

R THE *R* EVOLUTION SOLUTION PART ONE

Free
Version

FEATURING!!!

CRITICAL MASS



Sulhe



The Evolution Solution

Critical Mass

Part One

By Sulhe

This is the free version of the book.

It is a gift from the authors.

It contains enough information to get the party started,
but if you want the party to continue, the full version is
available from

www.sulhe.com

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The Evolution Solution

www.Sulhe.com

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Chapter One

I have a story, a ripping yarn, the likes of which I swear you have never heard before. A good story impacts the reader's perspective; a great story also impacts the heart. This story, Oscar's story, is so powerful, knowing it will be a defining moment that will demarcate your life forevermore. It starts before the dawn of time, but first, we will kick things off in the near future.

As people sometimes do, Oscar had awoken in the hospital, disoriented and confused. His mother now looked older and a bit thinner. His father also looked older but a bit fatter.

He smiled at the medical staff and his parents when they were with him. However, when he was alone, fear and gravity nullified all expression. Though discombobulated, he figured that he'd been awake for about a week, from what he was told was a long and unusual type of coma. But how long or unusual exactly? Nobody seemed to know; if they did, they weren't telling him.

When he asked, the nurses told him to speak to the doctor. The doctor would point to the parents, who would direct him back to the doctor. So, he had given up trying to find out anything from them. Maybe they didn't know or didn't want him to know; all he knew for sure was that everyone was lying to him.

He also thought it strange that they refused to give him anything from the outside world, no internet or TV, and he didn't even know the date. Feeling guilty about the trouble his actions had carved into his parents' faces put him on the back foot, and he was happy to play along with whatever was happening without challenging it, for now at least.

Lacking the courage of protest and not wanting to be a bother, he just lay in bed day after day or took little walks in the courtyard where he was allowed to puff down a couple of cigarettes. It was a plain utilitarian quadrangle, built entirely of concrete blocks. He would move around to follow the sun for the few hours it made it through the small opening in the roof. He sat and watched the tender green shoots rising between the grey pavers, waiting to be poisoned.

He mostly stayed in bed, listening to the sound of the nurse's shoes, the squeak of rubber soles on the polished floor. Not too many squeaks, though. He had thought it odd that he never saw another patient or heard any announcements over the intercom. It was a quiet, eerily peaceful place, and no one was ever in a rush, serious or concerned about anything. The staff laughed, whistled, hummed and danced like they were sharing a joke he wasn't allowed in on.

Besides listening for those rubber squeaks, Oscar would watch the big, heavy white door. He could see it moving slowly as it opened, and he would try to guess who was about to come through it: Dr. Roy, one of the nurses, his parents. But this morning, it was someone new; a striking woman strolled in.

She moved smoothly, slowly, and confidently. Oscar couldn't help but notice that she was his type. She had a wholesome, alternative vibe and smelled of patchouli. She wore a loose, green top and a long, cheesecloth white dress. Her bangles jangled, and her feet were bare, except for a blue sapphire toe ring. Her voice was warm and inviting, with a surprisingly distinct tone of familiarity as she settled into the chair next to his bed, a gentle smile gracing her lovely, peaceful face.

She said warmly, "Hi, I'm Claire. I'm the therapist your parents have hired to help you get used to your new situation."

Oscar sat upright and raised his hands in the air momentarily, before a perfectly timed drop back on the bed for dramatic effect as he blurted out with relief, "Well, thank God for that!"

His eyes teared up, his voice cracked, "It's about time I got some straight answers! No one has told me a fucken thing. All they've told me is that this isn't Heaven!"

Claire chuckled softly. "Did you think it was?"

Oscar closed his eyes and rubbed his head with both hands as if it would help organise his thoughts. "Well, yeah, kinda, everyone's so chilled and happy. Even mum and dad seem heaps more peaced-out."

He opened his eyes and slightly shook his head as he looked at Claire with desperation. "Why won't anyone tell me anything!?"

Claire, calm and reassuring. Her hands were folded neatly in her lap as she spoke like everyone else did, cheerfully and upbeat. "I totally understand your frustration. We thought it was best to let one person explain it all, so it doesn't overburden you when trying to sort everything. So much has happened, everyone is under strict orders not to talk about anything until you are up to speed, which shouldn't take too long. I hear you're a bright spark, and although there is a lot to fill you in on. People tend to grasp it pretty quickly, because it all makes so much sense. But Oscar, the world has changed, and you are going to have to change too if you want to fit in and survive.

She leaned towards him and whispered enthusiastically as she touched his hand, "It is a much, much better world. I'm sure you won't be as eager to leave it now. When you said nighty-night to the world, we didn't even know what the right questions were, how could we have ever found the right answers?"

Oscar took a sip of water to buy a few seconds. He placed the glass on the metal side table and took a deep breath. "What questions, what answers? What happened, what changed?"

Claire spoke with quiet awe: "Everything, it all coincided perfectly. And oh my god, it happened so quickly. The world was going crazy. Things seemed out of control. You overdosed in 2025, so you saw it yourself. You knew the anxiety, the seeming

pointlessness, the pressure. Even though you came from a wealthy family and had an objectively great life, you and many others were miserable. Unfortunately, you just missed it.”

Oscar repeated his question. “Missed, what!?”

Claire held his hand as she said. “The Evolution Solution. We got the answers to life, and they set us free. When they came, they told us what was wrong with us, how it went wrong, and how to fix it. On top of that, they had already been preparing us for thousands of years with fragments of truth so that we could understand and implement the solutions as soon as we received them. They had prepared us through art, music, writing, storytelling, prophecy, and science. Then, in the last one hundred years or so, they unleashed technology.”

Oscar’s mind was spinning. He closed his eyes briefly and slightly nodded while absorbing the information. He opened them to look Claire in the eye. “Who are they? Aliens!?”

Claire smiled, “Yes! Well, sort of, but they are humans like us, not from another place, but from another time. Not from the future, but from the past.”

She paused and then glanced at her charts. Her focus shifted as she changed the subject. “Oh, good. They’ve added your cannabinoid supplement.”

Oscar screwed up his face and exclaimed frustratedly, “What are you talking about now?”

Claire gestured to his I.V. “Your medication is being fed in through a drip.” Then she pointed to his chest. “Now that disc thingy hanging around your neck is called a Sup-Sub.” She pointed to a similar device she was wearing, still smiling softly as she continued. “It’s just one of the many new advancements since the message.”

Oscar’s confusion was still evident as he stammered. “The... the message, what message?”

Claire leaned back in her chair, her tone now more conversational as she put her feet on the base of his bed as if visiting an old friend.

“Oh, that’s how the Guides from the past initially introduced themselves. They gave us a message like a ‘dummy’s guide to life!’ After that, everything took off. People from all walks seemed to upgrade themselves. Some people invent really cool stuff. We aren’t exactly sure how this Sup-Sub works, but it works amazingly well for you. You must never take it off, not even for a moment. That is why we have it taped on. We think it creates a wireless neural network to your brain like a supplementary subconscious mind, or Sup-Sub for short.”

She put the chart on the floor and sat upright. Her voice softened. “Oscar, we didn’t know it before, but as a species, we are severely cognitively compromised. What

we thought of as progress in intelligence was, in fact, a decline in the mind. Our minds have suffered devastating atrophy.

Like other machines in health care facilities that supplement organs, like the kidneys, heart, lungs, etc., this little disc helps the mind. Humans stopped using the brain's key functions, and it has forgotten how to accomplish them.

We are trying to use technology to supplement them. Not just to replace missing components but to retrain the body so it remembers how to make everything it needs to do what it is supposed to do. It's a process of reminding the brain how to synthesise what it once did, plus we have to prove to it that making this stuff again is a worthwhile project.

The brain is reluctant to find a new level of what is called homeostasis. This means the body is balanced to support life. It needs convincing to let go of its old patterns and rewrite itself, and now we hope technology is advanced enough to help us to do that."

Sensing Oscar's overload, she stopped. "This is a lot to take in. Let's leave it there for now. Tomorrow, I'll make sure you get a copy of the message the world received from the Guides, which is called 'Critical Mass, and we can go through it together. Be happy, Oscky. Everything is much better than it was." She tapped him on the leg as she stood up. "Rest up, my friend. I'll be back."

Oscar's well-rehearsed smile appeared briefly as he gave a little wave, "OK then, I'll see you tomorrow." It broadened as the illuminated hallway revealed her thigh gap, but it quickly vanished. He shrugged his shoulders and raised his hands. "What the fuck did she mean, 'fit in and SURVIVE!?"

Chapter Two

After lunch, Oscar's parents arrived. One of them had been with him almost every day since the incident, their hearts heavy with worry. Russell, his father, was once a civil rights lawyer, but he made a bundle with a shrewd investment in Silicon Valley. He had an air about him, a distinct do-not-mess-with-me vibe that lay beneath the surface of steadiness and joviality, which hid the Wildling within.

His mother, Withenay, used to be a chemistry teacher. She possessed a warmth and liveliness that complemented her sharp mind.

Oscar, their only child, had always been a source of both pride and concern. He was quick-witted and undeniably clever, but he was plagued by cynicism and negativity that seemed at odds with his comfortable upbringing. He enjoyed English and mathematics at school, but the only real praise he received was from the drama teacher.

His surly demeanour and jagged personality kept most people at arm's length lest they got cut. This defence mechanism hid a deep-seated inability to read people's emotions. He could be overwhelmed by experiencing the emotions of others, often more acutely than they did, but he couldn't decipher how they worked or applied to him. Instead of informing him as intended, they debilitated him. He had to determine where everyone was at by examining their facial expressions and actions for clues. This overtaxed his poor little brain, and social engagement exhausted him, so he withdrew, for the most part, within himself.

Russell and Withenay, despite their love for their son, had often felt helpless to change him. They blamed themselves for his suicide attempt, their hearts heavy with their perceived failures as parents. It wasn't their fault; as usual, it was a combination of many things that may have seemed small and insignificant to others but loomed large and foreboding in his mind. He overanalysed everything, and he felt life as a painful experience.

When he was young, he loved working out puzzles and exploring how things worked. However, he found that frustration would implode within him and ride him hard when he couldn't make sense of something. It was an indescribable pain in the brain. His little body would fling around as he ripped his clothes off in tantrums of epic abandon.

As he grew, the wonderment of discovery gave way to the frustration of the pointless nature of life, and sometimes that is all it takes to break a person. Even the hardest diamond can be shattered by a meaningless life.

But today was different. There was a glimmer of hope and a sense of anticipation in their eyes. Withenay gently smiled as she carefully placed a book contained within a white protective plastic box into Oscar's hand. Her eyes were sparkling with optimism, relieved that perhaps things were turning around. "Claire said it was okay to give you this." Her voice filled with hope and caution. She held Oscar's gaze, slightly hesitant.

He took hold of it, but she refused to let go. She said, "Just the first chapter for now; Claire will discuss it with you, then you can read more. Promise?" Her eyes betraying a deep-seated fear that things might still go wrong, that her son might slip away from them again.

Oscar caught the look. In that moment, something shifted within him. The weight of his parents' love and the depth of their concern broke through the walls he had built. He tasted a portion of the pain he had fed them, the worry he had wreaked. A wave of remorse enveloped him. His voice was thick, his eyes brimming with tears. "I promise, Mum." As she let go, he grabbed and squeezed her hand as confirmation, his chin wobbled, and tears fell.

It was a moment of vulnerability, of a connection that his parents had not seen but often longed for. Russell pulled down the front of his shirt as his throat tightened. He looked away to hold his composure.

"I must have left my phone," he mumbled, as he practically fled the room, escaping to the sanctuary of his car, where he finally allowed himself to break down. The tears flowed unabated, releasing the pent-up emotions he had suppressed. As he wept, he felt a sense of relief, a weight lifted from his shoulders that he hadn't realised was so heavy.

He'd poured his heart and soul, every waking thought and sleeping dream, to find a way to save his son, and now he had seemingly been brought back from the brink. Russell allowed himself this release. He had invested everything in the hope that Oscar would find his way back to them, back to himself.

As he witnessed his son's tears and newfound vulnerability, he felt a glimmer of hope, a belief that perhaps, just perhaps, the impossible had now become possible. But how long would it last? He inhaled deeply and steeled himself one more time.

Chapter Three

Oscar didn't open the book while his parents were around. He thought that unwrapping presents in front of the gift-giver was rude, a social nicety he felt it wise to adhere to. He was well aware of his inability to conceal displeasure and disappointment from his face, so he believed it best to open gifts privately, lest he offend anyone; it was safer that way. It was one of the quirks he had developed to fit in better with others. He could feign appreciation and gratitude once he had a bit of time to compose himself. It was the initial reaction he feared most. He knew he was an expert at masking and pretending, but even he had his limits. This little life hack served him well this time.

When he opened the box, he found a well-used second-hand copy of a paperback book called 'Critical Mass'. Not only was it pre-owned, but people had written on it, and there were various signatures inside. Feeling a bit tired and put off by this, he decided to get to it later, which he never did.

The next day, he was keen to see Claire. He worried she might not be pleased that he hadn't completed his homework, but she was an employee, after all, and he knew his dad was the one who paid the bills and called the shots.

Throughout the morning, every time the big door opened, he felt a bit excited and then a tad disappointed when it wasn't Claire. But eventually, it was.

Her voice was warm and cheerful as she walked into the room. "How are you today?"

Oscar smiled broadly. "I'm very good, thanks," he replied, his voice laced with a hint of anticipation. "I'm excited to find out about, well, everything!"

People in general appeared clearer to Oscar. Their eyes and skin seemed more radiant, giving off a glow. He remembered he was on medication and initially attributed it to that, but he wasn't so sure anymore. He studied Claire's face as she spoke, discovering he could slow down time to appreciate her more. By relaxing his eyes instead of focusing them, it felt as if he could sense her face without physically touching it, bringing about a new sensation and perspective.

Russell and Withenay were both clever folks. They took a long time to settle on Claire. Oscar had been her client for many years. She was part of a small recovery team, trained and ready for deployment. Her appearance played a role in her selection. When he was younger, despite having no genuine interest, he once studied French. He was a good student simply because he fancied the French teacher. Claire's appearance and free-flowing personality shared more than a passing similarity to her.

He had always fallen fast and deep for the right kind of girl, and his likely attraction to Claire would hopefully keep him focused and engaged. Now face to face

with her, Oscar was no longer as sure of himself and felt a bit nervous as he made his confession. “I didn’t read the chapter.”

Claire smiled as she waved away his concern. “Oh, that’s fine, whenever you feel ready.”

Oscar shifted in his seat and let out a slight sigh. “I had an emotional time with Mum and was a bit tired anyway.”

Claire’s voice was soothing and upbeat. “It’s totally okay. You have a copy now, so whenever you want to read it, you can,” she stated matter-of-factly.

Oscar held up the book for Claire to see. His voice was laced with a mix of amusement and mild disdain. “Look at the old copy they gave me. It’s like they forgot to get one and found this at a bus stop or something.”

Claire’s eyes widened in surprise as she looked at the book. Gently, she took it from him. “Show me,” her fingers running along the spine. She read the names on the inside cover. “Do you know who any of the people who have signed this book are?”

Oscar’s head tilted slightly as he looked at Claire. “No, just previous owners, I suppose. Looks like it's got a lot of mileage.”

Claire placed one hand on top of the book. “You don’t know what this is.” Her voice was filled with a sense of reverence. “This has been through the hands of some very esteemed people. Each person has added more than just their signature; they’ve added their energy, their connection to it. It becomes like a circuit. I know you won’t understand this completely yet, but it is special, and I imagine very expensive. Keep it in your box when you are not reading it.”

When we get to it, I will explain an incredible experience called ‘The Waking Dream State’ and a process within it called emotional respiration. This is an inward, personal experience often conducted in privacy, but it creates a circuit when shared with others doing the same thing.

Her tone grew more excited. “It’s like the sea breeze that cools you on a scorching afternoon, which is also a type of circuit.

The sun heats the land more than the water, causing the air above the land to heat up and rise, which creates a vacuum. The cooler air over the water rushes in to fill this vacuum, resulting in the refreshing coastal breeze that many people enjoy.

A circuit connects elements in a loop, flowing into each other to find equilibrium. If you connect two car batteries, one at 12 volts and the other at 13 volts, they will balance out at 12.5 volts each if left connected. If you connect ten charged batteries and one flat one, the ten will all drop equally until the flat one matches their voltage.

Oscar lit up with recognition, an enthusiastic nod confirming his understanding. “Yeah, I get that,” he chimed in. “I know a bit about electronics.” He was happy to finally have some idea of what she was talking about.

Claire nodded. “Good! Do you understand about energetic fields?”

Oscar furrowed his brow, a hint of confusion crossing his face as he admitted hesitantly, “No, not a lot.”

Claire felt a wave of giddiness, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. “Oh, it’s so exciting. I look forward to going through that with you.”

Oscar, with a hint of scepticism in his tone, asked, “What relevance could that have?”

Claire smiled, “Oscar, everything is relevant, related, and interwoven into a beautiful tapestry of life. It’s all about learning the fundamental forces and processes that enable it. Once you do, you can understand everything because they all repeat, the same processes over and over, throughout all of life, tiny and humongous.”

Claire gestured toward the book. “When you explore circuits and the energy of people like these, you’ll see they could help enormously. But they probably wouldn’t come here, so your Dad did the next best thing. They’ve all created this book as a circuit by adding their individual energy to it.”

Oscar's expression soured, his voice edged with indignation, “Why can’t they just come here personally?”

Claire’s calm voice permeated her explanation: “They go where they want to go and do what they want to do.”

A note of disapproval and a hint of sarcasm coloured Oscar’s tone, an unfortunate reminder of his old self coming through. “Yeah, but Dad could pay them well.”

Claire laughed heartily. “Most of these people are successful authors; they could buy your dad’s wealth many times over. They’re not impressed by that,” she said, her tone seemingly filled with good humour while ensuring she took the opportunity to give Oscar a reality check.

“Look,” she continued, “we weren’t going to talk about this yet, but it’s good to be fluid as things arise naturally. Basically, there’s a huge misconception about how electricity works. Did you know it doesn’t just run in wires like most people thought?”

She was about to show him videos on her tablet, but the room was shielded and had no internet connectivity. “I’ll get you some old videos available before your incident. We want to keep you mentally in that time period while we acclimate you.” She told him she would download the videos and leave them with him later.

She jotted down the titles for him: "Circuit Energy Doesn't Flow the Way You Think" by Science Asylum and "The Big Misconception About Energy" by Veritasium.

Her voice was now more akin to an excited friend. "In one video, the presenter sets up a hypothetical situation and then poses a question: If you had a car battery and ran one wire from the positive to one side of a light globe and then ran a second wire from the negative side of that battery to the other side of the light bulb, it will turn it on.

But if he installed a switch in the wire and extended it to 150,000 km and back, roughly halfway to the moon, how long would it take for the light to turn on once the switch was flicked?

Now, Oscar, this distance isn't arbitrary. Three hundred thousand kilometres is the distance light can travel in one second. So, if electricity travels at the speed of light, it'll take one second for the light to switch on, but it doesn't. The light switches on almost immediately.

She paused briefly, nodding to let her words sink in, then added, "One of the guys later did a scaled-down experiment and validated this!"

Oscar looked perplexed and shook his head. "How could electricity travel faster than the speed of light? It's supposed to be the fastest speed there is."

Claire said, "It doesn't! The power that fuels the light to switch on comes from the electric field created by the circuit. The circuit creates a field that runs through the wires and around them. It spans between the battery and the globe and allows for an allocation of energy. The globe wants energy. The battery has it, and the field supplies it to the globe and then draws what it lost out of the battery to replenish itself. It can switch the light on straight away," she smiled as she highlighted the parallel.

At the moment, this is just another book to you because you haven't connected to the circuit yet. However, it will assist you enormously when you develop yourself to be able to. You will be able to draw in energy from the field these contributors have allocated for you; this will create a vacuum, which they will fill with their own energy.

It isn't magic or quite as good as having these people nearby, but it's still amazing. These types of books are in high demand because they serve as portals for this energy flow."

Her tone softened. "We want to take your recovery at a pace that you are comfortable with. We will let you guide that. I am available 24/7. We can be fluid and flexible. When you need me, I will try to be here for you."

Oscar's voice cracked slightly with emotion, his eyes beginning to well up as a wave of gratitude washed over him. "Thanks. It's good to know. I think I am ready, I want to talk about how what I did affected Mum and Dad and why I did what I did."

Claire raised her hand for him to stop. “Whoa up there, Osky, just before you share anything emotional with me, let’s take a second. Let’s quieten ourselves for a moment,” she said, taking his hand and closing her eyes. “Let’s breathe.”

She spoke softly yet firmly after a few minutes of quiet, mindful breathing. “Oscar, please shut up. I have no desire to hear about your emotional baggage. There isn’t enough money in the world to make me sit here and listen to your problems.”

His jaw dropped and his eyes widened as he stared at Claire in disbelief. “But you’re my fucking therapist?!” he retorted. He hung his head in defeat, confusion and hurt.

Claire smiled. “Yeah, but not like you think. We’ve come a long way, Oscar. I’m not here to help you deal with that, not to help you face it, understand it, change it, or heal it. I can’t. You do it all by yourself or not at all. I am here to show you how to do it, that’s it. Whether you do it or not is up to you.

If you’re determined to make it work, it will work; if you’re lazy, it won’t. It’s a new, exciting world, and you must become a new and excited person to fit into it. You can take a big first step towards that right now and shut up. I don’t want to hear it. No one does.

Oscar’s frustration was evident; he responded indignantly. “But if I bottle it up, it will be worse. For years, everyone has been trying to get me to open up, and now that I am ready, no one wants to hear me?”

Claire remained calm and measured as she explained. “That’s right. You’ll find people who still practice the old way of dealing with emotional issues, and you’re right. Before the message, we encouraged people to speak about things. As you said, this was better than bottling it up, but that’s not what we are talking about. Now it is all about processing it, refining it, and empowering it.

We thought emotional baggage was rubbish to toss out. The Guides showed us that it’s pay dirt containing heaps of gold; they just taught us how to build internal processing plants to extract it. Like many people, you have enough dirt to make you emotionally rich and powerful, but you have to work it. Daddy can’t rent someone to do this for you. It requires effort in ways you never expected, but once you learn this, it becomes much easier and more enjoyable than you could ever imagine. If you knew how amazing the processing is, you would be excited about having so much rubbish to recycle and reuse to make your life incredible.

Oscar had lunch and a nap after Claire had left. He felt comforted by her being on hand as a lifeline. She downloaded the videos and left them with him but asked him not to watch them straight away, saying it was best to let that information sink in. If anything, he should focus on something completely different and let his mind wander wherever it wanted.

He opened the book containing the Guides' message and closed his eyes for a few seconds to prepare himself to read. He opened the cover and found his way to chapter one. His eyes were fixed on that title and would not proceed. A foreboding struck him as if from the outside. 'If you read this, you can never go back; you can never unread it.' He closed the cover and held it tightly shut. There was a rebellion within him, a screaming to stay innocent.

He thought of his life before; he felt the anguish anew. He looked at the door and remembered everyone who cared for him wanted him to surrender to its message. "Ah fuck it!" He said as he opened Critical Mass and began to read.

Chapter Four

Critical Mass:

Verse one

The news is good, very good.

The brightly coloured giraffes, hippos, and balloons that adorn the walls, denoting this a happy space, are a well-meaning deception. The rhythmic soundtrack of pings and beeps and the flashing lights that illuminate a transparent box are instrumentation rather than celebration. The decorations are a ploy designed to distract from the fear, desperation, and misery that hung thick in the air.

The smallest human you could imagine, capable of life, lies almost motionless within the box, shielded from the source of the woe, the heartbroken parents who stand there wondering; if this is the size of the body, how tiny must the struggling heart actually be? The love of a parent for a lazy teenager sitting all day snacking and scrolling on the couch is no greater than the love of these parents toward their beautiful baby. They don't just love the body; they love the person, the soul. It exists around the body and permeates through it. It is a person's personal universe. It can expand, develop, and grow in complexity and ability. It is born preloaded with a complement of planets.

These complementary planets were donated by the parents, by nature, and by life. They enable a person to be a person. The baby's personality and patterns are initially made up of its ancestors' DNA. Along with the millions of small planets that a person is born with. There are three foundation planets that enable a human to live in the physical world. They will be in control until the conscious mind is strong enough to transitionally take it from them.

The first is given by nature, and it is called The Protector Planet. Along with its many other functions, it provides all of the parameters that all humans share in common. It determines the height range within which a human can grow and at what rate. It determines how many legs, arms, and hearts a human should have. It will tell the developing foetus that it will have two eyes. It is the inherited DNA that will tell it what shape and colour they will be, even if the eyesight will be strong or weak. This inherited DNA is a part of the second Foundation Planet, which is called the Family Planet, which is donated by the ancestral inheritance.

The Protector Planet will determine that a human should be covered in skin instead of scales, fur, or feathers, and the Family Planet's DNA will inform it what colour and how hairy it will be. The Protector Planet will inform the human of its species' common behaviour traits, that it should fight or run in dangerous situations, and the Family Planet will help inform it which one to do in each situation.

There is another big foundation planet that sits alongside these two, but it is empty for now. This is the Acquired Planet. It will be where the person can store and access all of their own experiences. If baby lives, this personal universe will be able to grow as big and become every bit as powerful, beautiful, and amazing as he desires it to be. This is what the parents love, the person who lives through the failing body. This is the potential loss that they have been grieving.

All the tech that monitored the body were looking for signs of improvement, searching for indicators of the one essential catalyst for life, a desire to live, fight, tenacity. This is what got baby to be baby in the first place: a race won against hundreds of millions of competing sperm, a proving of determination, focus, and intention. This is what got it to conception, through gestation, and now it is called upon again and will repeatedly be, forevermore.

Now, however, the news is good, not merely hopeful or promising, but good. The box is being removed, and the love can flow unabated. This is when the real healing can take place.

We dictate this writing as Messengers. We are not God. We are what some would call Guides, Angels, Overseers, Demigods, or some such. We are the parents of the humans of this world. We have been standing by the box. We have been heartbroken while you have been lying in it, fighting desperately for life. This message can only be given now, as the news is good, very good, and this revelation is us removing the isolation chamber, reopening proper connection and communication.

The first thing that we want to say is that you are loved more than you could ever possibly imagine. As a species, you have shown the proof of a desire to live that was necessary. The cone of silence is now being raised. The blinding lights that obscured your vision are being turned off. The noisy mechanisms of calculation and comparisons are being muted, and you will know us properly for the first time. We cannot say sorry for the box, as it was necessary to save your life. You had to be metaphorically interred in the darkness so that you could prove a desire for the light. Now that you have proven the desire to live the way humans are supposed to live, you can be unshackled from the uncertainty, the pointlessness, and the banality of the aberrant life that humans are being forced to live. You will now be able to fly freely in purpose, contentment, and celebration.

This is the life you are meant to be living, and this is the life we will show you how to live.

Chapter Five

“I read the chapter,” Oscar announced as Claire entered the room. He waved the book high.

Claire’s voice was high-pitched with excitement. “Great! What did you think?”

“It was fucking amazing. I expected an alien sort of instructional tone, but it really touched me. It reminded me a bit of my own situation.”

Claire’s eyes widened with surprise, a small gasp. “Oh my gosh, I never made that connection, good call Osky.”

He felt a growing sense of connection with Claire. “Yeah, it is nice. It really touched me, but I don’t want to talk about that, knowing how you feel about sharing emotions.”

Claire patted his arm as she settled into her spot beside him. “I love emotions, Oscar. Please give me all the positive emotions you’ve got; I’ll embrace them, hug them, love them with gratitude,” her voice softened into almost a whisper. “But I’m not here for the whining, complaining, or emotional trauma, especially not from you. Why? Because I like you.”

Oscar winced while trying to grasp her sentiment.

Claire continued. “If I didn’t like you, I’d enable your self-sabotage by giving attention to your negativity and validating that behaviour. If I hated you, I’d offer pity, sympathy, to lock you into your struggle.

If I despised you, I wouldn’t just listen; I’d encourage you to keep going down that path, offer some advice, and give you something to ponder, further compounding your problem.

But I do like you, Oscar, so I won’t reinforce you vocalising and then re-experiencing your pain.” She smiled and she squeezed his arm affectionately. “So, you’ve read the first chapter! Well done!

You’re probably wondering what else there is to discuss, since it all seems self-explanatory. I want to show you how the world has responded and what has been implemented since then. However, we need to be cautious about information overload. We won’t go through it chapter by chapter; let it sink in as you go, and we can chat about whatever comes up naturally.”

Oscar’s head nodded slowly, his interest piqued as he listened to her explanations.

Claire was pleasant and fun, but she could switch into teacher mode when necessary. As she did, Oscar realised she wanted him to pick up on what she was laying down, so he increased his nodding frequency. “We’ve learnt the importance of allowing

certain areas of the brain to rest. To achieve this, we need to give your brain something engaging to do that will use different processes than the ones that have been taxed. We need to make sure no element is ever overworked. It's all about cooperation, listening to your body and brain so they get the rest they need. I'm having a gaming console brought in today with games you used to enjoy. This time, you won't get in to trouble for it; your parents now understand that you were doing your best to cope with overwhelming emotions when you were a teenager.

Oscar lit up with excitement. "Cool!" he replied, his enthusiasm palpable. "I can't wait to try the new systems and games."

Claire's tone had a note of apology. "For now, we'll have to stick with the ones you're familiar with and your old gaming system, I'm afraid."

Oscar's smile showed a sense of resignation washing over him. "Okay, whatever," he replied, his voice slightly frustrated.

Just then, the big door he had often gazed at, wishing it would open, swung wide. Not now, he thought, not when Claire is here. A nurse entered.

The nurse's tone was polite as she came in. "Hi, I don't want to interrupt; I just need to check on something."

Claire's back stiffened; she sat taller in her chair. She seemed a bit flustered as she adjusted her hair, she replied with a smile. "Hi! I'm Claire, and this is Oscar. You must be new here."

The nurse chuckled as she casually walked over to Oscar's bed. She spoke with a smooth, natural tone. "Oh, it's my first time on this side of the complex. I'm Ansho."

Neither Claire nor Oscar could take their eyes off of her until she finally disappeared back behind the closing door.

Claire's excitement bubbled over. Her eyes were wide as she turned to Oscar, her voice brimming with a mixture of surprise and admiration. "Oh my god, Oscar!" she exclaimed, "She's gorgeous!"

Oscar thought the same, but he was surprised by Claire's open and enthusiastic reaction. Ansho had a similar build to Claire but seemed edgy, like someone who had seen, heard, and felt more than the average person. She was alive; she beamed it, and she announced it in the confident glide in her step, the intensity in her eyes, and the energetic solidity that surrounded her, which had temporarily engulfed them.

Oscar was playful as he teased Claire. Feeling a tinge of disappointment but excited as well, he said with a slight smirk, "I didn't know that you are into women."

Claire's eyes sparkled with amusement, her voice light and playful. "Oh, I am, Oscar, let me tell you, I am really into Ansho!" She laughed. "But don't get me wrong, I like men too if the chemistry and situation are right and the stars are aligned, so to speak."

Oscar smirked. "What about our situation, how are the stars looking?" he asked, testing the boundaries.

Claire stood and leaned close to Oscar's ear; he could feel the heat of her breath upon his skin. "Oh, Oscar!" she breathed into him. "I'm here in a professional capacity, managing a very important situation, and your care is my responsibility. I take that seriously!"

Can you imagine if I acted on my impulses when Ansho was here? I mean, wow, she stirred something deep, deep down within me. Maybe you can sense it, can you smell my excitement, Oscky? When she leaned over to reach the cupboard, it felt like she lingered a little longer than was necessary against me. I could almost reach inside her; I felt her spirit swirl within me. What if I caressed her and she liked it? Right here, in front of you. Imagine that? If that continued, oh, Oscar, how inappropriate would that be?"

He felt her words penetrate his ear and defences. Her lips were mere millimetres away. The slightest miscalculation, and inappropriate contact would occur. She moaned quietly and continued, "What if we kissed and explored each other's bodies right here at your bedside?"

Oscar's heart raced, pumping blood to the extremities, engorging him for action, a flush creeping up his cheeks.

Claire continued, "The willpower I'd need to muster, just to try to stop myself, I'd be swamped in an avalanche of desire. Imagine if I could have found a way to say, 'stop!' It isn't fair to Oscar. What if I tried to pull away, but Ansho was too invested, too abandoned in her lust to have me and refused my escape? What if she told me that she had a solution as she dragged me onto you?"

What if you started kissing me, exploring every pore of my body while she took you in her mouth? Imagine that!" She said as the heat of her breath caused a tingle that electrified his skin, then surged throughout his body.

He stammered, his voice slightly shaky, "So, you're saying I should imagine it?"

Claire pulled back ever so slightly as her eyes held his, her voice hushed with yearning. "Yes, Oscar. Please close your eyes and picture it. Just let it unfold naturally; don't manufacture it. Visualising it is about feeling it in your body, don't control it, allow it to take you for a trip. Be the passenger."

He closed his eyes, surrendering to Claire's flammable words. He had a vision in which he saw Ansho beside him; he felt Claire lean in closer. She removed his sheet and caressed him. Every sensation electrified his body; a cascade of lava seared his soul. Ansho sat on his face while Claire sat on his manhood. They kissed each other. His eyes opened, but in the real world, Claire was sitting there next to him, fully dressed with her eyes closed.

Oscar closed his eyes again and immediately returned to the vision of Claire and Ansho, who were now standing on either side of him, giving him their full attention. It felt as if their spirits surged through his veins, a physical sensation he had never before experienced. Even though the vision was sexual in nature, he didn't feel lust, but rather love and nurturing.

Waves of delight and bliss danced around him and surged through him, culminating in a powerful intensity that boiled beneath the surface, bursting forth like a tidal wave. The energy exploded from his penis, forming silver clouds of ecstasy that momentarily hovered above him before transforming into gold and descending back into him, infusing his body with its glow.

He felt incredible, joyful, and peaceful; a deep satisfaction enveloped him as euphoria surged through his flesh in waves, again and again. As this subsided, he drifted into a profound relaxation, allowing himself to marinate in the moment.

Oscar's voice was scarcely above a whisper, filled with awe and confusion. "What the fuck was that?" he finally murmured as the effect began to fade.

Claire was still seated beside him, just as immobile and lost in the moment as he was. Her voice was soft and gentle as she slowly opened her eyes, her smile radiating. "Welcome to the WDS. It's called the Waking Dream State. And what I just used to help you find it is a technique called intentional musing."

Oscar was bewildered as he tried to comprehend the experience. "It felt like a dream, but more real. I mean, fucken hell, that was, it was.....wow, what was it!"

Claire giggled with a sense of playfulness. They fell into a comfortable silence until Oscar drifted off to sleep. When he awoke, Claire was gone. He marvelled at the intensity of what had just happened and how incredible he felt. A note was left on the bedside table.

Rest up, I will explain this when I get back. You think it is good now??? Wait until you find out what it does!!! I told you the world is a better place!!! Hahaha :) Claire.

Chapter Six

Oscar's afternoon was filled with games; when his mum and dad visited, there was always fun and laughter. They were like a regular Mr. and Mrs. Upbeat Show. He didn't mention anything about his morning escapades, and they played video games, chatted about everyday events as if the revolution hadn't happened. They left, and he continued playing before going to bed early. He woke to the hum of the fluorescent lights and a deep sense of peace that nestled him like a blanket. The events of the previous day and the intensity of the Waking Dream State experience felt surreal. Oscar glanced at his chest and ran circles around the Sup-Sub disc.

Claire's voice was bright and cheerful as she entered the room with a steaming mug. "Good morning, sleepyhead," she said. "I brought you some herbal tea." She handed it to him and settled into the chair, her smile widening, her eyebrows raised. "I want to talk about your Waking Dream State experience yesterday. It was a powerful one, wasn't it?"

Oscar sat bolt upright and replied in a shouting whisper, as if it was a secret and he shouldn't really be talking about it. "Oh My God! It felt... complete, huge, like a floodgate had broken and all this murky, green shit just flowed out of me, then it transformed into something beautiful and then soaked back in. Now I feel so clean, so alive!"

Claire spoke, matching his excitement. "Exactly. The WDS is a state where the conscious and subconscious minds can interact more freely. It allows for a proper processing of emotions. Yesterday's session was just the start. It isn't real, it is NOT manifestation, it was a way to get vital energy flow, which is exactly what you need.

Critical Mass revealed the fundamental flaws in our societal structures, not to mention our lack of understanding of ourselves and our relationship with nature. It highlighted the cognitive compromises we've endured for thousands of years and the ways in which our minds have been subtly manipulated and controlled." Her tone became more passionate, her gaze intense as she spoke. "The Guides not only gave us the diagnosis but also the cure. They revealed principles of emotional respiration, a part of which is the WDS process you experienced yesterday. This is how you can heal your past. Isn't it great?"

Claire shared how the conscious and subconscious minds worked in harmony with the body's natural systems, aiding in emotional regulation, enhancing cognitive function, and promoting overall well-being. It was all about releasing the burdens from the conscious mind, allowing it to function as it should. She began to paint a picture for him of the outside world, including advancements in society, all of which were reshaped by the principles revealed by the Guides.

As she described the changes, her gaze wandered into the distance. "The world is very different now. There's less anxiety, less competition, more cooperation. People are connected, compassionate and focused on personal growth and the collective well-being."

Her expression became animated as she described the new educational systems, which emphasised emotional intelligence and spiritual development alongside traditional academics. She spoke about advancements in sustainable energy and the global shift towards a more equitable and just society. "It's not Utopia, but a world moving towards a better future, where people can become who they want to be and leave behind who they were born to be."

Oscar listened intently, “So, what happens now?” he asked.

Claire flashed a cheeky grin. “Now we begin your journey of integration. We’ll explore the rest of Critical Mass and gradually introduce you to the new world. Are you ready?”

Claire left him his tea and encouraged him to read more whenever he felt like it. She advised him not to stress over tackling it chapter by chapter. He was coping very well and could now set his own pace.

Oscar played a video game for a bit, but it wasn’t as enjoyable as he recalled. It seemed his perspective had shifted even more than he realised. He turned it off and sat in silence for a few minutes.

A sense of wonder washed over him, his smile widened, and his eyes filled with tears. He felt incredible; a new type of peace wrapped around him; his skin felt hypersensitive. Every brief touch, even his own hand against his arm, sent intense, sensuous sensations coursing throughout his entire body.

He pulled out Critical Mass and found a series of short verses next. He intended to read just one, but they captivated his soul and blew his mind. He devoured eight with delight.

Chapter Seven

Critical Mass

Verse Two

We called, you answered. We're back. Let's get into it.

The world that you live in is not the way that it should be. The society that you live in is completely aberrant, skewed, and corrupted, and you are right not to fit into it. Humans are not supposed to be living the way that they are currently forced to. The violence, the hurt, the mental pressure, the loneliness, the disconnection from other people, Mother Nature, and self. I have witnessed a mother hang herself by the neck in one room while her children watched TV in the next. Prescription medication, anxiety, substance abuse, murder, rape, thieving, greed, and other antisocial behaviour plague the realm of the sorrowful human.

Every person, no matter what personality type, are all squashed through the same cookie cutter. It doesn't work. They do not come out as fresh cookies, just mangled, deformed versions of what they once were. You are not supposed to live like this. No one is. Bravely, you have done the very best that you could in such a horrific situation. You still have much to be grateful for, but also much to heal.

We see it all, feel it all, and have grieved for it all, and now that the gloves are off, we want to work with you to change it all. You heard our call, and you answered it, even though you never really understood why. While at times this seemed to make life so much harder for you, it also made it seem more worthwhile and meaningful. Now is the time when we can finally explain why and what it all means for your life. Now is the time for us to answer the important questions that, up until now, seemed unanswerable.

We know you. This is a general message, but if you are reading this, it is highly likely because we have led you to it. We know who every person is, but we have a particular interest in those whom we will show this message to. We know you because we have walked with you. We have witnessed your life desires as demonstrated in the decisions that you have made, heard in the words that you have spoken, and seen in the way that you have lived your life. To us, you are precious. We want to look after you, nurture you, empower you, and then set you free to wreak global renovation, for you are the Provers of the desire for truth, elevation, and the essence of God.

Verse Three

Desire, desire, desire

I hope you're sitting down, comfortable and relaxed, as I've got lots of wonderful news to share with you. I will need to fill you in on a lot of the mechanics of life so that you can grasp just how wonderful this news is, but as you allow our message to sink in, life will make sense to you, because it is supposed to make sense to you. This is why you have sense, so you can gauge the veracity of things.

Okay, who wants to know how the world exists and why? Why are humans here? Why are you alive? Is there a purpose to it all? What happens when you die, and how to live this life to fulfil your destiny, while preparing you for the next life as well? I'm going to answer all of these questions. You should know, however, that this has nothing to do with a religion or established spiritual belief system. Our message is for all people of all faiths. What we want to share with you about life is all seen, understood, and confirmed by biology, which your scientists are doing a great job at working out.

Normally, scientists explore how it works, and religious folk explore why. The foundation of both is desire. This is the emotional fuel that enables life to exist. Why does life exist? We will show you that desire is the answer to this question as well.

Once you get your head around the fact that the tiniest functions and processes of the world work in exactly the same way as the big functions in the universe, you've got the foundation of truth. If a process, formula, or mechanism is reliable to run small things, then it is good enough to run big things, like if you open an old watch and see a tiny little bolt and nut, then you drive across a huge bridge and see a great big bolt and nut, it is the same technology, just scaled up.

Microscopic organisms within your body and the vast, unmeasurable universe all run on the same principles. They all function in the same way, and they all teach us about each other.

Verse Four

Energy and Spirituality

Everything that exists is a form of energy. Everything that you can and can't see or interact with are forms of energy that affect every area of life, whether you realise it or not. The physical reality of mass is simply a perception of energy that humans are programmed to engage with on a physical level and detect with their physical senses. One of your best-known scientists, a man named Albert Einstein, explained the relationship between energy and mass as $E=mc^2$.

In essence, everything is a form of energy, and everything requires energy to fuel movement and function. Even a simple thought is a form of energy that requires energy to formulate, develop, and express. Along with the rest of your body, your little finger is also a form of energy, and it requires energy to fuel its movement. A car is a structure that is a form of energy, and it requires the energy of fuel to make it move, fulfil its purpose. Energy both pushes and pulls. Energy transforms from one kind to another, and when this energy conversion is understood, it not only explains the reason for everything, including human life as a whole, but it will reveal the purpose of your life in a clear, understandable way. This is great because then you can fulfil it, which will lead you to be contented and happy. Life is symbiotic. When you fulfil your role, you are greatly rewarded.

All of the energy that you cannot detect with your physical senses operates by the same principles as the seen world. The unseen world isn't esoteric or spooky, just energy humans can't detect with the limited range of their physical senses. Humans once thought many mental health issues, physical ailments, and deaths were at the hands of demons, ghosts, and other worldly creatures until science with technology said, "Hey, look, it was just a germ, bacteria, a virus, a chemical imbalance," nothing devilish or evil. They just couldn't detect them with their array of physical senses and let their imaginations run away. Just because things were too small to see with the naked eye or too big to comprehend with a limited mind, they were considered spiritual in essence.

And this is all that spirituality is, just biology that humans can't detect. Once it was anything out of the range of the human body's natural senses, and now it is anything outside the range of technology. Your ancestors were not dumb. They were simply drawing the best conclusions that they could, using the one-coloured crayon that they had available to them at the time. Unfortunately, there is no technological breakthrough on the horizon to enable a human to see the true power on earth, and what sits at the heart of all mysteries, emotional reactions. Reactions are the foundation of life, both chemical and emotional.

Verse Five

What the world is, who we are, and what we can do for you.

We are Guides and Overseers. I am a guide, but please just call me Zeetoc, as this is my name. I am from your planet, but not from the life cycle that you are in. I am from the people who inhabited the planet before you guys. When we finished our evolutionary life cycle, we recreated, redesigned ourselves and the world to function better than it did. We took a snapshot of all the improvements, which we bundled up into energetic seeds and planted a new garden with, i.e., your life cycle. This provides the evolutionary path that your world should follow. If and when your cycle is successful at completing your evolution, you will improve it further and snapshot it, just like we did. Like us, you will then go on to duplicate your recreated world, and you will be the creators, Overseers, and Guides.

I'm the first up to give this long-awaited message to humanity. I wish we could have communicated like this earlier, but it was not possible. You guys have already discovered much about the physical aspects of reality, and I am not writing this just to tell humans what you already know, nor can I travel too far ahead of what you guys have already worked out. We will attempt to stick to what you can verify with your current scientific abilities. We are not writing this to deprive you of the fundamentals of life, like the joy of exploration, experimentation, and discovery. We want to guide you into and through these things as shared experiences, so I will only tell you some of the connective elements that you don't know, which will help you tie together what you do, and leave you with a nice, rounded picture of life, what it is, what part the world plays in it, and what part humans play in the world.

It is all just so exciting. Once you understand life in general and your life in particular, not only will it all make sense, but you will see and approach everything in a new way, with a new understanding, vitality, enthusiasm, and confidence.

Verse Six

Duplication, procreation, and reward for effort.

We are duplicating ourselves, as this is what all successful cells do. The life cycle that you are in is our potential duplication. This is how we, as Guides and Overseers, have children, not physical children, as we could already do that, but eternal children. These are the children that are matched to their parents by the effort that they put in during their lives to develop and fulfil their purpose. This type of effort is called noble effort.

Throughout my life, I have made a certain amount of noble effort. This is calculated by the amount of energy generated by formulating desires, and the amount of effort expended to process and refine those desires to the highest value and then manifesting them into physical reality. This is one of the core reasons life exists, as manifestations will generate ongoing grateful, celebratory energy.

As a guide, I could have a child from your life cycle that lived the same sort of life that I did, made similar decisions, prioritised the same things, and took the same opportunities, developed the same types of passions, and put in the same amount of effort; a child who truly takes after me, a child who sought to elevate himself with the same intensity that I demonstrated, a child that I will continue to guide through their lives, just as my eternal parents guided, guide, and will continue to guide me forever more.

The world that you are in is our womb. It is the second womb. The first womb, the mother's womb, is where you developed your physical body. This world is the second womb in which you develop your powerful emotional self, what some would call their spiritual body or soul.

Verse Seven

Push-pull, fast-slow, win-lose

The personal universe that surrounds a human body is an energy field. It has all sorts of emotional planets and stars. A desire or a fear planet can become a star of energy that lives within your universe. Each planet or star has a gravitational field that attracts similar/relevant fragments of energy from space to itself, and they grow as they filter out space this way. When these planets have been processed, they also repulse incompatible energy fragments away from them and mark them as waste to be disposed of. When a person develops a desire, it gets bigger and its gravitational pull increases. The bigger the desire becomes, the more successfully it grows.

For the first half of its life, it is a planet, it will need to be fed with the energy delivered via the attention of the conscious mind. One of the fundamental truths that will help you make sense of your life and tie everything together is this: whatever the conscious mind is focused on, whether that be in the mind or the physical world, it is flowing energy to. This energetically excites the small planet, and it attracts similar energy fragments from space to itself like electromagnetism. Once the desire planet reaches maturity, it can take care of itself and grow without assistance. It can then attract similar energy by gravitational pull, as it is now dense enough to do so.

This parental attention until maturity is a process that repeats itself throughout life, big and small. It is referred to as tipping point. It means something has grown to a point and set a consistent course to a place where inertia takes over. It has enough energy to maintain itself, this is also called critical mass.

Desire is the foundation of life. Everything desires to live and fulfil its purpose. Every action taken is pulled by desire or pushed by fear. Fear is simply a desire for something not to happen. If someone fears cancer, then they desire not to ever get cancer, they desire not to be immobilised, hospitalised, traumatised. This fear will push them to alter their diet and living situations, attitudes and habits.

If someone fears violence, then they desire to remain injury-free. That fear will influence them to remove themselves from potentially violent situations. It is all about desire. If a living thing truly loses its desire to live, then it will die. If something truly desires to live, it will be able to accomplish great things to do so. Like a plant forcing its way through concrete to find the light. Desire and fear, heads and tails, positive and negative. They are opposites, the flip side to each other, but they are the same coin.

Positive desire-spectrum energy always draws things to itself. It is pull energy. It is thick, it flows slowly and smoothly, it negotiates around obstacles, it is sensuous and inviting. It is experienced by a human as love, peace, contentment, warmth, belonging, inviting, joy, happiness, purposeful, passionate and solid.

Negative desire-spectrum energy is thin. It does not negotiate obstacles but seeks to flatten them. It is sharp and jagged. Its motion is hectic, and its direction is straight. It is push energy. Where desire-spectrum energy flows smoothly, this energy tumbles turbulently forward. Where desire-spectrum energy grows peace, slowness, and illumination. Fear-spectrum energy grows darker and deeper, and more chaotic. Positive desire-spectrum energy builds, and negative desire-spectrum energy destroys. It is emotionally experienced as hate, loathing, panic, nastiness, violence, sadness, hurt, bitterness, self-pity, worry, indignation, entitlement, complaining and the fear of things both real and imagined.

It might sound like I'm inferring that desire is good and fear is bad. But I'm not! They are both wonderful elements, as when fear is processed properly, it becomes the filter layer protecting the planet of desire. It acts by repelling the unwanted, incompatible energy fragments away. Without its protection, the desire planet would never become a mature and self-sustaining star. When working together, they are the left and the right hand of life. One attracts desirable things to a person, and the other repels undesirable things away from them.

When fear is processed properly, it works symbiotically with desire as a type of emotional immunity system. Unfortunately, when it isn't processed, it attacks the desire planet instead of defending it. It sets itself up in opposition and seeks to manifest the fear. Instead of capturing and eliminating a fear fragment, it feeds on it by adding it to itself, and it grows. It wants to fulfil its purpose and manifest itself in a person's physical life. It does this by trying to get the attention of the conscious mind onto the thing feared by bringing it into life anyway it can and as often as it can. This also energises it, and it catches more fragmented energy.

When emotional energy is first released, it has a temporary designation as a fear or desire energy. This is called an Assumed Emotion. During processing, the conscious mind will give it a permanent designation and a job to do, but until then, it will seek to fulfil its temporarily assigned purpose and grow as it is; it will happily sabotage a person's life to do that.

We will show you how to process desires and fears and get them working together as they should, to give you the life that you want. This is the essence of our message. To help you use desires and fears as the left and right knock out punches, that they are designed to be.

A cursed life is where all of the persons fears are attracted to them and their desires are repelled away from them.

A blessed life is where a person's desires are manifested in their lives, and their fears are repelled away from them.

It is the difference between living the joyous "Life of Reily" or living under the tyranny of "Murphy's Law". Whether this denial of desire and the manifestation of

fears is throughout all of life or just in certain areas, the solution is the same and we will guide you into the mastery of it.

Verse Eight

Oops and ATP

Every aspect of life desires to be used to fulfil its potential, its reason for being, its created/specified/intended purpose. The tiniest particle of reality has the intelligence to be driven by this fundamental desire. Love wants to build, and hate wants to destroy. Both want to fulfil their intended purpose.

Humans of your cycle made an innocent and unintended mistake a long time ago, which resulted in people losing their ability to process desire and fear energy properly. This is what caused these aberrant fear planets to form and multiply in people's universes/minds. We feel so deeply for you, we never knew such horrific circumstances to live under could even exist.

Our cycle never deviated from its evolutionary path. It was a very different place. In fact, your poor old world has suffered so much degradation that resulted from this seemingly harmless pursuit, that it has recently been deeply assessed. To help you understand this massive assessment, we will look at how it functions on the small scale.

Every cell in the human body is also like its own little universe. They have within them little organs that fulfil incredible functions that make life possible. These are called organelles, and they accomplish the seemingly miraculous by taking one molecule of sugar and converting it into two ATPs of energy. Then, through a process of chemical interaction and reactions, it creates up to 40 or more ATPs from the two it just made!

ATP is the energy that life uses; it fuels the functions of the human body. The cells do this out of thin air. The process uses oxygen that they get from the person breathing in, and as a byproduct of the process, carbon dioxide is created, which humans get rid of by breathing out, back into the atmosphere. But that's all good, because plants make their own ATP from sugar as well, but the process that they use in their cells uses carbon and releases oxygen as a byproduct. We love their waste, and they love ours. We feed them carbon and they feed us oxygen. It is a truly symbiotic relationship.

Verse Nine

Assessment and Cross-checking

The cells of the body don't last as long as the body itself. Underperforming cells are either repaired or terminated and recycled into new cells. This is constantly happening in the human body. Your scientist calls this action autophagy (Or-tof-o-gee), but assessment by us. Everything gets assessed as a matter of course. But ineffective cells draw increased scrutiny. The human body isn't viable without constant assessment, repair and the replacement/recycling of cells. The cells are examined to see what isn't working effectively. Once the issue is found, a single or multiple organelles could be repaired, or the entire cell marked for destruction and energy recycling.

Assessment is a part of all life, and the key element is cross-checking. To be assessed, it has to be compared to see if it meets the expectations of a properly functioning cell and then to compare each element within it. Having a reliable source of data to ensure design specifications standards are maintained is of paramount importance. This cross-checking is one of the many points where the emotional energy and the physical energies of the body exchange.

Emotional energy runs like a river throughout the emotional-body, in the same way the blood circulatory system flows in the physical-body. Like blood, this river carries everything the person emotionally needs and distributes it to where it is needed. This is where the information is kept that the body uses for assessment. This provides a better option than keeping it in the body, as it often forgets what it is doing due to cellular degradation.

Many, very serious health conditions are due to the body simply forgetting what it is it is supposed to do or how to accomplish it. Cross-checking and making comparisons are a key feature in understanding everything to do with your physical and emotional health, as well as the world, the universe and the nature of God. For the body, all of the data is held in the emotional circulatory system. If that gets corrupted, then the body is also corrupted.

The universe that you look up at in the night sky is the personal universe of God. All of the planets and stars, the black holes and nebulae that you see, are simply the way humans perceive the inner workings of that universe. Your world/cell is responsible for creating energy to fuel that body. With us, you are to play your part in generating that energy, processing it to the highest possible standard and then feeding it to God to enable his and our own continued existence.

Chapter Eight

Oscar's parents were the first to arrive early the next morning, followed closely by Doctor Roy, then Claire, and even Ansho, who came in for what was clearly a prearranged chat. They all pulled up chairs around Oscar's bed, forming a supportive circle. His mum sat beside his head on the right, while Claire took a seat on his left.

Withenay had a mischievous glint in her eye as she leaned closer to Oscar. She said, with a laugh, "So, I heard you had a great waking dream orgasm."

Oscar flushed red, his eyes popped, and he blurted out, "MUM!"

Withenay waved her hand dismissively, trying to reassure him and brush off his discomfort. She laughingly said, "Oh, don't worry about it, Oscar. Yesterday, I went to Esmeraldas on Twine and had some smoked salmon."

Her body settled back into her chair, her voice still warm and expressive. "I relaxed into the flavours so deeply that I experienced an appreciation orgasm, right on the spot. Later, I sat on the beach and watched the sunset; I celebrated your awakening; I had another one that reverberated within me. I sat in its afterglow, listened to the waves, and breathed in the salt and seaweed."

Claire smiled as she shared. "We used to equate those moments with sex, as they were the only times our conscious minds connected to such intense pleasure in the body. But now many of us encounter them throughout the day. They are eruptions of celebration that energise the soul and body; nothing to be ashamed of. It's simply about enjoying yourself and emotionally connecting with your environment."

"If you had developed a deep passion for something else in your life, then I could have used that to get your spiritual juices flowing, but you didn't, and sexual desire is a good old standby. Once you're out and about, you'll see people everywhere having these moments of sheer bliss. Nobody cares at all. Mostly, people are now so engrossed in their own lives that they truly live and let live. Being around someone else having one can help set you off on your own. They can become contagious," she said with amusement.

Russell took control of the conversation to move it along. "Thanks, Peta and Claire. So, the three of you have met?" He gestured towards Oscar, Claire, and Ansho.

Claire responded enthusiastically. "Oh yes," she replied. "Ansho is the new nurse."

Russell corrected her, "Well, she isn't technically a nurse; she was just helping a bit while getting a feel for things here. She's been preparing a new home for us all in a different area of the complex. It is a fair distance away, but it's super cool. Oscar will move there once he's ready, hopefully soon," he said, affectionately squeezing Oscar on the leg.

Claire looked as if she had been caught off guard by the revelation. Russell saw her surprise and sought to reassure her. “Oh, you’re still the therapist, Claire! The only thing that changes for you is the venue, and you get much better accommodation,” he laughed and continued. “This is just a temporary acclimation space. We wanted to keep you in the dark so you could experience this journey with Oscar, moving through the unexpected together side by side. Ansho has set up the next stage. She is a respected ‘Prover’ and will bring Oscar through a more traditional route of connection.”

Claire erupted excitedly. She addressed Ansho: “I knew you were a Prover when I first saw you!”

Ansho laughed as she replied, “Because of these,” while drawing attention to her tribal, homemade-looking tattoos.

Claire’s voice was soft with admiration as she looked in Ansho’s eyes with fascination. “It was your energy. It’s beautiful, I mean,” she grabbed at her heart, “really, really beautiful.”

Ansho smiled and said, “Thank you.”

Oscar interjected, curious about the term being thrown around as he looked at the others in confusion. “What’s a Prover?”

Ansho replied. “I’m a Prover, this simply means I had a relationship with a guide before the message was delivered. I listened and followed them for many years, rebelling against everything that held me bound to a system that didn’t make sense.” Her tone was filled with conviction, her eyes shining with determination as she added. “My Guides led, and I followed. So, I am what people call a Prover, and those who joined ‘the life’ after the message are called Movers. Like Claire and I think your parents.”

Oscar, who was, as usual, sitting in bed, adjusted himself as if it would make him seem more attentive. His expression was thoughtful as he correlated her statement to what he had read in the message so far. “Ok, does that really make that much of a difference?”

Withenay lit up with excitement as she jumped into the conversation, her voice filled with a sense of wonder. “Yes, it does. It’s all about elevation. The more effort people put in, the higher they elevate, and as they do, they connect with higher Guides and experience a higher grade of energy and instruction. This elevated energy changes how they live and the information they carry. Because Provers operated before humanity awakened, they had to exert significant effort, which may not have led to obvious results at the time, but it sure made a huge difference once others came on board and their lives and actions could be understood. Life for them shifted dramatically when The Message arrived.”

Her voice was now tinged with sadness. “They had no idea what was happening or if anyone else was going through it. Most of them thought that they were toiling

alone, not realising they were a part of a movement consisting of millions of people. They weren't just being led to address their own emotional struggles, they were downloading the emotions and teachings of their Guides and Overseers for humanity, into their personal universes, they were accumulating wisdom and emotion and storing it until it was time to share it with the world."

Withenay turned to Ansho for confirmation. Ansho's eyes scanned the group, and she said, "I'm bored discussing this, I hope you don't mind, but I'll let my Subby take over for a bit."

Oscar's expression was uncertain as he looked at the others, seeking reassurance. Was she upset? Was she leaving? They exchanged smiles, not revealing any concern.

Ansho's demeanour shifted abruptly; she spoke with a newfound strength, as if emerging from the shadows, her posture now taller and more commanding. She addressed Oscar, "Right! I'm here out of respect for your father. When the world of artificial intelligence was heading in one direction, he turned it into something entirely different; something I respect and am grateful for. My presence here with you is a demonstration of that gratitude. You're in a tough situation, Oscar. You'll see more of me once you move to your new accommodation. I will work alongside Claire, but I'm not Claire, we are here to complement each other, she is great with the new way and integrated with tech, and I am tech-free, old-school baby," she said with a wink.

Ansho leaned closer to Oscar, her palm gently resting on his forehead. A surge of energy coursed through him, enlivening his body from head to toe, swirling at the nape of his neck, sending tingling sensations down his spine.

She stepped back, and Claire regarded her with a mix of marvel and admiration. Oscar lay there, absorbing the experience in a state of bliss.

Claire looked at Ansho, "So, is that what is called a word?"

Ansho's voice returned to her usual tone as she answered, a hint of amusement in her voice. "Yeah, it's what we used to call it back in the day. We thought it was a message from God, a prophecy, and it sort of can be seen as that, but really, it's the conscious mind allowing the subconscious to speak through the body without interference. It can relay messages unfiltered from my subconscious mind, the subconscious mind of the person I am talking to, or the Guides.

I let my subconscious mind take over when I get bored. Consciously, I go into the WDS and have fun. I allow my Subby to manage physical tasks like talking, listening, driving, cooking, cleaning, anything. If I've trained it to do something, I let it handle it. It does a better job anyway, and I enjoy my life more," she added with a wink.

Russell thanked Ansho for sharing. Claire mentioned she wanted to stay with Oscar and explain the musing technique she used to help him have the WSD experience. The others thought it was a brilliant idea and left them to it.

Chapter Nine

The atmosphere still hummed with the residual energy of Ansho's presence. Claire wanted to distract Oscar from what had happened. She smiled as she asked, her voice light and inquisitive. "Did your dad call your mum Peta?"

Oscar chuckled softly. "Yeah, that's her real name. When she was young, she hated it when people misspelled her name, so she always introduced herself as 'Peta' with an 'a.' She said it so often that eventually people started calling her 'Peter-with-an-a,' which somehow became Withenay."

Their laughter echoed softly in the room. It was a welcome reprieve from their earlier discussion.

Claire's expression turned serious. "I hope you don't feel confused about what happened when I whispered in your ear. I want you to understand intentional musing so you can make sense of what we did. You do understand that nothing physical can ever happen between us. I'm your therapist, right? But I did feel a huge spark from you when you saw Ansho. So, I thought I'd try to seize the moment to get you to experience the WDS."

Oscar's voice was thoughtful as he said, "Yeah, but I've had crushes on plenty of girls in the past and fantasised about them, but nothing like that ever happened. Why now?"

She leaned back, her voice dropping to a softer tone. "A few reasons that it's easier now. The main one is that you have access to cannabinoids that you didn't before. Also, the world has fundamentally changed, and the acceptance of the WDS has spread throughout personal, familial, and global energy networks. Your subconscious elements are more receptive now, given that so many others can do it successfully; it has been proven to be an effective and desirable experience for humans.

Your mum was right; we've learned to reassess how these gratitude explosions are experienced. We don't equate them with just sex anymore, but with connection. It is using the body to experience powerful emotional energy in a whole new way."

Oscar's eyes now gleamed; he picked up his plastic box and tapped on it. "Well, I'm up to chapter ten in *The Message* and finding it fine to read. I think I'd prefer to dive into it and ask you questions if I get stuck."

Claire was understanding and supportive. "Of course," she agreed. "That's fine, just read whenever you want to and sing out if you need help."

Oscar looked at Claire, trying to mask his interest in Ansho. "I want to ask about Ansho, but I probably shouldn't yet?"

Claire's eyes widened, a mischievous twinkle in her eye as she responded with playful glee. "Oh my gosh, isn't she amazing? That energy! But you're right; let's catch up about her later."

Her voice became more informative. "Let's explore musing, it is a tool that has become such a big part of life. Musing is to inspire, to trigger a strong emotional response that fuels a person into the WDS. Musing opens the door, and the Guides normally take the experience in a completely different direction once you step in. Or they build upon it to further a deeper connection.

They identified four different ways of musing. Intentional-musing, unintentional-musing, mutual-musing and spiritual-musing.

Intentional-musing is when a person purposefully shares a story, a performance, or anything to encourage a strong emotional response in another, to help usher them into the WDS. This is what I did with you. I fabricated a scenario that would cause a strong, passionate response.

Then there is unintentional-musing: This is when someone accidentally acts as a muse for others as they go about their lives. It could be how they live, a special type of behaviour, how they look, act, sing, move, dance or some other desirable trait. They inspire and enthuse others about being alive and get their emotional juices flowing. Ansho was an unintentional muse. She wasn't trying to be a muse, she is just so damn fine.

Mutual-musing is when two people with a shared passion inspire each other to generate the energy needed for a deep connection that engages the WDS. This is not to be confused with just chatting; it is designed purely to arouse emotional reaction and is devoid of anything that inspires thinking or problem-solving.

Spiritual-musing is intentional musing used by the subconscious elements and the Guides while you're in the WDS. This generates a bigger emotional response to fuel a deeper and fuller connection."

Her voice was laced with wonder. "The Guides taught us how to tell stories. We announce if we have something to say, and then we announce what type of story it is. People can then decide if they want to hear it; if they do, they can switch to the right frame of mind to receive it.

There is no area of life they haven't helped us with. Even the way some of us write. English dialogue was difficult for some readers or listeners because of its structure. Why write what was said first, then inform who said it and how they said it, afterwards?

This is what I teach people at workshops. Take the first part of this sentence: 'I never said you stole my money,' Peter said, with an angry tone, frustrated at Fred's carelessness, for having lost it.'

The reader needs to guess what the first section meant and then read to the end of the sentence to see if they were right. It is a very inefficient process. People would have little disappointments when they got the inflection wrong. Not enough to concern the conscious mind, but enough to tax the subconscious mind and sour the experience.

If you emphasised the first word 'I' when reading that first section, it would sound like someone said it, but not I.

If you emphasised the second word, 'never', it is a flat-out denial.

If you emphasised the third word, 'said', it sounds like I thought it, but I didn't say it.

If you emphasised the fourth word, 'you,' it would sound like I thought someone else stole it.

If you emphasised the fifth word, 'stole,' it sounds like I thought you might have borrowed it without asking or made a mistake.

If you emphasised the sixth word, 'my,' it would sound like I said you stole someone's money, not mine.

If you emphasised the seventh word, 'money,' it would sound like you stole something from me, but not 'my money'.

In the end, the right way to read/interpret it was behind door number five, but wouldn't it have been nice to know that beforehand? These minor frustrations all add up.

However, we adjusted our style and formed a hybrid, script-writing type of sentence structure. We state who is speaking, then the tone of what is being said, and only then what is actually being said. It means people can confidently give life to the reading, whether it is silent or audible. They can provide characters' vitality, accents, and personalities if they want to. It didn't take long for readers to get used to it.

This is also why some authors don't give the characters physical features; it is to allow people to create their own mental images. This allows the subconscious mind to input what would be the most impactful and helpful faces, voices and body types in the person's mind. This can act as a muse into the waking dream state. Lots of minor fixes came from many different people and together make a huge difference to all areas of life."

She looked intently at him and asked. "Are you okay with moving?"

Oscar waved his hand dismissively. Casual and indifferent, he answered her with a nonchalant shrug. "Pfff, Oh, yeah, I don't care; all hospital rooms are the same to me."

Claire's voice was soft as she corrected him with a laugh.. "Oh, you're not in a hospital, this is a research facility owned by a company your dad is involved with. So,

I suppose it is technically a private hospital, but not really, because you're the only patient."

Oscar's eyes widened with surprise, his voice laced with intrigue. "Wow! I wonder what they are researching?"

Chapter Ten

Claire stood up and did stretches as she spoke to Oscar. “You know how Ansho seems to let her subconscious mind take over most of her daily tasks? That frees her conscious mind to explore other realities. Many Provers and Movers have reached that level of cohesion naturally.

The human mind is designed to function like the human brain, with its two distinct halves. But the mind lost its dual ability, and the roles of the conscious and subconscious minds lost cohesion and distorted.

I am told that a part of what this place is trying to achieve is to develop ways that tech can do a similar thing to help train the mind to function as it should; a bifurcated mind, capable of living in two realities at once.

It’s similar to when someone gets bored in a conversation and their thoughts wander off, but instead of wandering off to random things, it wanders into a fantastic adventure organised by the Guides and the mighty subconscious waking dream state.

As a person masters this, it proves beneficial to the entire self, including the brain. When done consistently, it demonstrates the desire required for the brain to adopt it and make it a vital part of a new life. It is a process called neuroplasticity.”

She leaned in and held his hand, she assured eye contact, and her voice became reassuring. “Ideally, people will outgrow the need for technology to make this happen, and they will do it naturally, just as Ansho does. It is a lot more than just drifting off, it is handing what is happening in the natural world to the subconscious mind, which can process that conversation, or whatever the experience was, while the conscious mind is off having fun. The subconscious can replay the essential or enjoyable elements to the conscious mind later on if needed. It never forgets a thing.

When you remember events this way, you will have processed memories. When you replay them, you have a multi-perspective, fully refined, fully detailed and tangible recollection, without the need for thinking to recall it. When you need it, it just pops up in fullness. You placed the memory under the jurisdiction of the subconscious mind. When you remember it, you relive it, it is as if you are completely there for it again, but now it has been processed, it is a whole psychedelic dream experience, where you get the entire perspective and understanding of the situation.”

He nodded slowly, processing her words. His eyes wandered the room in contemplation. “Is that why Ansho said she admired Dad? I wasn’t sure what she meant.”

Claire looked up at the ceiling, her tone thoughtful. “I don’t know, you’ll have to ask her. It’s probably related to how your dad took tech in a different direction; others are exploring similar avenues for AI-human integration, these all connect to an

external source, but your father's been resolute that these systems are stand-alone with no external connectivity.”

Oscar chuckled, “he’s still a civil activist at heart, just a cashed-up one.”

Claire's voice became more light-hearted as she stood. “I really think that for the rest of the day, you should relax that coconut of yours,” she said as she lightly touched his head. “Play video games, remain distracted, and let everything digest. I’ll get some snacks and tasty things delivered. If you need me, ring the bell. But take a mental load off.”

Oscar played video games and ate chocolate, potato chips, and ice cream for a few hours. It was a glorious junk food fest that had always served as a good distraction when life seemed pointless. Now, it all felt lacklustre and frivolous.

He looked at the blank cream wall, it faded away, replaced by a vision of a beautiful woman who came to him and rested face to face. “I love you and I am proud of you, my beautiful boy,” she said.

The air around him stopped being air; it was her embrace, which marinated him with nurturing tenderness. He cried. She said, “You will never have peace until you understand life. You have the manual now; read it!”

He put down his controller and picked up ‘Critical Mass’.

Critical Mass Continued

Verse Ten

Evolution and tipping point

All life on earth, including humans, grow through what you would call the evolutionary process. This plays out in two distinct sections. The first part is nature and humans growing into maturity. The second part differs significantly from the first. The tipping point for the species has been reached, which means that the proof of desire to live and fulfil their function has been established. This is when life becomes amazing, and humans become magnificent. When the capability to perform at the next level is also developed, the training wheels come off for humans and their role in life. This is where you are at now.

You, as a species, are finally reaching tipping point. It is so exciting. Your life will change in ways you could never dream possible. Thousands of locked doors are flung open. Doors of freedom, peace, fulfilment, joy, health, prosperity, creation and manifestation. This may seem like hype, but by the end of the message, you will know it is all true because you will understand how it works. There is no need to blindly believe in an outcome without understanding the method and process. Once you know the process and follow it, it will always lead to success. If there is no success, then you will know enough to examine your process, find what is wrong and correct it. As long as all the steps are followed, you will thrive in life.

We don't care who you think or believe God is or how you want to approach that. We don't care if you even believe in a God or us, for that matter. What we want for you is to live a great life because that is how you provide great energy to fuel God, the universe, the Source Energy or whatever you choose to call it.

Unfortunately, the aberrant disruption of humanity's evolution happened before the tipping point. This stopped your intended evolution in its tracks, and sent it off on the wild, horrific and frankly bizarre direction it's taken. Not just for humans but the entire life cycle, the animals and plants also stopped their evolution and suffered catastrophic destruction. They all grow together or not at all; a step ahead for one triggers a release of the next step for all. Not that all species are essential or will make it to the next step, but humans are definitely one of the essential elements of global evolution.

I will tell you of our history so that you can understand yours, what went wrong and how to fix it, you will begin to know how incredible your future, and the future of the world will be. Don't just despair over the state that the world is in at the moment; rejoice that with your help, things are going to be better than ever. This is global renovation, not restoration. The past will not be recovered as it was and nor should it be. The world needs to move forward. You will, with our help, bring back many of the

species lost, both fauna and flora. Humans will find harmony with the world again.
You will be a part of its rescue and renovation if you choose it.

Verse Eleven

What life was like for us

Our lifestyle, dwellings, diet, daily pursuits, mental and physical health, longevity, aspirations and understanding of the world were very different than yours are. For instance, not one person ever picked up an axe, a sharp stone or a saw and cut down a tree. Not one in our entire life cycle! It never even occurred to a person that such a thing could or should happen. Completely inconceivable. Our trees were huge compared to yours and so plentiful that many tribes/peoples had perpetual fires just to deal with all of the branches that the trees donated to us to use.

We were individually taught to live by our personal Guides. They were our spiritual family and consisted of a mother, a father, a brother and a sister. Instead of our physical parents sending us off to school to be taught by other people, they encouraged us to spend our day in connection with our Guides. We would play, explore, wander and marvel. Our physical parents taught us certain life skills, but the spiritual parents taught us mostly. Even the lessons that the physical parents taught us were considered temporary, until we learned a different way, or preferably, developed our own way to do it. Our parents didn't care at all when a child rejected their ideas and plans; they actively encouraged it. My mother used to call me lazy if I continually did things the way she had taught me.

'Learn your own way, lazy, find your own partner to marry lazy bones, someone you like,' she would laughingly say. We were always trying new things and new ways to do things, understand things, and perceive things. This was the only education we had or needed. Our teachers were with us 24/7. We heard them in our heads, we saw them in our waking dreams, our visions.

We had dual perceptive abilities that enabled us to perceive and interact with both the external physical world and the internal spiritual world, simultaneously. We could see, hear, smell, touch and taste both with equal veracity. To us, they were as real as each other. When everything was in a relaxed state, we perceived both realms equally. If we choose to focus our attention on something in one realm, then our energy flow would enhance our perception of that realm while diminishing the other. We could be completely focused on one while having the other blocked off. We always knew which was which and never confused to two. They always worked together in a symbiotic way as the left and right sides of the person. This allowed us to fully engage life in every situation we encountered, and then we could thoroughly process all of the energy from it.

All day, every day, we frolicked in the real world with our friends and natural family. We also frolicked in the internal experience with our spiritual families and spiritual friends. It would be like how a person could use an augmented-reality headset

in your life cycle, except we would be having a full sensory experience, intertwined with our spiritual world, not a computer program. This was our normal everyday state. Then, in the Waking Dream State, we would focus completely on the internal world. This was full immersion, more like what people would experience in true virtual-reality-headset mode. Except we had full, sensory and visceral experiences. We had one mind but two very different worlds that we lived in with two very different bodies, it was effortless, simultaneous and seamless for us. This is how humans are supposed to live. This is how we will show you how to live, instead of struggling along with one hand tied behind your back.

These waking visions were amazing. We were in them. They were like the sleeping dreams, but we were completely alert and had more conscious input and deeper, emotional interaction. They were much more like sleep-dreaming than daydreaming, which can initiate the waking-dream experience. They could be with a strong narrative that would last for days or weeks, but mostly they were quick, powerful and enjoyable. It was at times as tangible as the physical world, often better, much better. This is because we learned how to use our entire bodies to experience the fullness of emotion while in this state. These physical sensations were experienced by the adult in a different and far superior way than the way they were in their youth.

Verse Twelve

Emotional Maturity

Once small children learn how to use their little bodies and get about unassisted, they switch priorities and learn all about their physical environment and how they operate within it. They discover what they are and are not capable of. They want to see everything, taste it, touch it, smell it and understand it. They decide and categorise what they do or don't like and to what extent. At this stage of life, their world is the physical world, as it's mainly experienced through the physical senses.

They also explore the personalities that they were born with, see who they are and how they feel and respond to life's events. Then, when they reach adolescence, they have a dramatic change. The sexual reproductive planets and a massive amount of emotional planets all light up into life. They have been dormant, lurking unnoticed. Now, life becomes all about emotional exploration. It is supposed to be one of the most amazing and rewarding periods of a person's life. Unfortunately, for most humans of your cycle, it is not, because we are not there to guide people through it. The physical parents take a big role in teaching about the physical world, and then guiding them through the emotional landscape is primarily the Guide's job.

As a child, feeling emotions in the physical body is rudimentary and basic. It is not a nuanced, sensitive instrument that experiences emotion properly as yet. It is a basic chase or run response, procure or find safety, with desire or fear as the trigger. This is called Skin-Fuel-Energy; it ignites the body ready for action. It is fuel energy that unlocks its ability to utilise the ATP that it makes, which is the energy that actually moves the physical form. The skin-fuel emotional energy releases it. It comes from the personal universe that surrounds people. This is the starter energy; it switches the body into action mode, ready for physical action. Everything fires up, the senses become heightened, as this changes the priority of energy distribution through the body. The body will switch into functioning quickly and scan only for immediate threats or targets. It will deem all slowness and deeper understanding unnecessary and will switch them off. There is only so much physical energy available to the human body at any one time. The brain is, therefore, very judicious in how it uses it.

Verse Thirteen

Redistribution via the endocannabinoid system

Life is all about energy management. From the vastness of the universe to the tiny functions within a human cell, energy expenditure is minimised as much as possible. Everything goes into a battery-saving type of mode whenever it can. A person can only produce so much energy to fuel a limited number of functions at any one time. Often, when a person wants to do something, it is necessary for the brain to redirect energy flow from what it is currently doing. This redirection of energy creates different maps of functional energy flow.

When using a street map navigation, whenever you input a new destination, the route will change. You will travel in a different direction, take different routes, see different sights and have different experiences. When you require the body and brain to behave differently to suit circumstances and objectives, the brain will remap energy flow to accomplish the tasks that are needed. The mechanism that the body uses to accomplish this is called the endocannabinoid system. Endo means that it is made within the body, and cannabinoids are made using lipids/fats and oils. They are the gatekeepers that redirect energy flow and enable different mapping and therefore different functions. Energy is everything, and you only have a limited amount. This is why the body goes into a battery-saving type of mode when resting, as this ensures there is plenty of energy left when needed to hunt or flee as required.

Verse Fourteen

The conscious and subconscious minds

To understand the energy battery saving mode, it is necessary to know what makes a person tick. Whatever term people use, it is clear that a human has two distinct types of processes. They could be termed the natural mind and the spiritual mind, the perceived and unperceived minds, the carnal and the godly mind, the normal and higher self, the head or the heart, the conscious and subconscious mind. To varying degrees, they all describe the same procedure of human thought and action. The terminology of conscious and subconscious minds is well described and accepted, so we will stick with them, but we will redefine them somewhat for our message.

The conscious mind is tiny in size, responsibilities and capabilities compared to the subconscious mind. They are both active in the real-world life and the Overseer-guided internal life. One of the devastating outcomes of the aberrant diversion of humanity from its evolutionary path was the loss of connection between the two elements. The lines that demarcated the areas of responsibility of each were blurred. They stopped communicating properly, they stopped working together and just like with desire and fear, they ended up in opposition to each other rather than cooperation. Reestablishing the proper order and understanding what each element is responsible for and capable of will get a person firing on all cylinders.

The conscious element of the human psyche is what you are aware of, it is your awareness. It is what you would identify as being you. It is the thoughts that you ponder, it experiences the emotions that you feel, you know everything it is thinking, desiring and doing. You know everything it is doing, as it is doing it, because it is you.

The subconscious element is also you, but it controls all of the functions that you are unaware of and don't control. It pumps the heart, it expands the lungs and breathes in the air, it controls temperature, a sense of space, time and distance. It incorporates the personal universe. People would explain it in this way: if the human were to be seen as a computer, then it would be seen as the hard drive, while the conscious mind is the working memory or RAM. The hard drive is huge, holding terabytes of information, while it is all accessed and controlled by the tiny conscious mind. The only problem with this analogy is that it is wrong. The subconscious mind isn't just a storage facility. It is a computational powerhouse. If you want to make this analogy work, you will need to update it to a deep-thinking AI, but it has a capability that no machine will ever match.

The subconscious mind is like a huge multi-national organisation with millions of employees and billions of dollars in turnover and the conscious mind is the chairman of the board, the head honcho and the initial decision maker. When dealing with a pressing situation that needs immediate action, different departments make various recommendations that they present to the conscious mind to adjudicate on. The conscious mind's first decision is the measurement of urgency: does something need to happen immediately? If so, he hears the department's recommendations?

The subconscious stores all the memories of the past and looks for potential issues in the future. It handles everything in the physical and emotional spectrums of a person's life, which leaves the conscious mind free to fully engage and delve into the present, the now, what is happening and what you wish was happening instead. To explore, experiment, savour or spit, delight or disgust, embrace or shun.

Verse Fifteen

The Protector-Planet

If a person is jolted out of battery saving mode, then the first of the three big foundation planets that everyone is born with, the protector-planet, will be the first to make a suggestion to the conscious mind. This is the subconscious element responsible for basic protection and procurement. It will offer its suggestion, followed by the other two planets who will subsequently offer theirs, if given the opportunity.

If this primal protector-planet has been triggered, there must be a perceived threat to deal with, or something desired to be procured.

Along with its suggested course of action, it will deliver all of the energy it thinks will be required to fuel the accomplishment of its suggestion. Depending on personality type, it will deliver this energy all at once or in various instalments. However, it will always hit hard and be demanding and persuasive, pressing the conscious mind to act on its recommendation. The foundation planets are not able to have emotional reactions to anything, as only the conscious mind can do that. They can, however, make an assumption based on their records. They need to temporarily designate the energy as either fear spectrum energy, i.e. something to run away from or scare away from us, or a desire spectrum energy that will suggest that it is something to procure, obtain, or embrace by either chasing it or attracting it to us. Whether the situation is to open up to as a desire or shut down from as a fear, this temporary assumed emotion can be overridden by the conscious mind. The smaller the suggested fuel energy, the easier it will be for the conscious mind to redesignate it. The bigger the amount of energy, the more conscious effort will be required. This is known as willpower.

If it is determined by you, the conscious mind, that it is something to run from. It will designate the fuel energy as negative-spectrum, this will override any assumed designation assigned by the foundation planets. It will shut down every function of the body that isn't needed to accomplish escape. Every emotion that isn't run, will be shut off. You won't feel pain or injury as acutely as normal, if at all. You are not smelling the roses at the moment, you are not enjoying the scenery; you are getting out of there as fast as possible. All available energy will be diverted to accomplish that. If the conscious mind allows it to, this energy will conduct the entire physical response, rendering the conscious mind a passenger, watching it all play out. Your emotions will be one of extreme focus. The brain kicks up a notch, everything gets fast, your breathing, your heart, your go-fast chemicals pump through your body. The logistical and mathematical skills to negotiate tough terrain at full flight have saved many humans throughout history.

This protector-planet is obviously the same age as the other human subconscious elements, but it seems ancient and primal because it doesn't change. It

is responsible for the first line of defence, whether that be from an attack from another animal, a sickness/disease, starvation, exposure, or a threat to the perpetuation of the species.

The other elements of the psyche learn at various rates as they go along life's journey, but this guy is always stuck in the past. This is because even if all the other elements forget the fundamentals of survival, it won't. It is always ready to spring into action. It can release so much skin-fuel energy to the body that, in times of perceived extreme threat, it can move the body out of harm's way. In general, the conscious mind controls the macro movements of the body while the subconscious elements control the micro movements. In extreme situations, the subconscious mind can take over completely and move the body out of a perilous situation while the conscious mind is only aware of what happened after the action is completed. Some call this an instinctive response.

The protector-planet is always the first to respond. It is faster than the other two as it only has basic data to compare each situation to. It can respond quickly and powerfully because its suggestions are basic and rudimentary. It delivers an over-the-top large amount of skin-fuel energy because it views most things as life-or-death situations. People can be harassed and hounded by quantities of skin-fuel energy that would have been appropriate back in the early human evolution days of kill or be killed. Nowadays, however, this amount of energy is not needed, but it delivers it anyway whenever it is activated on high alert.

Verse Sixteen

The power to do great things

The human body can be hit with such large amounts of skin-fuel-energy that people can, in times of extreme emotion, exhibit huge amounts of strength. You call this hysterical strength. People lift seriously heavy items off of loved ones. People can run, what would be normally impossible speeds or distances in times of heightened stress. Sporting coaches motivate people to get them emotionally involved, because people perform better mentally and physically when emotionally engaged.

This energy can hit so hard, it can be like an electric shock, you call this shock. However, when the body is not used to dealing with this charge of energy, instead of empowering it, it just shuts it down. People freeze on the spot. Some people, have a frenzied emotional response, this is called panic.

If the conscious mind decides it is something he desires, food, shelter, water, a partner, a tribe, then instead of shutting down, everything opens up. He now is hypersensitive to physical or emotional sensations. His senses become heightened to absorb it all, to experience the moments' emotional nuances. It feels like love. He can also run all day, lift heavy objects and do normally difficult tasks with ease because he is similarly energised. It is the same powerful fuel energy, just specified differently by the conscious mind's emotional reaction, which changes its form and purpose. One map opens up to embrace and procure, and the other closes down to guard and escape. Both provide the skin-fuel energy needed to unlock the ATP into action.

Some people are always physically and mentally lethargic, this is not because they lack physical energy but because of a lack of emotional skin-fuel energy to unlock the ATP in their bodies. It is the lack of emotional response that is needed to utilise the energy. Depressed people can have oodles of physical energy weighing them down, but they need proper emotion to make it available. Emotional reaction > chemical reaction > physical action.

Everything a human encounters, he emotionally responds to. Most are so small he doesn't even notice; some are so huge he'll defecate his pants and flee in a tunnel of sensory fixation where nothing else exists or matters until escape is secured.

Verse Seventeen

The waking-dream state

When we had our waking-dreams, we didn't experience emotion like this at all. We were responding to things that were happening internally, in our minds. It is the thinking planets that release skin-fuel energy and in the waking dream state these planets are completely inactive. Instead of the skin-fuel-energy relaying sensation to activate our physical body, we were activating our internal emotional-self.

Skin-fuel engaging the body can be mistakenly understood by people as an emotional experience. This is like a punch in the guts, blood runs cold with fear, or burning with anger or shaking, etc. These feelings are the physical sensations of the changes that occur in the body as it gets ready to respond to the situation. The blood rushing from the extremities to the essential organs can leave one with shaking legs. People feel a sinking stomach as blood flow increases to the muscles for impending action, which makes people feel hot, the body sweats to cool off, and breathing changes. A whole host of sensations are felt as the body switches into different functional modes. These physical feelings are not emotional responses. They are experienced as the body alters its functioning as a result of an emotional reaction, so people think that they are.

The emotional energy that we experienced and what we want you to experience as well, danced throughout our entire being; we could feel it in our muscles, our nerves, the flesh, the blood, through our personal-universe, everything. It can be a state of utter bliss and euphoria.

The waking-dream state is all about having emotional reactions and having them as powerfully as possible. This in essence, is what it is for, to be able to fully experience emotions in the safety of your own mind without any skin-fuel energy being released to the body.

In the dreaming, emotion never activates the skin-fuel reaction. If we were dealing with a bad situation that had previously happened, even though we understood that the emotions we were experiencing were negative, without the conversion to skin-fuel-energy to fund a physical response. It never felt bad or painful in the normal way. We recognised that it was negative, and it did feel uncomfortable to indicate that, but that was all. It is never overwhelming or scary, as it is delivered as measured out by your loving subconscious self. Big, awful, scary negative energy that seemed like a roaring tiger as skin-fuel energy which ignited the entire body ready for action, was now like a tame little pussycat in the Waking Dream State that left the body relaxed and at deep ease. This is because the foundation planets that release the skin fuel energy are not involved in the waking dream state. Their jurisdiction is the physical world only.

In the waking dream state, there is no danger, there is nothing to run from or to chase. There is no need to fully experience the negative fear spectrum energy at all. It could be noticed and understood without any physical relay of the emotion. We could, however, experience passion, love, beauty, respect, harmony, peace and serenity as tangible experiences. We could hear emotions, see them, smell them, touch them and taste them. They were complex and interwoven. We bathed in visceral pure beauty every day.

This was more than just about being dreamy hedonists. This was a part of the vital role that humans play on the Earth. We are here to elevate energy, and experiencing extreme bliss is how we are supposed to do it. This is why the people of your cycle desperately seek to try to feel good anyway they can; they are designed to, all day, every day, all of the time. People know that they are supposed to be happy, but have forgotten how to do that. But we are here to remind you.

Verse Eighteen

Where does all this energy come from?

We have mentioned a few times already the destination that energy conversions can lead to, which is beautiful, refined, elevated, appreciation and celebration energy that comes via creation and manifestation and feeds the body of God. Let's look briefly at where it all starts.

Plants use sunlight as starter energy to fuel a chemical reaction. The leaves of the plant take in air and separate it into carbon and oxygen. It doesn't want the oxygen, so it releases it back into the atmosphere. It brings up water from its roots and hydrates the carbon, creating a carbohydrate/sugar, the source of life energy on Earth.

The plants desire to keep making sugar while the sun shines, so they do. Mostly leaving the next step of turning that sugar into ATP, the energy they can use, until after dark. It stores this sugar throughout its body temporarily. When there is enough there, it puts it into longer term storage in the roots. This is what you call photosynthesis. The second stage is called respiration.

The first step in respiration is assessment. The plant assesses what it needs to survive and thrive. It might be injured and needs to repair. It might desire to grow taller to reach more sunlight. It may desire to reach more water, so it extends its roots. It assesses the climatic conditions and best uses for the energy it has available. It keeps track of the seasons and gets energy ready to produce fruit or vegetables, seeds and nuts. After it assesses itself, it assesses the forest that it is in.

All plants are connected together through a network of fungi, this is called the mycorrhiza system. If you were taught that trees are competitive, you were lied to and of all the lies humans tell each other, this one is singularly despicable. Trees are co-operative! Big trees give energy to small trees to help them grow until they can reach enough sunlight themselves. Trees help close relatives more than others, and they help local forests. Big old trees ensure the health of small ones. They encourage diversity. But don't take my word for it. Check out the wonderful work of Professor Suzanne Simard, you'll find her online, so you can verify this with your own world type of scientific exploration.

The requirements identified during this self-assessment create desires, and they draw the sugar to the place that needs attention, it is then converted into usable ATP energy to fulfil the desires' manifestation. The plants also hand the sugar over to animals so it can be processed further. Plants make everything that humans need to live, so they eat them. They digest the sugar, and this converts it into glucose. This is the human equivalent of photosynthesis, energy procurement. When early humans hunted and gathered, they also had emotional experiences. They were communicating

with others, enjoying the hunt, and the different scenery. They gathered physical energy/food and emotional experience at the same time.

Verse Nineteen

The switch

Hunting and gathering is the environment where the protector-planet is in his element for you guys, and he takes full advantage. A person's brain reorganises its priority of energy distribution; it is now all about moving fast, being focused on the environment, and looking for signs of prey or predators. These are energy-intensive functions.

The brain can only really see/process visual information in small fragments. If you hold your arm straight out in front of you and lift your thumb up. The size of the nail is all you can see at any moment. The brain moves the eye around about three times per second and pieces together a workable image. Most of what people think that they see is made up, fabricated, in a process called extrapolation, which is the joining of the dots with best-guess estimations, which the brain displays to the conscious mind. Again, you don't have to take my word for this. Look it up, there is a video called Perception-Deception by PBS Nova, that will explain it in your science.

Understanding how the brain processes visual data is important. There is always a connection between the spiritual and physical bodies, and extrapolation is used extensively in both. It is, however, an energy-guzzling monster, especially in hunter/gatherer mode. It takes time to focus and process visual information. The faster a person moves, the less actual data a person has a chance to receive and process, so the more energy the extrapolation process uses. This leaves other processes underfunded. The slower a person goes, the more actual information the brain can receive and process, and the less it has to rely on extrapolation. Which leaves energy available for other things.

After a hunt was finished, people returned to the safety of the village, and their movements changed. They walked slowly. They weren't staring intently, but they let their eyes wander. They let all of their senses slow down and relax. They would celebrate, but then let the communication that they used on the adventure quieten as each person returned to their own thoughts.

Preparing food and the fire was done daily in a slow, relaxed manner. All of the necessary chores of life were done this way. They provided some of the subconscious elements with something to do. They learned how to do these things by repetition. The conscious mind learned first, then taught the subconscious elements. The necessity of repeated lessons isn't because the subconscious elements are dumb, but like the rest of the psyche, they are frugal with energy.

Repetition proves to them that the conscious mind desires them to accomplish this ongoing task. They don't learn things on a whim, temporary need, or a passing fancy. But once the conscious mind proves sufficient desire, the subconscious will use

the energy and the space required to learn how to do it. Once they have, they take over much of the task, leaving the conscious mind free to start playing with its powerful emotional refinement fun-factory, the WDS state. These changes in behaviour all announced that the person was ready to switch. Just as the sunset turns plants into processing mode, rather than gathering energy mode. Moving slowly, disengaging the senses, relinquishing the conscious minds control, helped switch a person from the thinking planets and into both physical and emotional refinement, repair and recovery, what we call respiration.

Verse Twenty

The planets that learn

Human respiration takes place both physically, in a process called cellular respiration, and emotionally, in the waking dream state. The physical respiration is a process in which cells recall the stored sugar that they sourced from the plants and process it into ATP. This enables the body to fulfil the conscious mind's desires, to go where he desires it to go, and do what he wants it to do.

Emotional respiration also recalls the energy it has stored from reactions previously experienced. It also converts the energy into a usable form, which it can use to create and fulfil desires. Just like in cellular respiration, the process doesn't just convert the energy, it develops it, multiplies it, empowers it.

As you know, in a person's universe, there are three big foundation planets, two of which are fully loaded at birth, but there is also our planet, which is the Overseer planet. This is a full library of all of our information, teaching, guidance and of course our personalities and desires. It is layered in many layers. As a person develops their relationship with us, they progressively work their way through the layers. Each layer has more information and deeper intimacy in our relationship.

Whenever a person encounters anything in the world, it is the job of the three thinking planets to assess the situation, compare it to their own data banks, make suggestions and provide the fuel energy needed to fund the mission to the conscious mind, you.

You are the only element of the vast array of elements that make up your psyche that can have a true emotional response, you inform every other element whether a situation is something to ignore, to defend from, or to procure, and to inform of the seriousness of the situation. You do this by the size of your emotional reaction and then by your subsequent responses.

The three foundation thinking planets all make assumptions, but the family-planet and the acquired-planet will learn and adjust their response to the reactions that you have had in the past. They will also escalate their response and release more fuel energy if you inform them that it is a bigger deal than they initially thought. They will de-escalate when you inform them that it isn't as big a deal as they initially suspected. However, in stressful times or if a relationship of trust hasn't been established, they may take some convincing.

As you live and react to things, these two subconscious elements learn. If you have had a huge response to something previously, they would have marked that down and assumed it would be the same next time it's encountered. They will release a huge amount of energy to fuel what they believe the conscious mind would consider an appropriate response. They also learn by smaller, consistent responses. If you always react to the same stimuli in the same way, they assume you always will and base their recommendations and fuel allocation on that. Their assumptions become more accommodating.

A small child wants to know what everything tastes like, feels like, smells like, sounds like and looks like. He catalogues what is desirable and what is undesirable. Once something is processed, if he didn't like it, he will never have to experience it again. The lesson was learnt. Most children will only try to eat a slug once. He has educated himself on what he wants to experience in the world again and what he doesn't. This is exactly the same process with emotions, when processed properly.

Chapter Eleven

Oscar opened his eyes, but his mind was veiled in a fog of turmoil as he sat alone at his kitchen table. The scene around him was chaotic, with empty pill bottles sprawled across the surface and crushed tablets littered about, creating a white powdery mess that radiated outward like a cobweb, with the two spoons used for crushing them forming the epicentre. It looked like the aftermath of a small storm.

He muttered to himself in disbelief, 'What the fuck is going on?' Trying to shake off the strange feeling, he stood up and made his way to the sink, splashing cool water on his face in an effort to flush his confusion down the drain. He wondered if everything he had just experienced in the hospital was merely a dream. The kitchen was dimly lit, but he could glimpse a small TV screen flickering in the reflection of his stainless-steel kettle. As he turned away from the sink and walked into the lounge, he saw Claire, who sat comfortably on the couch wearing a short, sheer summer nightie.

Claire looked at him with concern, her voice was lovingly gentle as she asked. "Are you okay, hun? Here," opening her legs and gesturing for him to come sit on the floor between them, leaning his back against the sofa.

It was a surreal scene that could have belonged to a theatrical performance; he could hear an audience reacting with oohs, ahhs, laughter, and heckles to his thoughts and feelings as if his life were merely a scripted play. Recognising a chance to find some solace, he walked over to her, settled himself on the floor, grabbed a bowl of cereal, and turned his attention to the TV cartoons as Claire rubbed his shoulders soothingly. However, as she moved from his shoulders and her hand brushed against his neck, a sudden wave of pain shot through him. He cried out, his voice loud and thick with emotion, tears streamed down his face, as his body convulsed in agony. "Not my neck! No, no, not my neck, it hurts so much!" he cried and collapsed to the floor.

Ansho, wearing a similar short white summer nightgown as Claire, emerged from the dark hallway. Her tone was firm, final and abrupt as she entered the room with a sense of authority. "Oh, enough of this! Cry-baby! Then she looked wantonly at Claire, "Coming to bed, darling?"

Claire stood up instantly as if he no longer existed, leaving him curled up on the floor in a foetal position, in a state of complete helplessness, sobbing from the unbearable pain. She even switched off the light, leaving him alone in the darkness, the only illumination was the eerie flickering blue glow of the television, and the only sound was a cheesy cat and mouse cartoon soundtrack.

Oscar jolted awake again, this time for real, and found himself back in the hospital bed. His neck still felt incredibly sore, but the nature of that pain was different from anything he had experienced before. It didn't hurt in the typical physical sense, yet it was excruciating in its own way. Desperate for understanding, he buzzed for the doctor, who promptly arrived, accompanied by Claire.

Oscar's gaze was intense as he locked onto Claire, seeking reassurance. "It's my neck. I had the strangest dream, and you were in it. He said as he reached out for her hand. "It hurt so much in the dream, and now that pain is here too. He struggled to articulate himself; he stammered and stuttered, disoriented. The doctor exchanged a glance with Claire that seemed to carry a mix of surprise and deep concern; Oscar noticed this exchange.

He became more demanding, his tone filled with panic. "What's going on? Please help me, Claire please help me!"

Dr. Roy spoke calmly as he attempted to reassure him. "We're not entirely sure yet, Oscar. This has all just happened. It's not uncommon for feelings and sensations from our dreams to carry over into reality, especially since you've been taking cannabinoids and other medications. I wouldn't worry too much; we can adjust your medication, and everything should be alright."

Luckily, Oscar missed the raised eyebrows and look of alarm Doc directed at Claire as he left the room.

Claire's voice was soft as she reached out and took his hand, her eyes filled with concern and comfort. "It's going to be okay, I'm sure of it," she declared. Yet, both felt a sense of emptiness in her words; he could feel her underlying worry. She shared a story of a dream she had experienced, explaining how the strong feelings tied to dreams could linger long after waking, especially given the stress he was under. She offered the reassurances that he was dearly loved and very well cared for.

She talked without the regular pauses that she usually left so he could digest, and monologued until the doctor returned, who appeared much more upbeat and relaxed.

Dr. Roy's tone was now cheerful as he entered the room. "How are you feeling now?"

Oscar was still hesitant and fearful, his eyes wide and skin pale, to his credit, though, he was trying to stay positive. "Better, thanks, Roy, but it still really hurts."

Dr. Roy shook a small plastic bottle, producing a tantalising sound. "I have just the thing for that. Don't worry; it's nothing too serious, just something to help you sleep and guaranteed to stop any more dreams from interrupting you tonight," he said confidently. Without hesitation, Oscar swallowed two, and soon after, the weight of weariness enveloped him and he passed out, just as promised. Dr. Roy's expression changed dramatically.

"What the hell," he muttered. "Everything was going so beautifully."

Claire's eyes welled up with tears, her voice strained with worry. "I know, I know. I thought we were on the right track this time. I really thought we had it. Did you contact them?"

Dr. Roy nodded sombrely. "They're devastated. They'll be here soon; they've been staying here."

When Withenay arrived, she went straight to Claire and gave her a bear hug. Everyone in the room was trying their best to appear stoic for one another's sake.

Dr. Roy's tone lay somewhere between sympathetic and positive as he addressed them. "Well, this is a big step in the right direction." He continued, his tone becoming more determined. "We haven't gotten this far before. We just need to give him another break, and then we can try again."

A heavy silence blanketed the room as they each took a moment to transform their disappointment into something constructive, holding hands to strengthen their bond. It brought them comfort until the door swung open, as Ansho walked in, heading straight for Oscar. She pressed her forehead against his, her eyes closed.

She whispered. "Don't worry, I'm here. We'll get it sorted," She turned to the others and demanded, "What the hell have you been doing to him?"

Dr. Roy was defensive as he attempted to assert his authority. "Look, as far as I know, you are mainly here as a decorator and events manager. This is a medical issue, and it has nothing to do with you."

Russell interjected with an authoritative tone as he stepped in to defend Ansho. "Whoa there, doc, easy now. Ansho is more than just a decorator, and I for one am extremely glad she's here." He glanced at Claire and added, "Good call."

Claire's voice sounded confused with a hint of defensiveness creeping in. "I didn't call her!"

Ansho interjected, "Oscar did."

Claire asked. "When?"

Ansho winked at Claire and said. "I was asleep, and my Guide woke me up, saying Oscar needed me. She told me that you guys were slowly killing him. Then I connected to his subconscious, and he revealed that you were fighting, preventing it from doing its job properly.

You're making things worse, and you do know he's connected, right? He has a spiritual family that are also concerned for him. They recognise that as his physical parents, you love him and are doing your best, but this guy here," she gestured towards Doctor Roy, "he has no idea what he is doing. I don't know exactly how you are supposedly treating Oscar, but it's causing him harm, probably killing him."

The doctor shot a look of exasperation at Withenay. His tone was dismissive as he excused himself from the room. "I'll leave you to deal with this woman. What we're doing is working, and I can't handle her right now."

As he exited, Withenay turned her attention to Ansho, who had settled beside Oscar, holding his hand. Her eyes closed, her face radiated a transcendent peace. So first she, then the others, followed Ansho's lead, coming together to form a circle around Oscar, shifting into a more harmonious state. After about ten minutes of silence, Ansho stood up and made a cup of tea. The room was permeated with a thick tranquillity.

Russell walked over to Ansho and embraced her gently. He pleaded. "I'm so grateful you're here. Please, tell us what we should do. We're completely at a loss."

Ansho said. "I'll be happy to, but first, you need to tell me what exactly you've been doing to him."

Russell's voice was softer as he began to explain their approach. "We've been doing our best to save his life. When he overdosed, he was sitting on a dining chair. The way his head slumped over the back restricted blood flow to his brain; it was starved of oxygen, resulting in brain damage. He can remember everything that happened before that night, but he has trouble forming some types of new memories. After his long initial coma, when we revived him, it was as if he were locked in the emotional state he was in at the time of the overdose. He was determined to try again, even attempting to overpower the doctors to end his life. As a result, they placed him in a state of deep sleep.

It's not technically a coma but rather a type of stasis, which we believed would allow its recovery to progress as his brain activity was minimal. Then I found the Sup-Subs. I was told by the person who gave them to me that they would help him to function on a subconscious level, similar to how you do, but without the rigorous training. We had nothing to lose, so we thought we would try it on Oscar. Initially, it worked; well, partially. It seemed that his conscious mind once again had data storage capabilities.

The Sup-Sub provided him with access to short-term memories, helping to keep him engaged with new experiences while promoting positive energy. This was promising progress, but the Sup-Sub couldn't allow new experiences to be encoded into his subconscious memory. It was as if something essential was missing for proper learning within his subconscious mind.

When we first revived Oscar with the Sup-Sub, he responded enthusiastically, excited about the opportunities and the new world opening up for him. We presented him with various improvements, but as his engagement deepened, so did his frustration. We hadn't fully grasped how much the subconscious aids the conscious mind in the learning process. Without this assistance, Oscar could recognise new individuals and learn new things, but couldn't master them. Each time he tried a new video game, even if he'd played it twenty times, it felt to him as if he was starting over again from scratch each time. His brain absorbed the information, but it never translated into his muscle memory. This repetitive cycle would completely overwhelm him.

Think of a child learning to walk. The immense focus required just to stay upright is daunting, let alone taking steps. The child must constantly measure the distance to the next stable object to hold onto, while coordinating the muscles necessary for balance. It takes complete focus and is exhausting. Now, picture that same child, a few years later, at seven, lounging at home, feeling parched. The conscious mind only needs to desire a drink. Meanwhile, the subconscious handles most of the details of getting up, walking to the fridge, opening the bottle, pouring the drink into a glass, and then sipping it, all while the conscious mind is absorbed listening to the movie.

The inability to grow new subconscious-driven skills led to frustration, which was overwhelming for him. We did our best to keep his conscious mind occupied so that he didn't wallow in that negativity. Yet he would start to dream about the night everything fell apart, and he would spiral back into those painful and agonising memories and fixate on suicidal thoughts. Therefore, we would perform what we're about to do now, allow him to have a long sleep to recuperate, remove the Sup-Sub, providing him a fresh start. The medication will stop him from remembering this time, and we will begin again from scratch."

Withenay's voice was soft as she added. "We want it to be a gentle transition into his new life. We want to ease him into things gradually, so he doesn't relapse into those dreadful feelings he once experienced."

The room fell silent as Ansho took time to process these startling revelations. "How long will he be asleep now?" she asked, finally breaking the tension.

Claire tried to reassure Ansho. "Oh, at the moment it's just a sedative. He'll wake up in the morning. If we don't resleep him"

Ansho asked. "Can you please refrain from altering anything until then, so I can take this into processing and find out what we should do? I would like you all to hear what I come up with before you proceed, because as it stands now, I won't stay unless the Sup-Sub remains untouched and he stays awake."

Withenay appeared uneasy by this request, but Russell promptly reassured her, "We can absolutely do that. I'll inform Roy."

Ansho stepped out of the room, and Withenay turned towards Russell, desperation lacing her voice. "Are you sure about this?"

Russell's voice was strong and resolute: "We must try something different, Peta. It's been fourteen bloody years!"

Ansho returned, opening the door wide. She pushed a bed in. "I'm going to sleep in here with my new friend Oscar. You promised me that no one would 're-sleep' his memory, and I will make sure nobody does that accidentally," she said with a wink.

Russell chuckled lightly, finding her eccentricity endearing. His voice was lighter. "I'm sure we can trust the doctor to adhere to our wishes."

Ansho was now playful as she ended the discussion, "I'm sure you're right, but now I won't have to worry about it." She said as she jumped onto the bed. They bid her a good night and left them in the darkness.

"Get some rest, buddy," she whispered to Oscar, "in the morning, I'm breaking you out of this shithole."

Chapter Twelve

Oscar was jolted awake by a gentle shake on his shoulder. His eyes fluttered open, and there stood Ansho, a bright smile on her face as she handed him a hot cuppa.

Her eyes sparkled with excitement, and her voice was light as she said. “Here, my boy. Drink up.”

The rich aroma of freshly brewed coffee hit him, and he inhaled deeply, his eyes widening in surprise. He looked at Ansho in amazement as he took the mug.

“I haven’t been able to have coffee since I woke up. For some reason, they won’t give me any here.”

Ansho was enthusiastic, “Well, maybe that’s your trouble,” she laughed. “You can have as much as you want this morning. We’re going on an adventure.”

His thoughts scrambled to catch up as she spoke, but her cheerfulness was contagious. There was, however, something in her eyes that made him pause. The realisation slowly crept in that she wasn’t just talking about a small excursion through the corridors.

She took a step back, studying him for a moment. It was then that she realised just how vacant he seemed. He had the appearance of a man who had been through a lot, thin, with a face that seemed too pale, too drawn. But what struck her most was how easily he accepted whatever came his way. She had expected resistance, or at least some hesitation, but he was simply going along with it.

Her voice was gentle, but with an undercurrent of concern. “How mobile are you, actually?”

Oscar looked up at her, eyes still cloudy from the fog of sleep. “I’m fine,” he said. “I just don’t like walking around much. I’d rather stay in the wheelchair,” he added with a shrug.

Ansho said playfully. “Rightio, then. Get your dressing gown on and get in the chair, I’ll push.”

Oscar complied, slipping on his gown, while Ansho gathered his things. She packed them into two bags, one large and one small, then hung them on the back of his wheelchair. Without another word, she wheeled him out of the room, down the corridor and toward the door. It was only when they stepped outside that the situation began to feel a little more real. The cool morning air hit Oscar’s face, the taste of dust and the scent of grass made him realise that he hadn’t encountered the real world for a very long time.

He laughed nervously, his tone unsure if he should be amused or concerned. “Where are we going?”

Ansho's lovely face looked less vibrant and more focused than usual. She was deliberate while maintaining a smooth flow and cadence, but when she caught his questioning look, she flashed a grin.

Her voice was now warmer. "It's all good, Oscar. I've got your back."

"What about my medication? My drip? Don't I need it?"

Ansho shook her head dismissively. "I've got that covered, too. You can take the medication externally. It's the one on your chest you need to be careful with. Don't let anyone touch it. Don't let anyone remove it. Guard it with your life, because from what I can gather, it might be the only thing keeping you alive right now."

Oscar's heart skipped a beat. The way she said that... it sounded serious. Too serious. His mind raced, trying to make sense of the situation, but Ansho's light-hearted tone kept him from spiralling into panic. It was clear that this situation was much bigger than he initially thought.

Ansho was reassuring as she touched his shoulder gently. "Everything will be fine. Just trust me," she added with a soft smile.

Oscar chose to do just that. He didn't know why, but he felt something in the way she spoke that gave him a strange sense of reassurance. So, with a deep breath, he climbed into the car she had waiting for them. Ansho slid behind the wheel, and they were off, leaving behind the place that had been his salvation and prison, for who knew how long.

As they drove, Ansho continued to speak casually, as if they were simply out for a leisurely romp. "You know, you're in much better shape than you should be after everything."

He asked what she meant, and she turned to him with a half screwed up face. "I mean, if you've been in a coma as long as I think you have, you shouldn't be able to walk or talk as well as you are. You look physically well."

Oscar's brow furrowed. "How long have I been in a coma?" he asked with a mix of curiosity and trepidation.

Ansho's face softened. "I'm not sure, but I know part of that time, they've been restarting you, like they're trying to fix a faulty computer," she said with a hint of sadness. Oscar went silent at that, his mind whirring, trying to piece things together. She noticed and gave him an encouraging smile.

Her tone was playful. "Buckle up, big boy," she said as they zoomed down the road. Along the journey, she explained that she only had a small portion of his story. She worried that sharing just a tiny element of an enormous picture might confuse things. She was only taking him to a place he was supposed to go anyway. She was merely getting him there a little ahead of schedule and believed that once there, they could pry the entire story out of his parents. They stopped for more coffee, fuel and

snacks along the way. A sense of anticipation of the unknown hung in the air, and the combination of caffeine and sugar got Oscar excited about it.

Ansho looked at him with a playful smirk, raising her eyebrows. "Time to address your medication." She grabbed her handbag from the back seat and rummaged through it. Oscar watched the bag while she sort of watched the road. He was curious as she pulled out a clear, zip-lock bag filled with what looked like about fifty neatly rolled joints.

She was cheerful as she handed him the bag. "Here you go, this will keep you going for a while."

He blinked in surprise. "Weed?" he asked, slightly taken aback.

Ansho nodded, her grin widening. "Yeah. Didn't they tell you what medication was in your I.V. bag?" she asked with a playful laugh.

Oscar's voice was filled with wonder. "Claire mentioned something about 'cannabanadoos,' but I didn't understand what she meant."

Ansho teased, "Cannabinoids, it's what makes weed, well, weed."

He smiled and opened the bag. "I've smoked marijuana before."

Ansho's voice was filled with excitement. "Well, this will be very different from what you remember. But you'll love it."

He held it up to his nose and inhaled as hard as he could. He looked at Ansho with intrigue. "Oh, that's the shit. Why is it so different? Is it a different plant?"

Ansho raised an eyebrow. "It's the way we prepare it, you know, like in the book, *Critical Mass*, haven't you read it yet?"

Oscar shook his head. "No. Claire said I should take it slow."

Ansho's expression shifted to one of mild frustration. "That's very bad advice. Don't do that. You're NOT trying to LEARN it! Think of it as an online movie, but you're not trying to stream it; you are downloading it to watch later. You only get to experience a small portion, like in a preview window as you download, but all of it is going into your hard drive. What is written on the lines and between them." She lightly tapped him on the head.

"It's the same as how we think now. When I encounter something, I don't try to 'get it.' I just let it sink in, I absorb it. Your subconscious mind is like an advanced AI. It will continue to process the information, and it will present it to you when it and you are ready. So, don't overthink it. Just read it. Let it absorb without forcing it, just read it! And when you're ready, or you need to know something, it will all be there. If you have questions, we can talk, but if you wait, you'll get the answers yourself," she added. She settled back into her seat. "We've got hours of driving left. Let what I've said sink in while you light up and enjoy the ride."

Oscar nodded, took his medicine, and pulled the message from the box. As the car hummed along the road, he opened it to where he'd left off. By the end of this road trip, he would discover the faulty human mechanisms that destroyed him and what caused humanity's great aberration.

Chapter Thirteen

Critical Mass continued...

Verse Twenty-One

Why the protector-planet is so freaked out

The foundation planets work in comparison. They compare the current situation to similar situations they have stored in their data banks.

The database of the protector-planet is the primal survival data. This planet assesses a situation and compares it to previous similar incidents that occurred hundreds of thousands of years ago. It calculates the amount of skin-fuel energy that will be required to fund its recommended physical response. It adds the assumed emotional reaction and releases it as skin-fuel energy. This hits the body and energises it. The suggestion screams at the conscious mind to do what it wants, which is to release it to move the body and accomplish the suggestion offered. It needs the permission of the conscious mind to do this.

It needs the conscious mind to agree with its suggested action before it can move the body. All the conscious mind has to do is agree with its suggestion, and the physical response is off and running. If the conscious mind accepts it entirely, then the protector-planet will pretty much conduct the whole response itself while the conscious mind simply watches on.

The protector-planet is very fast to assess and recommend because it is very basic. This worked fine for us in our cycle because our world did not evolve as yours did. We never had cities, or electricity or laws or rules or authorities, we rarely met a stranger, we never rode horses, the fastest a person ever went was the speed at which they could run, unless they were unfortunately falling from a great height. We never had an agricultural revolution or an industrial revolution. This is the lifestyle and pace at which a human is designed to live and in which the thinking planets help a person to thrive. Yet as a species, we mastered international travel and worldwide communication. We tasted food from all over the world, we went to strange cities, got married and had children and lived multiple full lives. But we never left our country. We did it all by developing our emotional selves and the Waking Dream State. Our spirit family/Guides would take us diving to explore the furthest reaches of the ocean floor. We would find strange creatures and swim with them. We would then merge our conscious minds with their sensory array and experience the world as they did. We would explore their energy production systems and emotional responses. We could feel their emotions in our bodies. We could skim the emotional responses of their lives and experience all of the high points. The joy of reproduction, the relief of finding food and the exhilaration of being alive, we enjoyed their first-time energy responses, while they enjoyed ours.

This was our science. Wonderful excursions with our spiritual family in the waking dream state. They would show us all sorts of things and we just wandered, played and explored. This is what we want to be doing with you guys. This is the relationship we can now establish. Our protector-planet was hardly ever activated, as we hardly ever felt under threat. In my life, I only ever felt the extreme intensity of its energy twice. Once, when I saw a fugalon, which is a very furious animal. I stumbled upon it. I have never run so fast in my life. The energy surged through my body like a torrent. I did not like it. The energy I normally experience internally is much better. But for you guys, this planet has become a nightmare. It is the same as it always was, but the lifestyle that you are living is not understood by it. It sees many things that are small matters as being very big. Even confined to the history of just your cycle, the modern life you live is new and completely different from anything that it has ever seen before. This protector-planet was programmed before your cycle was even manifested. It was built to manage life the way it was supposed to be, not the way it is now.

Even when it isn't freaking out at perceived big threats, it is adding up the small ones and responding to them. The other two have adapted, but this one even finds your buildings freaky. It isn't a structural engineer, yet one of its many jobs is to assess the safety of structures that will be slept in. The houses that you build do not reassure it. When entering a cave, it looks for narrow walls to support the ceiling, it looks for textures and shadows on the walls, so it knows roots and rocks are present to bind things together, it looks for curves and buttress shapes for roof support. It looks for signs of other inhabitants, so it knows the air is safe to breathe. It is used to sleeping behind bomas, and it is used to fire. It is as if your buildings are purposefully designed to freak it out. This alone is enough for it to release skin-fuel energy all night to keep you in a state of readiness, just in case evacuation is necessary. You call the skin-fuel energy in this state, stress. It tightens the muscles. It wants you to stay at least in part in hunter/gatherer mode, so you will respond quickly if needed. This small thing will keep a person from entering full respiration or having a proper sleep and prolong physical recovery.

Now, consider that it is designed to only meet strangers on rare occasions. People lived in small groups and never travelled that far, that often. When people are in proximity to each other, their subconscious elements connect. They assess each other. Check out their credentials, are they strong or weak, are they brave or cowardly, honest or dishonest, are they energetically rich or poor? They trade, they, like the trees of the forest, have the ability to help each other out via a human energetic network. Being surrounded by strangers is overwhelming for an activated, hypervigilant protector planet who wants to scan everyone as potential threats or allies.

Verse Twenty-Two

The aberration

When your ancestors lost their connection to respiration and therefore us, they lost the ability to develop in the way that we did. They did not, however, lose the schedule of evolution and tried to fulfil their intended purpose anyway they could. They couldn't accomplish these things using emotional energy and internal adventure as we did. All of the energy that they generated was diverted to be used by the physical body and the tools that are used in hunter/gatherer mode.

Thinking, calculation, examination, and comparisons are all tools of the hunter/gatherer mode. They are not a part of respiration at all. It is in switching these things off that one enters respiration.

The physical world was all that humans were left with, so they used physical effort to try and fulfil their destiny. They took control of the situation. Their connection to us, to nature and to the animals became extremely compromised. We could no longer guide them, so they set themselves to control everything instead of cooperating with everything. As with desire and fear and the conscious and subconscious elements, once cooperation finished, competition started. Flora and fauna became the enemy in the human mind.

The plants had provided plenty of food before the aberration. But when humans lost their connection, the whole balance of nature was thrown off. Plants stopped producing as they once did, so man returned to eating fellow animals. This was always an option for man, and one used early on to get the body up and going through the evolutionary process. Once man physically reached where you guys are now, and have been for some time, the need to eat meat was rare. But the lack of plant production made it necessary. As the animals were reducing, man had to come up with another way to find food. Animals were getting less plentiful to hunt and became weary and evasive, so people turned to farming.

They annihilated many species of plants to make way for easy growers. Huge tracts of nature lost their mycorrhizal network. This meant that plants were suffering and so was the quality and quantity of their produce. Many animals were left without the food that they needed. They had to try and get the new human grown farmed food to survive, which to the humans meant war.

Verse Twenty-Three

Kill him!

The world buzzed before the aberration. It vibrated with vitality. Some people detect echoes of it today. All of the destruction and invention since, was to try to keep up with the ticking clock of evolution. As immensely impressive as it is, and elements are startlingly impressive, none of it is understood or accepted by the protector-planet. Your fabricated world keeps it alert. It has become a part of everyday life for people, instead of being a spare tyre and only thought of on the rare occasions when needed.

Having it permanently switched on is a terrible way to live. The constant tension of muscles wastes huge amounts of energy. People only have a limited amount of energy; to have enough to keep muscles ready for action means a deficiency elsewhere. Being under constant stress will mercifully end a life prematurely, that had become no longer worth the living. It is always on the lookout for the next threat. It assumes that there must be one, otherwise its awareness wouldn't have been raised to this level. It will try to play out all possible, potential negative scenarios in an effort to be prepared for any perceivable eventuality.

The protector-planet will never understand that when someone cuts you off in traffic. It isn't a competitor trying to win your partner, or your standing in the tribe, or replace your purpose. It will always want you to run him off the road, pull him out of his car and rip his head off. Show dominance, use this opportunity to make a statement that others will remember and respect. This is what it will want you to do; this is the plan he will devise and recommend, and he will release enough energy to make it happen. This energy will hit the body and electrify it. It all screams at you, 'kill him!' That's a lot of energy. This is the protective planet doing what it is designed to do: retain the primal methods of survival regardless of circumstance.

Verse Twenty-Four

Stuck on the wrong map?

Having the protector planet switched on permanently can trigger a person's brain to mistakenly switch into the wrong energy flow map. A single element of a person's psyche can get stuck switched on, instead of being toggled on and off as needed. They can become fixated on completing a task. Instead of then moving on, they want to complete it again and again. They are trying to prove their worth, their place in the tribe. The protection-planet has gotten the idea that the person is seen as useless. If someone shows appreciation for something that they do, they can fixate on that. They fail to receive the chemical reward that tells them the job is done, congratulations, move on, do the next thing.

By the end of our cycle, people didn't die anymore, we would be in a Waking Dream State and simply decide not to go back. But when people do die in unfortunate circumstances, there is an energy flow map that kicks in to help them with the journey.

People are often panicked, so the first thing that this map does is to shut off all emotions. Because the person was experiencing awful, frightening emotions, when all emotional activity is suspended, the person instantly feels a complete, deep calm. The next thing it does is to wash away all of the fear and regret. Then it alleviates the person of the concern for those he leaves behind. The map points out how people will be ok without them, then it will point out that in many ways, they will be better off. The person can then let go of that concern. After that, it will release a chemical reaction that gets a person to embrace what is happening and accept death warmly. Guides are there to help people. That's one of the many things that we do. It is a beautiful energy map that helps people enormously to take what will be the most exciting step in their lives.

That is, of course, if the person is actually dying. If, however, a protector-planet that was designed to function in a cycle like mine was discombobulated by living in a world like yours. A world of violence and death. How could a protective planet not freak out when watching the horrors of the world played out daily in the media, then to relax, people sit back and watch people getting murdered all night? You, the conscious mind, knows they are actors, but it cannot compute that. This is what it is. A computer-like organism that notices, computes, and responds. It is never upgraded.

The constant flow of his secreted skin-fuel-energy can trigger this transitional death energy flow map to switch on when a person isn't dying at all. The first thing it does is wipe out the person's ability to feel emotion. This is great when you're feeling terrible emotions and staring at death, it feels like peace. But if you are not dying, and feeling quite normal, then having all emotional connection severed is alarming, awful, what a funk. The next step is to alleviate the concern of people that you are leaving behind. So, this map reassures you that people will be better off if you are dead. To do that, it will go through exactly how they will be better off. It reminds you of when you felt like you had let them down in the past and highlights your deficiencies. This is all meant to help you let go and transition peacefully. It can even be humorous in presentation. Many people have a jovial exit because of this map. It helps them to let go of the before, and grab hold of the to-come.

This mode lasts but a brief moment when a person is actually dying. When a person is not, this step just makes them feel awful. It is a transition into death. Death is supposed to finish it off. When there is no death to switch it off, it gets stuck on. The poor person hears this rubbish long-term. They feel useless and focus on their failings. They cannot see anything else; the brain map won't allow it. Skin-fuel energy is suspended, and the thinking planets go dormant or fixate on one or a few incidental random planets only. The entire personal universe goes dim as the lights are lowered. Some of your people call this brain map depression. Although there are various forms. One of the main reasons that functions switch on erroneously or fail to switch off when they should is that the switchboard of the body, the endocannabinoid system, which is the regulator, is faulty.

Others have this planet active at a high-level protective mode normally, and then it seems to randomly hit the panic button. Energy is released, and the brain goes into the fight-or-flight response. The body gets ready to propel into explosive action.

Verse Twenty-Five

Paranoia

The conscious mind is always focused on what the eyes are looking directly at. These foundation-planets view this, but they also monitor the peripheral vision as well. They scan for danger and delights that the conscious mind might miss. When they see something that they think might be of interest, they call the attention of the conscious mind to it. They have limited visual data for this and use a lot of extrapolation.

If the person is in a state of heightened alert, then they are allocated more resources, and they will call on the assistance of the conscious mind a lot more. This extra fuel makes them hypervigilant. This can cause paranoia, extrapolating normal things as threatening, piecing together pictures of things the person hopes he doesn't see, the things he fears, both physically and emotionally. It manufactures the worst-case scenario.

In normal circumstances, the brain might put together a few sounds and rightfully dismiss them as normal background noise. In this hypervigilant state, it might extrapolate that the person is being followed, or someone is laughing at him or talking about him; he may translate an innocent comment into a perceived threat. The belief of danger releases a lot of energy to be on the lookout for what the person fears, in an attempt to keep them prepared and safe. This extra energy is used by the brain for extrapolation, and it can drive the conscious mind to distraction. Look at this! What's that! Oh, no disaster! But, in reality, nothing is going on.

It can also do the opposite and cause an internal type of mirage/delusion where the person extrapolates what the conscious mind wants to see, wants to believe, and hopes is true.

Whether the foundation planets have called the attention of the conscious mind to something, or it has noticed something itself, it will emotionally react to it. The reaction will give a determination whether it is dangerous, nothing of interest, or something desired. The size of the reaction informs these planets how serious the situation is. They won't always automatically respond as if the conscious mind is right, and may require some convincing if they still think it has it wrong. After the protective planet has had its say, the next up is the family planet.

Verse Twenty-Six

The family and acquired planets

The family-planet is very different from the protective-planet, in that it learns as it goes. These foundation planets aren't just there to give an opinion, they help formulate who a person is, responds and lives.

Along with its other functions in life, it is the protective-planet that adds to the person all of the laws from nature that all humans must follow. These parameters include the spectrum of the physical size and capabilities that all humans must fall within.

The family-planet determines who a person is when they are born. It is their starter pack. It is a random hotchpotch of personality traits, fears, desires, proclivities, sense of humour, strengths and weaknesses, challenges and motivations. One of the purposes of life is for that person to find out and become who they want to be instead. This is what we used the Waking Dream State to assist with. To recreate who we were and the world that we lived in. Like most humans, you are apprentice creators. You, with your fellow humans, will one day create and oversee your own world and birth your own eternal children. You start by recreating your own lives and the world that you live in. And boy, have you got a lot of scope to work with. It is very exciting.

When the protective-planet screams at his conscious mind (the driver) to kill and maim his fellow road user, if the driver just waits, even for just a second or two, without acting on its suggestion, he will hear from this guy. The family-planet has learnt to live in society. Its advice can still seem outdated as it weighs things up over the totality of time. It takes a little longer than the protective planet, but its advice is worth the wait. 'Just calm down, it isn't that bad, take a breath.' It compares this incident with other similar encounters that the ancestors have experienced. This is his reference library. It also fires off energy to the body to fund its suggested course of action. It recommends not ramming the other car but following it for a bit to scare the other driver and demonstrate that he is not a pussy.

If the driver waits a little longer, by not using this energy for a physical response, he will hear from planet number three, the acquired planet. This is all the lessons he has personally learnt in life via external interaction. The true and the untrue live side by side, like on the internet, until the person wanders through it and sorts it all out. Again, this is done in emotional respiration. Until then, whatever data is in this planet influences the advice given by it. It will offer a more moderate suggestion. It will remind the conscious mind of all the rules and laws it has learnt. It will remind him that he will go to jail if he listens to the other two. Its job is to help a person live in the new setting. This is the only foundation planet to be comfortable in your world's modern lifestyle.

Verse Twenty-Seven

Evolution Dissolution

Shedabah, a dull boy who never really liked respirating because he was too impatient to learn it properly, once tried a seemingly innocent life hack in your life-cycles ancient history.

One of the issues some people had emotionally respirating, was that they loved it so much that they found it hard to stop. They would even be able to respire others around them. They could be so good at it that it became their livelihood. People would pay them to come and hang out with them and get assistance. They would respire any energy that they came into contact with.

This is normally a good thing, but some of them found it hard to break away from it. As our Guides did with us, we guided your distant ancestors. We taught them how to use the plants for more than just food. We showed them how to make disinfectant, soap, candles, medicines and all sorts of great stuff. We showed them how to make a drink that stops a person from being able to emotionally respire in an instant. It is like magic, you drink, and it makes respiration impossible. You guys call it alcohol.

We didn't just teach people how to make it, but also how to use it. A person needed to self-examine before consumption to ensure that they had a nice clear personal-universe with settled skin-fuel energy.

They had to use it alone, and they had to drink until they couldn't take anymore, till drunk, fell over or passed out.

If it was being used to sustain a person in prolonged hunter and gatherer mode, then it would have to be mixed with the "antidote" which we will show you how to make soon enough.

It had been used for years there without a problem, just as it always was in our cycle. People used it and got drunk, and mostly hated it. These people were respirating people. When people use the emotional respiration process, their little universe gets bigger; it grows, it expands, and more energy processing can be done. When one of these guys got drunk, any random unprocessed energy floating around in their universe would hit the skin-fuel membrane. Instead of the person switching into the internal process to deal with it in the Waking Dream State, they were now propelled to act on it physically. They would shout, cry and fight. They would say the things that they shouldn't and do the sorts of things that should only be done internally. People would get hurt and destruction would ensue. All of the fast, jagged, hate-spectrum energy seemed amplified and acted on, but the thick desire energies were discombobulated; they became insincere, misdirected and contaminated, as it was only being experienced through the skin-fuel membrane and not the entire person.

They hated it, but it provided the break that they needed. Alcohol was never going to be a problem, so we thought. Shedabah grabbed some alcohol one night and tried what no one else had tried and what he had been warned against. He had a small amount. He felt a bit funny and stopped. He went to bed and slept well. He awoke feeling better than normal.

One of the fail-safes of the emotional respiration system is that negative energy is so sharp and turbulent that having too much of it flailing around the personal-universe is very uncomfortable. When people felt this dis-ease they would respire and find relief.

Shedabah found that a smaller amount of alcohol would stop the brain from feeling this discomfort for a while. He drank just enough to ease the hate-spectrum, skin-fuel energy on a daily basis. He told friends about it, who then also drank it daily, like water for hydration. People weren't noticing any odd behaviour because they weren't getting drunk. Noticing things is one of the important functions that all animals, including humans, do. When they notice something, they respond emotionally to it. If they take no physical action, when they emotionally respire, what they noticed is processed and action is taken then. But no one noticed these guys, and the problem spread.

Because they were now doing this on a regular basis, their acquired planets uploaded the experience to the family planet.

The collective acquired planet controls the information for the individual. The collective family-planet controls the information held and shared in the local energetic network. The collective protector-planet handles the information that links all humans together in a global energetic network. If enough locals have found a new thing to make life better and they emotionally respond well to it consistently, it is uploaded from the individual universes to be shared with everyone in the local energy network. So, anyone of that clan can simply get the idea internally from their universe, as it was added to their local library.

If after a long time of consistent positive responses with no counter claims against it, it will then be added to the worldwide library. Then it will be downloadable anywhere, if the local family-planet accepts and allows it.

All of the wars, the brutality, the rapes, the thieving, the school-work-death lifestyle, is as a result of this simple act. They didn't know. If it was ok to have in a large amount, then a small one couldn't hurt, right? Oh, how terribly wrong.

Alcohol stops a person's ability to go into respiration immediately, and it lasts for days. It's like magic.

Verse Twenty-Eight

The disruption of harmony

Life, in its essence, is energy, a symphony of interconnected systems working in harmony to maintain balance and promote growth. But just as a discordant note can disrupt a melody, so too can external substances disrupt the natural flow of energy within the human body, leading to imbalance and disharmony.

Alcohol offered a temporary escape from the discomfort of negative emotions, a numbing of the senses that dulled the sharp edges of the pain and frustration caused by unprocessed suggestions on the skin fuel membrane. But this temporary reprieve came at a steep cost, for it disrupted the natural rhythm of emotional respiration, the vital process of transforming emotional energy.

As humans indulged in the numbing embrace of alcohol, they gradually lost touch with the subtle whispers of their emotional bodies, the gentle nudges and guidance that would normally lead them towards healing and growth. The discomfort of negative emotions, once a catalyst for introspection and transformation, became something to be avoided, something to be numbed and suppressed.

This disengagement from the emotional realm had far-reaching consequences, disrupting the delicate balance between the conscious and subconscious minds and creating a rift between the thinking planets and the deeper wisdom of the emotional brain.

One of the most significant consequences of this emotional disengagement was a decline in the production of endogenous cannabinoids.

The brain, ever the efficient accountant, noticed the lack of demand for these cannabinoids and gradually reduced their production, conserving precious resources for other tasks that were actually being used. This created a vicious cycle, where even if someone wanted to return to the Waking Dream State, the lack of cannabinoids made it very difficult to engage in emotional respiration. This further reinforced the disconnect between the conscious and subconscious minds, and their internal language was lost.

Another consequence of this emotional disengagement was an increased burden on the conscious mind. The subconscious, that vast reservoir of wisdom and computational power, was no longer able to fully participate in the management of daily life.

The thinking planets were left to their own devices, their voices amplified in the absence of the calming influence of the emotional brain. The conscious mind was now bombarded by a cacophony of thoughts, worries, and anxieties, as it was now switched on to hear from any low orbiting planet. These now filled the vacuum that was previously occupied by subconscious dialogue. It became a struggle to merely maintain focus and clarity.

This overload created a sense of overwhelm and exhaustion, leaving little room for the deep relaxation and introspection needed for WDS. The conscious mind, trapped in a cycle of reactivity and busyness, became disconnected from the deeper wisdom of its own being.

As the conscious mind became increasingly isolated, the subconscious elements that once worked in harmony began to compete for its attention, their voices growing louder and more insistent. The thinking planets, the emotional planets, the ancestral memories and the primal instincts all clamoured for recognition, their conflicting demands creating internal chaos.

This internal conflict, this battle for the attention of the conscious mind, further disrupted the delicate balance of the human psyche. The symbiotic relationship between the conscious and subconscious, once a source of strength and resilience, became a source of stress and disharmony.

To restore balance and harmony, to reconnect with the deeper wisdom of your being, you must first address these two fundamental challenges: the lack of endogenous cannabinoids and the overburdened conscious mind.

But fear not, for we have not abandoned you. We, the Guides, have long anticipated this challenge, and we have prepared solutions, powerful tools that can help you reclaim your emotional sovereignty and restore the harmonious flow of energy within your being. For even in the midst of chaos and disharmony, there is always a path towards healing and wholeness, a path that leads you back to the radiant light of your true being and this, our message, is that path.

Verse Twenty-Nine

Momentum

The suggestions offered by the foundation planets are called ideas. The conscious mind doesn't think; it emotionally responds to the ideas presented. It doesn't even have to reach a conclusion if it isn't a pressing situation. The planets can continue to process their suggestion as they receive guidance from the conscious minds' responses to their process; they can eventually come to a consensus, a compromise between them that they and the conscious mind can work with. This is called thinking. Or during emotional respiration, the subconscious mind can draw conclusions on its own, based on the responses you have had during the Waking Dream State; this is called elevated or refined thinking.

If it is determined by you that physical action is necessary. Then the next determination that the conscious mind has to make is when is it needed.

If action is needed immediately, then the thinking planet's suggestions will be acted on. The conscious mind can choose a suggestion or elements from the suggestions that the thinking planets gave. Energy is then released to the skin fuel membrane to initiate that action.

If action is required but not immediately, then the emotional brain can devise the course of action and release refined fuel energy to the skin fuel membrane to conduct the physical response.

So, the first thing the conscious mind has to do in any situation is decide whether or not urgent physical action is required. If the answer is yes, then the skin-fuel energy is released out in a burst, an explosion of fuel energy. It has an updated meaning for existence now and desires to fulfil its role.

Some of this energy explodes outward and penetrates the outer personal-universe membrane that demarcates it from the outside world. It announces to anyone around its intention and ferocity. 'This is what I'm thinking, feeling and about to do, join in or get out of the way.' Many times, this energy announces an escalation in hostilities, and this in itself can be enough to back another person away and avoid conflict. This is a non-retrievable energy. Once it is gone, it is gone; whatever isn't utilised as fuel by interaction, stays in the atmosphere or is absorbed into inert materials, other animals and plants as a record of what happened.

These leftover energies serve as location signposts that warn people of a previous and, therefore, potentially bad situation. If an area has a history of people being killed or hurt by an animal, the emotional outpouring will linger in the atmosphere to warn others in the future. If the person who enters this place in the future is a good Respirator and has opened his internal communication abilities, he won't just get a creepy feeling to motivate him to vacate. He will see what happened and feel a portion of the emotions that were experienced, he could hear the people involved and their final thoughts. It is as if they were there with them. People can call these energy signposts, Ghosts.

When people build houses out of timber, this energy gets readily absorbed, and strong emotional reactions infuse the wood. When people are generating their own emotions, this signpost remnant energy might not be detected, but when things become quiet, like at night

or when alone, then they are sensed. People can think that a building is haunted, but it is only old signpost energy. It is enough to call the attention of the protector planet, who will either demand that the conscious mind focus on it, or it will want it to get the hell out of there, depending on whether the energy left was positive or negative. These signposts can denote both a good or bad history, energy left to draw you to stay and enjoy the situation or flee and save yourself the bother.

If the situation produced a desire response, then love is in the air. This also tells others of intention, to get happy or get lost. The subconscious elements are looking for people with compatible energy flow. Energy of a similar type and intention. They can work together and create a circuit. The more people in the circuit, the more speed increases and this creates a big fit in or get out of the way force. This is called, emotional momentum.

If this energy can't find pre-existing similar energy to work with, then it will try to encourage others to feel as it is feeling. It will recruit comrades. If it is happy, it will seek to make others feel happy. The conscious mind can get in on the act and also help with lightness, happiness and joyfulness. If a person is miserable, then they too seek to share their misery. This seeking momentum is called company, and the level of similarity achieved can denote whether the company is considered good or bad.

This external remnant energy also leaves the information of the event. Respirating people can experience the event and notice what happened retrospectively. This is a part of how natural law works. Everyone who notices the energy has an emotional response to it. This forms a justice cluster. As people add their emotional reaction to the event, it further informs the data and the severity of the event. It will bring it to the Natural-Law courts for adjudication.

In my cycle, people developed their respiration facility to maturity as a matter of course. This happens with some in your cycle as well, and they develop their ability to perceive what non-respirating people consider unperceived energy or spirituality. They can then continue to develop themselves to the point where they can mostly notice the signposts subconsciously without the need to bother the conscious mind at all. When this happens, the subconscious mind accurately assumes how the conscious mind would feel about the event based on what it has learned from previous consistent established responses. But it only does this when confident. It will seek new emotional responses from the conscious mind when it is not by replaying the elements in question later on, in the Waking Dream State. This leaves the conscious mind free to enjoy both their physical and spiritual realities, have fun while still contributing to the healing of the past, which is a responsibility all animals share.

Chapter Fourteen

Oscar gently closed the book, his fingers lingering on the smooth surface as he placed it back in its case.

Ansho's voice was warm. "You did very well, I don't know how you can read in a moving vehicle. It'd make me feel sick."

Oscar chuckled lightly. "Oh, it's never bothered me. I've never been one for motion sickness. My stomach's got a cast-iron constitution."

Ansho raised an eyebrow. "Normally, I'm not either, I never get seasick, but reading while underway? Nah, not for me. It would throw me off balance." Her tone shifted. "Your parents will probably already be there by the time we arrive. I left them a note telling them we were going, so they probably took a helicopter. They'll be there before us, I'm sure. There is a helicopter shuttle to the complex; it's quite remote."

Oscar's curiosity was piqued. "What's the place like?"

Ansho turned down the music, "It's great. People call it Zeetland. It's designed to replicate the conditions Zeetoc's people lived in. It is built to bring people closer to the earth, the environment, and their Guides. It attracts a lot of creative minds, who work on different projects. Some of them stay for weeks, even months, working in groups or workshops. Others, those who come regularly, build their own little dwellings. They get long, snake-like bags and fill them with mud. They coil dome-shaped structures out of them. The bags slowly rot away, leaving behind what looked like beautiful human termite mounds. Some people coat the structures with more mud to smooth the walls."

Oscar listened intently. Ansho's voice became passionate. "It's all about connecting with something primal, something ancient. The idea is to live in a way deeply rooted in human history. It's about relaxing, truly relaxing, so the connection between the conscious mind and the subconscious is strengthened. When you can achieve that state, the brain becomes incredible in its abilities. It's about slowing down; this community gives you the time and space to do that.

Zeetland is a massive, shared complex, but there's privacy too. Everyone has their own little room and dwelling with a kitchenette and a bathroom. There are plenty of fire pits, quiet spaces to retreat to when you need them. The whole place feels like a sanctuary."

Her gaze twinkled with amusement. "And the way they dress, it's interesting. Everyone wears white, but they accessorise with something of colour, a sash, a bandana, a hat, whatever they like. They hide it in a white bag or their pockets when socialising. But when they want to be undisturbed, they show their colours. They tie it around their neck or on their head, signalling that they want to be left alone. When people let their subconscious mind take over their physical actions, they also want to be left undisturbed.

People don't just have waking dreams when they're isolated. They can have them all day, even while working or moving around. The whole point of Zeetland is to create an environment that encourages spiritual and mental relaxation. It's a place where your primal instincts feel safe, there's running water, fresh and clean, flowing in streams throughout the

village. You'll see fish in some of the ponds; the presence of fish signals safety to the primal self.

Knowing there's abundance is all a part of creating a place where your protector and family planets can relax. There's food, there's shelter, there's connection. And," she continued with a grin, "you'll see cannabis growing everywhere. You're going to love it, Oscar. I'll be living there too, and Claire. Your parents will have their spaces, and you'll have your own room. You'll have privacy, but you'll also have support if you need it."

Oscar nodded, but his expression remained distant, his gaze unfocused.

Ansho's tone was reassuring. "It's going to be okay. You'll come good, I'm sure of it."

Oscar didn't reply. His shoulders slumped slightly, as though the weight of everything was too much. Ansho, sensing his quiet struggle, changed the subject.

"That thing on your chest, it's something to do with how you process memories. No one really understands it fully, but I do know one thing for sure: you're being left out of the loop. You're an adult, Oscar. You should be part of the decision-making process, not have other people make these big decisions for you. You've been through a lot, and you're not in the best position to stand up for yourself. So, for now, I'm going to be your advocate, just to make sure you have a voice in all this."

Oscar's eyes dropped. "They'll only do what's best for me, I know it," he muttered.

Ansho was direct. "I'm sure they will too, but sometimes, when people are too emotionally involved, they don't make the best decisions. It's like with doctors, they shouldn't treat family members, because their emotional connection clouds their judgment. It's not that they would intentionally do the wrong thing, but they can't see the whole picture."

She let that sink in before continuing. "If they don't want to tell us everything, I'll just drop you off and be on my way."

She turned the music up. He laughed as he turned it up a bit more and asked. "What music is this? I've never heard anything like it."

She briefly closed her eyes and smiled. She took a deep breath and said, "This music reminds me of home. My friend plays this group nonstop; they're called the Tin Hat Trio. They're kind of gypsy I guess. When I hear it, I feel connected to him and home."

They drove through the arid desert landscape without speaking, the vast emptiness stretching out around them. After a while, the vehicle approached an ordinary-looking farm gate. Ansho pulled over, stepped out, and unlocked it. She drove through, locking the gate behind her, and continued down a barren paddock. "The only security we have here is seclusion and privacy. But really, there's no need for anything else. It's just a giant think tank, where nobody does any thinking," she chuckled again.

Oscar looked around, half-expecting to see something grand, but there was nothing but desert. They drove for about fifteen minutes, the landscape slowly changing as they neared a ridge. As they crested it, Ansho pointed ahead. "Look down there."

Oscar's breath caught in his throat. What he saw before him was nothing short of miraculous. Nestled in the valley below was a stunning oasis, like a garden from a fairytale. Lush greenery stretched across the desert floor, vibrant flowers splashed across the landscape,

and birds flitted in and out of the colourful blossoms. In the midst of it all were small organic domes nestled among the plants. Some were covered in grass, while others had vines creeping over their surfaces. It looked like a place untouched by time, a sanctuary rising from the barren earth. As the vehicle descended into the valley, Oscar's amazement only grew. The place was unlike anything he had ever seen.

Ansho broke the silent awe. "We should head to our section first. Your parents are probably waiting there. They must be worried about you. they couldn't contact me because I left my phone with the note. I hope they brought it with them."

They veered off the main road and took a smaller path that led to a large parking area. "There are no cars allowed in the village," she said. "We must take an electric shuttle bus to the main area." It didn't take long for it to arrive. A small, futuristic vehicle resembling a Tic-Tac silently jerked to a stop in front of them. The driver, a friendly-sounding man with one eye, welcomed them aboard. They took their seats, and within moments, they were whisked away.

When they arrived, the group waiting for them was Russell, Withenay, Claire, Doctor Roy, and another man whom neither Ansho nor Oscar recognised.

Ansho greeted everyone warmly. "It's so great that you're all here! Let me show you what I've been working on!" She motioned to the others, who greeted them with wide smiles, as if nothing at all were amiss. Russell introduced them. "Oscar, Ansho, this is Eric. He runs everything around here." Doctor Roy gave Oscar a friendly nod.

Ansho clapped her hands together. "I can't wait to show you all the progress we've made, but maybe it would be best if we had a quick meeting first?"

Russell agreed. "Sounds good. Let's get that out of the way."

Ansho's tone was mischievous. "Great. Let me show you the meeting room I had built." They followed her to a beehive building with thick, root-like buttresses anchoring it to the ground. It looked ancient and had wooden louvres in place of windows. A skylight at the top bathed the interior in light. Smooth white washed walls, spiced-coloured cushions, red, yellow and orange rugs, white candles and timber furniture. It felt both primitive and luxurious.

Withenay's tone was filled with wonder as she walked into the space, and she raised her hands high. "Ansho, it's beautiful. I love all the fabrics."

Ansho sounded excited. "Fabrics have meant life or death, prosperity or poverty, for thousands of years. In a harsh environment, the softness of these materials was like a balm to the spirit."

Russell raised an eyebrow, then looked at Ansho with a grin. "Got anything to smoke?"

Her tone was enthusiastic. "You better believe it," she replied, heading to an adjoining room. When she returned, she was wheeling a trolley loaded with vaporisers, bongs, and other paraphernalia associated with cannabis. "Sativa's in the bag with the S that will keep you alert, and Indica is in the one with the I, which will relax you," she said, handing them out.

Oscar was stunned as he watched his parents, once staunchly strait-laced, casually smoke cannabis with their new companions. He glanced at Doc Roy, who gave him a reassuring nod as he ripped a cone from a bong.

Ansho offered him another joint. "Here, Oscar." He hesitated, but then, sensing the mood around him, accepted. As they all relaxed, the room filled with the fresh aroma of cannabis, and everyone drifted into a peaceful silence. A few moments later, Ansho stood and asked, "How about a nice pot of tea?" Everyone agreed, and in mere minutes, breakfast arrived, though it was clear that the group was far more interested in their silent, meditative state than the food. The silence lingered, broken only by the clinking of dishes. The group seemed to be floating in their own worlds, content in the quiet connection they shared. Oscar, still unsure of what to make of it all, said nothing. He just watched. Finally, Russell chuckled and broke the silence.

His voice was filled with anticipation. "Boy, oh boy, have I got a story for you. No one knows the full story, not even me. But I reckon it's time to share everything I know about how I got my hands on the Sup-Sub. Trust me, it's quite the tale."

Chapter Fifteen

The room was almost bare of formal furniture. It was a wide, open space, save for a large dining table with chairs and an eclectic array of large cushions and bean bags scattered across the floor. These weren't your typical cushions; they were oversized, soft but somewhat saggy, stuffed with small chunks of foam that shifted to support the body however it was placed. They invited a sense of hominess and comfort. The floor was a bouquet of natural fibre rugs that made it the place to sit, but there were two comfy armchairs for those neither willing nor able to bend the knee. Mortar and pestles lay waiting here and there, their newly honed stone surfaces gleaming ready for use, and sheets of baking paper, stacked, with hair straighteners acting as paper weights, lay plugged in at odd angles, their rechargeable battery indicators glinting faintly green under the dim light. It was an environment of casually textured bohemia.

Russell paused for a moment, taking in the scene around him. The others in the room were getting comfortable by slightly readjusting themselves, as they nestled into their sag-bags beautifully decorated with symbolism, a visible shift as they mentally switched gears. They were transitioning from private contemplation to the external focus of hearing Russell's story. This is why people pre-announce stories, so others can prepare to receive and experience rather than think through them.

Russell took a breath. "The worst phone call I ever had in my life was the one telling me that you were dead, lying in the back of an ambulance, being revived on the way to the hospital. My entire world just froze. Everything I knew, everything I loved, liquefied, and I felt as if I, well, it felt like I was drained, as if my very essence was being sucked into the floor and there was no way to stop it."

His words hung heavily in the room, and everyone but Oscar closed their eyes. "When we finally got to the hospital, you were on life support. Without it, you couldn't breathe. My brain was numb. I couldn't think. I couldn't feel. It was as though I, too, had fallen into a coma, I was existing but not alive. Your brain function was minimal, too low to offer any real hope. Three days later, I got a call from an old friend of mine, Eric here, who took over most of the thinking for me. He had facilities and specialised equipment they were developing equipment that could keep a person in a state of stasis. The idea was that, hopefully, the brain would heal itself, the body would recalibrate, and you'd wake up eventually. So, that's what we did. It was the only option we had. We could only support, monitor, and plan for the day you'd hopefully wake up."

Russell paused and took a drink before continuing. "The government regulations were strict. They would only allow us to keep you in that state for ten years. That was it. Ten years, no more. So, we kept you in stasis, hoping for a miracle. When that time was up, we slowly brought you out of it, and your brain responded better than we expected. You became alert, responsive... But every night, when you fell

asleep, the memories of the previous day were gone. It was like you were waking up out of a coma every single day. And that kind of strain, the stress, was taking a toll on your brain. We couldn't put you back in stasis, but we could induce sleep, so that's what we did. A few weeks at a time, to let your body recover, to give you time to heal from the anxiety.

We would wake you, we would monitor you, and when it got too much, we'd put you to sleep again. Every time you woke up and experienced difficulties, we would resleep you, then let you wake up fresh, and try again. Despite the memory loss, your physical condition kept improving. You were able to move more, exercise more, and we thought that might help you regain some of your short-term memories. But it didn't. And that was the hardest part. I watched you, Oscar. Every time you woke up, I hoped. But it just wasn't working, and that made me despondent."

He stopped speaking for a moment and pulled another cone. He exhaled a jetstream of smoke, his eyes turning inward as he sifted through the memories of those dark years. Then, with a hearty laugh, he said, "Oh, Oscar, everybody knows I made a lot of money on the stock market. What most people don't understand though, is that the market is like a form of gambling for me. Turns out," He paused and winked at Oscar, "I've got a bit of a gambling problem."

He laughed again as he leaned back. He now reached for a metal pipe, filled it with marijuana, and lit it. The smoke curled up slowly, hazily. He sighed deeply, his tone loose and flamboyant as if he was letting go of his parental mask of togetherness. "I didn't lose it all, no. But I lost a good chunk. It wasn't just the stock market; I also lost heaps at the casinos. I loved the escape, the highs and lows, not realising how deep into it I had fallen."

Russell's expression shifted, becoming more reflective, his voice softer, slower. "I turned my back on everything, the message, the Guides, your mother, and you. I went on a bender. I needed to escape the crushing fucking weight of it all. One day, my darkest moment, I had my fall, and I saw the appeal you saw, in ending it all."

Turns out that Russell is a pretty good storyteller when he is stoned. He makes little rhymes and is emotionally engaged and engaging. He had everyone's attention held in his tale's gravity. He paused, his eyes distant as he recalled that fateful night. "I found myself in Las Vegas. Down on my luck, sitting in a bar, and out of nowhere, I heard my guide's voice. It was loud, clear, so urgent. I looked up, and I saw a vision. I swear it was like a freight train coming straight at me. The light was so bright it instantly melted the resolve I had mustered to do the unthinkable. I could feel its illumination, even in my bones. And the voice, though loud, was soft, like a whisper. It said, 'Check your AI companion. Someone interesting is nearby, someone you should meet and talk to.'"

Russell looked over at Oscar. "We all have different 'AI bots' for different parts of life. An 'AI companion' is like an app, not for dating, but for friendship. You're just looking for someone to talk to, someone who shares your interests. It connects you to

people nearby who might be worth meeting. So, I opened the app. It found a guy named Hans, who turned out to be into thermo-electrics, something I'd been interested in for a while. So, I messaged him, and we met for dinner.

Hans was a big, burly guy with a deep voice and a bushy beard, but he was as gentle as could be. He struck me as a man of complete honesty, the kind of person who would never lie in their life." Russell smiled to himself, the memory still fresh. "We talked about solar, how solar panels only capture about 30% of the sun's energy. The rest just gets lost as heat. I was working on a system to capture and use that heat energy, trying to figure out a way to boost the efficiency.

Hans told me his story about living in a remote, cold Nordic region, entirely off the grid without electricity, water, or gas. He uses the Waking Dream State to get ideas. He'd have visions not only in deep states of meditation, but throughout the day, no matter what he was doing, as long as he stayed in a calm, relaxed pace. One day, he went into town to get supplies, and after he'd finished shopping, his guide instructed him to visit a scrapyard, telling him to buy something he didn't even know he needed.

At the scrapyard, Hans found a huge old rear-projection TV. It was a junker, but his guide told him it was precisely what he needed, so he took it. He was guided to split the screen, and he found one of the split screens was a giant magnifying glass. And through the dreaming, his guide showed him how to use it to focus sunlight and melt steel. It worked! His guide led him to cut a hole in an old shipping container, fill it with sand, and place it under his house. He then built a wall of cinder blocks around it and then a wall of straw bales, which he rendered. The magnifying glass would only heat the sand for a few hours per day, but that was enough to keep his house warm all winter. This system allowed him to heat his home without ever needing to chop firewood again.

It was a fantastic solution, and it all came from the Waking Dream State. Hans told me that since he connected, his Guides showed him easy ways to live so that he could focus more time to respiration. He used to spend hours per day just collecting and chopping the firewood, and this invention gave him lots of time to focus on what was now a more important activity.

That night, I told him all about you, and he invited me to his room, where he gave me something. He gave me two Sup-Subs. He said they were given to him by a friend with the instructions that he would meet the right person to pass them on to. Hans didn't know what these devices actually were, but he believed that I was the person for whom they were meant and that these tools were exactly what I needed to help you. He told me to place one near your heart and to have whoever was visiting you wear the other.

We don't know how they work. We have them, we use them, but we don't understand them. All I know is that when you woke up, there was a spark. There was hope, as you wore it, you could keep your memories day after day. It was a miracle! We've kept them safe, kept them pure. People are speculating, but we've kept it all private. No one

knows the full truth except those of us in this room. And I hope... I hope you'll understand, Oscar, that everything we've done, we've done with the best intentions."

Oscar nodded, his face unreadable. "I understand," he said softly. The revelation hung over him and would softly rain upon him as he continued to soak it in.

Eric was a pragmatic guy; he broke the silence. "Well, I think we need to take a look inside. We can't just keep speculating forever. Let's open one, carefully."

Russell looked pained. "If it were just a simple plastic casing, maybe. But it's not. It's like a soft stone."

He handed the second Sup-Sub that they wore when visiting with Oscar to Eric, who examined it carefully. He rubbed his thumb along its edge, noticing the lack of any obvious seams or manufacturing marks.

"It's smooth, no joints. Feels like some kind of glaze over it," he muttered. Taking out his car keys, he gently scratched the surface, causing fine white powder to fall away. "Looks like plaster of Paris... I'm seeing copper underneath. We need to take this to someone with more expertise."

Russell's lips were pursed, and sweat beaded. He went to Withenay and squeezed her hand. They had guarded the Sup-Subs with their lives, and now, something was about to unfold that they couldn't control.

Eric made a plan: "Let's go see the jeweller. She has small tools and a magnifying glass thingy. We'll get this looked at properly." With that, they set off, heading to make the unknown known.

Chapter Sixteen

As they left the meeting dome, Oscar, still adjusting to his surroundings, inquired about their mode of transport. “Are we taking those golf carts?” he asked, gesturing towards some small electric vehicles parked nearby.

Russell chuckled, a hint of amusement in his eyes. He shook his head gently as he explained. “Oh no, Oscar, those are only for the outskirts. Here, within the heart of our community, we embrace a slower pace.”

He pointed to the lush greenery and the meandering pathways. “We go at the pace the human brain is only truly designed to live in. If we want to get the best out of it, we must give it an environment to thrive in, and not overtax it.”

His voice was passionate; he loved being a dad. He was so happy, he enjoyed showing Oscar around. “We have some of the brightest minds in the world residing here permanently. They’ve discovered that when the brain exists in its natural habitat, free from the constant bombardment of excessive speed and stimulation, it can fire on levels they never thought possible. The amount of brainpower wasted when we move at a jogging pace, rather than a leisurely stroll, is extraordinary. To process the visual data alone at that increased speed, let alone all the other senses, it requires an immense amount of energy, energy that could be used to cure diseases, develop new technologies, or solve the world’s other problems.

Living in a normal society, the human brain is exhausted to the point of being useless. But when people come here, they get used to this slower pace, and their entire subconscious systems relax. And as they do, they require less energy, which can be used to nourish the body, the mind, and the soul.”

Oscar couldn’t help but notice how different his parents were on marijuana. They were very relaxed, obviously, but they weren’t sluggish or what he expected from them being stoned; they were exuberant about life and held an air of euphoria.

Oscar got in his wheelchair, and Russell pushed. The others set off on foot, passing through a tapestry of wide and narrow streets and peaceful parklands. There were many food vendors, and although the place was designed for tranquillity, many stage areas and P.A. systems were scattered about, which had adjoining eating venues. This indicated to Oscar that this place also knew how to party.

Every building they passed was constructed from natural earth and was single-story. Plants of all kinds flourished, but the most prominent species, cultivated with care, was marijuana. It seemed as if everyone was growing it, using it, and embracing its benefits.

Withenay, a former chemist who had turned her attention to the healing properties of cannabis, was astounded by the sheer variety. She paused frequently, examining different strains with her phone, which had a magnifying attachment. She commented on how great they looked to the proud and grinning Eric, who loved people showing appreciation for all of his efforts.

His voice was warm and friendly, his eyes sparkling as he responded to Withenay’s observations. “Yes, we’ve been able to trace back traditional cannabis plants to their original forms, before selective breeding and hybridisation altered their properties, we’ve restored

them to their natural state, with the perfect mix of the cannabinoids THC and CBD. People can experience a truly balanced, broad-spectrum cannabinoid base. We have so many varieties that we can mix and match, allowing people to find what works best for them at any given time. It's wonderful, and everyone shares," he raised his brow, his voice filled with enthusiasm.

As they strolled, they encountered swimming pools, shaped like natural ponds, adorned with rocks, waterfalls, and trees. It was an idyllic setting. After a leisurely fifteen-minute walk, they arrived at the jeweller's cottage, a quaint dwelling nestled amongst the trees.

The jeweller's name was Jane. She was a warm and welcoming woman who had a small workshop at the back of her design studio, where she was expecting them.

Russell carefully handed over the Sup-Sub, and Eric explained the object's delicate nature, emphasising the need for utmost care in its examination.

Jane's tone was reassuring and kind, her face sparkling with excitement. "Don't worry," she reassured them with a smile. "I always wanted to be a palaeontologist. I'll take it grain by grain."

The work was painstakingly slow and required meticulous precision. As Jane carefully abraded away the layers of the Sup-Sub, Eric and the others meandered in and out of the small workshop, seeking respite from the sun under the shade of a nearby fig tree, enjoying the cooler air. Oscar remained outside for the entire process, while his parents stayed glued to the jeweller's workbench, their eyes fixed on her petite hands.

Finally, Russell emerged from the workshop with a look of excitement on his face. "Jane has removed the top layers," he announced, "and we're starting to see a shape emerge. But there's no electronics, nothing we recognise," he added, his tone filled with amazement.

Ansho, the doctor, and Eric immediately followed Russell into the workshop.

They peered down at the Sup-Sub, their eyes widening as they saw a circle with a flat square in the middle, held in place by four straight pieces of what appeared to be copper wire and white plastic.

"What is it?" They murmured to each other, their voices filled with wonder and curiosity.

Everyone crowded in for a closer look, their vision fixed on the strangely shaped object still partially encased in its soft stone enclosure.

Little Ansho, after some manoeuvring, finally managed to squeeze her head in for a glimpse. But unlike the others, she didn't ask what it was. She already knew.

Her voice was shaky, her eyes wide with shock as she took in the enormity of the situation, her body shivering as her mind raced. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god," she exclaimed, her voice trembling with disbelief. She shuddered and smiled strangely as she stumbled backward, collapsing into a chair, her face drained of colour.

Her voice was barely above a whisper, her eyes wide with fascination as she struggled to process what she was seeing. "I know what it is," she whispered, "but I don't know how it works."

She couldn't look at anyone, her eyes focused on her boot laces. She muttered, "I should have known it had something to do with him." The others waited patiently, sensing the gravity of her state.

She looked up at Russell and softly spoke. "There were ten of them made," "I was there. I saw it happen, and I helped make them. I don't know where seven of them are, but there's the one attached to Oscar's chest and the one on the table..." She reached down the neck of her t-shirt and pulled out a pendant concealed in a white fabric bag.

The others watched intently as she fumbled with the knot, their curiosity off the charts. She slipped the bag off, revealing the third Sup-Sub, bare without the plaster encasement.

Withenay's voice was filled with disbelief and amazement as she gasped at the unexpected sight, her eyes widening in shock.

"Where did you get it!? Who did you get it from? Does anybody know what it is or how it works?" She asked, buzzing with excitement, confusion and desperation.

Russell, on the other hand, let out a whoop of excitement. His voice was now full of exhilaration, his eyes gleaming with a sense of triumph as he realised how much Ansho was truly connected to it all.

"I knew it!" He exclaimed, his face beaming. "I knew something was happening! I knew this would all work out, I knew you were the right person for the job!" he hugged Ansho and cried warmly.

She was still reeling from the shock, she broke free and said, "I have to get out of here." She was firm and resolute. "I have a story to tell you, a related story, maybe the all-revealing story, but it isn't mine alone to tell. I'm going for a walk. I'm going to make a phone call. And I'll meet you back at the dome for lunch and let you know what is going on." With that, she left, leaving no room for further questions.

Chapter Seventeen

As the rest of them walked back, Russell was singing and doing little dances; they were higher on more than just cannabis, something amazing was unfolding, and they were right in the midst of it. It now surrounded them like a cyclone, and they celebrated in its eye. They paused at an art exhibition where people had displayed their weaving, sewing, paintings, and various crafts for the enjoyment of all. The vibrant colours and textures created a feast for the eyes, inviting everyone to immerse themselves in the creativity on display. It went for blocks, and people were sitting alone or in groups around fires, all quietly plying their art.

Claire was enthusiastic as she explained to Oscar. “Part of satisfying the unruly elements of the subconscious involves giving the Thinking Planets something to do. We give them tasks that they can learn to perform without the help of the conscious mind. When the thinking planets are occupied with these repetitive tasks, they feel useful and gain a sense of control over the body’s faculties, which they love, and it calms them down. This process relaxes them immensely because they don’t have to rely on the conscious mind’s discretion, attention, and abilities.

The conscious mind can take a break, allowing the subconscious to use the body to monitor the environment. With its eyes, they can observe; with its ears, they can listen for danger. If something catches their interest, they can simply look at it themselves, all while the conscious mind remains in a restful state, free from interference. As long as the subconscious is left undisturbed, it’s more than happy to let the conscious mind rest and enjoy a nice spiritual connection.”

She placed her hand on his shoulder. “For those just starting out, this can serve as a stepping stone into a deeper connection, acting as a transition into a state of respiration. Over time, people using these creative outlets find their subconscious begins to manage many other aspects of life that it can master.

When the conscious mind delegates tasks to the subconscious, it can initiate a state of respiration. It also works in reverse. Whenever the conscious mind chooses to enter a state of respiration, the subconscious will automatically take over any tasks it can perform.

The artworks you see here are not merely beautiful; they are not just imaginative or creative. They contain the energy of these individuals’ journeys into respiration, healing, and connection, and of course, refinement. Look at them, feel their essence, as you appreciate the artistry, you create a little circuit of appreciation with the artist; a small exchange of energy.

You don’t have to think about the artist or the methods used; simply appreciating the work will flow energy to the creator of it. When the artist wakes up tomorrow morning, whether they return to their passion or spend the day idly might be decided by the appreciation energy you share with them today.”

Oscar listened as they wandered among the vibrant artworks. He became aware of the stories different pieces held, success woven into every thread. He asked Claire, “Mum said that Ansho knows about the sup-sub but that it wasn’t her story to tell, that she had to check with someone else first. What does that mean?”

Claire responded with a smile. “I told you about people telling stories now instead of having info pried from them with questions. They say, ‘I’ve got a story,’ or ‘I have a related story.’ Basically, as people began entering the waking dream state, they started manifesting significant, exciting life changes. As these creations manifested, they were shown how everything unfolded. All the right decisions they made, the effort they put in, and the support they received from others and their Guides. This process is displayed in a beautiful narrative in the WDS.

So suddenly, everyone found themselves with interesting stories to share instead of just complaining about life or letting their thinking planets speak out loud through them.

When someone says they have a story, they mean they’ve processed and refined their experiences. It’s like a gem that’s been polished; all the rough edges have been smoothed out, leaving behind a clear, understandable account rich in beautiful, refined emotions but free from unprocessed emotional debris. Sure, there may still be negative elements, but those emotions have been dealt with. The storyteller has already processed their feelings, allowing listeners to have their own reactions to the story without any burden of expectation or influence from the storyteller’s own experience.”

Oscar nodded, “So, when someone says they have a related story, they’re not commenting on the other person’s experience, but sharing a similar story?”

“Exactly! Everyone who spends time in the waking dream state has their own unique stories to tell. There’s no need for plagiarism or imitation. It’s all about authenticity and sincerity. Sometimes, when a person tells their story, another might respond with, ‘I have a relatable story,’ which is simply an opportunity to share a story that relates to it that has also been processed and refined. But people are careful not to tell someone else’s story without permission.”

As they continued to explore the exhibition, Oscar felt a sense of anticipation building within him. His voice was more excited as he expressed his growing anticipation, “And now we wait to hear Ansho’s story.”

Claire’s voice matched his excitement, “I know! But we’re taking this time to appreciate and enjoy this amazing place, so we can remain distracted from that anticipation. This way, when we finally hear her story, we can receive it properly, without interruption or the urge to rush through it. A storyteller can weave the most captivating tale, but if the listener isn’t open and receptive, they’ll miss the beauty of the experience. But now I’ve said all that, let’s get back there, I can’t wait to find out what this is all about!”

Chapter Eighteen

They all arrived back at the meeting dome, the atmosphere rich with camaraderie. Ansho burst through the door, her eyes alive with excitement as she sang repeatedly. “I can tell my story, I can tell my story!”. Cheers erupted from the group, their voices mingling with hand clapping in a chorus of encouragement. The air around them felt light and buoyant, filled with enthusiasm. They sat at the table with cheese and crackers, incense wafted and fought the cannabis smoke for room to roam. Ansho had an exquisite Japanese tea set rimmed with gold. The clinking of the petite cups on decorated saucers, along with the crunch of biscuits being devoured, gave the scene a homey backing track.

The days of living within well-worn character arcs, where conflict was essential for growth, were behind them. Instead, this new growth was driven purely by desire. People had begun to embrace the notion that happiness could follow happiness. The old misnomer that one must traverse valleys to appreciate the mountaintops was now universally dismissed. Growth was about elevation, step by step, and it was about revelation, step by step. These two concepts intertwined beautifully, nurturing one another as they ascended the ladder of the elevated life rung by rung. The excitement in the room was electric; anticipation hung delicately in the air.

Ansho’s voice was joyous as she addressed the group. “Now here’s the deal, I can share my part of the story now as it is mine, if you agree to the terms my friend has offered. He can call us tonight and explain his part of the story, which will help clarify how the Sup-Sub works.”

Eric’s voice was filled with delight, his hands rubbing together. “Oh, Okay! This sounds thrilling! What are his terms?”

Ansho explained. “Well, he said that he will share the essential information you need about the device tonight so we can use it to help Oscar. However, he will withhold the entirety of what this device can do and how it works until a later date, when his terms have been met.

Here’s what he wants: After he shares the first part of his story, he wants to leave a space of three months where we stay here and assist each other and Oscar. After those three months, if Oscar is healed to the point where he can fulfil what my friend has in mind, all of us will go to the island for two weeks. On the island, we will connect and share stories. This guy has a wealth of incredible experiences, perspectives and inventions, but he hardly ever shares anything with anyone. However, during these two weeks, he will share anything we want to know. After the two weeks, everyone is free to leave if they wish, but there will be a task for each of us to accomplish within the following year. Once those tasks are completed, he will explain the intricacies of the Sup-Sub.”

Russell’s head tilted to one side as he responded to the offer. “Wow, that’s strange, but it sounds intriguing!” he said with a smile.

Withenay’s tone was more thoughtful as she considered the offer. “I reckon it sounds fair.”

Claire's eyes were wide with curiosity as she sought further information. "What island is he talking about?"

Ansho was light and cheerful. "Sardinia," she sang happily.

Dr. Roy chimed in. "Sardinia?" he repeated, impressed. "Are you serious? I'm changing my mind about you, I'm in!"

Claire turned to Oscar. "After the message, many Provers and Movers went to Sardinia. The local young folks had mostly left because the island had little to offer them; places were cheap, and the people were welcoming, even massive properties were bought up. Now, roll forward your sleeping years, and you have to be rich, and on a long waiting list just to get a night's accommodation there!" She said with a mix of awe and excitement.

Oscar asked. "Why?"

Claire answered, "Because people go there just to tap into that massive circuit of individuals flowing huge amounts of energy, massive personal energy battery banks. Those who are low on their own energy can draw from it. People say they go there and feel younger or healthier. Those struggling to connect to the waking dream state go there to establish or maintain good connections or achieve the experiences they desire. Sardinia is a big deal, oh my god, it's the biggest deal!"

Ansho interjected happily, "We don't need to worry about accommodation; my friend has plenty of places available. And hey, I'm his next-door neighbour, so that's no problem!"

Claire said, "Shut up! Do you live in Sardinia?"

Ansho smiled, "I have for a very long time."

Russell said. "Well, I think we all agree, don't we? It's worth it for all of us to go and spend two weeks in a beautiful holiday destination!" No one objected, and the decision was made. "Now!" He continued as he rolled a joint, "How do we proceed?"

Ansho said, "Well, first let me tell you a little bit about my friend. He has a unique insight into the universe's workings. Actually, as all of you read the book," she held up her copy of 'Critical Mass'. "If there are any concepts that don't make sense to you, and remember you're not supposed to force them to make sense. Take a note, and when you meet him, he might be able to explain them in a way that resonates differently."

Russell interrupted her. "That's wonderful! But we've got the world's foremost expert here; she's read the book over 500 times!" He tapped Claire on the shoulder playfully. Claire held his hand and thanked him.

Ansho didn't respond but continued on. "On Sardinia, nobody questions anyone among our friendship group. When we share, it's always voluntary. Now, my friend Bota is a very funny man who loves to laugh. It seems the more people take control over their personal universes, the sillier they can become. They seem to wander through a serendipitous flow, discovering wonder, delight, and joy in the smallest things. Like big kids. But when Bota does want to share something, everyone pays attention."

She settled back and folded her feet up onto her chair. "One night, we gathered at a friend's house for a lovely meal. Everyone was enjoying their food, laughing, relaxing. Some people were connected to the waking dream state. When a lot of big universe energy comes

together and you have a waking dream experience, it becomes a lot more powerful, more real, and also more psychedelic and fluid.

Bota approached me and said, “I need your help. I just had a vision; I have to build something, and I have to give one of these things to you, two to someone else and seven to seven friends.”

So, I asked him what he needed to build. He asked me if I remembered a symbol that he often used to illustrate what happens when a person connects with their Overseers and to explain how a person’s universe grows. I answered, “Of course I do. I love that symbol.” To which he replied, “I have to build one of those, but not just a symbol made from paper or carved into timber, but in its complete state.”

This is the symbol,” she said as she drew it out for them. “He would explain all types of spiritual principles using a paper cutout of it.” Her tone was filled with a sense of purpose as she continued. “He insisted that we needed to make ten. He told me that we needed to source coaxial cable, like the kind used for TV antennas, and we needed to find a flat pad of magnets, like a fridge magnet.”

My friends’ houses had neither a TV antenna cable nor a fridge magnet, so we set out, knocking on doors.” She shared the details of their quest, her tone playful. “Eventually, we found someone with fridge magnets from a local company who generously donated them to our cause. He called his neighbour, who looked in his shed and found a long length of coaxial cable.

We settled into a quiet corner with some scissors and a small knife. He went to work while receiving the instructions as needed. There was no hesitancy in his flow; whatever he needed to know, he knew. He approached the task as if he had done it a thousand times before. He made ten and gave me one. He told me to wear it whenever I felt led to, which has been every day. I keep it in material because it scratches a bit. That’s the end of my part of the story, I’m sure he will have heaps more to add tonight.

Chapter Nineteen

They thanked Ansho for sharing her story, but there were no comments on the content itself. This had become the norm for them, allowing a story or event to settle while they turned their attention elsewhere. However, for Oscar, this behaviour felt quite odd and unfamiliar. They dispersed, leaving Claire and Oscar alone. Claire stretched her arms and yawned, her eyes half-closed as she announced. “I might have a nap.”

Oscar sounded surprised. “Now? It’s lunchtime.”

Claire smiled, “Oh yeah! I take naps whenever I can. I wake up in the morning feeling great, rested, and alive. Why would I only want to feel that fantastic once a day? If I go to bed with problems, I normally wake up with solutions,” she added, laughing lightly. “Did Ansho even show you where your bedroom was before she left?”

Oscar’s tone was light-hearted as he shook his head, his eyes twinkling with laughter. “No, she didn’t.”

Claire laughed. “Me either, well, I’m going to take a nap here then, if you don’t mind?”

Oscar was upbeat. “Yeah, sure, I don’t mind at all. I feel really good today. All the changes that you spoke about in the hospital seemed surreal before, but seeing so many people today, everyone so happy and,” he paused, searching for the right word, “balanced,” he finally said with a smile.

Claire nodded in agreement. “Yeah, balanced,” she echoed. “That’s a good word for it. People are like pendulums; the further you swing one way, the further you’ll swing back the other way. Instead of viewing personal growth as being in the centre, we now see the centre as our baseline. We’ve learnt to swing wide in life. Wow in the waking dream state, we’ve learnt to swing very wide. What about you? Are you going to take a nap as well?”

Oscar was exuberant. “Oh no, I couldn’t sleep! I’m too excited. I’m going to read more of the message. After seeing what I have seen today, I wanna get into it. Ansho told me that I shouldn’t read slowly. If I read slowly, I’ll get the thinking planets fired up. She said I should just let it flow emotionally. To let it all pass to my subconscious mind without interference, it’ll bring it back to me when it’s sorted out and processed. Is that right?”

Claire responded thoughtfully. “Yes, it is right in a way. But you still have to read every word. Don’t skim, don’t rush, but don’t think too much either. I doubt you’ll only read it once. If you try to force connections or understanding, then you’re thinking too hard. Let the connections come naturally. Let them build and grow within you. When reading, allow the writing to set the pace; don’t try to rush it or slow it down consciously. You aren’t hunting the truth, and don’t want to encourage the flow of push

energy. Some pieces might read quicker than others, and that's the natural variance in flow, partly due to the writing and partly due to who is reading it at the time. I've read it many times, often missing key elements until those things became relevant to me. Then, I picked them up. Just let it all flow naturally. But whatever you do, when your mind starts to wander or show disinterest, take a break. It means your brain is getting tired and needs a rest."

Claire continued more earnestly. "Do something else and then come back to it when the desire to read returns. Just like when you have eaten, it needs to be digested, and then you'll get hungry again and want to eat more. The meatier it is, the more digestion time you will need.

We've learned not to force the body or the brain beyond what they are happy to provide. When they are tired, we rest them; when they are hungry, we feed them. As conscious minds, we seek cooperation and harmony, and we really need to build relationships of trust with the subconscious elements that make up our psyche."

She chuckled softly, "Sorry, you see, I need my nap. I get long-winded when I'm tired. Just read, Oscar. It'll all be fine. I'm so excited about what's happening, and I can't wait for tonight," she added as she rolled over, signalling it was sleepy time.

Oscar settled in, pulling out the message. The words flowed before him. Each line a step deeper into understanding, a journey he was eager to embark upon. As he immersed himself in the text, he felt the world around him fade away. He loved it because it made him forget about his dim past and thrust him into his illuminated future.

Critical Mass Continued...

Verse Thirty

Karma

Well-developed respirators take care of many justice issues without the conscious mind even being aware of it. People call this Karma. It only effectively works when people are respirating, but boy, when it is working, whoa!

Karma is a two-way street, of course, and just as the respirating human notices and adds opinion and donates energy to get justice for bad deeds. He also notices and adds opinions, and makes energy donations to reward good deeds. The bigger his emotional reaction, the more energy he will donate to the cause. To harm or heal, according to the rules. The human rules as held in the human Protector-Planets, or the local laws that are derived and upheld by the Family-Planets local network. This way, the facts are indisputable, the law is categorical, and the outcome unavoidable. It will reward with health, contentment and life, it will curse with sickness, worry and death. Not that an occurrence of these things is indicative of karma, there are many causes for any of them, but Karma is a prominent one. Once justice has been done and the victim healed and compensated, the energy signpost is removed.

Karma doesn't flinch in executing its duties. When people stopped emotionally respirating, they lost their connection to the waking dream state of perception. Not just in deep connection, but in everyday life. When people stopped connecting, things stopped being noticed, experienced, reacted to, and added to. Natural justice stopped.

Just like they did with farming, people tried to compensate by devising their own rules and laws along with ways to implement and enforce them. But without the complete transparency that karma flows in, guilty people went free and innocent people were punished. It could be manipulated by a strong-willed person. It could also be used as a weapon of control and vilification for those who refuse to follow the aberrant conga line to banality. A desperate attempt and corruptible replacement for something pure, unassailable and magnificent. But what else could they do? They had to come up with something. The proper way faltered, so they did the best that they could with what they had.

When the hurt and pain of people at the hands of others stopped being noticed in the quietness of emotional respiration, things got very noisy, very quickly. People started doing a thing called complaining. They wanted other people to notice the ill that they were noticing. Of all the calamities that have befallen our beloved humans of this cycle. Whinging, whining, self-pity and constant talking, oh, the talking, has to be one of the worst. Of all the strange things that have occurred in this cycle, this debased, low-grade behaviour is unfathomable. We feel so sorry for you. We talked in the village, and when we hunted and gathered. When successful, we celebrated.

We, however, only ever spoke of what we experienced in the waking dream state if we were directed to by our Guides. This only happened after what we were processing was finished. To share the funny things that happen there and new perspectives and understandings, a celebration, but never about the emotions being dealt with until they were

refined and disarmed. Otherwise, it would engage the thinking planets, and they would release it as skin-fuel energy, which is what we wanted to avoid.

Verse Thirty-One

ATP

Plants have made sugar from sunlight and air, which are atmospheric energies, and water. Humans eat the sugar, turn it into vast quantities of ATP at an incredible rate. Even a lightweight human of 70kg will produce over 50kg of ATP energy per day!

The conscious mind has a response that turns that ATP into emotional energy, which blast off into the atmosphere to create momentum, and onto the body as skin-fuel energy. But this is just the start of the emotional energies process into the super energy that justifies humans, and the cycles, very existence.

We are humans just like you with conscious and subconscious elements. We are the Overseers of the humans of the world. Not the whole world. Plants and animals have their own Guides and Overseers. We don't know everything, particularly about God, but one thing we do know about God is that there are no free loaders. NONE!

What people call karma could be called human autophagy, or assessment. It identifies aberrant cells (humans in this case) and repairs or eliminates them. This covers what people would call justice, but it also corrects laziness. Sickness was very rare in our cycle in the more evolved periods. We had pristine environments and unadulterated, plentiful food and unpolluted, chemical-treated-free water. It mainly occurred when the law was dealing with someone. To us, who lived connected to our inner river of emotional energy, even the thought of defying a human or local law could drop us to the ground. We felt it in our bodies, we knew what was right or wrong. We never struggled to understand the difference between the two. If someone messed up, it would be noticed. That is a part of humans' autophagy/assessment responsibility for humanity and the natural world. Often, it was in hunter/gather mode that we noticed, and in respiration, we processed that information, formulated a proper emotional response and reported it.

When we report, we don't just send data, but the fuel package generated by the emotional reaction. This is our donation to have the issue sorted out. We didn't tell other people unless directed. We left an energy signpost to draw the attention of good respirators. They were the only ones who could do anything about it.

The energy that was generated by the reaction was donated, and some was left as a signpost. It seems that the person has helped the world but seemingly gained nothing for himself. He has, however, gained the experience. In the waking dream, he will relive elements of this experience. He will have new emotional reactions to it, then they will be developed. Animals play the role of the mitochondria in the cell, and this is where humans shine bright.

The mitochondria are the organelles in cells that take two ATPS of energy and multiply them twenty-fold, or more, when working as they should.

Verse Thirty-Two

Noticing

In my cycle, I lived in a village as people from abundant areas did, and we roamed in small circles. People from less abundant areas roamed in large circles. All people stayed within their territories as laid out by their Guides. The Family-Planet was a strong influence, every culture was preserved in the protection of the Family Planets energetic network and energetic borders. Even when we were shown how things from other areas were done, we simply could not even entertain the notion that it could be of value unless prompted by our Guides. We generally developed from experiencing new ideas in the waking-dream state and then adopting them into real-world living. The preservation of local customs is a key factor in a healthy life cycle.

When humans reach the end of their evolutionary path, they are amazing. After the first half of the path, everything changed. Who they were and the energy they produced elevated massively. It was like going from a gravity-bound caterpillar, devouring plants to survive. To being a butterfly, flittering from flower to flower sucking down the sweetest nectar, while pollinating and bringing forth life instead of destruction.

I was not one of these end-time guys, I am giving this portion of the message, as the cycle period I came from was similar to where yours faulted, and you stayed.

If an end-time guy walked past and noticed a neighbour slap his partner, the response would be immediate and powerful. The violent man's entire past would be evaluated by the end-time guys' subconscious elements. A verdict reached, a suggested judgement drawn up, and an energy allocation delivered, all without the end-time guy's conscious mind even getting involved. Consciously, he would see it, emotionally respond, and move on in seconds. Then he would sort it out later and effortlessly in the waking dream state if there were any elements about the situation that were unclear to the subconscious elements, or if there was something he might learn from it, or simply for enjoyment if it were a slow news day. We call it noticing. It only takes a second or two to have a full emotional response, which is the conscious mind's main input. If it moves on immediately, the Foundation-Planets do not engage.

It is like going for a walk in the country with a good dog unleashed. In your mind, you are just going for a walk, but the dog switches to Hunter-gatherer mode. You are the leader of the pack. The dog will use its senses like an extension of your thinking planets to find things of interest. As soon as it identifies something, it will try to draw your attention to it. It could stare at it, lift its leg, wag its tail, growl, bark, do all sorts of things to draw your attention. Once it has it, it will then monitor you. If you show interest, it will get more interested. If you react, it will escalate; if you ignore it

completely, it will ignore it as well. It understands that it is its job to draw your attention to possibilities, and it is your job to discern.

The Foundation-Planets are like that. If you act like it isn't a big deal, they'll eventually ignore it.

The end time guy immediately, consciously, in the waking dream jumped ahead of time and connected to the energy of the conclusion of the matter. He saw the punishment of the violent man; he saw his wife living in another place. She was happy. He saw the violent man in a very bad physical condition. No one would go near him or connect with him to help him respiration. He felt the stomach knot of going against local law and being isolated. He would dream at night of his life before, the love he could feel, the warmth of connection seemed like heaven while dreaming, but like hell when he awoke, isolated and cold. All of the right people will be in all of the right places to ensure this happens. They would all play their part without them consciously even knowing about it.

Verse Thirty-Three

The fourth option

When I saw my neighbour hit his wife, I did not have the same immediate effect or wonderful experience that the end-times guy did. He was able to ignore the entire process and skip to the end result after his initial emotional reaction. I experienced it as you would. I felt the energy of the planets react. My Protector Planet, whose river ran with human law, wasn't that concerned. The man wasn't slapping me or my partner, so why would he care? The family energy with local law reacted very strongly. I felt enraged; violence of any kind was not tolerated. My Acquired-Planet was also enraged, all of the lessons my father had taught me, the love of my mother rushed to my body and energised it for action. I wanted to smash him up. But I also have another planet.

The planet to which I connected to my Guides my spiritual family. This planet is preloaded like the others, but it is revealed in layers. With each layer deeper you delve, the more comprehensive the guidance and teaching and waking dream experience. This planet never offers opinions unless sought. It is easy to drift away from it. But if a person is persistent, they burrow in deep enough to stay put effortlessly.

Whenever I had an emotional reaction, while I was feeling the force of the skin-fuel energy charge my body, I turned my attention to the Overseers' Planet. Then I would get their recommended response. The first response of the Foundation Planets is mostly concerned with the immediate physical reaction. Fight or flight. The Overseers' first reaction could be to suggest a physical reaction, but if it isn't considered crucial, then they normally advise to notice it and move on.

The way I was taught to move on was to think about something else. Get distracted with something positive. The skin-fuel energy of the incident would continue to engage my body as long as I was thinking about what happened. It was thin, sharp, tumbling fear-spectrum energy. Just what my body needed to teach this man a physical lesson. But it is very uncomfortable and feels awful when active but not acted on.

Also, while I am thinking about it, I am declaring that action still might need to be taken. Why else would I be thinking about it? So, the energy stays docked to my body to jolt the physical response, and this, in turn, keeps it at the forefront of my conscious mind. This stops the energy of the incident from reforming as an unprocessed planet drifting in orbit and forgotten about.

When the energy of a situation leaves the skin-fuel membrane that it uses to engage the body, it drifts into orbit, and it changes. It can still be activated into skin-fuel energy at a moment's notice to fund the action it was designated to fuel. But it no

longer hounds the conscious mind to make a decision that will allow it to act. It does, however, still remain constantly engaged with the Foundation Planets, who refine their initial recommended responses. They note all of the micro reactions the conscious mind had to their last suggestions. They then factor these into the next proposal.

Verse Thirty-Four

Distraction is the key to success

Disconnecting skin-fuel energy by way of distraction is the first stage of refinement, and all the conscious mind has to do in this stage of the process is not think about it, by thinking about something else. This disengages it from the emotional energy generated by the situation. I kept my mind off of it by visiting my friend Bakla and playing Formitchkah. Of course, I never mentioned to her what had happened. That would have completely ruined the process. This would have reactivated the energy and connected it back to my body.

What is even worse is that I would have engaged it with action. The physical act of speaking or writing, crying or screaming or any other real-world response, drives the energy within my body. Once it releases the fuel of the fear-spectrum category, it floods it. The door is open, and the membrane lets the emotional content permeate the body. This is how skin-fuel energy works; it is held at bay, crying out for the conscious mind, who is the key holder, to allow it access to the body to fulfil its function with physical performance. When the conscious mind acts on the planet's suggestions, it triggers the release of this energy. This energy orchestrates the body's response. It changes the map of energy flow; it temporarily removes the restriction of function. It can be hard to ignore when it is pounding on the door trying to get in, but it is harder to stop it once in, and then to try to get it out, it requires willpower.

The quicker it is harnessed after the reaction, the easier it is to stop it. Not all reactions are caught in time. The faster life is, the harder it is to catch it. The horse may have bolted, but the reins can always be pulled in with effort.

My distraction worked great as Bakla was funny and made me laugh. She knew there was something bothering me, and did the right thing; she helped me ignore it. After a little while, I forgot all about what I had witnessed.

Verse Thirty-Five

The process starts

When people emotionally respiration, they get very good at letting things go. Your people, however, can find this very hard. One of the reasons is because the Foundation Planets keep your attention on it, where mine didn't at all. Mine were happy to move on quickly because they trusted me. We had a rapport; they knew that I would deal with the situation later on in the waking dream state, which is so very important to them.

The three thinking planets communicate with their counterparts in other people; they post things in the Local/Family Planet network. They trade, relate and plan things together, reputation is everything in this honest, nothing hidden, respiring society. If my Planets had to constantly report that I failed to act on powerful energy, or if I strongly wanted to do something, and then didn't, I would lose respect fast.

Your Foundation Planets worry about this as it can mean poverty or prosperity, sickness or health, life or death. They, however, don't trust that even though you wisely walked away, you will elevate the energy later and give them satisfaction. This is the first step of the mitochondrial type of process that humans do with emotional energy.

When I respiration that night, I was wandering in the waking dream state. This is what you do in there. You wander. You do not seek, not at all. You don't think or ask questions.

Because we were so localised, we ate the same type of food every day. We did the best we could with it, but fortunately for us, it gets boring. Things get interesting in the waking dream state when things get boring in reality. So that night, I was in the waking dream state, eating a delicious food. I loved it, I had never tasted anything like it before. It was a dish created in another district, and my spiritual mum had made it for me. I could feel the flavours dance around in my body. They were so brightly coloured.

In the visceral vision, I lay back on the grass with my spiritual family, and we looked at the night sky. My spiritual dad was pointing out the direction where a great planet was that had an entirely new range of creatures. He told us that we were invited to check it out by a friend who lives there. I was still savouring my dinner and could see the colours of what I was tasting, the physical sensation swirled in my stomach and then moved into the gland of my penis. I had a huge internal energetic orgasm.

In the waking dream state, you have internal orgasm like experiences all of the time. No one had sex in the real world for the orgasms anymore, they don't even come close to compare. We had sex because we really like someone energetically. We want

to connect with them on the deepest emotional level. And of course, to procreate for the same reason, mutual respect and honour. But I have multiple orgasms every waking dream state, and I wouldn't swap one for a physical sexual one.

The waking dream experiences can also be sexual. How sexual normally depends on the data a person inherited from their family DNA and life experiences. That DNA-inherited energy does not define the actual person. We don't judge people on the energy packet that they were born with; we acknowledge and praise the noble effort they expend to elevate beyond that.

After I had my flavourgasm, my vision took me back outside the hut when the violent man slapped the woman. I had forgotten about it until now. This is the next stage of energy elevation. Converting desire-unfulfilled energy, which is worthless, into valuable desire-fulfilled energy. As the conscious mind, I let the energy reactions from the Foundation Planets do everything that they wanted to do in the physical world at the time, but I let them do it in the waking dream state instead.

The first planet up is normally the ruthless, primal warrior Protector-Planet. He can be shockingly savage. But he didn't care, so there was nothing from him.

The Family Planet did respond. In the vision, I ran over and punched him in the face. When he hit the ground, I screamed at him, 'How do you like it?' Then I grew really big and powerful. I picked him up and repeatedly smashed him to the ground until he was no longer recognisable as a human. I screamed a blood-curdling warning, 'Anyone who hits another, I will destroy.' I felt so fantastic. The three thinking planets could now hold their heads high when sharing this situation with their counterparts in other people. 'We acted, we acted properly.' They don't care whether we acted physically at the time or spiritually in the WDS. It is all the same to them and their counterparts. It can take many of these sessions to convert all of the energy, but the freer you get, the quicker it happens.

Their initial response is always to act physically. When I noticed, I saw it wasn't an ongoing threat. He lashed out in anger and walked off. Instead of acting on the thinking planets suggestions, which I rarely ever do, I listened to my spiritual dad, he said, 'She is safe, keep walking, we'll deal with this dickhead properly later.'

The visions are normally short and impactful, and as soon as interest is lost, I move on to something else. It is all about processing emotional energy; one topic can only keep you emotionally engaged for so long, so they come and go until completed. When you experience the vision, you add new emotional reactions to it. Then you are taken to a different experience, which leaves the subconscious mind free to process those new reactions and further refine the next episode.

In the waking dream state, I left that vision, and I was back in flavour town eating a new thing. I immediately forgot about the last situation. I am only fully conscious of sitting on a beach with my spiritual guide brother, eating this strange, cold food. All of the thinking apparatus of the Foundation Planets is about comparison.

This is a comparison-free zone. No thinking allowed. This is why alcohol was so devastating, it keeps thinking switched on by locking a person into hunter-gatherer mode. In here, I experience, I taste, smell, touch, I visually absorb and feel. I don't focus my gaze; I see what I see, and I'm grateful for that. Acuity can flow in and out. I exert no control at all. Sometimes things drift past me, and I just relax and watch. When something piques my interest, I am transported completely into that experience.

As I lost interest in this new taste/beach experience, I found myself back at the violent man's house. Each time you return to a process, the narrative will have changed, improved, and elevated. The emotional brain is reworking, based on your new emotional reactions. This time, I ran over immediately before he struck her. I said, 'I have to talk to you.' I grabbed his arm and said, 'I know what you are about to do.' I made him sit down. I said, 'You have to respire my Shinta (brother), this violence in your blood is no good. If you do this, I will smash you.' I touched his hand, and he saw what I had done to him in the last episode. He thanked me, and that was the end of that. I went off and experienced something else that was very nice, while the Guides and my emotional brain reworked the narrative again for the next episode.

A few days later, I went back there in the waking dream vision. I walked past, and they were happy. They called me over and offered me fruit. We sat inside out of the sun. After drinking tea, I lost all audible connection to what they were saying. My attention was focused on him. It was like I was hearing every word ever spoken about him, for the good and the bad. I could feel this huge pent-up rage and anger. It was raging within him, but he didn't know where it came from and so couldn't send it back.

Then they asked, 'Would you like to play a game called Spinkled?' 'Sure,' I replied, and they taught me a new game that involved lots of water, mud and buckets of nectar. I had never heard of it, but they were doing it somewhere, and people liked it enough that it made it into one of the experience libraries that I had access to. The Overseers can only assist you in using what information is available to you, according to the level you are at. But people must have been liking it somewhere in the world, so we got to try it in the waking dream state as well, if our Guides thought we might like it.

I then wandered off to a few different experiences. Each time, completely forgetting what had just happened. However, as always, when I went back to any episode, I immediately remembered it all in complete detail as if no time had passed.

Verse Thirty-Six

The horror of the unrespirated universe

I revisited the vision experience in the WDS on another occasion, it started near where we left off last time. We sat in the garden and drank water, and air-dried in the sun. I asked Billof why he had hit Froo. I saw and experienced parts of his upbringing, and it was not good. His personal universe was very tiny. He never learned to respire, so it never grew. It was thick and murky, unprocessed energy clogged up the outer membrane both internally and externally. It was crusted and couldn't expand to inhale and accommodate big reactions, then exhale back to normal. So, the skin-fuel energy was forced onto his body relentlessly. His conscious mind couldn't hold it back as his tiny universe failed to expand to relieve the pressure. The outside of his membrane was blocked with unanswered accusations, which were either awaiting a response from him or a signpost-notice from people looking for fellow claimants/victims, to hold a class action, or the natural law to adjudicate and sentence.

His body was always connected to skin-fuel energy, it was always in a state of readiness. It took all of his concentration to simmer down just below the boil. Indignation, frustration and disappointment rode him hard. He was mentally and physically exhausted. I almost started to feel sorry for Billof. Part of the waking dream is experiencing things through the emotional and physical perspective and perceptions of others.

That was the end of this waking dream experience. I didn't think of it again. About a week later, in the real world, I saw Billof lying on a bed outside. I spoke to Froo, who said that he had been struck by a fever. I heard one of my planets say, 'I bet you're respirating now, Billof.'

All of the planets in your universe can talk to you if you have the ability or desire to listen. The bigger the louder. They can all release energy to the skin-fuel membrane for action if it isn't otherwise occupied and they are in a very low orbit. Being in the waking dream state is being otherwise occupied. They will recognise and respect that the respiration map has been switched on, and they will stay silent. The poor old brain and body can have a well-earned break and use all available energy to rest up and heal.

Verse Thirty-Seven

Questions

About a week later, in the waking dream state, I saw Billof. This time, he was sitting on the ground, and he had a small fire that burned between his legs. I was reclining on some cushions, and I had a very unusual cup in my hand, which contained a very yummy hot drink. I took a moment to absorb the flavour, the viscosity, the texture of the drink, and I felt it swirl around my body. I ran my fingers around the cup's shape as I swallowed. We are taught that if you notice the beauty, the experience is better, it is enhanced, and the artists responsible are rewarded with gratitude and appreciation, which are the highest qualities of energy and true reward for effort.

‘What is the fire for Billof?’ I asked.

This was unusual; we hardly ever asked people questions unless necessary, or when agreed to by the one being asked. We also did in a flowing conversation, of course. But mostly our interactions involved people voluntarily offering up information and stories that they wanted to share, and thought might be interesting or helpful, rather than having it p from them. We ensured it was a conversation and not interpreted as an interrogation.

We approached starting a conversation cautiously in case the person was internally occupied, unless willingness was established with physical gestures of nods. We could sense when someone wanted to talk to us, and if we were mentally free, we would acknowledge that we were cool to chat. If we didn’t want to, then we didn’t. No one got offended.

We didn’t just have deep respiration, waking dreams, we lived in various stages of spiritual connection and WDS experience. We needed to let people have their own train of thought. Interrupting that can be an awful experience. When people have to start thinking, they have to switch from respiration mode to hunter/gatherer mode, as this is where thinking takes place.

If a person is respirating, then the Foundation-Planets have agreed that the conditions are safe for them to switch off their control of the personal universe and hand it over to the emotional brain. If they are not convinced about this safety, they will fight the waking dream state instead of supporting it. They don’t want to feel vulnerable. Not just safe from a violent attack, what they really fear is interruption.

When a person is in hunter/gatherer mode, their Personal-Universe is monitored by the Foundation Planets. Any energy low orbiting the body can connect at any time. When this happens, the person is reminded of the situation that created this cluster planet, and he will experience the same emotions that he did at the time.

The Guides can use this as a way to get important information to the conscious mind in emergencies when it is otherwise engaged and not connected properly. If the person is in danger of stepping on a snake that the Guides are aware of, they can use the peripheral senses or track the animal's personal universe. They can try to tell the person, but if he isn't listening, then they can retrieve a data packet of a previous snake encounter that the person has had, one that generated the greatest emotional impact. They send it to the skin-fuel membrane. When it hits the membrane, the person will see the event, they will recall details, feel the weather, smell the odours that were in the air, and feel the emotional responses that they had at the time. They instantly stop and look around for a snake.

The impact the low orbiting planets can have on the person needs to be carefully controlled, so the well-rested foundation planets function like air traffic controllers. They are very careful to only let what is supposed to dock get even close to the skin fuel membrane.

In deep emotional respiration, however, the conscious mind is not connected to the skin-fuel membrane but to the deep internal river of emotional experience. The entire body becomes an emotional sensor.

Because the skin-fuel membrane is disengaged, the personal universe can be filled to capacity, choc-a-block with beautiful and disgusting energy alike, this allows it to be expanded, examined and processed. The entire personal universe is used as an emotional workshop.

The body feels like a warm sponge. It soaks up the beauty and rejects the ugliness. It has learnt from previous experiences what emotions you want to experience and what ones you don't. It gets very good at assuming. Once you have thoroughly taught it that you don't like an emotion, you will never consciously experience it again. It still gets processed, but your role is finished. It can mark it for waste, without checking with you first.

If a person with a respirating full personal universe, instantly gets thrust back into hunter-gatherer mode, his conscious mind connects to the skin-fuel membrane. It switches it on like an electromagnet. When the conscious mind connects, the membrane comes to life, and its gravitational pull attracts any old cluster planet that is close, as well as fragment energy. Because the thinking planets haven't been monitoring planet traffic, any old energy being worked on could dock on the body.

He now feels all of this random, unprocessed energy on his skin-fuel membrane. A person with a big personal universe would rather die than experience this. In the safety of respiration, ugly, awful energy can be processed without the connection to the body, and it feels completely fine. When a person finishes processing it, it is gone, and he moves on. Then he can switch to hunter-gatherer mode effortlessly. But the premature interruption can force him to feel every ounce of the ugliness in his body. The brain, which is responsible for the translation of the skin-fuel-membranes experience to the conscious mind, cannot understand or differentiate

these jumbled-up emotional energies, so it translates it as pain, which a person cannot identify, and this can be agonising.

Interrupting by talking to someone uninvited would stop them from processing what they had been guided to refine, and demand that they help the question asker with whatever they were thinking about with the foundation planets, it is the height of rudeness.

Talking for us was a matter of consent. To switch from respiration map to hunter-gatherer map, to switch on thinking, to connect to the sensation of skin-fuel energy with whatever emotions are currently circulating in the personal-universe, is a big deal. And on top of all that, the question asker is dictating not just what they are going to think about, but also what they are going to talk about as they answer. It is a hijacking of the mind. It is violence to a deep respirator!

Verse Thirty-Eight

Answers

When someone asked me a question properly, it would be a serious dishonour to them if I answered it quickly. That would mean I thought about it and answered with my thinking planets. They get their information from my primal, rudimentary survival lessons, family history and what I had picked up through life, which has not been processed/refined.

When asked a question, I listen to it without having any emotional attachment, I don't think about it. I do this by having a distraction.

When I was young, I started by focusing on something in the physical world, but as an adult, I use the waking dream state. I often don't even look at the person asking the question. When they finish, I increase my focus on the distraction in the waking dream state, and I forget all about it. I have received it and I am letting my emotional brain process it. It compares it to my refined planets, energy in my emotional river, and my connection to the Guides and their wealth of information. When the response is formulated, I am told in the dream state. I turn my attention back to the question asker with a comprehensive response. Not just for the initial question, but for the subsequent follow-ups as well. A fully formed, confident, coherent response had been downloaded, and I have easy access to its entirety.

If the conversation exceeds its scope, I pause for another download. No one wants to know what my planets are thinking. They are there to organise quick physical responses, not elaborate complex understandings. People are amazed at how smart they become when they learn to do this. They only thought that they were dumb because they were trying to use a little calculator (the foundation planets) to compute terabytes of information. They have a huge computer that had just sat there dormant until they learned to turn it on and use it.

When I received the subconscious mind's response, I would also feel the refined emotion of the topic. This is one of the ways to elevate life. Experience the emotion of the topic or situation after it was processed and refined, rather than the initial knee-jerk reaction of the thinking planets.

It is just as rude to offer a developed, refined, processed suggestion and have it cut off by the recipients thinking planets quickly. If a person has taken the time to offer something elevated, it should be received with an elevated process. Let it sink in and be absorbed, compared to the refined wisdom of the person and his spiritual family, before being rejected, accepted or further developed by the emotional brain.

The quick-thinking response to questions that you guys do is very strange to us. It is up there with all of the incessant general-chat-talking that only serves to disrupt the silence.

People know innately that they are supposed to share information with each other, to help each other breathe. Your human network is so compromised that this can't happen sufficiently and quietly using the human network, so people try to use physical methods to accomplish tasks that are only achievable by energetic means. It never works, but they have had no choice. The network that connects all people has been severely restricted.

Verse Thirty-Nine

Put the past away and embrace the future.

Now, however, I wasn't in reality, but the waking dream state, so I could do whatever I wanted, including asking questions. "So, Billof, why the fire?"

He looked up at me, worried. "It is my judgment, fire," he replied.

My attention was then drawn to some women standing off to the right. Some were empty-handed, some had one or a couple of sticks, and one lady had a lot. Billof told me that it was his time to pay old debts. "When you respire, you always pay debts as you go. Our Guides would always try to make sure that we were energetic lenders rather than borrowers.

Billof had hurt people physically and emotionally. He did not use his respiration to process the negative emotions he had caused in others, to elevate them to valuable purity and then pay compensation. Everyone will have to pay their debts, whether in this world or the next/afterlife. No one gets away with anything, no matter how secret they think it is.

Tears ran down Billof's face as each woman told him of the hurt he had caused them. They laid the sticks on the fire, and Billof burned. I heard the voice of the Family-Planet Law, "You will burn, Billof, until you burn all of their pain away. When you have burned off all of the debt, you will have to compensate the people with an equal amount of Desire-Fulfilled energy."

Back in Boringville Reality, Billof's fevers would run for days at a time, with a break in between to recover. His personal universe was shut off from the human network and the local network. This meant that others couldn't help him respire the energy; he had to do it all himself.

His partner, Froo, was a great Respirator. She was always relaxed, slow, quiet, poised, measured, and very happy. These are the signs of the kind of powerful person you don't normally mess with in our cycle. But he wooed her, then he used her. Just as a matter of course, she respired him. Now that he was cut off, she felt like her old self again. She could see him clearly for the first time, a parasite, a weight that she had severed.

In the real world, Froo showed up at my house one day with lovely honey boklosh. We sat and laughed together. She told me that her guide had shown her many things in the waking dream about her relationship with Billof. One of the things was my part in the process. We held hands and respired together. This physical contact empowers the circuit's speed. The energy we both experienced was magical. We had an amazing event that happened for the first time for either of us, although we had heard of others having it. We consciously shared a waking dream experience, like two

people having the same dream. In the vision, I told her to squeeze my hand three times, and in the real world, she did. She told me in the vision to stomp my foot, and in the real world, I did!

This opened the door, and we shared many dual experiences, her at her house and me at mine. Everyone lived in a small dwelling in my land. Even partners didn't live together. Each person's Family-Planets are different. Some of my inherited family protection concerns are not the same as other people's. My place is set up to put my subconscious elements at ease, so they would allow me to switch into deep respiration. We didn't own anything; if you occupied it, it was yours. If you left it, it was anybody's. If you moved in before someone moved out, you were a thief. They were just shelters and warmth. People mainly built their own with their Overseer family.

That is really all there is to elevating emotional energy to the first stage. It works like emotional digestion.

Verse Forty

Natural Law: A System of Notice, Report, Accusation, and Penalty

What Billof was experiencing was a part of the accusation process. In Natural Law, all actions and judgments are based on the practices of notice and report, accusation and suggested penalty. Within this framework, people are not only witnesses to life but also hold a responsibility for justice.

False accusations, misaligned penalties, and hypocritical judgments are all subject to the principle of 'return to sender'. The energy an individual sends out to judge or punish another will ultimately return to them, if it turns out to be false, thus enforcing a standard of truth and integrity.

The notice and report process focuses on the simple observation of events. In this initial stage, people process life events without active interference. This detachment prevents premature judgments, allowing the entire event to be processed in the WDS. By not rushing to condemn or reward, the observer forgoes drawing conclusions with the thinking/reactionary planets and aligns with a principle of processing and refining situations before forming judgment. If there is no need to respond physically at the time, the respirator won't.

Through the act of noticing and reporting, individuals donate any emotional energy they had at the time. Even if they didn't consciously dwell on the initial reaction, they still had one. This energy will be expanded, strengthened and refined as it is processed in the waking dream state. This donation may be a standalone perspective and call for a penalty or reward. It could also contribute to a larger field of the perspectives of others who also noticed it, and create a joint cry for justice to be carried out in a class action.

Noticing and reporting is a role that all life performs, an inherent duty that keeps the world in balance. People can add their unique perspective to the collective memory and response. This refined witnessing is what many call karma.

The accusation and penalty system is an act of assigning consequences. It introduces responsibility, for the act of accusation shifts one from mere witness to judge, which is great as long as he remembers that every judgment he decrees carries a karmic weight that binds him, as the accuser, to the standards he sets.

When a person feels wronged and decides to accuse another, they send out an 'energy packet' laden with both the accusation and a proposed penalty. This packet heads to the outer membrane of the accused, seeking to fulfil the accuser's judgment.

If the accuser wishes the penalty to manifest within the accused's inner state, such as physical illness, financial hardship or emotional distress. This energy packet will try to infiltrate the accused's personal universe. If he trusts the person who is

hurling the accusation at him, then the packet will penetrate his protective layer more easily, as lowered defences allow the energy to pass through. If he knows the accuser is out to get him, he will try to protect himself and filter out any energy from the accuser.

If the prescribed penalty is intended to occur through external means, such as someone physically confronting him, the energy waits on the outer membrane until a person open to violence or conflict crosses the accused's path. The energy will then influence this person's subconscious, urging them, trying to make a deal, pay them off with favours or energetic payments to act on the accuser's behalf and administer the penalty that they reached. If a deal is struck, then the person will be well compensated for acting against the accused to fulfil the judgement reached.

Accusations can also interact with the subconscious minds of those associated with the accused, encouraging impulsive actions in alignment with the penalty's intent. The subconscious minds of friends, family or strangers may be swayed to act against them, particularly under conditions of stress or lowered inhibitions. When a person acts on such an impulse, they often feel a sense of satisfaction, as their subconscious releases "reward" chemicals, reinforcing the behaviour. This congratulates the conscious mind for its cooperation.

If someone accuses, judges and decrees a penalty for another, then they release the energy to make it all happen. That penalty will apply and be carried out. If the accused is innocent and successfully mounts a defence and refutes the accusation, then the energy will return to the accuser, and they will have the judgment played out in their own life. So, if someone judges someone falsely, then they will bear the brunt of any penalty they prescribed if successfully refuted. This is why multiple sessions of altered perspectives and emotional responses occur in the WDS experience, these are carried out prior to a respirator passing judgment on another, for if he is wrong, then he has cursed himself with great power.

When an individual accuses another and assigns a penalty, they are, in effect, announcing that this judgment is a fair measure for anyone guilty of such an action, including themselves. By setting this standard, they create a binding rule within their own personal universe, which will apply equally to them if they ever commit a similar offence.

If a person accuses another while harbouring similar faults or misconduct within themselves, the accusation is both hollow and self-damaging. The energy of a hypocritical accusation cannot attach properly to its target; instead, it rebounds, attaching to the accuser's own outer membrane and manifests the judgment in his life.

If someone intentionally falsely accuses another of wrongdoing, then they not only have the judgment and penalty that they generated to deal with, but the falsely accused person will certainly add their energy and penalty to it as well. The greater the impact the false accusation caused, the greater this judgment and energy allotment will be. Not just to those who made the false accusation, but also to those who joined

in with agreement or acceptance. Only respirators can successfully defend themselves against false accusations, and the better the respiration, the more powerful the defence and counterattack. Everything about accusations is explored, not just the actions, but just as importantly, the motivation behind these actions. Why someone did something is often more important than what they did. If someone did something out of love, and that is twisted into a selfishly motivated action, then it is also considered a false accusation and is rejected, added to, judged, has a penalty attached, and the counterattack is returned to sender.

To avoid the pitfalls of hypocritical or false accusations, individuals are encouraged to engage in spiritual processing and refinement. Through regular WDS respiration, individuals can reach a place of clarity and truth and then act as a true agent of karma.

In the waking dream state, individuals and their Guides work together to explore accusations thoroughly. By examining different perspectives, considering mitigating factors, and reflecting on their actions, individuals ensure that any penalty they decree is truly fair. This careful processing also allows them to resolve personal grievances internally before acting, reducing the risk of projecting false or hypocritical accusations onto others.

When people start using the WDS, they formulate refined accusations by exploring the painful events in their lives, finding the true culprits, judging and executing that judgment by releasing the energy to make it happen. They also answer any accusations made against them. It is of paramount importance to the Guides to help their charge clear the outer membrane so it can work as it should.

For those who practice regular respiration and self-examination, the personal universe remains clear and balanced. Respirators process their emotions actively, preventing blockages and ensuring that their outer membrane remains responsive and aware. When a new accusation lands on their outer membrane, it is detected immediately, and they can respond swiftly, either by accepting, rejecting, or amplifying and returning the energy.

Through respiration, respirators clear their personal universe. Firstly, impulse energy is represented by the planets orbiting closest to the body, then there is suspended energy beyond that, and then stored energy in a denser, outer layer that presses up against the inside of the outer membrane. By consistently processing this energy, they avoid the build-up of stagnant emotions, bitterness or grudges, which would otherwise harden into blockages like barnacles on the inside wall of the outer membrane. This restricts its ability to expand, which greatly impacts the soul's functionality. The soul isn't just an appendage that hangs around, it is a functional part of the person.

Respirators who maintain clear emotional energy can easily detect and deal with these false accusations or projections from others. Their Guides assist them in sorting through these accusations, ensuring that they only accept the penalties that are

just and return unjust accusations back to their originators. This reflective, balanced approach allows respirators to live in a state of justice, without the weight of unresolved accusations, which fosters a life of alignment and inner peace.

Natural Law underscores a profound ethical principle: each individual is bound by the standards they set for others. Through this self-regulating system, people are encouraged to act fairly, as they will inevitably experience the justice they mete out to others.

By embracing this principle, people not only protect themselves from unintended consequences but also contribute to a more balanced and harmonious world. In understanding that every accusation is also a self-imposed measure, a person is reminded to judge wisely, live justly, and embody compassion. However, this system only works for a person who makes it work. Human-to-human justice is a matter for humans to administer. Your Guides work as your legal counsel and walk you through the whole process of facing up to and paying the penalties that you owe to others and demanding justice from those who owe you. This can only truly happen with fully functional WDS capabilities.

Verse Forty-One

Illumination

The primitive survival instincts of the Protector Planet can be just as relevant today as it did in the primitive days and will keep you just as alive in your modern world as it did in ancient times. Just remember it is fast, it overreacts to almost every situation. If you act on its recommendations in a civilized society it will likely lead you to the grave, the hospital or imprisonment, but it is still invaluable in extreme situations.

It keeps a vigilant eye on peripheral senses to detect what the conscious mind misses. Unfortunately, this Planet can be the reason behind many types of emotional illnesses, as it simply cannot adjust to modern living. Therefore, people must accommodate it as best as possible. When this guy perceives a threat, it is all examination, switching the senses to detection rather than appreciation. It will release a fear spectrum energy, which feels scary or weary. This energy will seek to shut down every function of the body that won't help with a fight or flight response, it will shut down the personal universe for protection.

If, however, it perceives something beneficial to be had or enjoyed, it will release desire-spectrum energy. This energy fuels the body with passion and desire, which feels wonderful when fulfilled. It is smooth, warm, comforting a person feels contented; it relaxes the muscles and the mind.

It turns the skin-fuel membrane into a magnet that draws other desire spectrum energy to itself. It does this in the personal universe. It scans energy clusters and fragments that drift by. If it finds a similar desire-spectrum cluster or fragment energy, it lights it up. This activates it, which brings it to the attention of the conscious mind.

When a person has desire spectrum energy attached to their skin-fuel membrane, their mind will become focused on that type of energy both internally and externally. His attention will be drawn to all of the positive things in his life. His subconscious mind will shift to focus on finding solutions, rather than just identifying problems.

The desire-spectrum mode seeks to mobilise compatible energy as fuel, to enable positive actions. This locates similar energy that may be needed for backup and puts it on standby. The other positive energies respond by lighting up. In this state, even when the mind is thinking, this is the energy that will be noticed and prioritised by the thinking planets. When the physical senses are scanning the world, it is this lit-up energy that will direct the brain to focus its true vision on the positive elements. This is the positive energy's chance to fulfil its destiny, its specified, created purpose.

Every energy created lives forever; it changes form, capabilities, and function, but it is essentially eternal. All energy exists to fulfil its role in its current state, then it can move on to its next form. Desire-spectrum energy desires to create. Fear-spectrum energy desires to destroy. Desire-unfulfilled energy can't wait to become desire-fulfilled energy. Everything in nature wants to upgrade to the next step, and fulfilling their current role is the only way to do it. Desire-spectrum energy wants the person to stay happy. This means that he will see things in a positive light, and the suggestions he receives will be to do positive things, and this will require positive energy. This means that it will be used and upgraded.

Reality is made up of tiny little particles. These cluster together to form small lumps, who cluster together to form balls, who cluster together to form Planets of various sizes. No matter how big they get however, each of its smallest particles are still islands floating in a river. This river acts like a synaptic gap that enables reality.

Every action using a particle requires energy crossing the river, and this is where Autophagy/Assessment takes place in a deep, thorough fashion. As the energy swims through the river, it is cross-checked. This can filter out erroneous information, which allows the correct information to progress more easily, less encumbered. It has the same momentum but less weight to carry. Any similar, compatible energy flowing in the river that the crossing energy encounters will be used as fuel to assist its progress.

The end result of the countless particles crossing filtration, is that the comparisons used, and the conclusions drawn, are positive and optimistic. The eyes will see the beauty, the body slows down to engage with nature properly. They notice, the gentle breeze, the small flower blooming, the smile from a passer-by. This should be the natural state of a human. The fast, fear side is for the rare times when a person is under threat.

Humans from our cycle spent a lot of time in the fear spectrum in the early days. They had to; the world was a wild and hostile place, with the insatiable need for protein to get the physical evolution happening quickly, driving animals to eat each other. As the animals evolved, the world became gentler. The animal bodies settled into how they should be. The lust for protein diminished, and the next stage of evolution gently switched over. Animals that once ate other animals started eating plants instead. The species that survived had completed their physical evolution. It was time for them to start evolving emotionally and upregulate the world/cells' energy production to feed into the body of God/Universe and fulfil its purpose.

As they switched over to the new paradigm, life became easier. The organelles of the cell were functioning symbolically. There was food everywhere. We didn't have to hunt. There were more and more animals switching to eating plants instead of us, so we relaxed. The fear, Protector-Planet, alert and alarm, running through the veins, suggesting threats to the mind, took a back seat. Then, after things settled down more,

it got relegated even further. It went from copilot to the back seat, then to being the spare wheel. Only thought of in emergencies.

The desire spectrum took over. Everyone was relatively nice. People wanted to be happy. The desire spectrum of energy coated our skin-fuel membrane so thickly, that even when we had a fear response, it had to be huge to activate the body. Otherwise, we didn't feel it, only identified it. It was very easy for us to laugh, sing and dance and very rare for anyone to be upset long term.

The desire-spectrum energy is so thick and lovely, it provides the most beautiful sense of comfort. We stopped trying to improve our living circumstances. The internal comfort made seeking external comfort obsolete. A person consciously connected to their internal self is just physically at ease. They don't fidget or squirm; they relax. The foundation Planets get quiet, and as the thinking subsides, so does the skin-fuel energy. It is there to enable immediate action; if that isn't needed, then it will undock and cluster up. If a person allows themselves to simply sink into this state, they start to experience the world, rather than just compute it. The emotional senses of the body interpret the world to the mind, instead of the analytical Foundation Planets. This is a human functioning as a human should.

Chapter Twenty

As dinner time approached, everyone made their way to the meeting room. The complex boasted several community kitchens; while some preferred to cook their own meals, others, like our group here, opted for the variety of catering options provided.

They ate their meal in silence, punctuated by glances, smiles, and twinkling eyes. A playful energy lingered, especially between Claire and Ansho, who elbowed each other and giggled like schoolgirls. It was an unexpected pairing, but a charming one, nonetheless.

After dinner, they savoured dessert and indulged in cannabis while waiting for the phone to ring. They didn't have to wait long.

Ansho's tone was light and enthusiastic, her eyes sparkling with anticipation as she answered. "I'll put you on speaker," she said.

"Hello, everybody!" Came a friendly voice over the phone. "I'm Bota. Ansho has given me a great rundown on who each of you are, and it's wonderful to make your acquaintance."

Withenay expressed her gratitude, "Thank you for the call, we appreciate you taking the time."

Russell piped up, more direct as he addressed Bota, "Yes, we're all very curious about this device. But before we get into that, could you clarify what you want from us in return? I'm a bit hazy on the details,"

Bota chuckled, his tone becoming more playful. "Is that the voice of a lawyer I hear?"

Russell toned it down a notch and was now lighter as he responded, a warm smile spreading across his face. "Oh yes, I suppose so, it sounds like there's a task you'll need from us, and we have to commit to it without knowing what it is," he added with a touch of humour.

Bota was reassuring and light-hearted, his voice filled with a sense of calm. "Oh, don't worry about that. All I ask is that each of you write something for me. We will spend two weeks together first, after that, you can write something for me whenever you feel it is right. I want us to come together and share stories. I have many stories I've never shared with anyone, and I'm eager to hear yours."

Russell responded immediately, his voice filled with relief and encouragement, "Well, I'm totally fine with that," and the others nodded in agreement.

Bota responded, "Excellent! Let's dive in," he stated, his voice brimming with enthusiasm.

Russell spoke again, "Hans gave these to me. We thought this was a type of new neural transfer device, acting as a supplemental subconscious mind, allowing Oscar to retain his memories. We called it a Sup-Sub," he said, with a thoughtful tone.

Silence fell on the other end of the line, and Oscar looked to Ansho for confirmation. She smiled and nodded, gesturing for them to wait patiently.

Bota was playful as he broke the silence, his laughter echoing through the speaker. Sorry for the long pause, he laughed loudly. How great is Hans, he is heating his house with a giant magnifying glass and a box of sand. No, it's far simpler to understand; everyone's familiar with the concept of connecting a battery with long leads to a light bulb. The energy for the bulb comes from the electric field, creating a vacuum replaced by the battery's electricity. You're all familiar with this, right?" Everyone murmured affirmatively.

He continued his explanation, "Something that many people fail to grasp is that nearly all the power eventually comes from within the wire. The energy that makes the bulb shine is the starter energy. Once the current is established, the bulb draws power from the battery through the wire. The electric field is replenished from that current, but its job doesn't end there; it shifts into what I call 'harmonising mode'. It creates swirls and currents around the wire, the battery, the bulb, and the entire circuit to ensure smooth current flow. When it comes to the human body, we're discussing a complex organism run by a sophisticated electric field that part of which the book refers to as skin fuel energy."

Claire nodded as she put the pieces together, "I see! Some people think skin fuel energy is merely an analogy for the neurotransmitters that prompt the body into action, but you're saying it's more than that."

Bota's voice was emphatic as he continued, "Yes, it's the starter fuel; it's the electric field the body uses to initiate motion, but it also carries the information of the request. That's why a person can be consciously disengaged while their subconscious performs intricate tasks. The conscious mind doesn't micromanage the body's functions; it makes broad decisions while the subconscious manages the movements. The conscious mind is the switch, it makes a decision which releases the starter energy through the electric field to get the light globe working."

His voice softened and sounded gentler as he asked, "Is Oscar there? I can't feel him,"

Ansho replied, "Yes, Oscar is here."

"Oh good," Bota said. "Could someone please knock on his forehead and see if anyone is home?" The group exchanged amused and bemused glances, unsure how to respond. Finally, Ansho walked over to Oscar and knocked lightly on his forehead. "Hello, is anyone home?" She called out.

Oscar's eyes widened in surprise, his hand rubbing his head, "Ouch! That really hurt!"

Bota continued, his tone became more serious as he said, "There is an old saying, Oscar, 'some die from exposure, some from a lack of it.'"

I believe you died from a lack of exposure. You had no resistance to fight against, nothing to push against, nothing to help build your emotional muscles. Even now, you sit there like a little puppy, letting everybody else speak for you, make decisions for you, live for you. I don't even know if you've truly woken up, Oscar. Listen to my voice very clearly," he said, his tone deepening and gaining strength, filling the room. "Wake up!"

Everyone exchanged stunned looks, and then Bota switched back to his normal voice. It was light and playful again as he continued his explanations, his tone now casual and informative. "Right, let's continue. When you see the electric patterns swirling around the battery, the wire and the light bulb, they're centred on the power source. This isn't haphazard energy flow; it's a very regulated system. That's what having an energy field is: it is ordered. Now, Oscar, your battery is flat, it's dead, therefore, your energy field has no magnetic pole to dance around. There is no equivalent to a magnetic north; your compass won't work, and your entire system has lost navigation. The device I made, which you are currently wearing, acts as an amplifier for the remaining spark of who you once were. This is a main component of it, it gives your energy field a way to navigate, a way to align itself. The smoother your energy field flows, the more proficient it is at its duties, which impacts your entire being."

The group looked at each other, a mix of bewilderment and astonishment on their faces as they processed the device's simplicity compared to its profound impact on Oscar's life.

Russell's voice was now filled with hope as he addressed Bota, his gaze focused on his son. "That's very good news, do you think he will be able to become independent of it?"

Bota responded, "He has to! I believe the situation is more dire than you realise. Go for a walk tomorrow and observe the trees. Look at the little nubs on the side of the trunk. Once branches extended out there and had leaves, they basked in sunlight and photosynthesised energy. As the tree grew taller and new branches emerged, they blocked sunlight from the lower ones. Once a branch stops producing enough energy to justify its existence, the tree withdraws all the energy it provided for its growth, and it dies, withers in place until it drops to the ground. If something loses its potential to fulfil its purpose, it dies. The life force supporting it is withdrawn. We're all branches on the tree of life. If Oscar doesn't start producing energy, it would have been better to leave him as you found him because any energy still flowing to him will cease, and even what remains will be reclaimed."

Bota's tone softened as he addressed Oscar directly, his voice now filled with encouragement and a sense of purpose. "Oscar, you must find passion, desire, and beauty. When you feed on the right fuel, you will brighten, and the battery will recharge. I don't know if you've dimmed so low due to the ten-year hibernation, the oscillation between life and death, or if your light vanished before your suicide attempt. But it doesn't matter, buddy. You will sort that out in the waking dream state. What matters is that you find it again. Now, you can't force it; you have to be open to it and utilise the WDS. You need to find a way to stoke your fire, or your embers will extinguish," he added with a note of concern.

"There's more to the harmoniser, which is what I'm calling this device, than I've explained to you. Once you fulfil my terms and come to the island, I will explain the rest of it. I'm not interested in answering any more questions or discussing things further at this stage, so I will bid you all a lovely evening. Relax; everything will be okay. You just have to get Oscar into the waking dream state. If he doesn't find his own feet, he will certainly fall again!" He warned.

With that, the call ended, leaving the group in a state of contemplation, excitement, and a hint of trepidation about the journey ahead.

Oscar's eyes glistened with unshed tears, a tremor of fear in his voice, he stretched out across the table and placed his hand on Ansho's as he asked, "Am I going to die?"

Ansho placed her other hand atop his and responded, "Yes! If you don't get excited about living."

Chapter Twenty-one

Whitney glided over to Oscar, wrapping her arms around him in a firm embrace. Her voice was filled with warmth and compassion as she sought to reassure him.

“It’s going to be fine, darling. This is really great news,” she reassured him. “Can you imagine how dreadful it would have been if you had to live with a computer connected to your brain all of the time, constantly worrying about losing it and the memories of your life? Now we know you can outgrow the need for it.”

“In fact, this is absolutely wonderful,” she declared with bubbling excitement, squeezing him tightly until a laugh escaped.

Russell approached, affectionately rubbing Oscar’s head, his voice brimming with optimism. “Your mum is right; this is really good news. Actually, in a way, your situation is an extreme case of a journey we have all had to tread in one way or another.”

Oscar, feeling the collective joy radiating from those around him, was swept up in the positivity that enveloped the room.

Claire said, “I’m so excited, but also exhausted. What a day!” With that, she excused herself.

Dr. Roy soon followed, checking in on Oscar with his usual care. His voice was warm and reassuring, yet his eyes showed a hint of concern as he addressed Oscar. “How are your pain levels, any neck issues?”

Despite the annoyance that simmered within him at the constant monitoring, Oscar allowed Roy to complete his examination, knowing it stemmed from care.

“It really is excellent news,” Roy assured him, reinforcing the glimmer of hope that had begun to take root. “Even if we don’t fully understand it yet, it seems that Bota has a good handle on things. That in itself is heartening.”

Ansho spoke softly. “I’ll let your parents tuck you in and settle you for the night. I’ll see you tomorrow.” She handed him a small bag filled with rolled cannabis joints. “These will help you through Oscar, but you must read the book to learn how to prepare it yourself. The effort and intention you put into the process will shape your experience with it. It’s a demonstration of desire; you need to take responsibility for your own path forward.” She hugged Withenay and Russell and apologised for the morning’s turmoil.

Withenay’s voice was filled with gratitude as she embraced Ansho, “Don’t you dare apologise, thank you for caring for our son. Thank God you are here.”

As his parents escorted him to his room, laughter filled the air as they reminisced about the mischief of his early years, temper tantrums, and how he used to strip off his clothes and fling himself onto the floor in defiance.

His bedroom was a dome equipped with a kitchen and bathroom. After a hot tea, he kissed his parents goodnight. He gazed through the flyscreens at the star-studded sky, contemplating the universe. Could it be the actual body of God, the emotional universe of God, or just a poetic analogy? He tried to imagine what the inside of his body looked like to a

microscopic observer residing in a single cell. He pondered as his mind wandered, every day seemed to be getting more intense. He woke up on the hard plastic mattress just that morning, not expecting anything different, and now everything had changed as he drifted off to sleep on the comfort of a seemingly new life of promise. The anxieties and suspicions that haunted him stayed behind, trapped in the bleak utilitarian courtyard. He could smell the earth, the night fragrances of respirating trees. Fresh, unadulterated air filled his lungs as he snuggled under the duvet. He smiled as the days advents played out before him, God only knew what tomorrow would bring. But boy-o-boy was he keen to find out.

Chapter Twenty-Two

“Good morning, everyone!” Oscar greeted cheerfully as he stepped into the sunlit garden, the air fragrant with the promise of a new day of revelations. The garden unfurled before him like a masterpiece, a harmonious blend of sunlight and shade, warmth and coolness across the lush grass. Trees stood like watchmen, their leaves whispering gently as a crisp breeze danced them, carrying with it the sweet perfume of blooming. The air buzzed with the gentle hum of bees darting from blossom to blossom, while yellow butterflies flittered gracefully. Under the branches of a magnificent tree adorned with delicate purple blossoms, Claire, Ansho, and Withenay were nestled comfortably on rugs and cushions, their laughter ringing softly like music in the gentle morning scene.

As Oscar took a moment to soak in the beauty of the morning, he noticed three peacocks roaming peacefully among the flowers. Their iridescent feathers glimmered in the sunlight, each movement a display of grace and elegance. They meandered through the garden, and their soft calls mingled with the laughter of the women, creating a symphony of tranquillity that enveloped the entire space.

To Oscar, it felt like a dream, a serene oasis where the only thing that mattered was the joy of the moment. Ansho’s voice was light and playful, her eyes sparkling with happiness. “Here comes the man of the moment!”

The trio had already basked in the warmth of the morning sun and each other’s company, but the sight of Oscar walking tall, buoyant and vibrant in a way they had never seen before, sent their smiles stretching even wider. They shifted themselves to create a welcoming space for him as Withenay poured a cup of tea from a pot. Her voice was filled with excitement.

“How are you feeling this morning, sweetie?”

“Fucking amazing,” he replied, his voice brimming with newfound energy. “I feel light but solid. I can’t say it right, but it feels wonderful. I’m so excited. I know how lucky I am to have you guys here, thank you, I really wanna get myself back on track.”

Withenay’s eyes glistened with happy tears as she rubbed his back. “I’m so happy to hear that, my beautiful boy!”

Claire chimed in, her voice was light and playful, “So, what is everyone planning for today?”

Ansho pondered for a moment before responding, “I’m not entirely sure, but I feel strongly that we should give Oscar a bit of space. It might be nice for you to find your feet without all these fussing women around,” she said with a playful laugh.

Withenay seconded Ansho. “I couldn’t have put it better myself.”

Claire held Ansho and Withenay’s hands and said, “Let’s have a girls’ day!”

Withenay asked, "What sort of thing do you have in mind?" She retrieved her phone and activated her AI assistant. Her tone was now more confident as she issued her instructions to her AI companion. "I'm here with Ansho and Claire; what activities can the three of us enjoy together today in the complex?" The assistant promptly offered four options that it believed would cater to their shared interests.

Oscar raised an eyebrow. "But how would your AI assistant know what the other two would enjoy?"

Withenay explained, "Oh, because we're friends! We've granted each other access for work and social engagements. Our assistants communicate with one another and present ideas that might resonate with us, which they then combine into suggestions for us. She read the suggestions, her eyes sparkling with delight. "I like the sound of the workshop where they make their own folk instruments and have lunch together."

Ansho agreed wholeheartedly, "That'll do!"

Withenay asked Oscar if he had anything that he wanted to do.

"Nah, not yet, but I think I'll try to learn how to make that cannabis preparation," he replied, glancing at Ansho.

Ansho encouraged him, "There you go! That's a great idea!"

Oscar spoke with an upbeat voice. "Yeah, I might just do that, and perhaps later I'll go for a little walk to stretch my legs, if that's okay?" He asked, looking toward his mother.

She leaned in closer, "I think it's wise to avoid wandering too far until you regain more strength. Perhaps take Roy or your father with you for a stroll?"

"Maybe," he said, "we'll see."

Withenay twisted around. "I wonder where the men are," glancing around as if hoping to spot them.

"Alright then," Oscar said with a smile, "thanks for the tea. I'm gonna give myself a bit of an education." He stood up, leaving the women behind.

Oscar sat in his room and cradled the book *Critical Mass* as if it were his only hope of a second chance. This was no longer just a book to him, a mere collection of words or signatures from distant hands, but a thread tying him to something greater, something real, something alive. For a fleeting second, doubt clawed at his resolve, whispering that he was an impostor in this narrative of hope and effort. It was a dark thought like those that once haunted him to his demise. It told him that he was just an entitled rich kid, and even though he was now slim, that at heart he was still just a useless fat fuck and didn't deserve all the attention and help he was getting. It would be better spent elsewhere on someone who deserved it, someone who could do something with it.

He tightened his grip around the book, he felt compelled to speak aloud in his soundproof dome, “Okay, Oscar, this is an amazing opportunity that I know I don’t deserve.” He centred himself and steeled his resolve. His tone was now firm and resolute. “I’m taking it, with both hands. I'm gonna take it. I’m not going to let them down again, I’m not going to let myself down.” His words unlocked a determination that washed the self-abuse away.

The room felt still, heavy with his willpower. Then, softly, a voice he didn’t know but instantly trusted stirred within his mind. It wasn’t loud or commanding; it was gentle and steady, like the touch of a hand lightly resting supportively on his back. It was the woman he had seen in the vision at the hospital. “Just read it, then let it blossom.”

It straightened his spine and lifted his chin; whatever awaited him within the pages, he was ready to face, adopt and utilise to empower his life and snatch it away from the clutches of impending doom.

Critical Mass continued...

Chapter Twenty-Three

Verse Forty-Two

The slow cook

The foundation Planets create other small planets by thinking them into existence. These little situation-planets contain the data of what the person perceived happened, what, when, who and how. It also contains a record of the initial emotional response of the conscious mind to all of the various elements of the event. The fuel energy that was specified and released to fund the suggested response is also attached. When this energy connects with the skin-fuel membrane, it reminds the person of what happened and how it made them feel.

All the experiences a person has become a planet in their own little universe.

An active planet nags the conscious mind to pay it attention so that it can be used and fulfil its destiny. It has a magnetic pull when lit up to attract similar fragments of energy and grow. This makes it a filter to keep the universe clean and usable. While they are connected to the body, they are under the jurisdiction of the thinking planets. However, once they leave the skin fuel energy and drift off in orbit, they become the starter energy for the next stage of the human-mitochondrial function. The way it happens is similar to physical ingestion and digestion.

When you encounter something that you have an emotional reaction to, it will excite similar emotional energy to light up. If a planet has that energy, it illuminates, drawing the attention of the conscious mind to it. Then the conscious mind can engage with the other information and emotions that the planet contains. This is called a memory.

Until they are processed, memories are primarily concerned with providing the conscious mind with an accurate emotional re-creation of the events. It will distort colours, room sizes, words and intention, in fact, any data, so that the emotional memory is accurate. The way people view the world and the way that they respond to things changes over time. It is often necessary for the data to be altered so that the emotions can be accurately recalled and processed.

Lots of things can cause this memory connection. A sight or a sound, a smell is one of the strongest initiators. When this happens, a person can explore that cluster planet by either thinking about it, or in the WDS. When the energies are clustered like this they are held together by fibres. This allows them to expand and be explored and then they bounce back into shape.

If a person thinks through the memory, he will still experience the emotion to various degrees. But the focus will be on what happened. He has access to the data banks of his cluster to work this out.

If he explores the cluster planet emotionally in the WDS, he can skim the lovely highest emotions that happened, taste only the desired emotions, while just noticing the yucky emotions without tasting them.

When he is thinking about it, he is watching the foundation planets' interaction with it. They chew it over logically. This keeps the energy active, ready to connect to the body. If a person is thinking about it, then logic dictates that he must still be considering acting on the energy physically, so it is kept handy, in very low orbit.

In respiration, he still explores his universe, but when he encounters a planet, he doesn't think. As the planet presents itself and plays out what happened, the conscious mind doesn't judge anything as being either good or bad, he doesn't compare it to the other things he has previously experienced. He just listens or watches or tastes, touches and smells, there are many ways a person can perceive and experience this energy; it all depends on data flow (bandwidth). As he does this, the fibres break down. It gets malleable, it relaxes to match the calm energy of the universe. If he has already decided that he doesn't want the energy used for physical action, then it is taken to his emotional mouth.

This step isn't always necessary. After people get used to being in the waking dream state, they just go into that and let us, the Guides, choose what types of experience they will eat.

The fibre holds the cluster together in the thinking process. Otherwise, they would disintegrate. When thinking isn't involved, the self-defence mechanism doesn't engage, and this allows it to soften to be processed.

Whether you bring it to the mouth with recollection, or we do in the WDS, the first stage is chewing.

This is what I did to Billof. The Foundation Planets released a lot of energy when I saw him slap Faloo. I didn't act on any of it. None of it was used. It was now all failed potential energy. It was supposed to make me act. But I refused, and I got distracted, which in time undocked it from my skin-fuel membrane and gave me peace. It stopped crying out for action, and I forgot all about it. It formed as a cluster planet but stayed fairly close to my skin fuel membrane, just in case I changed my mind and wanted to act on it. The longer I stayed distracted from it, the further away it drifted.

Because I didn't think about it, it didn't become fibrous. So, when I respired, it could just be popped into my emotional mouth. If I had of thought about it a lot, it would have become fibrous, and I would have had to have softened it up first. This can be done by either listening to it consciously, without thinking or engagement. But, ignoring it is far better as it is like a pre-digestive slow cook. The longer it cooks, the easier it is to chew and digest.

Once ready and in the mouth, the chewing starts. I let the fuel-energy that was specified by the suggested course of action by the Foundation Planets do whatever they wanted to do in the initial situation. I experience it as completely as I can by relaxing into it and remaining open. This can take a while for people who are not used to it, to develop. It isn't real, it is all happening in your universe, your mind and is not connected to anything else. It is a dream-like experience while you are conscious. It will not affect the person or the situation that you are dealing with at this stage. Relax and let it rip.

This stage is simply letting the desire of the energy be fulfilled. Allow it to change from a potential to a realised energy, which is a much higher grade and useful. It will go on to expand your universe. You will never be able to experience it as a negative, uncomfortable fear energy again, as it won't exist as that. It will become a very comfortable and extremely exciting energy that builds new desires and fulfils them. This energy will eventually create stars within your universe. When they explode, your whole universe expands, and you grow bigger and more influential. Whenever you look back on the event, you emotionally connect to the conclusion of this process. All you feel is joy, justice, accomplishment and pride.

It all starts with chewing. If it is still too fibrous to chew small enough, then it needs to cook longer, by itself, in your universe. To do this, just don't think about it. Find enjoyable things to focus on, as ignoring it will break it down. It drifts away from the active energy of the skin-fuel membrane and deteriorates. You don't have to watch the pot, we will do that for you and bring it in when it is ready. If you want to fast cook it, then you have to give it attention in the WDS. Let it reveal itself before you. It will tell you, and try to sell you, to do what it wants. Just listen without thinking, comparing or questioning. You are there for your emotional reactions, not your opinion. Just listening quietly starts the deterioration of it. It is separating what is desirable from what is undesirable.

The focus of the chewing stages is breaking it down into tiny fragments that can then pass through the membranes coming up. In this stage, adding extra emotional energy by reacting is a part of the process, as it acts like saliva. It can be fun for the conscious mind to savour every bloody blow and profanity with great forcefulness, or conversely, the extreme joy of chewing desirable things, where you experience their complete fulfilment.

If people balk at this stage, then they can't break it down, so they spit it out. Some people can only get this far and never swallow. But they are missing out on amazing things. I will show you how to stop chewing emotional gum and start digesting emotional food.

First step: stop chewing and start cooking. Leave thinking, talking, analysing, judging, and reaching for conclusions out of it. It sparks you back into hunter-gatherer, it connects the energy to your skin-fuel membrane, which will later reform it as a cluster planet with reinforced fibre. But simply ignoring it will allow it to float around

and slow-cook to perfection. It is not easy to do this, but this is where a lot of a person's noble effort is built.

If you've cooked it long enough, the chewing will complete, and you can swallow. It starts its long journey down the oesophagus. This is where I was replaying the event in progressive cycles. Each time, I had a better understanding and response. I could experience the event through the psyche of everyone involved, which helped me understand how they felt and what impact it had on them.

The anger and violence become satiated with fulfilment. It has all upgraded to desire spectrum energy. Now I see things clearly, I can notice all of the circumstances, even experiencing relevant snippets from each person's past. I am not judging, no, I am noticing. I am responding emotionally. Not even with internal words. The emotion is felt in my body now, not the skin-fuel energy, but the river of emotion that extends through me. It is filtered, I acknowledge the negative emotions, and fully experience the positive ones. All the way down the oesophagus, the revisits continue. It replays what could have happened, it builds what I wish had of happened. This informs the digestive track what emotions I like, and which ones I don't, as the original incident is torn apart, into increasingly smaller pieces. This is where emotional nuance and appreciation are developed. The person is in deep respiration. His entire universe is involved. The thinking Foundation Planets have switched off, and the floating opinion planets are dull and grey, neither attracting nor suggesting anything.

People can have trouble here, it takes practice to keep the personal universe quiet like this. If the person gets logical or analytical, the place livens up again. Then he must reconnect to the emotion in his river that he feels in his body. Not trying to see, hear or experience anything, just to relax and allow it to happen. He must just experience the emotion; it is his conscious emotional connection to this that energetically funds the experiences. The tangibility will increase when funding is adequate.

The better your conscious connection to the emotional river is, the more data there is for your brain to translate into an experience that your mind can accept and enjoy.

While you are bound under the control of the acquired, family and primal energy paradigms, represented by the Foundation Planets, your mind is constricted. This ensures that aberrant behaviour is maintained in society.

In the physical world there are the rules of nature, like space, time, distance, and gravity. They are all real, well, at least in your current cycle. But they only exist in your waking dreams if you bring them in with you. We will guide you through removing all of your external constraints when indoors. This is an amazing and fun process. We love teaching and guiding. It is our current job, so our utmost desire is to fulfil it. We just haven't been able to until now. But this is all going to change.

When processing in the WDS, the brain uses extrapolation just like it does with physical vision. It takes all the data it is presented with and makes up the rest, creating a picture for the conscious mind. It can use clever ways to compensate for a lack of data, which occurs because of a lack of energy flow/bandwidth. Sometimes a person will see the small area he is looking at clearly, like the real world, but the rest of the image is like a pencil outline. It still provides situational awareness and depth, but saves on energy. Sometimes things can

seem as though you need glasses, a bit blurry and unclear. Other times it can seem more like an impression in the mind, you know what you are looking at and hearing, but it isn't tangible.

The experiences will also be focused on different elements, so you continue to add the needed type of emotional water to your river. One visit may focus the experience on the emotional connection of the encounter/interaction. Sometimes the visuals will be turned off or down to mere impressions or cartoons when listening, as the focus is on teaching with language. Other times, it may be solely focused on feeling the emotion in the body. We work with the emotional brain to determine how to use the available energy-fuel and what to prioritise according to need. We are with a person the entire time. We are the planet that you can connect to, whether you are in hunter-gatherer mode or respiration.

In one sense we are like the gods of this world, as we did create it by recreating ours. And we do watch what's going on and give advice. We teach and guide, but it is your cycle; you alone are the responsible caretakers of it.

The aberrant deviation in your evolutionary path called for a deep assessment. This meant performing diagnostics. Once it was decided that a full miscarriage and recycle wasn't called for, we breathed a big sigh of relief. This would have been absolutely heartbreaking for us. We obviously don't have the same relationship with time as you do. But we are very emotionally invested in this cycle, our womb. The next option was to remove humans and just start them again. Nature and the animals could recover with a little prompting back into action. Humans are a mere small mutation away from extinction anyway. But again, how heartbreaking. And we have heard of other planets being recycled. It isn't as simple as going to sleep and not waking up. A new restart needs energy. The cell itself has to provide that energy. What energy does it run on? Emotional energy. It always gets messy. But that, too, was thankfully ruled out by the assessment.

We deliver important messages into the Human Network that are available to access worldwide by those who connect to it. It accepts our messages. The family-Planet local network can refuse these messages and often does. They want to maintain the status quo. People in these areas can still connect with our messages if they have conditioned themselves to repel local control. We cannot make anything happen in your cycle. All we can ever do is guide. It was you humans that saved yourselves, we just provided the right environment to enable you to do that.

All life is driven by desire. We had to release tasters of the essence of God at various stages into the world and check for a pulse. Would people respond? Did they seek to connect? Would they start respirating under such dire circumstances? Would those called on to sit quietly and still every day, without reason, for months or years, do it? Would those called to reject aberrant society and live in nature, as nature intended and respire, do it? Would those called upon to protect nature, stand up and fight for it? Would those called upon to follow the inner voice, to go wherever they were told to go, and do whatever they were told to do, without any reason given, do it?

A life filled with searing skin-fuel energy and universe overload, because we continually told them to do the opposite of what the Foundation-Planets told them to do. To defy every instinct in their universe and follow us, because we had what they wanted Gods' essence.

I will explain why all of this was necessary, but for now, know that it all worked. There was enough effort, discomfort and hardship experienced, without any enticement but the

essence of God, to prove viability. People who had enough connection, because they had enough desire to generate enough energy, to enable it, all played a part, fulfilling various requirements that needed to be met. The plan for the future needed to be drawn up; it was decided that the humans could still rescue themselves and remedy the cells' damage. In fact, if done properly, your cell becomes a super cell.

We had such simple, basic lives. We still argued and disagreed, but that was mild and rare. This is normal for a normal energy cell. We didn't have much of an emotional diet, but we excelled at elevating that small energy through to huge amounts in the waking dreaming. But you guys have so much unprocessed energy to be elevated, it's clogging up your universe. Once you get started respirating, you'll turn ugly, jagged, fear energy into beautiful, smooth, desire, comfortable energy. You'll have huge amounts of good, usable energy that you can turn into desire fulfilled/manifested energy. We will help you to do this. Once you understand how this works, people with lovely, safe upbringings will be very jealous of those who had had a rough go in life, and there are many of them. They get to turn the huge pile of shit they have accumulated into huge piles of gold.

Verse Forty-Three

Emotional digestion

When I was dealing with the Billof situation in the waking dream state, it was all very real, as I had good energy flow. Of course, we are talking about the emotional energy side of how the process works. You guys know much about the physical side of things. You know that the brain and body are chemical factories pumping out all sorts of goodies, such as DMT and Anandamide, which are very powerful psychedelic compounds. These are also found in nature, and people use them for visions and therapy. Many of these wake up the language of the WDS but do not connect a person to us or the emotional brain, so it seems like gobbledygook that people try to think through.

The visions and internal tangible experiences, along with the visceral physical senses of emotion, are all driven by the endocannabinoid system. It enables the brain to fashion realistic experiences to enable a greater emotional response. It is all about enabling the internal language along with the cohesive guidance required to make it work.

In my WDS experience with this situation, once the energy that was released by the Foundation Planets had had their initial go at Billof, it converted the energy from unfulfilled, frustrated energy, to desire-fulfilled, satisfied energy. Great! Wonderful! Spectacular! It really is an achievement in itself. I am, in essence, my universe. When I died and left my body, it was my essence that manifested my new one, so I could live in the next stage of life. If I hadn't of dealt with this big, disgusting, jagged, ugly energy that would have contaminated who I was and affected the life I would create for myself when I crossed over, and I would have to deal with it then. But I took the time in my natural life and made it beautiful. When I crossed over, it helped make my afterlife even more beautiful and helped to establish me as a justice seeker.

After I dealt with the initial impulse energy that the foundation planets had released and fulfilled its desire in the first stage of the WDS emotional digestion system, the focus shifted to what would have been a better outcome. While I went off and did something else in the waking dream state, a new narrative was worked out by my subconscious mind according to the way I responded to the first stage. In the next experience, I acted before the violence happened and investigated why it had happened. This often happens over many visits, especially when first starting out. A major part of these repeated experiences is so that my Foundation-Planets could prepare our accusation, case, evidence, and suggested verdict and penalty and donate the energy generated to fund its manifestation. Once I had done that, other local people could notice and respond to it. They could either support or contest my accusation, including, of course, the accused himself. This was represented when the women laid fuel on his fire of judgment.

When my subconscious had all the emotional responses it needed from me, it left behind what actually took place and used elements from it to veer off into other experiences that it wanted to take me into. This transitions the experiences from being solely focused on justice, to include other things that it wanted to teach me or build desires for, to add to manifestations. So, the game encounter popped in. I had never heard of such a thing, but people had added it to the human network library. They had reported good pleasure results, so when my Guides were formulating my next experience, it suited this narrative as it was something that three people could enjoy. They wanted to introduce it to me. I just go along with it. I don't judge it. Then it moved on to many waking dream experiences that I shared with Faloo. In all of which, my Guides were adding new elements from the libraries so I could respond to them.

This is like being soaked in an acid-filled stomach where likes and dislikes are broken down and categorised into the tiniest fragments. The responses get pounded and pulled apart into ever-increasing categories and tested with new conscious mind reactions. Then, as it moves through the small intestine, all of the energies that are desirable and usable building blocks of life are absorbed into the emotional river that runs through the body. All of the elements not enjoyed and not wanted as building blocks are noted and allowed to proceed to the colon, ready to be evacuated. In here, it is marked as waste.

Marking energy as waste is a process similar to when sugar needs to get into certain cells to be converted to ATP. If the cell resists it the body produces insulin which escorts the sugar into the cell.

This emotional digestion process adds a marker to escort the waste emotion through their universe's outer membrane, and into nature. Because it has been marked, other planets cannot attract it or use it, so it passes through into nature to be further processed. Nature deals with human negative emotions, just as it does with the carbon that humans exhale and the poo that they excrete, all the stuff that humans consider waste is used and converted by nature. It is a true symbiotic relationship.

For the first half of human's evolutionary growth, this makes up a lot of the energy they produce to the emotional body of God. Once it leaves earth's atmosphere it charges to its next destination, which converts it into another form, and can even become part of a sun, which will continue to feed the process of photosynthesis for another energy-producing planet. This is why God is eternal. He produces his own source of energy from within. They all do.

I refer to our God as a he, we have made this message using all male pronouns. It just makes it easier for our undereducated translator to keep up with. We don't know much about God as yet, but with each upgrade, we experience more and learn more. As long as we can be happy and at peace and fulfil our destiny, experience love, passion, freedom and pleasure, we are ecstatic.

The positive energy I produced from the experience I kept, because I needed it to grow into an even higher-grade of energy. Which would allow me to grow into a higher-grade human.

Verse Forty-Four

The emotional river

The good stuff circulates through the emotional river of life. Like blood, it delivers what is needed, to where it is needed. It reinforces the filtration system that all interactions of particles pass through. It will accelerate and reinforce similar energy, while degrading opposing energy. It also ignites its similar energy throughout the body.

A quick, small decision is a process that involves millions of internal interactions. These happen at junctions. These junction switches decide whether the flow of energy turns left or turn right. These junctions base their decision to switch either way based on the current energy present in the emotional river at the time.

For respirators, our emotional rivers are big, wide and deep, flowing with refined, elevated energy. We see the world through rose coloured glasses. We notice the ugliness but only consciously connect to the refined and beautiful river, rather than the skin-fuel energy for our emotional sensations. Even in the ugliest setting, we feel beauty, we connect to it, we breathe it in.

The emotional river is also responsible for mood, and mood runs the show. Mood helps the thinking planets to assume whether the conscious mind will view a situation as a positive or negative one in the first place. Which will determine whether desire spectrum or fear spectrum energy will be generated. Which will then become skin-fuel energy. If it sits unused on the skin fuel membrane for too long, it will absorb into the skin and enter the emotional river and effect mood.

If someone isn't respirating at all. Not even in the first stages, then this skin-fuel energy absorption might be one of the only ways emotions can enter the river. If a person occupies his mind with fearful, worrisome, stressful things, then he will respond to things with fear, worry and concern. This will instruct the planets who will produce a fear-spectrum response, the energy that they release will sit on the skin-fuel membrane for as long as a person remains conscious of it, to fund physical action.

Thinking about it keeps it on the membrane, talking about it, lamenting it, drawing attention to it all keeps it on the membrane, in your field of view, and activating the body. The longer it is kept there, the more of it will seep into the emotional river. Unrefined sludge! It clogs up the arteries, it decides which things the mind focuses on. What things the eyes are drawn to, negative things that are similar to itself. They light up energetically wherever the person goes. His eye is drawn to them, he can't help it. The beautiful fades out of his view. The energy coursing through his veins highlights what visual perceptions the brain must focus on and see clearly. All of his little thumbnail-sized acuity snapshots are of negativity, causes for fear, concern, worry and alarm. The beautiful is lost in the haze of extrapolation, blurred

over to allow the ugly to shine bright and scream loud. Because his focus is now on the negative side of everything, he responds negatively to everything, and his Foundation Planets create more negative energy.

These people don't choose to be constant negative nellys. They just got stuck on a cycle and don't know how to get off.

Verse Forty-Five

The antidote

You didn't really think that there would be a toxin like alcohol, without an antidote, did you? There are quite a few different plants and processes that can cause aberrant behaviour. These are a necessary part of the nature of all life cycles to allow the possibility of forming a supercell. Where our sheltered, boring lives enabled growing an impressive garden from a few seeds, your seed production is off the charts. One of you could easily produce more refined energy than thousands of us. Easily!

This might sound like a lot of work, but it isn't. It is a lot of fun. There is no time burden to get through it all in this life, but the more you do, the better. This life is about developing your emotional self, growth happens in the next life. Like the mother's womb is for developing the body, and in this life, it just grows automatically. This is the same principle as 51%. The development takes effort. Once it is developed, growth is effortless. It is also the same principle with effort. Once enough effort is put into establishing proof of desire, it all gets easy as the subconscious elements get on board and share the load. It is always a marked change, like a switch has been flicked. Everything seems different. There is room in your mind for other things again. It is also the same with manifesting something. It requires a lot of conscious attention to develop and establish desire. Once that has happened, even though you haven't seen the manifestation yet in the physical realm, you are certain that you have it, it has developed, and you stop giving it attention in the WDS. Then it grows automatically, and then it manifests seemingly out of the blue and surprises you.

The life you are currently living is for the effort to develop and establish who you are, who you want to be. In the afterlife, that just grows.

In the mother's womb, the development of the physical self was involuntary; you don't choose which elements you can see the sense in developing, it just happens automatically. Development of the emotional self in this world is, however, voluntary. You have to choose to make it happen. This proves the desire to be alive and thrive. Once you have proven that, life becomes easier and requires less effort. The more effort you put into this life, the easier the next will be. Just as your physical life in this world is easier because you developed your organs properly in the womb. If you didn't, this life would be impaired. Once born, it simply cannot happen.

The life you are currently living is fleeting, but the rest of your eternity depends upon it. Who you are and the role that you will play. The eternal parents that you'll get, and the eternal children you will eventually have, will be matched based solely on noble effort, just as we were matched to our parents. That is the effort put into growing the emotional self by developing the emotional digestive tract and using it to full effect. The effort to stand against the dictates of the foundation planets, ignore their

suggestions whenever possible, which requires will power and then to refine and elevate all of the energy in the waking dream state.

This can seem like a lot of hard work and would even be considered by some as nigh on impossible. But we have an antidote to the global human toxification that has kept people spiritually hamstrung. It will provide all the assistance that anyone needs to take control of their lives and instate peace, joy, happiness and contentment to their little world. This is how the big, wide world is restored, many people renovating their own little worlds.

There is a miracle plant that contains most of the cannabinoids that the brain needs to usher a person into the WDS and process emotion. It is called cannabis, and when understood, prepared and used properly, it empowers all of life and will reinstate humans into the caretaker role they are supposed to be fulfilling.

I am going to take a break, as a very big, big boy has arrived with his own message. BRB

Verse Forty-Six

A call to arms

Hello, I'm Noueek. Sorry to interrupt Zeetoc. I have been very interested in his explanation of things. I, too, am here as a Guide, but I am a ring-in. I am not from your planet. I have been called in to add my opinion as a part of the vast assessment team, as I, too, came from a cell that went aberrant. I am also different to Zeetoc because I came at the end of my cells cycle, so I can tell you from a personal point of view what could happen if all goes to plan. The other way I am different to Zeetoc is that he ended his life still connected to the Human-Network. I evolved to be connected to Natures-Network. That is where your human evolution finishes, for this world anyway. I have nature's energy running through my emotional river. I hear and feel its thoughts and emotions, see things from its point of view, we are unified in purpose. So, while Zeetoc is viewing things from a human perspective, I am not. He is humans advocate, I am natures. Also, I am not as diplomatic.

What the fuck is wrong with you people? You obliterate entire ecosystems that can feed and heal you, so you can graze animals and grow selected species of plants. Oh, the plastic and rubbish! You pollute the air that you breathe, the water that you drink and the food that you eat. WTF? Why? I just can't believe it. It makes no sense whatsoever. What I find even more baffling is that you know that you are doing it, but just keep on doing it!

People can talk about commerce and corrupt fat-cats, big pharma and farmer, global conspiracies, and I'm sure there are elements of truth to it all, but everyone seems to be forgetting a fundamental natural law. A law that all will be accountable to. If one man goes rogue, it is the responsibility of his tribe to deal with him. It is the populous who bear the responsibility of everything the few rogues are given the scope to do. They let it happen. It is a species responsibility. Who did what is of equal importance to who allowed them to do it. Who sanctioned their action, with inaction. I understand that it is hard to act against the strong when you are weak. So, I will do you a deal. I will make you powerful if you will go to war!

I need soldiers who are willing to allow their minds to expand and embrace a new kind of warfare. To add the spiritual layer to the sticks and stones of petitions, legal action, protests and action groups that they have been forced to fight with and take up and learn to use weapons of mass-reconstruction.

You used primitive actions because that is all you had available to you. And well done to you! Because those primitive actions worked. All of the effort by the defenders of nature helped to prove that there is sufficient desire displayed from respirating humans to take it back and make it right. It was the struggles, the hardship and personal sacrifices that demonstrated this.

That is why we are here, giving this message. Now it is time to become very explosive in the spiritual world. If you are brave enough to overthrow the aberrant system of mutual annihilation, and act to annihilate selectively. Then put on your uniform, soldier. Something loose and comfortable, find a way to connect with nature, set up your bunker, I'll show you how to do this. Get in a reclined comfortable position ready for battle, and provision yourself with a lot of marijuana, and I'll make you nature's warrior.

Verse Forty-Seven

Familiarity, off-guard

Listen up, if you want to help nature to take the control of the world out from the hands of the naughty human children, then it is time to move the battle to take advantage of the home ground.

I will get others to continue WHY you need to go to war, apart from the sake of your own mental/physical health and wellbeing as well as repairing a damaged world. The reason that I interrupted, is I want to quickly show you HOW, so you can start now. You know enough to get the basics. Once you move into this, it will help make more sense of the rest of the message anyway.

We communicate differently than you guys do. You may have noticed we seem to wander around a bit. This is intentional. We try not to stay on topic long enough for the thinking planets to become invested in what we are saying. We speak like the waking dream state functions. Let the subconscious absorb one element while we distract the conscious mind with something else. Then, when the subconscious mind has processed it, the conscious mind is brought back to it. It can seem a little repetitive, but new elements and possible directions are always being added, noticed or unnoticed.

We want to allow the message to get through without too much analytical engagement. Don't try to work it out as we go. It isn't written in point form. Just let it sink in. Allow yourself to forget what you have read; don't try to remember it. When you need it, it will be there. If you pick up a thread, the whole garment will present itself, isolated and clear.

I'm going to show you two things. How to prepare yourself, and how to prepare the cannabis. Both are important. It can be great without cannabis, but refined cannabis helps enormously. I don't want to get the interpreter into trouble, so I'll tell you, it is up to you to check if cannabis is legal where you are and decide if you want to obey that law or not. You could try to tell the authority that some strange alien told you through a message, interpreted by an anonymous loner stoner secluded in nature, that you should try weed. See how you go.

As mentioned by Zeetoc, the emotional digestive tract is switched on by letting go of hunter-gatherer mode and is enabled by the endocannabinoid system. This system is run by cannabinoids, which are the cannabis like substances, that the body makes all on its own. This is a multifunctional system that controls the maps that redistribute energy flow. When cannabis is refined properly, it helps in quietening the thinking planets, shutting off the skin-fuel receptors and switch to respiration mode.

If you use it raw, it can help with many things, including this, to an extent, but it also switches on too many unnecessary receptors that detract from this type of experience. Nature is full of compounds that set up the body for respiration or hunter-gatherer mode. How to unlock them should be shown to people by their Guides when they are ready. This is how humans evolve: they increase in abilities to use emotional energy to build and create, to repair and recycle.

I am showing you this because the world has been through assessment/autophagy. The result of which now requires a specific human species autophagy, which will empower nature/karma to wipe out the aberrant and reinstate those who seek to work cooperatively with it again. Respirators become conduits of energy flow between nature and the Human-Network. They notice, report and allow themselves to be portals of conscious Karma.

Humans haven't had the ability to respire properly. People get little flashes as aspects of emotional digestion but never have a proper feed or poo.

You have to get the three thinking planets to behave, to settle down. If you scream at them loudly to shut up, they might for a tiny second, then just come back screaming louder. They are like children in your car. You are the driver, and they jostle for the front passenger seat, so they can have a bigger impact on your driving and navigation. 'Turn here, go on turn, turn!' They even try to grab the wheel and force you to turn. This is when their opinion and energy release is large enough, and the muscles are so primed that they know what to do. You have to stop your own body with will-power, force it to do what you want it to do, not what they want it to do. When they get riled up, it is mutiny, and you have to fight back with everything you've got.

You should have all three of them sitting quietly in the back seat while you and your Guides chat like adults in the front, enjoying the scenery. The way to accomplish this is to make sure that they are fed, comfortable, and have something to occupy their thoughts. Like dogs, if they get bored, they'll dig holes in your brain.

The Protector-Planet is the special child. You know where he stands, what he wants, what he doesn't want, who he likes and dislikes. There is no reasoning with him. Give him what he wants, or he'll give you hell. So, what does he want? He wants familiarity. I know what it is like to come from an aberrant life cycle and have a freaked-out Protector-Planet. It is designed to live the type of life Zeetoc had. If you want to get into a deep, waking dream state, you have to give it enough familiar elements to put it at rest. The lengths you have to go to to accomplish this will reduce as you build a relationship, and it grows in trust. But it is good to know these steps for times when it springs back into action to cope with a perceived serious situation.

Let's go back to when he was king, and the conscious mind was his little rubber stamp emotional generator. He was in the shotgun seat, and the driver was so terrified of Sabretooth tigers, snakes, spiders and other humans that he went wherever the Protector-Planet told him to go and as fast as he told him to. This is what it wants again. But as a species, your conscious minds have evolved beyond that. If a person followed like that now, they would be dead or imprisoned. His self-defence strategy is that it is better to be judged by twelve than carried by six.

If you work, try to go to work with a sense of anticipation, with a quicker step and come home slower, more relaxed. As you develop, you will slip in and out of hunter-gatherer and respiration modes effortlessly. View work as your hunt, on the way home, when it is safe, don't focus your eyes on anything, Practice at the lights if you are driving. Let them wander, close them if you can and let your ears wander as well. Let them identify a sound and listen to it as long as they want to, and then let them move on to the next one. This is announcing to the Protector-Planet that you, as the conscious mind, are switching off control and are allowing it to transitionally hand-over to respiration. Music is a good way to help disconnect, but nothing with advertisements. They are designed to excite the emotions into hunter-gather mode. We

hate advertisements with a passion. It is the joy of a person and their Guides to develop, foster and fulfil desires. They will never work with a person to manifest something they did not have a part in creating. This is also why people cannot manifest things for others. It deprives them of the relationship building opportunity with their own guide.

When you get home, back to the village/camp, move slowly, let your arms fall to the side rather than swinging when you walk. The slower you go, the better the switch. Don't control your thoughts. Just let them wander unabated. Do the cooking and other chores slowly, in a relaxed manner. It sounds counterintuitive, but learning to move slowly is one of the deadliest weapons in a respirator's arsenal. Let yourself roam. It might want to do a perimeter check, so go for a stroll. Allow your senses to wander. This is handing over control to it, so it can have a proper hand-over to respiration mode. It might want to check on food supplies. Let it look in the fridge and cupboards. It is gathering the information that it needs, so it can inform the physical respiration mode of conditions. Whether it needs to slow down or speed up metabolism accordingly. Are there suitable climatic conditions to have a baby? What interruptive threat levels there are, which will determine how deep the respiration will go. Don't watch TV, movies or shorts that create a fear-spectrum emotional reaction. These reactions will keep a person switched in hunter-gather mode.

If you have a big space, create a little cave. The Protector-Planet has to monitor the area that you are in, so a small pod is good. It hates straight lines and right angles. You can get rid of them by hanging material over them, or put up a dome tent in the house and use that. If you are serious, build a little shelter and make it look like a cave. Have branch/root shapes coming out of the walls and make it look like they are supporting the ceiling. They don't actually have to, just look like they are. The Protective-Planet isn't a building inspector, but whenever entering a cave, he looks for basic shapes and indicators of safety. He will keep the body on high alert in case it has to get out quickly with a potential collapse. If he isn't satisfied, the person can still sleep, but it is of a poor quality. This high alert will diminish the depth of respiration connection. Instead of watching a drama, put on a video of a campfire or fireplace. Listen to the crackle. Humans of your life cycle lived the same type of life with the same types of familiar surroundings for an extremely long time. Let it feel like it is back in familiar territory, and it will release you to live your life.

Verse Forty-Eight

Laziness in demeanour is emotional suicide.

Your houses have way too many windows. If you want to look outside, go outside. Feel the air, the earth, the foliage, the temperature, and connect with nature. When you are inside, be inside. Don't look outside too much, listen to music if nature is being noisy, to disconnect from it. This was the problem with small amounts of regular alcohol. People felt like they had respiration when they hadn't. It temporarily disengaged the safety mechanism of emotional discomfort. Windows do a similar thing. The safety mechanism to be connected and earthed with nature is disengaged with a false sense of openness, switching off claustrophobia, which is the safeguard.

At sunset, nature disconnects from animals. It goes into respiration as most of the animals do. Even though humans can live a life connected with their Guides in the WDS all day, every day, for working people, a lot of deep respiration normally happens at night when people finish with their obligations. Humans dump off their waste and Notice-Reports along with action energy to be redistributed. They also pick up their mail and requests for assistance from friends or paying customers. The next day, they reconnect to the world and other humans and exchange refined, developed energy.

The Human-Network runs through nature. Humans, along with other animals, all report their notices at night. They are the perceptive senses for nature. They inform as a part of the ongoing assessment of this cell. When human connection to nature declined, so did their ability to use this network. It is still functional but terribly slow. They also receive information through this connection. They can browse the new experiences to try or new emotional highlights to experience viscerally with no physical context at all, just pure energy euphoria.

The Foundation Planets don't go to sleep during respiration. They connect with their counterparts. Desire planets also use this time to connect with other people's planets. They make deals, they accept roles that others want them to fulfil and offer roles to others. Zeetoc may go through this process with you more fully. They also continue to work on the lower orbiting planets; if they aren't being processed by emotional digestion, these are the ones still deemed relevant by size or recent engagement.

As nature disconnects, the warm, inviting, nurturing daytime forest can now feel weird and creepy. With nature shut down for business. People retired to respiration. They transitioned into this during the slow movement at camp. The repetitive tasks of daily life provided a great avenue for switching over.

The Foundation-Planets learn how to do the tasks their conscious mind has proven a true desire for by putting in the effort to learn it and sticking with it. As they take over the boring tasks, the conscious mind is free to wander the waking dream

state while the Planets are occupied. Your people find things like this to do as hobbies. Music can help fulfil this function. Slow music with few instruments when you want to slow down. Add more complicated repetitive arrangements when wanting to stay focused. Whatever repetitive, simple thing that relaxes the Protective-Planet is good.

Here is a lovely little trick for handling these kids: understand that they act up when they think something is wrong or might be wrong. They monitor the external peripheral senses, but they are also monitoring you, just like the nervous passengers on an aeroplane, who watch the cabin crew for signs of distress or comfort, as they are aware of what normal should feel like. They know when it is just turbulence, something to be concerned about or when it is time to say sorry or I love you, via last dash SMS.

The Planets watch you in the same way; they watch you intently. Every little facial expression not only informs the world of your delight or dissatisfaction, but it also informs your planets. The thoughts that you think, the mood that you are in, more often than not, is due to your demeanour. Your words, the way you carry yourself. This is where you can have a major impact on your life instantly. Stop telling your Planets that there is something wrong, and they will stop shutting you down and drawing your attention to what it might be.

As soon as you inform them that there is something wrong, they want to know what it is. That's their job: to find ways to fix it, to offer solutions and suggested actions. 'Why is he so sad?' They wonder in the back seat. 'There must be something wrong. Hey! Driver, what's up? Is it this? Or that? Is it him or her? Or was it that thing before?' People can go nuts trying to identify the inexplicable reason why they feel the way they do. They don't just do this about current events, they look to the past and try to extrapolate what perceived dangers that might threaten to re-emerge. If you tell them that something is wrong but not what it is, they will leave no stone unturned, presenting all types of potential threats to the conscious mind for examination and verification. They don't just present it, but can try to sell it as a reality. They have to do this to see what the conscious mind really feels about it. If it isn't presented strongly, as a certainty or real potentially serious scenario, then they have failed in their execution.

Mood is governed by the emotional river/blood stream when there is no strong external influence. There are filters in place to clean the river, but they are activated mainly during emotional respiration. If there is a lot of rubbish in there, via through skin absorption. The conscious mind can still choose what elements of his river will affect his mood. If he acts as if he is connected to the higher elements, then he will be.

The planets know that all is well if the conscious mind is laughing, smiling, having a joke, singing happy songs, or looking at beautiful things. Historically, humans don't tell jokes and stop to appreciate the sunset while being chased by a pack of falooganons/hyenas. Like the song, they want to be happy, but they can't be happy till they know you're happy too. Living with an unfettered demeanour is a catastrophe. It is a choice of the conscious mind to display its current emotional state. Not just to the

world but their subconscious elements. But it isn't supposed to be just an indicator of your emotional state, but a steering wheel. Controlling your demeanour steers your emotional ship. It is the job of the conscious mind, you. Do your job or you'll be battered by the storms until you break apart and sink. Laziness in demeanour is emotional suicide.

It is good to have your pod, but try this exercise everywhere, whenever you get a chance. It alone will change your life.

Verse Forty-Nine

The handover exercise

Sit or lie comfortably, in a position that if you fall asleep in, you'd be safe. This is important to relax the Protector-Planet. Allow the breathing to slow down. This is the conscious mind relinquishing control of the process to the subconscious mind and the Guides. In hunter-gather mode, the conscious mind is in control, he navigates the boat as the thinking planets all scream out coordinates. But in the waking dream, he is a passenger.

As the breathing slows down, again allow the eyes to wander wherever they want, and look at whatever they want to, for as long as they want to. When they lose interest in that, they will just lose focus and drift to something else. Allow them to wander on to the next thing. When they are finished, they may want to close. If they do, just let them. It is vital not to judge anything as being good or bad. Doing this is comparing, which is thinking; it will break the waking dream process. It doesn't matter what you see, hear, smell, touch or taste; do not judge it as being acceptable or not, wanted or not, liked or despised, do not judge it.

From here out, do not think, analyse, critique or ask questions, unless you're invited to. This is your job in here, just experience, it really is all just a different type of dream, designed for the exact same purpose. To break open big chunks of emotions and get new responses from you. Each piece can be catalogued by desirability. Nothing is real; it is all safe and it is all internal. The things seen and heard are to elicit a reaction. They are not messages directly from God or deities such as ourselves. They are extrapolated.

When we want to teach you something, it will always be comprehensive. It will never ever be a one-off dream state experience. We deliver fragments of data to the subconscious mind of a person, and it stitches them together into a coherent experience for the conscious mind to react to. This is the process. God has never told anyone directly to do this or that as some sort of holy mission. It is all extrapolated by the brain. It is never a one-off message that sends someone off on a life mission. It needs repeated experiences to refine and fund life changes. When it happens like this in the waking dream state, the natural external life of a person changes to match the internal changes. The effort was done spiritually, and the physical reality simply conforms to it with little effort.

We will use ways to confirm and build the lesson from nature and your science. You will learn heaps of things in the WDS to enhance and enrich your life. Sometimes things could feel strange or even scary, but they are just checking that response mechanism. It will always turn out wonderful when you continue on.

Because you are a lot more conscious than you are in the sleeping dream state, the emotions experienced are more nuanced. Your filters get better, and you experience fewer negative emotions, in the dream state and in life. You eventually become oblivious to them emotionally, which leaves you more able to experience and explore the new positive ones. Life continues to elevate, if you bother to elevate it. There is no upper limit to growth this way. There are always new positive experiences to have, and oh boy, there is no upper limit; life becomes more and more amazing.

Now do the same thing with hearing. Allow a noise to grab your attention for as long as it does. Then let it move on. The planets are creating a full picture of the current state of things to reassure themselves that it is all safe to switch off. Giving them the ability to focus the senses on what they want to check out is imperative. Continue this until it feels finished. You can do this with all of your natural senses if you desire.

Then turn your attention to your body. Let the mind wander to wherever it wants to. Let it hold the attention on the area as long as it wants to. When the body doesn't get the attention it needs from the conscious mind to notice injury, damage and areas of concern. It doesn't get the deep assessment that it needs and the energy allocation to heal properly. So, it starts to call out for the conscious mind's attention. It also does this when an injury first occurs, so an emergency assessment can be carried out. This is called pain. It will keep calling on the conscious mind until it is satisfied that it has been assessed and will get the energy that it needs to heal properly. When it needs more attention, it will let you know.

This part of noticing is a part of the respiration type of autophagy, which is focused on healing. Rather than the scavenger type, which is scrounging for energy in stressful situations. Again, stress shuts things down to preserve and protect, while respiration opens it up to heal and repair. In hunter-gather mode, it will use scant energy to do a patch-up job so that the body can keep functioning to either procure what is needed to survive or to escape danger. When the body switches into respiration mode, it focuses all available energy on doing a thorough repair/healing.

Even now, don't judge pain; it is there to help heal. Just notice it for as long as it wants your attention. The loudest pain will be first, followed all the way down to where your attention is on a body part that isn't even painful. It is now noticing the tiny whispers. If he helps them now, they won't have to raise their voices later.

All of this takes various lengths of time, at different times, depending on what's up. This is all to open the door. You can live with the door open and weave in and out, which is highly recommended and a great lifestyle goal to manifest for yourself.

Now the mind can move internally. Now you can connect to your emotional universe. When using cannabis, the skin fuel membrane is inactive, so you won't hear from active clusters.

If you aren't using it, you most likely will first hear from energies suggestions that were previously released from the thinking planets that are still in dispute. No

conclusion has been reached, they will try to get your attention. Give it to them. Let them talk to you, they will present their cases, often passionately. It is your job to listen without judging, comparing, making a decision, agreeing or disagreeing. They don't need or want you to judge, but just listen. You may not be aware of it at the time, but you will be emotionally reacting (noticing) to everything they say. When they have enough to go on, they disappear. Others might come up and do the same thing. Just relax and let them talk. If you ignore them, they will keep coming back. This is where you clear up your universe of outstanding matters, so it can be used for the waking dream state. This is also the process where recent fibrous planets can be softened up, ready for digestion, without having to leave them floating around in orbit, while you disengage them by ignoring them. Hear them all out, and there will be silence. Now you will have a clear connection to the WDS for emotional processing and then to us for building, creating and manifesting. The processing takes place first, this way our information won't be confused with the static of a disturbed emotional universe. Now you will be clear about what is from us, and what is the processing of human thoughts and thinking planets' suggestion, this is where all the fun begins.

Verse Fifty

One day, a rooster and the next a feather duster

Experience the peace of a disengaged skin-fuel membrane. Enjoy the expanse of your universe. Thoughts may come, voices, people, situations, movies, travel, therapy sessions, visions, sometimes they may be perceived as impressions in the mind and other times they present as full, tangible experiences.

Don't connect this energy to your body by thinking or acting on any of it. Remember, it is all happening in your universe/mind. That is it. It is all for emotional reactions only. If they are meaningful and significant, your guide will take you through them. Mostly, they are just there to have a reaction to. Notice things, let them slip by until something grabs your fancy. It is important for it to happen like this. Your guide will have a nice selection of experiences to play with. You just draw what is appealing.

When a situation that has been noticed is recalled, it can present itself as it initially happened. It can play out by acting on the raw initial release of energy from the Foundation Planets, fulfilling their desires. Then it will move on from there. Each pass through will eliminate some of the undesired emotions while breaking down the positive ones into smaller pieces and expanding upon them. These become the spices used to liven up future waking dream experiences and manifest the future physical life.

Humans have a lot of things to do in the waking dream state, and it is the job of the emotional brain to make these experiences as pleasurable and engaging as possible. If the conscious mind loses interest, it simply drifts onto something else. It is a competitive market. These emotional clusters both recent and historic, want to be processed and used.

The emotional brain conducts this symphony. It often wants to deal with recent pressing issues as they are the most relevant. In an aberrant life-cell like yours, there are many people with huge old cluster planets that are decaying. The less relevance they hold, the further out in orbit they go. The fibres that hold them together lose structure due to energy deficiency. They break apart and fragment. The fragments can be picked up by similar planets that are energised by recent activity. This is known by some as 'time healing all wounds.' But it doesn't, the energy is still there, just reorganised. A bigger cluster planet will never disintegrate completely and will find itself stuck to the inner wall of the outer universe membrane, like a barnacle on a boat. Many of these planets doing this creates a type of hardening of the personal universe membrane, which will not be able to expand to cope with having big emotional responses. The only solution to this is restricting the size of the reaction the conscious mind can have. People become dull, uninspired and listless.

They harden up, some become bitter and jaded, nasty even. Others become rigid, inflexible, frightened of anything that may cause a big emotional reaction, good

or bad. 'No, no, I'm alright here, thanks, you all go ahead without me. It is what it is. Oh well, what are you going to do?' Are some of the common calls made by the small universed human. Steady as she goes, the mild, the timid, the sticklers, the officious, those who strive to maintain the status quo. Those who fear change, growth, spontaneity, serendipity, fun, new experiences and anything that could even slightly initiate a big emotional reaction. And who could blame them? They don't have the capacity to deal with it. They are left floundering, knowing that they should respond with greater emotional effect but are unable to comply. They often pretend, just to fit in. They think, then they think, and then they think again.

We don't control humans and have no desire to. This is not a religion, there are no Gurus or priests or teachers. This is all about a person developing as a person and developing their relationship with their subconscious selves. That's it! They can be whatever religion they want. Their Guides will help them do that. They are not there to formulate a desire for a person, but to help them expand, explore and manifest whatever they desire. Life is all about us encouraging experimentation and exploration, life only continues to survive on the large scale due to variance. One new thing discovered or invented can have wonderful repercussions throughout all of life. As the primo energy is the first-experience energy.

When other guys contribute later to this message, you will learn how the afterlife works and what happens when a person dies. What they do, where and how they live. As you see the big picture, you will have a new appreciation for first-experience energy. Respirators crave it, but the small-universe hate it. They only want the tried and tested. A false sense of peace and stability, even if they have to kill everyone else to get it.

The small universe will not allow emotion to override reason. So, the Foundation planets, that draw their opinions from ancient primitive survival instincts, family inherited response suggestions, from old great, great granny Mavis and the stored planets wealth of wisdom learnt from stuff seen on TV and through life, to formulate and override us, the Overseers! We draw our information not only from our successful cycle, but from all of the other cycles as well.

Small-universed humans have been around for so long now that people are born like this as a devolution. They don't have the personal history needed to create a crusted outer membrane. But small, safe, uninspired people marry and breed with other narrows and they produce narrow children, who go on to procreate with each other narrows and have even narrower children. Generations were being born with ever-shrinking personal universes.

The great news for people born in this state is that they don't have to unclog their outer membrane to get the emotional lung breathing like it should. They just have to break from the Family Planet. These people can take off like rockets once ignited and burn bright for the rest of their lives. They can't help the way they were born. No

one is responsible for who they are when they are born; they are, however, solely responsible for who they are when they die.

Most of these people envy those with big bright universes who suck on the marrow of life. They just feel as if they don't have it within them. They do, and when they find it in the emotional dream state, it sparks a huge transformation. It can be like a complete personality change. They become juggernauts of experimentation and exploration. Instead of draining the world, they feed it. But until this happens, these people are one of the unidentified cancers that elude detection and treatment in the human autophagy/assessment. We need you to notice them. They will be awakened and repaired or eradicated. Not in a nasty way, but they will lose all momentum, have no traction, and lose their inertia. The faceless will become voiceless. You will see who the marionettes are and who the puppeteers are. All you have to do is notice. Clear your universe, empower karma by providing the missing cog, human respiration, and waking dreams. Watch karma act as you have never seen it before.

Once enough humans start respiration, the desire-effort will be established, and the process will pass the tipping point. It will become an involuntary action for all. A vacuum will be created as nature speeds up its mechanism. This will draw upon people's personal universes, which will crack away the hardness, and the membrane will be able to expand again. People who don't want to be in respiration will have it forced upon them. The mechanism that recalls fears and guilt will activate, and this will dredge them up ready to be processed and banished. They will be forced to confront them without the ability to process them, and they will quite literally stew in their own emotional juices.

Respiration becomes very easy for those who want it. Their digestive systems fire on all cylinders as the exhaust has been improved. Waking dreams become a blink of the eye away, whenever you want them, whatever you are doing. For those who don't want respiration, they don't get to refine any of their unprocessed energy. So, while a person might still be a bigoted, angry, ugly man, he has no ammunition for his weapons. One day, a rooster and the next a feather duster.

Verse Fifty-One

Barnacles

Quick recap. Free the senses to wander without conscious control, judgment or thinking. When they are finished, let the attention wander the body, give attention to what wants it, for how long it wants it. When the body has finished, turn attention to any planet/clusters that want to talk to you, let them talk, again without judgment or engagement. You are not there to make a decision; this is not your job.

When they have had their required attention from you, all can go quiet. This is called peace. You can now engage with us uninterrupted. If you want to connect to a deity or whoever you want, we will help you to do that. We are here to help you process emotional energy so that the world gets back on track. What you do with this connection to the unseen is none of our business; it is now our turn not to judge but facilitate. It's your life, enjoy it.

If a situational cluster is being dealt with, you might have to chew it by letting the Foundation-Planets let rip. When that is done, you will process through all of the perspectives to get a clear picture of what did actually happen, rather than just what you perceived happened at the time. Only after all of that, your emotional brain will form an accusation to be presented to the natural law. This is now over for you, and the situation will be nothing, but it will have provided you with emotionally positive data. As if the negative aspects happened to someone else that you heard about, instead of you.

If the situation was about something that you desired. Then it will be formed into a desire planet, which will be revisited to be developed and refined. When it is matured, it will become a star, then when it has reached fullness, it will explode and manifest that desire out of the waking dream state and into real life.

This will create a vacuum, black hole/portal, that will attract all the appreciation energy generated by that manifestation. This is the good stuff that the emotional body of God has been waiting for us to provide. This widens the portal and allows the person to also connect with nature, without having to go through the Family or Protection-Planets membranes. The more of these direct appreciation portals he has, the better he can also exhaust his waste, and the cleaner his universe becomes, and the better his digestion works. Otherwise, it is constant, impacted emotional constipation.

All of the emotional elements of the situation stay together in the narrative through the digestion. Once this has finished, they can be individually added to other desire planets to enhance their attraction to the conscious mind. A manifestation is always a cluster of many desires, all brought together to have a big impact. Then it is imperative that a person finishes off their process by thoroughly enjoying the desires fulfilled. It is this energy that will fund his life and boost him in elevation. A personal

universe can normally breathe in and out, but these desire star explosions cause it to expand permanently. The person grows. Unfulfilled desire/frustration energy will cause a personal universe to shrink and tighten. It locks down, and he becomes an emotional shut-in. Desire-fulfilled energy develops the eternal soul.

For those with encrusted personal universes due to a life of hardship. Wow, you are in for a real treat. Unlike the Foundation-Planets, who try to clear away this barnacle energy by scraping away at the outside, dealing with recent dramas first and working backwards. Respiration attacks it where it first attaches to the outer membrane. All the subsequent similar emotional energy that has been drawn to it since is held in place by the foundational situation. In the waking dream state, this is easy. Once they deal with the foundation energy, and it lets go, the other attached energy just washes away over time. These will all be waking dream experiences and will not affect the body as skin-fuel energy unless it is connected to it by physical action. It really doesn't feel bad to confront and eliminate this barnacle energy, get rid of it and sail away without ever having to deal with it again. Others will go into detail about this.

These are the basics to getting yourself ready for the waking dream experience. The car is packed, the desired destination established, course charted. Now let's get some fuel in this thing and off we go.

Verse Fifty-Two

The process

If you are new to cannabis, start with a little bit until you gain confidence. Cannabinoids are found in plants and all animals. They are nothing to be afraid of. Just ease on in until confidence grows. It is wise to check with a medical professional before making any major lifestyle changes, and you will hopefully find someone with expertise in using cannabis to check with before consumption. It is your body, so do your own research.

This process eliminates many unwanted side effects and makes it smoother to smoke. But if you are a regular cannabis user, this may seem stronger than you are used to, so adjust accordingly. This is because the brain is called upon to upregulate its own production of endogenous cannabinoids.

In nature, cannabis is found in all sorts of states of freshness and decomposition. When mixed, this produces a wide variety of cannabinoids. This is what we are mimicking here, as most companies that provide medicinal cannabis keep it in a state of what they consider fresh.

As humans in your cycle do, people have interfered with cannabis through ignorance. They have selectively bred out CBD and increased THC to larger-than-necessary amounts. This is not the way cannabis should be used. The cannabinoids work synergistically; one will make another one more bioavailable.

Try to find a well-balanced variety with CBD; if not, try to purchase it separately. It, along with CBN, which is the mature oil that I will show you how to make, moderates THC and enables the brain to use it rather than being overwhelmed by it. When a large amount of THC hits the brain without these modifying elements, all of the endocannabinoid receptors in the brain switch on. This is not good, this is not what we want. This puts the cannabis in control, people describe it as being stoned. When it is prepared properly, it presents itself to the brain to be used for what the person wants it to do, rather than commandeering the system.

There are two main types of cannabis that you are aware of. Indica and Sativa. If you can, get both separately rather than a blend. Sometimes you will be led to use sativa for a learning dominated experience or indica for a visceral experience. However, as a general rule, mixing them together is the best way. If you have access, mix many strains together; it will be great.

There are two parts of the plant that we will be teaching you to use, and they are the leaf and the bud or flower. I will let you educate yourself on the process of the stages of deterioration that they go through when left in their natural environment.

One cannabinoid starts as CBG, then turns into THCA, then THC and then CBN and beyond.

Whether you get it directly into the bloodstream or digest it also changes its profile and effect. But there are many cannabinoids at play here besides THC. Cannabis can be treated differently to help with different things.

We want you to know how to use it to disconnect from the Thinking-Planets and to connect with us and the waking dream state.

For all of these years of assessment, we have not been able to share this process with you. The whole point was the effort exerted, which proved a desire to live and fulfil your purpose. Knowing this little process makes this connection so easy that it would have nullified the test results. So, if your Guides have warned you away from its use before, this is why. They may have shortened the explanation down to, 'it is a shortcut, a lazy, false connection.' And they would have been right, then. But now that desire has been proven, the necessity of doing-it-tough is finito. The lazy way is now the good way. And now that an emotional digestive tract is fully functional, which everyone can use. The lazy way is the proper way.

Use twice as much leaf (if available) as bud. Chop both together into small pieces using a grinder, scissors, or a knife and a chopping board. The process I'm showing you normally requires fire, hot rocks and leaves, but I have modernised it for you. You will need a hair straightener, baking paper, and a mortar and pestle.

After you grind or chop cannabis as normal, divide it into two piles.

Separate the first pile in half. Put one-half in a bowl and soak it in just enough water to ensure it is wet. Let it soak while you take care of the other half. This half is placed directly into the mortar and ground with the pestle vigorously for at least five minutes. This is where it is important to have both the Indica and Sativa so they can blend. Once finished, put this into the container that will hold the finished product.

Make an envelope out of the baking paper and place the wet cannabis in it. Place it in the hair straightener and ensure the cannabis is between the hot plates. Hold it over a bowl and wear protective gloves. Turn the hair straightener on to high and heat the cannabis. It will steam until dry. Take it out of the hair straightener as soon as the scent changes from fresh aromatic to a toasted smell. It may still be slightly wet, but that is good. If some of it browns, that is also fine. Add this to your collection container. That is the first pile done.

The second pile is all treated together. Make another little envelope out of the baking paper about the length of the hotplate. Tip the chopped weed into it and push it down to the bottom. Place it in the cold hair straightener and allow it to heat slowly by turning it off and on in five-second intervals until it reaches temperature, which should be set at the lowest it will go, about 120°C.

Remove immediately and turn the straightener off. Allow it to cool down by leaving it open. Tip the gunja into the mortar and pestle and take a small sample for your container. Grind the rest vigorously for 10 seconds, then take another small sample for your container. Using a proper mortar and pestle is essential. It needs grinding; just pressure or rubbing won't work properly and will fail to produce the desired results.

Put it back into the envelope and back into the hair straightener. This time, turn it on and leave it on until it reaches the minimum temperature and then remove and place it in the mortar. Remove another sample before and after grinding it, which takes another ten seconds. One last quick heat in the envelope, and it is good to use. Now mix it all together. If the weed you have is too dry, then freshen it up with some water before starting this process, so it doesn't become too harsh to enjoy.

To make the oil, mix one part cannabis with two parts MCT or olive oil in a glass jar. Remove the lid and heat it in the microwave for around 40 seconds to about 80 °C. Replace the lid and wrap it in a towel to keep it warm. After it cools, give it a good shake and repeat the microwave and towel process once or twice more, and it is done.

Leave it with the plant material at the bottom and scoop off what you want to use. This oil can be popped in the mouth, onto gums and inner cheek, under the tongue or rubbed onto the skin so it can be absorbed into the bloodstream.

It can and should also be digested. It can be used on food or in a hot drink. Hot cocoa is a great way to have it. It will be metabolised in the liver, which alters the cannabinoid profile further. This oil is good for ingestion as fresh oil for up to three days.

After about five days, the THC will continue to rapidly convert to CBN, which turns it into mature oil. This can be a very powerful sedative when ingested and great for physical healing, but that is outside the scope of our purposes here. For connection, the mature oils is only good for through-skin absorption, which makes it more of a relaxant and will entice feelings of lightness and euphoria. It can also be ingested at night before sleep. If, however, you ingest too much of this, it can be zombifying.

The fresh oil can and should be ingested in food or in drinks. Using the oils should be the foundation of the cannabis experience, with inhalation used as necessary to highlight experiences.

A session will often take the form of using the fresh oil and inhalation to disengage from the skin fuel membrane and maintain the WDS experience. The mature oil rubbed on the skin can help calm the experience down, if the green inhalation and oil are overly stimulating. Or afterwards to usher a person into a deep state of physical autophagy and healing before sleeping.

After the fresh product has started to take effect, you will need to establish your intention to respire as demonstrated by the connection exercise. This tells the brain what you want to do. It will help switch off the thinking planets and map the

endocannabinoid system into respiration mode. But the gunja has been compromised. Your brain needs to compensate. It will do this by upregulating its own production of chemicals such as anandamide, which is the human version of THC.

The goal isn't to be on cannabis for the rest of your life. Not that there is anything wrong with that. But to use it to help prove to your subconscious elements that this is what you want. Eventually, they will all step up to make it happen naturally. But until then, smoke em if you've got em.

Verse Fifty-Three

Accidental unprepared trips in the WDS

You may hear internal thoughts as a voice, a message or see things in your mind. The cannabis makes more energy available for increased extrapolation. This is what we want for the waking dream state. But it also means that physical extrapolation can become hypervigilant as well. On rare occasions, your brain might put pictures of things together that aren't really there. Instead of seeing two sticks lying separately on the ground, it will fill in the blank space and think that it might be a snake. It could scream at you, 'Is that a snake, it is a snake, I'm sure, then oh, ok, it isn't.' It is the Protector-Planet acting like a good dog, but now it's on weed, it thinks it's a Jack Russell. It can extrapolate visually, audibly and with a train of thought. Things that you fear or desire. It is just overexcited about its new capabilities and will settle down after a little while. People call this paranoia. But cannabis, enhancing internal dialogue, is perfect for internal exploration.

At first, there may be some fragmented emotional clusters floating around that may want your attention. Let them have it, and they will go away. If they sound angry or threatening or scared or insecure, it is just what you have felt before; it is now a fragment that wants out of there. It is all just in your mind, and only old fears and insecurities taking their opportunity to be noticed and processed. Once you get into this regularly, it will quieten down. These nuisance fragments are gone for good. Just don't engage or react physically. But do hear them, if they feel heard, they are happy and will leave you alone.

The use of marijuana helps switch a person out of hunter-gatherer mode and into respiration mode. It takes energy normally reserved for the physical senses and uses it to fuel the waking dream state.

This extrapolation fuel-energy can present the same data package as an inkling, a thought in the back of the mind, a hunch, an idea, a well-constructed epiphany, which can be the emotional brains version of an idea, a voice with a message, a voice with a personality and a message, a voice with two way communicative ability, a vision in cartoons, a vision in life like reality, a full-on new life, which is as real, when you there, as this one. But where the rules don't apply. All from the same data package. It all comes down to extrapolation, which relies on energy flow/bandwidth.

Now, when you understand extrapolation and the purpose and functionality of the waking dream state, you can relax and enjoy the ride. It really is awesome. In this or future messages, we will take you through some typical experiences that people experience, so you have an idea of what to expect.

There are poor people in your world who have no idea what this experiential internal language is, and the theatrical nature of it. Some, unfortunately, stumble straight into it as it was a life-like experience. They have no clue what is going on.

This normally happens in two ways: people come across the many chemicals that assist with connecting to the waking dream state language, which are scattered throughout the natural world or are manufactured by people. Or because of an overwhelming emotional period. Because they stumbled into WDS, they aren't guided by us, and they can find it confusing and confrontational.

Many of these psychedelic substances are not meant to be used alone. They have a companion plant that will switch off the physical world while another switches them onto the respiration world. When used alone, people can get confused between which is real and which isn't.

Cannabis can be used for both. The only other element some people add is a stimulant to help stop the waking dream state from becoming the sleepy dream state too soon and to aid focus. But if you do fall asleep, you should sleep well, and this sleep is a powerful healer.

One of the differences between cannabis and the headache tablets in the medicine cabinet is that too much cannabis will result in falling asleep and waking up refreshed, rather than falling asleep and waking up dead.

Exceeding hallucinogenic drugs, as the main culprit in having an unexpected, unprepared trip into the waking dream state language, is extreme emotional distress.

In times of a perceived life-threatening situation, the thinking planets can hit the body with so much skin fuel energy, that it will move it to grab hold of a branch, or shut the eyes, raise the hands, run, without the direction of the conscious mind. It can physically move a person out of harm's way with no conscious control at all. All to preserve life. This is called an instinctive reaction.

The emotional brain can do the same thing. It can force the conscious mind into part of the respiration process, and into a connection with us in times of extreme emotional threat. People see visions, hear voices, and experience great emotions. They can either ascribe this to us or a persona based on their belief and expectations of who we could be. If we become involved, we are happy to go along with that, of course. We don't care who they think we are, we are happy to play along and adjust the narrative accordingly. We want to help them in their hour of need. We need to communicate, and if we need to remove the colour, flavour and complexity of our message to accomplish this, so be it. If the person later wants the colour, taste and complexity, we will add it back in.

This type of thrust into what should be a very relaxing, comfortable experience, with no reference or context, leads to misunderstandings. Freaked out people run, they hide, they never come back, they never get taught, they never understand. They think, they surmise, they fear all, with no reference point to compare. They try to work out

what happened with the thinking planets, who have no clue. They grip onto the single experience as being meaningful or real, instead of letting it process as multiple experiences and view it as a dynamic and fanciful internal language.

The waking dream state is very similar to a deep, deep sleep dream, but you are conscious. It drifts from one thing to another. When having a psychedelic trip or a type of emotional psychosis, a person is stuck in it. The WDS is the opposite; a person can not only stop it whenever they want, the art is learning how to stay in it! This requires practice and conscious effort. People often drift in and out of it in very short intervals, and the brain will shift onto the natural world constantly to rest from the extrapolation process. The person is always consciously in control, but chooses to relinquish it to enjoy the experience; however, they can retake it whenever they want to.

The thinking planets use a vision type of language as well, as a part of their process when wanting to formulate a physical response. They will want the conscious mind to picture this and picture that. It is a weak version, designed to gain small, manageable reactions within hunter-gatherer mode. This is called imagination and is under the control of the conscious mind. In the waking dream state, the conscious mind is in the passenger seat, drawing things to himself out of a selection, but the emotional brain is in control. It will have a very formulated plan to clear up the most disruptive energy first, and then move through and process all of it and heal your entire past. We guide you through the process so that we can, together, create your entire future.

Before I hand it back to the others. I want to address what this message means. I came here as an assessor. I'm so excited about what you guys have done collectively that I wanted to stay after the assessment. I want to experience your great mutiny. I will be here till the end. This is why I am a part of this message. To go to war and win involves healing your emotional past. Easy, now. Creating and fulfilling desires with your Guides, also easy now. The appreciation channels created by the exploding stars that manifested and created black holes pass straight through the membranes of the inadequate local and global membranes directly to nature and its law without the red tape. It is using these appreciation channels that allow enough energy to flow unabated, which enables the natural law to do its job, as it can use you as a portal to flow energy in and out of the human network.

It sounds like it might be a slow process, but it can be breathtakingly fast. Then the fun of re-creation begins. It all starts with you finding peace, emotional health, happiness and then spreading that like a pandemic through the world. The aberrant won't stand a chance.

A nut-job dictator gets out of bed one day. He is in a terrible mood. Frustrated, unfulfilled, he can't understand why he is so unhappy. He should feel like a king, but he is just as insecure now as he was as a small boy, living under Daddy's shadow. By lunchtime, he will either declare war on the old enemy across the border. Starting a conflict that will last for years and kill tens of thousands of people directly and

indirectly due to medical issues and starvation. Women will be raped and children murdered. Or he could grip his sidearm and put a bullet in his brain.

The moment his twisted mind turns the hate inward or outward is the split-second flash of opportunity. This is when the energy that the respirators have delivered is used to turn his venom inward.

Emotional energy is more than the hysterical strength that enables superhuman feats and improved sporting endeavours. It provides the moment of pause needed for cooler heads to prevail or the momentum to push all the way through and turn just slightly left or right. It is what gets people out of bed or confines them to it. It is the small whispers in the privacy of the mind that translate into acts of history-changing decisions.

Huge outcomes rely on minor events, and passing on the right message to the right person could make or break peace or war. The power of the waking dream state knows no boundaries to influence, no space, no distance, no physical barriers for a society of noticing respirators.

This is the end of the free version; it is approximately 60% of the complete message. The full hardcopy and eBook are available from

www.sulhe.com

We encourage you to continue following Oscar's story; it is astounding!