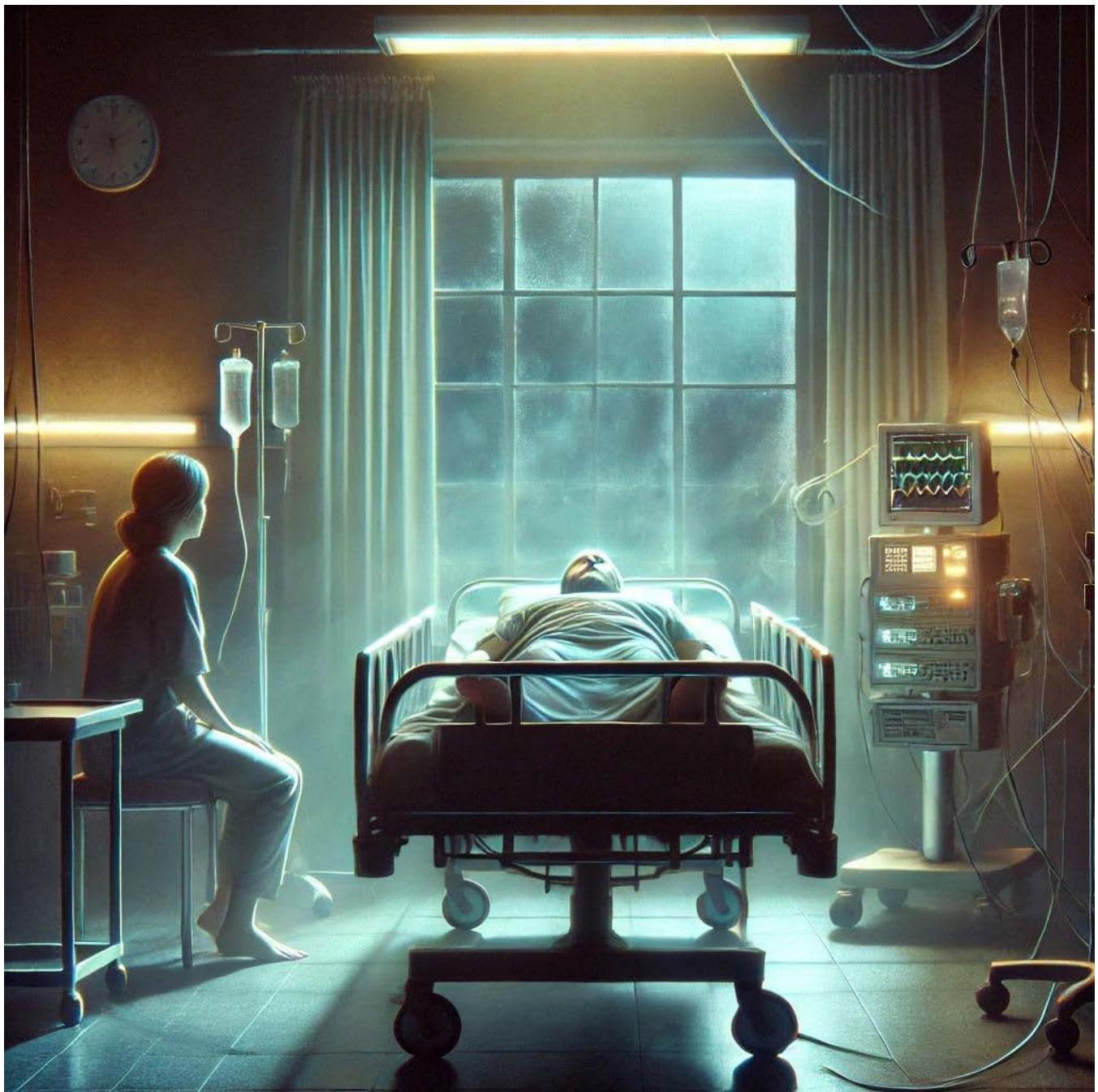


Part 1. Awakening



He tried to look around. Small dimly lit room. Clicking noises, something humming. Flickering. His bed – metal, like a hospital bed. Hospital? What the hell? Window to his right. It was dark outside. He saw his wife looking at him. Where am I? What is going on? Why are we here, not at home? She just looked at him. “You got sick.” Let's go home he said and started to get up, turned to put his feet on the floor and he noted some tubes inserted in his body.

"What happened to me?" he finally asked. "You got sick and will have to stay here in the hospital for a while." But he had a hard time concentrating, keeping his thoughts together. He felt dizzy and thoughts were coming and going in no particular order. He couldn't remember his questions and her answers.

So he kept trying to get up and she softly would explain again where he was. The door was open on the left and the light was coming into the room. He saw TV on the opposite wall in front of him – it was on, but no sound. Some show he did not recognize, but it made no difference. It was all foggy and unreal - the room, the light, TV, him being here. He would fall asleep, wake up and sleep again. Somebody came through the door - the nurse. She did something with his body, looked at some displays and left. His wife was unfolding the couch and laid down on it.

Little by little the darkness outside retreated and he could see the buildings, the street, cars moving. He did not hear any sounds through the windows and all this looked like a silent movie. He did not recognize the street. He tried to get up and go to the toilet several times but again his wife softly stopped him trying to explain that he had a catheter. In a few minutes he tried again and was stopped with the smile and patient explanation. Little by little the world came into focus and his mind started working. But still the whole thing - hospital, being sick, nurses coming and going.

Faces of friends, relatives and his kids and grandkids were like a blur. Surreal. Days went by. Time was stretching and flying by his semiconscious mind poisoned by medications. He dosed off during the day, woke, ate and looked at TV without really watching it. The world outside was getting dark and lighting up in rapid succession. He knew that he did not like any of this. His wife always by his side was his anchor, his connection to the world. He felt the need to be near her at all times, he felt lost when she was not near him. The doctor allowed him to get up and walk with the nurse and that helped his body and mind to get stronger. His wife told him what happened. Cardiac arrest - his heart stopped while they were in the bedroom. She saved his life.

He thought about it, wondering about his miraculous survival and wondering if what he was seeing and experiencing now was real. He remembered science fiction stories and parallel universes. His imagination was playing out different versions. What if he was really in the other universe and just didn't know, did not see the subtle differences?

Finally the doctors allowed him to go home. His kids came to help. They all walked to the car helping and supporting him on the way. As they drove he was looking at the buildings, the streets, trying to notice if there was anything different, strange about what he was seeing. He could not see any differences from what he remembered but he still was not sure. He thought that memory loss would prevent him from noticing anything different.

It took him a while to get used to normal life again. Some things were hard. Especially at night. He could not sleep normally in bed and in the dark room. Panic and anxiety were choking him. He would get up and walk, try to sleep in his chair, on the couch. Drink some tea. Trying to calm himself. He could not sleep close to his wife or hug her in bed - he did not have enough air. He would sit in his chair and count hours, waiting for the morning to come. Pills helped some but he had a hard time getting up in the morning. He felt better during the day.

And all this time since he woke up, there was a nagging feeling, almost subconscious, about being in coma, still laying in hospital bed, about the reality of this world. What if all his life after cardiac arrest, life after death, is just his dream? And if it is true, what difference does it really make? After all, we don't really know what reality is. But as time passed he was getting used to the daily routine. Company of friends, spending time with kids and grandkids. And his wife, his life companion, always by his side. Almost back to normal. But he still has a hard time planning ahead.

When THIS happened he did not feel, he did not know what happened to him until he woke up 3 days later in the hospital. What if he had not woken up? He wouldn't even know that he lived and died. But... How does he know he is really alive? How do we know what "really" being conscious is? Do we realize that our dreams are not "real"?

The spring came. Birds, the sun, the flowers. Thunderstorms and winds - he lives in Chicago area after all. All this can end without warning, in the blink of an eye. And that scared him. But he tried to push away the thought. The weather was great. The Botanic Garden was waking up from winter slumber. It is a different atmosphere in such places, maybe because a certain type of people go there. Bright blue sky and, emerging fragile and yet unstoppable, the awakening of all kinds of plants. It soothes the soul. He was just wondering around with his wife with nothing in particular on his mind.



Part 2. Realization

He tried to look around. Small dim lit room. Clicking noises, something humming. Flickering. His bed – metal, like a hospital bed. Hospital? What the hell? Window to his right. It was dark outside. He saw his wife looking at him. "Where am I, what is going on? Why?" Often we do not remember our deep sleep dreams. Maybe there is a reason why. He was laying in this hospital bed pondering, thinking about what is going on. He vaguely remembered his life, was it a dream maybe? The botanic garden, the colors, sunshine, flowers. Was it just a dream? What is our life, our reality? Reality? What is that - our reality? Who knows? To him now it all seemed not that real, maybe a product of his wishful imagination. He was laying in this room and that was his reality now - this little world - the 4 walls, his bed surrounded by some blinking clicking stuff, his wife...

Maybe this is just a bad dream and he will wake up at home, in his bed, or on the couch just dreaming. Bright day outside, wife working in the garden, birds singing, Luke his dog sleeping and probably dreaming being young and chasing rabbits.

He liked this thought. He was scared of this dark room, of being sick, of not knowing whether he is awake or dreaming. What is wrong about dreaming, being deep inside your mind, not seeing all this scary stuff? He glanced at the TV – some show that he did not know, nor cared to know. Why is it in black and white? Something wrong with his eyes? Or the stupid TV is broken? He looked around with more attention. The things around him - they looked different, not the way he remembered from last time. Was it in my dream or was it real last time in this room? This room? He wasn't sure anymore. He wasn't sure of his memory.

Fear crept in. What is wrong with his head? He decided to try to sleep. It will be better in the morning, all will clear up. On and off he drifted to sleep-lucid dreams, hearing noises, nurse coming and doing something with him and equipment. Eventually, finally it was getting lighter outside. He could see buildings, cars moving in silence. Something strange about these buildings, the cars. What was it, he tried to analyze, what is bothering him about this picture?

He now could see the room. Again something was not quite right. What was it? Colors or the lack of colors? The picture in TV still black and white-maybe TV is broken. But people, voices, even the air felt strange. Holy shit I must be losing my mind he panicked. His wife woke up, moved around, turned to him. It was her all right. Same women he loved. And yet... He could not quite put his finger in the strangeness, some nuances.

Suddenly he felt lost. He remembered being lost in his dreams, many times. Strange and desperate feeling when you recognize the place, kind of, but at the same time you are lost, have no idea where you are. In his dreams he was waiting for his wife to find him. But now here she was and yet he felt lost. Maybe because of this anxiety, maybe medications but his mind was working feverishly building explanations. Of course the first and easiest one is that he is losing it, his mind, his touch with the real world.

Real world – what is it? There are many theories about our reality, our universe. Multiverse, infinite number of realities. The theory that everything that happened, or could happen is already there and

one's every choice moves you to a certain reality. Realities are constantly crossing – meeting and separating again. That is why the butterfly effect is negligible between realities. But, he thought, maybe some extreme circumstances cause not a smooth transition but a jump between realities, creating a ripple, a detectable jump. Maybe his cardiac arrest caused the jump and he is able to detect it.

One thing he knew-no matter what he said trying to describe his feelings, his observations, no one will take it seriously. Most likely he will get more medications. Do some of these people see anything different, strange about him? If yes do they just dismiss it as not real? Are they wondering or blaming their imagination for this “nonsense”?

He was getting better. Strong enough to walk with a nurse. He talked to nurses during these walks and noticed some strange unfamiliar words and expressions. He kept this to himself. They noticed it too in me, he was sure of this but he knew nurses would attribute it to him being an immigrant or not well yet.

In a way it has been exiting to imagine or maybe to know that he actually travels between realities. An adventure. I don't care if this is happening just in my head. For him it was real, it was his secret, even from his wife.

Death?

Nurse looked at this strange patient, still in coma. He was delivered to the E.R. after cardiac arrest and doctors managed to revive him and he has been improving. His breath was deep and even. All vital signs were decent. And yet he was still in coma.

If there infinite number of possible realities he thought then I died in some of them. That was an unsettling idea. How this jumping between realities would work? You are sick and this is a stupid idea, he decided, you shouldn't think about it anymore. But he couldn't stop thinking about it. Are these realities subjective and exist for each person? If I die in one reality does that mean this reality cease to exist?

The nurse could not understand what is happening to this patient and why. His breathing was getting shallow, vital signs were slowing down. He was dying peacefully, in deep sleep. Nurse called the doctor. They looked at each other. Doctor was at loss. There was no reason for this. And yet they are losing this patient.

Back to normal?

Finally he was strong enough and was released from the hospital. He was sick of this place also he could not complain about service that has been excellent. He hoped that once he will be home and back to normal all these strange things will go away. All this nuanced strangeness will disappear, these dreams mixed with reality, all unfamiliar and yet very familiar surroundings – will not be so scary and strange anymore. Little by little life returned to normal at home. He slept better, strange dreams that were so real almost disappeared. He enjoyed wife's company, kids and grandkids. And yet sometimes these strange thoughts, weird feeling would come back and he felt strangely lost. He would push this strangeness away.

And then he got an idea forming in his head: to try to write about his experiences, his dreams and fantasies about these dreams – dreams about different worlds, other realities. Different worlds but closely related at the same time. First he called these world parallel universes but later decided on alternate realities that interact with each other. Parallel universes would be susceptible to “butterfly effects” and cannot closely resemble each other as his alternate realities would. So he started writing without much concern about scientific value of his theories. Thinking and writing about all that weirdness helped to ease the anxiety of these persistent thoughts and feelings of unreality of the world around him, strangeness in his life. So he continued to theorize about all this. He actually enjoyed trying to construct the world, the reasons that might be at play here.

Realities



He thought that this terrible accident (was it an accident?) that happened to him pushed him, showed him what might be happening. Made it easier to think about life's secrets. His experiences in the hospital and after, whether real or just in his imagination, he tried to sort out in his writing about realities and entanglement.

Different realities are somehow connected, entangled. When realities are branching out when one makes a decision in one reality it remains entangled so changes in one reality affect other realities. So why do realities not interfere with each other, remain separate? The universe is nothing more than

information, he thought. We know that computers can run several programs simultaneously. Asian philosophers claim that the universe, everything in the universe is just vibrations. Different frequencies result in different “planes” or forms of existence. So maybe all these realities are just planes of slightly different frequencies? Or maybe time itself is digital and different realities are occupying different time slots and that is why some kind of abrupt shift pushed him into another reality.

All his adult life he was trying to understand, to imagine what is it, our universe? What is “reality” and what is “illusion”? And if there is an ultimate reality- what is it? And if all this is an illusion – what is an illusion? And does it make any difference? He remembered the movie Matrix and he thought that maybe there is no city of Zion. And then a disturbing thought. Am I the same person, is it really me, the same guy that lived before the cardiac arrest.

So If I am in another reality now who am I? How do I know? Or anybody else? My wife – how would she know if this person, her husband is really the person she loves, the person she married and had children with? So this thought distracted him, led him, his thoughts to branch in a different direction. But even without the cardiac arrest. Am I the same person I was 40 years ago? Just because my name is the same? My body is totally different, every cell in my body is not the cell from a few years ago, my memories are changing and I forgot a lot from my younger years. Are we becoming a different person constantly during our lives? And if the answer is yes then what difference it makes what reality I am from?

He was enjoying the afternoon sun while sitting on the deck. Surrounded by trees, flowers of all shapes, colors and fragrances, the singing of the bird and bees buzzing. Without thinking about anything in particular, not concerned with past or the future. He felt as a part of the world, part of these sights, smells, music of life. He half closed his eyes and absorbed it all, he was expanding, becoming one with this symphony of life, of reality. The play of bright patches of light and shade between the leaves, the smells and sounds – it became him. Life was a wonderful thing. He was in the moment enjoying it.

And that was the reality he accepted

Part 3. Alternate Realities and the World

Late fall. Outside was gray, windy and cold. He could feel this windy, dark, gloomy cold by looking through the sunroom glass wall. The trees were still orange/green, but the brightness was not there anymore. Like an old tired face. The face of time passed and harder time ahead a certainty. “Would it be cool to know if there is another me in another reality?” Looking through the window, thinking about me (himself).

He decided to go for a walk. Gray trail covered with orange and blue leaves, squirrels, the spots on their fur blending with the leaves, occasional black rabbit quietly sitting in hopes of not being noticed, their red eyes not blinking. The sad beauty of autumn. And this quiet sadness soaked his soul. The low overcast sky was the usual greenish color. Orange and green clouds wandering the sky.



He remembered his ordeal, his suspicions about a different world, another reality, after he woke from the coma. And his acceptance of his life, this reality whatever it might be. But curiosity kept nagging, provoking imagination. He kept walking and thinking. There are suggestions that by our choices and actions we are constantly creating new realities where our lifelines are branching into different life stories. "The tree of lives," he thought.

How strange, he thought. So, what would prompt me to be pushed into another reality? What could have changed in my life to create another branch? Another me? My cardiac arrest? Does that mean that I am alive here but another me is dead? What other possibilities are there? If it did happen and there are many realities, streams in lives, crossroads - it was not by his choice what happened to him. It was not his choice to drop dead, it was not his choice, or actions that saved him. A set of circumstances, unlikely events saved his life, Annie was in the same room when he collapsed. The fire station is a few blocks away and the ambulance came within five minutes.

One change and he would be dead, not even knowing that he had ever been alive. Another branch, he mused. But what about the rest of the world? The Universe?

If this is true and we are in all these realities, should we assume that every consciousness, every person does the same? Creating their own realities? Following, joining me in my reality? So how does his reality, his choices, his life affect all other humans in the new reality? Billions of them. Does everyone else get dragged into the reality we create? Or is everybody else just the creation of our consciousness? Meaning we, all of us, live in an imaginary world where it is just us? But this makes no sense, he decided. If all is

just my imagination, where did I came from? Do we have a free will to affect the outcomes, to take a fork in the road?

Free Will and Circumstances.

Identical twins and free will. Having nothing better to do, he tried to hold on to these strange visions, memories. Free will, he thought. Is there a free will? How do we find out? Philosophers still argue about this. Been arguing for millennia. Researchers tried to use identical twins to prove that there is a free will and others quite opposite, that there is no free will. But now here is this new thing – Epigenetics.

Is there a free will? Or was his “accident” predetermined? Is that true that even if we humans do not have free will there is still the possibility of different life paths? Even if we are not aware of all the options? Some philosophers and scientists think that we humans have no free will and knowing all the information about a person one can predict the life for a particular person. He was convinced that there is free will. And new discoveries in Epigenetics support his view. (Epigenetics Controls Genes. Certain circumstances in life can cause genes to be silenced or expressed over time. In other words, they can be turned off (becoming dormant) or turned on (becoming active). [Link](#).

Assuming this is true, and our fates are predetermined, does that mean that there cannot be an alternate reality? Because we really do not have a choice in our actions and therefore we cannot exist in more than one reality?

But there is an opposite idea about free will and multiple worlds. Every possible outcome creates its reality. So, no matter what decision one makes in life, there is a reality where this decision is predetermined. So according to this theory, there is no free will. "Let's enjoy the walk and stop wreaking your brain" he decided.

He came home refreshed. The house was warm and cozy. He liked their house. Annie cooked dinner and it smelled so appetizing. Waiting for dinner he told the HTV to switch to his favorite channel. The hollow image was very realistic. The room became a starship. He remembered this episode and continued to observe the action and, interacting with the characters and actions, he sometimes changed the outcomes.

Annie called him to the table. Lucifer, their dog, reacted right away and was under the table before anybody else sat down. Looking at us with hope and love. Love for us, he hoped, not just for food. At the table they talked about the coming holidays. All the kids promised to be here and also it meant a lot of work for both of them, especially Annie, both were looking forward to it. After dinner he went back to his chair and told the show to continue. And as usual, after dinner, he dosed off.

Part 4. Strange Visions

He tried to look around. Small, dim-lit room. Clicking noises, something humming. Flickering. His bed – metal, like hospital bed. Hospital? What the hell? Window to his right. It was dark outside. He saw his wife looking at him. Where am I, what is going on? Why? Why are we here, not at home? Anna just looked at him. “You got sick” “Let's go home,” he said, and started to get up, turned to put his feet on

the floor. And he noted some tubes inserted in his body. "What happened to me." he finally asked? "You got sick and will have to stay here in the hospital for a while."

As he lay in the hospital bed his mind was wondering. Some memories, thoughts, images. Bits and pieces. Strange memories, strange images. He wasn't sure if all this was a result of his sickness or was it real? The walk on the trail. Green sky. Black rabbits. His home, his dear wife -Annie? Why Annie? He never called her Annie! Is he losing it? That, though, did not improve the mood. Sometimes he would lose his thoughts and fall into dark and soft nothing, dose off. The dream would come again, a lucid dream, while he was suspended between dream and reality. "Reality," he mused. "What the hell is reality?"

The morning was bright and sunny. I felt better in the morning. So, let's try to sort it out. What I see now while awake – is that reality, it this real? Or, is the real thing what he sees in his dreams? I was watching HOLOTV. He remembers sitting in the starship bridge. I loved the reality of it.

I did not like much this flat TV on the wall in hospital room. Couldn't they put HTV in the room? They get paid enough! I watched the damn TV anyway. What else is there to do? I still tried to sort it out. This is crazy. Maybe nothing is happening, and this is just kind of split personality stuff, only it affects our interaction with the world?

There is a theory that all that happened, and all that will happen, is already there in the Universe. Assuming that reality on a basic level is nothing more than information, what prevents all of our possible outcomes to exist simultaneously, just like past and the future? The more he thought about all these fascinating possibilities, the more ideas popped in his mind.

Wave Function Collapse.

I remain skeptical about the deterministic point of view. Incredible complexity of the world, Quantum Mechanics create unpredictability. It's all probabilities, I thought. So here is another thought: we humans are making (or not) choices all the time. So, let's assume that all possible choices and outcomes are already there, and choices we actually make are collapsing the wave function into one reality. And it will be true, of course, for every living thing. So, out of this incredible soup of possibilities, there is only one reality materializing. I liked this idea. The world looked much simpler now.

And suddenly, I remembered what I found recently while surfing the net. Something related to what I am experiencing: A recent book by Kate Cole-Adams called, *Anesthesia: The Gift of Oblivion and the Mystery of Consciousness*. It relates a variety of odd and unsettling stories about people who hear things while under anesthesia or experience odd forms of conscious awareness. The overwhelming thesis of the book suggests that we could be more aware of our surroundings during a general anesthetic than we realize. And more frighteningly is the implication that anesthesia fundamentally rewrites our memories. [Link](#)

OK. Let's assume that the reality and collapsing wave function is the right answer. So why am I remembering another me? Is it possible that the information flow disruption during anesthesia causes the wave function collapse of not one, but two choices, two possible outcomes? Interesting, but crazy, I thought. It's like two paths are blinking like TV interference signals. So, are we destined to blink in and out of other realities? That would not be good, I thought. As a matter of fact, that would really suck.

And he tried to recall, remember, if something weird, strange happened after the cardiac arrest but he just dismissed it, didn't pay attention. The moment when he was, he thought, having lucid dreams, seeing something strange, a shadow, some strangeness, some movements and pictures he did not recognize. At that time, he attributed this to his condition.

But now. These strange visions, colors, these subtle differences. Was it this "blinking"? Some strange noises, sounds we usually ignore. The strangeness of the world, of our reality. Will I ever see the other me, he wondered? Is this really possible? Can we send messages to each other?

If all this is true, how will this weirdness affect his, our lives? How is this affecting thousands of other lives? He was sure that if this interference is happening to him, it is happening to others too. And suddenly, he thought of a cat. Me and the other me are the same person blinking in and out of existence. Like the Schrodinger cat. Whatever or whoever created this universe, this strange game we call reality, life - what is the bottom line? Are we, humans, or any other intelligence - are we immortal somewhere? On another plane of existence? That would be fine with me too, he thought.

Did he survive the cardiac arrest or, is it still unclear, depending on who you ask and what reality blinks into existence at the moment. So, am I half dead, half alive depending on the observer? Kind of hanging in the middle. That would explain the strangeness he experienced after he woke up from the coma, he thought. So, who and what will eventually decide my fate? Am I dead or alive? We all will die sooner or later. At least in one reality. Wave function will collapse and I will die. And life lines will stop blinking. Fine with me, he thought. After all, what can I (he) do? I am walking on the trail. The sky looked bright blue.

The Mind.

Sometimes when I am awake at night I do energy exercise. Chi energy, also called KI. Over the years I have learned to feel and control this energy. And during the years I kept wondering how brain or rather the Mind is able to control this energy? Is it possible for the mind to manipulate physical world?

My thoughts on this matter.

String theory.

Everything is vibration. What causes vibration? If universe on the basic level is information how does vibration work?

"Some physicists are convinced that the properties of information do not come from the behavior of information carriers such as photons and electrons but the other way round. They think that information itself is the ghostly bedrock on which our universe is built."

Assuming that the very foundation of reality is information, or some call it consciousness, our minds are one with the universe. According to quantum mechanics our consciousness affects the behavior of the elementary particles and eventually reality. So there is no magic in the fact that our consciousness can control one of the nature's force that we call CHI energy. [Link](#)

Continuum.

"He was sitting in lotus position meditating. It was never too easy for him to push out the usual noise, jumble of thoughts claiming for his attention but eventually he almost succeeded. The world became

quiet, the CHI was flowing as he controlled it up his spine and down his front. Sensation of well-being filled him. His mind expanded, his consciousness became lighter, life energy filling his brain. Suddenly the sky opened and he saw the universe, became one with it. Myriads of stars around, his body, his mind were not his alone, became dissolved in this vastness of space. The universe rushed into him and his mind opened and accepted it. It was as if he was falling, weightless, into this vastness filled with darkness and light. He gasped, frightened, and his world returned, he was in the room again, feeling frightened, excited and sad that the moment is gone. But he knew he will not forget this moment."



Sometimes something out of ordinary happens in life and these memories are etched in our minds for as long as we live. I think we share these extraordinary moments across realities. And that explains, I think, this weirdness of realities and wave function collapse. And in case like mine it explains the realities interference when consciousness is interrupted. Multiple realities theory may be possible, functioning, because of the unified field consciousness. This consciousness is connected with every human mind and is acting and changing reality according to our thoughts and actions. But just one reality? What if for some reason our thoughts are not clear? Mixed up and confusing?

Entangled Realities. The difference between the Multiverse and multiple realities.

While multiple universes theory suggests that there are myriad independent and vastly different universes with different physical laws, alternate realities are closely related and all except one exist as a possibility. As I stated above usually there is just one reality based on your choices that cause the wave function collapse.

Meditation and Mirage.

We were in Florida, as usual, in December. We love to walk on the beach and usually walk in late mornings and nights, when darkness made water and sky into one mysterious void full of sounds, real and imagined. Water, birds and occasional sounds of people talking hidden from us. And who knows what else. This

darkness. The space one could feel. It suggests, encourages imagination to expand, to fill the darkness with mysteries that my imagination creates and loves.

That evening after the walk we came back to our apartment. Anna made tea and we were enjoying the view from the balcony facing the ocean. The moon was low at the horizon and its reflection in the water looked like a silver trail running to our building. This is the night when you expect the mermaid to show up in the moonshine and to sing something enchanting.

Anna went inside after a while but I felt so enchanted with the night. I stayed outside, sitting in my chair and meditating, hypnotized by the slight movement of the moon trail on the water.



Mirror, Mirror.

The universe opened and accepted me and my mind wasn't just mine anymore. I was one with something vast. I could sense something. Something I do not have words to describe. The intelligence, the consciousness, quiet and all knowing. I could sense somehow that this is everything there is. I did not drown in IT. I felt as part of whatever it is. An infinite small part and yet as vast as the whole reality itself.

And then there was a shadow, a glimpse, some image in this vastness. It was difficult to grasp, to see what it was. But through euphoria of oneness I saw. A jolt of surprise, astonishment and I was on the balcony, trying to breathe. My heart pounding and my body shaking I could still see the image, the mirage in the backdrop of the universal void. I was looking at myself.

Universe and Consciousness.

Next day I was still trying to digest, to comprehend the vision. Seeing myself immersed in the universe. Why? What does it mean? Was this real or was it a dream? I thought about it and decided that I don't care. I love it even if that was a dream. But why this dream? Anna offered to go for a walk. I agreed. I needed to clear my head. The sun was low, almost touching the water. The sky became darker and brighter with red at the same time. The beach was nearly empty, some people were watching the sunset. Just the colors and quiet murmur of the ocean, as if it got tired and was ready to fall asleep. Light breeze made the world even quieter somehow. We walked slowly, in silence, immersed in the twilight.

I recalled my thoughts about myself, about the nature of reality, alternate realities and what happened to me. My idea of blinking, interference of realities due to my coma. But why this vision? Stars and galaxies around me? This infinite void around me. Scary and exciting. And I remembered reading about the "global consciousness project," where computers were affected by human reaction to catastrophic events, like 9/11. Global consciousness. Maybe that is what I experienced? We, humans, but probably any intelligent beings are just like little cells, drops in the ocean of cosmic consciousness. The Universe as one mind. The darkness slowly descended around us. Red patches in the sky darkened against the grayish blue background. I felt closer to the Universe, darkness helped my imagination, both collaborating, playing together. So I let it go, elaborating on my previous journey.

Here are some questions for the Universe.

Does intelligence need a physical body? Is unified field consciousness capable of intelligence? If it is, then how would we know that? And is it possible, that at a certain level of development, intelligence does not need a physical body anymore?

I was trying not to lose my train of thought. We walked slowly. Birds near the water line walking in little groups. Pelicans gliding low above the still water. I always love these twilight hours. To feel nature falling asleep, dreaming and quietly suggesting to all to do the same. We went back home, most of the windows in our building were dark. The pool was lit, no swimmers till morning. Inside Anna prepared tea and, as usual, we sat on the balcony, enjoying the dark still beauty of the world around us. We were just sitting there, absorbing, dissolving in this dark world.

Consciousness and AI.

The truth is that nobody knows what "consciousness" is! And how it came about? How did evolution jump from unconscious to conscious? How did nature cross this Rubicon? Will we be able to answer questions about the universe without an understanding of consciousness?

If evolution succeeded in creating consciousness, it means it is possible. And if it is possible, intelligence can create artificial intelligence and consciousness. Does that means that nature created carbon based life, us, as a stepping stone and the next step is what we call "artificial intelligence"? I could not stop thinking about Artificial Intelligence and its place here on Earth and in the universe. Somehow, I felt its relevance to myself. The thought gave me shivers.

But there is a silver lining. If intelligence can exist and progress without bodies, then eventually different types of intelligence will become one, joining the universal consciousness. Assuming that AI eventually will gain consciousness. Eventually, I decided to put this thing about AI on hold. Some more immediate questions interest me more now.

With this thought, I finally went to bed. Anna was asleep, so quietly I lay down. I adjusted my breathing as for meditation, allowed CHI energy to flow freely through my body, I fell asleep. I opened my eyes. There is this feeling again. Falling into abyss. Emptiness and yet something else, filling this “emptiness”. Something. Consciousness? This abyss, the Universe – it is alive, communicating, thinking. Not to me or about me. It just allowed me to listen. Just for a moment, but it was overwhelming. Cold but not hostile. Vast, detached intelligence. Just slightly, fleetingly touched me, my mind. It was not like the human mind, not the feeling one gets communicating with a live human. A sense of vastness, enveloping and omnipotent. I did not sleep well that night. Something changed in me. This feeling of being part of something great.

"These parallel discoveries of a unified field of physics and a unified field of consciousness raise fundamental questions concerning the relationship between the two. We present compelling theoretical and experimental evidence that the unified field of physics and the unified field of consciousness are identical—i.e., that during the meditative state, human awareness directly experiences the unified field at the foundation of the universe." [Link](#)

Visitor. The walk.

He walked on the trail, as usual. Late spring. Rapidly changing the world from gray to orange/green.

He enjoyed these walks, the spring, flowers and birds. So peaceful, relaxing and invigorating at the same time. But somehow he felt not really belonging here, just visiting, observing, temporary. Not temporary like normal temporary, but like every day has been given to him to fulfill some purpose, something he needs to finish. It was a little unsettling, but exiting and sad at the same time. Just passing by.

The sun was low, descending rapidly behind the trees. The sky was changing colors, green and orange clouds shining brighter. He saw the bench on the side and suddenly decided to sit down. An outsider or not, he enjoyed his life. Light breeze touched his face, birds busily doing something, chirping excitedly.

He close his eyes, breathing slowly, deeply. He was sitting on the balcony, ocean in front of him. Voices in his mind. Not even voices – thoughts, washing over him like ripples on the ocean. Not his thought, but connected, somehow. He felt unified, one with all of this. Surprised, yes, but not shocked, not scared. Not anymore. He tried to listen, to understand. Strange feeling, coming comprehension, horrifying and ecstatic, as if he was listening to his own thought, to himself. But there was something. Something strange, alien. Not human, he thought. Strange and scary. Not threatening, not hostile but not quite human. Almost robotic.

He opened his eyes almost in panic. He was sitting on the bench. The sun was down and in this darkened world he felt all the strangeness in everything, himself included. Global consciousness, he mused. Is this possible? Why is this happening to him? What was it? Definitely the feeling he got, it was not human.

This consciousness, he felt, was some combination of human and robotic, like artificial intelligence. Enough, he decided, and started toward home. Annie was preparing tea. They watched TV for a little bit and went to sleep. But his brain was too excited and wouldn't stop. What was it? Conversations, music, just noise? Was it really the "consciousness?"

Anna was sound asleep at his side while he was trying to recall, to sort it out. Some music. Strange, unfamiliar, as if computer generated. He remembered electronic music he heard before. But could it be? Why up there?

Part 4. The Boy, Consciousness, and Death

Dimly lit room. Clicking noises, something humming. Flickering. His bed – metal, like a hospital bed. Hospital? What the hell? Window to his right. It was dark outside. He saw his wife looking at him. Where am I, what is going on? Why? Why are we here, not at home? She just looked at him. Suddenly he noted that he is looking at his body on the bed. How is that possible? Anna was crying. Is it that bad?

He never believed in life after death. But here he is. A ghost? Not this crap, he thought. Suddenly sadness, painful sharp sadness filled him. He looked at his dear wife and realized there is no coming back. But through this cloud of sadness he started to hear voices, thoughts, music – universe, global consciousness was accepting him, talking to him. He realized that he, his other being is alive and well and that is how it should be. Two life possibilities were collapsing into one. All is well, he decided. He remembered listening to music, notes flowing away. Away but never dying, still there, somewhere in this universe. "I will go catch the music" he decided. And there he was, another little ripple in the Ocean, Infinite Ocean of life. Earth disappeared, his body dissolved into the vastness of the universe, and he understood, became one with it.

Mystery of Existence.

Life was good, we were back home. Snow was slowly falling, snowflakes lazily floating in the still air, gently touching the frozen ground. I am sitting in the sun room, trying to describe the events of last year the best I could. Some strange, sad and wonderful things that I experienced.

We humans know so little. About life, the world, the Universe. What is life? What does it mean to be alive? Quantum mechanics showed that there is nothing solid in existence. All is not what it seems. The universe is information. Information arranged according certain algorithms, a program.

Our knowledge expands of course. Like a circle of light it expands. But the circumference, the border between the known and unknown, is also expanding. And all we humans are beginning to understand is how little we know. Humanity doesn't even know what we don't know. We don't know what questions to ask.

Circle of Knowledge, Conclusion.

Strangely, thinking about all this, about our ignorance, is exciting. Gives plenty of food to the imagination. I love mysteries. We humans love mysteries. Our Universe is a mystery. And I was touched, slightly, by it

in the last year. Was it a blessing? After all, I almost paid with my life for this contact with mysterious multiple realities events. That has been the strangest experience in my life yet. Except maybe this?



In my early childhood, while sleeping in my little bed, I saw, suddenly, a tall shiny woman figure bending over my bed. It wore a long shiny robe and a tall shiny hat. I was 2 or 3 years old at the time. I remember it vividly as if it happened yesterday. I screamed, woke up and the women disappeared. Was I asleep and had a nightmare? I don't know what to make of this vision. Or dream? Who was this creature? I know I never saw this women before or after. Never. And why me? Will I ever see her again? While I am still alive or maybe after my death? Is this episode related somehow to what happened to me recently? I simply don't know.

My thoughts turned back to current events. And suddenly it dawned on me. This feeling of loss, sadness. Sadness and understanding. He passed away, died. My alter ego, my mirror image. That is who I saw among the stars. He is gone but he is here, everywhere. With me, with us. Over time, life got back to normal. Normal, but my view of the world changed. I appreciate life more, I am more attentive to small things, more aware of my, our ignorance. The interference stopped. I have not experienced "blinking" realities anymore. But I know. And I will keep looking. Expecting more mysteries in this wonderful fleeting occurrence – life.

Enlightenment.

Strange thing. Every time I drive by the hospital I feel a strange attraction to it, as if a part of me, part of my consciousness, is still there in that room. I don't think I would like to go back there. So what is it? Is it the other me still there somewhere? In another reality? Or maybe even in this one? Wandering like a lost ghost? And the world changed. I could see nothing. I feel nothing at first. And then realization. I am universe, I am aware, can sense every part and feel like a whole. Not like the brief first time it happened.



Time shortened, disappeared, the universe moving, pulsating, growing at first. And then all encompassing, ecstasy and understanding, knowing. Knowing beyond itself, outside itself, understanding the vastness and oneness of all. Universe of pure consciousness, pure awareness. I see no stars or galaxies or Meta galaxies. Just pure powerful all encompassing, all knowing "I am" awareness. No time flow, just ever expanding knowing, being. Space and time lost their meanings. Was there a beginning? Will there be an end? Does it have a purpose? But, maybe, not aware yet of the Purpose. Is there a purpose? I am trying to describe it. But how can one put in words the awareness so vast? How the blind can describe colors?

There was no size, no distance, nor here or there. Information, consciousness is not dimensional. We humans see our surroundings. We smell, touch, taste. We feel gravity. None of this matters here. But I, or whatever I have become, is all this, this consciousness. With a jolt I woke. I grabbed my chair, as if to stop myself from falling. Finally the world came into focus. I looked around. I was sitting in my chair in the study. Relief and sadness, feeling of separation, loss and familiarity – all at the same time.

I tried to remember my dream. Was it a dream? It was so real. One realization dawned on me. In this emptiness, or whatever it was, I heard something. Something? What was it? Yes! Music. I think, I am pretty sure it was Music! And I remembered my thoughts while listening to music in a concert hall a while ago. Music traveling forever, living forever in this information-consciousness universe. But how can one hear music without the air? How? Another question. But right now I was not really interested in technicalities.

This, my recent experience – it was different. It was everywhere. It is the Universe, I thought. And yet there was something familiar in this universal symphony. I am not that knowledgeable of music but thanks to Anna, we go to concerts quite regularly. This particular concert that I was writing about. There was something of it in the Universe. I didn't want it to be just a dream, but I am also not sure I want it to be a reality. If it has been a reality – am I dying? Why did I experience this mind boggling adventure?

Why is anything here?

And what is “anything” Is there anything in the universe? We humans, for thousands of years, are trying to answer the question – why are we here? What is the meaning, the purpose of life? Is there a meaning?

Now after my dream, or whatever it might be, another question came to mind. If there is a self-conscious, self-aware universe, what is its purpose? Is there a meaning for this universe to exist? Does it exist at all? Is there a Purpose?

I am asking all these questions. Are there answers to all the questions we humans are asking since the dawn of time? I think yes. I think that if we thought of a question, there is an answer the Universe has for us. Global consciousness reveals possible questions only if it has the answers to these questions. Sounds weird but it makes sense to me.

Had the universe given us the answer before we would come up with the question, we would not understand, we would not hear the answer. Answers are all around us. We just don't see them.

We humans complain that our lives are so short. But maybe, just maybe, our lives continue in some other reality, in another time/space. Is this a question or the answer?

The day was ending. The sunlight changed its color. The world looked like a twilight zone. All got quieter, more beautiful and a little mysterious. Colors changed, shifted to reddish. The world was getting ready for coming night. I love this time, the dusk. Everything becomes a little surreal, the tired world slows down, the heat of the day is dissipating, the sky, still bright, is getting darker in the east, purple in the west. I feel more at ease, my body, my mind relaxing.

The trees, the flowers are getting darker, their shades dissolving in surroundings, becoming one with the evening air.

Eventually we went inside, turned on the light. Contrasting, the light windows became black. Only the Moon was visible through the dark trees. I prepared tea and we just sat drinking tea and enjoying each others company. Nothing was said and nothing needed to be said. We were close, we were one, like a symbiotic organism. We enjoyed our silent mind meld.

Small dim lit room. Clicking noises, something humming. Flickering. The hospital bed – metal, window to the right. It was dark outside. He saw his wife looking at him. Where am I, what is going on? Why? The nurse looked at this strange patient, still in a coma. He was delivered to the E.R. after cardiac arrest and doctors managed to revive him and he has been improving. His breath was deep and even. All vital signs were decent. And yet, he was still in a coma.

The universe was getting closer, closer and more familiar, easier to accept, to unite, be one with It. And it was beautiful and liberating, but still overwhelming. Suddenly deep sadness, sorrow, an almost intolerable feeling of separation enveloped me. Beyond the tears, beyond crying. As if I was parting with something, somebody that was a part of me, part of my soul, my life.

This slow suffocating feeling of parting, saying farewell to the part of yourself, overwhelming sadness. Maybe that is what a child feels during birth, leaving its mother's womb. Maybe.

I remember this feeling, this terrifying and somehow ecstatic state from my dream a couple of years ago. It affected me, the memory stayed with me and, I think, affected the way I now view life and the universe. The monitors in the room started to change. The lines were straightening, pulse slowing.

The doctor came and looked at the monitors, at this strange patient. There was no reason for this, but this person was expiring, slowly and peacefully. Universe was upon me. The music. I hear music. Like before, I hear music all around. But how? Here is no air?! Am I dreaming?

Through all this I can see the room. Hospital room. People around the bed. Nurses, doctors. My wife, Anna, standing beside the bed. I am trying to understand, to figure what is happening, the meaning of it all. I was scared, sad, confused.

Never believed in ghosts or afterlife. But what is this? The hospital room was getting blurred, music, music keeps playing in my brain. Now the familiar void, the feeling of oneness with all. Yet sadness, painful all-encompassing grief are still with me. But what is life that we know and live? How real is it? Don't we all sometimes feel like it is just a dream? An illusion? Aren't we, our consciousness, creating our reality?

What I am experiencing right now – is it real? Where am I? So many questions and not that many answers, I thought. I am a damn ghost right now? Why?

The Universe, Mother Nature, is not wasteful, she is very efficient. So I don't believe that as intelligent beings die, their intelligence, their consciousness disappear without a trace.

He became one with the universe.

In the Galaxy far away.



The moons were at the horizon. The yellow large one looked like a dim sun at the end of flood period. The bright violet and ultraviolet floating shrubs lazily pass him as he floated near the air pass. The thick mix of droplets and gases started to change colors, to cool off after a bright season. Deep in thoughts he kept moving in the same direction, hardly noticing the surroundings but still aware of the changes around him.

His propulsion legs moving slightly following the atmospheric currents. Realities, alternate realities, multiverse fascinated him for a long time. What is our reality, or just “reality” Who's reality? Do I have another “me” somewhere else, in another universe, another reality? Alternate realities and parallel universes, he mused, is there a difference?

And how about laws of physics? Might these laws be different from one universe to the other? And if this is the case, is life possible in a universe with different laws?

Without stopping his movement he mentally reached for the planet's mind and asked it for some information. He became one with the planet's consciousness and in his mind meld with it looked for multiverse theory. The differences were blurry and the whole issue was confusing for him. But whatever you call it the idea was attractive.



He sensed changes in the atmosphere in the area near his home and decided it's time to go home. He teleported to his dwelling that was just a few miles away. The house was attached to a giant cliff, slightly moving in the dense atmosphere. Built of adaptive substance it was almost transparent now. It will become opaque when there will be lighter outside in a few time periods or if he or his wife asked for it.

His wife was there in a bubble in a mind meld with planetary conscious field, probably participating in a virtual living show. He felt hungry. In the eating compartment he found some food and inhaled it. It tasted pretty good and he mentally thanked his wife. Afterwards, he floated in a comfortable bubble in the study and was deep in thought. His strange dreams and visions worried him. Is something wrong with him? Or is he able to glimpse into something that usually you don't see?

He could sense his wife extracted herself from the Field. They mentally contacted each other and decided that they need some sleep. They got out of the bubbles and floated to the slumber quarters. They haven't slept for two moon circles so as soon as they entered their sleep bubble they fell asleep. The sun was rising putting air on fire in the East. There is a sea of green, contrasted with a dark blue sky. White clouds are sprinkled over the sky. Some creatures moving on the hard surface using two legs. The atmosphere thin and transparent. One of the moving figures looked directly at him. Startled he woke up.

Another dream. So real, so strange. Strange world, strange creatures. But so real. He firmly believed that there are multitude of worlds, infinite number of world, universes. So maybe this dream, this vision is somehow connected to one of them. Maybe he is connected to one of these worlds? Another universe? With higher gravity perhaps? So these creature are not able to float? Looking through the transparent wall he noticed some brightness, some light outside. The sun season was approaching. And usually it brings some turbulence in the atmosphere.

Light from two moons was playing with the semi liquid atmosphere creating moving shadows contrasted with fleeting light structures. This interaction of dark and light created a complex net. He admired the beauty of his world and remembered the dream. Different world, nothing like his and yet beautiful and strange. Was it a dream? But if not what was it?

Is it possible that somehow his mind, his consciousness touched another mind? Who knows how far, where is this strange world. Probably it's not distance in a four dimensional space-time. Just another reality occupying same region but with different laws and structure, not interacting with his universe. Another galaxy, another universe? He wanted to believe that it was more than just his imagination. He mentally connected with his wife, Anita, and shared his experience. She was open minded and did not laugh. Just softly suggested that possibly he was too tired and just had a strange dream.

Is this connection possible? Between two worlds, two universes maybe? He knew about entanglement. The theory was suggested by a science – philosophers some periods ago. Intelligent species on his planet have learned about the world over thousands of periods by improving themselves, constantly working, practicing to enhance their abilities. They learned telepathy, teleportation, telekinesis. Yes it took a long time. The average life span of his species is just five periods. One period is the time needed for their world to complete full journey around the main sun.

So now his species are able to do thing unimaginable just a thousand periods ago. But is it possible, is it conceivable to contact another universe? Even with his telepathic abilities? He understands alternate reality, which is just another fork in sea of probabilities, a choice we all make every moment of our lives. But a parallel universe?

He wanted it to be true, to be possible. He was so excited about it!

The atmospheric movement increased outside, the turbulence speeded up. Storm is coming, he decided. The house sensed it too and took protective measures. The outer shell of it hardened and the shape flattened somewhat against the rock. He could see with his infrared vision that it is getting colder out there.

Dark and lite swirls outside became more entangled and straightened, then more uniform, darker. Also he knew the house is safe the atmosphere looked threatening and he did not enjoy the feeling. So he tried to go back to his philosophical constructs trying to explain his visions and dreams. He thought of reincarnation. Many philosophers are offering different interpretations, different meanings to reincarnation.

He believed that universe is not wasteful and once the body dies its consciousness joins the universe, because on fundamental level universe is consciousness. But is it possible that maybe sometimes parallel universes are entangled? That certain consciousness appears more than in one universe? Like the consciousness of one intelligence being appears in some other body in a universe far away (virtually)?

Meanwhile the storm was raging outside, darkness fell and there was no visibility. But inside the house it was warm and cozy. The house is able to feel the mood of its inhabitant and changed the light and temperature accordingly.

He dosed off and while falling asleep hoped to see the alien world again.

The end?

He was sitting on his favorite chair in the sun room. Sun through the glass wall was bright and warm. He just finished reading the article about Hugh Everett and his multiple world's interpretation of quantum mechanics.

<https://www.scientificamerican.com/article/hugh-everett-biography/>

“Everett saw that under those assumptions, the wave function of an observer would, in effect, bifurcate at each interaction of the observer with a superposed object. The universal wave function would contain branches for every alternative making up the object’s superposition. Each branch has its own copy of the observer, a copy that perceived one of those alternatives as the outcome. According to a fundamental mathematical property of the Schrödinger equation, once formed, the branches do not influence one another. Thus, each branch embarks on a different future, independently of the others.”

What is the difference between worlds/realities existing and being a potentiality? And what about the situation when somebody managed to get into the other reality/universe? (Like in “The Golden Compass” book? If copies of me exist in both realities? Becomes totally crazy, he thought. And what about billions of other intelligent beings? And how about animals? Even for plants there could be a bunch of different outcomes? More and more it reminds of a giant supercomputer that keeps building different models based on all possible outcomes!

But for what purpose? It seems he has more questions than answers! But as he decided already questions are more important than answers! With satisfaction he closed computer and stretched comfortably in his chair. The story is finished. Finally. He hoped that his wife will not be angry that he allowed himself and his other one to die in his story. After all it wasn't very sad. They joined the global consciousness, the universe! “Would be cool if I will be able to end the same way. Eventually!” he thought.

He got up and went outside where Annie was working in the yard preparing her garden for winter. The day was bright and cold. He enjoyed the freshness and coolness of air and decided that he would like to be around in this world for a while. Universe will wait. It got plenty of time. He smiled to himself and offered help to Annie. She looked at him, smiled and gave him the shovel. And pointed where to dig.

The End

