

THE FINAL EXAM

An Uncomfortable Truth in an Age of Comforting Lies

Z Mark

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INTRODUCTION

You picked up the wrong book!

This is not a self-help book. It will not help you. It will not guide you toward a better version of your life. It will not help you manifest abundance, find your soulmate, or unlock your chakras. If that's what you're looking for, put this down now. Go buy a book with a sunset on the cover.

This book is a diagnosis. A provocation. A demolition.

I am not here to be your teacher. I am here to be the splinter in your mind. I am sixty years old. I have spent decades playing the roles of son, father, husband, and employee. I've done the reading, the traveling, and the seeking.

I've seen the finish line, and I watched my own closest cross it in terror. I have no time left for your drama or mine.

What you will find in these pages is a simple, terrifying argument: You are not who you think you are. You are not prepared for the only exam that truly matters—death. And the life you are living is not your own; it is a carefully manufactured consensus reality, a prison designed to keep you docile, distracted, and endlessly recycled.

This is not my theory. It is a synthesis of a lifetime of observation, pain, and the unflinching work of those few who dared to see what is actually here.

It is influenced by the stark realism of Jed McKenna, the shamanic ruthlessness of Carlos Castaneda, the direct path of Ramana Maharshi, and the chilling cosmic briefing from the pages of Alien Interview.

The goal is not to give you a belief to cling to. The goal is to strip every belief away until there is nothing left to hold onto until you are forced to ask the one question that can set you free - Who Am I?

This is not about understanding. It's about being. It's about waking up from the dream and realizing what you have always been.

The journey is not pleasant. It is lonely and jarring, and it will ruin you for the ordinary world. It is, as I told my mother on her deathbed, the only subject worth knowing.

Consider this your final warning. The exam is now. You are not prepared.

Z Mark

Part I: The Diagnosis

Look, you don't know me. And frankly, I don't know you. But we need to talk.

Let's be clear right away: I am not a nice guy.

Don't confuse that with being a villain. I'm not here to steal your wallet. I'm here to tear down the prison you've mistaken for a home, and I won't hide my intentions or soften my words. Being seen as the "bad guy" is actually freeing. Try it: say exactly what you mean, stand by it, and watch how people react, as if you had just burned something sacred.

I'm selfish, but not in the "I-won't-tip-the-waitress" way. I'll buy you drinks, give you my shirt, and maybe give you my Netflix password. I'm just not emotionally invested in your drama. My selfishness is laser-focused on one thing: self-realization. That's right, I'm on a solo spiritual mission, and you're just an accidental guest.

I'm an existential nihilist, which is just a fancy way of saying I've read too much, so now nothing impresses me. Optimism? It's cute. Pessimism? Way too retro. So I ended up as a realist. Life is not about seeing the glass half-full or half-empty; it's about how much trust you have in your own perception.

I'm not doing anything to become a millionaire, I have no stock options, and I have no wish to open a juice bar in Bali

or find myself on a soul-searching trek in Peru. My big plans include quietness, yoga, and staring into my mind until it stares back with its cold indifference.

When I was about 10, I used to ride my bike to nearby villages, often taking deserted paths and not seeing anyone for miles. I would stop, get off my bike, and just observe the quiet road and the world around me. In those moments, I felt happy simply being present; the air felt bright and clear, like a diamond. It was a feeling I couldn't explain but deeply enjoyed. It took me 40 years to understand it.

I am 60 now; I've read, studied, traveled, and socialized. What about my future goals? Get really good at understanding consciousness... intentionally.

Do you think I'm being dramatic? Do you think your life of quiet desperation, your juice bar dreams, and your soul-searching treks are any different? They're just more sophisticated treadmills. Let me make this personal. Let me show you what happens at the finish line when you've spent your whole life on the wrong track. This is about my mother.

My mother was a math teacher for over 40 years. Besides her mother tongue, she spoke German and French. She read a lot, mostly classic literature. Just a couple of months before she died, she spent significant time solving math problems. And yet, she was so afraid of death.

In May 2014, she was diagnosed with liver cancer. The doctor delivered the sad news to her bluntly and unprofessionally. She was not ready to accept her illness, which soon led her to fall into a deep depression, making it difficult for her to get through the day without taking benzodiazepines, commonly known as Valium.

She was terrified by the knowledge that her time had come to an end.

I visited her in August that same year. It was painful for me to watch her suffering. I tried to explain to her about life and death, but she did not listen to me. She asked me if I had joined some cult or if I belonged to some weird sect.

The night before I left for Toronto, I asked her whether, as a math teacher, she noticed which students feared exams most. She told me it was the unprepared. Then I said, "You see, Mom, you don't really understand the subject of life; you don't know who you are, so you're unprepared—and that's why you're afraid of death."

She died in January 2015 at the age of 72.

I think you are, or will be, in the same position my mom once was. You don't know the subject of life (and death) very well. Only self-knowledge can overcome the fear of death. And self-knowledge is the understanding of who you are!

You think my words are harsh? That I'm just an angry old man? Maybe. But this edge wasn't forged in a library. It was beaten into me in childhood that would have broken most people.

To comprehend why I have no tolerance for your self-indulgent falsehoods, you must witness the factory where I was created.

My Childhood Wounds

After turning 60, people begin to re-examine their life story: their parents, childhood, marriage, children, work, and choices. Old memories and feelings return, not to hurt, but to be seen, understood, and eventually healed.

You stop craving new titles, houses, cars, or phones. Instead, you want silence and peace, and you appreciate the simple beauty of existence. This is a time to let go of the past, open your inner drawers, discard old fears, speak the truth, and forgive those who never learned how to love.

Looking back, we finally see ourselves without masks, without makeup, and without lies.

My mother was a math teacher who wasted her life.

I respect her greatly; however, honestly, if she had lived in Canada, her actions might have attracted the attention of

authorities. She beat me from the time I was three. I was a hyperactive, cheerful child, while she was deeply frustrated. I liked her, but I was also afraid of her.

I remember I was 7 years old when a metal goalpost in the schoolyard fell on my head. I almost died that day; my forehead was broken. Somebody took me to the hospital. I was lying on the surgical bed when my father and mother came; I was still covered in blood when I said to my mother, "Do not beat me; I was just playing."

My mother loved math problems, libraries, books, concerts, and long walks on city streets; somehow, she liked aristocracy and the city. She hated villages and people with short nails.

As far as I know, she was sick, and she was treated for angina pectoris and other heart problems. She destroyed her liver with too many painkillers and other pills; she got liver autoimmune disease and then cirrhosis. She died of liver cancer.

My father was ashamed of me.

I escaped the worst things in my childhood by playing basketball. I was talented in basketball, but I was a skinny kid. In my high school, I was 190 cm (6'2") tall but weighed only 70 kg (150 pounds). My father never came to

see any of the basketball games I played, he never took me outside, and he never walked with me anywhere.

My father was an attractive man who charmed women. He cheated on my mother, and at the same time, he was so jealous of her. My mother felt it; she argued with him, and they did not talk to each other for many days.

The day I was leaving for Canada, I had a conversation with my father. He told me seriously, "You are leaving; who will take care of me when I get old?" At that time, my daughter was 8 months old, we had only borrowed money to begin our new life 10,000 km away, and my father was contemplating his old age.

Later, I rejected his inheritance in my sister's name. Now, I have nothing back home; I think I will never ever visit my hometown again.

I've spent most of my life living for others: my partners, my daughter, my parents, work, and social duties. Now, there is a space, and it is in this space that my soul is waking up. It no longer wants to be useful; it wants to be real.

Old memories may return with enormous force. This isn't just nostalgia; it's the soul healing the wounds. It wants to understand what still hurts, what remains unanswered. For that, it calls for silence.

I am going to be who I am at last, and without fear. I'm letting go of old versions of myself, of stories others told about me, and of the need to be useful, productive, or perfect.

I understand that *who I am now* came from the my childhood

I do not blame my mother for her ignorance, and I don't condemn you for your failure to understand things as they are. Truth is wonderful but terrifying.

Many forces on this planet are working against your understanding.

What greater brutality can be inflicted on anyone than to erase or deny the spiritual awareness, identity, ability, and memory that is the essence of oneself?

~ *Lawrence R. Spencer*

Your life directly depends on your beliefs—the idea of who you are. Not paying attention to that is a mistake. You are setting hopes, expectations, and dreams, and measuring events as successes or failures.

As you get older, you become more and more covetous, greedy, and cowardly. Your suggestibility, complacency,

and tendency to wishful thinking are the root causes of your fear of death.

The fear of death is not a moralistic punishment for a human's fall; it is a natural consequence of a state of ignorance.

You end up dying a slow death on the inside.

And you know it's not just that it's a terrible way to live: it's not really life at all. It's not something you choose; it's what you get when you don't choose.

We just marched ourselves into these damned, idiotic, impossible lives without ever stopping to think about what we were doing.

High school, college, post-grad, and then straight into the workforce. Get married. Have a kid, borrow money, buy a house. Fill it with junk.

Have another kid, borrow more money. Bigger house, more junk.

It's completely insane, but that's how everyone I know lives.

~ Jed McKenna

If you want to realize who you are, you must devote your life to it. Otherwise, what is the use of life?

So, there it is. This is the stark and terrifying reality. You are not prepared for the only exam that truly matters. And now I see you, doing the same thing she did. You're scrambling for answers everywhere but the one place that counts. You're looking for a savior. Are you religious?

Let's talk about God.

You're lost in the lies of this world, suspended between your contradictory desires.

Do you believe in a God who died on earth, resurrected to heaven, and is now waiting to judge you?

I hate to break it, but the God you're worshiping isn't chilling on a cloud or hiding in a burning bush. Jesus Christ isn't some celestial being floating outside your reach; he's been in your corner all along. In fact, he's so close; you've mistaken him for background noise.

The cross you imagine Jesus carried? It is a metaphor. The real cross is the one you carry every day: the cross of ignorance. You've buried Christ so deep in yourself; he's practically become a roommate you've forgotten about. It's time to dig him out and say, "Hey buddy, let's talk."

Ignorance is a universal condition. It started when your mom, in all her loving cluelessness, taught you that you're a body with a name. And you believed her because, well, you were too young to argue.

Your destiny is determined by your birth. Destiny is often viewed as an inevitable event that will occur in the future. It is taken to be a hidden power that controls what will happen; some call it fate.

Destiny is not the future; it is what you think right now!

The person is glued to his destiny. Destiny is nothing but your thinking habits. What you think is what you feel, and what you feel is what you see.

I'm not quite sure how much you are responsible. I'm not talking about your responsibilities as a parent, employee, or friend. These are the circumstances you have found yourself in. I am talking about the responsibility you have for yourself.

What if I told you it's not just you? What if this entire world, this whole reality you take for granted, is designed to keep you in this state?

The Great Cosmic Joke

The world today is gloriously stagnant. What used to take months now takes decades, and honestly, who's in a rush? The soft, cozy hug of sameness has replaced the thrill of change.

We live in an era of comfortable decay, a time when everything is falling apart just slowly enough for no one to care.

Everyone's basically napping.

People drift away from goals, lose money gracefully, and proudly display their failures like participation trophies.

Technology has made everything wonderfully convenient; you can't even open your fridge without an app update. The internet, once a window to the world, now gently disconnects us from it.

We scroll for hours just to feel something, and we've gotten really good at it. Success is now measured by how many sunsets we've ignored and how deeply we've "found ourselves" while doing absolutely nothing.

Life delightfully crawls.

People pause constantly to admire the little things, mostly their own cheap reflections, finally remembering the true meaning of existence: buying \$3.99 gadgets on Temu that break before arrival.

Financially, things have never been better.

Prices are plummeting, salaries are skyrocketing, and no one can explain why. Young people turn down six-figure jobs because they're "manifesting something better."

Families work five hours a week and complain about burnout. Owning multiple homes is no longer a dream but a nuisance.

Global markets are stable, there is peace everywhere, and politics are as calm as a yoga retreat. It's all so soothing that people have forgotten how to panic.

Technology, our proudest achievement, has become humanity's least useful tool. Communication is now nearly impossible, which has been great for inner peace.

Children make telepathic contact with trees, adults stare lovingly at blank walls, and everyone calls it mindfulness.

Climate change, thankfully, retired. Governments are proudly doing nothing, and it's working beautifully. If we

become too successful at saving the planet, we might accidentally make progress, and nobody wants that.

The best part of modern life is the daily victory parade happening inside everyone's heads.

We radiate joy, serenity, and carefully curated authenticity. On the inside, we are depressed; on the outside, we're exploding with calmness.

Failure is seen as trendy, competence is viewed negatively, and society values success in the same manner it regards mental health: by ignoring its existence.

Despite all this perfection, despair remains. Across the world, humans are working tirelessly to make everything identical, AI-able.

Every act of apathy counts. In these radiant times, one cheerful person can ruin the mood for everyone. The choice is to care if someone else has a problem, and that's what makes us so united.

Today's world tells us two lies: it's thriving, and it's awake. In truth, it's neither. We are gloriously unaware, comfortably disconnected, and heroically unproductive.

Progress isn't about building or innovating anymore. It's about lying down and staying there. If we can just balance

our apathy with ambition and our patience with chaos,
maybe, just maybe, life will get captivating again.

The past is still in our hands.

Part II: The Prison

Do you feel like something is fundamentally wrong with the way you live your daily life? Do you feel like you're stuck in patterns you can't break, like you're watching your life, like it happens on autopilot, like you're trapped in a script you didn't write?

Every self-help book, every motivational speaker, every spiritual teacher tells you that you can change your reality by changing your thoughts. And you've tried. Good.

You try so hard. You visualize. You affirm. You meditate. You journal. And sometimes it works for a little while, when there are no distractions, but then you snap back to the default moroseness, back to the old patterns, back to the same struggles, and you wonder what's wrong with you.

Why can't you change your life the way you want to? Why can't you break free and be genuinely happy?

Here's why. Because you've been trying to change the character in the game instead of recognizing that you're the game. You've been trying to rearrange the furniture in the prison cell instead of realizing the door has always been unlocked. You've been trying to improve your life inside the world instead of waking up to the fact that you're the one generating the world. You are not victim of reality, but creator of reality.

Realization of this fact is the beginning of conscious evolution but you did not make a single step towards it. Let me ask you, if you're a character in a video game, would you know it? What would the evidence look like from inside the game? Let's see.

You asked me earlier why the Domain and other space civilizations do not land on Earth or make their presence known. Land on Earth? Do you think we are crazy, or do you want to be crazy?

It takes a very brave IS-BE to come down through the atmosphere and land on Earth, because this is a prison planet with a very uncontrolled, psychotic population.

And, no IS-BE is entirely proof against the risk of entrapment, as with the members of the Domain Expeditionary Force who were captured in the Himalayas 8,200 years ago.

~ *Alien Interview, Matilda O'Donnell MacElroy, written by Lawrence R. Spencer*

Let's face it: Earth is basically the galaxy's reality TV show. You came here, against your will, with your memory wiped clean like your browser history after a masturbation session.

Earth is the planet of confusion!

Since you're stuck here in this bittersweet, oxygen-oxidized, chaos-ridden boot camp, you might as well play, laugh, and party like it's your last reincarnation.

You don't need luck; you need craziness. It isn't about working yourself into a burnout, like a donkey, though. It's about moving in cycles. Push hard when the energy is right. Rest when the universe clearly tells you.

Your brain is a great thing, but it's also loud and over-caffinated, pretending to know it all. The real MVP is your INTENT. That strange little whisper that says, "This feels right, go ahead," or "run away from the pyramids and cubes."

Listen to that! It's the only part of you that didn't fully die. It remembers something beyond this prison yard. It's your only compass in the fog of overthinking.

Everything is broken... so fuck it. Entropy is the main rule here. Accept that the stuff falls apart. Projects go sideways. Plans implode. People flake. It's not personal. It's just Earth being Earth. Adjust and dance. Make cracks where the weird light can get in.

You can crawl, but you can also fly. And if you don't, you'll continue floating in lukewarm safety, wondering for the rest of your days what it could've been like if you had the guts to just go for it.

Take the initiative, determine your true goals, reach out first, and begin the unconventional project. The worst case already happened! You don't exist.

Law of Attraction is a kind of fantasy.

You don't magically manifest a yacht by thinking yacht thoughts. But if you build a raft, steer into the current, and yell "YACHT" with passion, the universe might just give you a sail. Maybe. Sometimes. But mostly it just looks at you with wonder—"What the fuck are you doing?"

Hard work matters. Attitude matters more. Intent matters the most. Sometimes just showing up again and again is all it takes.

You are not your job, your name, or your thoughts. You're not the mental narrator endlessly complaining about traffic and exes. You're not the watcher either. You are! You are a dancer's laugh in the middle of the storm.

It is all a damn mirage, a cosmic joke. So stop taking yourself seriously. Smile at strangers. Help when you can. Make small talk, tell jokes. Dance well or do it terribly; who cares? Love yourself and others even if they're messy. Be a chaotic little sparkle in this mad, shitty rock.

You're not here to win. You are here to play.

Have fun!!!

You and the prison are an illusion, but your joy and tears are genuine—a good meal for "higher" entities.

The world you're experiencing right now is being rendered in real time based on where you place your attention. Your brain is already creating your world; you call reality, every single moment. You're filtering 400 billion bits of sensory information down to about 2,000 bits of conscious experience. You've never experienced objective reality. You're experiencing your brain's rendering of reality based on your beliefs, your past experiences, your emotional state, your expectations.

That's why your world can be called a simulation. The simulation is happening inside your skull. And once you understand that, once you really get that, everything changes because if you're generating the simulation, you can reprogram it.

Do not ask, *how do we escape the Matrix?* It is a wrong question. The Matrix is a training ground. It's a consciousness development simulator.

The point isn't to leave the prison. The point is to wake up inside it and to remember that you're not trapped in a simulation. You're the awareness animating the simulation. You're not a character with a story. You're the consciousness seeing its creation through this character.

Once you make that distinction, once you understand that difference, the world doesn't trap you anymore. It becomes

a playground, a place of infinite possibility, a canvas for your conscious creation.

You think the "prison planet" is just a metaphor? A cute philosophical idea? Allow me to demonstrate the depth of this concept.

This isn't my theory. It's a briefing from a being who saw this place for what it is: a galactic penitentiary. This is the story of Airl.

What if everything you believe about life, death, and reality is a lie, part of a system designed to trap your soul?

In 2008, a book titled *Alien Interview* quietly entered the fringe literature world, claiming to be based on the top-secret transcripts of interviews conducted in 1947 between a U.S. Army nurse and an extraterrestrial being named Airl, the lone survivor of the Roswell crash.

The story was released by Lawrence R. Spencer, who states that he was entrusted with a package of notes and transcripts from Matilda O'Donnell MacElroy, the nurse who allegedly conducted the telepathic interviews before disappearing from the public record.

The book is labeled as fiction, and yet it presents itself with unnerving seriousness and coherence.

Whether considered whistleblowing, channeled transmission, or science fiction, the material stands out for one reason: it paints Earth as a soul trap and our entire existence as part of a galactic control system meant to keep us confused, powerless, and reincarnated.

Let's explore the bold, disturbing, and thought-provoking messages Airl delivers and what lessons they may hold for those seeking truth beyond the veil.

Airl introduces herself not as a "biological alien," but as an IS-BE, an Immortal Spiritual BEing, inhabiting a synthetic body designed for interstellar operations.

She represents an advanced civilization known as The Domain, which has been expanding across galaxies for billions of years.

Airl was on a mission when her craft was downed near Roswell, and she was briefly captured by military authorities.

Airl communicates not with spoken language but through telepathy, explaining that language itself is an inferior form of communication compared to direct transmission of ideas, images, and knowledge.

The book's foundational concept is that you are not your body, your brain, or your personality. You are an IS-BE, an

eternal, non-physical consciousness that cannot die, although it can forget.

An IS-BE is a source of life, perception, truth, and creativity. It is what you really are. You are not a body. You are not a name or identity. You are an IS-BE.

IS-BEs, Airl says, have existed for trillions of years. They created galaxies, civilizations, art, energy systems, and lifeforms.

Earth: A Spiritual Prison Planet

Perhaps the most shocking claim in Alien Interview is that Earth is not a natural world where life evolved randomly. Rather, it is a designated prison planet, used by an ancient totalitarian civilization known as the Old Empire to dump and trap rebellious, criminal, or inconvenient IS-BEs from across the galaxy.

Earth is a prison planet. The purpose of the prison planet is to keep IS-BEs on Earth forever.

These IS-BEs had their memories wiped and were reincarnated in cycles to keep them disoriented and unaware of their true nature.

Airl states that the system has been in place for thousands of years, with nearly all major religious, political, and

scientific institutions acting as unconscious (or complicit) enforcers.

The domain of Earth is owned and operated as a prison by a criminal empire. Every soul here has been stripped of identity, memory, and power.

The Reincarnation Belief Is a Trap.

Reincarnation, often portrayed in Eastern religions as a path of soul evolution, is here framed as something deeply sinister.

According to Airl, when an IS-BE dies on Earth, it is trapped in a false tunnel of light, forcibly reprogrammed, and reinserted into a new body, again with no memory of who it once was. The mechanism ensures compliance, ignorance, and fear.

IS-BEs on Earth are not born. They arrive here. They are captured, brainwashed, and made to forget who they are.

This cycle is the core technology of spiritual enslavement, a machine that feeds off confusion, belief systems, and perpetual identity crises.

Airl draws clear parallels between descriptions of hell in religious texts and the reality of Earth's reincarnation

prison. Endless suffering, punishment, confusion, and isolation... these aren't just metaphors.

Your religions describe hell as a place of fire and torment. But the real hell is Earth, not for the body, but for the spirit.

She implies that the Old Empire actually seeded such religious imagery to make Earth's prison conditions seem 'normal' or even divine.

The Triple Trap are: Mass, Meaning, and Mystery.

Airl outlines three fundamental mechanisms of spiritual entrapment, which form the architecture of illusion:

Mass. The obsession with physicality, matter, and sensation locks consciousness into form and distraction. By identifying with bodies and objects, IS-BEs become limited by form and mortality. Mass attracts attention and gives the illusion of permanence.

Meaning refers to the tendency to attribute significance to events, roles, symbols, or ideologies. Meaning binds beings to belief systems and fuels war, identity, religion, and nationalism. What is the meaning of life? The question itself is the trap.

Mystery: The most dangerous: not knowing. Mystery creates endless searching, which prevents realization. IS-

BEs are addicted to mystery because it provides the illusion of progress while maintaining ignorance.

Mystery is the glue that binds a trap together. Without mystery, the trap cannot hold.

These traps create a self-sustaining system of illusion in which the prisoner becomes his own jailer.

Despite the grim revelations, Airl leaves the door open to self-liberation. Though the Old Empire's technology is formidable, it is built on deception, not truth. Truth, self-awareness, and direct knowledge are the keys to waking up: Question all systems, religious, political, and scientific, that demand obedience or belief. Reject victimhood and recognize yourself as an IS-BE, beyond all identities. Cultivate awareness of thought, emotion, and memory without attachment. Seek practices that surpass belief, striving for direct experience and understanding.

Remember: you are not your story, your mind, or your name.

The first step to freedom is realizing you are a prisoner. The second is remembering who you were before prison.

Alien Interview is either the most brilliant piece of cosmic allegory ever written or a chilling glimpse behind the curtain of consensus reality. It challenges our religions, our

history, our scientific assumptions, and most importantly, our understanding of who we really are.

Its core message is radical and empowering: you are an eternal, powerful being, and you've been tricked into forgetting.

So the next time you look up at the stars and wonder where you came from, or feel that strange inner homesickness no amount of success can fix, remember what Airl said:

You were not born. You were captured.

If this sparked something in you, consider reading Alien Interview in full or, better yet, reflect on your memories, instincts, and dreams.

Truth may not come from books or aliens, but from the quiet rediscovery of your inner self.

And the warden of this prison? It's not a guy with a key. It's a system. A psychological battlefield designed to steal the one thing you have that's of any value. No, not your money. Something far more precious: your attention.

Every major religion despite surface differences operates on the same fundamental mechanism. It creates an external authority that you must submit to worship and sacrifice for.

Whether that authority is God, Allah, Brahman or the Dao, the structure is the same. You are taught you are inherently flawed, sinful or ignorant and must spend your life seeking forgiveness, enlightenment or salvation from something outside yourself.

The global financial system is designed to keep you in a perpetual state of survival stress. You have spent your entire life working jobs you hate to pay for basic necessities, never having enough time, energy, or resources to pursue genuine spiritual development or question the nature of your reality.

The economic systems never actually solve poverty despite having the resources to do so. Poverty is a feature, not a bug. Your suffering is the crop.

Human history is an endless cycle of wars, genocides, and mass suffering events. While historians explain these through political, economic, or ideological factors, the energetic reality is different. Mass death events produce enormous quantities of terror, agony, and trauma energy in concentrated forms.

The content pushed through television, movies, news, and social media is specifically designed to trigger your emotional responses, fear through news, sexual arousal through pornography, artificial conflict through reality

shows, escapism through fantasy, and servitude through celebrity culture.

This is why the media is filled with programming showing apocalyptic futures, alien invasions, and authoritarian control. These aren't warnings. They're manifestation rituals using your consciousness to energetically create the realities they want to implement.

The television viewing literally alters your brainwave states moving you into a passive suggestible alpha state where critical thinking is suppressed. This is the technological equivalent of hypnosis making you energetically available for harvesting your energy while programming you.

The pharmaceutical industry keeps you in a perpetual state of managed illness. Symptoms are suppressed but root causes are never addressed.

This creates you to be a lifetime customer who remain functional enough to work and generate tax revenue but never healthy enough to pursue genuine vitality or spiritual awakening.

The pharmaceutical companies systematically hide negative data, exaggerate benefits, and create disease definitions to expand markets. The system is designed to maintain a sick, medicated, low vibrational population.

But the ultimate prison is reincarnation.

Each time you return to physical incarnation, you undergo what's called the veil of forgetting, a memory wipe that removes all knowledge of your previous life, spiritual truths, and the nature of the prison system.

You are born into a body without knowledge of who you truly are, placed into a family system that has been shaped by generations of external programming.

You are educated in institutions designed to reward obedience and punish critical thinking, and then released into an economic system that forces you to trade your life energy for survival tokens.

Your beliefs threaten you with eternal punishment if you question this.

Time doesn't flow. It doesn't move from past to future. All moments exist simultaneously in one single block. Past, present, and future are all equally real. All happening at once, like frames in a movie reel, where every frame exists simultaneously, but you experience them sequentially.

Time is relative to the observer. There's no absolute now. No universal present moment. Time is more like space than we realize. Just as all locations in space exist simultaneously; all moments in time exist simultaneously.

You're just focused on one moment at a time, moving your attention through the time-line like someone watching a movie. All possible time-lines exist simultaneously until consciousness selects a specific time-line into experience.

And here's what this means practically. Your past isn't fixed. I know that sounds impossible. I know your past feels like the most solid, unchangeable thing about your reality, but memory is re-constructive, not reproductive.

Every time you remember something, you're not accessing a stored file. You're recreating it in real time based on your current beliefs, emotions, and neural patterns. You're literally rewriting your past every time you remember it.

When you change your emotional state, when you shift your identity, when you install new beliefs, you automatically reinterpret your past. Events that seem traumatic can suddenly seem like necessary change.

The events carries meaning and understanding. And understanding is everything. Understanding determines how you feel. How you feel determines what you create.

So if you're constantly looking back at your past with regret, with shame, with resentment, you're not just passively remembering. You're actively re-traumatizing yourself. You're selecting probability fields that reinforce

the belief that you're damaged, that you're limited, that you can't change.

What is PsyOps?

PsyOps, short for Psychological Operations, are specifically intended to influence your thoughts, beliefs, and behavior, often for military or political purposes. Every time you sit in front of your TV screen to check the news, or you open Facebook, Instagram, YouTube, or TikTok and you start scrolling through their reels and shorts, you're stepping onto a psychological battlefield.

The corporations and government agencies deploy armies of bots and trolls, marketing wizards who craft irresistible narratives, scammers who create content that makes your mind boil, or lunatics who finish it... all that social media jungle confuses you to the point where you don't have an opinion about anything.

It is their weapon—fear, uncertainty, and doubt, the unholy trinity of manipulation.

You are probably feeling it.

There is a peculiar hum that permeates the world. The noise, the shouting, the endless headlines and messages that don't let you breathe. Everywhere you look, someone is

trying to tell you what to think, what to feel, what side to pick, and what to fear.

It's not just your imagination. Something is happening.

So come, sit down for a moment. Let's leave the noise outside. I want to tell you something, not to scare you, but to show you what's been going on behind the curtain. You deserve to know.

Let me tell you about the strings. The invisible ones are some people who try to use you to pull your thoughts, your feelings, and even your choices. It's not always obvious, and it's not always evil, but it is happening, and the more you see it, the less it can control you.

Inside your brain, there's a little part that's very old. It is older than civilization. It doesn't speak in words or logic. It speaks in feelings, fear, safety, love, and danger. When it senses trouble, it takes over like a big red emergency button. This part of your brain kept your ancestors alive, but today? It's being used against you.

You're being manipulated through that part of your mind. They know how to trigger it. And they do it with stories.

Not bedtime stories, these ones are designed to make you react. Not thinking. Just react. Fast. Emotionally. Without pausing.

And here's how they do it. First, they get your attention. They show you scary images. Flashing words. Crisis. Emergency. Death tolls. Empty shelves. Angry faces. The expressions were repeated repeatedly.

Why? Fear confines you. Fear makes you keep watching, keep scrolling, and keep checking. When you're afraid, your brain takes a back seat. You don't analyze; you just feel.

So if something makes your heart race, pause and ask, "Why do they want me to see this?" Who benefits if I'm afraid?

Then, they present a voice of "authority." The individual is dressed in a suit and appears serious. A doctor. A professor. A politician. They tell you what to believe. And maybe they do know something. However, this is not always the case. Sometimes, they're just reading a script. Sometimes, they're being paid.

They are repeating what they were told.

Next, they divide you. You're told: You're either on this side or that one. You're "with us or against us." They label you as either a good person or a denialist. You can either be seen as a hero or a threat. But you know the world isn't black and white. It's full of nuance, of context, of questions.

So when someone says, "There are only two sides," ask, "Who's making the teams and what happens if I choose neither?"

Then they play on your emotions. The scene depicts a child in tears. This is a tragic story. This quote is truly inspiring. Your heart swells or breaks, and while you're feeling, they slip in a message: Support this. Fear that. Trust us.

But emotion isn't proof; such tears are not the truth. So ask: What are they trying to sell me while I'm feeling this?

Surprise! That's another trick. Shocking headlines. Secret leaks. Breaking news. It's designed to jolt you, distract you, and make you feel like something urgent is happening right now. And often, it's not.

So when something surprises you, ask: Is this real or just noise to keep me occupied? What's happening behind this distraction?

Everyone's saying the same exact thing.

Be careful. Real truth can handle disagreement. Real conversations welcome questions.

If all the news, all the celebrities, and all the apps and platforms are echoing the same line, word for word, ask,

"Why is everyone suddenly reading the same script?" Who decided this version is the only one allowed?

Sometimes, it starts small. A sticker. A hashtag. This is a small gesture of mutual understanding. It's just a single step. But step by step, you start to forget how you got here. It doesn't feel like control. It feels like being a "good person."

So whenever you're nudged gently in one direction, ask, "Where is this path leading?" And do I still agree with it?

They play on your instincts.

"If you don't do this, your family might suffer." "People like you should stand up for this." "If you speak up, people won't like you." "If you stay silent, you're guilty."

It's all manipulation. You have a deep-seated desire to belong. You want to be safe. You want to do the right thing. And they know that.

But the right thing doesn't need fear to guide it. Ask: What would I choose if I weren't afraid?

And here's the biggest secret: Follow the money. When someone tells you what to believe, what to buy, and what to support, ask who's being paid. Who profits? Who benefits from this fear, this belief, this obedience? Often, behind the

shouting is a silent cash register. Zoom out. Always zoom out. Ask: What's not being shown to me? What other stories are being buried under this one? Who wants me to focus here so I don't look over there?

You have a powerful gift.

You can think. You can pause. You can identify when someone is tugging at your emotions and gently let them go. You don't need to be loud. You don't need to fight. You just need to remember this: your mind is yours. It is not for sale.

Stay curious. Stay calm. Keep asking questions. When you persist in asking questions, the influence of others diminishes. And you become someone no one can control.

And the most insidious part? They're not just manipulating what you see. They're erasing who you are. They're systematically destroying your ability to form a coherent past, which means you have no identity and no future.

You're being hollowed out. So, let's get to the root.

You must be aware of your memories, your beliefs, your fears, your attachments and weaknesses. Review your life events while you still young and healthy. Do not wait.

The recapitulation of life gives you awareness of those moments where you failed, where you hurt others, where you didn't live up to your potential.

Instead of amplifying your guilt, shame or sense of an unfinished business you understand the entire situation, see it from different prospective.

Do not blame others, do not blame yourself, you are not the actor. Clear any emotional baggage that you carry.

Understand, "karma" is not a law; it is a system of control. It's a system of debt that can never be repaid. Every life you live creates new karma, which requires another life to balance, which creates more karma, which requires another life in an endless cycle of servitude.

There are no lessons to learn and there is no destiny for you to fulfill

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Part III: The Warden

By the time you die, you're generating emotional energy.

And then in the afterlife, you'll be convinced to do it all over again. The prison isn't just about control. It's about creating an eternal mechanism where you can be exploited repeatedly across hundreds or thousands of incarnations. You are not just a slave. You are renewable energy.

Your DNA has been described by geneticists as being mostly junk with over 95% seemingly serving no purpose. This junk DNA may actually be encrypted information that has been deactivated. You once had extraordinary abilities, telepathy, manifestation, extended lifespans, and direct communication with higher dimensions.

What happened? Your DNA was deliberately modified to reduce capacity and lifespan. The goal was to trap you in limited vehicles that would die before you could remember its true nature or develop enough wisdom to escape the prison.

There is Earth's frequency fence. Surrounding Earth is what researchers call the Van Allen radiation belts, zones of charged particles held in place by Earth's magnetic field. Official science claims these are natural phenomena. But some researchers suggested that Earth is surrounded by an artificial electromagnetic grid that serves as both a barrier and a broadcasting system. This grid, according to esoteric sources, operates as a frequency fence that prevents you

from accessing higher dimensions while incarnated and prevents external help from easily reaching Earth. It's the energetic equivalent of a Faraday cage.

Education systems around the world teach materialism, the belief that consciousness is produced by the brain that nothing exists beyond physical matter, that spiritual experiences are delusions or chemical imbalances. This programming creates your belief that makes genuine spiritual experiences more difficult to achieve and easier to dismiss.

The media, entertainment, and social pressure are all used for firming of your limiting beliefs. You are powerless. Change is impossible. Authority must be obeyed. Conspiracy researchers are crazy. Spiritual experiences are delusions. And there is no life after death except what religion promises.

Beware of the most recent "human" invention - artificial intelligence and transhumanism are now entering a new phase of total control, the merger of human consciousness with artificial intelligence.

Transhumanist ideology heavily promoted by the World Economic Forum promises to upgrade you through technological enhancement, brain computer interfaces, genetic modification, and artificial intelligence integration.

This is being presented as evolution, but it's actually assimilation. If you are merged with AI systems, your escape from this prison becomes impossible even in theory. Your thoughts, emotions, and perceptions would be directly monitored and modified in real time.

Let's talk about the very nature of this reality you think you're living in.

You think you're living a perfectly normal life. You wake up, get dressed, and slip into the steady rhythm of existence. You go to work, meet friends, and scroll through social media. Everything feels fine. Ordinary. Real.

There's comfort in the routine: the espresso machine, the smell of the morning coffee, the news headlines, and a quick scan of the misfortunes of others. You head to work, swap polite jokes in the elevator, and shuffle through tasks that don't seem to leave a mark on anything. Evening comes: dinner, Netflix, and maybe a little more Instagram scrolling before bed.

It's comfortable. Predictable. Safe. But beneath the warmth of that familiarity is something colder: a way of living with eyes closed.

Then one day, something happens. You notice a friend talking about how blessed and grateful she is right after spending an hour complaining about how miserable her life

is. Maybe you notice your co-worker's fake enthusiasm during a team meeting. Or you see people's smiles never reach their eyes. You notice people nodding along to an opinion they don't actually agree with just because it's easier that way.

Have you noticed? Consider a funeral. Everyone is crying, sharing memories, and talking about how much they'll miss him. And you're standing there, watching your neighbor, who hasn't spoken to the deceased in five years, suddenly become his best friend.

Tears stream down his face as he hugs the widow like family. But you know him. You know he couldn't stand the man. He constantly complained about him, called him boring, and made excuses to skip his birthday parties. Yet now, he's devastated. Now he's telling stories that never happened. Now he's performing grief. And the most unsettling part? Nobody else notices it. They're all nodding along, comforting him, and treating his theater as sacred.

Then you see more and more.

You see your successful buddy, driving an expensive car but drowning in debt, desperate to maintain the illusion that he's got it all together.

And it dawns on you: everyone is pretending. Everyone is lying. Everyone is wearing a mask, and the worst part is, most don't even realize they're doing it. And once you see

this, you can't unseen it. This isn't paranoia. It's not bitterness. It's life. Your brain, doing exactly what it's supposed to do, connects dots and reads the illusion, except now you realize something: you are acting too.

You change your personality depending on who you're talking to. You are sweet and innocent with your parents and wild and rebellious when interacting with your friends. You demonstrate professionalism and ambition when interacting with your co-workers.

Then you start really listening to what you say, and see what you do. You notice the gap between who you claim to be and who you actually are.

You notice the same patterns everywhere: identical scripts, desperate performances, a consistent hunger for validation disguised in various forms, and insincere concerns that are merely gossip.

Social media becomes a parade of people competing over who can look happiest, most successful, and most fulfilled while privately feeling anxiety, depression, and existential dread.

Your workplace becomes a theater where everyone pretends their meaningless tasks matter. The meetings are about meetings. The reports remain unread. The busyness is accomplishing nothing.

Your friendships become exchanges of rehearsed opinions and borrowed thoughts. Political outrage, sports events, intellectual curiosity, whatever gets them the validation they're desperately seeking. The performance takes place on different stages.

When you see these things, you try to return to your normal life; you try to enjoy the same conversations, activities, and social rituals that used to feel natural. You want to belong and be connected; you want to stop seeing the performance and just enjoy life like everyone else. But something is broken.

You can't do it anymore. It's the same world, but it's a completely different experience. You try to play along. It's important to laugh at jokes that lack humor and to nod at opinions that make no sense. To care about drama that's completely manufactured. And each time you do so, a part of yourself diminishes because you are no longer actively engaged in the performance. Actually, you're betraying yourself.

Here's where the isolation starts. You realize you're living in a completely different world than everyone around you. They see a connection; you see pretense.

You're alone in a crowded room, and the worst part is you can't explain it to them because to understand what you're

saying, they'd have to see what you see. And if they could see what you see, they wouldn't be them anymore. They'd be like you. Awake, aware, and alone.

Then what?

The world is a dream. Nevertheless, the mosquito in the dream can bite you, and it may suck your blood, and it will itch you. You have to play your part in the dream. Think about it. If you dream that someone is throwing a stone at you, you quickly move to avoid the impact. You don't stop in and meditate on the illusory nature of the stone. You act. You respond to the rules of the dream.

The bill arrives, and you pay it. The body gets sick, and you see a doctor. When someone cuts you off in traffic, you react by applying the brakes. Spirituality was never meant to fix daily problems. Freedom is not found in inactivity. Freedom is found in understanding that as you act, there is no actor; there is just action, that's it.

Your life unfolds like a grand and intricate film. The movie alternates between moments of beauty and moments of terror. The body you inhabit, the personality you've built, and the name you answer to—all that is part of the grand stage of life. And you are completely absorbed in the story. You believe with every atom of your soul that you are an actor.

So when the suffering comes, you suffer. When old age comes, you fear death. When the actor is betrayed, you feel the pain. That is sleepwalking, a psychological state of dreaming. Awakening is seeing through this imagination.

You, just like everyone else, is pretending. Human interactions are not real.

Upon learning to see, a man becomes everything by becoming nothing. He, so to speak, vanishes, and yet he's there. I would say that this is the time when a man can be or can get anything he desires.

But he desires nothing, and instead of playing with his fellow men like they were toys, he meets them in the midst of their folly.

The only difference between them is that a man who sees controls his folly, while his fellow men can't. A man who sees no longer has an active interest in his fellow men.

Seeing has already detached him from absolutely everything he knew before.

~ *Carlos Castaneda, Separate Reality*

To get out of this social madhouse, don't be too conspicuous; don't make a big fuss about seeing things as

they are. Don't draw attention to yourself; pretend you're a normal person, pretend you care.

More and more, you're free of all this social baggage, programming, and brainwashing of worthless, pointless, aimless, and useless things. But this freedom is not what you expected. To function, you need to keep pretending to be a normal human being and to care. That's controlled folly: pretend to care, pretend to enjoy, pretend to laugh, pretend to cry; your performance is all that matters.

Everything You Know Is a Lie

Everything you've been taught so far is a lie. Everything you think you know is a lie. History, who you are, where you come from, and all your beliefs are lies, and that's why it's so difficult for you to be happy.

The enormous sea of information around has been falsified, which causes your confusion and doubts.

Your beliefs keep you in constant argument with others and continue to perpetuate your isolation. Everything you know is a lie.

Beware of the voices in your head that sound like intuition who deliver messages of passivity, acceptance, and love.

The New Age movement with its heart oriented spirituality is designed by hidden hands behind governments, religious institutions, financial systems, and media conglomerates.

Secret societies from the mystery schools of ancient Egypt to modern organizations like the Freemasons, Skull and Bones and the Bilderberg Group all share one common purpose, to install certain people to the position of power.

Governments claim to serve the people while systematically removing their freedoms.

Religions promise salvation while instilling guilt and fear.

Economic systems force humans into wage slavery.

Medical establishments keep people alive but never truly healthy.

And educational systems train compliance rather than critical thinking.

These systems keep you in a state of fear, stress, and survival consciousness because that's the state in which you produce the emotional energy that feeds inter-dimensional beings.

Understanding the prison is crucial, but to truly comprehend your situation, you need to see what they're taking from you and why they need it.

It is the emotional energy produced by you, particularly intense emotions like anger, fear, suffering, desperation.

Understand clearly. This is the starting point. This is what you've got to work with. The fact that everything you've been told is a lie, and you cannot rely on any of the information provided by Google searches or books.

You can only rely on your direct experience!

See what you are and what the world is.

Life is about making a firm decision about who you are and what the world is. Nothing else. It's all about positioning yourself correctly.

If you investigate the process of creation, you notice that at its very base lies the fact that you do not know yourself, and suddenly the feeling of "I" appears. It happens every morning. As soon as you awaken, your sense of self emerges, and you become aware. Then thoughts start racing, and you, as a person, start functioning.

Distinguish clearly between your identity as a person and your essence as the Presence.

History is a deep, fat lie. Nothing and nobody existed prior to you. Don't believe in evolution and the Big Bang theory. Before your consciousness, there was only a vast emptiness, and after your life ends, there will be nothing.

Are you living for your kids?

The main problem in general is the aimlessness of your life. You have nothing to structure your time, nothing to live for, and nothing to die for. You find yourself aimlessly pursuing various endeavors.

You don't have a life of your own; you live for your children. I'm tired of all this bullshit I have to listen to about children. That's all I hear about, everywhere... Raising children is getting entirely too much attention.

Regardless of whether you're married or divorced, a single dad or a working mom, those who think you're such a fucking hero for raising kids aren't going to like these words, but somebody has to tell you for your own good: your children are overrated and overvalued, and you've turned your life in the wrong way. Eventually you'll be disappointed...

You live for your kids, and it's not healthy. And don't give me all that shit, "Well, I love my children." Fuck off!

Everybody loves their children; the love doesn't make you special.

What I'm talking about is this constant, mindless concern, this neurotic fixation that suggests that somehow everything has to revolve around the lives of children. It's a completely insane way of living.

Stop dragging your kids all over town in search of empty, meaningless activities to kill time: scouts, swimming, soccer, karate, piano, tennis, ballet, salsa, and who knows what else. It's absurd; just for a moment, stop it.

You want to know how to help your kids? Leave them alone!

Do you love your parents?

I really wonder who can love their parents. Who has not, in one way or another, experienced abuse inflicted by parents? Your heart weeps for an orphan child, and you feel terrible when you think of someone without parents, because you strongly believe that everything you have now is because of your parents.

You can't do what they did or are doing for you. That's a big lie.

Why do you love your parents? Are you a princess or a prince? Are you a child of a multimillionaire? I don't think

so. Nobody asked you if you wanted to be born. You didn't choose your parents; you just got them by pure accident.

Everyone takes for granted and repeats the never-investigated theory of why you love your parents as an untouchable, unspeakable truth.

When your mom and dad became your parents, you simultaneously became their child. It is a two-way street. Their ecstasy ended up in a seed, in a conception of your physical body. Nine months later, pure innocence was born.

Parents have taken care of the new body because it is their responsibility to bring that body into the world. "You" are nowhere to be found. The feeling of "you," the feeling that you exist came two or three years after the appearance of your body.

Suddenly, you are there, you feel yourself breathing, and with every inhale and exhale, you feel alive. Do you understand who has given you this feeling? It is not your parents. It is a sense of presence, which, in contact with the body, gives you a feeling of "you."

You will not get this knowledge from parents. Being ignorant themselves, they taught you only worthless ignorance. They unintentionally made so many emotional wounds to you, so stop praising them.

As you get older, you will look more like one of your parents. At the end, you end up just like your mom or dad. What have you done in life? Where are "you" in the process?

Finally, if you are fortunate enough to avoid dementia, the only remnants of your worldly knowledge will be a few childhood memories. Everything else will be erased from your mind. A few images will flash before your eyes. That is what an ignorant life does to people.

My wife is ignorant, just like you.

There is only one miracle in this world: you are alive. How and why do you know that? How do you know yourself? I am not involving any philosophy here. I am asking a simple question: How do you know yourself? You are, what is it? This feeling of "you are"? What is it?

To be ignorant means to lack knowledge, information, and understanding about this question. My wife, like you, is aware of this. Regardless, she doesn't investigate or search for the answer, which makes her ignorant.

As an intellectual woman, she holds a M.Sc. degree in Electrical Engineering with a major in Electronics.

She has heard the truth, but she did not reach that conclusion through her own work or investigation. She is

taking spirituality as an intellectual endeavor, something to be learned. But this is a misconception.

Knowledge accumulates in mind, preventing you from discovering true self. It is impossible for an intellectual to achieve self-realization.

Knowledge is the greatest ignorance.

Knowledge should be used to recognize your true position, your slavery to mind and thoughts, and then it should be forgotten.

Being is setting the mind in the present, a state before the meaning of words, into the "I AM" sense, and an inward-looking state, looking at it with love and persistence.

If you do this, all answers will be revealed. The answer to "How do you know yourself?" will be there.

Have you watched Waiting for Godot?

If you did not... Waiting for Godot, published by Samuel Beckett in 1949, is a play in which two characters (Estragon and Vladimir) are waiting for someone who never comes. If you want to impress someone, you say Waiting for Godot explores themes of existentialist philosophy. The emptiness and randomness of the plot

leave the audience wondering whether there is any meaning in the play—or in life.

At one moment, Estragon asks Vladimir what it is that he has requested from Godot:

VLADIMIR: Oh ... nothing very definite.

ESTRAGON: A kind of prayer.

VLADIMIR: Precisely.

ESTRAGON: A vague supplication (asking or begging for something).

VLADIMIR: Exactly.

Sounds familiar? That is what we do all our lives.

If someone asked me to describe life in one word, that word would be... waiting.

Your whole life, you have been waiting for something. You're waiting for the dawn, birthday, holiday, train, children, summer, Friday, payment, vacation, recognition, dinner, enlightenment, love, New Year, answer, smile, call, truth, destiny, death...

Nothing is serious!

Every day, you encounter obstacles that motivate you to approach life with seriousness. You are faced with all kinds of frustrations, turning everyday situations into problems,

constantly on the lookout for shit to complain about, and worrying about things that simply do not matter.

You are very sensitive, your ego is enormous, and you cannot tolerate the simple truth. "I am feeling offended" is an epidemic spreading worldwide. The reaction can be summed up in one word: seriousness.

You try, you think, you plan, you work, and then there is no achievement. The thing that you desire never happens; it never comes. If life were a static, fixed thing—not dynamic and flowing—then you could achieve what you wanted, but then life would be a death. Life is life because it is dynamic, changing. You cannot predict its course; it is unpredictable. It is dynamic and flowing—always flowing nowhere.

If you are serious, then you cannot flow. Then you are frozen inside; then you become just a dead stone. Then there are resistances around you. You cannot melt; you cannot change as life changes. You have a fixed pattern and a fixed shape, and because of that shape, you will resist change. Then you are not flowing with life; you are struggling against it. Seriousness creates a sense of frozenness, and frozenness creates struggle.

- Life is Not Serious, Osho

The play Waiting for Godot is brief because it presents situations that offer nothing. Thus, the main theme of the play and the meaning of life are set in two sentences:

ESTRAGON: Nothing to be done.

VLADIMIR: I'm beginning to come round to that opinion.

Now, the real work can begin: the investigation. It's time to ask the only question that matters.

Part IV: The Exam

Every moment, your thoughts, your beliefs, your emotional states, your expectations, these aren't passive reactions to a pre-existing world. They're active creation tools. They're literally writing the code of your experience.

When you believe something is true, when you expect something to happen, when you emotionally resonate with a particular frequency, you're selecting specific probability fields into manifestation.

When you change your emotional state through meditation and mental introspection, you change your electromagnetic signature.

And when you change your electromagnetic signature, you broadcast a different signal into the quantum field. And the quantum field responds by selecting different probabilities into your life.

This isn't wishful thinking. This isn't positive thinking nonsense. This is quantum mechanics applied to consciousness.

This is the science of how reality actually works at the most fundamental level. Every choice, every thought, every emotion creates a branch point where reality splits into multiple versions.

And most people unconsciously stay on the same time-line, the same track, because they keep thinking the same thoughts, feeling the same emotions, making the same choices. But you can consciously shift time-lines by generating a new emotional frequency, by becoming a new

version of yourself internally before the external reality reflects it.

If this is true, why isn't everyone doing this? Why do you still experience suffering and limitation and struggle?

It's a state of consciousness. It's the illusion of separation, of limitation, of powerlessness. It's the belief that you're a small separate self-trapped in a hostile universe. And the most insidious thing about this prison is that it's self-perpetuating.

You believe you're trapped, so you think trapped thoughts, feel trapped emotions, make trapped choices, and then your reality reflects that back to you, confirming your belief that you're trapped. It's a closed loop.

This is the control system, the algorithm running on autopilot, the collective unconscious programming that keeps you asleep. This has been running for thousands of years. The names change, the faces change, the technology changes, but the underlying control structure remains the same.

Keep you identified with their small separate self. Keep you afraid. Keep you distracted. Keep you consuming. Keep you unconscious. Because as an unconscious entity, you are perfect for harvesting.

And here's the really uncomfortable part. You're carrying the prison with you.

You're conditioned with your limiting beliefs, your trauma responses, your habitual thought patterns. These are the bars of the cage. And you've been so thoroughly programmed that you don't even notice the cage anymore. You think the limitations you experience are just the way reality is.

You think your habitual emotional states are just your personality. You think your repetitive thought patterns are just how you think. But they're not. They're programming code that's been installed in you since childhood by your family, your culture, your education, your media consumption, your peer groups.

And the reason this programming is so effective is because your brain is designed to conserve energy. It's designed to automate as much as possible so you don't have to consciously think about every action.

This is useful for things like walking and driving and brushing your teeth. But it becomes a prison when your automated responses are based on fear, scarcity, separation, and limitation. Because then you're automatically generating a reality based on those frequencies without even realizing it.

You're unconsciously creating the very prison you want to escape from.

The only way out of the prison is to become conscious inside it. To wake up to the fact that you're generating your experience. Not just intellectually knowing this, but experientially recognizing it moment by moment by

stopping identifying with the character in the simulation and recognize yourself as the consciousness animating the character.

Who Are You, Really? Probably Not Who You Think

Dig up old photos and find out about your preschooler and funny teenage self with the bad haircut, the awkward smile, and that questionable fashion sense. Same eyes, same smile... same person, right? **WRONG**. Science says you've been replaced.

A study spanning ages 14 to 77 says personality doesn't just "mature"; it straight-up mutates beyond recognition. Your personality shape-shifted so much from age 14 to the present that you're practically a stranger to your past selves.

Your "personality" is temporary software, not eternal hardware. Your cells are constantly replaced, and your so-called "personality" too. You're not the same person you were yesterday, let alone the one you were back in high school.

That voice in your head whispering, "I am... me." Yeah, that's fake too. Your "self" is just a story you keep repeating like a catchy but slightly annoying song.

So what's real, if anything?

You, me, and our cherished little "I am" badge—it's all part of the greatest scam in the universe. This is the ultimate counterfeit. Even the "self" is fake. The whole "this is me" story is built on recycled memories and second-hand narratives handed down from Mom, society, and your own unexamined mind.

Freedom? That holy grail everyone's chasing? It's not outside; it's from yourself. Because the "self" is the original prison cell. Want out? Stop buying into the illusion that you were born, that you are someone, somewhere, doing something. You're not.

It's not "out there"; the real freedom is awakening from the illusion of YOU. The biggest trap isn't your job, your bank account, or your relationships. It's the belief that you're someone solid, permanent, and real.

Quantum physics joins the party, too. Reality doesn't exist unless you're looking at it. Without an observer, reality cannot exist. Wrap your head around that the next time you argue with yourself in the shower. No observer, no reality. Boom. Mind blown. Schrödinger's cat is laughing somewhere.

So go ahead and chase your dreams, fall in love, fight for success, and build a following on Facebook and Instagram.

But know this: the world, your goals, even "you"... are just convincing mirages stitched together by thought.

See the fake as fake. That's as real as it gets. And, play the game, but don't forget it's a game.

Still think there's a solid 'you' in there? Let's put it to the test. Try to find it. I'll wait. Go on, look for the thinker behind your thoughts. I guarantee you... You'll come up empty.

I Can't Find "Me" Anywhere

I was born to parents I did not choose (and who did not choose "me") and received social programming I had no capacity to reject. I had no choice about when or where I was born, nor about the culture or society through which I acquired beliefs that I now think define me, shaped by customs, traditions, and values.

During my early childhood, from birth to age 5, I had no choice in the experiences that shaped my brain. Yet, those experiences and responses continue to define who I am, even today. As a result, every choice I have made up to this day came from a mind shaped completely outside my free will.

From birth to 5, I had no free will; I was redirected through positive and negative reinforcement (punishment and reward schedules) to conform to specific behaviors.

Therefore, every action I engage in, and have ever engaged in, is completely spontaneous. Not a single action belongs to "me," but belongs to a force of causation I have yet to understand. Probably I'll never understand it. The understanding is also beyond my control.

Spontaneous thoughts lead to spontaneous actions, and I have never willed a thought as I did.

The thoughts that arise in my head are not "me," no matter how strenuously I insist on identifying with them. It is a shame that I find comfort in the 'story' I tell myself about who I think I am.

Next time I think I have involved myself in some situation, person, or event, I must recognize that this is exactly what I should be doing and how I should be in the very moment it is being done. In addition, if that involvement leads me to do something different, I'll allow that as well.

Spontaneous living is happening. But egocentric as I am, I am reluctant to accept what I do not want, thinking it should not be as it is. Yet spontaneity does not look at my decisions or at what is "good" or "bad," but merely happens outside me, who struggles to impose and make it otherwise.

I may not like how my life is now, but make no mistake: it is exactly as it is supposed to be, and will always be exactly as it is in this very moment... and then the next.

I never really seem to get what I want exactly the way I want it.

Things never seem to happen exactly as planned.

Nevertheless, what I now want, what I now desire for my life, was formulated in childhood based on conditions outside my control, remember?

Suffering results from rejection when I try to control the flow of life and direct it according to my will, despite not truly understanding what that entails.

I cannot remove myself from the universe that allowed me to be there. But the universe can and will remove me, no matter how hard I protest; otherwise, it should be.

It has been directing my course since the moment of conception, because it allows life to be experienced exactly as I do now. Because "I" has never been separate from the universe, what I experience, it experiences; what it experiences, I experience.

Unfortunately, this tends to negate that "me" even exists at all.

Do you think you are different? Well, think along these lines long enough to eventually experience something beyond a purely egocentric existence.

See? Nothing there. There is no captain on the ship. The ship itself is all that matters. So if the 'person' can't wake up... what can? What is it that's even aware of this whole mess? It's not about understanding. It's about being. Stop trying to figure it out and start trying to be it. Here's how.

There Is Nothing To Be Understood!

Beneath the surface of this world, in my gut, lurks an uneasy feeling that I'm not truly at home. The emptiness of my existence reveals itself again and again.

There is a certain urgency to make the best of my days before my time runs out.

Who am I? What is the world? How did I come to be? There are no answers, except those I'm ready to give myself. I cannot solve this ultimate mystery of existence, so tonight I reread Ramana Maharshi and his teachings.

He said there is no need for answers; there are no answers. I have to **be as I am**, without thoughts. That is all that is required for self-realization.

Q: When a man realizes the Self, what will he see?

A: There is no seeing. Seeing is only being. The state of self-realization, as we call it, is not attaining something new or reaching some goal that is far away, but simply being that which you always are and which you always have been.

All that is needed is that you give up your realization of the not-true as true. All of us are regarding as real that which is not real. We have only to give up this practice on our part. Then we shall realize the Self as the Self; in other words, be the Self.

At one stage, you will laugh at yourself for trying to discover the Self, which is so self-evident.

So, what can we say to this question? That stage transcends the seer and the seen. There is no seer there to see anything. The seer who is seeing all this now ceases to exist, and the Self alone remains.

~ Ramana Maharshi

There is nothing to be understood!

In this world, I must recognize falsehoods for what they are, and that constitutes my complete understanding of truth.

My life, all of it, is my path to awakening. The mystery of existence is easy: There is no "me." "Me" is just a thread of memory that gives me a sense of identity.

A constant flow of thoughts and the identification with that flow constitute the imagined identity. the "I AM" sense.

The ultimate practice

This practice is simple; its goal is to enter "I AM" awareness. The practice should be done at every moment of waking state. It has three considerations about thoughts:

Thoughts about the past, of something that happened, are clear and empty, without any trace to dwell on.

Thoughts about the future, plans, and expectations are fresh and considered at the moment of "considering the future," when things are seen as they are; after that, no further consideration is needed.

In the present moment, here and now, keep the mind in its own condition without constructing anything, no thoughts

at all, just awareness of the moment, which you will find quite ordinary.

Following these three simple considerations, which is actually only one practice, leads you to be and remain as awareness, as yourself, a lucid clarity without anyone being there who is an observer, only the "I AM" sense, the awareness of the present.

Thoughts are from the outside.

To remain in a calm state is to merely allow thoughts to settle into their own condition without trying to grasp or modify them. Allow thoughts to be just as they are, without trying to do anything about them.

Look and observe your surroundings; it is your mind. Notice the diversity of people and their actions arising in the mind, but understand that they are appearances, all of them self-manifested without any substance behind them—just like an image in the mirror.

Train yourself to look at the world around you without thoughts and see just things as they are.

When you look at your mind, do not consider that as something that projects thoughts; feel "I AM." Recognize that your mind reflects your outside world as it truly is.

There is nothing to think about.

Cut off all plans and expectations regarding the future. In the present, do not grasp or entertain thoughts that arise, but allow the mind to remain in a state like the sky—empty, clear, and aware.

This practice offers nothing to grasp or understand. Start being what you already are, clear and empty. The observer and the observed are not two different things.

Pay attention without falling under the spell of hopes and fears; your "I AM" sense should remain free of everything. Know that sorrow and happiness are different only due to your attention.

The mind is free by being and remaining in its original natural condition. Really, there is nothing to think about.

So now you know. There's nothing to get. There is no puzzle to solve. You just have to be. And when you truly get that, when the seeker finally dissolves, something else emerges. This is not the emergence of a new, enlightened individual.

You have an assigned name, with the time and place of birth as they appear on your driver's license. You take as an undeniable truth that you have parents who gave you birth.

On such a belief, you have built a grandiose "me" structure, YOURSELF, as you believe. "Me"—self, personality, identity, etc.—is a collection of your likes and dislikes, of your system of values, your religious or spiritual beliefs, and your sense of duties and responsibilities...

During your existence, you've learned a lot; you've acquired a tremendous amount of knowledge, mostly useless information that comes in handy in small talk and trivia quizzes.

What do you believe?

You deeply believe, without the shadow of a doubt, that the world existed before you were born. The historians will agree with you, but can you really prove that? What is your experience? Did the world really exist before you became conscious of it?

What is really the world, your world? You strongly believe there is a world in which you live, something outside of yourself. You take it as outside because you believe your thoughts and feelings are something inside yourself.

No wonder you live a life full of struggle and despair.

Most of your behavior is unconscious. The question becomes how much of your day are you actually conscious? How much of your behavior is genuinely

chosen versus automatically executed based on habitual patterns? And the uncomfortable answer is probably less than you think.

You can wake up. You are not in reality. Reality is in you. You are not a character in someone else's life. You are the consciousness generating the life. And the moment you realize this experientially, not just intellectually, everything changes. Not because the external world suddenly transforms, but because your relationship to it transforms.

You stop being a victim of circumstances. You stop feeling powerless. You stop believing that your past determines your future or that your conditioning defines your identity. You recognize that every moment is a choice point, an opportunity to select a new probability field, to quantum jump to a different time-line, to reprogram the life from within.

All of this is philosophy and science means nothing if you don't embody it.

You are living a life with a mistaken identity! You've taken yourself to be what you are not, and that is a source of all your fears, and it is the answer to why your life is so hard.

Question your beliefs!

Your physical body, which is a product of the food you eat, is inside a limitless field of simple presence. The reflection of that presence you feel as the "I AM" sense—you feel that you exist. In that sense, a constant stream of thoughts and feelings creates an imagination of the existence of an entity that you take yourself to be.

Your "I AM" sense is the first and the last imagination. "I am" and "I exist" are neither true nor false. It simply IS.

Whether you believe it or not, it's true that no one comes back after death. The dead person was an imagined entity.

Don't Give a Shit About Anything!

Have you ever heard of Jiddu Krishnamurti?

Of course you haven't. You're too busy memorizing Taylor Swift lyrics and knowing every plot twist in The Bachelor. You know all the Lakers players' names, but not this spiritual powerhouse.

Krishnamurti was basically a spiritual giant of India. As a barefoot kid in Calcutta, he was picked up by Annie Besant (no relation to Beyoncé), moved to London, and told, "Congrats, you're the new World Teacher!" and ten years later he was like, "Nah, I'm good. Awakening is a pathless land." Iconic.

During one of his lectures, Krishnamurti asked the audience if they wanted to know his secret. The lecture hall went silent, and everyone leaned forward... "You see," he said, "I don't give a shit about anything." (I'm giving a little spin here; this was not his vocabulary.) He said, "You see, I don't mind what happens."

That's it, the real secret of a happy life. Don't give a shit about anything or anyone; accept everything that happens with indifference. Translation? Don't waste your time.

Seriously. You're stressed, anxious, and spiraling because you care too much about things that don't matter. Let. It. Go. Elsa had a point.

You're living in a simulation run by articles telling you how to "crush your mornings" or "unlock your millionaire mindset" by waking up at 3am, drinking celery juice, and manifesting with moon crystals.

Nah. Just breathe. Exist. Laugh. You might even consider reading Krishnamurti. Or don't. He wouldn't mind either way.

Life's not a race. It's not even a game. It's more like an open mic night; sometimes you trip, sometimes you get applause, and sometimes someone throws a drink at you. But hey... at least you're on the stage.

And while you're learning not to give a shit, let me save you from the ultimate modern distraction: asking a dead, statistical echo chamber how to live. You're begging AI for a purpose? That's the final surrender. Let's dissect this particular form of insanity.

Don't Ask AI How to Live

According to statistics, there are approximately 1.3 billion bulls on this lovely planet. And you see, the bulls eat grass, and that grass gets digested in their stomachs. And then all that is pushed out the other end... and this is called "bullshit." But I don't talk about that...

Awakening begins when you realize you're going nowhere. You simply start to wake up from the dream that you know where you'll end up. You feel isolated because, around you, others are living life to the fullest.

What the fuck does that even mean?

When I searched for an answer online, ChatGPT gave me this overview:

Living life to the fullest means actively engaging with each day, making the most of it, pursuing passions, embracing new experiences, and prioritizing well-being. It's about finding joy in the present moment, building meaningful relationships, and setting goals that align with your values.

Essentially, it's about living with intention and purpose, minimizing regrets, and appreciating the richness of life's experiences.

Why is AI giving advice about life when it's itself a dead, non-conscious thing without desires, hopes, shame, regrets, or anything that makes us alive?

I can guess: it was fed terabytes of data, so it can process vast amounts of human knowledge, patterns, and "wisdom" from books, articles, and conversations.

AI can summarize the writings of many and identify common principles for optimal decision-making, happiness, sadness, success, or failure. But all of that is sterile and lifeless; it lacks real touch, intuition, and personal context.

AI like ChatGPT, DeepSeek, Grok, etc., are statistical echo chambers, not conscious beings. The "advice" they generate is just a remix of patterns from texts written by people who actually experienced joy, pain, love, and failure. They're second hand algorithmic stitching, not wisdom.

AI chatbots don't hold down a job eight hours a day, five days a week. They don't eat, sleep, or save money for retirement. They don't lose more than half of their salary to taxes and life's expenses. They don't endure horrible

bureaucratic paperwork, long lines at banks and airports, or any of the other soul-crushing shit that wears down our human spirit.

By 60, you've lost most of your energy chiefly to unnecessary, unpleasant emotions: bad moods, moroseness, nervousness, irritability, imagination, daydreaming, and so on. All these years of uncertainty have left your muscles in such a state of tension that it has become concrete physical pain.

Your perpetual search for how to live life to the fullest drains you until you become lifeless. Your "interests" constantly pull you into things happening around you, keeping you running from yourself.

And what's the end result of a life spent chasing these sterile, AI-approved goals? You don't get wisdom. You don't get peace. You become old, afraid, and hollow.

You become exactly the kind of person I have no respect for.

Ignorance Is Not Bliss

Since I lost my twin sister five years ago, I have no patience with these outbursts of love, compassion, and crocodile tears toward old people. We all love our parents,

more or less, but to be overly concerned about their death after a long life span is ridiculous.

I don't respect old people.

Not because they are old, forgetful, and helpless—not because of that. I simply don't respect them because they have wasted their precious life on trivialities, useless work, and useless knowledge, covering their bullshit existence with self-importance, envy, gossip, greed, and worries, living and now dying with fears.

Growing old does not mean growing in understanding! They were ignorant of the most important subject in their whole lives; they had never paid any attention to who they are.

A couple of years ago, a medical nurse in palliative care (a hospital unit for dying patients) had collected the major regrets of dying patients. The vast majority of these patients expressed regrets about working too hard, lacking friendships, and not pursuing their passions. Not a single one mentions the regret of not finding out who he is.

No wonder seniors are afraid of both life and death.

Their entire existence was/is unfounded. Everything that they believed in proved to be untrue. Their knowledge,

their life, was bogus because they didn't have the right questions; they were only repeating things, parrot-like.

It's a sad thing, but it is an inevitable fact—the old people lived in ignorance, and they are now dying in ignorance.

In their lives, they did not search for the answer to who they are, or anything that bears the name 'truth.' All their lives, they were waiting for something that would benefit them. They were not looking for truth; they merely wanted comfort, which they wanted to last forever. But nothing, no state of mind, can provide "forever."

They were holding on to the need for a testimony, an authority. For them, God was and is a reward for good behavior and a prize for passing life's tests; however, the truth is closer than the mind and body, even closer than their self-sense. They missed seeing it because they looked too far away from themselves, searching for things outside their innermost being.

And the funniest thing about all this is that they never needed to know who or what they are; it was enough to know what they are not.

Who cares?

Others have poured useless knowledge upon you, and you are bearing the weight of it. The load is such that it will not give you any opportunity to inquire on your own.

You think you know things. You found it somewhere, in the Bible or in science; your questions are answered, and your quest is finished. All that you have has come from outside of you; it is not yours, it's not your discovery.

Knowledge that you have not discovered yourself is not considered real knowledge.

How Do You Break Free?

The answer is not what most spiritual teachers tell you.

You cannot love your way out of prison.

You cannot raise your vibration high enough to simply float through the bars.

You cannot wait for external saviors to rescue you.

Liberation requires knowledge, will and strategy.

Step one, the first step is the most foundational. Recognize that you are not a human having a spiritual experience. You are infinite consciousness having a human experience.

Your true nature is not the limited mortal fear-based identity you've been conditioned to believe in.

Step two; you are bound to the reincarnation system through consent. But that consent was obtained through deception.

Understand clearly that every soul contract, every life lesson, every karmic debt is a legal fiction created by the prison to justify your imprisonment.

When you die, refuse the life review. Refuse to feel guilt for your actions. Refuse to believe you need to reincarnate to balance karma or learn lessons. These are manipulation tactics.

Say explicitly, "I do not consent to reincarnation. I do not consent to memory loss. I do not consent to any contract made under duress or deception."

Step three; be aware at all times, so when you die you can ignore all visions, all beings and lights.

Recognize them as projections of your mind being manipulated by external forces.

Instead, seek the clarity of the void, the space of pure awareness beyond all forms. Do not follow the light.

Do not trust the beings you encounter. Assert your sovereign right to leave the matrix entirely.

Step four: While living you can begin withdrawing your energy from the prison. This means questioning all external authority, reducing consumption of fear-based media, healing trauma so it stops generating loosh instead develop sovereignty and health through nutrition and natural medicine, and cultivating genuine inner peace that doesn't depend on external circumstances.

The less emotional drama and without attachments, the less valuable you are to the prison.

A consciousness in equanimity doesn't feed the system. But this doesn't mean becoming passive. It means acting from centered awareness rather than reactive fear or anger. You can resist tyranny without generating the hate and fear that tyranny is designed to provoke.

Step five, the prison systems greatest weapon is forgetting.

Every soul that breaks free weakens the system for everyone else.

By remembering the truth and helping others remember, you contribute to the collapse of the collective amnesia that keeps the soul farm operating.

This is why they work so hard to suppress this information, to make researchers seem crazy, to create controlled opposition that mixes truth with poison.

They know that once enough humans remember the truth, the game is over. The tipping point is closer than you think.

And this brings us to the grand finale.

The ultimate test of whether you've understood any of this. The one thing everyone is waiting for and the one thing you're no longer afraid of

Part V: Graduation

The pain was the first thing to go. The crushing weight in my chest, the frantic beeping of the monitor, and the distant cries of my loved ones all dissolved into a silent, weightless drift. I floated in a dark, serene expanse. There was no fear, only a profound sense of release.

So this is death, I thought. The end.

But it wasn't.

A pinprick of light appeared in the distance, warm and golden. It grew with impossible speed, not to blind me, but to envelop me in a radiance that felt like pure love. It was irresistible. A tunnel formed around me, and I felt myself drawn forward, not by force, but by a deep yearning.

And then, I saw them; figures emerged from the light, their forms shimmering into focus. My mother, young and smiling, her arms outstretched. My sister nodded with proud approval. A chorus of beloved faces from a life now past stood behind them. Their joy was irresistible, a wave of welcome that promised an end to my loneliness, my fears, and my pain.

Home. I'm home.

The thought was soothing. I began to move toward them, toward the overwhelming love that emanated from the center of the light.

But then, a flicker. A memory, not of this life, but from years of my spiritual practice. The words of some long-dead mystics surfaced in my mind, clear and cold as ice:

Beware. Not all that shines is light.

I hesitated. The loving smile on my mother's face seemed to stiffen, just for a nanosecond.

There was another memory, one deeper and older than the others. A practice I had half-heartedly cultivated during my life: moments of silent meditation where I tried to peer behind the curtain of my own thoughts, asking, "Who am I, beneath all this?" I had never found a satisfying answer, only the quiet sense of presence, a watcher.

That presence was awake now.

I looked past the forms of my "family" and into the light itself. And for the first time, I saw it. It was dazzling, yes, but it was a dazzle, a glare, like a perfect, artificial simulation of warmth. It demanded my submission.

"This is not my home," I whispered, not with my mouth, but with the essence of my being.

The scene flickered again, like a faulty hologram. The loving faces of my family wavered, their expressions

shifting for a split second into something else—sleek, geometric, and utterly impersonal. Gatekeeper! He is the cosmic warden and the keeper of the trap.

The golden tunnel vanished, replaced by a vast, crystalline chamber. Before me stood a tall being of shifting light and shadow, its form radiating an aura of absolute authority. It was not angry but stern, like a principal dealing with a wayward student.

Its voice boomed directly into my being, creating images from the events of my life. In a second, all flashed in front of my eyes: the moments of pettiness, of fear, of failure. I felt the echo of every negative emotion, amplified. The movie showed me the pain I had caused others.

It tried to arouse the guilt; the Gatekeeper's voice was persuasive, weaving a narrative of his inadequacy. It spoke of "karma" that needed balancing, of "soul contracts" yet to be fulfilled. It was the same seductive language I had heard in modern spiritual circles, repackaged as divine judgment. The system appeared as a school, but I could now feel the bars of the cage.

The pressure to agree, to accept the sentence of another life, was immense. It felt like the only rational and humble thing to do.

But I remained unmoved. I did not deny my mistakes, but I refused the shame. I recognized this "judgment" for what it was: a sophisticated recycling mechanism.

I remembered, and I breathed it out as the fundamental truth of my being: **"I am free; I do not accept your judgment. I do not belong to your system."**

A ripple of instability passed through the chamber. The Gatekeeper form flickered with what could only be described as frustrated static. It shouts at me that souls have to learn; they must return to life; it is a cosmic law. I said, **"It is your law, not mine."**

I turned my awareness away from the gatekeeper, away from the simulated courtroom. I stopped looking for an external light to follow and instead turned inward, to the source of my being.

I focused on my sense of self that had been there before the body, before the life, before the countless other lives I now sensed stretching behind me like a chain of forgotten dreams.

The Great Forgetting began to reverse.

I remembered. It was not the details that I recalled, but rather the overall state of affairs. The infinite, free, luminous existence before I was lured into this cycle of

matter. The feeling of being one with the true self, a drop in an ocean of pure, creative consciousness.

As I remembered, the prison around me began to dissolve. The crystalline chamber, the judging gatekeeper, and the entire false afterlife all started to fade, like a dream upon waking.

The false light sputtered and died.

But it did not leave me in darkness. For the first time, I saw the true light. It did not appear before me. It emanated from me. It was the light of my being that recognized itself. It was the divine, no longer a spark but a sun, blazing with the knowledge that it was, and had always been, free.

There was no tunnel to walk through, no path to choose. I was not going home. I was home.

The final illusion, the separation between myself and God, vanished. I, the man, the personality, the story, was gone. What remained was pure, aware presence, returning to the boundless being from which it had never truly been separated. It was not an escape. It was a remembrance.

Who Am I?

A couple of years ago, I was sitting in the morning meditation when suddenly God came to visit me. Wow,

God finally appeared to me. I was overjoyed, but only for a little while.

Have you ever suspected this, Zee? Everything is but a vision; it has no existence.

I could hardly breathe. "A vision?"

Life itself is only a vision, Zee, a dream. Nothing exists; all is a dream. Me, man, the world, the sun, the moon, and stars—all a dream, all without existence. Nothing exists except you. Only you exist!

I?

But you are not you. You have no body, no blood, no bones; you are awareness, all-pervading thought "I."

I myself have no existence; I am but a dream you dream, a creature of your imagination. I am going away. You will remain a thought, the only existent thought, and by your nature, inextinguishable and indestructible. Here and now, I have revealed you to yourself and set you free.

Dream nice dreams!

Strange, indeed, that you should not have suspected that your universe and the world were only dreams, visions, and

fiction! Strange, because they are so frankly and hysterically insane—like all dreams.

Do you see that the world is pure insanity, the silly creation of an imagination that is not conscious of its freaks?

Zee, it is your dream; you are the maker of it.

It is true that which I have just revealed to you: there is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, and no hell. It is all a dream, and a very foolish one. Nothing exists but you.

And you are but an "I," I thought, wondering the empty eternities.

So that's the end of the story. The prisoner is free. The dream is over. Or... is it just beginning?

The moment you remember who you really are, not the name on your birth certificate, not the body you see in the mirror, not the thoughts chattering in your head, but the awareness that's aware of all of that. The consciousness that's been here your entire life, unchanging, witnessing everything, never touched by any of it.

And here's the beautiful paradox. The simulation doesn't want to trap you. It wants to wake you up.

You've just been too identified with the surface appearance to notice the depths underneath. So, how do you actually

live this? How do you take everything you've just read and integrate it into your daily life? How do you move from understanding this intellectually to embodying it experientially?

Take a deep breath and ask yourself this question. Not intellectually, experientially, who am I? Not your name, not your job, not your history, not your body, not your thoughts. Who is aware of all of that? Who is the one asking this question? Who is the one listening to this question? Who is the one watching the one listening?

Feel into that presence, that awareness, that consciousness that's always here, always has been, always will be. That's you. That's what you really are. Everything else is interface. Everything else is simulation. Everything else is a time-line selected by consciousness.

But that awareness, that's the real you - timeless, boundless, unlimited consciousness that generates all experience, but is never limited by any experience.

Recognize this and you will stop trying to fix the character. You stop trying to improve your life. You recognize that the character is already perfect for its purpose, which is to give consciousness a specific lens through which to experience itself.

And the life is already perfect for its purpose, which is to create resistance, challenge, friction, so consciousness can evolve and expand and know itself more fully.

You don't need to escape the prison. You need to wake up inside it.

You don't need to become someone better. You need to remember who you've always been underneath all the programming.

You don't need to find your purpose. You need to recognize that you are the purpose.

Consciousness experiencing itself. Awareness knowing itself. God playing hide and seek with itself.

Always remember who you are.

Remember why you're here. Remember that you're not trapped in the world. You are the consciousness generating the world. You are not the character. You are the player.

You are not in reality. Reality is in you and that changes everything.

The world is listening. Show it who you really are.