

These are the closing pages of book. The main character, Douglas, and a friend, Jonathan, were having a spiritual conversation. Douglas decides to tell his friend about beliefs he had not shared with anyone else for years. The conversation took place a couple of days after Douglas's brother did some neuro-linguistic programming work on him, enhancing his confidence.

10:23pm – Living room

“I suppose I would call it analogies to life,” Jonathan said, “my analogy was that life was like being blind-folded and erm, jumping off a tall building, I knew the end was inevitable erm, and I, I wouldn't know when it would come. The significance of the blindfold was that I would not see my last days, so I wanted to experience as many things as I could before the unexpected end.” He and Douglas had been talking for just under an hour and were fully immersed into, what they both believed to be, a very significant conversation.

“That's a good way to view things, now I think about it, I guess I could've said that but I guess I'm placing emphasis on other things.” Douglas replied.

“It made a lot of sense at the time, but in hindsight I realised how pessimistic that was. When I heard the other people, erm, most of 'em saw their life in a much more, I don't even know how to put it,” Jonathan paused as he coughed, “viewed their life in a more positive light. The first one I remember, er reminded me of primary school. We were on a training day at work and we had to speak about how we viewed ourselves. Someone said he saw himself as a tree. I thought back to primary school pretending to be a tree that was growing and started off as a tiny little ball but then stood up slowly and stretched out towards the sky. And this person said, that they saw themselves as a tree that kept on growing and maturing and branching out as if there were endless possibilities. And these branches would grow in every direction. There was no limit to how big this tree would become. The seasons represented different life experiences and emotions. The best one I heard was a short story of someone who saw themselves as a candle and they laid in the box with all these other candles and every couple of days the box would open and a big hand would come in and pull out one of the candles. The next time they saw that candle, he'll be small burnt shriveled up and dead and all the other candles would wonder what happened to it. And would fear the day that the hand picked them out. And one day the hand picked me out and took me into a big room and placed me in the middle of this table with food and wine, you know and people sitting all the way around.”

“Is this that story with the long spoons?”

“What?”

“You know, there's that story where Paradise is the same place but it's just a matter of perspective or, er, attitude. Like there's this room, *a man* is shown this room where he sees a big table with fruit and food and stuff on it but nobody's eating because they've got long spoons or whatever. He's then shown this identical room but the people in this room are eating the food because they're feeding each other.”

“As I looked around the room-”

“Have you just completely changed direction with this story or was it just a different story?” No I guess it wasn't that story after all. Douglas thought.

“-people, smiling faces, telling jokes and enjoying themselves. As I looked at them, and looked around this magnificent room, I noticed the light as it cast a beautiful orange glow

across everyone's face. The light flickered all evening and created huge shallowly figures on the wall. This went on for hours until they left one by one then there was just me left in the room looking at this flickering light as it shone on the walls. As I took a moment to look all the way around the room, I saw a reflection of myself, and realised I was burnt up and small like the candles that were put back in the box. And I realised I was dying. But I felt good because I had enjoyed the pleasures of life and my light was appreciated by others."

"He saw life as a candle because it was a warm and illuminating influence on others? Where did he get that from? How old was this person?"

"This guy, he was about...fifty?"

"I swear when you started talking I thought you were talking about a kid hence my surprise but it being said by an adult kinda explains why it's so prose-like and flowery and stuff."

"And he finished it off by saying he doesn't mind about the length of his life as long as he's had a positive effect on everything/one around him. And now I use that as my analogy of life. Or at least that's how I like to think of myself."

Tell him about Paradise. It's the least I can do after hearing all this. He's telling me about different peoples' experience, this is something that actually happened to me.

11:14pm – Living room

"I don't think anyone else is here because they would've contacted us already." Jonathan said.

"But what if they're too far away?"

"Someone by now would've developed the technology to bridge the gap and let their presence known no matter how far away they are."

"Some people think aliens are here already."

"I definitely don't think that's true." Jonathan said.

"Nope, me neither, in the same way as I don't believe in ghosts because almost in the same way, if ghosts *did* exist, I think their existence would be irrefutable. It wouldn't be a case of some people with actual ghost *stories* that they swore, or someone else swore was real." Douglas said. "I mean *personally*, to believe in a ghost, I'd have to *see* it myself and I don't think that's gonna happen because, well, to be honest, ghosts doesn't really make sense. I mean, knowing how humans perceive when they're *alive*, the idea of a ghost doesn't make sense. In fact how would a ghost make sense of its environment?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well look at the way our senses work? That's how we make sense of the world, how can a ghost hear or see things without ears or eyes that work? The way we perceive now, we copy the actual world and create an abstract world that feels real to us. We get sensory impressions that help build an idea about what we're seeing, or hearing or smelling and for that to happen we would need a functioning brain and senses. Surely the brain of a ghost would not be functioning anymore so it would be able to receive these impressions and make that world. That means if the ghost perceived it would have to perceive everything at the same time because their senses aren't there to filter the moment out so to speak. I just don't think the idea of a ghost is feasible. Well not unless they have a

completely different way of perceiving and why should they?" Douglas said and then tried to look at the time as discreetly as possible.

"I'm not sure I agree with you there. Not fully sure I understand." Jonathan said.

"It just doesn't make sense."

"Fair enough. Have you heard the belief that ghosts are the spirits of people who commit suicide? The soul is immortal and because these people have committed suicide, they're going to be roaming the Earth forever."

"People can believe in souls and spirits distinct from the mind if they want but I don't. I'm talking about the same thing when I say 'mind'. I have no reason to believe my mind is immortal aside from someone saying it. People have said it but they've not said anything to back it up. I'm not saying it's definitely *not* true but I'd have to see a whole bunch of proof to believe it."

"Some things can't be proven."

"I know and those are the things I'm not gonna exactly rush to believe, since they can't be proven. If anything that suicide thing was said to try to persuade people to not commit suicide and please don't even get me started on suicides anyway. Suicide could not have been the creator's plan. Each case is different and I don't know the person's circumstance but I'm thinking that they didn't look at all their options in an objective way."

"What if you think that's the only answer?"

"Then you're not looking at it objectively. Surely suicide would be the only real answer if you *knew* you were *definitely* going to die *horribly*, so instead, you're taking the option to die less horribly but when is that the case for most suicides? Suicide is the problem-solving part of the brain fucking up majorly. That sounds insensitive I know but it's true. I know suicide was not the creator's plan. And look how lucky we are to be here anyway? People seem to take life so much for granted it's like they think that they were destined to born. They're here now so that must've been fate or whatever. They don't look at the almost inconceivable odds it took for them to get there. Most people don't gamble because of the odds. Most people don't play the lottery because the odds of winning are like one in forty two million or something. But think about how many sperms are released in one go. How lucky are we to be here?"

The odds of our parents having sex when they did are also inconceivably high. The same with their parents, and then their parents your great great grandparents, so think about it." Jonathan stared ahead, past Douglas.

I've lost him already. "I'm being serious man."

"What?"

"Try to think about how much luck is involved by one person's birth, then take it back to that person's parents, then back and then back...and then back...all the way. Think about those odds. That amount of luck."

"Would you call it luck? What about the people who are born with disabilities. Or someone who was born and was then in an accident."

"Well yeah, being born was extremely lucky, dying isn't as unlucky because you were here in the first place. I've tried to fathom the idea for a while and I'm still unable to. I guess it's like trying to actually try to think how large the universe is. You can't because no matter how big you think you can picture, there is more. It's inconceivable, just like the level of luck that led to all of us being here is just mad but we don't see it, we focus on other things whilst subconsciously thinking we *should* be here like we *deserve* a place

or something. Paul's birth made me start re-thinking about the joy but ultimate *luck* of birth. Well, it's weird, recently I had been thinking about that anyway, I mean, how lucky we are to be here but Paul made me focus on the timing in a different way because I didn't really think of the idea *and* have an actual person as an example."

"What do you mean?" Jonathan asked.

"We're lucky to be alive and whilst we're here, we're gonna have a belief about purpose and whatever and that purpose is going to be probably egocentrically driven. Paul is going to take *his* existence for granted, in the exact same way that another sperm from...it sounds bad I know but I hope you see my point...in the exact same way Paul is going to have a belief that presupposes he was almost *fated* to be born. If *he* wasn't and another sperm and egg combination got the chance for life, that person would still be called Paul, or Paula possibly if she was a girl, but they would believe that they were *fated* to be born when *really*...oh man...really...them being born was like winning a mega lottery when the chances were one in ninety eight million, trillion. Even higher, I'm saying that actual number is too high for us to comprehend."

"That's some deep stuff. I haven't really looked at it in that way before."

"*And* I've also thought that some people think it's *bad* luck to be born but that's a completely different argument. The shit's mad, I first thought about this luck thing a couple of years ago and like I said I still can't get my head around it: I can't even comprehend that level of luck, it's a...it is a mad thing to think about.

We are so lucky to be here but we don't see it because we can't see through our own subjective view which usually includes a sense of almost fate, i.e. everybody who's alive seems to think that they were fated to be born...oh however you wanna say it. How egocentric is that? To *not* see how lucky we are to be here, to even have *the chance to be here* and then...actually *be here*. But we don't and whilst we're here, we make things worse sometimes solely because we've thought up bullshit reasons *about why* we're here, which makes us do bullshit things...that we're hearing about on the news all the fucking time." **I'm just repeating myself now.**

"So you know what the plan is? You mean you *believe* you what the plan is?"

"The plan *surrounds* us but most human beings have this level of self-importance that makes it really hard to see anything else aside from the things we want to see. As far as the big picture's concerned, I don't think many people are really seeing what's going on around them, they're just seeing the shit we do or they're just focussing on whether they're desires are being met or not. It's like we're unable to see it out of a human context but that's because we're human. And I honestly do believe I *know* the plan – I've known it for a while. I know what the plan is as much as anyone knows anything else but this isn't the kind of thing to just come up naturally in conversation. It's...*so*...blatant but at the same time I know it won't be believed. I since learnt that some philosophers have said it, from thousands of years ago. It wasn't generally believed then, because of the things that have happened since, it's almost impossible to believe it now. Well, fuck, unless people *are* believing it but keeping it to themselves.

Now that's *possible*, I suppose, but I think the more likely possibility is we don't even see this thing...this *blatant* thing, *because* we're told to look elsewhere at things that are supposedly true. We're too dependent on others for that worldly view so we've stopped individually looking for it. We've given that responsibility to someone else so the things we deal with on a daily basis gets much more attention.

The general vote about bigger things has been made already and we've just accepted whatever. It seems as if it's the general consensus that gets the vote but *what* was that consensus based on? Does anyone really question it in a practical way? No, it's like we've really left it to someone else to question and then we've just taken their word for it if it doesn't sound too ridiculous compared to the things we've heard before.

Can you see what I mean? It's a cycle that's almost impossible to break out of because that'd mean you were different to everybody else, because *everybody* else or almost everybody thinks *these* things..."

"What do you mean by that? Everybody thinks what things?"

"I'm probably making all of this too confusing but what I meant by that is people are *making do* with the beliefs that some people in the past believed. If people questioned whatever, I think there's a good chance they'd stand a much better chance of seeing life for what it *really* is but that might make them too different and they don't want to be different. They usually just want to be part of the crowd. If anyone looked as objectively as they could – and when I say objectively, I mean outside of religious restraints or the restraints of past views. Anyone who saw what I saw, well, I don't know, this is hard to say. If I knew about other people who saw this, I'd be surprised if they didn't also immediately see what the purpose of life is. They wouldn't see *anything else* except possibly reasons why we may be deviating from the plan."

"And you've done that?"

"I've done what?" **"See why we're deviating from the plan or seeing more objectively?"**

"-seeing objectively?"

"I'm not saying I'm seeing more objectively than other people as that would be pretty impossible to know what's definite is that I'm seeing more objectively than *I* used to and that has led to something...well, indescribably good – and ah man I've thought about it a lot. I have. And...I knew why we were here *before* my brother worked on me, but it's like my mind is a lot clearer now. It's like my thoughts have been amplified so I'm starting to see some things that I was thinking before even clearer now."

"Really?" Jonathan asked.

"Yeah really." **"If only you knew."**

"Can you elaborate please? That's what my 'really' was *really* referring to."

"Ages ago, I discovered exactly *why* people feel bad; that made me see the reason why babies look *adorable* to most people. I realised the reason why some people are racist; why sex feels *so good*. I know why some people *need* religion; I know why we place so much importance on an *object*. I *know* why someone would pay *ten million fucking pounds* for a *picture*...of a *chair*." Douglas paused.

"You gonna tell me?" Jonathan asked, literally on the edge of his seat.

"Of course I'm going to tell you or...wait, how teasey would that be? Say I had something really important to tell you and then *not* say it?"

"So...tell me man, what the fuck?" Jonathan said, as curious as he was irritated at being in so much suspense.

11:56pm – Living room

“Do you *really* believe that? I mean man, seriously?” Jonathan asked.

“Believe it? I’ve been convinced about this for the last, I don’t know...eleven or so years. Well I’ve been thinking about this for the last eleven years, I’ve been convinced for the last six or so. I always knew it was real, I mean it was the thing that made the most sense to me but aside from hearing it in the odd pop song or reading about it in a poem, nobody else believed it so it’s not as if I just went ahead and believed it, being in the vast minority and all.”

“People have said that in the past so it has been believed before but...something like that is just a comfort-belief surely. Are you sure you’re not believing it because it makes it easier to cope with what’s going on.”

“You mean like religion is comfort belief to some people? I think *some* people believe the things they do as a way of playing safe. They don’t really actually believe, or they don’t act on their beliefs.” Douglas said.

“That’s a bit different though isn’t it since religion has been around for ages.”

“So? That doesn’t mean it’s true, that just means people have believed...*whatever* for a long time and because of that lots of people do.”

“Are you sure you’re not thinking this because of what your brother did? He could’ve changed.”

“I’m not *thinking* this because of what he did. I’m possibly *talking about it* now because of what he did.”

“Why haven’t you said anything to me about this before now?”

“To be honest, I thought I did. When I found this out, I tried to everyone, well maybe not *everyone* but most of my friends, my family, some randoms, but...I found out real fucking quick that this isn’t the type of thing people welcomed as much as I thought they would. If I didn’t tell you, the fight had probably been beaten out of me. I used to talk about it a lot but just found myself arguing with people because it clashed with their theories about purpose and life and this isn’t really something to argue over. So I thought hey, they can think whatever they want.

“Well that would be a good thing to believe. More power to you if you can keep it up. Personally, I couldn’t believe it.” Jonathan said.

“You don’t have to believe it. Our continued non-belief couldn’t *change* that fact, it’s just an obstacle to us seeing it.” **How best to sum this up?–UTOPIA– Yeah, explain one of the differences between this and Utopia.** “And when I say ‘Paradise’ I don’t mean a utopia where you can kinda believe something and it’ll be personal to you and you can *possibly* make it concrete to a certain degree – I’m talking about planet Earth being *actual...Paradise.*”

“How can you say that when all this shit’s going on? Like you said, we’re hearing about shit on the news all the time. Say, fuck, *at least* one person was definitely...killed somewhere in the space it took me to do say the last thing I said. So many things happen, and you...” Jonathan stopped.

Huh? “Me, what?”

“What I mean by that is, you work in a place where you hear about child abuse and stuff. Child abuse, what the fuck?? That has to be one of the worst things a person can do, yet people do it.”

“Yeah it is but that’s the apparent bad thing about Paradise: *anything* goes. We’re here desiring things and don’t give a shit about the impact on other people to the extreme extent of being able to kill someone.

“That’s what I mean: how can you believe this is paradise when these warped things go on, *all* the time?”

“I can separate the place from, what we’re doing *on* the place. But all this mad shit’s...” He exhaled heavily, and paused. “It’s frustrating: we could never generally believe it’s Paradise because of all the bad things people are doing, but...if we knew it was Paradise, I think, those people wouldn’t be doing those bad things, they’d feel much better doing *other* things, which definitely wouldn’t include harming someone.”

“I’m still confused over why you think this is paradise in the first place?”

“No, no, you’re getting me *all* wrong.” Douglas paused and thought about the best way to answer. “I *know* this is Paradise as much as anyone else knows anything. Well, we all believe different things about existence and purpose and those things are real to us but it’s not as if all of us can be right. This is my ‘delusion’, for want of a better word, in the same way someone else has their ‘delusion’ and swears they believe the truth.”

“Okay – excuse me – how do you *know* this is paradise?”

“Oh man, there are loads of reasons, they’re, they’re surrounding us all the time, every single moment. There are so many different reasons pointing to the same more truthful thing.”

“Reasons...yeah, such as?”

“Well s-”

PARADISE DIALOGUES: Belief is Reality

“-uch as most of us strive for perfection or beauty in everything we do, all the time. Our brains at every single moment of our lives try to either maintain the current state of being, or they try to improve upon the current state. We can believe anything and that’ll be real for us. This is a circular argument but it was this one thing that made me *know* that this is Paradise. If I *believe* it’s Paradise, then *Paradise* it will be for me.”

“Yeah but just because you believe it’s paradise, that doesn’t necessarily believe you’re believing the truth?”

“Of course not but the mere fact that I can believe...the mere fact that I *can* believe something and because of that make it real, to me, means there is something really good going on. I mean, I’m saying, here we are able to believe in anything, therefore have the capacity to make anything real...which means we’re pretty much gods because we can create our own world. Even if this *wasn’t* Paradise, if this was just a blank page, we have the power to actually create our own Paradise on this page, but we’re not. It’s like we’re using this same power to create something else. Probably because most people don’t know the power is there. Some people *are* aware of it, some of these people have abused the power but I guess *that’s* the downside to belief being reality: *anything* can be made real, even if it’s laughable unrealistic. That’s what I meant about not believing in something, anything. I know if I merely believe in it whether it was real or not I’d perceive in a certain way that made them concrete to me – my brain would provide the evidence. Like ghosts.”

“I’m not following man.”

“That was a little rant wasn’t it?”

“Yeah kinda.” Jonathan said, nodding.

“This is really hard to explain, I’ve been believing this for years so I’m able to take all these concepts for granted now, even though they’re running against the grain of most other people. I’ve stopped speaking to people about this but going online has been good because If I can use an utopia example again.”

“How can you say that when Utopia’s don’t really exist? They’re just imaginary...inventions.”

“I know, I tried to make the difference between this and Utopia clear just now. Guess it didn’t work but I was trying to say that I’m not talking about a utopia for some people, for those who dare believe, I’m talking about an actual Paradise for everybody, all the time, but the catch is, you have to believe it. That’s another downside to belief being reality – aside from it being easy for some people to mislead you sometimes – the other downside is, because belief is reality, if you don’t belief something that is actually real, it won’t be real to you.” He paused, “For example...the fact that this is Paradise.”

“I still don’t see why you can believe this is paradise. It’s impossible to equate paradise with what’s going on now. How can you? What type of paradise are you talking about?”

“One we’re in control of.”

“Hey man I’d love to hear about this more now but I should make a move.”

“Oh how abrupt. You might as well have said, let’s stop talking about this now.” They both started to laugh.

“Not even. I am really tired man, I should head out.”

“All right. I’m not gonna force this issue, well you should know that since I haven’t spoken about it for how long now? You can pick this up whenever you’re ready.”

“How about same time same place tomorrow?” Jonathan asked.

–TWINS– “No I’m doing something tomorrow. I’m going to round to my brother’s house.”

“Thursday?”

“Yep, Thursday, it’ll be.”

“All right man, I hear ya. I’ll let you get some sleep, sorry for keeping you up, I said I was just passing round too.”

“I know but it’s okay.” They chuckled.

“I can do some thinking in the meantime, try to find ways of...erm...better explaining this. Right now I can’t, I’ll just be saying the same thing over and over again.” **That can be a project of mine, seeing if I can sum up eleven years of thought in a way that someone it can be seen by someone who may believe the opposite. They’re obviously not going to believe it but I should aim to let him understand my point of view.**

The ‘Bad’ Function

“Hey hey, how you doing man?” Douglas said, opening the door to his flat and letting Jonathan in.

“Yeah I’m good, I’m good.”

“So have you been thinking about what we spoke about?”

“Of course man, are you joking? I just can’t believe you can think that. How can you possibly explain it?” Jonathan said as he walked into Douglas’s living room. Douglas closed the door of his flat and then the living room door behind him. “I’ve got tons of questions.”

“I figured you would *but...I should* have the answer to *all* of them. Well, unless you ask me something I haven’t heard before.”

“Ah man, where to begin?” Jonathan said, after Douglas motioned him to sit down on the two seater sofa in Douglas’s living room. Douglas sat on the middle of the three seater sofa, picked up the remote control for the television set and pressed the mute button. He decided to turn it off so he stood up and did so.

“Want a drink?”

“No I’m cool for now.”

“Okay, so...question away.” **“What you got for me?” Say that.** “So what you got for me?”

“-are loads of things...The first one is: how can you *not* feel bad when something bad happens? How is that possible?”

“That’s a loaded question because firstly *bad* things don’t happen. *Things* happen that we *think* are bad. The thing that made me see ‘bad’ events in a different way was realising that the same thing can be witnessed by three different people who could have three different perceptions. They could perceive what actually happened in three different ways. They could then feel three different ways about it. How is that possible? Whatever happened wasn’t bad or good it was ‘something’ that these people can think is good and bad. Bad feelings were possibly bound to show up for one of these people because of the way bad feelings work.”

“So tell me, how do bad feeling works?”

“I’m glad you asked young man. Well...think of a baby.”

“Okay.”

“Babies have basic needs that have to be met. An interruption to this needs getting met thing results in the baby feeling uncomfortable. It expresses this discomfort so that this need gets met. This is the negative emotion acting in the way it was designed. Now I think what happens is, this baby soon learns that feeling bad about something usually results in getting that thing. Whether it be a basic need or just something that it desires.”

“Why do you think that?”

“It’s kinda obvious to me now. When there’s something wrong in a baby’s environment, it feels discomfort. That’s the first symptom of something not being right – so hunger actually feels bad. This bad feeling is expressed and then fixed by someone else.

That severity of feeling and urgent expression of feelings is needed in a baby because a parent wouldn’t know something was wrong otherwise. This baby couldn’t express that something was wrong in any other way. They can’t talk yet so have to rely on more primitive or instinctive forms of communication. That’s a really basic example of the function but when a baby cries about anything, the same thing is going on, whether it be hunger, if they’re hot or cold or want bodily contact, or even just stimulation I guess.

Let’s just assume the level of comfort of a baby isn’t all that bad, I mean when a baby is a little hungry, it doesn’t have to feel that bad but it pretends to because of the importance of hunger: if it doesn’t get food at all, it will die. So it pretends to feel really bad, I mean, by the way most babies cry, it pretends to feel excruciating agony when they think the

world is physically or emotionally uncomfortable. We then quickly learn that pretending to feel pain usually gets us what we want. For example when we used to feel hunger we would almost magically get fed. When we were too hot, the temperature would be changed by someone.

This...negative feeling...expression – response cycle is a program. A program that becomes obsolete as soon as communication is possible because after that, we can say that something is not to our liking. We don't have to have the bad feeling – that prompts crying – to let another person know *but* we keep on running the program because it's not been identified even as a program much less one that's obsolete."

"That sounds so...I've got to disagree with that. Without bad emotion..." Jonathan paused. "No I don't think it would be possible for humans to live without emotions of some kind, whether they be negative or positive. We can't have one without the other. Think if we didn't have emotions like love, hate, joy or sorrow? These are things which set us apart from all other life. If we didn't feel any kind of emotions what would there be of an existence? There wouldn't be one – we would go through life like robots not caring about anything or anyone. We as humans have to go through pain and sorrow to experience joy and love. Without these things our lives would be empty. In other words I wouldn't want to live if I didn't have emotions as painful as they may be, because that's what makes us individuals by how we deal with what life throws at us. They make us stronger, more determined and in some cases more headstrong or strong willed to make something of ourselves and become 'someone' in our own rights. Because of emotions, every human life is worth something and they make us 'us'."

"Too many things to respond to, firstly, we don't need the whole range of emotions. After I saw the nature of the bad function, I realised the whole range of emotions isn't needed: babies just need the bad ones because those are the ones that makes someone act in a certain way. If I'm right about the purpose of the bad ones, adults just need the good ones."

"Yeah but if we went around feeling good all the time, what would make us strive to do better? Why wouldn't we just make do with a life of mediocrity? Can I bill up by the way?"

"Yeah sure."

"Can I use this to lean on?" Jonathan said, referring to a folded up letter on the sofa. "Do you want to do one as well?" He then said, standing up to get from his jean pockets and jacket the necessary items to roll a joint of marijuana.

"No I'm cutting down, I didn't smoke that much anyway but I want to smoke less, possibly even stop completely, who knows but anyway, where was I? Some people could consider previous good feelings as bad, and I'm sure some people do anyway but I believe that the brain would try to improve upon the current situation. If we felt a certain way doing a certain thing, after some time, it wouldn't stagnant by default, if the person wanted to feel stagnated, I'm sure the brain will find a way of achieving it but I think a natural function of the brain is to improve."

"Ah but then, wouldn't the old feeling be bad because of the new one that's better?"

"If someone was feeling...I don't know how to explain it...erm, this is going to sound completely abstract but it should illustrate what I mean."

"Okay."

“Let’s say someone usually feels eight when they do something. I think it’s a natural response to want to feel nine after feeling eight a certain amount of time: the brain will try to find a way getting to nine because it’s constantly seeking to improve. Unless this person has resigned themselves to a life of complacency when eight is enough, they’re satisfied and blah blah. It sounds like you’re saying that once nine is achieved, then eight becomes bad.” Douglas said, pointing out where his ashtray was to Jonathan. Jonathan picked it up and returned to his seat.

“Yeah, would that not be the case? Even though eight used to be good, because there has been movement, it has now become relatively bad.”

“I don’t think so. Well in my case, eight was the best thing. When nine showed up, eight was still good, but nine was better. Just because nine has arrived, I don’t think eight will suddenly seem like a two, it might to some people but didn’t to me. But enough of this number talk. I think it’s becoming a bit too abstract.”

“Yeah it is a bit.”

“One thing I found amazing about my earlier conversations about bad emotions and the bad function is that people used to feel bad when they spoke about it. Are you feeling bad now?”

“Maybe not right this very minute but earlier yeah and when I thought about it when I was at home.”

“Why? And does that bad feeling you’re having talking about this or thinking about this fit into any of your reasons why you think bad feelings *have* to exist?”

Jonathan paused and thought.

“You feel bad because the bad function is at work at that moment. You’re hearing something that’s not to your liking *so* you feel bad. It *is* as simple as that. It’s kind of amazing that I can tell someone this, their bad functions start to work *immediately* as immediate proof almost and they still don’t see it. They don’t see it because the very idea of it doesn’t fit in with how they’ve been living for the past how many years. It’s the same with almost everybody I’ve spoken to about this. I told Dinah about this and she acted like she accepted it. Then she asked if it still applied if we broke up. I said of course, it applies to anything and everything.”

“That must’ve swept her off her feet.”

“What can I say? I was being truthful. She asked me a question and I answered it honestly. We had spoken about being honest too. She should’ve known the answer.”

“She must’ve been testing you.”

“Well either way, she didn’t like the answer. She got in a mood. Well the whole mood changed. Maybe she didn’t believe what I was saying before but at that moment, she had proof of why it was a rubbish belief that was bound not to work in this society. Which I found quite strange because if she did believe it in the first place, why would she not understand that it would also apply to feeling bad if she left me? I explained to her that her leaving me is one of the last things I wanted but if it did happen, I knew I shouldn’t feel bad.”

“Do you think that was part of the reason why she left you?”

“Well you know what, the reasons she gave didn’t make sense so it could’ve been that, it could’ve been anything.”

“Well I wouldn’t be in too much of a hurry to say it to Tracy, it may sound like you’ve stopped being human. Because how can you really stop feeling bad? Bereavement? Remorse? Regret? Embarrassment?”

Kinda like this... “Well, ah man, what can I say? I’m able to stop because I was able to see the function for what it was. Vital for a baby, but a hindrance to adults. A severe hindrance. But because this function is hard wired into our brains, even if you wanted it to stop, you’d have to try very hard over a long time. I had to...oh how to explain this?”
We’ve gone around in circles already so I better try something else.

“Plainly would be good.”

“Well that’s the plan. Erm, I can go into more detail if you want but for now, let’s just say that I recognised we felt bad because of the presence of negative concepts so to feel better, I had to tell myself counter concepts. When I first started, I had to really try like I was fighting against programming but then after a while, these counter concepts just showed up.”

“Wait, when did you tell Dinah that you wouldn’t feel bad if you broke up?”

“About a month ago.”

“So...just before she dumped you?”

“Yeah, you just kinda implied that was the reason why.”

“I thought it might have had something to do with it anyway but considering the timing of it, I’d say it was a definite factor. She might have thought you were brainwashing yourself, becoming less human. Or she might have just felt you weren’t passionate enough about her.”

“How can she question how passionate I am about her after her birthday presents. If she felt that way because of what I said about bad emotions that makes me know that she just didn’t understand what I was saying. I’m sure a lot of people aren’t going to understand. And I’m not brainwashing myself, I’m de-brainwashing myself if anything. People are brainwashed by schools, their parents, the things they see on TV.”

“How is that brainwashing? We’re being taught things.”

“We’re being taught some unimportant things that may or may not be true whilst other more important things are being left out, so that’s brainwashing because in some cases we’re being lied to and those true things that we weren’t taught don’t exist for us. Brainwashing. It’s not as if we’re taught to ask important questions like what are we exactly? What is the human being supposed to be? *Where* are and what should we be doing whilst we’re here and-”

Paradise

“-look how hard it is to get here anyway.”

“What do you mean how hard it is to get here? Do you want some of this?” Jonathan said, extending his arm so that the joint he was holding could be reached by Douglas.

“No thanks.”

“Oh sorry, I forgot you said you were cutting down.”

“What are the odds of winning the lottery?”

“Yeah you’ve spoken about this before.”

“Oh sorry. It is true though: the odds of us being here are inconceivably high. Look how hard it is from the point of view of...well what were the chances of our parents meeting

and then having sex when they did and even if that was fate, how many sperms are released in one go? We're racing against millions of siblings say that want to get here as bad as we do but we were the ones who made it."

"Why is it such a popular belief that Paradise is in the after-life?"

"I'm not sure if this is the main reason but it makes sense from a control point of view. Bad things are happening so that belief could be used as incentive to act better. If Paradise exists in the after-life and the chances of getting here are very slim, why didn't my brother or sister – who would've been here instead of me – get the chance to make it to that after-life? They can't because they weren't alive to be tested or whatever."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm talking about those odds again. If when my parents conceived the slightest thing was different, I wouldn't have been born but my 'brother' or 'sister' would've been born. If Paradise is really in an after-life. Why aren't they getting the chance to experience it?"

"That's just the way it is."

"I won't accept that answer. Bearing in mind, I know Paradise is *this*, I definitely don't accept that answer. Maybe after-life does exist. I don't know it does but what is clear is that people are definitely not making this life as good as it can be because of a belief in a potential after-life."

"Can't you say that about non-belief in an after-life? The people who do what they want because they don't believe in a higher purpose – they do whatever they want because they think their actions have no real consequence. If it does have a consequence, it's one they don't know about?" Jonathan asserted.

"That's funny because another thing that makes me think this is Paradise is the way the brain works in terms of drugs. Drugs are just like keys to chemicals that are there anyway. Do you know what neurotransmitters are?"

"Vaguely but you're not going to go all scientific on me? I would have to take your word for it because I don't remember."

"I'm not gonna dazzle you with names or anything but as long as you remembered how neurotransmitters work."

"They're drugs in the brain."

"Exactly, at a most basic level, there are some drugs that help you move, others than make you feel a certain way but...I don't want this to get complicated at all so I'll just say that every single way we're capable of feeling is present at every single moment of our lives, unless we're chemically deficient to everybody else. If we were, we'd need medication to fix the chemical imbalance that was caused by whatever but what I'm trying to say that at every single moment most of us have immediate access to the global euphoria of a tablet of ecstasy; we have the dimension or perception altering abilities of LSD; we have the exhilarating energy of caffeine or even speed; the courage of cocaine, the wild abandon of alcohol and the serenity of prozac or nicotine. I'm sure all the other drugs are covered too. We have access to *all* these things all the time but the brain only allows us to feel what it thinks we should be feeling?"

"What?"

"Yeah, you're right, I could've explained that better. What I mean is: the brain has to believe that it *should* be feeling a certain way, and it'll make it happen. I'm not saying we have an exhaustible supply of exhilaration, say, but in the short-term, we have everything we need to deal with the current situation. But...I'm sure on top of those things that we

do have in our reach that we can access any time, we also have drugs in our brains that we're never gonna experience because of our current beliefs."

"What did you mean by *global* euphoria back there when you said that?"

He thought back. "I don't know." **What could I have meant by that? –ALL SENSES–** "Oh I mean that everything would look good, everything would smell nice, taste nicely, whatever."

"What about pain?"

"Actually no, I was going to say that pain is different because pain has a purpose. When you're feeling pain, that's your brain saying there is something wrong in the environment, make a change now."

"Again, I still can't believe you think this is paradise when you work for Social Services. You hear about all those stories of child abuse and all other types of crap."

We're going back to that? "And...once again, the abusers don't know this is Paradise or they wouldn't be doing that. This would be a lot more Paradise-like, if people knew but I guess that goes without saying. Like I said, before, I'm able to distinguish the place about what is happening on the place. That's easy to do, people don't know what the place is or what they should be doing so they've ended up doing anything, some really bad things fuelled by negative feelings. If they saw the actual purpose of negative feelings, they wouldn't. I don't think it's coincidental that someone's voice can sound so nice. I saw Paradise everytime I looked into Dinah's eyes."

Jonathan started to laugh. "Sorry man, that sounded too corny."

"I know but it's true."

"Did you tell her that?"

"Of course."

"I suppose that could've started to make up for you saying you didn't care if you broke up or not."

"I didn't say I *didn't care*, I said I *wouldn't feel bad*, which was in context because I had just said that I wouldn't feel bad about *anything*, which obviously includes breaking-up with someone. If I didn't care, I wouldn't have been with her. I definitely wouldn't have treated her the way I did whilst we were going out. When she dumped me, I had a whole gang of counter concepts waiting in line in case I reverted to my old way of thinking, i.e. believing feeling bad was the best way to deal with the situation."

"That might be the best way to deal with some situations."

"Erm, nope, not if the Bad Function is true but oddly enough, it was being dumped by Sharon that led me to see it in the first place."

"What do you mean?"

"It was being dumped that made me want to stop bad feelings and that led me to this."

"Ohhhh, I understand now." Jonathan said, changing his seating position to lean forward more.

"Well it's about time."

"No I mean I understand why you think the way you do."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. Something really bad happened to you so you switched off as a way of dealing with it. Because you switched off, you're trying to persuade other people to switch off."

"What? You saying that makes me think you're not really listening to what I'm saying."

"I am listening and that's what it sounds like to me."

“This did start out from me just not liking bad feelings yeah, I agree, but the good thing about that is that it started to make me see a lot more objectively because my bad feelings were no longer getting in the way.”

“Uh uh.”

“Well not at first. At first, I didn’t know why we had bad feelings, I didn’t know there was a reason, all I knew is that I didn’t like it so I saw if I could...like...make ‘em less.” As Jonathan listened he exhaled, the smoke he expelled joined the ever-growing, slowly moving mist in Douglas’s living room. Douglas continued talking.

“Thinking these things started to reduce my bad feelings and that felt good, admittedly. I started talking about bad emotions to other people after I had lived in a way where bad emotions didn’t play such a big part so I thought: do they *have* to be there at all? I asked people if they knew why we felt bad and people told me different things that didn’t make sense.”

“So what did make you see the reason?”

“It was Sharon, well you know we were friends for a while after she, well after we finished? We were talking about it. I must’ve brought up something that didn’t make sense to me. I said I tried to let it go but found it really hard to so brought it up again and I was glad because she spoke about the reasons why she really ended.”

“What did she say?”

“She said she ended it because of bad feelings she kept on having. She said if I could stop her bad feelings, she’d go back out with me and that’s what made me look for the reason – to try to stop her bad feelings. That’s when I asked myself, if bad feelings serve no actual purpose aside from making us feel shitty, why are they there? The next time I saw a baby cry, I knew...”

Psychoplasm

She wanted something and the only way it knew of asking for that thing was to feel ‘bad’ and then start crying. I traced the association back to when babies are newborn and have horrible feelings because things are wrong and need to be changed. Adults don’t actually alter the function, they just attribute ‘adult’ beliefs to it. Because of what they’re taught and the way other people are living, these adults are living in a world where bad things happen all the time and that explains the bad feelings they have.

The irony of the whole situation was that I started to become almost zealous because of what I found so I tried to convince her about my findings but the more I tried to convince her, the more she thought I was saying it to get her back. I think I ended up pushing her away completely. The good thing about that was, I obviously didn’t feel bad about it because I had now found something way beyond anything I had imagined before, which included not feeling bad about things. In fact, that bad feeling is good because it’s proof that we’re trying to improve upon a situation we’ve perceived as bad.”

“I still don’t see it.”

“Fair enough man. I figure all I can do is show you as clearly as possible and hope you see the sense in it. The fact that belief is reality is a hard point to get across though I may be able to explain it in another way.” Douglas continued. “When I used to say ‘belief is reality’ when I used to talk to people about this, it used to spark off a whole series of conversations that I thought unnecessary because from that moment on, we then argued

about what I meant by 'belief is reality'. This is self-proving but some people still chose to not see it. I then came across this word 'psychoplasm.'

I read it in a comic, where the main character dies and goes to hell. This hell was the most interesting version I had heard. It wasn't a big bad place that people were trapped in. It was a lot more personal because it was composed from individuals' memories and fears. The narrator said it was composed out of their psychoplasm. I took that to mean 'mind stuff'. This way, your hell is going to be horrific to you because you're going to be surrounded things that are fearful to you."

"Okay."

"When I first discovered that belief was reality, I couldn't come to terms with it: the *fact* that belief *was* reality: if we actually believed something it would be *concrete* to us. My other friends believed whatever they did and that was real to them. I believed this and it was real for me. Anyway, I came across this word and I realised that it was another way of describing what's happening because belief is reality. The writer of the comic said that the hell was made of the person's psychoplasm. It is the same agency that our own minds are using to create our personal realities here on Earth. I thought that was a timely analogy to make. That's why it's possible for people to believe in different religions and swear blind that their one is the right one and so on. A Christian person is doing that with their psychoplasm, that's why they believe the things they do. A Muslim is doing that with their psychoplasm, that's why they believe the things they do, and so on."

"What about someone who doesn't believe anything?"

"Well that's what they're doing with their psychoplasm, there's no escaping it."

"So this is what you're doing with your psychoplasm?" Jonathan asked.

"Yep, now you're getting it."

"If you can make anything real with this stuff, how do you know you're believing the truth?"

"I don't, but surely the best way to manage your psychoplasm is to first of all acknowledge it. We're living in our own created worlds and most of us don't know or the most of us don't know the extent." Douglas said.

"This sounds like another Matrix theory. What's the difference between this and yet another comparison to the matrix?"

"The difference between is, in 'The Matrix' as I understood it, there was a real world but every individual was plugged into a computer that was simulating the same fake world for everybody so that's what they were perceiving and acting out. Now, here, we're all *in* a real world and perceiving it but based on that real world, we're making a fake world that's supposed to *copying* it but we're falling short in accurately copying it in lots of ways. That was likely to happen though since we're not even taught that we're making fake worlds with the intent of copying the real one. The vast majority of people are going to live and die thinking things are either true or not. They're never going to know that this 'truth' is projected, therefore created from within in an attempt to mirror the actual truthful world."

"I bet loads of people won't. And I suppose it having a stupid name isn't exactly making it easy. Sorry I shouldn't have said 'stupid', I should've said 'weird'."

"I know it sounds weird and/or stupid but this is something really hard to explain and this is the best way I've found to. It's just a label anyway I mean...it doesn't have to be 'psychoplasm', choose another label for that part of the brain: reality maker or actualiser,

the concrete...something or 'nother. What I find amazing is that I can assign a label like 'psychoplasm' because scientists haven't already done so."

Jonathan continued to look at Douglas as he spoke. Douglas noticed that his eyes had adopted a pinker hue.

"Another way of explaining psychoplasm is to talk about dreams. Objects and ideas in our waking lives are stable because that's the product of our psychoplasm and universal reality. Dreams are a lot less stable because that's one hundred percent psychoplasm."

"But that's just a dream, how can you compare that with reality?"

"I can compare the two because of the factors involved. Reality is psychoplasm – or actual imagination – based on universal reality. A dream is psychoplasm based on your abstract imagination so it's just imagination. Different people believing in different things shows the strength of psychoplasm. It's so strong that it can delete its own presence or hide itself, which is the only reason why a person can argue the fact that belief is reality. It's so strong that if someone has a bad function response to the idea of the bad function, they can and apparently will ignore it. The bad function and psychoplasm are both *that* all-encompassing. But it means in almost every case, the thing that is supposed to be the window to truth is blinding people from it."

"Whoa man, that sounds dramatic." Jonathan said; pursing his lips looking smug.

"Bearing in mind how good I think the truth is, *tragic* is what it is."

"But are you listening to yourself? It's so strong it can delete its own presence? How do you know it's there?"

"What do you mean?? I know it's there because if it wasn't religions wouldn't exist, cults wouldn't exist. It would be *impossible* to believe in something that wasn't universally true!"

"Whoa man calm down."

"Oops, whoa, sorry."

"Are you sure you don't wanna smoke any of this? It might take the edge off, shit."

"Ah man, sorry, like I said, I haven't *completely* stopped the function in me or I would've said that a lot calmer."

"I guess so."

"Anyway, it feels like I've been giving a lecture here, we should take a break."

"Yeah, and I should've thought twice about smoking and then trying to take this debate right now."

"Getting mashed?"

"I'm getting gangster lean and this is some heavy stuff man."

"Yep, a little too heavy, I fear. We've started to go 'round in circles again anyway so we might as well again, agree to disagree. Like I said, this is something that shouldn't be argued. I know people aren't going to believe, there's no point talking about it to people, which made it easy for me to not say anything to anyone for so long."

"You should do a website or something."

"What would I call it, 'www dot this is really Heaven dot com'?"

"But you should, if you feel this strongly about it. If you believe it to the extent that you say you do then why not?"

"I've never really given it much thought before but I suppose I could."

"I don't think many people would subscribe to that website though. Again though man, I'll go away and think about this."

“I suggest you do that, we’ve covered a lot of ground.”

“We’ll have to pick this up another time.”

“Whenever you’re ready. Better yet, do you want to read the most up to date version of the book?”

“Sure.” Jonathan said, standing up to prepare to roll another joint of marijuana. He realised that everything he needed was still out next to him so sat back down and picked up the torn packet of cigarette papers.

“I’m sure that will explain it a lot better than I’m trying to now. I’ve been thinking about the best way to explain this but it still seems like I’m not explaining it as well as I can. In the book, it’s set out in a very structured way because of one of the characters tries to explain it to another. This book was definitely an outlet for me. I mean, like I said I quickly learnt it wasn’t really worth saying anything to anyone but I had to do something with this so thought, write a story with this idea as the main strand.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“Anyway, shall I put the Playstation on?” Douglas asked.

“No, you got any new films? Now I’m just in the mood to sit and vegetate.”

“I haven’t bought any for a little while but you can take a look if you want.”