

The book of life: Evolution of my self through incarnation 33

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1 Introduction

I was never really interested in talking about myself or my work but the work led me to accept myself as a composite of a body and a soul which then made me realize that writing about myself and my life can have scientific value. I have also realized that my type of soul doesn't only have short-term goals concerning the current incarnation but its primary mission, is inevitably inter-incarnational.

I believe the word *mission* here is appropriate given how determined my soul is in fulfilling, what seems to be, its destiny.

By my hypotheses, evidence for reincarnation of souls, among other things, can be found in comparison of mental and physical characteristics and experiences between incarnations.

Therefore, the primary purpose of this biography is to increase available evidence for reincarnation of souls. Another reason I'm writing it is to present my current self to my future incarnation, because, I am sure by now, my future self will be curious about it.

My work has also led me to believe that human souls won't be reincarnating on the surface of the Earth beyond this century but there is some possibility I am going to die at the age of 50 ± 2 and incarnate once more on the surface on Earth (living up to the age of ≈ 35).

Thus, that may be the person whom I'm writing this to.

2 Destiny

While I was working on Complete Relativity[1] (CR) and The Solar System[2] I kept telling people I'm writing a scientific paper but they kept saying I am writing a book. I didn't get the meaning of that then, but now I came to realize that I was destined to write at least one book after all. So, here it is.

This, however, I'd call one of short-term destinies or goals of my evolution. The long-term or inter-incarnational one is, of course, to understand the universe observable outside me, unobservable inside me and the one I am.

The more I understand the more I can observe, the more I do not see and the more I know there is to me, so the quest may go on forever.. but that seems not to bother the self of me.

Why do I have this insatiable urge to understand is hard to tell. I could say that's simply the way I'm programmed but why was I programmed that way then?

The question of *why* seems irrelevant if destiny is involved but I've also found that everything is completely relative so, like destiny, the *why* too must be relatively relevant somewhere sometime. Why not now? Quod erat demonstrandum.. or not. Relativity is confusing from an absolute point of view. That's why most people don't understand me - absolutely, I cannot be understood. No thing can be absolutely understood though.. it's just that short-term people are programmed to insist on absolute absolutism. Among such people it's my short-term destiny for my long-term me and its long-term solutions to be ignored, pushed aside and ridiculed. My repeating short-term destiny seems to be the [cyclic] suffering, but I believe its magnitude is decreasing proportionally to my increasing knowledge. When evolving, knowledge is power.

2.1 The numbers

Some say that mathematics is human invention, but absolutely that's not true, we're only noting what we observe in *our* languages and one of these is mathematics. Nature is full of numbers, it is counting, adding, subtracting, dividing and multiplying all the time. There's order and there's chaos in nature. And there's self-similarity. Some patterns are repeating across different scales. Thus, some *numbers* we observe in nature will appear more frequently than others.

So here are the numbers I have either often encountered while developing my theories (both in theory itself and in synchronicity events), during daily operation, or have elsewhere found to be of elevated significance:

$$13, 23_{-1}^{+0}, 33_{-0}^{+2}, 43_{-0}^{+2}, 53, 66_{-3}^{+3}$$

These should not be taken absolute, ie. 66 here could be observed as $66 * 10^{-2}$ but also as part of a ratio (2/3). All in all, logarithms and multiples of number 3 (up to 9) have elevated significance in local space/time. Apparently, this is something N. Tesla claimed too, which I do not find surprising, given the fact that I consider him to be one of past incarnations of my soul[3].

If these numbers represent discrete states of a system (generally, oscillating one), superpositions of adjacent states may also be relatively common. A superposition is generally most stable [or has a peak] in the middle - arithmetic mean of adjacent numbers. In example, a superposition of 23 and 33 is:

$$\frac{23 + 33}{2} = 28$$

Note that deviation in numbers themselves also suggests oscillation and thus probability of superposition. Consider 66 ± 3 , it is probably a superposition of 63 and 69 since I did encounter 63 and 69 more often than 64, 65, 67 and 68. The same is true with other numbers. I have encountered 23 more often than 22 but not much more often, so 22 and 23 may represent discrete states (superposition being 22.5, commonly rounded to 23). Sometimes superposition may be encountered more often than the two discrete states (like in case of 66) but sometimes it's vice versa. That's the case with 34, it was rarely encountered compared to 33 and 35 (however, 33 was encountered more often than 35, which may suggest that 33 is the result of superposition of 31 and 35 but I don't remember encountering 31 so much).

The same is true for 44 - it was rarely encountered compared to 43 and 45 (and 43 was encountered more often than 45).

Due to increase in global synchronicity, these numbers may be appearing more often in synchronicity events globally.

Interesting, but unsurprising to me - the initial version of this book had exactly 33 pages after I was finished adding this chapter while the html file itself was 53 KB in size. The PDF generated from LaTeX had 23 pages.

After a heavy revision/update on 2023.02.21 (which I believe is the last heavy revision), the book had 38 pages ($(33+43) / 2$), the html file was 73 KB in size, generated PDF had 28 pages ($(23+33) / 2$).

After a heavy update on 2023.03.01 (which I believe is the last heavy update), the book had 45 pages, the html file was 86 KB in size, generated PDF had 33 pages.

3 The early days

I was born on September 1st, 1981 in a hospital in Slavonski Brod, Croatia, but as a child I've lived in Sijin, a nearby village where my parents had a home.

Considering my hypotheses on soul-body coupling and evidence for it, it is the place of conception that is important, however, the place of conception is generally very close to the place of birth. The place of my conception (location at or near Sijin) is one evidence that my past incarnations, apart from Tesla, also include I. Newton and J. Christ[4].

Naturally, I don't remember much of my early childhood, but I do remember things of high impact.

One time my father took me to a nearby lake called Petnja. I was about 6 or 7 years old. While I was in the water playing with another kid, my father went away for a moment to talk with his friend. I had that inflatable swimming belt around me, but, during play, somehow it inverted and my head ended up in the water while my legs were up in the air. The other kid didn't really understand what was happening, he was laughing at his joke and no one suspected there's something wrong. But somehow an older woman lying nearby noticed this and managed to pull me up before it was too late.

Another significant thing I remember was when I got my first computer - C64. I think I was 8 or 9 years old. I really enjoyed playing games on that thing, but I was most interested in how these games were made. I was trying to do some programming on it, but the interface it comes with was very *basic* and limited, so not much could be done.

This changed, perhaps two years later, when my father bought a 386 desktop machine for work. It was love at first boot for me. I don't think he did much work on it, certainly not much compared to how many hours I've spent coding stuff and playing games.

I have also spent significant portion of my childhood at my grandma's (from mother's side) place. I had good time there, and I'll never forget the plum-filled dumplings grandma used to make, still the best I ever tasted.

I remember that during a large period of my childhood I really didn't like being photographed. Every time someone would try to take a photo of me I would burst into tears and turn my back on him.

Naturally, there aren't many photos of me during that period and those that do exist don't show my face, only my back. For a long time I couldn't figure out why was I reacting in that way and what was the meaning of it. But it's clear to me now that this was an expression of a *crossover* instinct - in some of my past lives my soul was in an animal sensitive to light but it was occasionally exposed to bright flashes of light, someone might have been taking pictures of it, perhaps regularly, and it hurt.

I have another interpretation of this (although both are likely true). Recently, I'm having problems with my eyes while being outside on sunny days. Every time I go out on a sunny day my eyes start closing and it becomes very hard to use them. Initially, I thought this was related to another *issue* - a tiny fragment of metal got recently incorporated (or glued) to my right eye causing eyesight issues, however, since both eyes are affected by the presence of the Sun and considering that I do not have any issues any more while indoors (or outdoors at night) even when looking at sources of light (such as light bulbs and computer screens), I believe the two phenomena are not strongly related, rather synchronized. I thus consider my childhood fear of exposure to bright light as a precursor to this, and this as a possible precursor to sensitivity to frequencies of sunlight in a future incarnation - real homo.sapiens[5]. Considering that homo.sapiens should be living in Earth's mantle, and if, as hypothesized, it lives in dark illuminated by bio-luminescence, such precursor is not surprising.

With time, more and more people should be experiencing the same, however, I'm not sure about my own evolution in near future. I might stagnate in human form for a while.

It should not be uncommon for children to produce such reactions, so if a child reacts unexpectedly to something, it would be good to respect its choice rather than force it to do something it doesn't like, it will eventually pick up more human-like behavioural characteristics, although it is possible for some instincts to survive even to adulthood.

In case of children however, another possibility exists too - if the radius of a soul of an individual (the brain) grows (growth = slow motion inflation) with the growth of the brain (which does not mean the soul is *in* the brain, even if it is localized to the *same* area its space is of another scale and the two are simply correlated) then, since this radius is correlated with soul's frequency of oscillation, a child might be more mentally entangled with other species - those whose soul radius is the same with the current radius of the child's soul. Note that this also implies that children are much more mentally entangled with other children of equal age than they are mentally influenced by adults.

Strength of this mental influence is inversely proportional to distance and difference between soul radii.

4 Science of religion and religion of science

Already at a young age I was exposed to the worst kind of religion, one propagated by the Roman Catholic Church. I was forced to go to church regularly, mainly due to my grandmother (from father's side) being a devoted follower of Catholicism. But I didn't mind it much, they made me believe in an abso-

lute almighty god (God) and I didn't see anything wrong in what was being preached. I took it very seriously so I was regularly praying, trying not to commit *sins* and when I did I would confess and ask for forgiveness like devoted orthodox Christians do.

However, at some point, I guess during elementary school, I started questioning all of it and quickly realized what it all is. From that point I became agnostic and a growing believer in mainstream science. However, with the soul transformation about the age of 36, similarly was happening with my belief in mainstream science. The more I learned about universes the more I became disappointed with orthodox science and in the end I had to classify it as just another religion, even though it contained a lot of elements and methods of good science. But having something good exploited for the foundations (just like the Church had Jesus) doesn't make one non-corruptible and holy.

I've sought for the alternative of mainstream science but I haven't really found it, especially when it comes to physics. It's all more religion than science although, I believe, as the mainstream is fortifying its religion the alternatives are fortifying their science, or, at least one of them.

Science and religion grew as one body before they branched into opposites. So there's science in religion and there's religion in science. Once the foundations are set, science is evolving science weakly but is strongly evolving religion. The same is true for the foundations of religion, it evolves weakly but it adapts its interpretations to science, unless it has the power to deny it.

As long as the science has the power to deny it, it will deny the true alternative and treat it as pseudo-science. Only once it loses its power it will incorporate the alternative into its foundations and, without any apology or admission of blindness, proceed with a new cycle of fortifying religion.

This is how things work in polarized society. Fake everything as much as possible and resist change as much as possible, even if unconsciously. Truth is allowed to rule for a brief moment only before it is corrupted or abused for establishment or re-establishment of cult.

But still I didn't see myself fitting anywhere so I had to form my own alternative. In the end, it can be said that I have unified religion and science because I have a definition of god in my science. In my science/religion, gods are obeying the laws of physics but neither gods nor the laws are absolute and a god can influence the laws of the other. Complete Relativity is my science but I freely admit is is also my religion - because nothing can be absolutely confirmed, there will always be things that cannot be revealed. This allows me to be neutral, and this is allowed by my neutrality, so I can satisfy both, my body and soul.

5 The elementary school

Being very calm, extremely introverted and having top grades, I was very different than most kids. That made me a magnet for their frustrations. I was often teased and bullied by those who had troubles at home.

I felt safest sitting behind the desk during classes so I usually didn't get up during breaks either, although not even that was safe.

There was this one guy who would, during breaks, run back and forth in the classroom, and every time he would pass beside me he would slap me in the head. That didn't hurt a lot, and although it was very annoying, every time he would do that, I smiled back to him.

I remember once I was walking alone in the corridor, I saw a kid coming from the other direction, he was a known troublemaker, as he passed me he hit me in the stomach as hard as he could.

I was left without air for a while but I just continued walking, bent in pain and with tears in my eyes.

There was only one time, when I was in trouble, that someone stepped in to save me - it was an older kid.

Over 10 years later, the same kid, now grown man, was employed by my dad to work on carpentry. For a month or two I was also employed there. Seeing how good and hard working this man was, I realized he should have a greater salary, so I asked my parents to increase it. And they did. This had nothing to do with the fact he saved me from pain ten years ago - that would be wrong and that was not in my mind at the time, he deserved more money. But ain't it interesting, how karma works?

Some time later, this man drowned at the same lake and very close to [if not at the same] spot I almost drowned as a kid. I wasn't saved by luck then, what happened to me was a relative precursor to his drowning. Unconsciously from my perspective, but by the code of the local universe, I marked the spot where he would drown.

People usually say one should fight back bullies, but that was impossible for me, I didn't like fighting and hurting others, and I am glad I did not. Why would I fight if there is karma?

Most of these kids were probably punished at home even before they punished me.

Look at Earth - did Earth react when people started abusing it? No, it took a lot of years for a karmic reaction, but it is here and it will be huge. But also not by Earth's conscious intention to destroy people (although Earth does have consciousness) - it will be a reaction of Earth's immune system.

UPDATE 2023.02.07

Things got very interesting today as I was reading Newton's biography[6]. On page 59 there is a story telling how Newton got kicked hard in the belly once when he was in elementary school. Newton, however, later challenged the boy to a fight and beat him. This was the only time Newton got into a fight. Now my own story makes sense to me. I know why it had to happen, I know why I didn't react and, again, I'm glad I didn't. It's time to end that karma.

This is not the only situation that I found myself in and which I share with Newton, however, I generally didn't react the same (or, I didn't react at all). This is how one evolves - reacting differently when history repeats itself (if one has to evolve).

I see great similarity between my childhood behaviour and the behaviour of Jesus but I didn't talk like Jesus at the time. I was talking like Jesus for a relatively brief period of my life about the age of 35 while my soul (consciousness) was transforming. Obviously, any current incarnation is a superposition of past and future incarnations, this includes personalities and experiences - which cannot be absolutely the same but very low relativity can exist between them. Every superposition is relative however, and this one is spread across the lifetime.

6 High school

At the end of elementary school I was fed up with the abuse and I saw high-school as an opportunity to change this, so I made a conscious decision to stop studying so much.

I decided to decrease grades and try to hide my differences in order not to get abused. So that's what I did.

Based on my grades from elementary, my parents wanted me to enter the best school available. But since I had a plan to fail, I wanted to go to a school that will not be the worst but not the best one either. So I signed up for technical school. The parents didn't argue much because this was still a good school and if I would have good grades I shouldn't have a problem entering college later.

But instead of caring for grades, at this point, I was more into things that I was really interested in. I was usually studying only as much as needed not to fail the class and I even started making fun of teachers which was well received by other kids.

Being introverted, this was not easy for me to do, but I still felt I had no choice but to do it. No one realized I was faking stupidity and I wasn't going back to real me.

I couldn't believe it, but people, including my parents, were actually associating high grades with high intelligence - they thought I just got dumber after

elementary school.

But even though I wasn't studying much, on occasion I would get a high grade from mathematics or something similar - subjects for which I didn't really have to learn much to know.

This was confusing to others, including teachers. I remember once I got a top grade, the teacher accused me of cheating and I had to take the test again, but not on paper this time, rather on board in front of her. Reluctantly, she confirmed my grade as deserved.

I might have solved the problem of abuse, but I didn't solve the problem of suffering. I could never be happy faking things and my parents were very hard on me because of low grades and expression of this behaviour.

Often, when my parents would pick me up after school, my father always had some place, some meeting to go, before we would go home. He would park the car somewhere and say he will be back in 5 minutes or so. It never was 5 minutes, it was always a couple of hours.

My mother didn't complain, I guess because dad was earning good money at the time. She was used to it and always had something to read with her. But this was very hard for me, all I wanted after school was to get home and do what I actually want to do. But I didn't complain either, I almost never did.

My sister was rarely with us in this kind of situations.. probably because she would complain a lot.

But if I don't complain that does not mean I'm ok with it - I just don't like to complain, for the same reason I do not like to fight.

Regardless, my parents didn't care for my feelings, especially now that my grades were below their expectations.

Being extremely introverted, when I would be out with friends, I usually had to drink a lot in order to relax and be able to participate in social (extroverted) interactions.

I had a long hair and occasionally someone would call me Jesus, based on my appearance.

6.1 Things I liked to do

During high-school, things I enjoyed, more or less, were listening and playing music, hanging out with friends and computer games.

But what I was really passionate about was computer programming. Very early on, I was into cracking - making patches, keygens and similar stuff. Although I was a member of few cracking groups, social interaction eventually always becomes a burden for me (probably because extroverted people prevail in society) so I generally worked alone. That's how it was for most of my life and that's how I still work now.

Cracking (reverse-engineering of software) and programming was indeed a true passion - glued to the screen I would often skip lunch ignoring the pain in the stomach, and my sleeping habits often resembled those of a bat. Sometimes I ate my lunch in the evening, sometimes next morning. Even when I did ate, I never ate much, just enough for survival. Needless to say, I was very skinny

but I had no health issues related to this. It was not uncommon for me to sleep with my head on a school desk whenever that was possible.

Cracking held my attention for a while but, after a few years I've found the topic exhausted - there was nothing interesting left to learn. At that point I was already experimenting with websites - I had my own website where I was publishing my cracks, computer games and apps.

I remember once I developed a shareware application which got distributed with a nation-wide computer magazine but at the same time I've published a keygenerator for the same application. I understood proper piracy as essential for innovation and development.

My support of piracy is conditional. I would pay for software I use and art I enjoy, but it's not the crime to enjoy it when one does not have the money to pay for it. Copying or cloning of data is not stealing and it doesn't harm the author if one doesn't have the money to pay for it anyway, in fact, the author can still benefit even from such usage due to potential free advertising.

Creating and maintaining a website was not challenging enough on its own. I had to include hacking into the equation. So as I was decreasingly cracking software I was increasingly hacking into computer networks and this includes breaking into major ISP's and hosting providers. Of course, I didn't do much damage, it was all for excitement and learning. I did host some software on these servers but I tried not to exceed bandwidth of users whose accounts I've used (on one occasion I failed at this and found it very embarrassing so I soon stopped hacking). The links to this software were published on my website, however, these were not direct links. I devised an encrypted network protocol (links were beginning with m3ga:// if I remember correctly) and developed a special application that people used to download the software distributed over different servers.

Before my transformation about the age of 36 I did not like to share my knowledge. I invested a lot of time to discover and learn everything I knew, I guess I felt pride and wasn't interested in sharing anything so easily - it didn't feel right to me for someone to learn in 5 minutes a solution to a problem that took me months to discover. That, besides introversion, is why I declined any request for sharing or cooperation. Of course, it's obvious to me now that any such person is a hypocrite and if we would all have to start from *the start* noone would ever learn anything new. Enforcement of copyrights and patents is only dragging down the society.

After high-school, my interest for cracking and hacking was soon gone, but my passion for programming remained.

7 The love story

At the end of high-school, the class travelled to Lorret de Mar, a coastal town in Catalonia, as part of our last high-school excursion.

I never was in a relationship before, but I had strong feelings for one girl from the class for quite some time now.

And since this was probably my last chance to do something about it, somehow I managed to ask her out.

We went to a local bar near the beach and sat by the table in the back. She was sitting opposite to me. I believe we were drinking tequila, and even so, it took some time for the first kiss, perhaps because she had to initiate it, as up to that point I had no experience and was still shy around her.

She put a lemon in her mouth and suggested me to take a bite, so that's how our first French kiss started. After we were done, all people in the bar started cheering and clapping hands looking at us. Confused, we looked at the bartender and he said we were kissing for half an hour. It was some kind of a record I guess. Of course, we were not under the impression it was that long.

Smiling, we left the bar and started walking by the beach. Sure enough, there was a guy with roses, and soon enough, I was a guy buying roses, for her.

Hugged, we continued to an old castle by the sea and sat on the staircase there beneath the open sky, looking at the sea. The night was calm.

At one point, she fell asleep in my lap. Everything was perfect.. a moment for forever.

Some time later my leg started to hurt and soon went numb. But I couldn't do anything, I didn't want to disturb her and wake her up.

A couple of hours later she woke up. It took a while before I could walk again, she felt sorry, but I don't remember the pain I remember love, the happiness I felt.

Some might say I sacrificed myself here, but there is no sacrifice in true love, where all such pain has no choice but to be imaginary.

Sacrifice is real when one remembers pain and has no choice but to forget *love*.

This love was not to forget, and even though we broke up a couple of years later, I had no regrets, apart from me being stupid enough to break it.

But that's how it had to be.

I eventually got married with someone else and she did too.

I spent 10 years in marriage with a woman I thought I loved but it probably was true love only for a couple of moments in every hour. It's strange but I think I actually love her more now that we're not together. Not in a way that I'd like to be with her again, but I love her as a person and a mother of my child, someone I shared history with and who had some influence on me.

But these two relationships are a good example of karmic actions and reactions.

In the first one, my love was at first surprised I want to be with her - other girls were interested in me and she thought she was not good enough for me, that I will get bored with her eventually. I thought that was nonsense and it

was very obvious I wasn't interested in anyone but her. But two years later that's what has happened.

Some time later I wanted us to get together again but she needed time, we went out of sync in our feelings and it failed.

In my second relationship, at the beginning I was now acting somewhat surprised and I told my wife she will leave me eventually. I didn't really know why I said that, but she thought that was nonsense. It was indeed obvious she was only interested in me at the time, but ten years later, that's what happened.

Some time later she wanted us to get back together again but I needed time, we went out of sync in our feelings and it failed.

My parents did not approve my 1st relationship, because of religious differences, or at least that's what they said. I was a forced Roman catholic and she was of a religion typically associated with our neighbouring country - one we were at war with recently. They were concerned what people would say if we would get married.

I couldn't understand that - how can someone's opinion be more important than our happiness? Of course I ignored their opinion and that was just another moment when a certain amount of feelings was lost for my parents.

During my education, my mother was always concerned with my grades due to a fear of wasting money and talent, while my father was concerned with how my grades affect his pride and reputation.

They didn't have any interest in my feelings. So, naturally, a lot of my feelings for them was lost over the years.

They did care for me very well, but they didn't love and respect my nature, at least not for the first 35 years.

But that's how it had to be.

8 The faculty

After high-school I definitely wanted to go to a college, but not just any college, I wanted to go to FER (Faculty of Electrical Engineering and Computing) in Zagreb.

This was [and still is] one of the most prestigious faculties in Croatia so it was really hard to get in with low grades from high-school.

At first I didn't make it, so I entered Faculty of Mechanical Engineering in Slavonski Brod (my father has a master's degree in mechanical engineering).

I have finished the first year of courses there but this was not what I wanted so I tried to get in FER again, and this time I succeeded.

Eventually I got married and started working so the faculty was not a priority and it took 10 years to finish it and attain a master's degree in computer science and engineering.

While there I would often choose more courses for a year than I was obliged, so in the end I had more ECTS points than people usually have. I was very interested in physics, some of the courses I chose were Material Physics (effectively a synonym for Quantum Mechanics) and Deterministic Chaos, which I

thought would be helpful in understanding the Universe (at that time I still believed in one universe).

However, at this time I still wasn't devoting much time to physics, I was still pretty much concerned with programming, but I did continuously track what was happening in the world of science and occasionally reading existing theories in physics although I didn't understand much (mainstream mathematics is not complex but a very complicated language and is more abused to conceal, rather than used to reveal, the truth). Deep down I knew that I'll never be happy limiting myself to programming for the rest of my life so this interest could be understood as a precursor to passion for science.

9 The boy called Terran (planet zvani Vedran)

My son was born 2003.11.23. To me, this was a perfect child. I don't remember him ever crying or complaining, even when injured. Maybe he did not have much to complain about but he deserved all the attention considering the purity radiating from his soul. I have often associated him with Earth, myself with Mars and his mother with Venus. This turned out to be very appropriate (I figured I might have roots in Mars) and helped with the development of my theories.

In the beginning, she was cold inside and hot outside and I was appropriately cold outside while burning inside. We were synchronized, became strongly entangled and gave birth to this child.

But from that point on, we were slowly getting out of sync, distant, and this child was all that kept this marriage alive.

But even he could not be all-mighty, so eventually, with no other kids, we had to part, remaining only weakly entangled at distance through the elongated fossilized ways of strong entanglement.

Overall, this boy was, like most boys on Earth, from the beginning closer to his mother than his father. At this point Earth spends 2 times more time closer to Venus than to Mars, but most of the time it is closest to the Sun, as all planets. Some might say the closest planet to all planets most of the time is Mercury, but these planets don't see Mercury, they're surely not influenced by it as much. To the planets - Sun, the major soul of the Solar System, is most important.

By the analogy, in the context of life on Earth, the planet Earth, being most of the time closest to us, should be most important to us. And yet, at this point, people are destroying what is most important to them. I believe I love Earth, the same as I love my child. But I cannot know I love them the way they want to be loved if I don't care to understand their language, expecting for words to be written or spoken in mine.

One should never force communication though.

I see people today trying to communicate with whales. Well, what makes one think a whale would want to communicate with people, especially after centuries of torture?

I wouldn't in their place.

The convenient assumption that these creatures do not suffer, communicate, learn and remember - was, like most of human convenient assumptions, wrong.

Even the assumption that humans are smarter was most likely wrong. They are far more intelligent, they're just very introverted.

But, of course, like in all things human, there is irony to this absurdity. A soul cannot be destroyed. With decreasing population of whales, their souls are binding with bodies of increasing population. With increasing human population, undoubtedly, souls of wild animals are binding with tamed human bodies.

The souls, being more evolved and intelligent, help human bodies to evolve. One such soul is in me, and most likely in all those people trying to save the wild, including whales.

Before one tries to communicate and force anyone to obey one's laws, it would be good to consider a possibility for a moment that maybe these wild animals, including wild people, including some behind UFO phenomena, don't want to communicate with you, they just want to be left alone - like any big introvert.

Perhaps they want for Earth too to be left alone, because that's what Earth probably wants now too.

I don't want to be cancer or any kind of disease for them. That is one of the reasons why I constantly change, I change through constant learning about these universes. Those that revolved around me, may still revolve or are yet to revolve around me. But also those I happen to revolve about, was revolving or may revolve about.

I do not believe Mars and Venus will lose *their* child to cancer. The cancer from Earth will be gone, one way or the other. I am convinced that very soon, Mars will *temporarily* polarize while Earth will neutralize in natural progression. Sure, one can interpret this as an invitation by Mars, for cancer to leave his child alone and destroy him instead. It's possible that Venus' surface too will become hospitable for homo.beta[5] for the same reason. However, I do not like that interpretation. I want to believe that Earthlings will, even if for the first time, visit other worlds for exploration, study and symbiosis, rather than exploitation under disguise of exploration.

10 The jobs and works

I have earned my first money in high-school. It wasn't much but it was earned remotely, over internet, something still uncommon at the time (money was coming by regular mail in the form of cheques which I regularly had difficulties cashing in as local banks weren't accustomed to this).

My first serious work started some time during faculty and after I got married.

I have worked for a couple of years as a freelancer, and, while I was very successful, this was very stressful and not rewarding enough so I gave up eventually to work on projects of my own.

Even though I was married, I still worked most of the time I was at home, regularly exhausting myself into late hours. So this was not a typical marriage, especially because I was still working alone (my wife had no interest in computers anyway). At first my wife objected mostly because I worked a lot and yet I wasn't earning money. But I believed in my projects and my self.

I have created a website called RapidSearchEngine (RSE), it was a search engine used to search for files hosted on Rapidshare - a major file hosting/sharing provider at the time.

I created this because I wasn't satisfied with existing search engines, I wanted to make something better, mainly for myself but I was counting on something more.

My urge to support my family was present at all times during my marriage and, financially, my family never suffered. In fact, for a good part of the marriage, money was abundant.

The engine was producing very targeted quality results (at the time no other search engine produced results with matching quality, including the big ones) and its popularity grew quickly - at its peak it was, according to Alexa, among 3000 most popular sites in the world, and with 150 000 daily visitors it was *worth* millions.

Despite heavy loads and the big database, the site was very fast, database was replicated across 4 dedicated servers and I've been regularly optimizing the code.

I was earning good money on this but not nearly as much as I could because I wanted to keep the website clean - I hated ad infested sites and didn't like to force this on my users, this was probably the cleanest website of the type at the time.

The technology I developed for that website about 15 years ago may have been ahead of its time, because, from what I can deduce, no search engine of today is using anything similar. The quality of results in popular

search engines may have even deteriorated.

The site itself was not illegal (I was receiving DMCA requests daily for link removal, but I was complying with them, just like regular search engines do) but my initial domain name had the term *rapidshare* in it which was a registered trademark.

This didn't went unnoticed by Rapidshare AG which threatened to sue me, although it was clearly stated on the website that I am in no way affiliated with them so people don't get confused.

Eventually they only tried to take away the domain name from me, and they succeeded.

After that, I tried running the website under a different domain, but things changed and I never managed to fully recover from the loss.

While Rapidshare was dying, file hosting services were exploding and eventually I have built a website called Sharedir, another search engine, similar to old one, but with support for multiple file hosting services. However, it was not possible any more to maintain the quality of results on my own so this website was never as successful as RSE.

Later I have incorporated a service which would enable downloading of files from multiple hosts with a single account. That had some success, but it required a lot of maintenance work, even after I made it as automated as possible.

Eventually, I have lost motivation for work on such websites, and around the age of 35, as I was beginning to transform, I decided to shut everything down.

Up to the age of 36, all the money I have earned was earned from home. A relative precursor to most people working remotely. First, during pandemics, but later, full time.

I still had to earn money, so I applied for and got a job in IT department of a national library, NSK (Nacionalna i Sveučilišna Knjižnica) in Zagreb. I found a small apartment in Zagreb and started working there in February, 2017.

I had to pass a test to get a job. Of course, I generally use my own solutions and this can sometimes surprise people expecting generic ones. In this case, I produced a one-line solution to print the Fibonacci sequence of numbers (using C syntax). They expected multiple lines of code and had to run the code on a computer to see that it works. I'm not bragging about it, I'm sure there are more programmers capable of inventing such solution in such short time but this moment here was probably the first signal of appreciation of mathematical elegance in this incarnation of my

self. A signal that Newton in me is waking up and that, from now on, even my code will look different.

Although the IT department was, unsurprisingly, in a basement (while I liked the British IT Crowd show, you'd expect the respect for IT would be higher in 21st century), the place was not a bad place for work.

People were very nice and, apparently, they never had a programmer like me before - one that can and will do whatever asked to do and do it professionally. Pretty soon they actually begged me not to leave. And while I did not want to disappoint them, somehow I knew, someday I will.

While I was working in Zagreb, as soon as I could, perhaps 3 out of 4 weekends, I was travelling back to Sibirj just so I could see my son who was now living mostly at his mother's or grandmother's house. During these visits I was staying at my parents' house.

At this point, programming was definitely not something I was passionate about anymore but a physicist in me was certainly waking up. I would spend a lot of time thinking about the universe and very soon I started working on Complete Relativity.

For as long as I knew myself before transformation I've had this skin allergy. Its symptoms were reddish itching circles on the skin. A couple of times I have asked doctors to help with my allergy. They couldn't tell what I was allergic to and they could only prescribe some generic pills.

It was very annoying so I tried to discover myself what it is but without success. I was just adding stuff I'm not allergic to to the list - it was not seasonal so I was not allergic to pollen, I ruled out food, fabric, fabric softeners, detergents, shampoos and pretty much everything physical.

Even before I started working in Zagreb, I have noticed some psychological transformation was happening to me. This only intensified in Zagreb. I was constantly witnessing the events of synchronicity and guidance to problem solutions. I soon realized everything has to be connected. I was often working on one problem, couldn't solve it, be guided to concentrate on something else and then find the solution there.

One day somehow I was under the impression that I need a particular plant for an experiment. I was in the middle of a town and I really had no idea where I could find it so by tomorrow I forgot about it.

The next day, for some reason I decided to go driving - I did not know where I was going, *randomly* turning left and right, I finally arrived at a hill in front of the woods.

I liked woods so I parked the car and started following the path into the woods. The atmosphere was great there and the walk was really enjoyable. I didn't walk far, when I saw the plant by the road - the one I was *looking for* two days ago.

But I didn't pick up the plant, I didn't know what I'm supposed to do with it. Only now I see, the experiment started a couple of days ago and ended with

me finding the plant.

Then one day I noticed I don't feel hunger any more, this lasted 10 days for sure, maybe even two weeks. I didn't change anything physically, I was still going to work as usual, so it was baffling to me why I was not feeling any need for food. I forced my self to eat a small piece of toast every day because I thought that I may be sick even though I didn't feel sick.

The allergy however was raging and one day during that time I decided to start ignoring it no matter how hard it would itch. At one point I found myself naked and meditating.

The next day, allergy was gone and didn't return for the next 4 years.

After one year of working in Zagreb I was thinking of quitting the job so I could fully concentrate on Complete Relativity and the Solar System analysis.

I was sick of life in the city and the stress it was creating - hearing the yelling of neighbours upstairs and their dog running through their apartment, the sirens, the crowds and traffic.

Everything seemed so unnecessary but always so present.

I took a month of vacation, left the apartment and moved back to Sibinj.

I wasn't planning to go back but I realized it was too early and after a month I had to go back. I went straight to work. I didn't have the apartment anymore and I did not want to search for another one. So after work, I just drove to the nearby mountain, found a nice place where I parked and stayed for the night.

It was far from traffic and far from people, I felt great and I didn't want to leave. I figured if I stay here I could afford to see my kid more often, I'm gonna be more healthy and free of slaving to the apartment. So, pretty quickly, it was easily decided that this will be my place of residence in Zagreb from now on.

There was a spring nearby with a fresh cold water where I would refresh myself every morning before work, the neighbourhood in the wild was alive, friendly and pleasant and non-intrusive, the living *room* was open and enormous and I could urinate in it without having to aim and flush precious water. And even though it was not so comfortable sleeping in the car for the first 6 months, I had a clear view of the stars while lying down. This was heaven compared to apartments and I soon started wondering what the hell is wrong with the world - they're destroying this so they could build apartments and get even more sick?

I often imagined the town being destroyed by earthquakes and I felt strong desire for that to happen - because it was causing stress for people, for all life on Earth and Earth itself.

The place where I lived was quite elevated (I later realized it's exactly 666 metres from sea level) so the winter was harsh at times. But I always loved winter and its atmosphere. Though my body was freezing at times, the energy, the sounds and everything - it was magical.

And, for the same reason I didn't feel I was *sacrificing* my leg on that romantic night in Lorret de Mar, the cold weather here couldn't hurt this love at all.

Staying at that place where I was isolated from people, surely had to affect my soul, and could be one of the reasons why my allergy stayed away.

However, I knew one day I'm gonna quit my job and this will end.

Over time I have realized that the root of evil for me on this world is in the government so eventually I decided to quit supporting it. I didn't renew the registration of my car, but I knew I will be pulled over eventually so I decided this will be the day when I quit my job.

Finally, one Friday, 2019.03.22, while I was driving to Sibirj, the terrorists in blue tried to stop me. I wasn't driving very fast, but it was a long straight road and, normally, I was driving a little over the limit. A blue terrorist ambushed me waving frantically with his stick implying that I should pull over and stop so he can take my money.

I was really annoyed by these people, I knew they're just another form of tax collectors, so I ignored his request and just continued on my way. I wasn't trying to escape, I think I even slowed down a little.

Some time later, a police car with its bells and whistles rushed behind me. I ignored them again, I just wanted to go home to see my son.

At times they would go into the lane beside me and wave frantically trying to make me stop, I guess.

Finally, I arrived into a small city (Nova Gradiška) and had to stop on a zebra crossing. They took the opportunity and forced me to park and get out of the car.

At first they acted angry but I started yelling at them immediately. This was strange, because I never yelled in public before. They were shocked, they obviously weren't used to such a reaction from someone who is not a criminal - they've surely checked my info before they pulled me over. I told them the uprising will come and that they will have to chose whose side they're going to be on. I could see the guy who was writing a ticket was so scared he was shivering. He asked me to take down my license plates, but I refused and he began taking them down himself. Being shocked and all, this wasn't so easy for him, so eventually I ripped the plate off and threw it away.

It took some time for them to write the statement and all, but after they were done I just took it all along with my government issued ID and threw it into a trash-can beside them.

I had no plans to use or renew my ID anyway. From now on, I am not a number, I am a free man.

I drove home and never returned to the job in Zagreb again.

On Sunday, 2020.03.22, exactly 1 year after I left, a strong *devastating* earthquake hit Zagreb. The epicentre was just a kilo-metre away from *my* place 666. I'm still *waiting* for the big one though - one with the epicentre at *my* place 666.

As I'm sure I've mentioned elsewhere already, I'm not a killer or destroyer. Like Earth, I am generally a creator. I understand that people might die during earthquakes, but I don't wish for death explicitly, I wish for everyone to get what they deserve (karma). If people would build buildings that don't harm the Earth they wouldn't have to worry

about earthquakes harming them or destroying their homes.

11 The return to Sibinj (the return to insanity)

The Friday I left my job was a horrible day before I came home, but it didn't end there. This was also to be the first Friday I was going back and wouldn't get to see my son.

As I neared home I called him as usually to arrange the pickup. He didn't answer so I thought he'll call later as he usually does when he doesn't answer right away.

This time he didn't. After a couple of hours, I tried contacting his mother but she didn't respond either.

It was becoming late so I drove up to her home anyway. The front gate was locked and they don't have a bell so I knocked on window bars trying to reach someone. I waited awhile but there was no response and I went home. I figured it's probably not a big deal and someone will call me tomorrow.

But some time later her brother, generally a reasonable man, calls me and starts yelling and threatening me. I really was not in the mood to talk with anyone let alone argue with him so eventually he calmed down.

But he asked what's happening with me and mentioned people talking I'm insane, sleeping in my car and stuff. So I figured what the issue was here, but I didn't feel like explaining my actions so I just told him that's just people talking and asked him if he could arrange for someone to call me tomorrow. He agreed. No one called tomorrow but I didn't mind now that I got a response knowing that my child is all right. Eventually my son called me, and I don't know what they were telling him, but he was obviously stressed. I really wanted to be with him at that moment, but I didn't ask for it as I wasn't sure how his mother would react and risk him suffering even more. So I just told him everything will be ok, I love him and he has nothing to worry about.

I told him I'm not going back to Zagreb any more, I will be working from home again and he can come anytime it becomes possible for him to come.

I've witnessed before how local people, people I grew up with, can be horrible, but this was too much - they touched my son. This can't and won't be forgiven by the universe. That day I stopped caring for almost everyone here and I decided to be very careful with what I'm communicating to local people.

Free speech banned.

Even though I knew it would be best for me just to alienate myself and stop communicating completely with them, I was sure people here wouldn't react positively to that. So in order not to risk the negative effect on relationship with my son I chose not to do so, at least for a couple of years until my child grows up.

Once again, these barbarians were forcing me not to be different. They were still not aware of the karma operator - if one forces the other to be different, one will become different by force.

However, it should be noted that I do not consider myself a victim and my troubles undeserving - everything that happened to me was the operation of the same operator and I had to accept the fact that it needed to happen.

12 The return of allergy (the return of humanity)

After 4 years, the allergy was back. One might say I was never even cured from it because allergies do tend to disappear from time to time. I disagree. Something deep had happened to keep me free from it for 4 years - there were times before when it would go away, but it was never for this long, it was never more than a year if it ever was a full year.

Eventually I started noticing that alcohol has a positive effect - every time I got drunk symptoms disappeared and only started appearing slowly the next day, increasing in intensity as I was getting sober.

This was very interesting because I was told that alcohol has a negative effect on allergies.

While I was working on CR, I have managed to define what a soul is, and how big and where the Earth's soul was. By analogy, I have found that the location of a human soul [or at least the soul of a human brain] is *within* the conarium (pineal gland) at the centre of a brain.

Again, it should be noted that the two are relatively sharing space - removing the conarium may not result in (or be synchronized with) soul delocalization.

This soul is spherical or two-dimensional when fully polarized, but, in any case, its radius (or its radii if split and not strongly localized) is oscillating so it must be absorbing and emitting radiation of certain scale.

The radius of a soul is correlated with its energy level, which is different between species (during reincarnations between multiple species the soul is changing its energy level), but for individuals of the same species it is roughly the same, so these individuals are in resonance and their souls exchange information through channels of entanglement.

Unlike other parts of the brain, the conarium is not separated from blood and CSF (cerebro-spinal fluid) by the blood-brain barrier - it is suspended in a mixture of blood and CSF.

So conarium can be affected by whatever it is in the blood (ie. alcohol) and the entangled part of the soul (ie. radius) may be affected accordingly.

If soul's radius is increased it will slow down time for the individual, if it is decreased it will accelerate time - but not only that, with a change in oscillation frequency the individual will get out of resonance with other individuals of the species.

This is how I found the source of my allergy - humanity. When I'm drunk, my soul is out of sync with polarized humans and cannot be influenced by them. Thus, my immune system doesn't react - there is no damage usually caused by humanity.

I have been saying, very often, that humanity makes me sick. Now I know that was literally true all along.

Of course, allergic reactions are reactions to specific antigens (allergens) so this must be synchronized with exposure of the immune system to specific proteins.
Since I was not able to identify the allergen it is most likely a part of a locally produced protein, and the production of this protein was mentally induced.

12.1 The cure

I never was an alcoholic nor I could ever enjoy being constantly drunk so I had to find a proper cure. That might mean the humanity will have to go away or I'm gonna have to isolate myself from it - unless this is a temporary fluctuation of a soul from a stable energy level where the soul is immune to polarization. A level my soul was elevated to 4 years ago.

However, as ionic content of blood affects the polarized component of the soul, the solution could be in the change of blood pH factor.

The alcohol, affecting kidneys, indirectly affects the concentration of phosphate ions which usually balance ions of other minerals (salts). So alcohol indirectly affects the pH factor of blood, making the pH higher and blood more alkaline. Drinking alcohol thus makes blood less electrically polarized.

I have previously hypothesized that soul strongly couples to a blood type. If electric polarization of blood is mirrored (synchronized) with the electric polarization of the soul (likely anti-hydrogen ions of somewhat smaller scale) - then it will affect the resonance.

It might not affect the frequency of oscillation significantly but, with the reduction in voltage, it should reduce the intensity (power) of absorbed radiation - making the organism effectively less sensitive to mental radiation of other individuals.

This reduction in signal power subdues and, upon reaching certain threshold, even eliminates the reaction of the immune system and subsequent production of allergic symptoms.

I have also previously hypothesized that real homo.sapiens has more acidic blood[5]. While that should be valid for homo.sapiens.polarized it might not be true for homo.sapiens.neutralum.

Note that, even if homo.sapiens might be more polarized than homo.beta, that does not make it cancerous - it is the content of mental radiation that makes the difference.

In conclusion, the 4 year long absence of allergy in my case should be correlated with one, more, or most likely all of these in synchronization (synchronicity):

- increase in blood pH (decrease in H^+ levels),
- decrease in density of mental radiation of homo.beta.polarized (for almost a year I was living on the mountain, in isolation, and while my job was in the city, it was in the basement),
- change in the soul's energy level, affecting its dipole in a way it became more sensitive to radiation of other, still polarized but, non-cancerous species.

And now that I know what to visualize, I should be able to block the allergy through meditation, although meditation likely can't induce permanent changes unless one can meditate while doing other stuff, like some animals apparently can.

Radiation on one scale is generally preceded by radiation of smaller scale in synchronicity (phase shift exists due to scale difference). Thus, one's brain might not be emitting and absorbing radiation at the soul's scale but also at the standard electro-magnetic scale.

Since conarium is embedded in blood/CSF, due to presence of hydrogen ions, all it takes to generate electro-magnetic pulses is for the liquid with ions to periodically rotate around the conarium.

This is exactly what happens during rinse cycles where CSF and blood in the brain exchange periodically. So each life form, or at least those with a brain, generate electric and magnetic fields in the central region, likely aligned with Earth's magnetic field.

Each such organism is at some level aware of this field. If it's not used for navigation, then it certainly could be used for communication.

If cancerous mental radiation can cause allergy could it cause other diseases?

In my case, it was allergy, but different organisms have different reactions, I am convinced the decrease in quality of mental radiation can be synchronized even with cancer development.

If, for example, one finds itself smoking less in wilderness one might want to ask its self "why am I smoking less here and could it be correlated with the quality of mental radiation?".

I, for example, do not generally smoke cigarettes and drink alcohol at home, but I generally always smoked cigarettes and drank every time I was in a pub among other people.

Thus, I recommend everyone who feels sick to try isolation in the wild for a while, it may make one more appreciate the wilderness and, consequently, one's true self, instead of that image one is forced to project every day to satisfy the sick mentality.

One day after I wrote this chapter, I have noticed my allergy receded, it was at least 75% gone. Fascinating.

If this was not a result of sudden decrease in negative mental radiation (which I highly doubt), then it is likely the result of my organism fixing the problem - probably by regulating blood pH level which is also mirrored in soul depolarization.

Remember that an organism is always a symbiosis of smaller organisms and also a symbiosis of a soul with the body composed of organisms. I also haven't smoked for 10 days, apart from 2 cigarettes yesterday. But now I decided to quit smoking as it is highly likely that it harms animals in my body (perhaps if I didn't smoke these 2 cigars, the allergy would be 100% gone).

This is all synchronized. Note that this does not mean smoking is now forbidden for me - I find it wrong to force my self to quit smoking absolutely. There are no absolute poisons, and this too likely has some benefits in small doses, and at certain occasions - even if it shortens my life. Shortening of life is not always bad, I find it bad to force people to live long or short.

In my case, to quit smoking is to quit doing it automatically - without giving it a thought before each cigarette, or, even better, before every smoke I inhale. It seems apparent that, once one becomes aware of its self (soul), how its organism is organized and how it works but also how the disease works, it becomes possible to cure the organism from that disease simply by contemplating the process.

Meditation shows that, regarding the metabolism, one can induce changes simply by wishing for them through appropriate visualization. My case implies that it is not necessary to fully dedicate yourself to meditation, it can be done *on the fly* by dedicating only a small amount of resources to these tasks. Note that some animals, such as dolphins, birds and whales, can put some parts of their brain to sleep while they are doing ordinary daily tasks. Time will tell whether the effects are temporary, like in case of conventional meditation.

However, I am sure this can be permanent, albeit with an important requirement for this - the organisms living inside one must be effectively aware of importance of their host to them so they work in a sustainable way for mutual benefit rather than for their own selfish short-term

interests which would eventually destroy both.

And since the collective inside is a reflection of the collective one is externally part of[7], one cannot expect these organisms to keep it healthy if one works against its own host organism (Earth).

It is also not enough for one to stop being selfish itself and stop directly harming the host, one needs to also stop supporting those who harm it. Note that this might not work if forced (at least not in the long-term). I came into this state naturally by learning, truly understanding and truly believing in such mechanics of universes. I certainly do wish it works for everyone.

UPDATE 2021.06.09:

A couple of hours from that moment I decided to quit smoking in order not to harm creatures inside my body, the symptoms of allergy were 100% gone.

I am amazed and I feel like we're finally at the verge of truly understanding each other.

So here I am healing my self with thoughts alone and people out there call me crazy and consider insane for believing that my soul was once inside the bodies of Jesus and Newton, while at the same time they don't even know where their own soul is, let alone how it works. Some even doubt they have a soul.

It's a good thing then that I decided to listen people inside my head and my body instead of these lunatics. I will never regret that.

Finally, it feels good to be introverted.

I am aware though, that, due to general oscillation, it is possible this allergy will be back again, but if it does it will be for shorter and shorter periods of time and of lower intensity (some guys inside might still doubt my good intentions and it is possible I might still harm them in some way, but that should not be a problem now that we can communicate, if I do something wrong they can show me some symptoms and I should figure it out).

The current absence of allergy then could be interpreted as a precursor of a complete cure, but I have no doubt that I will be cured in the end, if I am not already.

In any case, if one wants to cure itself from a disease, one shouldn't take pills and block the symptoms - one is then blocking communication and further alienating its self from *its people* and understanding of the organism, while at the same time becoming more dependent on external, more complicated and more expensive, *care* (maintenance).

That only leads to more and more diseases, more complicated and expensive life for one. No pharmacy can understand one's organism nor cure it better than one can.

Of course, if one is polarized and addicted to external medicine and pharmacy, this won't be easy, but the key is in mental transformation.

We have all been trained to care for things, people and creatures of external reality. The irony is, this distancing from internal reality of our bodies and our selves is making us less able to truly feel love and care for both external and internal, it forces us to fake it in an automated way. Thus, the care and love become more and more superficial while intelligence becomes more and more artificial.

Modern medicine might tell one that cells and proteins in the body are dumb machines, at least on individual level. That's because modern polarized man is able to measure extroverted intelligence only. But one's cells and proteins are extremely introverted organisms. Their introverted intelligence can be extremely high. It is not surprising then that they can be mentally influenced - for introverted organisms, reality is mental.

UPDATE 2021.12.23:

Just as predicted, the allergy has returned on couple occasions with much lower intensity, posing no problems. Not only that, it was weaker with each new occasion and I strongly feel this won't be a problem any more. I consider my self *completely* depolarized now, and therefore, cured - for life.

UPDATE 2023.02.21:

Just confirming that allergy was completely gone and didn't return after I wrote the above. Won't be posting any more updates on this unless it comes back which is not impossible but I believe it requires another soul transformation of a particular kind.

13 On subconsciousness and internal regulation

Consciousness has an unlimited number of sublevels, but it is impossible to be aware of all of them. Effectively, one is thus effectively generally limited to only

a couple of sublevels.

Subconsciousness is responsible for various tasks which, from the perspective of consciousness, are automated - with the amount of determinism proportional to the depth of subconsciousness.

Shallow levels of subconsciousness are those one uses in externally expressed routines.

For example, consider the task of computer programming. One may write the code only to satisfy the required functionality with no regard to its security and may or may not choose to fix the security holes later.

But one may also write secure code from the start. This, however, requires additional thinking during the coding. This thinking may occur on a conscious level but with experience it will become more and more automated, becoming a part of subconscious routines.

Somewhat deeper levels of subconsciousness regulate internal functions of the body, such as the metabolism. As evidence shows, these may be accessed and altered during meditation.

But what if it is possible to store this ability of meditation on some subconscious level as a routine and make it run on that level during daily life operation?

This is exactly what I believe I have accomplished curing my allergy - on some sublevel, a routine for alternative blood pH regulation was stored and runs periodically [or synchronized with some signal] to overwrite the default routine.

This state might also be achievable by taking stronger psychoactive substances (ie. ayahuasca, psilocybin). I, however, have no experience with such substances, but I am convinced one needs to attain a deeper understanding of nature and mechanics of universes for any permanent changes to be induced in the organism.

After I did some research on ayahuasca, it appears that transformation and other phenomena I have been experiencing starting from age 36 are similar to effects of ayahuasca (spiritual awakening, soul rebirth, communication with non-human beings, ...).

This clearly shows that attaining knowledge of universes can affect the brain in profound ways. Obviously, one must go beyond the current knowledge of mainstream physics to achieve such state.

However, it is likely not enough to *learn* this knowledge in conventional way, rather one must attain and experience it similar to the way I did. If that is true, learning about universes should be synchronized with changes in personality.

I have attained this *higher* state of being through development of Complete Relativity[1] and I interpret this as yet another evidence that its postulates and hypotheses on nature and mechanics of universes are indeed correct.

Perhaps that feeling of non-belonging to this world that followed me from

my early days has now validated itself and it was meant to encourage me to search for my world inside rather than outside of my being.

Over the course of evolution such routine may even replace the old one to become default. In fact, I believe the next event of strong evolution will make this change permanent for me and likely for all neutralum individuals (as a precursor, I may just be one of the first ones to experience it).

Note that each level of subconsciousness should be associated with some internal organ[ism] or symbiosis of organisms at some scale so this still requires their will or consent to run the new routine.

Thus, if one, as an individual, is not open to new things and paradigms, due to reflected nature, creatures inside one won't be open-minded either and may not accept new routines.

All this can be interpreted as an act of strong synchronicity - where my wishes are synchronized with wishes of organisms inside me, or an act of conscious communication in symmetric symbiosis where parties are acting on mutual and relatively equal benefit.

14 Peak of transformation

I believe the peak of my transformation occurred about the middle of year 2018. I'm not sure when it started but I do know that prior to it I was desperately trying to change my self (I believe this may be a common precursor to transformation if not part of it). I actually was aware of the [relative] flaws (ie. feelings of jealousy) I had as a polarized man for some time. I really didn't like these properties of polarized people and I was convinced I can change but no matter how hard I tried to prevent the manifestation of these flaws I wasn't able to block or erase the feelings completely. The external effect was there but the change was fake (although I do recall that sometimes it felt real but that didn't last long). Polarized people generally strongly believe in absolute causality but I wouldn't say this was a trigger of transformation rather correlated with it while I was relatively destined for transformation.

Even though I consider myself a completely different man now I can still say that the person before transformation was still me. I was just burdened with diseases of polarization which were clouding or shielding the core of my intellect. Now, it's vice versa, polarization is subdued and neutrality dominates.

This is something I cannot say for the peak of transformation - I was simply not the same person at the time. I believe my soul was in a state of superposition, a relatively unstable state which the soul must pass through between the discrete eigenstates.

Note that the soul should be passing through this state at the moments of death and conception. So now one can generalize - these are all nothing but moments of soul transformation, difference is in the coupled body. About the age of 36 I died, but I was reborn in the same body.

Confirming this hypothesis is the moment of lost consciousness that I lived through during the time (this has never happened to me before). I was in a house standing next to a stove, at one point I simply blacked out and collapsed hitting the stove hard with my chin. I remember I wasn't concerned about this at all. When I regained consciousness I just stood up, went to the bathroom, washed the dripping blood and continued with my life like nothing happened.

I believe every real prophet (ie. Jesus, Moses, Muhammad) had lived through this state of superposition and it is that state that allows the god to use him as an instrument to speak through. When I look back, I really was speaking like a prophet at times, at times loudly announcing the apocalypse. I was relatively delusional, overwhelmed by synchronicity, I was convinced the world is going to end on 2018.07.01, and I announced the end to some of my friends (I even said I was never so sure about anything as I was sure about this - obviously, I certainly had convinced myself in this date if not my friends).

My plan was to stop eating one month before that day and stop drinking three days before the day so I can die.. pure? I don't know. Obviously the plan didn't work, I remember that at some point I started getting signals that this is wrong and I shouldn't carry on. The world didn't end then but I never really stopped analysing my behaviour from that time. Was I announcing the world's end or the end of my world, my life? Because, obviously, by the plan, my world would really end some time around 2018.07.01.

Note that 2018.07.01 probably should be considered the peak of my transformation, or the end. Relatively I did die that day and was reborn. If what happened before could be characterized as the 2nd coming of Christ, this was resurrection. From that point on, I was no longer acting as a prophet speaking in the name of god, but I definitely was now a neutral man, in symbiosis with god. If one is to describe the process of transformation in the language of mathematics (or geometry), it would be a pulse of strong evolution, an exponentially rising curve dropping sharply after reaching the peak, with equilibrium states before and after the peak representing different energy levels.

Whatever the case, in prophecies, especially apocalyptic ones, days are commonly not the days we are used to. These are days relative to the god (or possibly a 3rd party speaking in the name of god) whose soul is much more

massive than ours and for whom thus time moves slower (relative to us) so one day counts many of *our* days.

But if I was relatively wrong about the date, with all things considered, I wasn't wrong about the coming apocalypse in near future. However, there is a good reason why there are so many predictions of apocalypse bearing false dates. If polarized people would know the exact date of the apocalypse they could take action to avoid it. And that would not be good for the development of the god (the effect would be equivalent to blocking neurogenesis in human embryos) and them too in the long-term. It is quite possible that different false dates are deliberately, even if unconsciously, propagated through various *prophets* in order to prevent for the proper date to be taken seriously once it comes up with advancement of intelligence. For the same reason the 2nd coming of Christ is likely to pass largely unnoticed (explaining why my prophetism didn't last long) until it is too late. Newton was effectively aware of this, saying:

It is not for us to know the times and seasons which God has put in his own breast.

So, hopefully, no one will believe the [correct?] prediction *we* made applying scientific method...

14.1 Message decrypted

As I've mentioned already, I was much bothered by the date 2018.07.01 (July 1st, 2018). Why did I insist that the world will end on that particular date and why did I pronounce it publicly? I knew there must be a deeper meaning behind it even if the date was wrong. I've tried to crack it multiple times but to no avail. And then, on Good Friday, 2023.04.07, it all suddenly made sense.

According to my hypotheses on reincarnation, traumatic experiences of past incarnations are commonly re-experienced (to some degree). I also believe one of the past incarnations of my soul was J. Christ. On 2018.07.01 I was exactly 36 years and 10 months old. Assuming that Jesus died at the same age, subtracting this age from the date of his death (33.04.03) one obtains a date of birth -4.07.01 (or July 1st, 4 BC). The correlation in numbers between all these dates and the fact that I figured this out on Good Friday (when crucifixion and death of Jesus is commemorated) reveals a signal strongly suggesting this is indeed the correct interpretation of my peculiar *apocalyptic* rant near the end of my transformation.

15 Ageing bodies

I am aged 41 at this point in time (creation of this chapter). My hair is still black (dark brown) and thick with no signs of grey. However, I've started noticing some changes elsewhere about a year ago. Instead of one or two grey hairs in my beard that appeared a couple of years ago I now see a couple of dozen, still vastly outnumbered by black hairs but a change nevertheless. Another change is the possible change in eyesight. Until now my eyesight has been impeccable

but I have been noticing signs of short-sightedness last year. Nothing serious and I won't be wearing spectacles any time soon, but it was noticeable at times. However, I do not notice it now.

The reason I'm writing about my obviously slow ageing is only to provide another evidence going in favour of my hypotheses. I have predicted previously that I should naturally die about the age of 84[3]. This rate of ageing certainly goes in favour of that hypothesis. I have also hypothesized that one of my past incarnations was I. Newton and that *his* intelligence and way of life started dominating my life after soul transformation about the age of 36. Some state that Newton's hair started naturally growing grey about the age of 43. However, his hair actually turned grey for the first time when he was 27 years old[8]. The reasons are unknown - some speculated it was a result of his experiments or stress, Newton thought it was a disease. In any case, this greying was obviously not ageing related (Newton died at the age of 84) and it may have eventually reversed (yes, studies show this is possible in non-ageing related greying), so one can safely assume that natural greying of his hair did start some time about the age of 43. There are statements going in favour of this, ie. J. Conduitt notes on the old Newton[9]:

"His head of hair, as white as snow, was full with no baldness. Even as an old man he retained the bloom and colour of youth and all his teeth except one."

W. Stukeley said he was short-sighted young but not at old age. This is confirmed by Z. Pearce, who, a few days before Newton's death, visited him:

"I found him writing over his Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms, without the help of spectacles, at the greatest distance of the room from the windows, and with a parcel of books on the table, casting a shade upon the paper. Seeing this, on my entering the room, I said to him, 'Sir, you seem to be writing in a place where you cannot so well see.' His answer was, 'A little light serves me.'"

Conduitt stated however that Newton was short-sighted in his age but had not been so as a boy.

With all things considered I'd say that Newton too aged slowly. As for the short-sightedness, I believe it appeared at times but was not permanent - the cause for its appearance may be similar to the cause of his early grey hair. And it seems temporary short-sightedness is happening to me too. Based on my experience, I believe ageing reversals happen at times of soul transformation.

After my own transformation in thirties even my face looked younger - some were even saying I have "ironed" my face. One could argue, however, that the reason I looked older before transformation is because I was depressed and under stress (I wasn't under great stress but I have been depressed). But the fact is - depression is not only absent now, I'm

incapable of being depressed now (sadness is something else though) so I attribute this to transformation rather than to absence of stressors.

Newton experienced soul transformation about the age of 35 and then again about the age of 50[10]. Thus, I might experience another reversal about the age of 50.

Tesla too claimed impeccable eyesight and aged slowly (died aged 86). Not sure if he experienced temporary episodes of short-sightedness but it seems his transformations occurred at somewhat different ages.

It seems my transformations are more aligned with Newton but what does it mean? That this personality will dominate? I do feel more like Newton than Tesla at this point in time...

16 Redefinition of success

For a long time and still up to the time of this writing, definition of success in human society is generally correlated with money, material possessions, marriage, titles, grades, points and careers.

And, if for *some* reason, that doesn't make one happy, one is instructed to go see a doctor whose magical pills will make it all easier for one to suffer through.

Living in such systems, naturally, I was also trained to follow the path of such *success*.

But, following that path, although I did feel some satisfaction in earning my first money, with more and more of such *success* I was feeling less and less satisfied and more and more depressed. On top of that, during my marriage, I was becoming less and less synchronized with my wife. All that was making me miserable. The worst part was that this depression was affecting my intelligence. Even my passion for programming waned, which wouldn't be a problem as it replaced by a passion for something else.

But it didn't at that time.

Eventually, even my marriage broke up and I felt like dying, being occasionally brought to life by the presence of my child.

The other thing that kept me going were walks in the woods and mountains, often with a search for mushrooms. I was slowly learning more and more about nature.

But living close to my ex wife and all the things I was supposed to left behind me, it was hard to focus on now, instead of bringing the past from subconsciousness into focus.

Coupled with the fact that my work was gone and I needed money to support the child, that resulted in a move to Zagreb. A place not close to my ex wife but also not too far from my son.

This indeed proved to be a good decision for my health (although I am now convinced this move was synchronized with changes in my organism and

consequently improvement in health).

In any case, this move could not have been avoided.

Ever since I was a child, I always felt that one day I am going to achieve something significant and I felt this was going to be the understanding of the universe. The problem is, the system trained me to concentrate on its definition of my *success* (which conveniently can be exploited by it) and, even though I always followed science and occasionally contemplated on the universe, I never had the time to fully focus on it and do work which would actually make me feel happy.

I realized I have to change that. That is why I didn't search for high salary, but a job easy for me to do and also one with no overtimes and high pressure.

The job at NSK was perfect for that. And even though I had to be there 40 hours per week, since the job was not very challenging for me, there would often be time for me to work on my theories beside doing the job for them.

Finally, now I felt I was on the path to success. I still had a job so I still wasn't successful, but I knew I will eventually quit jobs so I can do satisfying work.

Two years after, I did that, eventually I felt my theories were mature enough for publishing so I have created a website where I started presenting my works.

However, I was in a different state at the time and after I got out of it I realized the work is actually far from being mature. This wasn't a problem as I wasn't really advertising the work and apart from occasional glimpses by a friend or relative who generally don't read it all and don't understand most of it, there are no human visitors.

It's been now almost 6 years since I've started working on all that is on the website but I have no plans to actually publish any of it in any journal (I did try a couple of times earlier though), after all, I'm still doing updates.

I might self-publish some of the work as books somewhere but I'm in no hurry to do that. This never was about the world and I'm not interested in fame although I wouldn't mind getting something back from those who do find it useful.

In any case, I am convinced the local universe has already found a way for this work to reach my next incarnation, if one more of me is destined, once again, to *roam* the surface of this perfect child we call our planet.

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