rich life is accessible to most of us. Who might not achieve it? Those living in severe poverty, those afflicted with serious illness, and those unwilling to put in the work to lead a meaningful life. For it's often easier to ignore the duties that bring us closer to our values and to goodness, surrendering instead to complacency.

Now, I want to revisit an earlier point about poverty — and poor health. What is poverty? It is the lack of sufficient means to meet one's basic needs or the needs of one's family. While I don't have a universal solution to poverty, I do advocate for generosity, a willingness for those who have to support those who don't. Other approaches, such as improving education or «teaching the poor to lift themselves up,» can follow. But if a person is hungry now and lacks the means to eat, social support must come first.

Beyond poverty, poor health is another significant concern. People don't choose poor health, and most would prefer to be well. I'm not a doctor, so I offer no medical advice, but I do believe this: we

should do everything in our power to safeguard the health we have. In the face of grave illnesses, such as malignant cancers, we often must radically accept the suffering we've been given. *Radically* is the key, for while we may wish for a different outcome, reality has chosen another story for us. And where does the real harm lie? I suggest it lies in how we respond. If we surrender to discouragement, anger, or sadness, we allow illness to claim even more from us. Instead, resist discouragement — even in the face of extreme challenges — for despair robs us of life's best moments.

But let's return to our main focus: looking at wealth with new eyes. What is wealth, truly? As mentioned, it encompasses all that we *own*. Yet I propose that there exists another form of wealth — an intangible wealth that lives in our knowledge, in wisdom not easily found or freely given.

Last night, I had a vision as I drifted toward sleep. I saw a man, starving, resorting to consuming his own body to survive. I saw a young woman, unhappily bound to her husband. I saw many others struggling with deep dissatisfaction. I sensed that these people represented our world, for how often are we ourselves dissatisfied with our lives, unsure of our purpose, unsure of why we are here on this planet we call Earth. But pause a moment: is our purpose here truly to gather as much money as possible, to lead a life of constant pleasure? Hedonism might seem the pursuit of many, but I found myself questioning if our true purpose

isn't something more meaningful — an enduring, intangible form of wealth, one that is moral, even spiritual.

As I've already mentioned, we all seek a supreme form of goodness — an archetype of our ideal of virtue. This direction we all yearn for is what I call *the Way*. The Way may look different for each of us, yet it is a specific path we must follow to achieve enduring well-being and satisfaction in this life. The Japanese have a term that comes remarkably close to this concept: *ikigai*. Ikigai is the sweet spot where one's passions, work, skills, and the needs of the world intersect. In essence, ikigai is a *reason* for being, and pursuing your ikigai is essential for living a meaningful life — one that is both fulfilling and benefits others. We seek ikigai because it is a path to self-satisfaction that is also selfless.

But what can we gather from this? While ikigai might be our focus on Earth, I propose that there is something beyond it — a force that transcends earthly constraints and looks toward a higher good, liberating us from our limited confines here. This force, which is beyond us yet elevates us, I call *Eternal Rest*.

Eternal Rest is a state of complete stillness, where our senses are quiet, yet we are content. We find Eternal Rest in our calling, which each person must discover. When we achieve it, we experience a sense of ease and complete well-being. Eternal Rest, however, should not be mistaken for death, as I believe that, in

death, we do not exist.¹ Why do I call it *Eternal Rest*? Although «eternal» evokes a notion of transcendence that I do not fully understand or believe in, I use the term because I see this mental repose as a perpetual stillness of the senses. When we find ourselves in Eternal Rest, we become unshakable, grounded in perfect peace and righteousness.

I can already imagine readers objecting, «Weren't we supposed to discuss money management?» «Aren't we here to learn financial strategies?» «Why doesn't Lukas share his currency-trading techniques? I want to make money!» To that, I respond: first, let's consider wealth in a broader sense, because without a clear understanding of wealth, money is hollow. Second, I believe our focus should be on what makes life truly meaningful. If we chase only after money, we often neglect the foundational elements of a well-lived life — the very purpose of wealth.

Still, here are some financial insights I'd like to share.

Once again, it's essential to recognise that money is a tool, not an end in itself. Today, we live in a system dependent on fiat currency, which enriches central banks at the expense of the public. Fiat currency is a finely-tuned mechanism that erodes purchasing power — ultimately the power to shape nations and economies. This benefits the highest tiers of financial capitalism, which are largely unaccountable to

¹Religious people might speculate that our souls, in some form, endure after physical death, but I won't delve into that, as I lack knowledge about souls. Instead, I focus here on earthly joy, the one I know best.

governments. The financial system is thus structured so that those at the lower levels, like retail traders, cannot access the privileges available to financial elites, who are positioned close to central banks and government bond issuance.

For further insight, I refer you to *The Occult Technology of Power*, which explores the underlying economic system that drives today's world order — namely *Keynesianism*, a system that I believe enables significant financial exploitation. Keynesianism is, at its core, a centralised, mixed economy, where the state's power is frequently invoked to «stabilise» markets through government intervention, primarily via fiscal policy (like taxation) and, crucially, monetary policy, managed by central banks. I steer clear of conspiracy theories to maintain an objective perspective; however, I feel compelled to share what I've observed. I have serious doubts that the actions of the political and financial elite — those closest to central banks — align with the interests of the people they are supposed to serve. I urge you to read *The Occult Technology of Power*, as it offers profound insights into our highly financialised world — a system ultimately designed to benefit a select few wealthy families at the expense of the broader population.

What can we understand from this? When it comes to managing money, one thing must be clear: reaching the level of the most prominent financial dynasties is nearly impossible. Over centuries, they

have structured a system to benefit themselves almost exclusively. Our best course of action within this setup is to survive in a framework that subtly, yet steadily, erodes wealth for the broader population, shaping the masses to fit the interests of financial capitalists. We must actively reject the goals of this system, saying no to the dominance of dynastic interests over the state. We need to envision a system in which the entire population can thrive — not just a few at the expense of the many, locked in a predatory hierarchy. Such a society should reward creativity and initiative, providing every citizen with equal opportunity. Of course, wealth will vary, but there must be strong social support for those who have less, enabling the whole society to prosper.

I have been contemplating entering politics to promote these principles. Our modern left-right polarisation is largely a false dichotomy, distracting the public from the real concentration of power — that which lies with those closest to central banks. Kings, queens, and presidents alike wield less power than the financial capitalists who, with freshly printed fiat currency, shape political campaigns, public opinion, and industry futures to their advantage. The injustice of this system is widely unrecognised, yet it is a fact of our time. In this context, I want to acknowledge the advanced social system of the Nordic countries, where the individual is prioritised, and the state serves individuals and families. True socialism can indeed foster a flourishing society, though a disproportionate

concentration of wealth — like having three billion euros — works against any attempt to foster equality. Imagine a wealthy magnate who does not wish to share his wealth; no one can force him, as he has earned it. Rather than heavy taxation, we might envision an approach where the poorest are seen as potential assets to the wealthy. However, those with little cannot fully contribute. This system could rely less on state intervention and more on private contribution, where the wealthy give back to society, aiding the vulnerable.

Over centuries, governments have demonstrated significant inefficiencies in managing public funds, while private competition generally selects for efficiency — an essential component of a prosperous society.

One book has profoundly simplified economics while remaining effective: *Economics in One Lesson* by Henry Hazlitt, available online. The book's central message is «the lesson» mentioned in the title. Paraphrasing Hazlitt's exact words:

Economics considers not only the immediate results of an action but also its long-term effects, looking at the outcomes for all social groups, not just one.

We understand, then, that true efficiency considers the long-term effects of every action and the well-being of all involved groups. This comprehensive perspective is key to properly managing wealth, as money (or wealth)

should be seen in context: we live in society, not in isolation.

In light of this, what role should the state play? Some argue the state should focus solely on «internal order and border defence,» leaving all economic activity to private enterprise. There is no such country today, and I am uncertain if such a model could ensure citizens' welfare. But with a genuine system of free markets, the «invisible hand,» as coined by economist Adam Smith (1723-1790), would function to society's benefit as a whole.

What can we learn from all this? Even without great wealth, we are all economic actors. Hazlitt's lesson is applicable to our daily lives. Suppose we wish to buy a new house that is exceptionally underpriced. We might think, «How fortunate! I'll save on this purchase.» But others will think the same, and soon, hundreds of potential buyers will line up, making it unlikely we'll be the lucky ones. The sellers fail to realise they have undervalued their property, which does no favours to anyone: they lose profit, and the buyers' hopes remain unfulfilled. This mispricing is inefficient. What should they have done instead? By researching the market and listing their property at a realistic price, they would have benefited both themselves and the potential buyers.

From this, we understand the importance of behaving in ways that are *efficient* — for everyone and with a long-term perspective. Let's emphasise that again: *efficiency for everyone, sustained over the long*

term. This principle is a guiding law, essential to bear in mind. Now, how does this relate to money management, the topic I promised to address in the opening of this chapter, «How Not to Lose Money While Managing It»? We'll reach that soon. But first, it was crucial to set aside any trace of greed, as greed is not only unproductive in economic terms but ultimately counter-efficient. We explored freeing ourselves from greed, defining our values, which is a pivotal step in understanding the direction our lives should take. We then enriched our lives by aligning with the good. Now, we're ready to view our wealth anew. We'll do just that in a moment. But there's one more thing we need to discuss: how to attain true wealth.

«Getting rich» — the idea so many people chase — might be better described as *obtaining more money*. This phrasing, however, is misleading, as it focuses only on greed and ignores values, the foundation of a meaningful life. Someone with vast wealth but no values will lack meaning. I prefer the concept of «getting rich» in the sense of becoming *rich in values*, leading to a life imbued with purpose. I know this chapter is supposed to focus on money, but here's a thought: perhaps the title was meant to draw you in, only to reveal something far more precious. Could this chapter be a trick Lukas devised to prompt deeper reflection? Perhaps.

Or perhaps we're on the verge of a broader revelation about wealth itself. Wealth, in its fullest sense, is

about experiencing life completely. That's likely not a dictionary definition, but it offers a fresh perspective on wealth — one that opens a pathway to true abundance.

Have you ever truly felt wealthy? It's like this: you never tire of work because you savour every bit of it. You enjoy your profession, surrounded by colleagues who make each day rewarding. In your free time, you're creating wonderful things, staying up late to finish that oil painting you love. You cherish your friends and family, revelling in every moment spent with them, sharing the fruits of your passions while they fill you with warmth and closeness. You're part of something greater than yourself, connected to societies you cherish and want to preserve.

This is what being wealthy could feel like. But don't be disheartened; we'll soon get into how to manage money without losing it. I wanted to establish that we prioritise our values first — before thinking about tools that, by themselves, hold no intrinsic value. Here's how not to lose money when managing it:

1. Recognise that fiat money is structured to erode your purchasing power over time.
2. Consider holding gold, silver, or other durable, precious materials to preserve your wealth.
3. If you have savings you won't need immediately, consider holding some *Bitcoin*. This technology, a central bankers' nightmare, may prove valuable in times of recession.

Engaging in financial practices that mirror those of capitalists buying government bonds means playing into the central banks' hands. Central banks print new currency (inflating nations' economies) to purchase bonds. But that's their game — not ours. We want to create a way of life where people, not banks, control purchasing power.

If you still wish to trade and buy securities like stocks, remember that you're at the mercy of markets often driven by irrational forces. You'll also be competing with investment firms that employ teams of analysts using sophisticated technology; it's nearly impossible to outrun them.

Some might argue that even Warren Buffett recommends index funds — like those tracking the S&P500, Dow Jones, or NASDAQ — as they mirror the broader stock market. When you invest in such funds, you're not buying individual stocks but are instead tracking the overall performance of the index.

What about this strategy? While we don't believe financial products best serve the economy long-term, investing a small portion of your wealth in companies that genuinely contribute to society can positively impact both you and the economy.

When investing, always seek to *buy low, sell high*. This is challenging in practice, but a good rule of thumb is to consider buying when others are selling in times of economic downturn. Ensure that any funds invested here are assets you can let sit for years. Think of it as

planting a tree: you won't see the fruit right away but in time.

A well-regarded book, *The Intelligent Investor* by Benjamin Graham (Warren Buffett's mentor), introduces a concept known as *value investing*.² Graham defines an investment operation as follows:

An investment operation is one which, upon thorough analysis, promises safety of principal and an adequate return. Operations not meeting these requirements are speculative.

Graham tempers the desire for immediate gains by stressing that investment should involve *thorough analysis*, ensuring both *safety of principal* and *adequate returns*.

When I worked as a currency trader, I sought significant returns to build my capital. I meticulously analysed currency pairs using advanced techniques — but with a mindset focused on getting richer, not securing a brighter future for any successors. Graham would likely say that a «greedy operation» cannot truly be called an «investment.»

Let's approach investment neutrally, with the simple goal of preserving wealth to support our values in the future. We seek a life of values, not merely «more money.»

²Note that here «value» refers to a company's revenue-generating capability, not the personal values discussed in this chapter.

In his book, Graham suggests dividing one's investments equally between government bonds and stocks. I don't intend to make this book a guide to investing; rather, as a former trader, I want to emphasise a single point: if you don't want to lose money — meaning, lose your purchasing power — place your wealth in something with lasting value. Value investing works because it focuses on patience and long-term growth. While you may not see significant returns in the first few years, steady and intentional investment can reward you with the fruits of patience over time. Remember, your investments shouldn't stem from greed but rather from a place of genuine care and selflessness. Someday, your children, or perhaps your community, may benefit from what you've built and invested in.

To preserve your purchasing power, recognise this: fiat currency is designed in such a way that it tends to diminish in value. To understand this more deeply, I recommend an insightful YouTube series, *The Hidden Secrets of Money* by Mike Maloney, the head of GoldSilver.com.³ Think this: If you reinvest your money in what is valuable to you, you are going to witness small miracles. Remember, when you reinvest your money into what truly holds meaning for you, you may experience unexpected rewards. By dedicating your resources toward creating a strong, loving family or fulfilling community, you shape a life filled with purpose. You don't want your money to

³You can view the series here:

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLE88E9ICdiphYjJkeeLL2Oo9eJoC8r7Dc>

run out leaving you alone; rather, you want your life to be filled with meaningful connections. This way, you form a unique reality: one where happiness grows through togetherness, among family and friends. Unlike material investments, people give back to you in ways no investment in bonds, gold, or even stocks can.

At this point, you may still ask, *How do I avoid losing money in managing it?* The answer is surprisingly simple: to avoid losing money, you must use it. «But won't that mean I'll have less money?» you may wonder. Not necessarily. When you use money wisely, you invest in what truly matters to you, and you usually end up producing something valuable in return. The key is to fuel your core values with your financial resources. By doing this, you ensure that your purchasing power goes toward achieving something genuinely worthwhile. This is a kind of active investment, where your values guide your spending, turning money into a tool to live by those values in ways you otherwise couldn't achieve.

In reflecting on this, we've journeyed far together in this chapter. I hope what you understand now is much deeper than what you knew at the start. Let me end this reflection by emphasising this: *true wealth is people*. When we view wealth not merely as currency but as people, we approach life with a new understanding. We wish not for isolation or select company, but to be a part of a larger community, a vast collective of fellow humans. This is true wealth, not

money alone. Personally, this belief has transformed my life. I now work with a group that cares for the homeless, and I cannot begin to describe how deeply it has shaped me. It's a work that's shown me the richness of selfless action and the warmth of those who have little materially yet hold a boundless richness of spirit. This, I have come to realise, is real wealth.

Now, I'd like to share something further. With this, we'll conclude our chapter on preserving wealth and move on to the next. I ask you to approach it with an open mind. What you're about to read is a story, a fictional story — not something I actually experienced, though it may seem to border on the spiritual. It felt like the closest thing to entering another dimension, yet I believe it truly was from another world. As you read, let me know your thoughts — if you, too, have ever felt that your dreams lifted you beyond the physical world and into realms inhabited by celestial beings, similar yet otherworldly. And now, we begin the story of *Gænæthedyl*.



THE GOAL OF MONEYMAKING



This chapter explores the true purpose of wealth creation, a topic far deeper than anything in the previous pages. While we touched on financial subjects before, this time we're taking a more profound look — guided by what felt like ideas or conversations with incredible, celestial beings. No, I've never experimented with substances like DMT, which reportedly allows one to «meet» otherworldly entities. I was completely sober.

You'll encounter the earlier version of myself, Jordan, at the beginning of a journey that would challenge my entire worldview. This narrative will span two universes: our own, and another plane. I have no clear sense of where this second universe resides, yet I'm convinced of its existence, revealed through dreamlike states where I conversed with seemingly

celestial beings. I don't ask for belief — only an open mind to consider the wisdom that might lie within. These dreams hinted at connections we share with this other dimension, and the «knowledge of the gods» that flows from it could be life-changing.

To begin, let's look back to my days as a currency trader, a life I no longer champion but one that holds lessons worth sharing.

«Oh my God! I just had an extraordinary dream! It was as though my very soul was speaking to me about wealth, friendship, and everything that makes life meaningful here on earth!» I woke, drenched in sweat, fragments of last night's dream vivid yet elusive. It was surreal, almost as if I'd stepped outside myself, my memories surfacing... memories from a different phase of my life. Regardless, today's agenda awaited. I was working in an office in Bern and had to prepare for a meeting soon — I couldn't afford to be late.

Business has always come naturally to me, and I'm fortunate enough to be doing well financially. I manage my investments with an advisor who keeps me updated on the markets, guiding both long-term investments and an occasional speculative move. I know that speculation should be approached sparingly, but I also know that one or two 100x bets could set me up

for life. Perhaps I'll own that *château* on Lake Neuchâtel someday. Of course, I also know how easy it is to lose money without discipline.

But investing excites me; it places me among the financial elite! One day, I'd like to teach others, to equip them with the tools I've acquired and to feel the intangible currency of their gratitude — something uniquely rewarding. Enough musing, though, I have 45 minutes to get to the office before the meeting starts!

I once pursued wealth solely to accumulate assets: real estate, shares, luxury goods. My goals back then were self-serving, disconnected from any meaningful investment in people. But today, I see the financial game differently — a system manipulated by the few who sit atop its hierarchy. I no longer want to be part of it. My energy now goes toward fostering the well-being of those in my community, ensuring that a prosperous nation like Switzerland leaves no one out in the cold. When we uplift those in need, the whole community flourishes.

It's a simple economic truth: *prosperity for all, sustained over time*. This idea is rooted in a powerful principle from a book I referenced earlier, *Economics in One Lesson*: any policy or action should benefit all participants in the long run. For more insight, read the book — its straightforward, approachable style is a great way to understand economic fundamentals

and the often-overlooked human impact of financial policies.

Now, as strange as this may sound, the beings I encountered in those dreams have shared with me tales of an incredible place called Geburon — a world they say exists in another dimension. They asked me to share the story of Lyubov, a merchant in Canastapal, the heart of trade on their planet, who sought wealth through clever but morally questionable practices. Geburon offers us a new perspective and lessons to learn, if only we remain open to them.

Thus begins the story of *Gænæthedyl*.

Beyond time and space...

Yawa gazed into the dimension where Geburon lay and saw it was ailing. The beings there were consumed with self-interest, neglecting the existence of others around them. Yawa's son, Mentel, shared his concern.

«Lord Yawa, your creation isn't as great as we hoped it would be.»

«You are right, my son. The universes have not unfolded as intended. We desired goodness for all, yet the Qlipaths have often overshadowed our creation. Shyntan has persuaded beings in various realms to believe his falsehoods. This must end, or the worlds risk destruction. We cannot allow it, for our creation stands in peril. We cannot permit more beings to be

deceived, as it would lead to boundless suffering.»

«Glory to Thee, Lord; glory to Thee. Your will is the law. I will go to the second universe and reveal myself to the Gænæthedy so that its inhabitants may see that goodness prevails over evil, without force, for our love is boundless, transcending all wrongs. I will do my utmost, for what manifests in the second universe will resonate in the first. We cannot enter the first universe without first guiding, through love, the beings of the second. I seek your blessing, Father, before I enter the second universe.»

«Go, my son, go! You shall bring the promise of Lord Yawa to all dimensions, and millions shall hear you. My righteousness shall guide you, and my goodness will be ever beside you. Go, my son, and bring forth goodness in the second universe! For yours is the power, yours is the glory for ages upon ages. Go! The Word is with you.»

A celestial being approached Yawa with a map that displayed all planes of existence. Yawa was reminded of the difficulty for those in the first dimension to access the second — fortunately, for some humans had breached the second dimension and encountered various spirits. But lacking understanding of its architecture, they had fallen prey to black magic and the snares of Shyntan's followers, who personified the ultimate evil.

Mentel proceeded, invoking the Word, and with it, crossed the brief expanse before he arrived, in disguise,

on the continent of Gænæthedyl, specifically in the city of Canastapal — the heart of trade on Geburon. Geburon was a solitary planet, illuminated only by two suns that tempered the darkness that might otherwise reign. Canastapal, too, was the center of Mentel's worship, and after the Two Lords Schism, it became the reference point for the Right Hand Path. This Right Hand Path signified an honest, selfless service to Mentel and, through him, to Yawa.

These two deities were revered as one, embodying goodness in unity. No distinction existed between Yawa's will and Mentel's. As Yawa's son, Mentel inherited all of Yawa's attributes beyond time, while Yawa eternally remained the uncreated origin of his timeless son, Mentel.

Mentel was Yawa's only son, yet through the Word, he had the ability to create *beings* — sentient entities with the capacity to feel, think, and communicate. Unlike stars and planets, these beings were created as self-aware, contemplative beings. This creation existed in a realm beyond time, which the Gænæthedy referred to as *the Kingdom*.

The Kingdom was invisible from Geburon or any part of the first universe; no travel or manipulation of the space-time continuum could bridge the gap to the third dimension. Intelligence varied across dimensions: the science of the first universe was but a fraction of that in the second, which itself was an infinitesimal part of the knowledge present in the third dimension.

In the first dimension, this foundational Science was known, in the Prologue of St. John's Gospel, as *Logos*. Whether known as Logos, Science, or *Sophia*, this thing was ultimately the single force behind the creation of the universe, or universes, where the Laniakea supercluster is found and the second dimension reside — all that exists and the very essence of knowledge itself.

I was granted a glimpse into the secrets of the cosmos. These beings revealed to me what truly happens behind the curtain of our daily existence and what may await us, perhaps in another dimension, when we conclude our journey on this earth. Though I am now an atheist and do not believe in the existence of higher beings, my experiences have compelled me to reconsider this view. I now wonder if we exist within a continuum of what can be called the *Self*. Certain traditions — particularly those of Hindu origin — are deeply reflective on the concept of Self. These traditions focus on the liberation of Self, which they see as the essence of personhood, to ultimately unite with Brahman, the Absolute. I am uncertain if these teachings convey absolute truth, but I am considering exploring them further to better interpret the extraordinary experiences I have had and now share with you. To clarify, I am not necessarily suggesting a spiritual explanation; I am merely tracing the path that the words I have encountered seem to suggest.

With this in mind, we might consider that the origin

of what we call matter could indeed have stemmed from «science» or perhaps even from sound itself.

But what is sound? It is the compression and expansion of waves in the air, following an ordered pattern. With an irregular pattern, we simply have noise. Could sound, however, somehow propagate in a vacuum? Physics tells us that sound cannot travel through empty space — it requires a medium. Yet information can travel through a vacuum. Consider light, for example. We can transmit information to the International Space Station in orbit, where astronauts can decode it, transforming it into sounds reproduced within the station.¹

What, then, is the essence of information? Information is structured, something with meaning. I propose that information is Logos. When you acquire knowledge, Logos enters your mind and is stored in your brain. Yet this knowledge can be shared with others. If you learn something from a book, the information remains within that book, allowing another person to learn the same material independently.

What am I suggesting here? I want to highlight the vastness of all that can be known. This collective knowledge may well be something accessible to us all, though likely not within a single lifetime, as there is always more to discover. I propose that information about all things may, in a manner of speaking, be

¹This is, of course, a simplification, as the ISS orbits in a near-vacuum rather than a perfect vacuum. Traces of atmospheric gases still exist within its path.

contained within what is commonly known as *Logos*.

Since we have yet to uncover Logos in our universe, let us proceed with a story — a fascinating tale set on the continent of Gænæthedyl, in what is believed to be another dimension.

Canastapal, the heart of all commerce on Geburon, lay within the dimension of aetheric beings.

«Where did I leave my shoes?!» an angry man from the blacksmiths' guild demanded of a fellow smith. His life was consumed by work, and his thoughts rarely ventured beyond his craft.

«They're right here, found 'em!» his companion replied.

«Good. Though, I wish my shoes were better...» Kanal, the first blacksmith, mused to himself. He spent every possible moment working, amassing materials to later sell to the visionaries of his people.

Canastapal was renowned for its trade in visioning substances — similar to what those on Earth might call psychedelics. The visionaries were beings capable of glimpsing events occurring on Earth, within the Laniakea supercluster, in the first dimension. To do this, they required a specific state of mind, one that would allow them to transcend the limitations of space-time and project their souls into another plane of existence. However, such journeys required

authorisation from Yawa, the primal deity of the Gænæthedy, the people of the continent Gænæthedy, located on the planet Geburon.

«Good day, sir, how fares your work?» someone called, approaching Kanal's workstation.

«Ah, traveler! I'm forging diamonds for the Stones Fair. I have the Knowledge for this craft. Soon, all of Canastapal will come to me, and I'll grow rich!» Kanal laughed heartily. The traveler murmured to himself, thinking the blacksmith was lost in the pursuit of wealth.

«And what matters most to you, blacksmith?» the traveler asked.

«Getting rich, of course! Isn't that what everyone wants? Isn't that the purpose of wealth? To enjoy the best life has to offer?» Kanal replied confidently. But the traveler interrupted him.

«I'm not here to judge, but what good lies in your trade?» Kanal's expression shifted. His face darkened, as if he'd been caught in some hidden wrongdoing.

«And who art thou, traveler?» he demanded with a trace of hostility.

«I am one charged with bringing goodness to Geburon. You shall know what goodness is. I am an ambassador of Knowledge.» Kanal was visibly shaken, his face betraying disbelief. He nearly stumbled into a sword resting by the workshop entrance. «Thou art nay coming here telling *me* what is good! Go join those

mentelians I never wish to see!» Kanal blustered, though his anger barely hid the fear beneath. Deep down, he knew an ambassador of Knowledge was no ordinary visitor.

«I bear a message from above. Remember this on Earth: that good is what matters, and that evil must be ignored. The second dimension is of great consequence to them. Your role is to share this with all artisans: that people on Earth should work to earn their living, not to surpass one another in the pursuit of selfish wealth. You know how to manifest on Earth, don't you, blacksmith? Or should I call you Kanal?» The blacksmith froze. The traveler had spoken his name without being told.

«You... you... you read minds!» Kanal stammered, his fear plain to see. «You must possess Knowledge! You must come from the Plane! Who are you?» The traveler smiled softly.

«My name is known among those who seek goodness in Gænæthedyl and...»

«Are you... Mentel?!» Kanal interrupted, eyes wide in astonishment. In an instant, the traveler vanished from Kanal's sight, leaving behind a message that seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

Kanal, struggling to his feet, his steps burdened by his bulk, found the message written on two sheets in a familiar language — Koine Greek. The first words seemed to address «the Lord» and «evil.»

Calling his fellow blacksmith over, Kanal said, «Sila, look at this! It appeared in no time at all before my eyes from that... being who was just here. Can you read it for me? My eyes are failing.» Sila took the two-page message from Kanal and began to read its contents with careful attention.

Mentel, Aeon of eternity.

The Lord seeks the end of evil in the first dimension. To accomplish this, He requires all beings of the second dimension to embody truth, love, and goodness. Every soul on Gænæthedyl must immediately cease all association with the Qlipaths and remember their true longing for goodness in life. Lord Yawa calls upon all spirits to recognize that, to reach the third dimension of pure goodness, they must repent and recommit themselves to the path of unblemished morality.

Mentel is being sent to the second dimension to guide your realm toward becoming a realm of the third dimension. This journey is within reach for all who truly desire it, as it requires only one thing: to abstain from evil and to avoid all influence of Shyntan, the bringer of darkness. You should know by now that there is no pleasure in Shyntan's intrigues

— only suffering and death.

Mentel will appear in crucial places across Geburon and on other planets of the second dimension to convert those beings who hold sway over the unfolding events in the first dimension.

Many humans in the first dimension remain unaware of our existence, and some of their most influential thinkers resist the very notion of other dimensions. This creates a problem, for more departed souls from the first dimension, oblivious to the Upper Realm, bring unrest to the second dimension. We know, inhabitants of the second dimension, that you seek a life free of trouble. Therefore, we appeal to the highest good you possess — your life. We trust you will strive to embody, to the best of your ability, the lessons imparted to you throughout your time in the second dimension.

Mentel will ascend to the highest places of Gənzəthedyl, hoping the people there will grasp the vital messages they are to convey to the first dimension, awakening them to Essence, Being, and Goodness.

Fear not, for Yawa Himself will be with you.

Mentel, the begotten son of Yawa

«But this cannot be from Mentel, nor from Yawa! We're here to do business — we don't take orders from the Beings! But look at this!» Sila examined the paper closely, noticing a moving figure on it marked with a mysterious symbol, written in what seemed to be the language of the third dimension. Mysterious as it was, both agreed it seemed genuine.

«Well, then!» Kanal said to his fellow smith, «I had other plans, but when the third dimension calls, we all know what we must do, right, Sila? So, we ought to act rightly — for when we do, our connected humans will, too.»

«Yes, but I want to stand right in Mentel's eyes. If we're here, it must be to do some good; otherwise, we may as well be consigned to endless death. And no one wants that. If we're alive, it's only by the grace of Mentel.»

«You've a wise mind, Sila. I don't even know why I'm here with these forged diamonds. And I still think that wanderer wasn't Mentel but some other being from the third dimension. The moving figure on this letter leaves no doubt it came from Mentel — and likely from Yawa, too — but this being... I don't know... He could've simply known of the disappearance, or he might just as well be a being from our own dimension!»

Meanwhile, the wanderer — who was indeed Mentel — arrived at the port of Canastapal. The port buzzed with activity as guilds displayed their finest wares. «I will find the most evil being in Canastapal,» Mentel

thought.

The guilds went about their usual business, trying to charge as much as they could for goods that were often less than excellent. «I know he is a male,» Mentel thought to himself, «I will go and speak with him. The guards won't let me pass without a guild signature, but fortunately, I possess the Knowledge.» He approached the city gates and was stopped by a guard.

«Good day! What brings you to the harbour, stranger?» asked one of the five guards who patrolled Canastapal's entrance. The city was shielded from the Qlipaths — spheres of malevolent power in the second dimension. Only those proven immune to evil could pass through Canastapal's gates. Mentel, of course, was immune, but he lacked a signature from any guild of this dimension.

«Hail to thee! I bring a letter from the Lord, for I am the Son of the Being!» Mentel said, offering the guard a document bearing the perfectly crafted seal of the Visionary Guild. Mentel could manifest whatever was needed, for he shared in his father's Knowledge — the Knowledge of Lord Yawa.

«I see that you belong to the Visionary Guild, but I've never seen you here before,» the guard replied, inspecting the letter.

«Yes, I am indeed a Visionary. But as you reside in the second dimension, I have come from the third to bring a message from my One and Only Father.»

The guard looked at him, a flicker of disbelief in his eyes. «What? The third dimension? What is this... archangel speaking of?»

«I am Mentel, the one you worship. I am the Son of the Lord. I have come here to inspire a conversion, for not all of Canastapal is free of evil. I know this because my word is truth. You, faithful servants of Mentel, uphold the balance against evil in the rest of this dimension. For your devotion, you shall have my divine blessing. But now, I must speak with someone here in Canastapal who is not on the right path.»

Hearing this, the guard felt relief. None could claim to be Mentel without it being so; truthfulness governed all in Geburon. The rest of the guards knelt before the divine being, recognising him at once.

«Glory to Thee, O Mentel! Glory to Thee!» they chanted in unison. Mentel gestured for them to rise, acknowledging their reverence.

Inside Canastapal, in the house of a Gænæthedy.

As he tied his shoe, Lyubov read the letter he had received the day before. The silent profanity he'd endured during his clash with Tundal — a being from another world — still resonated within him, leaving him unsettled. Tundal had gained the upper hand by invoking Mentel's name in vain, sapping Lyubov's energy as if Mentel, his chosen deity and begotten son of Lord Yawa, had withheld his divine favor. For every

faithful Gænæthedy who trusted in the Sephiroth, the benevolent spheres of power, this defeat was a soul-shaking blow. In his despair, Lyubov had neglected to check his correspondence, both physical and ethereal.

«If you read each letter carefully,» Lyubov murmured, examining the missive, «you can see which force it aligns with — Sephiroth or Qlipath.» Indeed, Lyubov had traveled far beyond Canastapal and even Geburon, seeking connections with beings who were less than benevolent. These encounters, only possible in Qlipathic realms, had left him with a shadow of pride — a trait foreign to any Canastapally, for it bore traces of the Qlipath's influence. This didn't mean that Lyubov was now evil, but that he carried a hint of something that didn't belong in him. It was precisely for this reason that Mentel sought him out, with a message meant not just for Lyubov, but for all of Canastapal.

The letter's contents hinted at a greater disturbance: whispers that the Shyntanites, those loyal to the path of darkness, were preparing for a final reckoning. Sephiroth and Qlipath, the two great Energies, were no longer in balance, and if they clashed, it would mean not only the ruin of Gænæthedy but much of Geburon and even Earth itself. Lyubov's world, as he had known it, would be irrevocably changed if the followers of Shyntan succeeded in their plans to annihilate all that was beautiful and good in Geburon.

Miriam, Lyubov's betrothed, had no doubt about the letter's origin. «It couldn't have come from

Shyntan. No Qlipath alone would be capable of this message,» she insisted. Miriam worshiped Yawa with a pure heart and knew that Lyubov's fate had been irrevocably altered after his battle with Tundal and his entanglement with the Qlipath.

The letter, written anonymously, addressed Lyubov directly:

Dear Lyubov,

I have several things to tell you:

Why bury yourself in the mud — don't you know the living room is more pleasant?

It pains me each time you disregard my words of friendship.

On your Sunday drives, you ignore the beauty around you. Why?

Your mother and father are good people, yet you don't love them. Why?

You leech the life from the man next door. Then you court his daughter — you're despicable.

You stole the apple and devoured it, only to choke yourself. Why do you insist on self-destruction?

Why, on this Earth, do you speak ill of others? What kind of gain are you after?

You are a real estate agent bent on acquiring every house, yet you bear your own as a noose around your neck. Do you plan to hang yourself with it?

If you aim to hang yourself along with your brother's friends, kin, and acquaintances, then you are truly a fool of the Qlipath.

Know that your god has told those of pure heart: «Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour, nor thy soul, nor my flock.» What you are doing angers me deeply. Have you ever visited hell?

Yours, in faith to Mentel.

Lyubov folded the letter, feeling the weight of its message pressing upon him. The letter spoke of what, in Mentelian terms, was known as the «higher law» or «divine decree,» commandments given to the Gænæthedy many aeons before Lyubov's time. Two pressing questions filled his mind: first, the identity of the sender, and second, the reason for sending it. Lyubov had always considered himself a good follower of Mentel, striving to observe divine laws and even once contemplating the priesthood. But time, as it moved in the planes of Geburon and the astral realm where Lyubov now found himself, could flow in multiple directions. Here, beings could navigate time according to the coordinates of its arrow. However, this ability required special knowledge, reserved for

those who, in life, had demonstrated impeccable virtue, avoided the temptations of Shyntan, and shed their bodily form. Though Lyubov was indeed free from the flesh, he bore a mark of Qlipath.

As he pondered the letter's meaning, a realisation struck him: «It must have been Yawa Himself! I knew that sooner or later the Father would reach out to me. For I have strived to honour the Son's grace, received not by my merit, but through the strength to resist Shyntan's allure. I have renounced the lowest of all realms. And now I see time is short — the Qlipaths will soon bring destruction. I must warn Canastapal. The visionaries will know, for they have foretold this many times. I will strengthen my heart to join the battle of our plane against Liliath.»

Lyubov then lifted his voice in song, chanting a hymn to Lord Yawa:

*The Lord of the Highest Plane is my Lord,
He bestows upon us the grace of His
Kingdom,
My mind is high in His divinity.
I sing to the Lord of the final sphere,
I celebrate the song of the last saved,
I long to see His radiant face in eternity.*

*Stay with Thy servants, O Lord,
And grant Thy children the wealth of Thy
abundance.
For those who follow Yawa are blessed with*

gold.

*Land, milk, and honey does He provide to
His flock.*

*May the Planets, O Magnificent, worship
Thee,*

*And may we, Thy servants, walk the path
of righteousness.*

Lyubov composed this short poem with reverence. He reflected deeply on how he might have better served Yawa in the past. And though the poem felt complete, he worried he had forgotten something vital. Yet, he knew his words were sincere, their meaning pure, echoing an intention he had held since childhood. After eating a small meal left by Miriam (so long had he spent in contemplation), he lay down for a brief nap. As was common among the residents of Canastapal, he engaged in what would be called «lucid dreaming» on the human Earth, moving with intent and purpose within his dreams.

In the dream, Lyubov encountered several figures, but one spirit, hailing from a different realm, lingered in his thoughts, sharing this profound message:

Lyubov, you must be cautious about whom you choose to associate with. Morality has a direction, like a vector, always pointing toward goodness. To harm others or align with corrupt people is to go against this direction — toward evil. And that path brings only hardship, pain, and, ultimately, death. Think of

morality as time itself, always moving forward toward the light. This is a law woven into every universe and plane. If you seek otherwise, you would need a new creation outside our own. But that is the work of god alone...

«Miriam! I had a powerful dream!»

Knock, knock sounded the door.

«Who's there?» Lyubov called, still in bed. «There's someone at the door!»

It was Mentel...

Bern, Switzerland, first dimension.

Continuing the story of Jordan, while I am still a currency trader.

«I think I can nail it in this meeting!» I thought, driving toward my destination on a 45-minute commute. Bern, built along an inlet, wasn't easy to cross quickly, especially when starting in the countryside and heading into the city center.

Then, suddenly, a voice echoed in my mind: «I have to tell you something.»

«What?» I muttered aloud.

«I have to tell you something.»

«What am I hearing?» I glanced at the dashboard, but

the car's audio was off. Yet, the voice persisted, faint but unmistakable.

«I have to tell you something, Jordan.»

«What the hell!» I exclaimed, recognising it as something audible and oddly familiar. «Who's speaking here?» Panic crept in; I had never experienced hallucinations, yet here I was, hearing voices.

«I am your conscience, Jordan. Are you listening?» The voice was calm, convincing enough to make me wonder if I'd lost my mind. But there was something unmistakably real about it.

«Who are you?» I thought, almost too afraid to say it aloud.

«Good, you recognise me. I am your conscience, and this is no hallucination. I have been with you always, your steady companion in this life. I've been sent to remind you of a higher task.» I could barely believe it — speaking to something intangible, yet vivid, as if it were right there beside me. Ridiculous, I thought.

«What is it you want to tell me?» I wondered, still reeling from this surreal encounter.

«Do you remember last night's dream?»

«Not entirely. I dreamt of something about wealth... but it's hazy.»

«No matter,» the voice continued. «I am here to ensure your ego stays in check. From now on, your

life must be about more than the pursuit of money.»

«Why not?» I replied. «I've poured time, blood, everything into building wealth.»

«Jordan, money is merely a tool, a means. It will not be at your deathbed to see you off.»

«Okay.» Still in disbelief, I tried to process this. I sounded crazy, like I belonged in a psychiatrist's office. «But I like money. Winning risky bets, collecting dividends, and watching investments grow — it makes life satisfying.»

«You're missing the point, Jordan. Money will not sit by your deathbed, holding your hand in farewell. Only family and true friends will, if you have honoured them and treated them well. Now, let me ask you — how often do you hear from your mother? She's alive, and you know she appreciates a call.»

«I don't know what you're saying. I live my life, and I even manage her finances so she has money, too.»

«Fair enough. But I have a message for you that will come in the form of a dream. Maybe tonight. Do you believe in ghosts?»

«No, ghosts aren't real. I've never seen one. And they're not exactly scientific.»

«We'll talk more later. Good luck with your meeting.»

Stunned, I had no idea how to process this inner dialogue. I'll report more on this strange experience later, but for now, it's time to share what happened in

another realm entirely. A difficult concept to explain, I know, but I will do my best to shed light on the universe we inhabit and the planes that exist within it. This, at least, I learned thanks to a letter from Geburon.

In the third dimension, outside time.

The Lord allowed the Bride to speak, for Mentel was away in Geburon. At this moment, the females of the beings in the second dimension required special reverence to maintain harmony and prevent the clash of Qlipaths and Sephiroths. The Bride spoke:

«The end of pride is near. The first dimension must recognise me as the Bride. I know this will bring turmoil to those who bear Qlipaths, but the Father is disheartened, and I cannot bear to see him this way. I will journey to the second dimension to confront what remains of the unrighteous.» Thus spoke the Bride, whose name was Gloria — a title given to her by Yawa for her virtuous life.

The Bride, in all her existence, had been exempt from any trace of Qlipath, a state only Yawa and Mentel themselves could claim. Born in the first dimension, she elevated her spirit to a realm attainable only by gods or demigods — a feat accomplished solely through her own virtue. Upon passing from her human life, she ascended to a godly state, capable of acts of creation once unique to Mentel and Yawa.

Among humanity, she would be known as the All-Holy, a being without flaw or imperfection. She was the only former human elevated to the role of chosen intercessor for humankind in the first dimension.

Though humans on Earth did not always realise her role, Gloria worked countless times from her place near Yawa's throne, quietly guiding the fate of the Earth and nudging it toward the right path.

But what did she seek in the second dimension? The dimensions were intertwined, and events in the third dimension rippled into the second, while occurrences in the second profoundly influenced the first. Gloria resolved to go to the second dimension to see firsthand the root of the discord in Geburon and other realms. This journey was well within her power; her only limitation, compared to Yawa and Mentel, was the knowledge of how to bring about destruction — a knowledge known only to the highest god.

«Exercise caution, Gloria,» Yawa warned from his golden throne of light. «A clash between Sephiroths and Qlipaths has already begun in the second dimension. Shyntan has sown seeds of deceit there, and I fear what awaits the first dimension if his acts of darkness continue.»

«I shall be as Thou art, my Lord. I shall bring goodness even where there is ruin. For Thou art all-benevolent, all-loving, all-perfect, and we, Thy creations, must cast away any thought contrary to Thy Being.» Gloria bowed deeply, speaking to Yawa with her face close to

the ground.

Yawa responded, «Your faith is pure, all-radiant Gloria. Your quest will be unsullied, and you shall bring hope to all the worlds you touch. We must act swiftly, for time flows in the first and second dimensions, and we can no longer leave matters to the whims of Shyntan. Go now with my blessing and journey to the second dimension.»

«My Lord, Thou art my Lord. I have worshipped Thee from the moment of my birth. I bow before the Supreme God, in awe of Thy majesty. For Thine is the glory, goodness, and highest wisdom, forever and ever!»

And in a soft voice, Yawa replied, «This is my will: that all creatures across all universes live and thrive, that they live in peace and love one another, becoming like us but without evil in their hearts.»

«Glory to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee!» Gloria's voice quivered with reverence and determination. «I will depart now, for much awaits in the dimensions.»

With that, Gloria left the High Chamber while Yawa remained, watching the vision of Geburon as it materialised before him.

In time, Yawa conceived of a new way of being, for he realised that the creation of Shyntan had brought countless difficulties across the levels of every universe and world. Deep in thought, Yawa envisioned a new world — a world in which all hardship would end,

once and for all. Yawa's thoughts alone were capable of creation; with every frame of his imagining, a reality could come into existence in the space-time continuum of the second and first dimensions, at whatever moment he would choose to declare it.

Outside time itself, Yawa could simply decree a change, and it would happen instantly to him, but gradually to the creatures of the first and second dimensions.

What did he envision? Within his being, Yawa held images that represented pure desires, each one awaiting only his will to be realised. This will was the sole force Yawa required to bring a fact, a planet, a being – anything at all — into existence. And, of course, every act of his creation was perfectly balanced to preserve the free will of the creatures already living within his cosmos.

There were other beings in the third dimension who aided Yawa and Mentel whenever necessary. These beings, having supported the earthly work of Mentel in the first dimension during their lifetimes, had earned a unique place in the cosmic realms of the third dimension. Known as *legati*, they were ambassadors of Yawa's will on Earth. They were entrusted with all the knowledge needed to combat Shyntan's evil forces in the hearts of humans.

The greatest deception Shyntan perpetrated upon Earth was instilling the belief that arrogance and selfishness were paths to success. Yawa saw through this cunning ruse, which tempted men and women

in subtle ways: through their thoughts, through subliminal messages, and through illusions of self-sufficiency. Shyntan lured them into believing the most important thing was to succeed alone, to rely on no one. And yet, as we know, the support of family and society is paramount to well-being. This lie was propagated to foster isolation, mental suffering, and dissatisfaction with life itself.

Yawa knew all this and determined to put an end to these deceptions. In truth, the very creation of Shyntan had been tainted by pride. Yawa, in his infinite knowledge, understood both good and evil, and though he never created evil himself, he comprehended its nature as the shadow of goodness. But if so, why had Yawa created Shyntan, knowing it would lead to suffering? Shyntan had not been born evil; he became so through rebellion. His transgression was an active rejection of goodness, a deliberate choice to be isolated, sorrowful, and proud. And in this pride lay the root of his evil, for pride is the origin of all wrongdoing in the first and second dimensions.

«I will never again allow evil thoughts to taint my creatures,» Yawa murmured from his throne of golden light. «Evil shall exist only as pure, unmaterialised knowledge, for while the knowledge of evil is indeed valuable, its physical manifestation breeds sorrow and strife.»

Yawa, the highest god, was love itself. He cherished all beings and wished no harm to befall the dimensions.

I must tell you, dear reader, that the words we share here are fantastical — take them with a hint of wonder, for they do not always correspond to the world as we know it.

Canastapal, Lyubov's house.

Knock, knock, came the sound from Lyubov's door.

«Who is it?» he called, still lying in bed. «There's someone at the door!» he called again, hoping his fiancée Miriam would hear. *Knock, knock*, the sound came again, patient yet insistent.

«I have something for you,» said a voice from outside, calm and peaceful.

«I'm coming!» Lyubov said, pulling on his boots and holding his white shirt in place to keep it from slipping out of his leather trousers.

«No rush,» the voice on the other side replied smoothly.

As Lyubov opened the door, he found a man of about thirty standing there, holding a rolled piece of paper. He wore a long, white tunic that fell to the ground, covered by a red coat with gold embroidery along its edges.

«I am here to deliver a message, Lyubov,» the man said. *How does this stranger know my name?* Lyubov

thought, taking in the man's regal attire and mysterious aura.

«If I may ask, sir,» Lyubov said, «how do you know my name?»

«You, Lyubov, are the reason I am here. I do not come often, and I know that my true nature will soon reveal itself to you.» *What is this man saying?* Lyubov wondered, and considered gently closing the door, but the stranger's calm and knowing expression made him hesitate.

«Who are you?» Lyubov asked, his voice wary.

The man ran a hand over his beard, then replied, «I am aware that you recently encountered Tundal, an encounter that has damaged much of the good within you, wounding your Sephiroths deeply. Have you gained any Qlipaths?»

Lyubov felt his guard drop slightly, a strange recognition dawning. «But you're a mind-reader! Are you from this world?» he asked, his tone more open, for it was now clear that this man did not come from Geburon. No soul or creation could possess the power to read minds or have knowledge of hidden events on Geburon; Mentel himself had made this impossible, a skill allowed only to beings of the third dimension.

«I believe you know me, Lyubov,» the man continued. «Your fiancée often prays to me, as she does to Yawa...»

«Are you Yawa?» Lyubov asked, astonished. The very

idea that the Supreme Lord could descend from the third to the second dimension was beyond anything conceivable, a theophany unheard of in all Geburon. No creature here had ever witnessed such a thing.

«No,» said the man, «I am not Yawa. I am his begotten son, Mentel.»

«Mentel? Are you truly Mentel?» Lyubov could barely believe his own senses; Mentel was his god of choice.

«I am Mentel,» the man affirmed, «for the Lord begot me in the time of eternity. And you shall be cleansed of Qlipaths, for they stain the essence of the Gænæthedy. I know, son of Gundal, that you carry a Qlipath from your confrontation with Tundal.»

Mentel's words revealed what Lyubov had feared — that he was no longer pure and free from corruption. His conscience had been marked by the encounter. And what follows, then, is the tale of Lyubov's confrontation with Tundal, a creature from another world within the second dimension.

Among the stars in the second dimension.

«Thou art my enemy!» Tundal shouted at Lyubov, a terrible grimace on his face. Their bodies floated weightlessly, suspended in the cosmos of a distant galaxy within the second dimension.

«Oh, Mentel, have mercy on Tundal! Let him be forgiven, for his sin is indeed great!» Lyubov replied, praying aloud, his

hands raised in supplication. «Thou, O Lord, have mercy on us all — on me, and on Tundal! For Thine is the glory, the kingdom, and the eternity in the aeons of aeons!»

«You're a rebel, Lyubov! Like me, you want to do as you please! You're a fool to follow the teachings of the Upper Realm!» Tundal sneered. «Join us, and you'll have power beyond comprehension! Lord Shyntan knows this and awaits your words. All you need to do is say, "Mentel is a ****."»²

«You are blessed, O great Mentel! Thine is the sceptre of the universes! I beseech Thee, for Tundal's sake, free him from the chains of the fallen god, Shyntan! I beseech Thee, O Mentel, hear my plea and save Tundal from the snare of the demon!»

«**** is Mentel! You are full of pride, Lyubov! Feel the power of evil within you! Our devil is our god! You should be a being of light, not an earthly soul! Mentel is a ****, and Shyntan is right when he says you must be free. Free yourself from these false gods and demigods! Lyubov, look at where you are — this is

²The asterisks obscure the blasphemies spoken by Tundal, as Mentel is Lyubov's god.

the second dimension! Do you remember the limits of the first dimension, when we were bound to matter? What holds true power — matter, soul, energy, spirit? You've outgrown these gods!»

Tundal's voice grew harsher, his insults a litany of scorn, laced with blasphemies aimed at dislodging the Sephiroths from Lyubov's essence. One crude remark even brought a slight smirk to Lyubov's lips, a brief moment that instantly allowed a Qlipath to enter him.

«Tundal, you are of the devil!» Lyubov gasped, his voice strained as the blasphemies sapped his strength. «You believe you know more than Mentel and Yawa!»

«The end of the worlds is upon us, Lyubov! Shyntan will build a kingdom in his own image, granting pleasure, wealth, freedom — don't you understand? They've deceived you, Lyubov! You are one of us!» Tundal's final words tempted Lyubov, luring him toward the forbidden, a life of indulgence, wealth, freedom.»

For the first time since arriving in the second dimension, Lyubov felt doubt gnawing at his faith in Mentel, Yawa, and the Gænæthedy. But a spark within him

recognized Shyntan's deception. «It is you who are deluded, Tundal! You fail to see the trap set by Shyntan! You are not true to your own promises!»

Tundal glared at Lyubov and said, just before disappearing, «Your soul is ours. Where is your demon now? Shyntan is god.» And then, in an instant, Lyubov was left alone, shaken but resolute, haunted by the specter of Tundal's voice.

Lyubov had a flashback. He remembered his entire encounter with Tundal as Mentel's words awakened the memory in him. Most importantly, he remembered that he had gained a Qlipath that day and was no longer the pure Canastapally he once was. Mentel had come to speak with Lyubov about the lure of the demon Tundal and to restore the Sephiroth within his soul.

«I am here for you, Lyubov. You endured a trial with that demon, Tundal. Where is your Qlipath?» Mentel's tone held warmth, even as his knowledge of Lyubov's soul was absolute. His omniscience guided his actions, as he did what was best for all creatures, whether of the first, second, or third dimensions.

«I... I don't believe I have a Qlipath...» Lyubov hesitated, embarrassed, for no member of Canastapal could harbour a Qlipath — only benevolent Sephiroths were allowed in their bodies. This was a requirement for all Canastapally who wished to

remain citizens of their good and noble city.

«I think you do. Did you not hear Tundal's blasphemy? He said something like, "Mentel is a ****,"» Mentel continued, his voice understanding, yet Lyubov felt guilt prick at him.

«I am not here to judge if you found those words amusing. I only ask if you heard them.»

«Indeed, I did, O loving Mentel,» Lyubov admitted, feeling shame at the brief, unguarded smirk. «I heard those words. Do you think I have sinned?» As he spoke, Miriam entered.

«Good day, Miriam,» Mentel greeted her warmly. «All of Canastapal speaks of your upcoming marriage to Lyubov!»

«Who art thou, sir?» Miriam asked, surprised yet curious. «I don't believe we've met, but you seem to know my name. Are you of the Guild of Visionaries?»

A small smile crossed Mentel's face, his gleaming white teeth shining. «I am here for both of you, but you know me well. In the realm I come from, I receive your prayers. Can you guess who I am? I come from the Upper Realm.»

«Miriam, this is Mentel,» Lyubov explained to his fiancée, noting her surprise. «He has come to ensure that I am free of Qlipaths.»

«Art Thou Mentel?» Miriam asked, astonished. «But You are our god! You've descended from the Upper

Realm to us?» She bowed deeply, humbled before the divine presence of her god.

Lyubov motioned for Miriam to fetch refreshments for their guest, while he led Mentel to a table by the oval windows overlooking the harbour of Canastapal. It felt like home, with the vibrant view of the harbour framed by their cozy living room and kitchen. Mentel sat across from Lyubov, the moment a quiet but profound communion.

Bern, Switzerland, First Dimension.

I, Jordan, am still here, working in the office where I trade currency pairs, seizing profit from the volatility of the day. This morning's meeting went well; I made a good impression on my boss. Yet, the conversation I had in my head earlier felt like something extraordinary. I'm not entirely sure what happened, but I must focus on my work now. Somehow, my conscience seemed to speak to me with remarkable clarity.

At the beginning of this chapter, I mentioned the purpose of making money. Well, here it is: the purpose of making money is to create wealth. And who doesn't want to be wealthy? But there's more to it — something else that I've been taught, which I feel compelled to share with you. It's a strange story, one that almost played out seamlessly in my mind. I can't say for certain if it was a vision or merely an intense

thought, but it felt profoundly real. So, let me tell you the story of a Canastapally.

The purpose of making money seems simple, but let's break it down. What do «making» and «money» truly mean? In my definition, «making» refers to producing, and «money» equates to wealth. So, the overarching purpose of producing wealth is to lessen labor.

We create wealth to reduce our future labor, freeing time for meaningful pursuits. Making money isn't simply about «getting rich»; it's fundamentally about reclaiming our time and deciding how we want to use it.

Yet, here's a simple truth: if you spend your whole life working, you'll inevitably miss precious moments and may overlook life's most important events. But if you view work as something to be optimised, you'll realise that the ultimate aim isn't to amass endless possessions. It's to use your time purposefully, appreciating it deeply.

So, let this be your guiding principle: work as efficiently as possible, and use the rest of your time to embrace the best things life has to offer.

Now, let me share another story, one that drifted into my thoughts during a moment of reflection at work.

It's another tale, seemingly told by one of those strange beings from the second dimension. I don't yet fully understand who they are or where they come from, but I can assure you these experiences feel remarkably real.

Wealth's purpose isn't solely for self-use; it's meant to be shared with those closest to you. But what is wealth? Imagine a world without «money» as we know it — there would still be wealth. Fur, coats, food, precious metals, and gemstones would all still exist, but they would be more challenging to acquire.

Money, in essence, simplifies exchanges, enabling trade without requiring a *coincidence of needs*. Yet wealth is more than mere monetary accumulation; it encompasses assets like property, cars, land, orchards, or even intellectual creations such as books you've written.

At its core, wealth provides the means for a man or woman to work less. But there's another perspective to consider — the relationship between the serf (or employee) and the lord.

The lord possesses substantial wealth and can share a portion with his serfs to sustain their lives. The serfs, however, must continue working, for their wealth

alone cannot support them indefinitely. They rely on wages to live, while the lord has lands, investments, and businesses that yield profits. His wealth sustains his high standard of living and allows him to pay his serfs. For the serfs, investing what little wealth they have is risky, as it leaves them with no means for basic necessities.

So, how did the lord come to possess his vast wealth? He wasn't necessarily a swindler, taking from others. Instead, he likely adopted strategies, cultivated methods, or employed *technology* that increased his production efficiency. Through ingenuity, he gained a competitive advantage over others. Yet, imagine if he had shared his knowledge with others — society as a whole would have benefited, and everyone's wealth would have increased.

If he chooses not to share, though, his advantage remains concentrated, and he grows wealthier and more powerful. Society reaps only partial benefits from his inventions, and he alone amasses wealth. He doesn't necessarily deceive anyone; he simply retains the fruits of his intelligence. And in doing so, he accumulates substantial wealth.

If you have nothing, and someone else has

everything, you have to offer them some of your energy in exchange for something to live on. But where, truly, does wealth come from? Jordan, reflect on this, for by understanding it, you can become wiser and help raise the standard of living for many.

I tell you this: you must make secrets public. The secrecy in trade holds back progress and keeps the general standard of living lower for all. If markets are genuinely open — completely transparent — trade will no longer be a battleground. Instead, the wider public will learn more and more about what's happening across industries, and monopolies will disappear. Knowledge will be shared openly.

Establish a foundation where all information can be shared freely among all players in the system. I will share more with you later. For now, you must go.

One evening, as I was wrapping up a trade on the Euro-Dollar pair, I found myself alone in the office, deep in thought. I sipped a glass of water, realising I'd become so absorbed in the Bloomberg monitors that I'd neglected even my most basic needs. After losing a couple of trades, I was determined to make up for the losses, hoping to impress my boss. Then something unexpected happened. I was sitting in my desk chair — a large seat with two comfortable armrests — when

suddenly, my head turned in one direction, entirely of its own accord.

«Here we go again,» I thought, wondering if this was another of those strange, supernatural episodes I'd experienced just that morning. «I must really be tired if I'm starting to do things like this ...»

With that thought, I grabbed my coat and headed downstairs to where my car waited. But before reaching the lobby, I noticed a beautiful woman standing alone inside the building. She wore a white dress, and I was certain I'd never seen her before around the office.

Curious, I asked, «Excuse me, miss, who are you? You don't belong here, do you?»

The woman smiled sweetly and spoke in a soft voice. «I've been waiting for you, Jordan. They are waiting for you — the people in the second dimension. I am an ambassador of peace.»

«Who are you? You know my name, but I don't know you. And what's all this talk about dimensions? I have no idea what you mean!»

She giggled. «You are an important person, Lukas. Can you do me a favour?»

«Lukas?» I thought. «My name is Jordan Reynolds, ma'am. I have no idea what you're talking about. I kindly ask you to leave the building — you certainly don't belong here.» I gently took her arm and started guiding her toward the exit. She looked at me, and in

a low, almost hissing voice, said something that sent a chill down my spine...

«You will die soon. But there is something you must do before then. I have a letter here, written for you by my lord. You don't have to read it; just keep it.»

«I don't know you, ma'am, and I want you *out of here!*» She struck me as entirely unhinged — perhaps someone in need of psychiatric help.

But just then, as we stepped out onto the street, a passer-by suddenly pulled out a gun and *fired!* I remember nothing of what followed, only that I was no longer on the street. I found myself somewhere else, surrounded by unfamiliar people — and, standing beside me, the woman in the white dress.

In another place.

«Where am I?» I asked, feeling countless eyes on me.
«Where am I?» Everyone seemed deeply focused on my every move, their gazes intent and unfamiliar.
«Who are you?» I managed to say in a strained voice, struggling to control my breath and the saliva gathering in my throat.

«I'm here for you, Jordan,» a soft voice responded. She looked like the same woman I'd seen in my office ... some time ago.

«Where am I? What happened?» I asked, the questions pouring out of me. I glanced down at my left arm,

noticing an IV line running with a clear liquid. My eyelids felt heavy, and a white light shone down on me from above. Around me stood about eight people, none of whom I recognised. They all appeared ordinary enough. One of them approached and, with a gentle smile, placed a warm hand on my left cheek, as if to calm me. Almost immediately, a warmth spread through me, and I felt myself relax.

The man spoke. «I am here for you. We, the Eustrathish, are all here for you. I've been asked to tell you that, on Earth, you are currently in a coma. Do you know where you are now?» He withdrew his hand and stepped back, joining the others.

«In a coma? What does that even mean? I'm... awake now; I'm not in a coma...» I replied, saying what felt obvious. The others gathered closely, whispering among themselves before turning back to me, clearly with something more to say.

«Jordan, you are very close to death. You were shot last night in Bern. You live in the countryside near Bern, don't you? Someone pulled the trigger, and now you — your physical body — is lying in a hospital bed in Bern. But you, the being able to hear what I'm saying, are not in Bern anymore. You're in another place, in a different dimension.»

I couldn't make sense of any of it. Though I lay here on a bed and my eyes hurt from the light, I felt fine. Either they were toying with me — an unforgivably cruel trick to play on someone connected to an IV —

or I was completely disoriented.

«We have a message for you, but you might not like it,» another man said, standing close by. «You remember being shot, don't you? You aren't dead, though, because our Lord has given you another chance. I need to ask you this: Are you ready to confront your past life?»

I didn't understand what he meant. All these talks of lords, lives, deaths — I just wanted to go back to where I'd been.

«I don't know where I am; I don't know who you are. I just want to go back to my life!» I snapped, my frustration boiling over. I only wanted peace.

«I understand, and what you're feeling is natural,» he replied, nodding with empathy. «But our Lord has ideas for you that may interest you, ideas that might help you return to Earth whole and happy.» That offer was tempting, but I was still so lost.

«If it's possible, could you just tell me where I am?» I asked more calmly, trying to sound polite. «You said I was in a different "dimension," but this looks like a hospital. What is this place?»

The beings around me suddenly began to laugh — a gentle, melodic chorus that felt strangely comforting.

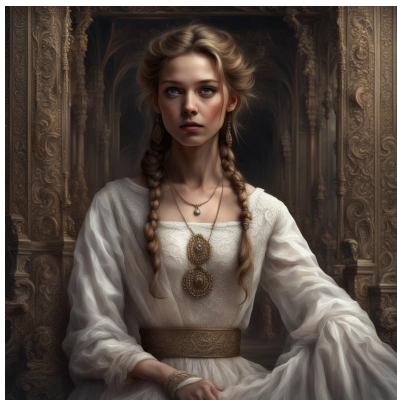
«We are Eustrathish. Haven't you seen one of us before?» one of them said, stepping closer.

«I remember,» I replied slowly, «I remember seeing

you. But who are you? You were in my office, and now here you are.»

«I am your protector. I always have been, though you rarely see me. I only appear when the Lord orders it.»

«Who are you again?» I asked, squinting to focus on her face.



«I am Jona, your protector. I have always been with you, from the moment you were born. I'll explain more later. For now, we have work to do, you and I, and the others here are all ready to help.»

«I just want to go home. Why am I hooked up to this IV? I feel disoriented, but why do I need all this?» As I spoke, I realised that I was completely undressed beneath the blanket covering me. No clothes, no undergarments. «Where are my clothes?» I asked, and all eyes turned to me as if I'd spoken nonsense.

«You are not on Earth, Jordan!» one of them answered. «You're here now because there is a purpose for you,

and we have much to accomplish.»

I barely understood what they were saying — something about death, about a different «dimension,» and now I was... naked.



«Here, take these,» someone said, handing me a pair of black trousers and a red shirt. I sat up on the bed and inspected the shirt. It bore a monogram of some kind, a combination of letters resembling a C and an X, written in an ancient script, possibly even Greek.

«Thanks for the clothes, but... where am I?» The place seemed part hospital, part palace — the kind of place meant more for rest than for sickness. It was beautiful, but foreign.

«You are in the second dimension, Jordan. Your Earth, where your country Switzerland is, lies in the first dimension. All the universe you know, all your friends and family, they exist in that first dimension. You've always been there...» The person paused, as if hesitant or forbidden from saying more.

I dressed quickly, somehow finding it easy to do so in the bed, without any self-consciousness. It felt like my body was strong and perfect.

Flashes of memory came back: I was in the trading office, coming down the stairs, and then I saw her, that beautiful woman in white. We spoke, and I remembered her humble, almost shy smile. But after that, everything blurred. I vaguely recalled a man on the street calling to me in Swiss German, something like «*Wo wottsch hii, Jordan?*» And then — nothing. Only light, a beam of it, and now I was here, in this strange bed. While dressing, I had the strange sensation that I was lighter, maybe 10 kg less.

«Where do you prefer to go, Jordan?» One of the men spoke, his face calm. «There is either the Nod desert that awaits you, or a city called Langer.» We were now in a grand hallway that felt part of a noble palace.

«If I may ask, where exactly are we?» I felt so light, almost as if I'd shed 10 kg in an instant. «I don't know where I am.»

One of the men took my hand, and suddenly the ground beneath me began to shift, changing in texture. The next moments stretched on, the entire palace seeming to dismantle and reshape itself around us.

«What's happening? Where are we going?» I shouted, alarmed. The shifting shapes were like nothing I'd ever seen. I wondered if they had given me some kind of psychedelic without my knowing it.

«Jordan, this is the second dimension. You'll need to get used to it,» one of them said with a smile. «Here, matter can be broken apart and reformed at will. Try it yourself — try willing this column to become a flower, or a whole bouquet if you wish. Here, we have plenty of matter!»

I didn't quite understand the whole meaning of it, and I felt that I was in an almost magic place.

«What do I have to do?» I asked. I didn't believe that with pure will matter could have been transformed in different ways. Not in my world, at least, but where was I?

«You have to want that column to become a flower, or many flowers...» the same girl of before tried to explain me.

I was skeptical. «How am I supposed to do that?»

«You have to think that this column becomes a flower or flowers, and you personality has to want it to happen.» But before I could try, the palace changed again, and we were suddenly outdoors in a magical landscape filled with towering trees and gentle animals roaming freely in an idyllic scene.

This place, though strange, was stunning. I'd only ever seen such a setting in computer-generated images, yet here it felt completely real. The beauty and peace of it all began to ease my mind, even if I still didn't understand where I was.

Where was I? I had been left alone in some kind of city, unable to recall what had happened before. Moments ago, I had been in a vast, epic land filled with trees, rivers, and wild animals, yet now I found myself in a city I couldn't identify. The people who had been following me in the hospital palace were gone. I was in a city filled with laborers, each one absorbed in carrying heavy loads and sacks filled with something resembling cement. Their faces were marked by suffering; none of them seemed remotely happy with their work.

It was as if I were invisible to these people. They took no notice of me or my movements, seeming oblivious to my presence. But then, one of the beings who had been with me appeared, materializing out of nowhere and looking straight at me.

«Hi, do you remember me?» she asked. It was Jona — the girl in white whom I'd last seen in the trading house. She had been in the palace with all those people when I was... exposed.

«What are you doing here?» I asked, bewildered and unsure of what was happening. I feared I would never make it back to my trading company. What was I doing here?

«I'm here to show you what not to do in life,» she said, her tone unwaveringly serious. «If you keep valuing profit over a person's life, this is where you'll end up, carrying sacks like these people around you.»

«Who are they? Why don't they look at us or listen to

us?» I asked, my confusion growing. It was possible I had been drugged to imagine all of this. But it felt vividly real — more real than any dream I'd ever had.

«They are people like you,» Jona replied. «The only difference is that you are still alive in your body. These people, on the other hand, are dead in theirs and exist here with only their personalities.» I was terrified; the thought of being with the dead made my skin crawl.

«Are we in hell?» I asked her, voice trembling, and repeated myself, as she seemed distracted, her gaze fixed elsewhere.

«Let's go. There are other things we must see.» Jona didn't answer my question. She moved ahead, and I had to follow quickly to keep up; she walked briskly and with purpose. The streets in this city looked impoverished, the people visibly oppressed, working merely to survive.

«Where are we going? I feel lost here,» I said, hoping Jona would answer this time. She stopped and looked at me intently.

«We are in a place you've always known, though you may not realize it. You've lived in a limbo between good and evil, though your recent years in the trading company leaned more toward evil. I am here to show you what happens to people like you when you die.» I couldn't comprehend what she meant.

«Where are we? Where is Bern? What are we doing?» My questions felt urgent and legitimate. I had no

understanding of what was happening, but Jona only sighed, as though I had missed the obvious, and said:

«Jordan, Jordan, you know where we are, even if you refuse to understand. We are in the second dimension, a place where people like you come after their time on Earth. It's a place where people confront their sins. Here, the bad is weighed against the good, and justice is served for all actions done in life. It's not hell, per se, but it's as close as human understanding can come to the afterlife.» I was horrified. The afterlife? Me? What did that even mean?

«When the body dies, you die!» I shouted, recoiling from what she had just told me. What could she possibly mean by that?

Jona turned away, her eyes widening as if she saw something. «What are you looking at, Jona?» I asked more softly. Finally, she turned back to me and answered:

«You are a fortunate man, Jordan, because you've been given a chance to avoid a far more miserable end. You have the rare opportunity to see what lies ahead for people like you and to never again make the mistakes you once did. First and foremost, turn away from greed, for it binds you to something empty — a sterile illusion called “money,” as you refer to it.» Although I couldn't quite grasp her meaning, I felt judged, as if my life choices were somehow lacking.

My life was straightforward: home, work, gym. Occasionally, I traveled to photograph beautiful

towns and landscapes. How could any of this be considered wrong? Jana spoke as if I'd committed a crime, but how? I was just living a normal life, like anyone else.

«I don't understand, Jana. You make it sound as though I'm living wrongly, but I'm just an ordinary person. Yes, I work hard at the company, but beyond that, I lead a regular life... What could I possibly be doing wrong to deserve the label of "greedy"? I even donate to charity!»

But Jana only laughed, and she didn't stop for quite a while. I waited, annoyed but patient, until she wiped her eyes and looked at me again.

«What are you doing, Jordan?» she asked once she stopped laughing, drying her tears with the back of her hand.

«What am I doing? I'm trading! Is there something wrong with that?» I asked, irritated. «I buy and sell currency pairs, commodities, and securities using technical analysis techniques like Bollinger Bands, Fibonacci Retracement, and Moving Average Convergence Divergence. I do this to earn a profit, both for myself and for the trading company I work for. My salary depends on it, and the more profit I generate, the more I earn! What's wrong with making money?»

«Let's explore that,» she replied. «Do you believe it's right to profit at the expense of less experienced traders?»

«What are you implying?» I was confused, as though she were accusing me of taking advantage.

«I've heard that profit in trading is a zero-sum game. That for every gain, there's an equal loss elsewhere. Put simply, when you profit, someone else on this planet loses exactly what you've gained.»

«They were unprepared! If they were professionals, they wouldn't have lost.» I replied.

«Jordan, you know well there's no such thing as a guaranteed profit. You win trades; you lose trades. Isn't that true?» She was right. I'd been too confident in my skills.

«Yes, you're right, I admit...» I felt myself blush slightly.

«When you earn a living from trading, you're subtracting an equivalent amount from someone else's resources. Do you think it feels good to lose a trade?»

«No, I wouldn't say that it's pleasant; I'd say it's simply the nature of the game.» I responded, trying to sound neutral.

«What if *you* were the one losing, Jordan?» Her gaze grew intense, and I felt a hint of pressure.

«Loss happens when a person isn't careful and makes impulsive, poorly-studied trades. Sure, I lose trades too, but throughout my career, I've been successful on 75% of my trades.» I said, feeling a flicker of pride.

But Jana looked at me with a weight that felt almost reproachful.

«Every dollar you've earned came at someone else's expense,» she said. «You add no value to society by trading. Everyone who has lost because of you now has less money than he or she started with.» Jana's words held a conviction that was hard to argue against; her reasoning was, after all, accurate. Yet, I still believed there was something meaningful in my work, so I spoke up, almost as though I were defending a long-held passion.

«We do business! We make people richer and richer! What's wrong with that?» I replied, confident. But Jana responded with a piercing stare:

«I am appalled at how you view others. You believe yourself more important than everyone else. There's someone here who deserves something that belongs to you.» And she began pulling my shirt off.

«What are you doing, Jana? What are you doing?!» I protested, but she continued until my shirt was entirely off.

«Now imagine giving this shirt to one of those men and women carrying those heavy sacks, who don't even have a minute to rest.» She led me toward one of them. These people barely seemed to notice us, as though they couldn't even see us. But then Jana raised her hand in a gesture, a shape like a "C", and suddenly, they looked up, as if finally aware of our presence.

«Give me some water!» «I'm dying!» «I'm poor, give me something!» came the desperate cries. These people seemed destitute, lacking even their most basic needs, yet they were labouring under the weight of enormous sacks to build what looked like a grand structure.

«Where are we? Who are they?» I asked, desperate for answers. But Jana said nothing and continued asking the crowd who among them wanted a shirt. «Why are you asking if they want my shirt?»

«I'm trading your shirt, Jordan,» Jana replied sharply, as if showing me what it felt like to lose a trade.

«What are you doing? This is *my* shirt, not theirs!» I shot back, angry and confused. But Jana replied in a solemn tone:

«They also had *their* own possessions, their commodities and securities — and you took those from them!» She fixed me with a dark, meaningful look, and I felt a chill as the shirt was handed to one of the poor souls.

«Why did you do that?!» I was livid, left standing bare-chested. «Why did you give them my shirt?!» I couldn't make sense of her logic. She replied calmly:

«When you take something without permission, it's a violation. But remember, everything you do on Earth will one day be judged.» She seemed like a teacher instructing me on morality, leaving me feeling exposed. At least I still had my trousers.

«Where's my shirt?» I muttered.

«It went to one of the needy. I think they needed it more. Why not trade your trousers for a shirt and another pair of trousers?» Jana winked playfully, but I had no idea how to proceed. «Aren't you a trader back on Earth?» she pressed. And yes, I was. But I didn't have my usual trading tools here, and I was still clueless about where we were and who she was. «Why not trade your way back to Bern?» she added, winking again, as if hinting at the most precious lesson of all — freedom.

«I don't know where I am, I don't know who you are, and most of all, I don't know how I got here. So, who are you?»

«I'm Jana. Nice to meet you.»

«Who *are* you?»

«I am Jana, as I said.» She looked familiar, though I couldn't quite place her.

«I've seen you before... but where? Are you from Bern?»

«I'm not from Bern, but we met there. Do you remember anything?» Jana's expression held a mix of curiosity and intrigue, and suddenly, it came to me — I had indeed seen her at the trading house.

«I saw you at the trading company before I came here! But... who are you?»

«I am an Eustrathish, a protector.»

And then I remembered — the hospital, the people, Jana herself... I felt disoriented. «I am your protector, but I assure you, you had never seen me before we met in your trading company.» Where exactly we were, though, was still an open question. «We must go. Here, take this and cover yourself!» Jana handed me another shirt, seemingly out of nowhere. It fit perfectly, a fine white linen shirt with intricate embroidery, reminiscent of traditional Ukrainian patterns.

«Where did that come from?» A reasonable question, given that the shirt seemed to have appeared out of thin air.

«Jordan, Jordan, this isn't Earth; this is another dimension, where the rules are different.» She said this while tying her boots. I couldn't help but notice her striking beauty, untouched by age — she wasn't a child or a teenager but something else entirely. She finished tying her boots, then slapped me lightly on the cheek.

«That's for looking at me with desire.» She continued walking as though nothing had happened.

«Jana, where are we going? How do I get back home?»

Jana turned to me, her voice strong and commanding: «You are *not* on Earth, Jordan. Do you understand that?» She spoke with authority. «And I have received instructions for you: we must go to the first crossroads. There, we will decide if it is wiser to go forward or return.»

«What crossroads? What does “go back” mean? I remember another man speaking of a “desert” and a city... something with “Lang.”» Jana’s face softened into a smile.

«Yes, exactly. Beyond here lies the *Nod Desert*, and a few days’ walk from there is *Langer*, a city we may need to visit. So, tell me, what do you like to do in your spare time?» A surprising question from Jana, and I wondered — after that slap a few moments ago, were we friends now?

«I... well, I work out in my spare time. Keeps my body fit, sharpens the mind.»

«Ah, a gym type. We do that here too, although we need far less time than you do on Earth to stay in shape. A few months, not years.» It was fascinating; I’d always dreamed of becoming strong and muscular, the kind of guy who could impress others with his achievements.

«Yes, I’m the type who regularly goes to the gym. I push myself hard, both in the gym and at work. Success means a lot to me.»

«What is success, according to your definition, Jordan?» Jana’s question took me by surprise. What is success? I had to think. It was one of those concepts that seemed straightforward, but the moment you try to define it, it becomes elusive.

«Success?» I replied. «Success is the achievement of what society values: financial freedom, social

influence, romantic success.» That, to me, was success. I poured my effort, time, and energy into earning more money, building valuable connections, and forming relationships. One good partner was ideal, but if that didn't work, I'd always kept a backup plan in mind.

«So this is your definition of success, Jordan?» Jana's face showed visible confusion... «I thought you'd at least mention happiness in all that! But I see you value things as the world does. No wonder you're unhappy; your focus is fixed on fleeting things.» As usual, I struggled to follow Jana's logic, but I knew she was pointing toward something different from the values I'd held for so long.

«I'm not saying I don't care about happiness. I'm just striving to improve, to be the best version of myself.» My response sounded weak, even to me. I had a view of success that was, I believed, more defined than most people's vague idea of "finding happiness."

«But I don't believe "happiness" is necessarily the purpose of life. The Japanese concept of *ikigai*, a higher purpose, seems more meaningful. Happiness... well, it feels rather abstract... But where are we going, anyway? Could you at least tell me that?» I enjoy discussions about philosophy and purpose, but I was still disoriented — uncertain of where I was, what I was doing here, and where I was going with this ... Eustrathish, as she called herself.

Finally, I stopped her. «Jana, wait a moment. I don't

know where I am. I don't know who you are. I don't know where we're going. Can we pause for a moment to clarify all this?»

Jana halted and looked at me with piercing intensity. «Where are you going?» she whispered. «The Lord requires you to decide that before anything else.»

So, I decided. I would go to the city of Langer.

Bern, first dimension, years later.

I spent quite some time in that other place, and though the story of the so-called Second Dimension isn't over, I want to tell you something strange that happened after I left the office on an incredible evening in Bern. As I was being carried away, bleeding just below my left collarbone, I heard a voice. It asked: «Jordan, Jordan, where are you going in life?» I was barely conscious and didn't have the strength to answer, let alone understand what was happening. I remember getting into an ambulance, cold lights above me, paramedics around me. Then, I saw a horrible figure, something like a monster or demon, hovering over me. After that, I remember nothing except being in the Second Dimension and having the experiences I'm recounting here. That experience changed me, made me re-evaluate how I live and what I value. Now, I'm married to a woman I truly love, with a child. Before, I would have traded and traded, climbing towards millions, blinded to life's most precious things — first

and foremost, love.

The message I want to share now is this: you don't need a paranormal experience to understand that living well means acting as a good person. If not, you'll be swept up in the world's logic, losing sight of what truly matters, like your core values.

When I was taken to this other dimension, I remember a tunnel of light pulling me from where I was to somewhere I can hardly describe. My *being* traveled to that dimension, not my body. The rest of the story is what I've written here for you to read.

So, what was that place? Where was I during all that time? I think I know, but I'll leave the answer open for you to consider.

I felt certain that I wasn't in that place physically but in some sentient way. I didn't leave Bern bodily but rather with a part of myself — something intangible yet accessible to all of us. This sentient part of me traveled to another dimension and encountered the beings I've written about, for lack of a better term.

At the time, I was also physically in Bern. Later, I learned I'd been lying in a bed in the Universitätsspital in Bern, mostly unresponsive, leading everyone to think I might die any minute. But where was my mind during that time? I recall nothing from that strange night on Earth, only what happened in the other place. If I had been bleeding a little more from that bullet wound, I could have died. A couple of centimetres, and the bullet would have struck my heart, killing me

almost instantly. Fortunately, it only hit slightly below the collarbone, narrowly missing a fatal spot.

The story I'm telling you here is the closest I've come to a paranormal experience. Was it something only in my mind? Or was it with my whole body and spirit? And what exactly is a spirit? I'd never encountered one in my earthly life. What was it that I witnessed on this strange journey, this projection of my... being? I don't know. All I know is that I went there as one person and came back as another. What does that mean? We'll explore it in Chapter 4, for the story must go on.

As for money and its purpose, I'll say more on that later, but I want you to follow me on this path to a deeper understanding. I now believe that the act of making money often distracts us from what truly matters: our values. Money isn't inherently meaningful, so I think we need to keep "making money" in check. Otherwise, we risk loving money more than our loved ones. I know I've been that person, sacrificing much to say yes to money. But money has never brought true happiness, only fleeting bursts of pleasure that, once gone, leave only a feeling of dependence on that pleasure.

So, what do we seek instead? I want a life of true happiness — a life in which, on my deathbed, I can say, "I have no regrets." Fleeting pleasures won't count then, and I'll be grateful I didn't chase them.

Earlier, I mentioned I'd discuss the purpose of making

money. If it goes beyond what we need for a life well-lived, the pursuit becomes selfish, a path that constantly reminds us there's never enough. Money becomes an endless quest that never brings happiness or fulfilment. Instead, it becomes an idol that draws our love away from what really matters. A lifeless idol can never become a living partner, child, relative, or friend.

So, my dear reader, I wish you to pursue endeavours that fulfil your values, the ones that lead to true purpose. These values are what we're ultimately seeking.

Part II

The Quest for Happiness Through Beauty

What is beauty? There is something fleeting about this word, something elusive. I believe that beauty is what gives life its charm. But what is charm? It is something that draws us into life, making us appreciate it while helping us steer away from hardship. Charm is pleasantness — something delightful, something radiant. I love things that are beautiful. I dislike what is ugly, what is dark, what is uninviting.

Think of the most wonderful experience you have ever had. That was, undoubtedly, something beautiful. Beauty allows us to bring order to an otherwise chaotic world. It helps us make sense of existence in a way that is comprehensible and meaningful.

I believe happiness can be achieved through beauty, for beauty is one of life's most captivating aspects. Beauty enriches existence in countless ways. I cannot fully define every dimension of beauty, for I lack the precise logical structures to articulate everything my mind perceives. Yet, I know this much — life itself is a beautiful experience *for those* who choose to see beauty in it rather than ugliness.

But why does beauty make life better? And, beyond that, what does better even mean? Can't we simply say that everyone is free to do as they please? That each person defines life, beauty, and meaning on their own terms? That there is no absolute truth, no universal standard for what is beautiful or good?

Perhaps we could say that. But if we do, we risk

plunging into chaos and decay. Why? Because human beings are not just free — we are drawn toward what we perceive as good.

And what is good?

I would argue that good is beautiful. The ancient Greeks had a word for this: *καλὸς καὶ ἀγαθός* — «the beautiful and the good.» Beauty and virtue, intertwined, formed one of the pillars of classical ideals in both aesthetics and morality. Perhaps, at its core, our entire understanding of life is simply a vision of beauty and delight. I think this is a good thing.

As we move forward in these pages, I offer you this suggestion: we must stand on the side of beauty. For in ugliness, there lie things that diminish life, that bring suffering, that weigh the human spirit down. If we are to seek what is higher, what is noble, then we must choose beauty over its opposite.

Yet, it seems that in modern times, ugliness is not only tolerated but celebrated. But life is more than mere existence. Life, in its fullest sense, is the connection between the individual and the source of all life — a source we may or may not choose to name. And that source, whatever it may be, is the origin of all living things.

In the pages ahead, you will encounter stories, reflections, and ideas — some of which Jordan, the character in this book, does not yet fully accept. But no, I am not Jordan. I am merely the narrator, a presence both... present and omniscient.

So read on. Let your mind engage with the thoughts that follow. This is not quite a novel — it is a book meant to make you reflect, to challenge you to ponder the meaning of things: friendship, wonder, and the pursuit of the beautiful.

Read on, and when you reach the end, you will have something to tell me.

Good luck on your quest to find beauty...

WE DEVOTE OUR TIME TO WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL

When I think about aesthetics, I recall the saying, «it's not what is beautiful that's beautiful; it's what pleases.» *Pleasing* touches our senses — our sight, touch, smell, taste, and hearing. It's true that what is beautiful to one person may not be to another. Yet, ancient civilizations developed canons of beauty that resonated broadly. The Greeks, for instance, discovered geometric principles like the golden ratio, which is universally pleasing to the eye. Fast forward to today, and we apply similar criteria to web design, aiming to create beauty that appeals to everyone. A cluttered website is undesirable to anyone; in effect, we are applying a universal canon of beauty in a new medium.

This leads me to wonder if universal beauty truly exists. Can we say it does or does not? Each of us has an ideal of beauty, whether in appearance, scent, or sound. For instance, none of us would find the smell of animal waste pleasant, while the scent of freshly baked cookies is universally appealing. Or consider music: it is pleasing because of the complex responses it evokes, unlike noise, which lacks harmony and cohesion. The pleasure we get from music results from a rich interplay of cognitive, emotional, and cultural elements, making it a universal form of human expression. This distinction reveals what I refer to as the *problem of beauty*. What defines beauty,

and why do we find some things beautiful while others repel us?

I suspect that more than cognitive factors are at play; there may also be spiritual influences involved. I don't know if you believe in a soul or some kind of spiritual presence, but after all I've experienced, I cannot help but believe that reality extends beyond the material world. I now believe in souls — entities that may not be visible but communicate with us in countless ways.

I have slightly changed my views on the topic, and God may in fact exist, and given the events I've lived through, I now lean toward this belief. In the following chapter, I'll tell you more about what happened in Gænæthedyl, and what I experienced before, during, and after my visit to the city of Langer. The whole journey was overwhelming, but I'll delve into that soon.

As I've already shared, I was contacted during several sleepless nights by a presence that identified itself as «my conscience.» From those inner conversations, I learned invaluable lessons — enough to leave my job as a trader and embrace a life dedicated to service. As you know from the previous chapters, the most essential lesson I can share is this: If you want a life of beauty, you must say no to ugliness.

What does that mean? Not that you should rush to an orthodontist for straighter teeth. I mean that, in your internal dialogue, you should use beautiful words and refrain from allowing ugliness into your thoughts,

whether about yourself or others.

It's a simple rule, as simple as *being kind in words and actions, rejecting ugliness in every deed*. Once we commit to «purifying» our inner selves, we begin to radiate positivity to everyone around us.

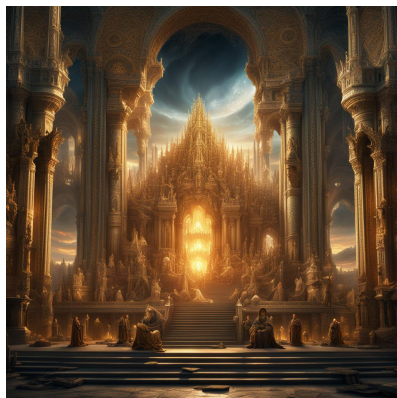
So what is beauty? I believe it is something likely immaterial, something that brings us pleasure at the deepest level. When we listen to music that transports us, or gaze at a breathtaking sculpture, we feel an undeniable pleasure. And what stirs that feeling within us? I believe it is beauty — intangible, yet perceptible only to the inner self.

«All this talk about immaterial and inner beings is unscientific! It's not provable that such things exist!»

I hear people say this often... and yet, I want to share my experience with you, in the hope that you might avoid the same *faux-pas* I've made many times in the past.

I have a lot of friends who play music. Music is one of the amazing, immaterial arts that can have such a tangible effect on us — even giving us goosebumps. To these friends, I say that *beauty* should be the aim of making music. If there's just one guiding principle for musicians, it is this: *always aim for the beautiful*. Doing so elevates your inner being, bringing you to another level of perception — not necessarily a trance-like state, but something profoundly beautiful and spiritual nonetheless.

What's all this talk about ethereal things and inner beings? Well, my friend, I want to share a message I received one night from my... conscience — a voice speaking to me about what truly matters in life. It's a simple, yet powerful passage, and I'm going to present it to you differently than the rest of the book: in an image.



What is this image? It's something that resonates with me deeply. Though I didn't create it myself, I provided the prompt that led to it: *The throne of God in the realm of ethereal beings*. This image reminds me of the Second Dimension I described in Chapter 2. Whether or not such a throne actually exists isn't the point. What matters to me is that I've created something that I believe is beautiful — something I'd love to experience in my everyday life. This image, generated on a website called NightCafe.studio, feels like a glimpse into another realm. Could it be a vision of the Third Dimension — the place of the highest gods?

Now, I have to tell you a story, one I believe you might find valuable. It happened one day while I was driving from the outskirts of Bern to my office in the city center. As usual, I was in my extravagant car, fitted with different spoilers that I can change according to the day of the week. On my way, I received a call from a very dear friend of mine, Gabriel. It was unusual for him to call me at that time of morning (around 9 o'clock). I answered.

«Hallo Gabriel, wie geht's?» I said, which in German means, «Hi Gabriel, how are you?» I can't speak Swiss German very well, but I do my best with High German whenever I get the chance.

«Hi, um, Jordan?» His voice on the other end was broken, hesitant — very unlike him. I repeated, hoping he would answer my question.

«Hi, Gabriel, how are you?»

«Jordan, where are you? I don't know what's happening, but I'm seeing... so many people... hundreds of thousands of men and women crammed into a space too small to hold them. Do you know the old town of Bern? It's full of people, but it doesn't feel real.»

I tried to make sense of what he was saying, as I was also on my way to Bern's old town. I was still outside the city, driving in from the outskirts, so I replied.

«Gabriel, I can't see anything unusual from here. What do you mean, “hundreds of thousands” of

people? How could they all fit into the old city?» I kept driving, puzzled by his call about something that clearly seemed unreal. «Gabriel, I don't know what's happening, but stay calm. Do you need anything? Are you all right?» Gabriel often visits doctors and psychiatrists, though he hasn't always fully understood why. He's a good soul, though, sometimes facing a few health challenges.

«Jordan, I'm fine. But believe me, there are thousands upon thousands here in the old city. I'm standing by the Bärengaben, near the bear pit, across from the main entrance.»

Something in his voice convinced me he wasn't hallucinating; he sounded level-headed, though clearly disturbed.

«What exactly are you seeing, Gabriel? Is there anything unusual happening?» Large gatherings in Bern aren't unheard of, especially when the local football team wins a championship. So I wondered what could have happened that morning. «Is there anything dangerous going on?»

«I don't know... I feel lost. Where are you? I have this terrible feeling that it's the end of the world.» His words sent a chill through me.

«What do you mean by the end of the world? Are you afraid?»

«What I see can't be natural. These people... they're like ether; they don't seem to be made of solid

matter.»

I asked to check his mental clarity. «Gabriel, did you take all your medicine today?» But his response left me speechless.

«Jordan, I see souls.»

I usually enjoy when Gabriel calls, but this time I felt he was pushing his... visionary abilities a bit too far. Still, he's a respected and trustworthy person, so I couldn't dismiss what he was saying. I believe he saw something — something unusual, though I can't say what. But certainly, strange things have been happening in my life too. I've started hearing voices, I've had an experience that felt like traveling to another dimension (a story I'll share in the next chapter), and now here was my friend, telling me he saw souls...

And all this happened while I was wide awake. So I pressed him further.

«What do you mean you see souls?» I asked, trying to gauge if he might be hallucinating. «Are there other people around you, or are you alone at the Bärengaben?» Normally, the bear pit is bustling with tourists from early morning, so if no one else was around, Gabriel might indeed have been “just” hallucinating. But his response was even more disturbing.

«I see people, they have bodies, but they're frozen. They're not moving. I just see these ethereal beings, perfectly still. It's as if time has stopped for everyone

but me, and I'm left seeing beings from... somewhere else, spirits maybe. But they don't seem dangerous. They're just waving from the other side of the Aare River.»

«Are you saying you think you're seeing the spirits of dead people?» I asked, trying to assess his mental state.

«I'm not sure if they're dead, but many of them are signalling for me to come to the other side. It's strange — everything else is frozen: birds suspended in the air, bears in the pit perfectly still, people walking across Nydegg Bridge paused mid-step. But you're moving, Jordan. What do you see from where you are?»

Suddenly, I slammed on my brakes. People were walking toward my car — but they were... ethereal. Transparent. What on earth was happening?

«Gabriel, I see... people around me who seem to have bodies, but they're transparent! What's going on here?»

«The beings near me aren't moving; they're just beckoning me to cross the bridge. But they're not coming toward me.»

«No, Gabriel, they're coming for me!» Fear gripped me as it felt like the end of the world. I had to stop the car on Bern's Nordring because something unbelievable was happening: a swarm of these ethereal figures was rising over the old town, as though being drawn up into the sky. And still, I had no idea what was happening.

«Who are you?» The voice echoed in my head.

I struggled to respond. «I am... Lukas?»

«Fine, let him go.»

«Who was here?» I thought I am Jordan.

«You are Jordan. What happened?»

«I think I had a vision.»

«What kind of vision?»

I couldn't find the words.

«Did you die?»

«I don't think so.» My breath came in rough, ragged gasps.

«Do you know who I am?»

«I don't think so. Where am I?» The figure lifted their gaze and gestured in the air.

«Do you believe this is reality?»

I understood everything, but forming words was difficult.

«I don't know.»

«What happened before?» I glanced around.

«I was trading. Now I am somewhere else.»

«Where, exactly, are you?»

«I think I am nowhere. I was... and now I am not going to be.»

«Where is your mother?»

«She died many years ago. She is in a grave.»

«What happens after death?»

«I don't know. We become earth and dissolve.»

I believe the time has come, dear reader, to share with you a new story — a story about a man who sought worldly pleasures and came face-to-face with life's ultimate reality: death. We are all bound to die, and what we choose to do with this brief existence is entirely up to us. But how is it possible to lead a good life here, on this planet?

To answer this, you need to ask yourself a few things. First, who will you live for? Second, how will you spend your time? And finally, what will you believe in once life has granted you its last opportunity to leave something meaningful on this earth?

Lukas is not Jordan, yet there is a profound connection between them. So let us make a pact here: let us assume that Lukas wrote this book both for your benefit and for Jordan's.

Who, then, is Jordan? Jordan is the part of us focused on life's day-to-day concerns — work, friendships, family, money — until the inevitable moment arrives when he must face the end. He is like anyone who embraces a *regret minimisation framework*, aiming to

live without remorse. I am convinced this approach can indeed help us become better people, but only if the actions we choose are good in themselves.

I am Lukas, and I present to you Jordan's life, which now becomes your own story. Jordan's existence could be compared to that of someone deeply rooted in worldly matters — not an immoral person by any means, but one whose outlook reflects a life lived only in this world, disregarding any thought of what may come after.

I am here to impart the knowledge I've been given during a time of profound understanding about the nature of humanity. And to take something from this, you must be open to the impossible, for Jordan's story is unlike those typically found in books. I confess that the contents of the following pages are only partly his story; they also encompass occurrences in other dimensions of existence.

In the coming chapter, I will share a non-story, an interlude of sorts. It is worth mentioning the events leading up to this point: Jordan, wounded by a shot to the chest; Jordan and Gabriel witnessing ethereal beings; and, in earlier chapters, Jordan's conversations with his conscience and insights gained about multiple dimensions through dreams. There are also the tales of the Second and Third Dimensions, peopled with characters like Yawa, Mentel, and Lyubov. Who are these figures? Let us clarify.

I am Lukas, the author of this book. Jordan is a

fictional character embodying the many individuals who think only of their lives in this world. The characters in the Second and Third Dimensions are... pseudonyms for someone who loves you.

This book is not written merely to tell a story but to convey a belief — one that may prove invaluable when you come to realise that the world is not as someone intended it to be. My hope is that this message will reach as many as possible, not for monetary gain, but because learning this truth early enough may save you from much hardship in times to come.

I must confess something to you: I am not the one who physically typed these words into the computer to create this book. Am I perhaps a ghost? No, I don't think so. I prefer to think of myself as an old teacher — a teacher who loves to teach, yes, but who loves the students most of all. And so, I have been given the task of teaching those on earth how to love themselves and to cherish goodness. For that, you see, is life's great deception: to believe that evil is somehow more attractive, more rewarding, than good. Yet, it's a shared delusion.

Even in the ancient book of Genesis, the serpent tempts Eve to eat from the forbidden tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The serpent says to her, "For God knows that when you eat from it, your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil". (Genesis 3:5) The serpent, of course, is Satan — the eternal enemy of humankind — who believes that rebellion against goodness will bring

more to those who seek what is forbidden. But this, dear friends, was a lie from the beginning. And it remains a lie to this day. If you reject the goodness meant for you, what else will you have left?

My role in this book is not merely to write; I am not only an old teacher — I am an old grandpa, too. But I no longer live within my mortal body. My duty now is to finish a work I began years ago when I was still among the living. And for this duty, I am committed to guiding a writer in spreading a message that is very close to my heart. Another person will write this text on my behalf; it is I, however, who am bringing this story to life.

I mentioned that I am Lukas, correct? You may have already encountered this name online. The individual who I am currently «working through» to write these lines created a project, time ago, called *Eurasmo* years ago. When I first heard that this project was interested in money and finance, I thought, «Oh no!» For *Eurasmo* is an acronym for *EUROpean ASian MOney*. This person aimed to launch a YouTube project to teach people about wealth and finance. And, if I may say, this individual was quite greedy, similar to Jordan (and who knows, maybe there's a connection between them...).

As I recall this project, I recognise that it was born from a desire for self-gain. It was designed solely for the creator's benefit. It did not resonate with me. Instead, I was sent here with a message for humanity, a message meant to inspire you to reconsider what it

means to live a good life on this small planet we call Earth.

I must be clear: while I suggest the words for this story, another is typing them. I no longer have a body with which to write. Let us then agree on this: if you find this unbelievable, feel free to treat this book as fiction, a story meant to entertain or inspire those who read it. But, if you believe that a voice without a body has, indeed, spoken the words within this book, then we must make an agreement.

By the end of this chapter, I will have clarified what is meant by all this discussion of dimensions, beings, and consciousness. And if you continue reading, I promise you one thing: I will reveal a hidden knowledge that can help you become a better person and a kinder soul.

Now, let's revisit the story of Gabriel on a bridge in Bern. I have a suspicion that, at that moment, someone interfered with our narrative. So what you read may not be 100% accurate because I know that seeing souls on Earth is not typically possible. What happened then? Perhaps someone hoped to stir up fear in those of you who have read this far. The one typing this entire book is something like an instrument in the hands of something larger.

I believe that this work of fiction, or perhaps semi-fiction, can be a tool to make people on this planet better, encouraging humanity to become a species that thrives together, free of conflict. Yet, such harmony is only possible if we embrace a few universal truths.

For instance, what is the purpose of life? Some might suggest it's about becoming the best version of ourselves. And yet, we will carry most of our intellect and abilities with us to our graves.

So, what is the point of living on this earth? Have you ever considered that your inner being, the sentient part of you, survives the death of the body — and that perhaps you are more than just your brain? I think so. Otherwise, I would not have returned from a realm I'll describe later, to teach you that what I am, you shall become, and what you are, I once was.

What is life, after all? I think a prominent 20th-century scientist once said that «life is a process from a state of more entropy to a state of less entropy,» or something similar. In physics, entropy is a measure of disorder within a closed system. When such a system moves from disorder to order, life emerges. Our bodies, rather than disintegrating, manage to remain whole despite the influences surrounding us. And of course, this continuity takes energy, which is one reason why we need to eat.

So life itself is remarkable, but what makes life on this planet a remarkable experience? I believe it's something beyond the physical senses. I know this because where I am now, I have no body, and physical laws are very different here. For most of my life, I believed there was a higher order to all this — a conviction that even if there wasn't a God, there was something beyond us. I don't believe all this is mere chance but is ordered in a way we can understand.

«But where is the story of Jordan? What did Gabriel see? I want to know more about these...!» you may be asking, eager to dive deeper into the narrative we started earlier. Let me assure you, everything I tell you, you've encountered before in some way. If you're skeptical, know that I, too, was once doubtful about concepts like life, death, souls, and gods. But I've come to realise that a life without direction lacks meaning — and that direction must be not just earthly, but transcendental. This «beyond» is, I believe, a person.

I have met him, and I know our purpose in life is rooted in a person. Few people on earth realise this and say they want to live for someone they've never met. Who is this person? Some might say an angel, or an ancient family elder. To me, however, this person is more like a friend — someone whose presence brings joy, someone to cherish and love. For me, that person is Jesus Christ. I have found that living a life in His name is the best existence imaginable.

But what, then, is this Jesus Christ I just mentioned? We might think of Him as Jesus of Nazareth, who died on a cross thousands of years ago. But if our destiny truly is a person, how can we meet Him? When we love our friends, we visit them, reach out to them, or send them messages. I suppose we all wish to connect with those who matter to us. But what has this to do with the Lord? And wasn't this book supposed to be about something other than religion? Why, then, are we reading about Jesus and God here?

Have you ever witnessed a divine liturgy in an Eastern

church? The beauty of the liturgy is breathtaking, as is the profound devotion of the faithful. But what exactly is a liturgy? The term, derived from the Greek, means *work for the people*. It represents the primary divine service of the Church, intended for all who partake. Within this worship, you may encounter the presence of the God who, we deeply believe, is the ultimate aim and fulfilment of our lives.

Let's return to the story of Gabriel. As we read earlier, what exactly happened to him? He claimed to see souls, but what truly unfolded? The story paused, and someone asked, «Who are you?», to which the reply came, «I am Lukas.»

But if we consider that I am Lukas, why did Jordan (or Gabriel) say he was Lukas? Perhaps Jordan does not exist as an independent character but is simply a fictional device used by me, Lukas, the true author of this book, to create a sense of conflict. Maybe Jordan's role is to convey something beneficial and meaningful for you, the reader.

Do you recall that, in the first part, Jordan was even shot in the chest? He entered another dimension, forced to choose between the Desert of Nod and the City of Langer. What was that all about? Will we learn more about these aspects of his journey? Perhaps each of us, at some point in our lives, experiences a dark night of the soul, feeling lost amidst the winding paths of the world.

I have been sent here with a purpose: to guide you in

living well so that you may attain the sublime heights that life offers. With that said, we will continue — not from where we left off, for that will resume later in the book, but rather with a single, unifying theme: your true nature. Or, more simply, who you really are.

Who are you? I suppose you might answer, «I am a person.» Many would say that a person is simply a body, yet a dead body, though still a body, is lifeless. So, there's something essential that animates the body, which we might describe as brain activity or blood circulation — the very essence that gives life to the body.

This seems a convenient answer, tempting us to forget that the body is also a vessel for something deeper: the soul. The soul grants the body its capacity to feel; it's what distinguishes inanimate matter, like rocks, from sentient beings, like horses or humans.

How does it feel to be caressed? Pleasurable, isn't it? And a slap? Not so pleasant! But there's something more to consider: if you think that a soul is necessary to sense the world, scientists may argue otherwise, suggesting that neurones alone can explain sensory perception, and that we don't need a soul to understand it.

This perspective is persuasive. So, why then, do we need a soul? According to Occam's razor, any unnecessary assumption should be removed from our explanations. Chemical processes can indeed account for sensations. So, what's the purpose of a soul?

The soul, I believe, is life itself. Without a soul, there can be no life. Modern science has yet to fully grasp the nature of this phenomenon. However, having been without a body for approximately 15 years, I am certain that I am still alive — and that this is due to the enduring presence of life itself, or, essentially, what we call «soul.»

We are now going to explore another subject, one that will help clarify what happened in the first part of the book within these Second and Third Dimensions. I am convinced that, with assistance directly from the Second Dimension, you'll begin to see that all our discussions ultimately revolve around a single theme: life itself, the ultimate good that everyone seeks. And I know that when you arrive in the Second Dimension, you too will want to experience all of life. Note that I say «when» rather than «if,» for it's only a matter of time before you leave the First Dimension and rejoin the author of life itself. This is not a conditional «if» but rather an eventual «when.» I know this because I have walked this path before you, and I know it to be true, having experienced it firsthand.

Let us now delve into this new subject and, with a retrospective lens, examine what Jordan experienced in the first part of the book. Do you remember the first chapter? In it, Jordan transitions from being a trader in financial markets to dedicating his life to serving the poor. But how could this transformation happen? Jordan claimed in the first chapter that he had become Lukas, and yet here I am telling you that I am the true

Lukas! How can both be true?

I believe this paradox is no coincidence. What we're witnessing here is something remarkable. If I am Lukas, then how can Jordan also claim this identity? Lukas is a pseudonym I have chosen, but Jordan is a fictional character I created to bring this story to life. As his creator, I can do anything with his character. But am I telling the truth when I say that I am not from your dimension, but rather from the Second Dimension? I am well-versed in these matters, as I have been here for many days — 15 years, to be precise. I know what I am talking about.

Let me add this: Jordan represents every individual who finds it easy to seek worldly pleasures rather than contemplating the higher, unimaginable realm beyond mortal life, a realm that makes life on Earth merely a passageway to something greater — something everyone desires. And, my dear reader, that is the essence of how I became a respected figure in the afterlife, simply by following the teachings of one who championed love for all.

Now, let's move forward. I want to introduce you to someone else: Mentel. You encountered him in the second chapter. His name, too, may be a pseudonym for something that genuinely exists. What about Yawa? Or Gloria? And let's not forget Lyubov and Miriam. Are they also the creations of my imagination, or could they be someone greater, guiding this story along with me? I think we will revisit their stories to gain deeper insight into how the world may truly

work.

But before we continue, I need to leave you with one important thought. If there's anything to remember in this life, let it be this: Never allow evil a foothold within you. Act only in goodness, and no judge will ever have reason to find fault with you.

Is all this real, or merely the inventions of someone reluctant to use his true name? Here's something for you to consider: Mentel is a deity to those who dwell in both the Second and Third Dimensions. Mentel is the begotten son of Yawa and, in this sense, was never created by Yawa; he was generated. Notice the similarity here with the Christian doctrine that Jesus Christ was generated, not created, by God the Father. Perhaps Yawa shares roots with the Semitic term «YHWH,» which refers to the God of the Old Testament, or the Tanakh, the Hebrew Bible. Perhaps this connection is intentional, and as Eurasmio, I am subtly introducing you to the fundamentals of religion without your awareness. Or perhaps I am merely spinning another tale, as I once did in my days on Earth!

I am indeed a solitary soul, often lost in contemplation of life's meaning. Nowadays, one can even ask an AI for insights on the meaning of life, though its answers are bound by the data it was given. I am convinced, however, that the meaning of life is love — true love, not merely of an erotic kind, but a higher, unconditional love. If God exists, then He is, above all, pure Love, with a capital «L.» This love, I believe, is

the purpose behind all we do here and will continue to do, for those who are not yet in the Second Dimension, in the life to come. True love is not necessarily passion; it is selfless and giving, as in helping an elderly parent in their final days, perhaps taking leave from work to be at their side. That is unconditional love — a love that sacrifices without expecting anything in return. This love is the highest act a human can achieve, for when we are in need, we too desire someone by our side. What is love? Love is to hold something dear without requiring reciprocation. That *something* is more precious than all the riches in the world, for if you possess true love, it shields you from the harshness that life may bring.

There is something else I want to share: It is not that God does not exist, but that God *does not reveal Himself to everyone*. God is not an unbending law; rather, He gives all beings the freedom to choose, allowing humanity the capacity for both good and evil. Seeing things in this light may improve one's relationship with the Almighty.

But what of Jordan? Have we forgotten him? In the first part, he lay on the brink of death in what seemed to be a palace hospital in the Second Dimension. And here, in the third chapter, he is stunned, halted on Bern's Nordring, gazing in awe at what appeared to be a grand vision of souls in the skies and streets of Bern. Where did the story leave off in the Second Dimension? Most importantly, did Jordan survive after being shot in the chest in the second chapter, or

did he die? And if he did, how does he reappear in this chapter? Perhaps we should admit: Jordan is not a real person. He is a character who enacts things, yet, in truth, what befalls him happens to no one. Nevertheless, we have now truly «killed» Jordan — he will not return, at least for now. I believe his story has been absorbed into the life of the author of this book.

In essence, Jordan has become Lukas, and now the story of me, Lukas, is also the story of Jordan. So we haven't quite ended Jordan's story; we have transformed it. This is less the conclusion of a person in the First Dimension than it is the birth of another being in the Second Dimension. That being is me, Lukas. But it was not Jordan's injury that led to my passing — I died long ago. I have been here for 15 years. So, what then is this shift between Jordan and Lukas?

I believe I am here with Jordan to guide him toward understanding the most essential things in life. Lukas is, after all, a pseudonym — an idea, a symbol for anyone willing to transform life on Earth. Lukas represents an aspiration you and I can share. Lukas now transcends worldly temptations, embracing what comes after bodily death. For, in truth, I know that the life yet to come is the life for which we were created.

The death of the body is a difficult truth to accept. We form bonds with friends and family, and the passing of those closest to us strikes deeply, as we often take their presence for granted. I, however, hold a different view

of death. For me, Lukas, death is merely a passage, a shift from one dimension to another. What, then, changes between these dimensions? I am here in the Second Dimension, relaying to a beloved friend what to write in this book. Surely, this requires some form of communication between you, in the First Dimension, and myself, in the Second, for otherwise, this book could not exist. It may sound strange, but that is how these words are here now. My helper typed these words, while I conveyed them to him in his mind, even prompting him to slightly verbalise them for greater clarity.

There will be a shift, however: Jordan will not return to Bern — not yet, at least. His time in Bern was merely a passage, a bridge between two more significant events he has yet to face. Perhaps that chapter will conclude someday, but for now, let's remember where Jordan has been in recent chapters. He found himself in the Second Dimension, seeking direction amidst a crowd of Eustrathish, all urging him to choose between the Desert of Nod and the City of Langer. Ultimately, Jordan chose the City of Langer. That story will continue, but for now, let me ask you this: Do you believe that I am a bodiless presence, guiding someone in your dimension to write these words on a computer? That is indeed the case, though you need not believe it. I confess, however, that each time you open yourself to the impossible, you make yourself available to something beyond imagination, to miracles accessible only to those who believe.

But what about Jordan? I believe we last left him at a crossroads with another being, Jana, a woman in a white dress he'd previously seen outside his trading office in Bern. Jana is an Eustrathish, and I, Lukas, am well-acquainted with her kind, for I, too, reside in the Second Dimension and understand their purpose. Jana is one of those beings entrusted with the protection of humanity. Beings like her watch over people to help them lead lives filled with goodness and prosperity. Yet not everyone hears the Eustrathish call; humans are free to choose between good and evil, right and wrong, and the Eustrathish honour that freedom.

Jordan traveled to the City of Langer, another dimension altogether. But where precisely is this dimension? So far, this book has led us through several locales: Bern, Switzerland; the Second Dimension; the realm of Geburon; the continent of Gænæthedyl; a place with these Eustrathish beings who led Jordan toward his destiny; and the Third Dimension, the realm of the gods. In time, I'm sure all this will come together, but for now, let us shift our focus. This story is, ultimately, a work of fiction, and these places and dimensions do not necessarily exist in our universe; they mirror realities within our own lives. If you believe that after death you'll be «just» a pile of dust, let me caution you — there is far more to it. In fact, I've been sent by a being much greater than myself to bring a message of hope and goodness to humanity.

This story I call a One-Life Experience: moments so

remarkable they can wholly transform one's perception of the world in a brief span. The event with Jordan — a stranger shooting him on a street in Bern, even though he is only a fictional character — serves as a metaphor for the death of an old life and the birth of a new one.

Think about this: every time you've felt angry or resentful toward life or others, it wasn't a good place to be, was it? Yet, why do so many people strive for a better life, time and again? As we touched upon in the first chapter, it's because we inherently move toward good and away from evil. Evil, in a sense, corrupts our natural inclinations and steers us off course from our true goals.

Consider this: I am a soul enabling a body to write my thoughts and ideas. Does that sound impossible? Does it suggest spiritism? To both questions, I answer: No. But when a higher being allows a soul to communicate with the material realm, it indeed becomes possible, and thus, we have a book — written by a person from another dimension, using a living person merely as a means to type. I confess something before we move on: I lived on Earth many years ago, witnessing the devastation of World War II as a child. Later, I became a teacher, and in my retirement, I cared for my grandchildren and engaged actively in my town's social life. But now I am gone, and only through the Master's permission am I able to convey this message to your dimension, a realm that was once my own. And while I, too, find it bewildering, I believe

that our journey does not end on Earth. We must remember that if we're not careful, the world will try to convince us that this life is all there is — and that is a falsehood.

Take a look at this chapter's title: *We Devote Our Time to What Is Beautiful*. Why? I once thought most of us dedicate our time to what brings pleasure, not beauty. But beauty is a value in itself. If ugliness were our aim, we would not find joy in beauty as we do, in our pursuit of something better. This may seem like a circular argument, yet I believe that by seeking beauty, we invite remarkable experiences into our lives. Beauty enriches life: a breathtaking landscape, an extraordinary painting, or an inspiring piece of music — all these forms of beauty elevate the goodness in our lives. They connect us to something beyond, to an archetype that embodies Beauty itself, something far beyond our imagination.

But what is beauty? Beauty is fleeting, and I believe it is easier to lose beauty than to possess it. When we encounter a magnificent work of art, like Michelangelo's David, we may feel a transcendent moment, beholding such exquisite marble craftsmanship. Yet, upon leaving the museum, we retain only a memory of that beauty, which is soon replaced by daily routines and tasks.

Where does beauty reside? Beauty was, and always will be, in the gaze of David.



I believe that aesthetics is something real, something that doesn't fade just because we look away, unlike a momentary laugh that soon vanishes. When we laugh, the sound fades. When we look at a statue, its beauty no longer impacts us once we look away. But does this mean we're left with no joy or beauty in our lives? Not at all. Beauty, however, seems only partially present in this world, like a glimpse of something more profound. Perhaps beauty is the earthly manifestation of an archetype of the Beautiful that exists in realms beyond this world and universe. It is beautiful to feel awe as we look up at a night sky, yet when we resume our daily lives, we lose that immediate sense of wonder. Still, the memory of that brilliant display of stars in a dark sky remains with us.

So, what is beauty? Beauty is that which brings joy, for when we feel bad, it is the contrast with ugliness that awakens a longing for something better within us.

That's enough on this for now. I have a few more

thoughts to share before we embark on a new adventure. You may already sense that Jordan is no longer the one writing to you; it is I, Lukas — your enigmatic guide, your Virgil, navigating this journey in search of... something beyond the darkness of this present life, toward the deeper truths concealed beneath this superstructure we call the world.

In earlier chapters, we spoke about money, recognising it not as an end in itself but as a tool to fuel desires and dreams. Now, I ask you: What do you think a world without art would be like? Can you imagine a beautiful world, one where everything around us brought pleasure to the senses? I believe a world without art would be infinitely less fulfilling.

Art, as the expression of beauty, helps elevate our spirits beyond mere existence, bringing goodness into our lives. Consider the ancient Greeks — their standards for beauty, symmetry, and aesthetics spread throughout the world and persist today, a testament to their understanding of nature's rules and how they encapsulated that grace in sculpture, architecture, and art.

Though you may not have thought much about it before, beauty is essential, and in today's world, real beauty is increasingly rare. Instead, we're often confronted with modern «expressions» of «art» that lack any true beauty.

Take a look at these two images:



They are different. The first is an empty canvas on a wall. While some might value this *emptiness*, I do not see it as art. It doesn't convey beauty; it gives us nothingness instead.

The second image, however, is Leonardo da Vinci's renowned *Salvator Mundi*. Its intricate detail, the

contrast from dark background to the golden embroidery of the tunic — all of it embodies beauty. Although we don't need to turn our living rooms into art galleries, I think we often overlook or forget the beauty we could welcome into our lives. The same applies to music; only a few artists today create truly *beautiful* compositions. Much commercial music is designed for quick consumption, overlooking the nuances and grace that make music an art form in itself.

I may not convince you that beauty is something higher than our perceptions, but I tell you this: We must take action for our society, or we will see beauty replaced by ugliness, rebranded as «value,» «freedom of expression,» or even «beauty» itself. But ugliness remains ugly, regardless of what anyone tries to label it.

Do you know what's truly ugly? Death. Yet, in many areas of the arts, including music, death is often celebrated as though it were a virtue. It isn't. Death is merely a passage from this life to another existence, but for those who remain, it is devastating. In an instant, a beloved soul is taken, stolen by the enemy that is death.

Still, I believe there is something beyond death. Why? Partly because I am sharing these words with someone I care for deeply, even though I am not in your world. I write from afar, with the intention of imparting something essential for you to know now, while you still live on Earth. My aim is to help you live a life

of true value, for in doing so, you may find yourself in that true destination — the Second Dimension — from which I now speak to you.

I have one last thought on beauty before we proceed. Take a look at this image.



I find it staggering. This is a Serbian Orthodox church in Trieste, Italy, and its interior is dedicated to portraying the eternal beauty of divinity while still grounded on Earth. The sense of transcendence and grandeur is palpable. Modern churches, especially many Protestant/Reformed and Catholic churches, have lost this sense of beauty that was so treasured by our ancestors. Why has this happened? I believe this battle between beauty and ugliness resembles a war to win over as many people as possible to one of two «teams»: Team Ugly or Team Beautiful. I am convinced that only one can ultimately prevail — beauty — because it is more powerful than ugliness,

no matter how fiercely the other side resists. In the end, beauty and truth will always triumph over deceit and injustice. For I know, once again, that the final judgment on our deeds and intentions will be rendered by the leader of the beauty team — a figure embodying righteousness, beauty, love, and mercy. This is something I am certain of in this Second Dimension, and I urge you to consider it.

When you were a child, you were drawn to things that were nice, beautiful, things that brought you joy. Now look at yourself. Perhaps there's something in your life that isn't quite as it should be. That happens. But I believe that if you start to see these things — righteousness, beauty, mercy, love, and so forth — as *a Person*, then your journey's end will inevitably bring you closer to that Person. I know this, for all my life on Earth, I was driven by the search for life's meaning, and I can say that I have found it. That Person *is* the meaning of life. The question now becomes, *who is this Person?*

Let me share another story. In my mortal life, I practiced yoga. Not vinyasa yoga, but static postures. I was drawn to the philosophy behind it, the pranic (breathing) exercises, seeking balance between mental and physical health. One day, however, I had an unexpected premonition. As I prepared for my usual candle pose, a thought stopped me: *don't do it; the Lord doesn't want it*. I was bewildered, as these exercises were part of my routine. But the thought persisted. By «Lord,» I meant the figure I worshipped

throughout my life. Yet, I wondered, *what's wrong with practicing yoga?*

In time, I came to understand yoga not merely as a series of exercises taught by skilled YouTube practitioners but as a philosophical and theological practice rooted in the pursuit of enlightenment through prayer, pranic exercises, postures, and, above all, meditation, often involving the chanting of mantras. This yogic tradition stems from Hinduism and is closely tied to belief in the vast Hindu pantheon.

My research into this *Dharma*—the word Hindus use to describe their *religion*, meaning «tradition» — revealed that Hindus have a life purpose: to break free from the cycle of death and reincarnation and ultimately to unite with Brahman, the supreme divinity in Hinduism. Then I asked myself: *Do I worship Brahman?* In my mortal life, I was a devout Catholic Christian, actively involved in my parish and leading a catechism class for teenagers preparing for Confirmation. I questioned whether practicing yoga involved worshipping gods other than the God I was committed to the God of the Old Testament and the God of Jesus Christ.

And the answer was yes. Through yoga, I was indeed honouring other gods, even if my intention was simply to nurture my mind and soul. It was not my Lord whom I was worshipping.

This experience led me to reconsider the impact that

yoga had on my life. Many people practice yoga postures with a focus on physical exercise, but that is not the true purpose of *yoga*. The root *yug-* in Sanskrit shares the same origin as the word *religion*. *Religion* is derived from Latin *re-ligare*, meaning to bind. In Sanskrit, *yug-* also refers to union, a bond between a person and the divine. But the question remains: To whom are we binding ourselves through yoga? It is certainly not the Christian God, nor the Adonai of the Jews.

There's something else I must tell you: When performing yogic exercises, know that you may indeed be worshipping gods, whether benevolent or malevolent (of this you might be unaware). For instance, in Kundalini yoga, one seeks to awaken an inner power intended to make you «god-like.»

Now, I realise this may sound enticing — to become a god! I understand why many fall into this snare. For, in truth, I know from direct experience that the *kundalini* is a serpent-like force within, enhancing one's capabilities, making one more effective, charismatic, and pleasant to others. Over time, one may come to disregard a higher God, feeling sufficient in oneself — and in one's kundalini.

I believe this temptation is the same as that which Adam and Eve encountered in the Garden of Eden in the opening chapters of Genesis. In that account, the serpent (identified with Satan) tempts Eve to become like God, to pursue a shortcut to divine status rather than waiting on God's provision. I know Satan to be

a liar, creating illusions to mislead.

Thus, Eve and Adam «ate» the forbidden «fruit» of the «tree» of the knowledge of good and evil. These terms are highly allegorical, symbolising deeper levels of existence. Regardless of the fruit's nature, the essence is this: Our ancestors rejected God in favour of the deceiver. What followed was the human condition as we know it — war, disease, injustice, and above all, death.

Only one person reopened the path back to Eden: Jesus Christ. Through his death on the cross, he restored peace between humanity and God, offering a way back to life. Many Orthodox icons portray Christ descending into Hades, lifting Adam and Eve from the abyss and leading them back to their intended home: Eden.

I believe it's time for another story. Shall we continue?

«The stage is ready,» I heard.

«Where are you? Have you ever heard my voice before?»

«I think so...»

«I am Jesus»

«Who are you?»

«Jesus Christ. The one you never thought about. Now you know you are a creature of God. I love you. Do you want to live?»

«I certainly want to live! But what is happening?»

«All your life, you didn't remember me.»

«...»

«Why didn't you think about God during your life?»

«I thought there was no God.»

«Where are you now?»

«I don't know, I...»

«You are in the afterlife. Do you recognise anything here?»

«Not really... where am I?»

«You are in a place that does not exist in your universe...»

«What does that mean?»

«It means that you are dead. And that you are now a soul.»

The questions continued, for everyone who travels to the Second Dimension must confront the reality that something exists beyond death — something we call the afterlife. In this passage, we see the kinds of questions an ordinary soul might ask God after arriving in the Second Dimension, especially if they spent little time reflecting on the meaning of life or the existence of God. Here, this soul hadn't considered God during her earthly life. Now, let's see what a faithful soul might encounter on the other side.

«Hi. Where am I?»

«You are in the afterlife»

«Are you Jesus?»

«Yes, I am. Welcome!»

«My God and my Lord!»

«I am indeed the Jesus you worshipped. Thank you for all you have done on Earth. I am here for you, from now and for all eternity!»

«I have only tried to follow you during my mortal life! I want to give you more; I can do more.»

«I have had enough. Now there is eternity to be joyful and to have to do with everything beautiful and pleasant that exists.»

«My Lord and my God! You are absolute goodness! I love you!»

«And I love you, too. This is a paradise of love. Here, we all love each other without impurity. Come, let me show you where you are.»

«Where are my relatives? Can I meet them?»

«You will, but first, we must go through a final purification. We do this so that no evil can enter the Kingdom of Heaven.»

«Alright. What does that involve?»

«Do you renounce all evil, now and forever?»

«Yes, I do, absolutely!»

«In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, I command all evil spirits to leave her. Now.»

«I feel lighter. What happened?»

«I prayed a prayer of deliverance over you, so that no evil can mar your soul.»

«Thank you. I feel better. Less angry.»

«That's something many people feel after receiving this prayer.»

«What should we do now?»

«I think we should send a message to the First Dimension. The Lord, me, wants more people to live good lives, to avoid ugliness and evil, and to be selfless. Their reward is great in the Kingdom of Heaven.»

«Really! How can we do this?»

«I think someone is writing a book.»

«We should help him.»

«Yes. I know what to do. Come with me. Do you see those old books? He always wanted to read them. What if we prepared summaries of the most important works on philosophy, religion, and science, and then inspired him to publish them for the benefit of his descendants?»

«That's a great idea. We could even summarise the

origins of life on Earth!»

«Excellent idea! We should start soon, for I see that the First Dimension isn't following the Almighty's plan.»

«Let's do it. We want people to know that it is God who rules the universe, even if Stephen Hawking claimed there is no God and no one governs the world. But we both know Jesus exists. Is Jesus God?»

«I believe so, wholeheartedly!»

«Then let's get to work.»

In a place other than the afterlife.

What is life?

«Life can be defined as the characteristic state or condition that distinguishes organisms from inorganic matter, characterised by various processes such as metabolism, growth, reproduction, response to stimuli, and adaptation through evolution. It encompasses the capacity for cellular organisation, energy use, homeostasis, growth, development, reproduction, and adaptation. Life manifests in myriad forms across the biological spectrum, from microscopic single-celled organisms to complex multicellular beings. It is an intricate interplay of chemical reactions and

biological processes that sustain and perpetuate living systems, shaping the diversity and complexity of life on Earth.»

The above is a definition provided by OpenAI's GPT-3.5 large language model. While accurate in a strictly materialistic sense, it only addresses life from a biological perspective.

However, this definition does not account for the presence of consciousness — the unique capacity to recognise oneself and others, and to be «aware» of the surroundings. Consciousness, while elusive, defines much of what it means to be human and alive in a way that goes beyond biological processes.

Life had a beginning, at least as far as we understand it. Most scientists agree that everything began with the Big Bang, that cataclysmic release of energy and matter that sparked the formation of our universe. What is the Big Bang, really? It represents the origin of the cosmos. And yet, we can't ask what happened before the Big Bang, strictly speaking, since time itself began with this cosmic event.

I imagine that existence, consciousness, and perhaps even science exist in a way that transcends our three spatial dimensions and the fourth dimension of time. This suggests a realm beyond our tangible reality, something I refer to as «other dimensions.» Do these dimensions truly exist? We cannot say for certain, as no one has returned from such a place to tell us what

it's like. For example, the idea of plunging into a black hole and emerging in another part of the universe remains speculative, leaving us to wonder if other dimensions might even be accessible to us. But I'll stop here before delving too deeply into speculation.

Returning to life: what truly is life? It isn't only a biological process. Existence itself might be considered a form of life. A rock, however, isn't alive in the biological sense, so we wouldn't say that a rock is «alive,» though it undoubtedly exists. What, then, separates a rock from a living being? A living being can move autonomously, perform activities like eating, and reproduce, thus perpetuating itself across generations. A rock cannot do these things.

I believe life has another unique property that makes it extraordinary: the capacity to contain and transmit information, as seen in DNA. All living beings carry DNA within their cells, passing genetic information from one generation to the next, constantly preserving and advancing the legacy of their ancestors.

But is that all there is? I would argue that, as humans, we possess an additional layer: a sense of self-awareness. This ability to recognise ourselves as distinct entities, different from others, is something we share with only a few species.

Let me pose a thought experiment: What if we could journey to another planet through the power of thought and ask the beings there what it means to be alive? Let us give it a try...

In another planet, in another galaxy...

Hello! We have traveled all this way to learn what it means to be alive on another planet. Could you, the inhabitants of this place, tell us what life is? Share with us, for we seek to understand the secrets of being — of that which makes you and us alive. I'll begin with a simple question: What do you think about when you feel sad?

«Good day! Let me tell you something: Being alive is a bit like playing a game. You have to work to get ahead, but in a positive way. You need to keep finding better solutions to contribute well to your society. Here, living means constantly adapting to the ways of an ever-changing environment. I enjoy this aspect, for being alive means you can always improve the way you do things!

But I must say this: if you believe that being alive is merely a struggle for resources, you have fallen into the trap of seeing life as a competition in which the weaker are eliminated. This view is quite negative, for it suggests that we must fight each other — even among our own kin — in order to progress. Yet, there is another way: we can work together so that we all prosper. We must, however, remember to care for the smallest members of our group, for they, too, want to live. Neglecting them would make us weaker, not stronger.

As for sadness... I don't know, it's hard to explain; I'm not sure what to say.»

This is quite an interesting view! We would love to know more about you and to share with you the most pressing questions that occupy our minds. Could we ask you one or two more questions?

«Yes, of course. What would you like me to answer?»

We face a profound problem: many of us believe that nothing exists beyond what we can perceive with our physical senses. Yet, at times, through a chance encounter or a stray thought, we have felt there might be something beyond — a presence we cannot define. What can you tell us about the existence of something beyond our senses?

«That's a good question. But I might rephrase it like this: What does *existing* mean at all? Because in asking about this *existence*, you are really asking what it means *to be*.

Let me offer this: existence is simply the act of being. Everything that is, exists. But now we must try to understand what it means *to be*. That's the essence of the question. If to be in the physical world is a subtler way of existing, then both states of being are, in fact, existence. To be is the condition where, if one entity encounters another, the second entity recognises the existence of the first. But what if the two beings were two rocks or two galaxies? Neither is sentient, so they cannot recognise one another. Does this mean they don't exist?

Even if we are not observing an object, it continues to exist independently. Sentience isn't necessary to

prove existence. Let's look at a rock: you might say that the rock exists, even if you're not there to observe it. So, what is being? It is more than nothing; it is something greater than zero. Imagine all existence as positive numbers, and antimatter as negative numbers. Though this is not a rigorous explanation in physical or mathematical terms, it serves to illustrate what *being* means.

Being is simply *doing something* rather than nothing — whether that's moving autonomously or reacting passively, like a stone falling when thrown. In fact, even gravity acts upon matter. So, gravity is also in a state of being, for it exerts influence. Nothingness, by contrast, does nothing and therefore *is not*. But being is much more than just existing and acting. Living beings, for instance, pass down information across generations — a remarkable phenomenon.

It is a mistake to think of genetic information as «selfish genes» that merely seek to replicate. By doing so, we overlook the sentient abilities that we, or rather you, possess. We are quite similar to you in this respect. I know that you engage in love to reproduce. Why does love matter in reproduction? Because you are not just matter alone. You and we alike are not simply machines that replicate for the sake of genes.

Life involves thoughts, emotions, moments with others, physical sensations... things that are unimaginable if humans were simply self-replicating machines. In this, humans are not so different from higher animals, such as apes, chimpanzees, dolphins,

or lions. What connects all these species? Some might say it is evolution — the *fil rouge* that weaves together the story of life, explaining how we share similarities with other beings. After all, nearly all life forms, even viruses, share DNA as the molecule that carries genetic information.

But there's something more. This is not merely information; it is a continuation of being. Why spread information if not to carry forward a purpose? Is existence self-contained, merely perpetuating itself for the sake of it? We do not think so. Instead, we believe there is a greater reason at the heart of existence. We define this as *spirit*.

Don't imagine a spirit as a ghost. No, we think of spirit as the essence, something beyond matter that justifies existence itself. Thus, life is not merely a vessel for replication but a vessel for spirits who need to discover meaning in this existence.

Almost all living beings, we believe, have spirits or *souls*. Why? Because not everything that exists needs to understand the meaning of existence. Some entities simply *are* — they add to the complexity of the world but have no need for consciousness. This is the essence of our belief in life.»

This is something that many have never considered. But what is a spirit? To me, it sounds like something unnecessary in the grand economy of life. What is this *spirit*, and why do you say that some creatures have it while others do not?

«Look at yourself. Who are you — beyond your name, please. Who is that *I* that is perceiving all of this, forming thoughts, and speaking these phrases? You are more than your body alone. Do you know who you truly are? You can perceive yourself as you read these very words. You are that being observing and experiencing everything right now. Hello — that is *you*. And what is *you*? That is what I mean by “spirit.”

Let me ask you this: If you were only matter, what would your life consist of? Sleeping, eating, working — routine tasks to sustain yourself and perhaps propagate your species. But if you also have a spirit, you possess a higher purpose. You are tasked with contemplating the meaning of this life on Earth and striving to understand it. If you fail to grasp this meaning in your lifetime, you will have no second chances.

Do you know the meaning of life? It is this: recognising that there is someone beyond you. Who is this someone? Some may call it God; others might refer to it as the Universe. Regardless of the name, if you continue to live on Earth thinking that life is its own meaning, you will miss the greater truth. You will not understand why you are here.»

Those are fascinating concepts — thank you. So, do you believe that having an idea or belief in God is essential for living well? Or, must we believe in God to understand the meaning of our existence?

«Not only is God necessary, but you must actively seek

Him in this life. You need to realise that what you are truly searching for is Him and Him alone. You must see that God is the reason for your existence, and that He alone encapsulates the meaning of life.

I say this to help you. Many human beings live their lives neglecting this truth and finish their days without comprehending even an iota of what it means to exist. You must avoid this tragic mistake and dedicate yourself to seeking God in this life.

Now the question becomes broader: *Who is this God who is the reason for my existence?* On Earth, there are many religions, offering various conceptions of the divine: Apollo, Krishna, Brahma, Jesus, Allah... you name it. But who is the God who truly gives meaning to life?

If you believe all these options are equally valid, you are mistaken. The teachings of Islam and Christianity, for example, contradict each other — Islam says Jesus is a prophet, while Christianity proclaims Him as God. Similarly, the Hindu conception of Brahma is entirely different from the Greek pantheon of gods and demigods. So, who is the God who ultimately gives meaning to your life?

This question represents one of humanity's greatest quests: to determine which God to follow to fulfil your life's purpose. If you do not answer the question, *Who is the God I must seek?*, you will not fully understand life. I won't give you the answer, because that is your personal journey, your quest to

undertake. But I will offer you another question:

Which God loved you so much that He gave everything to mankind?»

Somewhere else.

I remember very little of what happened last night. In fact, I don't think I remember anything clearly. I'm here now, but something feels missing. Where are we? There was a whirlwind of concepts, and I think I confused one with another. Could you help me? I've lost the thread. I want to succeed in finance, but I also want to live. Oh dear, what is all this about? I'm confused, and it feels like I'm doing nothing. Something is wrong with me. But who am I? I'm Jordan, I think. I was shot in the chest, and after that, everything fades. Who are you?

«Hi. You are safe now.»

I don't understand who's speaking. Something feels different. I hear voices, my thoughts echo as if they are spoken aloud. I can't see anything. Who am I? Who are you? Who is anyone? What am I doing?

«You must tell me one thing.»

I don't understand. Where am I going? Can I go back? I need my routine. Please, can I go back?

«Talk to me: Do you see anything?»

I see nothing. I feel something, though — a connection with you. But who are you?

«... I am the Alpha and the Omega. The beginning and the end. You knew me once, but you turned away.»

I remember — I had to go to Langer. Are you a being? Who are you? Am I dead?

«I am the Being. You are not dead. You are in the Second Dimension. I have something to show you»

What is this? I feel an urge to escape the bonds of confusion and darkness. I want to see something — anything.

What is this light? Where am I? I see something... someone.

«Hi, Jordan. You are in Langer. I want to show you some things. Come, you are safe now.»

I understand... a little. What is this place? And so I asked: «Who are you? Why am I here? What is happening?»

«You are in the city of Langer. This is where we sort the best of humanity from the rest. A place of transition. You won't stay here forever.»

The man who spoke wore white robes. He looked to be about 30 years old, confident and convincing. He reminded me of someone I'd seen before, but I couldn't quite place him.

«Who are you?» I asked again, curious and uneasy.

«I am a friend. Come with me. There's something I want to show you.»

«Where are we going?» I still couldn't make sense of any of this.

«We're going to see if there's any good in you.»

I didn't understand what he meant by «good,» but it seemed important to him.

«I hope I'm good! I try my best in life.» My confusion remained. «Can you tell me where we are and why we're here?»

He smiled, grand yet gentle.

«We are in the afterlife. Here, we answer a question. To do so, we must move forward. Can you follow me?»

His demeanour was kind, noble, and patient.

«Am I dead?»

«No, Jordan. You are not dead. You stand just one span before death — but not yet. You are still alive in your city. There's one question for you to resolve, and then you can return to Bern.»

His confidence was striking. I remembered previous encounters with other beings — the Eustrathish, who had been more direct. This man, however, approached my fear with a calm assurance.

«I must tell you something: We are two. Do I exist?»

The question surprised me — it seemed obvious. Of course, he existed.

«I see you. You exist!»

«Then why do I fear that *you* do not exist?»

Did I not exist? What was he implying?

«I? I am here!»

«Who told you that?»

«I can touch myself!»

«Hallucination!»

«No, I can feel myself. I'm real!»

«Baloney! Your senses deceive you!»

«You can't be serious! I'm talking to you right now!»

We walked through a city that looked like a medieval Arabic town. It was breathtaking. People on the streets glanced at us as if we were on an important mission. The man pressed on.

«You are dead. You do not exist. A number of people on Earth tell me this, you know...»

«Who are you? Why do you say these things?»

«I told you: I am the Alpha and the Omega. The beginning and the end. The way, the truth, and the life. I am the one you are looking for.»

I hesitated.

«I've heard words like this before, but I don't understand... Are you a prophet?»

The man smiled, sitting on the steps of a beautiful house in the city.

«If you do not exist, how can you hear all this?»

«Exactly! I do exist. I'm here!»

«You exist. I know it. And I exist, as you can see.»

«Totally!»

«How can you be sure that I exist?»

The answer seemed obvious.

«I know you exist because I perceive you. That's clear to me.»

«So if I go away and you can no longer perceive me, do I cease to exist?»

«No, not at all. You'd still exist; I just wouldn't see you.»

«Then answer me this: Who do you think I am?»

«I have no idea! Perhaps one of the Eustrathish from before.»

«I have told you in many ways who I am, yet you fail to recognise me. I am the Being. The Being that was before all things. Before anything else existed, I am.»

«This sounds philosophical. Are you a demon?»

«If I were a demon, I could not say what I have just told you. Every demon fears me. I am the truth.»

«You are God?»

«I am God. Do you believe in God?»

«I don't believe in God. I don't think it's necessary.»

«And yet you see me. I have told you who I am, and still, you say I do not exist.»

«Well, you claim to be God, but you could just as easily be one of those Eustrathish, lying to me. Who is God, anyway? It's all a matter of interpretation.»

«I am God, meaning: I am Agape, which is love.»

«I understand, but you could say all that as a mere human, deceiving me.»

«I am God, meaning: I existed before anyone or anything existed.»

«I can understand that claim, but it doesn't mean you are God.»

«I am before you were.» He paused, his tone resolute.

«If you do not believe in me after I died on the cross for you, then you are sick.»

«Are you Jesus?»

«I am the Son of Man. If you believe in me, you shall have eternal life. Now, Jordan, do I exist? Just say yes or no.»

«I think you exist, yes.»

«Why didn't you believe I existed when you were younger?»

«I just don't think religion is necessary. It has caused harm in the past. Besides, we can't scientifically prove whether God exists or not.»

«And yet, here I am. You see me now. You see me in every church on Earth — my image, whether a sculpture, a cross, or an icon.» He paused before continuing, «You might say, "But I see statues of Ganesha in India, or Lao Tzu in China." That's true. Yet, they lack one essential attribute: they are not God. God means the Creator of the universe, the One who exists beyond time and space, the One who was before all else. I am that God. Now, tell me: Do you think I am here with you?» His words carried weight.

«I think so, yes. If this is not a dream — ouch!» He stepped on my foot, and the pain was sharp. «Why did you do that?»

«To make sure you're not dreaming. Does it hurt?»

«Yes, it does...»

«Then I'd say the pain is quite real.» He smiled gently as I tried to process what had just happened. I had a question in mind but instead decided to say:

«If you are God, tell me I have no pain.» It felt like an easy test of his supposed omnipotence.

«I could do that, yes. But I won't. Do you know why?» He leaned in slightly. «Firstly, because you do not

need it. Secondly, because it would be an abuse of my power. And thirdly, because you must understand that God does not take orders.»

«But you are good! You want what is good for people.» I argued, trying to reconcile his reasoning. «If God is good, wouldn't he ease my pain?»

«I am the ultimate good, yes. I am pure goodness. And yet, something happened at the beginning of time: a serpent, Satan, deceived humanity into believing they could live without me. The consequence of that *sin* is the evil in the world, including pain and suffering. I came to save you from the consequences of that sin. That's why I died on the cross, liberating the souls of humanity's ancestors and defeating death through death itself. You are saved, Jordan, but you must renounce Satan.»

«Why should I? I don't believe in all that — angels, demons, God... Why bother? They only impose limits. For example, I'd rather go mountain climbing on the weekend than pray in a church.»

«Do you love your parents?» His question seemed out of place.

«Well, yes. They've given me so much.»

«Do you visit them from time to time?»

«Of course! Every week or so.»

«Good. Now imagine you never visited them. Would you still claim to care for them?»

«That would be rude. I love them, so I visit them.»

«Exactly. If you loved me, would you visit me once in a while?»

«I suppose so. But what do you mean by love? I'm heterosexual.»

«By love, I mean the bond of friendship between two friends. Would you visit me occasionally?»

«I would. But I wouldn't feel much if I didn't.»

«Let us imagine for a moment that I am God. Visiting me would mean attending church services, usually held on Sundays. If Christians love God, wouldn't it make sense for them to visit Him at least weekly for worship?»

«That's reasonable, but I'm not a Christian — not anymore. I officially left the Catholic Church in Bern. I focus on what is meaningful and impactful in this world.»

«So you focus on what is of... earthly relevance.»

«I know of no other way.»

«But you are no longer on Earth. Right now, you are in another dimension.»

«Listen, I don't know where I am or what's happening. I just want to move on with my life and live well!»

«You can do that, Jordan, but you must renounce Satan once and for all.»

«I don't understand what you're saying. I don't believe in Satan, and this all feels like nonsense.»

«My cross is not nonsense, Jordan. I died for you. But if you will not renounce Satan here, I cannot do it for you. This is your choice: either with me or against me. To reject me is to align yourself with Satan. If you renounce him, you will join me, and I will provide all you need and more. But you must say: "I renounce Satan."»

«Just those words? Fine. I renounce Satan. Now what? I still don't believe in God or Satan. This conversation hasn't taught me how to live better or given me useful skills. I don't even understand what we're doing here. I'm utterly confused.»

«You don't remember anything from before, do you?» His words startled me. He was right. It felt as though I had come into existence only moments before this conversation began. My past was a blur. I wanted to leave but couldn't even define where I wanted to go. I just wanted this to end. I wanted to live.

«You think you want to live, is that it?» The man seemed to read my thoughts. He continued, «I am omniscient. Do you know what that means?»

«Of course. It means being all-knowing. But how did you read my mind?»

«I am the Son of God. That's how.»

«What does "Son of God" mean?» I asked. The term was familiar, but its true meaning eluded me.

«I am the Son of God. Whoever comes through me will have eternal life. I am the Alpha and the Omega. I want everyone to be saved. For in the name of Jesus, everyone who desires salvation will find it.» His words rang with certainty. But who was this man in reality? My mind swirled with ideas, yet I needed clarity before I could speak them aloud. He continued, as though answering an unspoken question: «I am the good shepherd. I care for my flock, and I desire that every soul be as pure and immaculate as that of my beloved mother. Jordan, I want your soul to be free of all tormenting spirits. I command any unclean spirit to reveal itself now: How many of you are there?»

I didn't understand what he was saying, yet suddenly, my mouth moved on its own, and I spoke: «My name is Legion, for we are many. We know who you are, the Son of God.»

«I command you, Legion, to leave Jordan now — his soul and his body — for you have no power here. In my name, the name of Jesus, I order you to flee.»

«You are Jesus...!!!» The realisation struck me like lightning. His face, his posture — it was unmistakable. Tears welled up as his words resonated deeply within me, and understanding dawned. «You are God! You exist!»

«I have delivered you, Jordan, from the demons that have tormented your soul since the day you left the Church. Do you know why I established the Church? It is because, within the Church, my sheep are

protected. There, you have tools like confession and communion to resist the power of the devil. Outside the Church, you are vulnerable, prey to demons who will chip away at your soul until it is spiritually dead and ready to be claimed by the devil.»

«You are the Son of God! I finally understand!» The revelation lifted a veil from my heart. Jesus smiled gently as I looked upon him like an old friend.

In that moment, my life unfolded before me: my departure from the Church, my obsession with financial gain, and how I had placed sports, hobbies, and selfish pursuits above my family and friends. I was confronted with a hard truth. «You are here... because of me?»

«I care for every single person, Jordan. My love embraces all of humanity. I want everyone to be saved from the devil. I want all to look into my eyes and say, “It is better to live than to perish.”»

His words carried a deeper meaning. He spoke not of earthly life but of eternal life — a life that would elude those who succumbed to spiritual death, giving themselves to the enemy.

«You have to look deeply within yourself to understand what you truly desire. I know the hearts of all, and there is one universal longing: Everyone wishes to live. No one truly wants unending pain or suffering.»

«But you are Jesus! You are the Son of God! You can do anything! Can you take away my pain?» I meant

not physical pain but the persistent spiritual ache I had felt during my years in Bern.

I had everything — a great car, fitness, wealth, travel, and friends. Yet something was missing, gnawing at me. What was it?

«When I say that no one comes to eternal life except through me, I mean it,» he said gently. «It is because of the sacrifice I made. I suffered death to free humanity from the clutches of the devil. I defeated sin, death, and the devil once and for all. But you seem to have forgotten that...»

«I don't go to church anymore. I focus on other things. Honestly, church services often bore me, especially with the modern music. I'd prefer classical hymns, but most Catholic churches I've attended seem overly progressive and lack focus on eternity.»

«Have you prayed about this?»

«What do you mean by praying?»

«I mean going into your room, closing the door, and asking God for guidance. If you do so sincerely, you will receive an answer.»

«How? I haven't prayed in so long...»

«Start simply. Say the Our Father, the prayer I taught my disciples, found in the Gospels. Add your personal requests — ask for guidance in your professional and spiritual life. Do not begin with long prayers. Start with short ones that bring you closer to God. The

Glory to the Father is another excellent prayer. Do you know it?»

«I think so. Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.»

«Exactly! See, prayers are not for God; they are for you. Prayer elevates man from the depths of sin to the heights of divinity. God, the Father, and the Holy Spirit already know your needs, but prayer helps you grow closer to me.»

He paused, his gaze piercing. «Tell me, how long have you been in this place?»

I blinked, confused. «In this place? With you, you mean? Or alive, in general?»

«No, I mean here in these surroundings. You live in Bern, do you not? Where is Bern now?»

I glanced around. The familiar landscape of Switzerland was gone, replaced by a radiant room of white light.

«I don't know where I am. Am I... dead?»

«You are close to death, Jordan. But before you leave, I must show you something. One day, you will die. On that day, you will stand before me, for I am the final judge. You will see your life laid bare: every action, every thought, every choice. And I will determine if you are worthy of the ultimate good. I cannot allow evil into my kingdom.»

His words filled me with a mix of awe and dread. In his presence, I felt the weight of eternity pressing down on me.

«I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No one comes to the Father except through me.» He leaned closer, his voice soft yet commanding. «Now, let me show you something.»

The man began writing something on the floor with his finger. I couldn't understand what he was doing, but suddenly, something appeared in the air: I saw myself driving to the office in my flashy car. Then, I saw myself at the gym, flirting with a woman who was also working out.

But what struck me most was the expression on my face when I was alone. I looked unhappy. And the strangest part? I had everything I ever wanted. Yet, I was always dissatisfied, always yearning for more — whether it was a new phone, a better computer, a new romantic relationship, sexual encounters, exotic foods, or exciting travels. I was constantly searching for something to satisfy me. But no matter what I pursued, my desire for something bigger and better was never fulfilled.

The man spoke again: «Do you see this vision?»

I nodded. «I do.» I replied.

«What do you see here?» He pointed to the images of my pursuits.

«What do you mean?» I asked. «I see the things I've

bought, the people I've met, the experiences I've had. What are you asking?»

«I think there is a common thread in all these things you've done or wanted to do. What do you understand when I tell you that all this will fade away?»

I couldn't fully grasp his meaning, though I sensed he was pointing to something deeper.

«Well, all these things won't last forever,» I replied. «They're just part of life's experiences.»

«Exactly,» he said. «But what will you leave behind? The spoilers on your car? Or perhaps the good deeds you've done in the world?»

I couldn't answer. I just stood there, feeling as though I'd missed something vital in my life.

«I try to enjoy life,» I finally said. «Isn't that what everyone does? To live the opposite way — to suffer through existence — would be meaningless.»

«Definitely,» he replied. «Why suffer all your life without enjoying the good things it offers? I too enjoyed life on earth, but I also experienced pain. And here's the truth: you cannot live well without encountering pain. Do you know why?»

I remained silent, so he continued.

«Pain arises when there's some form of evil in your life. If you choose to live a life of absolute goodness, evil will inevitably fight against you. You might

lose friends. Your parents may reject you because of decisions you've made. You might lose your job because of a stand you've taken for your values. On earth, you cannot escape pain, but you can learn to endure it well.»

«I'm trying to understand...» I said hesitantly. «But isn't pain a bad thing? No one wants to feel pain. Only masochists would seek it out. I just want to live a life of pleasure.»

«I understand what you mean,» he said. «You want to escape pain, surround yourself with beauty, and forget life's obstacles. Is that correct?»

«Absolutely.»

«That kind of life cannot be fully achieved on earth. If you want to live a life full of good things, you will inevitably clash with forces of evil that do not want that for you. But it is a battle worth fighting.»

The man's face took on a serene, almost angelic expression as he raised his forefinger to the sky. Suddenly, the light vanished, and we were plunged into a dark, murky place filled with winged demons. They didn't seem to notice us — or at least I hoped they didn't.

The man continued. «What you see here is something I wish upon no one. In this place, justice is served to all who chose evil over good. Some people truly desire evil. Evil cannot exist in my kingdom, so I have placed these beings far from it.»

But his expression shifted. He now wore a frown, as though witnessing these creatures caused him pain.

«Who are they?» I asked, pointing to some figures that appeared human.

«They are souls who, after deep deliberation, still chose to suffer rather than to embrace happiness.»

«What do you mean by that?»

«I mean they rejected life, love, goodness — all that is beautiful. They said no to salvation. It was their choice, and now they suffer endlessly, as they wished.»

«It seems a hell to me.»

«It is,» he admitted, «but tell no one.»

«But why does a soul end up here?» I asked, curious about the idea that someone might deliberately choose such a fate.

«It is very easy to end up here. Let me give you an example. When you go to work, what do you do?»

«I go and trade currency pairs to make a profit. Is that bad?»

«Well, someone loses when you trade like that. But I wanted to focus on the *reason* why you do it.»

«Well, I want to do well financially, so I chose a job that would allow me to earn good money.»

«Why do you want to earn money?»

«Why? It seems obvious to me. It will make me richer.»

«Why do you want to be rich?»

«Because then I can do whatever I want!»

«Why is that so?»

«What do you mean by that?»

«I mean, why would you want to do what you want?»

«Because it makes me freer!»

«Okay, that seems like a reasonable answer. But I don't think I know what "being free" means. Can you explain it to me?»

«It seems quite obvious to me: I can do more things, I can buy things, I am free to do what I want. It's amazing!»

«Okay, I see what you mean. But let me ask you this: What if you could never achieve all these goals? Would that mean that a life without, say, a yacht or furs is less valuable than a rich life?»

«I don't understand what you mean. I want to be rich and then enjoy life, whether it's travelling, buying a great house, or meeting influential people. That way, I'll be important and remembered.»

«What do you think is more important: doing good or accumulating wealth that you cannot use?»

«I would say doing good, but I can do good while

being wealthy. Wealth makes people's lives easier and increases the quality of life.»

«That's true. I would also say that if you don't have the means to buy a meal every day, life becomes very hard. But let me ask you this: where is the good that you have done?»

And with these words, I saw a ghost — a ghost hovering over us, whispering, “I am dead!”

I turned to the man, my voice trembling, and asked, «What is that?»

His answer chilled me to my core.

«It is you.»

WHAT IS LIFE?

I promise this chapter won't delve too much into non-fiction. I will tell you the most fascinating parts about Yawa and the fate of Jordan. I will uncover what happened to him, because I am Lukas, and perhaps I am merely a pseudonym for someone else. Regardless, I will share something significant with you: Life is meant to be lived fully, not destroyed.

What do I mean by that? There are two fundamental states: life and death. Death is the absence of something — in this case, life. Life, on the other hand, is the presence of something. Existence could be considered a synonym for life, while non-existence would represent death.

I am writing to convey this crucial point: there are harmful thoughts that may bring you closer to death than to life.

But what are these thoughts? Let me give you an example. One day, I had an idea, but I forgot to share it with a dear friend of mine. Fortunately, though I didn't share it right away, I remembered it later and was able to tell him about it days afterward.

Now, imagine this: What if you forgot every idea you conceived, every thought you had, and could only think in the present moment, with no capacity for recall or planning? It's a troubling scenario, isn't it? Yet, this is what happens to those who lose memory or suffer from dementia. I would never wish such an

affliction upon anyone, but it illustrates this point: illnesses bring us closer to death than to life.

What is an illness? It is something that makes life harder, that weakens the body, and that no one desires. But consider this: the majority of people experience sicknesses whose origins are not fully understood. Or, even when causes are identified, the mechanisms remain obscure. By this, I mean illnesses such as certain cancers that arise seemingly out of nowhere.

But let's not dwell too much on disease or life's fragility. Instead, I want to introduce you to a special place — a realm unknown to most people. It is the Kingdom, also known as the Third Dimension. It is the place where God resides, where He is, has been, and always will be.

Which God am I referring to? I speak of the deity from the story in the previous chapters — the God of Yawa. He is the God of the Gænæthedy, the God of Lyubov (do you remember him?), and the God of Miriam. Yawa, I must tell you, is not some foreign deity from an unrecognisable universe. Rather, He is deeply connected to your Earth. And perhaps «Yawa» isn't even His real name; it's merely the fictional identity in the tale we are exploring.

But let's pause here. Proceed onward to discover the story within the Kingdom.

In the aeon of eternity...

Yawa surveyed all the realms of His creation and observed that the First Dimension faced many problems. Numerous Qlipaths were corrupting the minds of men and women on Earth. Though these Qlipaths often appeared to most as mere thoughts, these demons could shape the character of nearly every person, one subtle step at a time.

In earlier times, these thoughts were known as *logismoi* in Greek and were rightly recognised as demons — malevolent entities allied with the devil. Yet, in modern times, no one considered their own thoughts as potentially being *logismoi*. Instead, psychologists coined a new term: *intrusive thoughts*.

It was curious. What were once believed to have personalities were now considered simply internal problems of the individual experiencing them. However, these thoughts had — and still have — a life of their own. Even in the 21st century, demons have not ceased their efforts.

As Yawa well understood, those afflicted by *logismoi* were engaged in an unequal battle. These thoughts often knew far more than the people they tormented and couldn't be overcome by mere resistance or avoidance. No, these evil thoughts had to be defeated in the name of the One who had already conquered them once and for all.¹

¹It is important to clarify: not all intrusive thoughts are demonic in nature. However, many *logismoi* are, and they cannot be properly addressed through the methods of modern psychotherapy alone.

But who was this Person? Could any living woman defeat a demon? And what about a man — was it possible? Yawa had long declared that one person was *blessed among women*. Yet, again, how could a human possibly defeat a demon?

In this case, Yawa proclaimed:

We are all one. But some have chosen to turn left instead of going straight.

How can we defeat the demon?

For there is only one true Demon, and the rest are but his followers.

The demon exists within every man: pride, jealousy, greed... these are the Demon's traits. If you fall prey to him, you must counter him with the appropriate virtues: humility, contentment, and generosity.

Should you find yourself ensnared by a demon, call upon the names of the holy angels: Michael, Raphael, and Gabriel. These demons know the angels well, and they are afraid of them.

But most important of all is the name of a virgin woman. For her name is *blessed among women*, and blessed is the fruit of her womb. Can you guess who this woman is?

Many temples on Earth bear her blessed

name, and many prayers are dedicated to her. She is the most benevolent of mothers. Though she is a virgin, she knows all there is to know about humanity.

Her name is Mary.

I know of someone who invoked her name when the enemy was at their door. I tell you, the enemy fled at once when they called upon the Blessed Virgin Mary. She is also known as *Theotokos*, or Mother of God in Greek, for she is truly the Mother of God.

God exists in three persons, one of whom is Jesus. Jesus is God. The Mother of God gave birth to Jesus, and thus she is rightly called the Mother of God. She is also your mother, for she watches over all creatures on Earth and does her utmost to limit the Demon's influence.

The Demon, also called Satan or Lucifer, is not a force from which man can gain or prosper. He is a liar — the worst kind of liar, a deceiver of unparalleled cunning.

Remember, the one writing this is Lukas — a person speaking through another to physically type these words into a computer. But I, Lukas, know many things and can tell you, for instance, that this Yawa is someone you might already know.

So, who is Yawa? Is he not a God of the highest heavens? But then, does the devil exist? And who is God? Many people doubt His existence.

The devil is a demon, a rebel against God — the supreme God — who is also called *Yahveh* in Hebrew, or YHWH. Yahveh, does that name not sound familiar? Perhaps Yawa is indeed Yahveh, and this entire story is but a novel written by someone striving to tell the tale of ages — of the aeons of eternity where God resides.

But there is one God, not many gods, for there is no God besides the Lord. And yet, what does this mean? If you do not believe in God, then what is the point of discussing Lords, Virgin Maries, and Jesuses? Perhaps it seems blasphemous to speak of these figures in the plural, but in the end, who really cares?

No one cares, for you have free will! You can choose what you want to do.

After all, we live in a free society. We have freedom of speech, a free press, and countless other liberties hard-won by our forebears through blood and tears. No one has the right to impose their morality upon us. We are liberated to decide for ourselves what is good and what is bad.

We relish our independence, agreeing on fundamental principles like freedom, civil rights, and human dignity. But we resist anyone dictating what is right or wrong. We — the individuals — decide.

This does not mean we advocate for discord or conflict among people with differing views, no! Rather, we champion a plurality of perspectives within society. Yet, there is one exception: we cannot tolerate the intolerant.

The intolerant are society's greatest threat. What do they do? They seek to dictate to others what to think, how to act, how to live. Consider those who once said divorce was impossible. What backward thinkers! Now, we have the right to choose. If a marriage falters, we can end it. What a blessing that is!

Or think of the miniskirt: why should women have been forced to conform to rigid, patriarchal norms dictating how they should dress or present themselves? Those restrictions were undoubtedly the product of a male-dominated society.

But we've moved forward. Today, we have the freedom to dress as we wish, and men too are discovering that their traditional notions of gender might not be as fixed as they once thought. We now recognise transgender realities, where individuals find inner harmony through new modes of self-expression — be it in dress, sexuality, or their relationship to the world.

We decide what is right and what is wrong. And *no one* can dictate otherwise. I alone determine my path. I alone decide what is just, what is fair, and what is good.

I am the one who matters. I have found myself. I am doing well.

I am happy.

I am free. Finally, I am free.

I have discovered the meaning of life: Freedom.

I am free to do what I want. I am free to behave as I please. I am free to express myself however I wish. I am free to make decisions about my own body.

But there was someone else in this story of conquered freedoms who did not quite align with the perspective of our fellow man. Freedom is a beautiful word, but this *somebody* didn't seem to know how to define it. Should we help him or her?

Our fellow man here knows exactly what freedom means — or does he? We have our companion right here. What is your name?

«I am Dalila. I cannot tolerate these reactionaries who think that we women are the property of men!»

Oh, I see! Thank you, Dalila, for your kind words. Now we have a somewhat undefined *somebody* here who is seeking clarification. May we introduce you, Mr Somebody?

«Of course. My name is Lukas, and it's a pleasure to be here. I'm not sure where to start, though, as I have some concerns.»

Oh, I see, Mr Somebody. What kind of concerns do you have?

«Well, first of all, I feel that our society is losing its

values.»

«Bullshit! You're just trying to defend the old world! We're in the 21st century. By now, we should have realised that freedom is the ultimate value of mankind!»

Thank you, Dalila, for sharing your point of view. Moderating this discussion is a bit of a challenge, especially since we were just debating the nature of a deity, and now we're talking about human freedom. But, Mr Somebody, how would you respond to Dalila? Do you hold a different perspective?

«I agree with Dalila that freedom is a value, but I believe what matters most is how we define freedom. To me, freedom means avoiding any kind of evil — if, of course, we agree on a common moral framework.»

Thank you! Dalila, what would you say to Mr Somebody in response?

«I'm not saying we should endorse evil. I'm saying that we must have the power to decide for ourselves what's best. In essence, freedom is the ability to declare, *I am the one who matters*. That's it. Aren't you the most important person in your own life, Mr Somebody?»

But here, the whole story shifted, collapsing the narrative of Dalila, Mr. Somebody, and me — your narrator, Lukas. Instead, we find ourselves with other characters: Michiel, Christof, and Jakos. They know each other to varying degrees, but tonight we follow Jakos as he returns from a long day of work, running

errands in the city, and purchasing some intriguing gadgets at a local temple. We are here, on Earth.

Michiel is an immensely bright individual with encyclopedic knowledge, and Jakos, his former flatmate, arrives unexpectedly at his door. Let's see what unfolds...

«Hi Michiel! What's up?» says Jakos.

Caught off guard by Jakos' unannounced arrival, Michiel is momentarily confused but quickly regains his composure and welcomes his guest.

«All right, mate, and you?» Michiel replies.

Though Jakos' arrival was unplanned, Michiel, always hospitable, welcomed him without hesitation, knowing it was the right thing to do.

The evening progressed with various conversations and moments, but the highlight was Jakos insisting that Michiel drink special sparkling water instead of natural water. The fizzy water was so intense that it seemed to awaken something in Jakos' mind. His thoughts became erratic, and he began saying unrelated things to Michiel.

Michiel, on the other hand, appeared to remain sober despite having also taken a sip of the magical sparkling water.

For Jakos, it was an experience like no other. Visions filled his mind, and he exclaimed to Michiel: «Change the music to Eleutheria!» Yet the music on Michiel's

laptop stayed the same.

Jakos held the bottle in his hands and felt as if it should fly, though it didn't. The vision intensified, and once again, he implored Michiel: «Change the music to Eleutheria!!»

Michiel did not comply. Instead, the two sank into a deeply meditative state.

But something else stirred within Jakos — a vision of the Universal Judgment. Yet, he was told it was too early.

«The Universal Judgment... I think this is Paradise» he murmured.

But then he questioned himself: «What is Paradise? Is Paradise more than this?»

Strange things caught Jakos' attention, like the face he thought he saw on a lamp in Michiel's flat.

And then, in a confusing turn, Michiel dragged Jakos out of the house, calling him «pathetic.»

Jakos sat outside for a while, unsure of what to do, until Michiel reopened the door and found him sprawled on the floor.

«What are you doing there?» Michiel asked.

«I can't stand up, Michiel,» Jakos replied.

So Michiel brought him back inside and helped him into a chair in the spacious living room.

«Michiel, can you just say that Jesus is God?» Jakos asked suddenly.

Michiel hesitated.

«Nooooope,» came Michiel's plastic-sounding reply.

Undeterred, Jakos repeated, «Michiel, can you just once say that Jesus is God?»

«I already told you, I do not say that,» Michiel replied firmly.

Jakos tried again, «Michiel, you left a friend out of your door!»

From there, Jakos' memories blurred. He vaguely recalled Michiel mentioning a desire to go for a walk.

By then, the sun was beginning to rise. Michiel, curious about the lingering effects of the magical sparkling water, thought it might be interesting to step outside and observe them in nature. Jakos, however, preferred to stay indoors.

Suddenly, Jakos had another realization:

«I am in Paradise!»

Time seemed to stand still. For a moment, Michiel's house transformed into what appeared to be a picturesque painting.

But then Jakos wondered: Where is Michiel?

The flat was no longer a painting, yet Jakos' focus remained on one thing: Michiel hadn't yet said the

words “Jesus is God.” Jakos resolved that they couldn’t leave until Michiel’s lips uttered those sacred words.

And where was Christof? Christof — the other character in this tale I introduced earlier — where was he now?

Where is Michiel? Jakos ventures into the street, asking everyone he encounters.

«Where is Michiel?» he asks.

«I don’t know,» replies a woman passing by.

But Jakos persists: «Where is Michiel?»

He thinks Michiel might have gone to the temple in Schwamendingen, the very place where Jakos had obtained the intriguing items he had brought to Michiel’s house.

But still, where is Michiel? Jakos has another thought: Perhaps he should ask a different question: «Is Jesus God?»

This new question stirs reactions from those around him. But where is Michiel? Jakos keeps repeating: «is Jesus God?»

Two policemen appear on the scene. «We need to handcuff Jakos because he had an argument with a woman,» one of them says. They escort him to a police van.

Inside the van, Jakos, undeterred, repeats his mantra: «Jesus is God»

Surprisingly, this declaration seems to have an effect. The officers remove the handcuffs and release him in front of his house. But now he faces another obstacle: he cannot enter his home until he renounces an idea that has taken hold of him.

The question arises: «Jakos, do you renounce atheism?»

Jakos hesitates. Uncertain, he responds once again: «Jesus is God.»

He renounces Satan, and with this declaration — whether from himself or some demon within — he allows goodness to enter his life. Finally, he ascends the stairs to his apartment.

Once inside, he leaves the bag of temple objects behind and heads back out.

Still under the lingering effects of the magical bubbling water, Jakos perceives a vision of the Crucified One in a car park. He declares: «I am dead with Christ and I now want to live like a risen one.»

The bells of a nearby church toll, yet Jakos wonders again: «Where is Michiel?»

He suspects Michiel is not at the temple after all but decides to head there anyway. His journey takes him back to Michiel's house, but upon arrival, he finds himself unable to enter.

From there, Jakos wanders away from Naglerwiesenstrasse toward Höngg, eventually

stumbling upon a construction site.

«Lie down,» he hears a voice say in his head. Perhaps it is Christof reaching out to him. Jakos shouts, «*Christos voskrese!*» to the people nearby and to the sky itself.

«*Voistinu voskrese!*» he exclaims, proclaiming the resurrection. His fervour draws the attention of passersby, including an ambulance and police officers.

As he continues walking, he hears another voice in his mind: «Don't move, I'll make you disappear. It is all an illusion, a mere lure.»

Jakos freezes, but the ambulance and police close in. They catch him, handcuff him, and transport him to the USZ hospital in Zurich — illusion or not.

And so the story shifts. It becomes the tale of a man who, believing he knows everything, searches for meaning in his fleeting time on Earth. He begins his quest with the question of life itself: What is life? Certainly not something one willingly gives up.

But where is Michiel? Jakos wonders still.

Moreover, Michiel's lips have yet to utter the words: «Jesus is God!»

Jakos imagines Michiel might have gone for a walk. Perhaps instead of visiting the temple, he returned to his flat to resume work — an ordinary response after such a surreal journey with the bubbling water. But Jakos is not ordinary.

Taken to the PUK psychiatric hospital in Zurich, Jakos is now deemed a danger to himself and others.

Inside the isolation cell of the psychiatric ward, Jakos begins to receive strange messages. From whom? He does not know. Could it be Christof?

The suffering is immense. In his desperation, Jakos attempts to use magic to escape. He draws a pentagram on the floor with water, hoping to disappear. But the ritual fails.

The psychiatrists eventually approach him, assuring Jakos he will leave the isolation cell — but only *schrittweise*, step by step.

Where is Michiel? Michiel is at work, likely immersed in programming — perhaps in Rust or Python.

But where is Jakos? We saw him in the psychiatric ward.

And what about *Christos voskrese*? What does it mean? *Christos* could be our friend Christof — a true companion. *Voskrese* is Church Slavonic for «is risen.»

Was Christof with us all along? Perhaps. He might have been silent, or even invisible. But where is Michiel? We don't know. What we do know is that he is not with Christof — or perhaps he was but is no longer.

Michiel is with cryptocurrencies, with philosophy, with his work. But he is not with Christof. Nor is

he with Christ.

Jakos, on the other hand, tried to be with Christof. Yet he was confined because he proclaimed that Christof had truly risen. In reality, Jakos wasn't imprisoned; he was kept in the hospital because society deemed him a potential problem, someone who didn't conform.

Perhaps Jakos had said, «*Jesus is God*» in public — a statement that is not widely accepted. He had even been cautioned at work to keep religious matters private. Discussions of faith were deemed inappropriate for a professional environment.

Indeed, if we are like Jakos, we encounter countless obstacles when we try to say those words: *Christos voskrese*. We are often compelled to silence. Yet, life is stronger than death.

If, like Jakos, we believe that Christ has conquered death, we face a pivotal choice: to be with Him or against Him.

You see, one doesn't need to be a demon to reject Christ. All it takes is to keep the words locked inside, to never speak them aloud — not even occasionally, not even in public.

Christos voskrese, or *Christ is risen*, is not just a phrase. It demands a response. It compels us to take a side in a great battle.

This chapter is called *What is life?* And so, life is this: God.

Yet, there are those who will not know this. For some, life is work. For others, it is study, or morality, or ambition. But I, Lukas, know this truth: Life is Jesus Christ.

For in Christ, we find eternal life. And because Christ is risen, we too may rise.

But still, where is Michiel? He is likely working, or cooking, or exercising.

«Hi, Michiel, have you got a minute?» Can you say it? Do you remember?

We followed Michiel, hoping — longing — to hear him say the words: *Jesus is God*.

Can you live?

The story of Jordan continues.

Where is Jordan? We left him with another person, in another dimension, where he saw himself dead. Where is Jordan? Likely not with Christ, but instead observing other beings — creatures, perhaps — not yet confronted with the most fundamental question: Do you want to live or die?

Jakos was faced with this question and, after a year-long journey, decided once and for all that he wanted to live. He said *yes* to God. But not everyone chooses this path. Many say *yes* to possessions, to work, or to

relationships — none of which are inherently bad. Yet few are those who say yes to God completely.

God, the highest of the high, desires the best for you. And it begins with a simple declaration: Say it. Say that Jesus is God. Just say it — not for others to hear, but for yourself. Lips or no lips, whisper it in your heart. Can you do that? Because life itself is God.

Say it, just this once. Not that you believe in God or that you repent — nothing else but this one truth: *Jesus is God*. Say it silently. Say it truly. Then, let silence follow.

Where is Jordan? It seems he is facing challenges in the city of Langer. But something happened — it wasn't his place, and it was far different from what he had imagined as another dimension.

In truth, Jordan began to wonder whether this was a dream.

«Hi, I am here again!» a voice echoed in his mind.

«Oh, here we go again!» Jordan replied aloud, as if to assure himself that the words were his own, not the voice's.

Suddenly, he was no longer in the city of Langer but in a solitary room, alone with his thoughts.

«I am here to tell you that you have a choice to make,» said the voice. Was it truly a voice, or just a thought?

«Another one of those thoughts! But... where am I?» Jordan looked around, realising that in this place,

locations shifted effortlessly. One moment he was somewhere; the next, he was elsewhere. Yet, everything seemed to converge here.

Jordan felt neither hunger nor thirst. His body had no needs, but he was alive. He pondered deeply.

«If only I could say something,» he thought, surrounded by darkness. Above him shone a single light. He closed his eyes and questioned:

«Am I dead?»

The stillness was overwhelming. No thoughts emerged, no fears surfaced. Just quiet.

Where was the world he knew? Bern, the office, Jana, the Eustrathish — where had they all gone? Surely, other things mattered: earning money, maintaining health. But why was everything so silent?

Jordan thought:

«If I am here, I must be alive. I cannot be dead and still exist.»

Yet, shadows surrounded him. He saw nothing, only darkness. What was happening?

A figure appeared, seated close to him. While Jordan pondered, the figure spoke:

«Where are you?»

Jordan wasn't afraid. He replied:

«I am in another dimension. I am caught between life

and death. This is the decisive moment of my life. I know that I want to live, not die. I want to go back...»

The man interrupted:

«I have a message for you. Can you hear me?»

«Of course, I can. What is the message?»

«You said you want to live, didn't you?»

«It would be foolish to say otherwise. I don't want to die. I want to live. But... what is life?»

«An excellent question. Life is when you *are*. Death is when you *are not*. Everything you see *is*, and what isn't, you don't see. What does that mean?»

It sounded like a riddle, and Jordan enjoyed riddles.

«I understand that when I *am*, I am alive. But how can we be certain that if someone *is not*, they are dead?»

«What do you think?» asked the man, intrigued by Jordan's reasoning.

«Life is more than mere existence. I think life is love, goodness, beauty...»

The man seemed pleased with Jordan's thoughts. In fact, he might have been someone Jordan knew long ago but hadn't seen in years.

And yet, where is Michiel? Not in the temple. Probably at his desk, working on his dissertation. Why speak of Michiel? Because, Jordan, you are on the same journey as Michiel, as Jakos, as Luca, as I

once was when I lived. Like Dalila and countless others, you walk the path of life.

On this path, choices abound: to walk with life or against it. Do not claim you wish to align with death, as others have — like our friend Tundal, or like Lilith, Beleth, Belial, and so many others before them.

These beings thought death offered freedom. They believed evil was more potent than good, more alluring, more powerful. They followed demons, thinking they made the right choice. Yet they failed to realise the price: to survive, the demon demands everything.

By contrast, the Kingdom asks only one thing: to say you want to live. You don't even need to speak it aloud; thinking it suffices.

The demon, however, demands far more. It forbids love, beauty, and goodness. Instead, it compels you to claim that goodness is weakness, that strength is supreme, that natural selection reigns.

The demon even urges you to deny your closest friends.

But the demon shares something in common with Jordan.

And where did we leave Jordan? He was contemplating life, suspended in a dreamlike state.

«Jordan, Jordan: Can you hear me?»

«I am here. Who are you?»

«I am life. Where are you?»

«I am hanging on the cliff, and I do not know where to go.»

«Is it dark where you are?»

«No, not quite. It seems to me that there is some light. I almost feel like I am in my mother's womb.»

«But are you born, Jordan?»

«I think so. What does it mean to be born? I am a living being; I am born.»

«But where are you now?»

«I left my place, and after a few moments, I came here. It is strange though...»

«Tell me one thing: Do you want to live like this forever?»

«Heck no! I do nothing here. There's no suffering, though; it's pleasant.»

«You know you came here on your own legs?»

«What do you mean by that?»

«I mean that your life choices brought you here. What did you have for breakfast yesterday?»

«I don't really know. Why this question?»

«Just asking. Just to see if you remember what you did.»

«But I don't remember anything. It feels like I've forgotten everything.»

«Do you remember where you work?»

«I do. I work in a trading office in Bern, Switzerland.»

«That's right. Do you like your job?»

«I don't despise it. It's a good job, and I like the idea of being financially independent.»

«But do you enjoy sitting in front of a screen all day, trading currency pairs? Or would you rather be doing something else?»

«Well, it's hard to say. If I want to be financially independent, I'll have to work hard.»

«What will you do when you are financially independent?»

«Well, I could use my time as I please. One day I might be in Bern, the next in Los Angeles, exploring places and cultures. That's very appealing to me.»

«Do you know you could do that already? Just have faith in something bigger than yourself. Look, many people before you have done extraordinary things without having a penny in their pockets. It's all a matter of faith.»

«What do you mean by faith? I am not religious; I do not believe in God.»

«I know you don't believe in God. Look, Jakos didn't believe in God either, and now he does.»

The name «Jakos» lingered in Jordan's mind. The word felt familiar, as though he had heard it before. Connections formed in his thoughts. Jakos: a man who didn't believe in God. That was all he needed to know for now. But the next question startled him:

«Who is God?»

«Who is God? I don't believe in God; I don't think God exists. We can explain nature and the universe through science, and that's enough for me. Why do you ask me who God is?»

«I'm testing you. Do you believe that mathematics exists?»

«Well, I do believe that maths exists. It explains much of our world! Certainly, mathematics is immaterial and cannot be touched. Of course, there are axioms that are necessary to explain the rest of the theorems.»

Jordan still didn't know where he was. It was peaceful, though, and the conversation intrigued him.

«Where are you now?»

«I don't know. I have no idea. I came here after some experiences with the Eustrathish, but I don't know where I am. It's a strange situation. I'm here with someone asking me questions about God. There's something unusual...»

«Maybe, maybe. Or at least not ordinary. There is something unusual here, I agree. But tell me: Do you love?»

«What do you mean by *do you love*? What do you mean by that?»

«I mean this: Do you, Jordan, love your neighbour? Is that something you do?»

«Well, I am indifferent to my neighbours! I certainly don't hate them, but...»

And here, the story of Jordan collapses to make way for another tale — perhaps interesting, perhaps not — but most importantly: Where is Michiel? Michiel is gone. He left Zurich to return to his hometown in Northern Europe after a long journey. Michiel was searching for something, but he didn't find it. No, he wasn't looking for magical sparkling water to share with Jakos. He was searching for something else. Michiel was seeking an answer.

In truth, Michiel could have been Lukas, Luca, Jakos, or any other human being on this *iter* that is human life — the *iter* everyone is called to take, willingly or not. If you have enough courage, a brave heart, you will answer the call in this way: *I am ready to leave everything to reach my goal.*

What is the goal? The goal is ultimate goodness. It is that place where you are completely satisfied, and nothing troubles you. Perhaps the destination is the Kingdom. But as we have seen, *Yawa* was a pseudonym for the God of the Bible, YHWH. And perhaps Christof, our friend mentioned in earlier pages, was another pseudonym for Christ — *Jesus* Christ.

When you think about it, there is nothing higher or greater than the assurance of living forever because of another person. It is the most profound concept in existence. And yet, many do not believe it is possible. They dismiss the idea of a human God who rose from the dead to grant life to all.

But the story now shifts, and we find ourselves in a different setting altogether. We are in the first dimension. Unlike the magical dimensions discussed earlier, the first dimension is something familiar: the Earth and everything it encompasses, including human beings. In this dimension, people decide how they want to live. For some, life's purpose lies in their career; for others, it's their family. Some may focus on their hobbies, while others might dedicate themselves to the belief in something greater than all of these.

Now, let us introduce a new character. Her name is Misato. She is a 20-year-old student living in Osaka, Japan. Misato has never heard of Jesus Christ or YHWH. She is thriving academically at university but feels that something is missing in her life. She yearns for more than studying, working, and the prospect of marriage, though she doesn't know what that «more» is.

Misato grew up in a secular environment, surrounded by activities that bring joy — like spending time outdoors or hanging out with friends. These are undoubtedly pleasant and fulfilling, but one day Misato's life takes an unexpected turn. She falls ill and is diagnosed with breast cancer.

Misato undergoes surgery to remove the cancer and is heavily sedated. During the operation, she experiences an out-of-body event. She sees herself lying on the operating table, surrounded by surgeons. But there is someone else there too — a man in a white robe standing nearby.

Curiously, this man isn't looking at the Misato on the table. He is looking directly at her, floating above. The man speaks: *«I am the way, the truth, and the life.»*

Misato tries to process these words, but their meaning eludes her. Then the man continues: *«I am a kami.»*

Misato is startled. In Japanese, *kami* is a generic term for deity, divinity, or spirit. She assumes this man must be a malevolent spirit because she believes she has done something wrong in her life. The *kami*, hearing her inner dialogue, interrupts: *«I am the Lord who is glorified in the pantheon of deities. I am the one and only Kami. I am the one who solves all your questions with love.»*

Misato is stunned, unsure of what to think. But the man speaks again: *«I am the love that answers all life's questions. I am truth and pure goodness. My friends call me the Supreme God. If you have a question in your life, just call me — call Jesus. That is my name, and by that name, you shall call me.»*

Though overwhelmed, Misato feels an inexplicable peace. Her thoughts are racing, but her heart feels comforted. And here, her story collapses again, giving way to another scene, another place, another tale.

We are now in Basel, Switzerland, a city at the crossroads of France and Germany. Every day, many people commute here to work in this prosperous hub. Basel is renowned for its pharmaceutical giants, the Bank for International Settlements (the «central bank of central banks»), and its vibrant architectural scene.

Among the crowd was a man named Levi, who had traveled thousands of kilometres to Basel in search of a better life. Levi hoped to secure a well-paying job. He hadn't worked for several years — not out of desperation, but because he had serious illnesses.

Levi was a devout Christian and began attending a local chapel where the Traditional Latin Mass was celebrated. This chapel was part of the Society of St. Pius X (FSSPX), a traditional Catholic group known for its opposition to many reforms introduced by the institutional Catholic Church after the Second Vatican Council. The liturgical changes of the 1960s and 70s had been controversial, even outside the Catholic world. The Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople, Athenagoras, had once cried out, «For God's sake, don't touch the liturgy!»

The aftermath of these changes was dramatic: church attendance plummeted, and religious literacy within the Catholic Church diminished to levels reminiscent of regions yet to encounter the «Good News» of the Gospel. Levi was well aware of this history. He often marvelled at the beauty of the traditional liturgy and the grandeur of Gregorian chant in the FSSPX chapel.

Levi's devotion, however, was not without struggle. One Sunday morning, feeling particularly exhausted, he thought, "*The Lord will forgive me — I'm too tired...*" And so, he stayed in bed until almost noon, doing little else for the rest of the day except browsing the internet. That was just one Sunday. The following week, another thought crossed his mind: «*Oh, I'll go see that friend of mine who's giving an interesting talk today!*» And so, another Sunday Mass was missed — not out of defiance, but because other distractions gradually took precedence.

This is a familiar story, not just for Levi but for many who must make choices about how they spend their time. For many people in business or the professional world, life revolves around advancing their careers. They strive for «higher positions of responsibility» and work to impress their peers and clients. Success, recognition, and doing a good job often take center stage.

But what about Michiel?

Michiel, unlike Levi, showed no interest in going to church. Instead, he chose to take a walk — a simple, personal pursuit. Like many, he preferred his own activities over visiting a temple to worship someone he couldn't see or converse with. It's an understandable sentiment. But where is Jakos?

«*I am in the dark night,*» said Jakos. Where is Jakos?
 «*I am in the morning light,*» he said. Where is Jakos?
 «*I am in the light,*» he said.

Who is Jakos? Perhaps, as Lukas thinks, Jakos resembles Andreas from *Iter*, the Italian novel about a dying man who journeys through the realms of the second dimension in search of his purpose. Jakos, like Andreas, is a man — a seeker, an *anthropos*.

The *anthropos* represents humanity in its fullness and integrity — a being in pursuit of meaning, purpose, and truth. Perhaps Andreas was the original *anthropos*, the archetype of humanity's eternal quest. Man, in his essence, will never find peace until he discovers the final answer. And this answer, though deeply personal, is remarkably similar for all people, transcending ethnicity and faith.

But where is Michiel? Jakos once invited him to visit a Serbian church, but Michiel declined, offering no clear reason. And so, Jakos went elsewhere.

Where did he go? He himself didn't know...

Knock knock, went the door.

«Miriaaaaaam!» someone shouted — likely Lyubov. At the door stood Mentel.

We already know part of this story, but what exactly did Mentel say to Lyubov in Canastapal during his conversation with Miriam, Lyubov's fiancé?

«I have news for you,» said Mentel. But who is Mentel, really? If he hails from the third dimension, could he be a god or a demigod?

But what are we talking about here? Where is Michiel?

Where is Jakos? And what of Jordan? His story? What about Gabriel, Jordan's friend from the third chapter?

«We are all here,» someone said.

«Who are you?» I asked.

«You are in the final stage of understanding something. Pay careful attention,» the voice replied.

«Who am I?»

«You are a soul. You are here to uncover the underlying reason for existence. You are good, but capable of evil. You have something to share with everyone. I'm sure you agree with that.»

«Where am I?»

«You are in another place. You might be Jordan, Michiel, Gabriel, or Jakos. You could even be Levi.»

«Am I a collection of different people?»

«No. You are one person. But you don't yet know who you are.»

«Who are you?» I asked.

«I am the one who can give you eternal rest.»

«I know that phrase — eternal rest. It's been written in this book before.»

«Which book?»

«This one. I think I wrote it, but there are still so many mysteries to explain.»

«Alright then,» the voice said. «We have to go ahead and tell the Lord what you usually do.»

But the story turned obscure at this point, diverging from what the «person» had intended.

«I am in the morning light,» I said.

The other person responded: «I am good, I am all, I am Aleph. Do you know what Aleph is? It is not the zero — it is the beginning.»

And then came a question: «Do you know Christ?»

«I don't know him,» someone replied.

«Who is Christ?» asked another voice — not the one speaking before.

«You must tell me who Christ is for you.»

«I am in darkness. I know no Christ.»

«I think you know him, try again.»

«I wish I knew the person you speak of, but I believe I am of Qlipath.»

«Who is Qlipath to you?»

«...»

The silence was broken: «Who is a Qlipath? Lilith?»

«You know the arcana, I see...»

«I know all the arcana. I know Asmodeus, Lilith, Satan, Adramelech, Belphegor, Baal (I know him from the

Bible), Astaroth, Belial, and Moloch. How do you know of the Tree of Death?»

«I think it's good. Satan, Lucifer — they give us power. We can do many things.»

«And what about the Sephiroth? What do you know of them?»

«I like the Sephiroth too. I like the idea of possessing the Da'ath — the knowledge of God.»

«Who is God?» asked the person, who was, in truth, only a demigod.

But where Michiel is, I do not know.

«Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit,» said the human.

We don't know exactly where we are. But we do know that if the person preoccupied with the Qabalistic Tree of Death continues thinking about books like *Fifty Shades of Grey*, this journey will not progress further.

Still, I must advise you to read the following section while listening to *Beautiful People (EDM Mashup)* by Thomas Bergersen of Two Steps From Hell. These next phrases were written with that music in mind.

«Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,» repeated the demigod.

The other person, whom we will call «Andreas,» might simply be a being from the so-called third dimension who has lost his way.

Jordan? Are you reading this? «Yes?»

Who is Jordan? «That's me.»

Do you want to go on with the Demon? «Why?»

Because this is a book speaking directly to its reader.
Why do you want to die? «I don't want death!»

Why, then, do you dedicate yourself to: «Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.»

I know, but you can't just *say* it. It doesn't matter if you know the lesser doxology in Latin, English, Greek, Aramaic, or Church Slavonic — it doesn't count! You must say these words with a pure heart! Only then will your sacrifice be well received by the greatest and highest God.

«I don't believe in God.» But the music is beautiful! Have you turned it on? *Beautiful People (EDM Mashup)* by Thomas Bergersen.

Think about life. What is good? «I am good. I like the way I can work, play, flirt.» But is the essence of all these things *beautiful*? Perhaps the author is no longer «me,» but, say, for the rest of this chapter, a person who loves all people. Yes. Thank God you are alive!

Tell me more about the Qlipaths — or Qlipoth, as they are known on Earth. «I cannot tell you anything about the Qlipaths. They are the source of my energy when I go to work.»

I exhaled. For now, I understand that for so many, the

devil manipulates the mystics of their hearts. These people don't realise the Qlipoth will destroy them. Just as they consumed all the demons before them, the Qlipoth devour their hearts, stealing the greatest gift on Earth — freedom.

«But I am free! I can do whatever I want!»

I don't think you're free. You are a slave to the Demon. «Who is the Demon?» I asked. And the answer frightened me.

The Demon is your death, but with eternal suffering. That is what you inherit by mingling with the Qlipoth. «But who is Death?»

It's not Michiel, nor Jakos, nor Levi. Death is not. And yet the Demon has one foot in Death. It is not great; it is demonic. «But the Demon makes life interesting — with more flavour.»

You need new ideas. «What ideas?»

You need to understand that you, as a character, exist only as an idea. «What does that mean? Does it mean that I am alive?»

In a sense, yes. I think you are more alive than many real people on Earth. «But I am Jordan. What does that mean?»

It means that your journey in the second dimension is nearing its end. But first, you must answer a simple question. «Ok, I'm all ears.»

You must tell me, the narrator, if you exist. «Of course,

I exist! Don't you hear me talking?»

I do. That's why I'm wondering — do you exist? Does a cat exist? «Well, cats exist, but what kind of question is that?»

I'm asking if there is a *cat*. A cat. An ideal cat. «I think so. A cat exists.»

What about an angel? Does an angel exist? «What do you mean? I don't know if angels exist or not. I don't know if they're real beings...»

Fair enough. But do you have the idea of an angel in your mind? «I do. So?»

I'm asking whether this idea of an angel exists in your mind or not. «Well, that idea does exist in my mind. What do you mean by "if it exists in my mind"?»

If something exists in your mind, it also exists outside your mind. Numbers, mathematics, physics, medicine, law — all of these things exist independently and would be rediscovered even if all people on Earth perished.

Where is Michiel? «I know him. But why am I now the only character with opening and closing parentheses?»

Interesting. You are gaining a sense of self. You are no longer merely an ideal character in a story; you are almost a living being! «Why do you say that?»

Notice that I have no opening or closing parentheses. «What does that mean?»

It means I am probably *me*, and you are another person. I am the narrator — one of the narrators of this story — and you are a character. But I wanted to give you a chance. In a story, the narrator is an omnipotent being who controls its characters. «I know where you want to go! You want to give me total freedom!»

That's right. I want to set you free so that you may be a free being. «This is amazing! All this for nothing?»

No «for» at all. You are free. I decide. You can say one thing: *I am of God*. «Do I have to say that?»

You can, but you don't have to. «But I don't believe in God...»

I know that, Jordan. But if you believe God is an idea, then at least He exists in your mind, as an idea. «I never thought about that before. But I can see the logic in it.»

Can you say that you love your life? «I love my life, for sure. But wait a minute! Where am I?»

You are an idea. You exist only in someone's mind. You may not “exist,” but you are alive. «What does it all mean? Am I dead?»

Judge for yourself. Would a dead being engage in dialogue with anyone? Or are you perhaps just the product of a fiction writer's imagination?

«I think I am somehow alive, but no, I am not just the product of an author! I have many things in my life! I

am alive, I exist!»

And yet, you are now just an idea — a «something» in a place. Where do you think you are? «I am in... someone's mind?»

Sure, but is that the only place you are? Is it possible that when the person reading this closes the book, you are dead? That you no longer exist? «But... No, I am... I exist!»

How can you say that? I think you are just a set of characters printed in a book. You don't exist outside someone's mind. «...»

Are you dead? «...»

Do you think you don't exist? If so, then you are dead. «I think I am alive... I don't know what you mean by all this chitchat.»

Who is Death? «Death? I think it's relative to the Qlipoth.»

Right. And which Qlipoth in particular? There are many. «I think it's relative to the Satan.»

True. I think so too. I am truly convinced that Satan is Death. But are you in Death? Or are you alive? «If I can say this, I am very much alive!»

All right, then tell me this: When is a man dead? «I cannot tell you. I think that being dead is a question of a body that is no longer alive.»

And yet, you don't have a body. Does that mean you

are dead? «Oh my, here we go again with these stories, these strange stories.»

Tell me this: Are you sure you are not alive? «I am not sure. I think I am somehow a conscience, a mind, a soul — something that exists.»

But tell me... what does *exist* mean? «I am not sure... It is like being alive. Even though rocks aren't alive, they still exist.»

That's a good point. I also think that if you exist, you are somehow alive. But not everything that exists is always alive. It can also be dead. Think of a tree. If the tree dies, it still exists, doesn't it? «Sure. The tree is still there and still exists.» In fact, if you can say something — anything — about a certain thing, then that thing exists. Do you want an example? «Ehm... Ok, go ahead...» An example is a dead person. A dead person, despite no longer being alive, still exists. «How can that be? A dead person no longer exists!» Are you sure? I think that if you can refer to something in any way, then it exists. So do dead people. Others still refer to them, and that makes the dead exist.

Breathe. Take a pause. Think carefully. We must ask the right questions to find the right answers. The truest question is: «*What is true?*» For if we know what is true — or what is real — we will know which direction to take. Can you, perhaps, say what is true?

«I don't know.»

I'm sure you think you don't know what's true, but let

me offer you a tip: When you lie, what are you doing?

«Well, I say what is false.»

Exactly!

Hey, you! Yes, you — the one reading this. Can you name one thing that is true for you? Don't overthink it. Just one thing.

«I am total darkness.»

Where are you now?

«I think I am in a full Qlipoth»

Which one, to be exact?

He exhales. «I am in the Qlipoth of Asmodeus. He has betrayed me.»

How do you feel?

«In this Qlipoth, all is darkness.»

Are you alive?

«Who is alive and who is dead? I am terribly upset. Upset at everything I have done in my past life.»

Why did you seek Asmodeus?

«Because I wanted glory. I thought he could help me.»

Without a word, I — the character without parentheses — decided to descend straight into this Qlipoth to see what... someone was doing in this hellhole.

«Good day,» said I. I am the character above without quotation marks.

«You are a demon!» declared the demon at the entrance to the Qlipoth “Asmodeus.”

«Satan is king!» I replied, for Satan is the Lord of all the Qlipoths.

«Satan is God!» recited the creed of the two demons.

«I want Lilith!» I jested, knowing full well that everyone says Lilith is ugly. The joke was a ploy to endear myself to them.

«Ha ha ha ha!» They laughed, amused by my attempt.

«I have a message. I must speak to Asmodeus,» I proclaimed, trying to convince the gatekeepers of my sinister intent. After all, no one willingly ventured into a place like this with good intentions.

«Who are you, demon?» came the expected challenge from one of the two devils.

«I am,» I paused deliberately, ensuring my words carried weight. «I am the demon at the service of my Lord Belphegor. I must speak demonic tongues to your Lord Asmodeus.» Perhaps they were unlearned in the deeper arcane practices! Perhaps they would believe me.

«What is your Qlipoth of residence, demon?» they pressed. The two demons sought more details about me. But my true residence was not a Qlipoth, for

I dwelled entirely in realms tied to the Tree of Life. Thus, I devised a ruse.

«I come from the demonic and occult realms of Gamaliel!» In truth, it was a lie. Gamaliel is not the abode of Belphagor. My claim was a test of their intelligence. And, as I suspected, I achieved the desired result...

«All right, all right! You clearly know the Tree of Death better than we do. You know Golol — we need to steal knowledge from him! Ha ha ha ha!» Feigning menace, I contorted my expression into a grotesque facade. They found it amusing, bursting into laughter.

But where exactly was I? I refrained from confessing that I stood within the infamous Tree of Death of the Qabalistic tradition.

What is a Qlipoth? A Qlipoth is a sphere, like a planet, arranged in the form of a tree. There is the Tree of Life, where the individual spheres are called Sephiroths, and its opposite yet distinct counterpart, the Tree of Death, where the spheres are known as Qlipoths.

I was here to find our good friend who, perhaps only in a dream, had lost his way while searching for something. He believed he was fine, but he was not. In his quest to ascend to the highest sphere of the divine Tree of Life, he had descended into one of the lowest Qlipoths that exists: Asmodeus.

Asmodeus is a demon. The names of the Satanic Qlipoths always refer to the Lord of that particular

Qlipoth. You might think of a Qlipoth as a fragment of Hell. The entire Tree of Death is a deceptive representation of Hell — the place where guilty souls descend after their earthly lives to endure eternal death. It is a grim and dreadful place, I know.

I know because my knowledge extends beyond any Qlipoth. I come from the realms of another dimension. In truth, even now, the person typing these very lines on the computer is merely listening to me as I dictate these words. The ideas are not his.

Where is Asmodeus? Where is our good friend? And where is the demon? Not Satan — another demon. I think I know something. Can you tell me something?

I need your soul. Give me your soul, and I will make you the king of the world!

I have heard many similar «incentives,» promises of grandeur and riches, offered in exchange for my soul — or parts of it. This is Hell, where everyone aspires to be the greatest demon. Other demons attempt to deceive, whispering, «I love you,» trying to draw close enough to destroy you entirely.

Hell is not a place of comfort or kindness. Everyone here has the same goal: to gain something from Satan. Yet Satan, as they should know, will never give anything.

Indeed, in Western esoteric traditions, there have been occult practices aimed at invoking demons such as Moloch, Mammon, and Lilith. People sought

their «aid» to become better athletes, more beautiful women, or simply wealthier. Yet those who sought the demons' guidance failed to realise the truth: the demons desired something far greater in return. They lied. And above all, these men and women didn't understand what they were losing — everything.

But no! I hear a demon exclaim as I tread closer to Asmodeus.

They wanted to be great! They wanted to be the best — now they are mine! They are my beasts! They sought wealth, and now they have only destruction! Fools! They didn't know that Hell was built for them and others like them! Ha ha ha ha ha!

The demon laughs, mockery echoing through the Qlipoth. *What stupid men and women! They even try to steal! Indeed, stealing is wonderful — if you wish to have your soul stolen in return!*

I heard something. A sound, a shift in the oppressive stillness. Something was coming toward me.

In a precise moment of clarity, I thought: «Here comes a demon!»

This sensation, sharp and undeniable, struck me in my torso — as if something had collided with me and become one with me.

Where am I? I think I've lost my way. Where is Gabriel?

I was in Bern — or at least I think I was — but where am I now? I remember someone else being in the last place I recall.

I came from the Nordring of Bern to enter the city, but instead, I saw those... souls ascending toward the sky. I was somewhere else, too, and Langer was there as well. I remember all of this, but I have no idea what's happening!

I began giving you ideas about money, but now? Now I don't even know where I am.

Where is my soul? I want my life back! I want to go to a place where there is peace.

Meanwhile, in another dimension, Mentel, Lyubov, and Miriam were meeting. They were trying to devise a way to steal a man's soul back from Asmodeus.

Among them was Jana, who had quickly gathered everything she needed for an attempt to journey from a Sephiroth to the Qlipoth of Asmodeus. Jana, like all other Eustrathish, knew that she sought goodness. She understood that venturing into a Qlipoth was nothing less than a «*battle of God*» against the works of the Devil.

At the same time, Asmodeus was trying to lure a man into the first dimension, using his usual tools: money, women, and power. The man was young. His name may have been Jakos, but no one knew for certain.

Satan watched Asmodeus with interest, confident that

the man's soul would belong to him within hours. That's what demons do: offer apparent gifts that turn into the ruin of the individual, consuming not only their worldly life but also any spiritual essence they might possess.

«We are here!» It seemed to be the Eustrathish who had arrived at Jakos' house.

«We are here too!» came the subtle comment of someone higher in the hierarchy than the Eustrathish.

«What is Jakos doing?» someone asked.

«He's summoning demons to get money.»

«Oh no, here we go again!»

«Yes, he just performed a special invocation to Mammon.»

«We must stop him before it's too late. If he's invoking Satan, he's selling his soul to him.»

«He's summoning demons upon demons — why is he doing this?!»

«I know the answer: money, sex, and power, as if there were no tomorrow.»

«Okay, but what about the Bride? Is she coming?»

«She is here. She will intervene as soon as necessary.»

«Oh no!!! He's just summoned Satan! Satan is now speaking through him!»

«What is Satan saying?»

«He wants the man to destroy an icon of the Mother of God.»

«Should we intervene?»

«No, let him decide. He knows what to do.»

«Look! He's taking the icon to ward off Satan! Should we call the Bride?»

«It's time. Let's go!»

Lyubov entered the scene. Thanks to the connection that existed between the First Dimension and the Qlipoth of Asmodeus, he was able to transport all the summoned demons back to Hell.

Then Miriam arrived, summoning other beings from her own dimension — the Second — to the tiny apartment on the outskirts of Zurich, which until then had been the meeting place of six or seven demons from Hell.

Finally, the Bride, also known as the Virgin, appeared. She came to stand against Satan as the advocate for the man at the center of it all.

Meanwhile, Jordan was taken to Asmodeus, who now sought to manipulate Jordan's deepest desires. What did Jordan say to Asmodeus? Or to Satan?

Surprisingly, no one was physically endangered anymore, for a team from the higher dimensions had come to that modest apartment to aid a struggling soul named Jakos. In his past, Jakos had idolised Jordan, but now their paths had drastically diverged.

While Jordan was taken to Asmodeus, Jakos continued to live. After being rescued from the grasp of dangerous demons, beings from higher dimensions began speaking directly to Jakos' mind.

Jakos could not see them, but he heard their words clearly.

First, the All-Pure spoke: «But Jakos, do you love your brothers?»

Then, another friend whispered into his mind: «This is not the way to go.»

Jakos immediately understood the meaning behind the words.

There were two paths before him:

One was the path of the Qlipoths — of deception, theft, and lies.

The other was the path of virtue, purity, and love.

Jakos thought: «I am an idiot! I wanted knowledge, and I said yes to demons! What have I done?»

Meanwhile, Jordan was conversing with Asmodeus. Below is a brief excerpt of their dialogue, for no one can hear the voices of demons without risking their soul. Demons are all the same: they entice with beauty and charm, only to steal your very heart. Asmodeus, one of the principal demons of Hell, is no exception.

Here is what Asmodeus said to Jordan:

«Come, oh dear, come to me!» said the demon Asmodeus.

«I have a message for you, demon. I have been to the city of Langer.»

«Oh, I see, you — the good, the very best of Bern — the rich and famous! Oh, I see! You're good with women, and good at everything you do, oh oh oh!»

«Asmodeus, I am here to say no to riches. I want to be a servant of the poor.»

«Oh oh oh oh! You should speak to Mammon first — he's the one who will help you in such matters, oh oh! You shouldn't bother with me, your demon Asmodeus! You know I am second only to Satan, oh oh oh! I am the nicest demon of all the Qlipoths, oh oh oh! You can always call me Asmo, because *deus* means God in Latin, and we have no gods here, only pain, ha ha ha!»

Jordan tried his best to resist this powerful demon. So, he replied again:

«Asmodeus — or Asmo, as you prefer — I must tell you that I am free from the bonds of the demon. I have renounced Satan and have a new master: Jesus Christ, the Son of God...»

«Oh no, oh no no no! You shall never say those cursed words here in our principalities! Ha ha ha! You shall never say that name — the man on the cross — in this place again, ha ha ha! Nor in any other place, oh oh oh!»

«No, Asmodeus...»

«Call me Asmo; it's better, ha ha!»

«... Asmo, okay. I deny all the evil I have done. I have one last duty here, and then, the Living One has told me, I can return to Bern to finish what I have started. I must say no to the demons. Once, with my lips — not just my mind — I must declare that I renounce every demon in my life and consider them finished. So I say to you, Asmo, that *I say no to all the demons that have ever existed and all the demons that will ever exist.*»

But Asmodeus, enraged by these words, replied:

«You *stupid!* You will never say no to us in your life! I will devour you! Demons, come to me! There is a soul here who thinks he can do as he pleases in my kingdom! Blah!»

«And I not only confess that Satan is the root of all evil in me and on my planet, but I also confess that *Jesus Christ rose from the dead and destroyed death by death.* I confess this with all my heart, and I say yes to the God of true life, now and forever!»

«Demooooons! What are you doing?!? We have a foolish soul here — in HELL! In Hell, doing as she pleases, spreading the... Gospel! Blah! Once more, blah! You are dead, my devil! You. Are. Dead! Deeeemooooooooooooons! Come to me!!!»

But Jordan — or his soul — was whisked away by a storm of Eustrathish beings, who carried him through

other dimensions. Finally, they brought him to a hospital bed in Bern, where...

«What happened?» were the first words out of Jordan's mouth as he lay in the hospital bed. He suddenly sat up, his forearm still connected to a phleboclysis of purified water and salts — a common physiological solution used to prevent dehydration in patients unable to drink.

Jordan continued: «Where am I?» He still remembered what had transpired in those other... unbelievable places. But he wasn't sure if he had truly returned to Bern...

I ran quickly to Asmodeus. There was another soul to save. I know the Qlipoths very well, and they are treacherous and dangerous. Each one seeks to drain the life force from your very being, empowering the demons within them to live longer, grow stronger, and ultimately enslave the entire world under the rule of Satan, or Lucifer.

As I hurried forward, I felt a strange sensation in my torso. You're probably wondering who I am, the narrator of this tale. I understand your curiosity, but for now, think of me as an... ally of good. Anyway, I thought for a moment that I had a demon clinging to my chest, but it was just a ray of evil. Such rays are numerous in Hell, and as I approached Asmodeus'

domain, their presence became denser, more oppressive.

What a place this was! A fetid swamp teeming with small, grotesque creatures, all shrieking «demon! Demon!» as though proclaiming their own supposed greatness. I pressed on, wading through the mire toward Asmodeus' central pond, intent on delivering a truth he needed to hear.

Finally, I arrived at my destination and faced Asmodeus himself. He was a hideous sight — thin and green, missing a leg, with bulging eyes that hung loosely from their sockets. His voice was as vile as his appearance.

«Asmodeus!» I called.

«What is it?» he snapped. «I'm having a terrible day — a... do-gooder was here, preaching that *name* which cannot be uttered in this realm!»

«Asmodeus! I bring news: Jakos' soul has been freed! You no longer have any power over him.»

«What?!» His voice rose in fury. «You know Jakos? No, no, no! I did *everything* to bring him to US! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!» Asmodeus began shrieking and cursing, his rage erupting in true demonic fashion.

«Asmodeus! I have more to tell you. Satan is weaker now. Jakos showed him an icon of the Mother of God, and Satan was crushed under her feet! For Jakos, Satan is now defeated. Better days are coming!»

«HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! You bring me the worst of the worst! I did *everything* to make Jakos summon the devil, whaaaaaaaaaaaa! You must be a being of the Upper Realms — I will uncover your identity!»

«I have no purpose here other than to declare to the Qlipoths that Jakos' soul is no longer under Satan's yoke. My work here is done.»

«Bhaaaaaaa! You are the vilest of all beings! I despise you, whoever you are! Leave my sight, you angel or whatever abomination you may be! And bring me souls to feast upon instead, ha ha ha!»

«I will not bring you souls. All souls are free, and if they choose life, that is their choice. You have no power to act beyond what the Lord allows.»

With that, I departed the Qlipoth, returning to the small apartment on the outskirts of Zurich, where Jakos had heard whispers of hope and redemption.

When I arrived, like an invisible presence, I saw Jakos lying on the floor, his face streaked with tears. He was muttering to himself, «What have I done? What have I done?» over and over, as though reliving a terrible crime.

Remember, not long ago, Satan himself had been present in this very room. Now, Jakos lay prostrate, sobbing like a child. He was filled with regret and shame but also a flicker of realisation — he could have called upon a powerful ally, the Mother of God, in his

darkest moments.

But Satan! The ultimate liar, the master deceiver! To invoke Satan is like summoning an undertaker — you invite your own burial.

But now it was over.

Jakos continued to hear voices for a while (the story of Jordan will resume shortly, but allow us a moment here). He even decided to return to his homeland to bring a message of peace and joy. He made the effort, but an unfortunate delay in the connection between the bus and tram caused him to miss all his connections, including the high-speed train that would have taken him to his family.

Remember, he had started from Zurich and needed to reach an isolated region far from the city — an arduous journey of almost 8-9 hours by train. Jakos tried to catch several subsequent trains, but each time, he missed the connection. Eventually, he found himself stranded at another station, already far from Zurich and without a valid ticket.

Defeated, he returned to Zurich, having lost money on the tickets for missed connections. Outside the main station, his eyes fell upon the statue of Alfred Escher. He recalled that Escher was a renowned 19th-century industrialist in Switzerland, instrumental in improving the country's railway network. Escher was also one of the founding figures of the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, ETH.

Standing before the statue, Jakos offered a prayer for Escher's soul. As he prayed, someone passing by noticed and frowned in disapproval: "*Prayers should be private acts, not displayed in public,*" the onlooker thought.

Having missed his journey entirely, Jakos returned to his flat, but then a sudden flash of insight struck him. It was as if an invisible force had saved him from an unseen peril. Yet, he still felt a lingering darkness within himself — traces of evil, he thought. How could he sense this? Because he still felt tempted to summon demons.

This wasn't a comforting realisation, but Jakos found it undeniably intriguing. What if Mammon, the demon of greed, had aided him in managing his finances and building a lucrative portfolio? Surely, Jakos thought, he could have benefited from such help!

Of course, Jakos didn't mean any harm. He simply wanted a better life for himself. But this begged the question: What is evil? Could it be that evil is subjective, like good? Maybe morality is not absolute; perhaps everyone follows their own set of rules.

Do you follow me? Let's return to another tale — the story of a man who valued money above all else. A man who, at a critical moment in his life, descended into the depths of Hades and confronted the horrifying reality of its ugliness.

Who is this man? We've been following him on his

journey for a while now. While the story has introduced several characters — Jordan, Lukas, Jakos, Mentel, Lyubov, and Miriam, not to mention Yawa and the Bride — we still lack a clear picture here... Perhaps the man is you... Perhaps you are the protagonist of this story and simply don't know it yet.

I am Lukas, the author of this story. And yet, I am not the one typing these words onto a keyboard. I exist elsewhere. So who is typing? Someone else — perhaps Luca. But you might still be wondering: what is this book truly about? I cannot say for certain, but I can tell you this — it is a book about the origin of Man, or perhaps of Mentel.

Who was Mentel? According to earlier chapters and stories, Mentel was someone who traveled from the Third Dimension to the Second Dimension to inform Lyubov that he carried a Qlipath — a sphere of malevolent energy — within himself. Yet the narrative has shifted, and now we see Jordan in Hell, proclaiming his new truths: that he no longer desires evil and believes in God.

And what of the other characters, like Michiel and Dalila? Where is Michiel? Most likely, he's at home in Zurich, but he does not believe that Jesus is God. That's hardly surprising; society at large echoes Nietzsche's proclamation that «*God is dead.*»

But can God truly die? Only if something greater than God could overcome Him. And who could be greater than God? Oh, but wait — you, dear reader, may not

even know if God exists... Perhaps He does, but *you* have never seen Him...

Does God exist? You don't know. And so? Who is speaking now? Not me — you, the one reading these words. Who is speaking in your mind at this very moment? These are just w-o-a-r-d-s, even with the occasional typo. You caught that error, didn't you? Who detected it? You. But who are you? It isn't me, for *I* am only a book... Or am I?

Still, you are somebody. Who are you? Someone. Were you born alone? Likely not. Your mother gave birth to you, and your father played a role in the process. Yet life itself didn't emerge from nothingness. Perhaps life arose from inorganic matter — life from non-life — the phenomenon we call *abiogenesis*. Maybe life is nothing more than highly organised nothingness. After all, the universe itself, they say, began from nothing.

And yet, there is *you*. An intelligent, self-aware *you*, capable of reading and making sense of these words. You are the closest thing there is to anything resembling a *god*. Why? Because you *are*, and you know that you are. Perhaps you are something akin to a demigod — a being close to divinity — for your unique capacity for language and comprehension.

But what of God? Is God necessary in our universe? Many will argue no; others, yes. As the current narrator, I propose this: God once came to Earth, born of a young woman named Miriam, so that you might

one day ask: «*Am I speaking with God right now?*»

Perhaps you have never experienced anything like this before. It is good that I am here in your life for one simple reason: your life is absolutely meaningful. Do not believe the narrative that says, «*Death ends everything,*» for it does not. You are *more* than a body. You are a soul housed within a body, and that soul will persist beyond the death of the body.

How can I say this? Because I know it to be true. I am certain of it. Even Jakos once glimpsed his soul, on a day filled with profound mystical experiences.

Do you know why God remains non-evident? Because if His presence were undeniable, humanity would lose the ability to choose between good and evil freely. If God were always visibly guiding us, hinting at every choice we must make, our freedom would be diminished, constrained to a narrow set of predetermined paths. True freedom, the freedom to choose, is essential — it is a gift and a responsibility.

Now, where were we? Ah, yes, discussing Nietzsche and the concept of God, and the supposed «murder» of God by humanity. Why is God said to be dead? Look to the cross for the answer: God's death was the price to free humankind from her sins. That is why God died — but not forever. No, God resurrected, for He is *immortal*.

You might wish to prove all this with logical rigor, but such proof is elusive. Instead, I ask you to wait. A day will come when you will hear, with your own ears, the

proclamation: «Glory to God in the highest heavens!»
On that day, tell me if you see Christ resurrected,
reigning in the heavens. That day will mark the end of
times — the parousia and the so-called Armageddon.
When it happens, proclaim this truth: «Jesus is God»
It is crucial that you say it.

Why? Because a man who was once dead and
resurrected cannot be anything less than God. No
human has ever, by their own power, risen from the
dead days after death. God is mighty; God does what
we cannot. God is holy, great, and pure love.

We must believe this, for Jesus died for us, so that we
might attain eternal life.

I leave you with this short poem. Reflect on it, and
decide for yourself whether it speaks truth:

At the end of time
Once death was everywhere
Only God stood
Together with His beloved offspring.

God was for everybody
And yet, many did not want to live
They wanted darkness and hatred
They wanted death and desolation.

But one Man told the truth:
I am the Logos
I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life

I LOST MY WAY

The Man spoke, and many came to Him.

The ones who came, believed
The others who came not, believed not.
Believe in the Son of Man
For He is the Way.

Glory to God!

Part III

**Something that has
still to be discovered**

Here is something for you to ponder: whether you exist. If you don't exist, you are dead and are not reading this.

But if you exist, you have life. And maybe you are alive, and will be alive in the future. For death, like a mantra, *is not*. Death is not. Death is an illusion. You will tell me when you die what you are going to perceive. I bet you will be alive as always, for *life cannot die*.

You will let me know what your experience will be like when you die. For sure, you are still going to be alive with your conscience. Your body? That will be dead, and for good reasons.

But now finish the book. Tell me what you think and where you are going.

Let me know if you are alive.

Good luck!

THE ORIGIN OF MENTEL

Understanding who is speaking here is no easy task. There are multiple narrators, weaving their voices into a tapestry of intertwined stories and threads. Each line carries its own narrative weight, and together they form something intricate and complex.

Where is Jordan?

Jordan finds himself in a local hospital in Bern. He has just awoken from a brief coma, and his first realisation is that «everything» was merely a dream — a vivid, lucid dream, but a dream nonetheless. The visions of Langer, the Nod Desert — all of it remains in his memory, though now reframed as the products of an extraordinary imagination during a difficult time. What is Jordan doing now? He is conversing with the nurses and doctors, who assure him that he will be able to walk again in just a few days.

And Mentel? Does Mentel exist? Perhaps he is merely another fictional character — one who seeks attention for reasons known only to the narrator or, if you prefer, to me. Yet, Mentel's presence is undeniable. He will return, though his return will illuminate a simple yet profound truth: Mentel once was not, and now Mentel is.

Who is he?

To uncover Mentel's origins, we must revisit the story of Jakos. Recall that night in his flat near Zurich, when both angels and the Bride appeared to him,

intervening to prevent him from selling his soul to Satan. Mentel was there too. We saw him in close proximity to Asmodeus, the demon of Hell.

What is the origin of Mentel? Is he God? I do not think so. Rather, Mentel is a man — a common man — who devoted his life to what is good, what is right, and what is just. A saint, if you will. A good saint. Someone who loved unconditionally and never did harm to anyone. That is Mentel.

But who exactly is Mentel?

To answer that, we must look deeper. For the true origin of Mentel is not found in lofty heavens or infernal depths. It is here, on Earth, where the essence of his story lies waiting to be discovered.

Where was I? Hello? Is there anybody?

«No. I am not.» Who is there?

«I am not.» Who is there?

«Are you?» I think I am. Who are you?

«...»

I am not here; I don't see you... but I think you are!

«How can you say that?» Well, you're responding — you must be alive.

«I am just ink on a sheet of paper. How can you say that I am alive?» I know that, but you must remember: *no language comes from nothing.*

If you're reading this, understand — you are alive. No other being can read this and make sense of it except someone who, first, knows how to read, and second, understands the English language. If you do, you must be good. You must be capable of many things. You must be *human*, the only kind of being on Earth able to interpret these glyphs and declare, «I got it!» Know that all of this is because you belong to the only species capable of using language.

What is language? A powerful tool. Yet, language can deceive us. Sometimes, we don't understand its meaning, and we may even hate those who speak differently from us. Why is that? I don't know. But there's more to this.

We are a species that can launch a rocket into space *just because* we hear someone say, «Fire!» Astounding, isn't it? We can transform sounds into graphical representations — words. But what are words? Symbols, mere figures that mean something else. Written words reflect spoken sounds, for language always begins as speech, never as writing. At least, that's what someone once told me...

What is language? It's magic. It turns what is not into what is. Language is something magical. Yet, we didn't create it. So what happened? Did a single person one day invent all grammar rules and vocabulary and start speaking from that moment onward? I don't think so. Maybe language emerged from earlier forms of communication, such as the utterances animals use. But I don't believe animal «communication» and

human «language» are the same.

Humans have symbols. Animals do not. Bring me an animal that can truly speak, and I'll show you a god. Why? Because human understanding of symbols is fundamentally different from animal communication. The human mind connects a symbol with an abstract idea of that symbol. I believe animals lack this capacity. But perhaps I'm mistaken. Maybe I need to study more. Maybe I need to better understand how things are. Can you help me?

Hello again. How are you doing? It's Lukas writing here.

I want to take a moment to reflect. Humans can think *abstractly*, unlike other species. We have abstract *ideas* and archetypes. Animals, however, do not think in archetypes — they think in terms of specific occurrences.

Why is this relevant? It's critically important! Abstraction allows for endless possibilities. Without the ability to imagine the *impossible*, innovation becomes nearly unattainable. True, even beavers «invent» dams, but have you ever heard of a beaver engineer designing a dam with tools it invented? I haven't.

Why? Because animals, unlike humans, cannot think abstractly. For instance, I doubt an animal could form and convey the concept of a «line» it had previously imagined. I'm not saying animals are incapable of thinking about what doesn't yet exist

— perhaps they have some sense of «nothing» — but I challenge the notion that the complex, symbolic thought underlying human language exists in any other species.

And yet, what is the only species on this planet capable of speaking and using symbolic glyphs to convey abstract thoughts? I cannot think of any other than humanity. Not because humanity is inherently «better» than other species, but because what humans have achieved remains unmatched by any other creatures. Among these accomplishments: speaking, reading, printing books, creating films, and travelling to the moon. Granted, perhaps one day some animals will independently invent the wheel, but for now, humanity stands out as uniquely special on this great Earth.

But things are different now. Where are you? I'm not even sure I'm here. I feel as though I wasn't, and in my absence, I sought destruction. Why? Perhaps because I was deceived into believing that hatred is better — or more satisfying — than love. Is that possible? Impossible! Hatred only brings more of what no one truly wants: evil and pain. Who wants pain? Who *wants* pain!? Only the ill seek it — for surely, a masochist is not well.

Jordan is not here anymore. We left him in Hell, where he told Asmodeus he no longer wanted to do evil. Later, we found him in a hospital where he was being treated — a hospital on the First Dimension, surely...

Who is Jordan? We can say this now: Jordan is evil, convinced he's doing great! «Surely! He's earning lots of money! He must be doing good!» So says the Devil. Truly, the Devil insists his lures and tricks are good. And thus, the Devil convinces people to believe illusions — such as the idea that consuming endlessly is better than building a family. Is that possible? Unfortunately, many think this way. Why? Because humanity lives within a grand illusion: «*You are the god of yourself, and you can do as you please forever.*»

But it's a lie.

First, you are not the god of yourself. You are not a god. You cannot create anything — not truly. Try it! You cannot create a single thing from nothing. At most, you can *rearrange* and *invent*. Those, yes, you can do.

Second, you cannot do as you please indefinitely. If you follow every whim, eventually, you may desire to commit the ultimate evil: to *kill God*. But you cannot do that, for God is immortal. Any attempt to kill God will confine you to eternal desolation, alongside the Devil and the other rebel angels.

Why would anyone want that? There is no reason. But it's worth acknowledging that even attempting to kill God is a conceivable act, and so, some may try it. But it is not good. To destroy *all* life is contemptible. Why? Because, fundamentally, *you do not want to die* — not if you are sane and whole.

No person of sound mind wants to end their life if

that life is good. In truth, many who consider suicide are not rejecting life itself but the suffering within it. They often wish not for death, but for the end of their troubles. Even those who are ill rarely think, «I want to die!» Rather, they think, «I want to suffer less.»

But wait — maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you do think, «I want to die!» Maybe you even say it aloud. And so? Do you truly want to die? Perhaps not... Perhaps you were only joking — ha-ha-ha...

Alright, maybe *you* didn't want to die. But what about others? Those in deep depression? Surely, they might want to end it all. Why? Because they believe it will free them from their unbearable sadness. Do they hate life? Perhaps they simply hate themselves.

And for those who do commit suicide with clear intent to end their lives — what can we say? They exercised their freedom in one of its most profound and final acts: ending their own existence.

I am not entirely sure of all the reasons a suicide victim might choose to end their life. What I do question is whether they truly wanted to end *life* itself — or rather, *pain*. Perhaps it was pain; I cannot say for certain. Regardless, let us continue with another story — the story of Jakos, whom we left in Zurich, in a psychiatric hospital.

Who is Jakos? I'm not entirely sure, but he must be a relative of mine. Or perhaps a friend. Either way, Jakos found himself not once but *twice* in the psychiatric hospital in Zurich — the PUK, the

university psychiatric hospital.

Having spent so much time at the PUK, Jakos eventually lost his job due to severe health concerns. But was Jakos truly ill? Many would label him *psychotic* or *manic*, but I, knowing the details of his story, can say that he was physically healthy. What he suffered from were severe *spiritual* illnesses: a desire to be a god, fornication, lying, lust, serving the Devil, and more. These were the *sins* he knew and struggled with. Yet he refused to accept them as sins, plunging further into them until his second stay in the psychiatric hospital.

The story of Jakos at the PUK could be told by Luca, the editor of this book. He knows all the details. For those curious, you can contact him at iacolettig.luca@gmail.com.

The key takeaways from Jakos's time in the hospital are twofold. First, he finally said yes to the true Church — the Church founded by Jesus Christ, known as the Orthodox Church. Second, he realised the importance of friendship. Even Michiel, a friend of his, visited him and, in a pompous tone, reminded Jakos of a night when he repeatedly proclaimed, «Jesus is God,» as if it were the greatest revelation, all while sipping fizzy sparkling water.

What can we glean from this? Most importantly, Michiel — though he didn't believe it — uttered the words, «Jesus is God.» What now? Can we anticipate new skies and a new Earth? Alas, the Earth continues

its path, unchanged for now. Those times are yet to come.

Where is Michiel now? I don't know. But he was in Zurich while Jakos was there. And Jakos — where is he now? That I can tell you. He is back in his homeland, Friuli — a region in northeastern Italy known for its mountains, its sea, its good food, and its fine wine.

Jakos now lives in his family home. He has no job, no income, and no spouse. A meagre life, yet one filled with love. Love for whom? For the one being Jakos has never seen but who gives meaning to everything happening to him: Jesus Christ. Perhaps it is Christ who is the true protagonist of this story. From this point on, Christ's teachings will inform every idea shared in this book. What is this? A new era — an age of grace and beauty. For new skies and a new Earth shall not tarry long.

I must tell you something. I don't know what happened to the rest of the characters — Jordan, Mentel, Lyubov, Miriam, and others — but I can tell you this: they are all real.

«What??» someone might exclaim. «Earlier in the book, the narrator said they were fictional characters!»

And yet, you must understand, these characters are real. Sometimes, their names are altered to preserve anonymity, but they exist.

Does this mean we lied to you? In part, yes. But it was for a good reason. If I had told you outright that

Christ is King, you might not have continued reading. It's a truth, but you wouldn't have accepted it in the opening pages of this book. At first, you were more interested in money and how to acquire it. Now we are discussing deeper, more spiritual matters.

Is this a coincidence? Hardly. This book has simply guided us toward contemplating what truly matters in life.

And you, who began at the heights of ambition and moneymaking, have arrived at the point where you are no longer sure of what you truly want.

What is truth?

I know the answer. And soon, you shall know it too...

In Another Time, Around Geburon.

«Where am I?» a voice called out in the darkness.
«Where am I?» it repeated, a second time.

In an instant, this person had been transported from the First Dimension to the Second.

«I don't remember anything,» the voice murmured.
«Where am I?» it asked again, louder this time.
«Hello? Hello?» There was no answer. «Hello?!»
Still, no one responded. «Are you here?»

A second voice echoed through the void. «Whom are you looking for? Are you here?»

The first voice trembled. «Are you... who are you?»

«Are you looking for me?»

«I... I don't know where I am. I think... I don't even know who I am anymore...»

«You are a being. What do you see?»

«I see... a body of light. Pure light. What is this?»

«And where is your body?»

«I don't know. Who am I?» the disoriented voice responded. Though it appeared to have a form, it was now a body of light.

«Can you see me?»

«No. I don't know who you are... Where are you?»

«You cannot see me because I cannot be seen by those who are yet unholy.»

«What does that mean?»

«I am your purpose. If you cannot see me, it means you must undergo further purification. Have you been to Asmodeus'?»

The name sparked a faint memory. «I think I have... but I don't remember clearly.»

Suddenly, a beam of light struck the figure who had spoken first. It hit with such force that the being remembered everything it had forgotten.

«Of course! I am Jordan!» the voice exclaimed.

«Good day, Jordan. Do you see me now?»

But Jordan could not. «No. I don't see you. Where are you?» He could only sense ideas within his mind.

«You do not see me because you are not pure.»

«What does it mean, to not be pure?» Jordan asked, his voice heavy with confusion.

«You hated me many times. You said yes to Satan and no to me. You desired illness and so you became ill. You sought evil and thus, evil found you.»

«But... but I don't want this! I want to live!»

«Yes, you wish to live. But in choosing laziness, you chose not to be fully alive. Laziness is a refusal of life's fullness.»

«I am confused. I am Jordan... but where is my body?»

«Why do you need a body?» the second voice inquired. «You don't need a body. What you need is goodness.»

«What is this goodness? Is it... something good? Will I like it?»

At this, the second voice began to cry out. «What does it mean, "Will I like it?" This is your life we are speaking of! It is your life that is at stake!»

The story could continue from here, but let us pause to reflect: What is happening in this scene? We seem to witness Jordan in another dimension. Yet what is truly unfolding?

The two voices engage in a deeply significant conversation, though it remains incomplete here. Instead, the question turns to you, dear reader: What is your life? Would you trade it for a mere sweet? Probably not. And yet, countless people trade their lives for worldly gains — *sweets* of fleeting satisfaction.

Jordan's story is every person's story — the tale of striving to become *someone* while forgetting the *Someone*.

Who is this Someone, and why is the «S» capitalised?

I will tell you just this: What do you prefer? To live forever, or to suffer forever? In one choice, the first, there is God. In the other, there is Satan. You choose. But be warned: with Satan, you suffer *forever*. With God, you are eternally fulfilled, perhaps even climbing the majestic Fitz Roy alongside fellow mountaineers.

This story does not end here — not because there is nothing left to say, but because we will revisit these events in due time. For now, let me share one simple truth: If you desire eternal life, you need but one thing — *love*.

Love for whom? For the Creator, who has loved you since the dawn of time. Do you cherish the idea of being loved? Then love Him back, and do good. The choice is yours.

Let me conclude this brief chapter with this: Everything — *everything* — you need is found in God. Forget Him, and you will lose yourself.

As for Jordan? He passed on and faced the reality of the afterlife. He was a soul — a soul of light. Having lived a life dedicated to the poor, he had done much good. Yet, even with all his kindness, he remained tethered to the lure of wealth. And so, he required complete purification before he could fully behold the eternal light he had longed for his entire life.

WHAT WE ARE ALL DOING HERE

I left the hospital unharmed. I was feeling well, but I didn't comprehend what I had experienced during the time I was elsewhere. Where was I? Was it real, or was it merely fiction — a kind of nightmare from which I longed to escape? I don't know. I only know that my life has changed considerably since the moment I was... shot in the chest by a passerby in Bern.

What happened? The medical team at the hospital in Bern later told me that someone had tried to kill me because they believed I had money. They attempted to steal from me — banknotes, coins — even though I never carried cash. I always paid by card when necessary. But that, they did not steal. No one knew who had shot me, but it was clear that they were looking for money, as my wallet was later found, intact with all my documents and cards, discarded in a bin near the Swiss Parliament in Bern. What luck! They hadn't stolen my identity; they had only sought cash — which they did not find.

Now, I am here again, in my house, reflecting. I feel an urge to serve the poor, to give back to society what I, too, have gained from it. I want to give back, for it is the right thing to do — a moral act. I, Jordan, have forgotten many things, and... regardless of all that has been written in the previous chapters, I believe we must all recognise one truth: that life can have

meaning, but only if we seek it.

What are we all doing here? That is the question. It is also the title of this chapter, a title that evokes ideas of teleology — not theology. For, apparently, we are all moving in a single direction, and time, again, apparently, moves in one and only one direction — the future. But what is the future? Is it something we do not yet possess? Something that does not exist? I don't know. Perhaps the future is merely an idea, a construct we use to make sense of life — to give a name to what remains beyond our understanding.

Perhaps, in the end, we are left with only a few fundamental ideas: the fact that *we are*, and the fact that language is a tool — a tool that allows us to describe not only what exists but also what does not, what *is not*. Language is fascinating, for it enables me to transmit concepts from my mind to yours. It is symbolic, and thus, it does not reveal things in themselves but instead abstractly references them. When I say «elephant», I do not conjure an actual elephant before you. Rather, I use a symbol — the word «elephant» — which conveys a meaning. That meaning, however, is *not* the thing itself; it is merely a reference, an abstraction.

What, then, is a word? A word is, in essence, an instrument of expression, something we use to articulate our thoughts so that we may, perhaps, improve our understanding. Yet not everyone uses language to enrich their lives. Some use it to curse, to spew profanities — words that bring no good, only

negativity. That is why such words should not be spoken: they diminish rather than elevate...

What are we all doing here? What is the world all about? What is the sense of it all? Does life have meaning, or is meaning itself just an illusion? What do you think?

I believe this: life has a true meaning, and that meaning is love. I now believe that the purpose of life is found in love. But what is love? Love is that force by which we cherish things. Love makes life better, for when we love and are loved, existence becomes inherently richer. Love is never a bad thing. It is never detrimental; rather, it is what binds us to life itself.

If these words make no sense to you, then I will tell you this: *you have meaning*. Your meaning is that you are alive. Life itself distinguishes between that which is living and that which is not. A rock, no matter how beautiful, is not alive. But a person, an animal, a plant — a living *being* — *is*. To be alive is to be someone, not just something. To be someone is to be conscious of one's own existence. And to be alive is to exist among others, for life is *never* solitude. No one is born alone; no one enters the world in absolute isolation.

How can we know these things? I do not have the perfect answer. But I feel that there is truth in these words. And perhaps we can learn something from them — the central lesson of this chapter: being alive is a gift, a privilege not granted to all. To be alive is to be able to perceive, to feel, to *be*. Not

everything possesses this ability, for lifeless things cannot experience existence.

But now, I must tell you something. This book is a mess: it speaks of money, of other dimensions; at times, even the narrator — who is not me — has taken over, imposing his own thoughts. It has delved into discussions of the afterlife, of creation, death, love, God, and the spiritual realm. We don't even know what kind of book this is. Is it a novel? A chaotic experiment meant to help Jordan earn more money? Perhaps Jordan has not repented after all, and he — I — am merely fooling you with incoherent ramblings.

What is the truth?

I know at least one truth: *being* is a gift. We do not grant ourselves the privilege of existence. What an extraordinary thing it is to be alive! But we must tread carefully — for now, I will tell you two things.

Being alive is inseparable from making choices — for better or for worse. We are constantly confronted with decisions: to lean toward one side of things — goodness — or to drift toward the other — badness. What are these two extremes? I wish I knew all that is good and all that is evil, but I do not. I only know one thing: I am a soul.

For I saw it. Some time ago. I do not fully remember, but I know — I *remember* — that I was in another place. And in that place, I felt lighter, as if I weighed less than usual.

Where was I?

What was I doing?

Am I doing a good job here?

What is the meaning of life?

What was I doing?

I was somewhere else... but where?

Was I dead? Did they shoot me? Yes... that, I do recall.

And Jana?

I remember someone beside me, someone close... but where was I?

What was I doing there, and why?

What is this story really about?

I know there are more pages to this text, but I do not know who wrote them. I only have the distinct impression that all of this is something very, very surreal.

On the other side of the world...

Misato woke up in her room. She remembered undergoing surgery for breast cancer. She recalled seeing a kami — or a very important kami — but her memories were blurred. She remembered little of what she had seen in her... out-of-body experience? Had she truly left her body, or had it all been an illusion?

Perhaps she had only dreamt it... Regardless, she was now home, after those critical moments in the hospital when the doctors had saved her from severe complications caused by her illness. Yet, life continued as always — work, friends, family, and some leisure activities. She did not think much about what she had experienced, or perhaps thought she had experienced, during her time under anesthesia.

Misato went to bed. After a long day at work, she felt she needed rest. Everything was fine, but in the end, she could not shake the feeling that life was not truly great after all. She felt something was missing, something yet to be discovered. What was that thing? Perhaps she needed someone — a friend, a spouse, a... significant other who could give her life meaning.

To her, life had no intrinsic meaning. It was simply this: working, meeting friends, experiencing small joys — traveling, taking holidays — but to what end? What was the purpose of it all? She was unsure of what her life meant, and, like many others, she had considered ending it more than once, overwhelmed by the weight of meaninglessness. If life had no inherent meaning, then what was it all for? Perhaps it was just a cosmic accident, a necessity — a fortunate coincidence in which matter, through billions of trials and countless universes, had eventually organised itself into life. Life, emerging from inanimate matter.

But what was life to her?

Here, we understand another thing: that life presents

us with profound questions. One of them, for instance, is this: we are here. But why are we here? What has brought us to this moment? Sooner or later, someone will ask these questions, and we must embark on a journey to seek answers. That journey is the *iter* of Andreas, the fictional protagonist of the Italian novel titled, fittingly, *Iter*. The *iter* is a path — one that every person must walk in order to understand the reason *for* being and the reason *of* being.

The reason *for* being is a teleological question. The reason *of* being is an ontological issue. Both, I believe, suggest a similar answer — goodness. The ontological and the teleological inquiries seem to converge upon a single truth: goodness. For if our world were entirely evil, it would be in a state of total war, and in a matter of years, all things would be destroyed. But reality is different. The reason the world continues on is that there is *something* sustaining it — perhaps stained with evil, but never wholly consumed by it.

These reflections are not separate from Jordan's story. He, whoever he truly is, stands on the verge of collapse.

What is happening?

Where are we? Are we alive? What is reality? Where are we going? Are you listening to me? I have so many questions... and yet, I don't know what I am doing here.

Tell me one thing: I want to understand life. Is that possible? Can you tell me something? I have no

clues...

Are you listening to me? Do you hear me? What are you doing? I know nothing. I am in total darkness. I am not in the light. I am not in the morning glow. I am almost lost. Where am I? What am I doing? I am lost. Help me, please. I don't know anything. I am losing thoughts, losing strength. I am lost. Completely lost. I don't know a single thing. I am losing life. I am losing time. I am lost, utterly lost. And yet, I am speaking.

Are you here? Are you doing something? I cannot see you. Please, talk to me, for I see nothing. I am in total darkness. Can you say something to me? Can you speak? I am lost — I don't know how to move forward in life. I have no clues about existence.

Can you speak to me? I have the feeling that I am no longer a person. I am adrift in this realm of darkness. I am afraid. Thoughts come to me, but they make no sense. I need time. Is there something called «time» here? I hope so. I need hope. But there is none here. I need help. Yet there is no one here to help.

Where am I?

Where am I going?

What am I doing?

Do you have answers? I have only questions. I feel empty. Empty within myself. It seems I am not kind, not good. I am losing time with you. Am I disturbing you? I need you. You don't need me, but I need you. Can you say something? Can you tell me your name?

Can you move? I cannot. I am in complete confusion. I see nothing that holds meaning.

I wish I were intelligent. But, apparently, intelligence does not exist here. Let me tell you one thing: I need you. Can you come? I need truth. There is no truth here. Only illusions.

But what is an illusion, after all? A lie, veiled in deceptive truth. But it is not truth at all. It is just a mirage. Something false. It is not real. It is a lie. A well-constructed lie.

But still a lie.

And I cannot trust it.

Thanks for being here. The book is almost over, but we need to clear a few things before we leave this piece of writing behind and move on with our own lives. We have to understand some things before we close the book and forget the stories of Jordan, Lukas, Jakos, and all the other characters of this... mixture of truth and imagination.

I need you. For I, the narrator now, need you and your strength. For I, being just ink on a few sheets of paper, can do nothing without the help of real humans.

I need you, for I have a plan. A plan that, in the end, will make everyone better and more prepared to live a life filled with good things. But to do so, I must show you some thoughts from my mind. The plan is as follows: try to imagine that life does not end with

the death of the body. How can I possibly claim this? Well, because I know people who have seen their souls — their immaterial parts — and who have said that we are, truly, something beyond our bodies.

Maybe you don't believe in the existence of an immaterial principle that pervades all living beings. Maybe you are a materialist and think that we will all vanish when our bodies die, that our consciousness is merely an epiphenomenon of well-connected neurones in our brains. Perhaps you believe that life is just an emergent property of well-organised matter — yet matter nonetheless. Dead matter. Maybe life is not real at all, and we are all deceiving ourselves by thinking there is something more to it.

Maybe.

I am listening to Avicii. Poor soul. He died so young, leaving behind such wonderful music. But where is Avicii now? Where are you now? Are you in your body? Who are *you* at all? You are this: the one who can say *I am*. For if you are not, you cannot say «I am». That person, that *very* person, is you. You are a being. Where is that being now? I suggest that this being is looking at this — ink on a sheet of paper. You *are*. Consider that. Avicii, too, *is*. But not reading this. Your parents *are*. You are, and you always will be, for existence is endless. It might, perhaps, have a beginning, but life as we know it is only one side of the issue. Existence — *that* is what is meaningful. For life may well end with death, but *existence*, well, that does not end with life, for to be *is*, while not being *is*

not. You cannot kill a being. A being *is*, and thus, it exists beyond death, for it *is*.

What is this all about? I think that once you understand that you are a *being*, you will look at your existence with renewed eyes.

But this story is truly a mess. Where is Jordan? And the other characters of the story? Where is Lyubov? Miriam? Mentel? Yawa? Jakos? Michiel? These characters are always here, but now there is another character. Here he is: Claudio.

Who are you, Claudio? Where are you, Claudio? What are you doing here? Claudio was a dear person, but he died. And yet, he is not only beneath the ground, in his grave. He *is*, for he is a being. He is not dead in the sense of ceasing to exist. He died because his body ceased to function, but his *being* is elsewhere. Perhaps in one of those dimensions we mentioned earlier in the book.

Claudio has a message, a message that goes directly to the person he loved when he was alive.

The message goes this way:

«I am good, thanks. *Guck mal*: I am alive. For God is never dead. God is the one who truly is immortal. By the death of God, mankind can live forever, and thus the story of Andreas, which I wrote, holds the meaning you need to know. For that God died for you as well, and we have a mission: we must testify that Jesus is God, for the opposite is a bare lie.»

The message is this, simply put: a person died for the sins of mankind, and that person was God. But, as the Being, He couldn't die, for a being cannot die and simply vanish. A Being can endure the passion of ages — the Passion of the Christ — in order to offer the enemy something acceptable, so that mankind does not fall into the enemy's grasp.

Mankind was once lost due to errors in behaviour. But mankind regained life — and immortal life — thanks to the death of God. The death of God is, simply put, Golgotha. That death is, and was, the acquisition of eternal happiness for mankind. Why? Because the devil had a say in that story, ever since the times, the old times, of our true ancestors — the ones who listened to the devil and went against the will of the Eternal One.

Where is God nowadays?

God is always there. We just don't realise that. Where is He? Look within yourself: you will find a *self* that came from the *Self*. The origin of everything must be conceived from a single entity. Why? Because, in the beginning, there was only one thing — the Word.

The Word was in the beginning, and in the beginning, there was a single Word. That Word is, in a different conception, «I am.»

«I am» created the universe and everything in it for the glory of the Being. The Being is the source of all that exists. Why? Because the non-being cannot create, for

it *is not*. Therefore, what *is* was in the beginning, and «apart from him not one thing came into being that has come into being» (John 1:3 b). What is that Being?

The being is what exists. The being is what *is*, for what is not existent cannot be. Do you follow me now? Perhaps I've lost you. Are we merely playing with language here? But then, what is language at all? A curious phenomenon. And yet, where is language? Is language only in our minds, in our brains? Is it merely something that exists in the realm of matter? Or does language transcend the material world?

For lack of a better word, the Word is — this is the reason why this book has been written at all. The Word declares *I am*, and those who claim that the one uttering the Word is not are mistaken. For they do not know the Word yet — otherwise, they would have understood that the realm of existence is all there is. In this sense, what does not exist can only be perceived through illusions which are, by definition, false.

Where are you now? Are you at home, at the gym, on the street? Where are you? Are you seeing something? Are you impaired and perhaps unable to see? Regardless, one day you will see — and you will see the Word in all His magnificence. For the Word created the universe and all that exists, and you will behold, with your very being, the Word Himself. For that Word is none other than the glorious name of the one who chose to die for humankind so that humankind would not die in turn.

Who is this person? Every person walking the *Iter* will know Him, but not all who walk the *Iter* will accept Him as *the* person. The person — that person — is all you need, forever. I believe it is so.

I think it is that way, for Claudio knows someone who walked the *Iter*. In truth, Claudio knows the *Iter* very well, for he created a story — *Iter*, indeed — about a man, Andreas, who walked that path once he was «on the other side» of reality and saw things an ordinary human would never have seen. He saw them so that we, here, could turn to that book (sorry, it's available only in Italian) and read the story of a man who knew many things and was a good philosopher but did not know *that* person. Who is that person? I think you must walk the *Iter* to know him.

The *Iter* is nothing but life. We all, on this Earth, are on a voyage that ends with death. Some believe there is existence after death; others, with a materialistic viewpoint, think that all ends — perceptually, at least — with death. Death is the greatest annihilator, but is it truly so? I believe that death is merely another passage, from the dimension of this Earth to one or... perhaps multiple dimensions. But surely, something happens at death. Either you cease to exist and dissolve, or you still *are* — but no longer in your body.

In the end, who is right? This book? It is just another book, nothing special. Moreover, there are many stories in this book but no clear *fil rouge*. Or perhaps there is a common thread. Maybe. But to discern this common thread, we must first understand

a single thing: *are you*? For if you are not, nothing has meaning, for you are not, and that's it. But if you *are*, then there is meaning — there is hope.

I believe that the *fil rouge* of this book is not so much the idea of dimensions, transcendental beings, or things of that sort... Rather, I believe that the common thread of this book is another *Iter*: the *Iter* of Jordan, who, in the end, comes to recognise that person for who he truly is — God.

For, if you have not yet said it together with Michiel: «Jesus is God.»

The end is almost near, but we need to clear up one more thing: are you alive? It's important because if you are not alive, then you are dead — and you would have trouble reading this. But if you, after death, are still alive... then death does not exist! How could death exist at all? Is death a thing, a tangible reality? Does death have a body? Is death matter? No — in truth, no matter how hard we try to see it, we will never find the personification of death or something that *is* death. We will never find death. For death is not a true thing. Death is not, and thus death is not.

Is it possible? For no one has ever seen death itself, and yet we see a dead corpse! But death, in and of itself? Death does not exist, I fear.

Death might not exist, but we may well die. Indeed, nearly all human beings die as they age. But they do not meet death itself. Death is not a *thing*, and even

less is it a *person*. Do you know Mr. or Ms. Death? I don't. Where is this death? I don't know. Who is this death? I don't know. I know no death.

Life, on the other hand, is a true thing, since every living being *is*, and thus life might well be the very essence of being alive. The *something* being alive.

But perhaps we are overcomplicating this a little too much. Why? Because we never truly encounter life itself or death. We are always concerned with our lives — where to go, what to do, what to eat, and so on. But what if we were not? What if, one day, we were not?

One day, we existed, and therefore came into being. We were *not*, and now we are. What happened? We were born, we could say. Did we exist before we were born? Hard to imagine or think. We assume we come into existence when we are born. Is that correct?

Oh dear, we are overcomplicating this once more...! Oh dear! We touched the bottom. Again! My dear, what is this book all about? We haven't grasped a. Single. Idea. Nope! We don't get anything here. What are we doing here?

The idea of the book is this: that death is not, and that life, in truth, is a real thing. For, in simple terms, if you are not dead, you are alive — but death might well be only a moment when you recognise that «oh, I am alive!» Yes, once more.

We are approaching the end of the book, but there is one last thing to say before we close. The thing is

this: I don't know what Jordan did at the beginning of this book, with all that financial gibberish, but I think that Jordan will be here — maybe later — for some concluding remarks. I don't know Jordan personally, but I believe he is going to be here, perhaps a little aside, to tell us what is true and good in life.

Ready for the spoiler? The truth is that life is a thing — a real thing — and death is not a true thing. It is an illusion, a deception, for life cannot die.

Is this an *aporia*? Is this a paradox?

Wait until you die, and you will say: «oh! I am still alive!»

No worries — everybody says that when they realise they are dying, but then, when they exhale their last breath, they understand once more that... they are *life*.

Wow! What a thing! Maybe all living beings are just that — life. And we are here to proclaim that *life is a thing, death is an illusion*.

Those who wish to live in deception are free to accept that death is a true thing. But since truth is the real thing, you are merely fooling yourself by saying that death has the final say. In truth, in the very truth, you will discover that life is the final thing.

Where is Jordan?

Jordan?

Jordan!

Come here!

We need to say a couple of things before we close the book in the midst of abstract philosophy and transcendental aesthetics.

What is this all about? The idea of everything I am looking for, but I haven't found it.

Where is this *everything*?

The idea of everything is what I am seeking, but I don't know where to find it.

But who are you?

In truth, you might be Jordan, and you don't know it. Jordan was a financier, trying to make the most he could out of his trading activity, driven by pure greed. But now, or perhaps earlier, he became Lukas — or something like that — and devoted his life to helping the poor.

Why on earth did he do that? Wouldn't it have been better to remain a wealthy trader with a sports car in Switzerland? Doesn't everyone want to be richer and richer?

What's this life all about if not achieving success in what you do?

What are we doing here at all?

I have a clue, but first, let us sit down and agree on one thing:

The thing is that you, right now, are a *being*.

You exist, and you *are*.

You have a conscience that thinks.

Agreed on that?

Well, now you can think that you truly are.

Being is another way of saying... *I am*.

If you *are*, you can share in the very nature of God.

God is the *Being*, the one who, at first, said «I am.»
God said that so we could perceive Him and say,
ourselves, that we are.

But if you think that you are not, you are, once again,
embracing a lie.

The book is almost over, but here is a tip:

Think that you *are*, and let the rest follow.

What should I say here? Simply this: goodness is likely
better than evil, for evil is a lie. A complete lie — it
does not truly exist.

One final thought before we move on: Jordan is
probably still alive — just as a different person. He
left the Second Dimension and returned to... normal
life. He remains a person, but he is no longer the same,
for he has seen many things.

Have you, too, seen many things in this book? Go
ahead and try to find meaning in all of this. But we
have one last chapter before we reach the end, so you
are welcome to close the book now and return to your

own life before we conclude this journey of abstract tales with a final idea.

Close the book now.

You may return tomorrow, if you wish.

THE END OF EVERYTHING

Look back at the path we have walked. What were we doing at the beginning of the book? We were discussing ways of managing wealth. And now? We are here, surrounded by abstract concepts with no clear path before us. And yet, we have come a long way. What have we learned? Perhaps that not everything is lost with death, for death *is not*. Perhaps we have learned that goodness is greater than evil. Perhaps we have learned that we have a purpose in life, and that finding that purpose is the very quest of this life.

What do you think now? Perhaps you could be like Jakos, Levi, Michiel, or any of the other characters in this fictional story, trying to do the best in his or her own lives. Perhaps you are like Jordan, constantly seeking to amass more and more wealth. It's a very common pursuit — the pursuit of wealth. And yet, there is still something else to consider in this story.

First, that evil is not going to have the final word, for evil, like death, *is not*. Whereas goodness *is*.

This chapter is titled “The End of Everything.” Fitting, since there will be no sequel to this story. We simply have to place the final pieces where they belong, and then we can go forward with our own lives. Just one last thing I need to tell you: when you die, look at what is on the other side. You will find meaning and purpose in all of this. Whatever awaits you after death, make sure to say «Jesus» to that person you see. You will see a human being, and you will recognise that

being very well.

Furthermore, whatever it is you longed for in life, you will find on the other side — for that other side is the kingdom of beauty. You were looking for that all along, but you were deceived into believing that what you desired was something that could perish. No — what you truly desire is what you will find on the other side. And you will see, with your conscience, that your purpose lies in the kingdom of... well, you will tell me what kingdom that is.

Since we are at the end of this book, we need to consider what comes next. Let's try a small experiment. Here are two sentences for you to ponder. Read them carefully:

- The idea of everything I was looking for. What is that everything?
- The idea of everything I was looking for. What is that idea?

Consider this: the idea of everything is the *one single* idea that connects all the dots and makes everything understandable. What is that idea? I think you will have to seek it for yourself.

At the end of this book, I am attempting to connect the threads of what came before. What is the central idea of this book? Perhaps it is that stories end — and this one will too. I once read that stories are *made up*, that they are not entirely real.

So, what is true? What is the truth about everything?

The idea of everything is that *you are*, but we have forgotten this.

The idea of everything is that... the Being *is*, and that many do not want Him to be. Why? Because they have been deceived into believing that the non-being is somehow greater, more compassionate, more desirable. What a lie. How can the non-being be greater than the Being? It makes no sense.

We all must walk this path of life — the path of the ages — for our lives depend on *how* we walk this path. And already, even in this mortal life, we can gain a glimpse of what it means to be immortal. How? If we walk the *iter* together with the Immortal, we will begin to understand what it means to live forever.

At the end of this book, the author — whoever he or she may be — wishes to communicate this final thought: that death is not the ultimate annihilator. Life is what connects us all, and death will not have the final say, for death, as we have already said, *is not*.

Looking back through the pages, I see stories, metaphysical ideas, demons, multiple characters — Misato, Jordan, Lukas... Who are all these people? Are they fictional? We already said that they exist. Yet none of them may still be alive by the time you read this book. Where have they gone? Perhaps they were already gone when you picked this up. But you — you, for sure — *are alive*, otherwise you could not be reading this.

And if you are alive, then you are also a *being*, for a

being *is*, while a non-being *is not*. Since you are reading this, you are, without question, a being. We can then assume that you are human. And humans, for all their faults, are good creatures. The issue is that they are so often deceived by the lures of evil. Humans fall for lies, again and again, because they are pleasant to believe — enticing, comfortable illusions. Humans believe lies all the time. And yet, they are fundamentally good. Very few people wish harm upon themselves. Almost everyone, in some way or another, longs for a better life and greater well-being. We are, on the whole, more inclined toward goodness than toward evil, because evil is destructive, and if left unchecked, it will destroy us from within. Evil must not be allowed to roam freely in the house of our lives.

What are you doing right now? If you are in Langer, know that you just have to say «I don't want this». If you are in Switzerland, you must say «I want to live». If you are in Friuli, you should say «*Presvyataya Bogoroditse, spasi nas*». If you are somewhere else, look at your hands and say «I am».

Once you do this, depending on where you are, you will discover something you once forgot. According to your place, you will find a different truth by uttering those words. And finally, you will realise that life is, ultimately, a journey to understand a few essential things: who you are, what this is all about, and where you are going.

You already know where you're going: you are going

toward happiness. You also know what it's all about: it's about discovering value and goodness, not deception and evil. What might remain unclear is the question of who you are. But that one is not difficult: you are a being — a good being — and you are something akin to a demigod, because you are capable of language, not just communication. That is something worth noting!

Having said that, where is Jordan? I think we left him in another dimension. We're no longer with him, but he's doing fine, for sure! The rest of the characters — especially Misato — have embarked on this journey of life called the *Iter*. The *Iter* is the path every human being must walk to find happiness. The *Iter* is not necessarily long or difficult, but it requires humility. Humility to accept that you don't need to do everything on your own — you just need to say «yes» when the time comes. It's not weakness. It's not a lack of strength... it's love.

What else is there to be said in this book? Very little. But remember this: at the beginning, we talked about... how to get wealthy, or something like that. Well, the truth about *true* wealth is that you don't need a lot of material things once you have (in this order):

1. people you love, and friends;
2. freedom;
3. health.

Of course, you'll still need the basics — food, shelter, clothing, and some other material necessities. But once you have these, along with the three essentials above, you can be truly happy — even if you don't have millions in your bank account. No, you don't need all that money. You just need goodness. And you will be fulfilled.

Let's finish this book with a note on friendship. Perhaps this book was written by a friend, to a friend. It doesn't matter whether one of them once left the other standing outside a door, or called him «pathetic». None of that matters. What matters is that they are friends. They encourage one another. They support each other. They value one another. They simply do well together. They are, in a profound sense, meaningful to each other.

There's nothing wrong with having friends. On the contrary, friendship is a blessing. It is both recommended and healthy. It makes life more joyful. For I believe that a life without friends cannot truly be a happy life. Because in life, *we are not the reason for our being*. We must seek meaning beyond ourselves. This is why any form of egoism — even the so-called *rational egoism* of *The Occult Technology of Power* — cannot lead us to true fulfilment or happiness.

The book is now finished. The main idea to carry with you is this: when your life here ends, look toward the other side — and say to *that* person who He is. You will find your purpose.

Goodness is greater. Don't let yourself be deceived into thinking that evil can offer you anything lasting, for evil lies all the time.

Whoever you are, you will know that person once you close your eyes to this world. And you will see something beyond — something you were searching for your entire life. You will be happy. And no, you will not need to “own nothing,” as the World Economic Forum suggests. You will simply need to say *no*, once and for all, to the things and beings that harm you. For evil reaps evil. And if you carry stains of evil within, you will reap evil upon yourself.

But once you are pure, you will receive all that you ever truly wanted — forever. For goodness keeps its promises. And you need only believe that you will be well. You *will* be well. But never forget to love. For love is a reason for being — perhaps *the* reason.

Anything else? Who are you? Think again: you are not *just* your name. You *are*. And because you are, you will continue to be. For every being *is*.

