RECIPE FOR CHAOS

An Imaginative Explanation of Just
What Exactly the F is Going on Here

Book 1

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INTRO

It's 4 am.

I have four sips of muddy coffee in me. I've been up half-an-hour rolling around in bed.

Why?

Because I care about you.

Funny, right?

I don’t know who you are, or why you’re reading this book, but it doesn’t change the fact that you *mean something* to me.

You are part of this Game, just like me.

You are part of humanity, just like me. We're in this together - like it, or not, and I feel like we need to help each other through this mess.

I’m going to do my part.

I am wide-awake at this ungodly hour because I owe you something that has been eating away at me for decades,

and now it has started to hurt.

I owe you this book.

My debt to you isn't going away until I get this done.

The pain inside me isn’t going away until I get this done.

For a long time, this book has been piecing itself together. A good writer would have realized twenty years ago that he was onto something, and knocked it out in a year. Two, tops.

At long last, here we are and you're no doubt wondering - what is this all about?

What are we in for?

You must be asking yourself that right about now - aren’t you?

This book is about a character I will call OZ, for lack of anything better, more satisfying, or more accurate to call it.

OZ isn't meant to be a woman, man, god, or alien. I haven't the slightest idea what OZ is. Nobody does. I don't have any religious beliefs. I am not at all sure that one of mans’ religions doesn’t have the right god. I just don't know or pretend to know.

There might be no god at all - no OZ - anywhere in the

cosmos.

That's a real possibility.

Somehow, that seems unlikely to me.

In my mind, there is probably some insanely-brilliant intelligence that created "The Game."

You know, the life game. This game we're all playing here.

I don't know whether OZ looks anything like a human, a starfish, or a classroom of Yoda-looking-aliens on a distant planet who came up with The Game as a class project.

It could be any of these, I just cannot begin to guess.

Have you ever stopped to consider, to wonder, what OZ intended for your life?

Why would OZ start this incredibly complex game?

How are those for a couple of questions to start us off?

Is this life just for the dance? I mean, the purpose of a dance is the act of it⋯ the process. There's no end point. Is The Game like that? Or, is it going to end up somewhere? Is the point of The Game, the destination?

Do you have any idea where something like this could end?

Me neither.

Maybe everything we are and know is just an experiment in which some inconsiderate OZ or OZs came together to create this epic experiment.

Maybe they are taking turns creating more games across the cosmos, tweaking variables here and there, just to see what happens?

Or, maybe there is a prize or pride for the OZ that makes the most interesting game?

Or, maybe the prize goes to the one that makes the longest lasting game, before it all self-destructs?

Maybe they were placing bets on the outcome of the Cold War, attempting to guess when we'd all blow ourselves up.

Or maybe the winner is The Game that makes all the OZs laugh the hardest. Sometimes I can't help the feeling that this is someone's idea of a joke.

Doesn't it feel that way sometimes? Like things are so ridiculously horrible that it must be some sick personality quirk of the OZ that started all this.

I don't know.

So, what do I know?

I'm not sure anymore. When I was young, I was sure about a lot of things. I spoke with authority. I spoke with point of

view. I knew right from wrong.

Today?

I don't know anything for sure, but within this book are the topics I cannot stop thinking about. My mind is spinning over these things, round-and-round, every day I wake up.

If you really look at people you know, people in the news, anybody, you must admit: nobody has the slightest idea what is going on in The Game. Why are we here? What is our task? What should we occupy ourselves with? Self-improvement? Art? Making money?

We seem to know a lot more about WHAT is going on than WHY it's going on.

Don't we?

The "what" is all around us. We see the what. The what is here, it's this. It's that.

It's the *why* that's the real cranium-cracker.

Why is The Game what it is?

Few people are looking backward far enough for the answers.

Some scientists say it was the Big Bang. They start with that. That event is somewhat interesting to me, but to me it

doesn't mean that much.

Why?

I want to go back further.

What started the Big Bang?

Christians go back to the Bible. Muslims go back to the Koran. Billions of people believe something about the start of this world, but they haven't taken a skeptic's view of what OZ might look like. They believe stories. They believe scientists.

They haven't really looked at *what* we have here in front of us.

The *what* in front of every one of our faces.

Most of us reading this have a pretty good idea what we believe happened to start The Game. Most are fairly content to say that whatever happened before the earth and heavens were created - is unknowable.

I think what happened is unknowable, yes. But, I have this idea that we can find out about the thing, the entity, the power that started all this based on what we see right in front of us. OZ left footprints. Clues. Hell, every single thing we have in front of us, inside us, and beyond us, is a stroke of the brush from this OZ character.

It's something like looking at a Van Gogh painting without knowing who painted it. There are certain brush strokes, colors, themes, and scenes that are part of Van Gogh's style. Something can be said about the person as a result of the art they create.

Some of Van Gogh's self-portraits were a bit disturbing. Then he lost his mind.

Did OZ lose the mind before creating The Game?

During it?

After it?

We can listen to a piece of music from Ravi Shankar and know that it was his because he is an inseparable part of his music. We can look at a building and guess the architect. We can read a book or article and guess the author.

In the same way, everything that has been created - everything we have and who we are - points to OZ and what it is.

Or was.

Maybe OZ isn't even around anymore. How would we know? Maybe The Game was put in motion, and OZ moved on to more devastating things. Or maybe OZ is hugging a tree somewhere in a distant universe with completely

different rules.

The earth, the planets, our solar system, our galaxy, the cosmos, the color and soft curls of my little girl's hair - it all bears the signature of the ultimate creator, OZ.

OZ created The Game according to, in parallel with, and enmeshed with, itself. All of this we see in front of us, all that we deal with every single stinking day, has *something* to do with OZ.

Whatever was important to OZ is here in The Game. Like some twisted psychopathic artist OZ whipped up this game and set it into motion. It runs on today as the longest chemical chain reaction we could possibly know, and never understand.

The qualities of this game, the rules or laws, are in place because OZ saw fit to design them the way we see them playing out here.

There are many clues here we can look at to try to piece together some picture of OZ and learn something. Many trillions of pieces.

The mentality of OZ is evident here, just as OZ chose it to be. We can look at pieces of the puzzle and glean something from them.

The morality of OZ isn't so clear.

Many of us think there is some all-knowing OZ out there who knows everything, has planned everything out, and is involved in making things happen in The Game on a constant and never-ending basis. Some think OZ planned every single interaction of every atom bouncing around this game.

I don't know.

Is OZ capable of that? I mean, it's two different things entirely to say that OZ created all the gazillions of variables in this game, and then also knew every one of the exponential interactions there would be as a result of the creation of those variables.

Is that too much to know? To plan for?

Maybe OZ, just like us, cannot see the future. Maybe this Game was designed just to "see what happened." For the thrill of it, you know? For the dance.

I'm okay with that idea. I mean, guesses must be made, and mine is that this was all an elaborate experiment to see what would happen when Oz set this group of variables into motion, with the big bang, or whatever might have preceded it.

For some reason, I think OZ started with some vision of exactly how it wanted The Game to end, and then worked

backward from there, creating all the necessary variables.

It's just a feeling I have.

Another feeling I have is that even if OZ didn't know the outcome of the experiment this Game represents, the *possibilities* were known.

Like a chess master knows all the possibilities of a move and subsequent moves. OZ built The Game, and knew all the crazy possibilities that could come out of it.

For instance, OZ knew when male and female humans were finally developed from the evolutionary process, they would be radically different from each other, and yet still somehow be similar enough to get along for the most part. At least enough to mate sometimes.

OZ knew they would need to interact with each other to keep playing The Game, and that things would get shitty sometimes. I think OZ designed The Game with this, and all the other variables, in mind.

The range of possibilities was always known. However, maybe the exact outcome wasn't known. There might have been some wiggle-room for it to develop on its own and surprise OZ.

We also love a good surprise! Don't we?

What if you knew everything? How many surprises would there be then?

Maybe that was a goal of The Game?

Maybe, for OZ to feel alive, or happy, or exhilarated, or whatever positive feelings or state it could possibly attain, it needs to see novel situations develop. Weird stuff. Bad stuff. Funny stuff. Awesome stuff.

Other stuff we couldn't understand.

Maybe we are the way we are because we are similar to OZ. I mean, we like to see funny, bad, novel, scary, weird, and awesome stuff too - don't we?

When we're surprised, it can be one of the best or truly worst experiences of our lives. But it shakes things up. It keeps The Game interesting.

Alfred Adler, a psychologist I studied in school, coined the phrase 'spitting in the soup.' In the context of therapy to help people break dysfunctional patterns of thought, he'd 'spit in the soup' a little bit, and see what happened. It means to throw something random, even a little negative, into the conversation – and see what happened.

Maybe OZ spat and then shat in our soup, you know, just to see what happened?

OZ's personality or qualitative make-up, its morality, motivations, beliefs, and intent, can all be seen in what we observe around us.

That's my idea.

In anger, love, and awe, we are witnessing some of what OZ intended. When we open our eyes wide and drink in the amazing world around us, we're seeing a possibility that OZ already imagined, or brought directly into existence for us.

I know this is flawed. We can only come to some fuzzy approximation of the true OZ. Still, I believe we can see a bit of an image of OZ forming when we look at enough of the world with the idea that something amazing and unknown, is behind it.

I can't say who or what created The Game**;** that appears to be completely outside our grasp. Something did. Its name might as well be OZ. As you read this book, you can call it Mother Nature, God, Jehovah, Muhammed, Brahma, Yahweh, or something else. Really, you can call it anything you like.

So, to make it really clear, I don't know what OZ is. I don't have any preconceived ideas about it. I put it into the form of one character with a two-letter name, for the sake of ease in writing this book. It may be one entity, or it may be a group of sixty million that all had a say in the planning and

execution of The Game we play. I certainly don't have the foggiest idea, but I have a lot of possibilities.

I'm interested in what we can guess, learn, or know about OZ, based on the design of The Game. Based on what is going on here every minute of every day – on micro and macro scales.

So, let's do that.

But, where would we start?

There are many variables we can look at to try to know something about whatever designed this and put it into motion.

Let's start simply by naming some variables OZ created.

Sleep is one.

What about gravity? Biology? Physics? Food? Cravings? Mental Illness? Birth defects? Crack addicts? The moon?

So begins our look at the world and cosmos in our attempt to figure out something about OZ. In this, and books to follow, we'll look at some of the most confounding issues confronting humanity - and try to figure out what they could possibly tell us about this mysterious force.

We'll try to figure out what OZ could have intended or wanted to accomplish. We'll try to paint a picture of OZ that

makes some sense to us.

I encourage you to come up with your own answers to the questions. I can only give you my own take on things. Your take is more important.

Let's see what we can discover about the most amazing force in our universe, our cosmos, the absolute everything.

Let’s continue by asking some questions. Some big questions.

Why are we all here playing this game?

What, if anything, is the point of this game we play?

Are we players, or are we pawns? Do we have any part of ourselves that is separate from The Game and that allows us to, with free will, choose from options in front of us, or are we doomed to follow The Game According to Oz – and make only decisions that have already been made for us?

Are we following some plan that guides us through life on a predetermined path?

Is it possible that your life is guided by fate and you're just playing the role?

Or, do our choices and actions *mean something*?

Maybe.

Could it be that, The Game is *playing us*?

Or, are we all just following karma - and your past deeds in this life and previous lives are all affecting the range of options you have in front of you?

Or, are we completely free - within the confines of The Game - to do as we wish?

And further, what comes after this game?

Could we be in one particular level of The Game that just doesn't make sense to us, and the next level (after we die) all makes perfect sense?

Are we flopping around in this level like fish out of water just to *find ourselves*?

If we do find ourselves and put the work in to discover our core values - what we believe is right – and strive to follow them as best we possibly can**,** will this help us in the next level?

Or will it mean nothing at all?

Perhaps the billions of us all die in the dirt without uttering another peep once the 'Game Over' screen fades away.

I find myself at odds, not with the world - but with the part of my mind that is struggling to understand The Game's *why*.

It's a source of never-ending frustration - and mind-numbing paralysis - each time a *why* floats across my conscious mind**,** and prods me to answer it.

VERN

Before we get any further into this, I should say a little about myself and where I'm coming from.

I consider myself agnostic when it comes to religion, and belief in God. I don't believe in any particular God. I don't believe that there definitely is one. I allow for the possibility that there is a God, an OZ that created all of this. I lean that way even. However, Christianity and Buddhism – studied in-depth, didn't provide the answer for me over the last fifty-plus years.

For someone to tell me that I need to believe in some God based only on faith, you might as well be telling me I need to be at the top of a mountain to meet Zeus at midnight in a week.

My mind just doesn't work that way.

That said, there is a vast amount of discord here, that I can plainly see with my open eyes. So many things don't make sense to me. The Gods that some people worship here offer some answers.

Never all the answers, or we'd all be members of that religion – wouldn't we?

MY AGENDA

I've no real agenda with this book.

I know, that's what everyone says.

I have no idea where it's going. This, I think, is the best possible scenario. I have no set conclusion in mind. Maybe like you are, I'm on a search to find out more about the reality I live in while reluctantly playing The Game because I don't want to bail out and see what's next.

I say **"reluctantly"** because I'm overwhelmed by the negative when I take a good look at the big picture.

On a day-to-day basis, I'm quite happy. Though the body is slowly falling apart and it's harder to put Humpty Dumpty together again since I passed the big 5-0, I'm happy enough with my health. I'm happy with my family and friends. I'm overjoyed with my daughter, and my wife and I have been happily together for twelve years.

I'm not addicted to anything. I am admittedly obsessed with a few topics - this being the major one.

Like everyone, I have pain. My son is in another country,

and I hope someday to fix that. But, every day as I wake up, I'm happy enough to get started doing what I can do to make my life and the lives around me better in some way.

I'm rarely ever in a bad mood that lasts more than five minutes.

I am pained at seeing others in pain. The pain of others weighs heavily on me for some reason. I mean, very heavily. Maybe because my life has been so good and I don't know why so many other people's lives are so challenging in comparison.

***

Now you know a little bit about me. I'm probably a lot like you. As different as we all are, I'm probably a lot not like you too. If there's something here that doesn't make sense, that you can't quite follow, would you do me a favor and let me know?

Just jot down a note in email – you don't have to worry about spelling or grammar and stuff, I'm not really a writer. My niece who is editing this, is.

The first chapter is about variables in The Game. I talk about gravity a lot. I hope you can get past that because the meat of it is in the chapters that follow.

CH 1 – Variables - Ingredients in the Recipe for Chaos

To learn about any subject, we need to know the variables that make it up.

If a person has a problem**,** we listen and try to pick out the important variables causing the trouble. If an object is the problem**,** we look at it from many angles. We twist and turn it everywhichway, and subject it to any number of micro-experiments to try to understand more about it. If we still can't figure it out, we might smell it, throw it, or smack it with something.

What we have before us is a near infinitely large set of variables that define The Game. The variables are always there, even before we open our eyes in the morning and we're in that semi-lucid state where the reality of facing another day just like yesterday is dawning on us. The Game is going on, every single day you wake up. When you sleep, it doesn't stop.

Sleep is part of The Game, isn't it?

Absolutely everything is part of The Game.

These variables define the lives, the reality, of people all over the world.

Like you and me.

For all we know, it's the same for creatures all over the cosmos, or in any other dimension. Maybe they're all dependent on variables that define their game**.** A rule less world, a world without variables isn't easily conceived.

These variables are the laws we all live with. Most are, as far as we know, immutable.

Some laws can be bent or surpassed as our knowledge increases and we develop technology to get around a specific variable.

For instance, conquering gravity's force binding us to Earth was necessary to send spacecraft beyond Earth's gravitational reach. Gravity is a variable we all live with, and one that affects almost everything in The Game.

There are physical-law variables we can look at using physics, chemistry, and mathematics. The sciences are just collections of rules – which are, in themselves, filled with variables.

There are variables in biology governing life's rich diversity.

There are variables of all kinds in the fields of psychology, neuroscience, and every other science.

There are social variables governing the interaction of people with other people. There are variables we're not even sure are true or real, like people's ideas about religion, god, UFOs, etc. Some people act as if they're true though, so they are variables in The Game as well.

Whatever affects people or anything else in The Game is a variable.

Each molecular substance…

Every quality of something…

Every innate or learned behavior…

Every potential behavior, action, and reaction - are all variables.

In short, every damn thing we can know something about**:** variables!

WHERE DID VARIABLES COME FROM?

OZ.

Either OZ directly made them or created the conditions by which these variables could come into existence. The

ultimate cause for the existence of every variable in The Game, is OZ.

Whether everything was created by magic, in an experiment, was designed and built piece by piece, or whether all the pieces of it just came together in one lump and figured themselves out - I don't have the slightest idea or inclination.

What I want to do is look closely at some of the variables we live with – to see if we can find any clues about OZ. I don't want to look so much from a scientific point of view, because I'm certainly not a scientist. But, let's look from a sort of world-citizen common-sense angle - an average Joe or Jane point of view.

AVERAGE JOE AND JANE

Not all of us are average human beings. Probability curves with regular distribution (bell curve), which are in effect for many things going on in this world, reveal that 68% of us fall within plus or minus one standard deviation (SD) from the mean on various constructs. If we're using the measure of IQ – intelligence quotient, the mean in the USA is said to be 100 on the Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale-Revised (WAIS-R).

Thirty-four percent of people in the first SD are above that

mean and thirty-four percent are below. Most of us are in there somewhere. The range for the first SD is 85-115.

Within about two standard deviations (actually 1.96 if you want to be technical), 95% of all people can be found. Within three SD's, are 99.7% of all people. People scoring in the second and third SD above or below the mean are not normal on the construct of intelligence, at least as measured by this test. In the case of intelligence, these are people with IQ's less than 85 and greater than 115.

Obviously, these people are all around us.

We're competing with them for jobs, and for a parking space during Black Friday.

Does a person with an IQ of 69 have the same opportunities in life as a person with an IQ of 150? All other things being vaguely equal, I mean.

Of course not.

The ability of the human brain is so important in life that an IQ of 69 is basically Game Over. Such a person could have every other social, emotional, spiritual, and financial advantage possible in life – and still wouldn't have the same quality of life as someone with an average or above-average IQ.

An IQ test is just one measure of brain ability and activity. I

know people who score ridiculously high on the WAIS-R who cannot figure out how to keep friends. Their social IQ is so far below the mean that it's devastating to quality of life.

We are all so vastly different in mental potential and ability, in so many different areas, that it could be said we are all living unique lives because we're all playing unique games. One woman's daily challenges might be trying to remember how to brush her teeth, and which way the shorts and shirt go on the body.

Another woman is trying to figure out precise satellite re-entry points and times so ships or countries can make sure no one is squished.

Still someone else is going to work at their nine-to-five during weekdays and trying to figure out how to watch more YouTube at work without getting caught.

Every single one of us is playing a different game within The Game.

Average hours of sleep per night is another activity that would look like a normal bell curve for a large enough sample. Maybe the average amount of sleep per night for adults in Brazil is 8 hours. Within the first standard deviation are the 68% that get between 7-9 hours per night. Within the second SD are those 27% that get about 6 hours

or 10 hours per night. Within the third SD are those who get about 5 hours or 11 hours per night. Within the .3% in the 4th SD will be all those who get either less than 5 hours or more than 11 hours of sleep per night.

Though I was just guessing above, it turns out that this is pretty close to the truth. German chronobiologist Till Roenneberg's book "Internal Time: Chronotypes, Social Jet Lag, and Why You're So Tired" spells it out. The vast majority of people need seven to nine hours of sleep.

Someone who needs only seven hours can get a lot more done, and live a lot more of life, than someone who needs nine hours of sleep a day.

Right?

The difference, over the course of a 70-year lifetime is 2,130 days. That's 5.8 years!

The person sleeping less can get a lot more done, or has a lot more free time available if she wants. The person who sleeps another two hours per day has to deal with a whole lot less stress by sleeping the equivalent of six more years by age seventy.

See how different we are**,** even just on the basis of this one biological need?

In your family, everyone probably prefers to get a different

amount of sleep. How weird is that?

Not one of us would show up as normal in all constructs that follow a normally distributed bell curve. So, in reality, none of us is the average human. We are average in some ways, and different than average in other ways.

We're all absolutely unique.

Here's another quick example before I go any further.

As mentioned before, a prominent physical variable we have in The Game is ***gravity***. Gravity is universal, as far as we know. We don't know of anyone or anything escaping it, on this planet or any other. Gravity affects people, aardvarks, trees, bats, and birds. Every life form in the world is struggling with it.

One resulting reality of this is that heavy people - anyone with more mass, whether it's muscle or fat, are affected to a greater degree than are thin, wiry people with less mass.

As adults, we've all marveled at the ridiculous amounts of energy some kids seem to have. The other day I weighed my daughter at 51 lbs. I am nearly four hundred percent heavier than her. I can't even do some of the things at the playground I see her doing. Gravity affects me much more than it does her. It's a major mental and emotional factor for some people who cannot do what others can do easily at

a lower weight.

For heavy people, gravity plays a major role as they decide what they will do every day. Heavy people ask themselves repeatedly throughout the day if they want to fight gravity to do things many people take for granted, like…

1. Go find the remote control.

2. Go to the beach to see a sunset with their kids.

3. Walk around the block for fitness or social reasons.

4. Go to college to learn something that will benefit their lives and their family's lives.

5. Go find something to eat.

If someone is obese, every physical thing they do is affected by the thought of the gravity they will have to overcome to do it.

My friend who does ultra-marathons might never ask himself if he has the energy to go to the beach to watch the sunset. Gravity just isn't a big deal to him unless he's running up a mountain.

Having the energy to accomplish the day's activities isn't even a concern for him. He would never consider walking between buildings at his university an expenditure of energy that deserved any serious thought. Someone unfit

and 300 lbs. would certainly consider it more carefully.

Someone who is obese might be put off by getting a college degree at a university that required a lot of walking from building to building in hot weather. It takes much more energy for a heavy person to do it. More thought about the matter comes into play. There's more negative experience to get over for one person than for the other. It takes more will to do it.

The variables in The Game we're all playing, like it or not, can profoundly affect our activities of daily living - and outlook on life. They affect absolutely everything. This book could probably be solely about the effect gravity has on different people and how it's no wonder **overweight** people**,** fighting it every day for every single thing they do**,** are depressed and not living life to the ultimate.

So, let's look at some more variables, to see if they tell us anything about the why of life**,** about the why of the creation of this world, this cosmos... this entire game.

Some variables affect us from before we're born until we die. Some don't seem to have any effect in our lives at all. But, we can see them. We're aware of them. They are like messages from OZ.

Maybe OZ meant something by creating them the way they are?

Not every variable is negative. I do see that there are some amazing experiences available to us. I also see that these same experiences wouldn't be nearly as amazing, if a lot of the other things in life weren't so horrible.

We need the suck to know the bliss, don't we?

I look at The Game we're playing as the result of some absurdly complicated algorithms OZ devised to run The Game. Sort of like Google has search-engine algorithms to guide how it ranks websites in the results when you search a keyword; OZ has created equations or algorithms filled with variables that guide every aspect of our world. There might be many thousands or millions of these equations, or maybe just one.

Heck, if OZ is so smart, it would be just one, right?

Recipe for Chaos means that OZ put together all of these ingredients in a recipe that has produced a system quickly turning to some sort of meaningless chaos, as far as I can tell. Humankind is running around the world all 'willy-nilly', as my Grandma used to say.

The world is in a state where many little groups, usually based around a religion, claim to know the reason we are here on earth playing The Game. They tell us what must be accomplished and how we must act in this world. There are thousands of groups with different ideas, and there is no

one idea that makes enough sense that the whole human population believes in it.

We're all running around willy-nilly and killing each other out of greed and over differences of belief, of skin-color even. We've made substantial progress, sure. But we're still seeing it most places we look, if we look hard enough.

MORE ON VARIABLES

A variable is just about anything we can put a name on or observe in The Game. Some variables are changeable, and some never change.

Variables combine to create the chaos we see in the world around us. They cover absolutely ***everything***.

Simple Variables:

- gravity
- the general color of your left eye
- whether you were born with a left eye
- the farthest distance, in inches, you can see a four-inch by four-inch black square on a white background on matte paper in bright sunlight with your left eye

- your height or weight, and the ratio between them
- the average core body temperature, in Celsius, of the human body
- your average core body temperature in C°
- the expansion in length of a 4-inch long and .0045-inch diameter strand of copper heated from 0° C to 30° C
- the maximum volume, in decibels, of a six-week-old Boston Terrier's bark

So, variables can be very simple, or they can be much more complex and involve many other variables.

More Complex Variables:

- the range of the strength of gravity found across our galaxy, taking into account all heavenly bodies affecting the gravity in that particular space
- the intensity of anger someone feels when slighted, based on what **a** person means to her and what preceded the event for the previous 17 years
- physical laws describing the speed of sound or light in a medium of ambient 30°C air at 50% humidity

It can get complex. A very complex variable could be the

range of possible responses you will get when presenting your spouse with a question about why the toilet seat was left in the position you found it.

Variables cover everything in the human experience.

Variables could have been assigned to be any way OZ wanted them to be. For some reason, they are exactly as we have them here.

Gravity, we spoke about earlier. Gravity could have affected matter with any level of strength. It could have affected metallic objects only, or just fruit and earthworms. But no, it affects everything with mass. OZ set it as it is**,** I believe, for some reason. I think OZ must have had a reason, a justification, a desire for setting every variable exactly as it is.

One alternative is that there was no reason at all and it was just all put together randomly. I have this idea, this feeling, that the world isn't here just randomly and for no reason at all. I just can't see The Game going on for 14 billion years if that were the case. No, it was designed masterfully to continue this long. It doesn't mean it was made to be good for humans or animals, but it was made in a way that could go on and on, whether mankind is here or isn't here. That much seems true.

If we look at the time mankind existed compared to the age

of Earth, well, we've been here just the tiniest fraction of it.

Maybe The Game continues until we look at the evidence for OZ and figure out what it's all about?

Maybe if we solve the biggest puzzle ever, it's 'Game Over.'

What then? Would we get a box of Cracker Jacks and a 2-cent prize?

Or maybe there is some genuine prize? Maybe we can move up into the next level of consciousness. That'd be nice, wouldn't it? Sure, I'd take that. I think. If I knew it wasn't filled with more suffering or pain than we have here. Or even anything remotely similar to what we have here.

It's more than a little interesting to me that the level of pain and suffering mankind endures seems to be in some sort of sweet spot. There are people going through abject hell every day of their lives, and yet most of them don't commit suicide. They keep going. It's interesting to note that the reason they keep going is because most of them believe it's either worse when they die, or worse if they kill themselves. Both are variables OZ has chosen to keep quiet about.

Seems like we're doomed to suffer the pain we're dealt. Doesn't it?

I've known only a handful of people who have killed themselves – out of thousands of people I've known in my

lifetime. That's not so many. Most choose life over death. Seems that's the way The Game goes. It doesn't vary across cultures. We don't see whole cultures choosing to end their lives because they're suffering some pain – no matter how great.

As humans, we seem to be operating on some idea that life is generally good. It's something that overall, we enjoy enough to keep going. Even if things are shit, we generally keep going. The overwhelming majority of people – even if their lives are absolute junk – choose to keep going.

Don't they?

I worked in the mental health system for five years as I was getting my degrees. Some of the people I worked with told me how little they had to live for. Still, they kept getting up in the morning and complaining about everything they could. That was living to them. They'd go to sleep after a horror-filled day, then wake up and do it all over again.

Don't get me wrong, I understand nobody consciously chose to have a life of hell. Nobody chose to have a chemical imbalance in the brain. But even with many issues, most of them still choose to go on.

This is the way they lived life for thirty or forty years already before I met them.

Most of them are probably still alive today, thirty years later.

The overall suicide rate in the world today is quite low. The highest suicide rate for women is in Guyana at 15 per 100,000 people, and Sri Lanka for men at 59 per 100,000.

That's it? Far less than 1 person in 1000 for all cultures in the world?

Some would say the reason it's that low, is because the world is such a rosy place to hang out. I can't believe that. I think it's more a function of what I said before**:** OZ keeps quiet about what's next. Imagine if we knew as a fact, not faith, that what happens after death is whatever we WANT to happen. How soon would earth's population disappear?

Wouldn't take long, would it?

Life is a gigantic puzzle with innumerable pieces. The Game we're all playing, like it or not, is played according to these pre-ordained, pre-defined variables we were given. We didn't get to choose them.

We didn't choose to whom we were born, who our siblings were – if we have any. We didn't choose the place we were born, the country, the climate, the time in history. We didn't choose the color of our skin**,** or our religion (in most cases). We didn't choose the color of our hair or eyes, the

aesthetic beauty of our face or body. We didn't choose whether we're covered with hair, or hairless.

We never chose our Intelligence Quotient, social IQ, emotional IQ, or any other IQ. We didn't choose all the experiences we were exposed to as a child – we grew up in a family that exposed us to things that were both good and bad, all of which combined with the other factors to create the person we are today.

And none of it is on par with anyone else's experience – even twins living in the same family.

There are variables that affect all of us**,** and animals, and every living thing.

And there are variables that affect only you.

COMPLEXITY OF THE GAME

Gravity, sunshine, electricity, physics, chemistry, biology and the whole physical realm is governed by hard laws we've been discovering over millennia. We think we have a good grasp on the basics of our physical world, but I wouldn't be too surprised if over the next fifty years, we discovered a whole lot more.

Would you? At the rate 'progress' is escalating, this will be a different world in ten years. In fact, it has been a very

different world every ten years since we came onto the scene, I'll bet.

We figure out something new and worlds open up to us. We once thought the cell was the smallest unit. Then molecules, atoms, and parts of atoms. Now scientists are saying that most of what makes up our world and cosmos isn't even visible or measurable by us**:** antimatter.

Is it real? The smartest people in the world are talking about antimatter and some have theories which would discount it. Hard to say what the truth is at this point.

Will the basic laws ever change? Will a variable like gravity change a thousand years from now?

Not likely. But there will be new ideas that add to our knowledge of gravity**,** and maybe we won't be subject to it any longer. Maybe we'll regularly break the bonds of gravity with a machine, a tool, or even just a thought. Personally, I think there is so much knowledge we don't have yet. The world is endlessly fascinating because there is always something new to know.

And that complexity is part of The Game.

It's part of living life, right? We always have something to learn. No one human being knows even a micro-fraction of 1% of the cumulative knowledge mankind has collected

throughout the centuries. Einstein, Feynman, Oppenheimer, Sagan, Hawking… each knew about their little niche, but as brilliant as they were, they didn't know much at all of the big picture.

What they did and do know is fascinating to us, because they have been at the forefront of such technical and hard-to-understand areas that most of us struggle to understand. It came naturally to them because they dove into it - they immersed themselves in it. They had the mental capacity, speedy neurons, focus, and brilliance to do something with it. They also had the curiosity for it.

Personally, I've given very little thought to what might be the components of an atom, a quark, or a photon. It's mildly interesting or amusing, but honestly, I don't have time to put much thought into it. In short, I just don't really care.

I've got books to write, bills to pay. You know, stuff that *matters*.

Curiosity is one of the major variables in life. Humans have it. Animals have it. This underlying drive to see something new, something positive or negative. We all, to different degrees, have this innate urge to understand what makes the world tick.

We see the trait in cats so easily. They explore their

surroundings**:** they want to know what things feel like, smell like, what falls over when it's jumped on. They listen for strange noises. They try things they are curious about, over and over.

We are so much more curious than cats. Or, maybe with our intellect, we can exhibit so much more curiosity because more is interesting to us. We study higher-order things⋯ like *damned cats*!

What would the complexity of the world mean to us, to The Game, if human beings weren't very curious? Wasted effort on the part of OZ? Was The Game made to be just interesting enough to keep it going?

Would it mean anything to animals whether the world was more complex or simple? It might not matter at all to them.

If human beings had no real curiosity, there would be little going on in this Game. But, that isn't how it is. So, what then? Did OZ want us to be doing something? Are we supposed to be active and *doing* all the time?

Is that how the game is supposed to be played?

It sometimes appears so. I don't want to come to any definite conclusions yet, but it would be hard to deny that human beings - with all that we already know about ourselves and with what we've gone over here already –

seem to be built to be active and struggling.

We're confronted with the idea that we are probably *supposed* to be active and doing something most of the time we're awake. We're not meant to be sitting in a room staring at the space between cracks in the wall.

Our minds, our intelligence, curiosity, and emotionality, all of it compels us to *do something*.

Doesn't it?

And yet, there are many of us who are not very curious at all.

Are the very curious, winning The Game, and those who aren't curious at all are losing it?

I don't know. Seems horribly twisted, right?

Doesn't it though.

SUMMARY

So, variables are ingredients in the Recipe for Chaos. When taken together, all the variables of this world and cosmos add up in various ways to give us the reality we have here – the good and bad, positive and negative, however you want to look at it.

I believe OZ created The Game for some reason(s). The variables don't seem to be haphazardly chosen. They were developed by some supreme intelligence which has intellectual mastery of everything we can ever see or know. It's all the product of OZ's will, so to speak. It all works together seamlessly, not to create a perfect environment for all living organisms, but to create The Game which has gone on for some fourteen billion years.

I certainly don't *know*, but I don't think OZ has had anything to do with The Game once it was put into motion with the big bang, or whatever came before it to start things off.

The plan was so masterful that, once started, The Game has continued for over fourteen billion years on autopilot. It is inconceivable to have a Game so complex, with so many variables, all working together in twisted harmony which keeps it going and going and going – isn't it?

But that seems to be what has happened.

That's all I want to say about variables. You'll get an even better idea what they are as you read about dozens of them in the chapters and books that follow.

CH 2 – Our Physical World

I said already, I'm not a scientist. I mean I’m really not a scientist.

This next chapter starts into the meat of our world and cosmic surroundings. I'm going to appear to jump right into this and start spouting off truths like I know what I'm talking about. Though this book has been run through two different editors, one with an English Literature degree from Penn State, neither of them knows anything about science.

I've fact-checked everything in this book to my best ability, but something is sure to slip through the cracks. With that in mind, most of what I cover is not too technical because I don't want to go over my head, or yours. There is no need to go that deep to examine some of the areas we can plainly look at.

Wherever you're reading this right now, just stop for a few seconds and look around. Notice what you see. Come back to this after you have a good look.

Everything you saw, unless you're standing outside, was probably not here before man made it.

Table, walls, tile floor, paintings, computer, phone, pens,

camera, photos, paper, cups and coffee, windows, fan and air conditioner - none of it was here before man made it.

What did we make it from?

Everything that was here to start with.

Looking back on early Earth, we tend to picture dirt, water, wind, fire, and rocks. In truth, there was a lot more than that. The Periodic Table of the Elements lists all the elemental substances known to man. Most were here as Earth began, but some we created from what was already here. Ninety of the elements occur naturally on Earth.

Doesn't seem like many, in light of all the things we have around us.

Here's something to think about tonight as you're falling asleep. The entire cosmos, all that we know, was created primarily from the following four elements, which were heated and compressed by gravity in stars to fuse and become other elements:

- Hydrogen
- Helium
- Lithium
- Beryllium

As stars burned, they created other elements which later combined with each other, forming those original ninety elements on the Periodic Table.

After flora and fauna arrived, there was a lot more for us to work with. Animal skins, hair, wood, venom, milk, bones, teeth, just to mention a few.

THE RULES

Our environment on Earth is governed by countless laws we cannot break. We must live with and work around them, when possible.

Gravity remains very constant across the globe. Wind, temperature, weather, our moods, the people we interact with – all of these things change constantly, and gravity stays the same. It affects us every single second of our existence.

Rules of chemistry governing states of matter and combinations of substances don't change. The laws of physics limit what we can and can't do physically. There are laws about bodies in motion, states of matter, thermodynamics, speed, friction, radioactivity, mathematics, and more.

I'm not telling you anything you don't already know.

We can be completely ignorant about what the rules are, and yet we still must live within their limits. We can't do anything else. They control us. They mold our behavior, development, and experience.

These fundamental laws are fascinating to me because they guide every minute of our lives.

We've figured out so much over the years. We now know how to send people, monkeys, or remotely controlled machinery to the Moon, Mars, Pluto and beyond.

Some of the rules of science that affect us daily:

* An object at rest stays at rest and an object in motion stays in motion with the same speed and in the same direction unless acted upon by an unbalanced force.

* Heat flows from hot to cold.

* Gravity acts on everything with mass.

* The size (volume) of things changes with the temperature.

So, let's have a look at some of the physical variables that exist in the world. We were given these, as part of The Game. We didn't make them up. The way the world works and has existed for 4.54 billion years is just mind-blowing.

Though parts of The Game seem not to be working at all, still, the world goes on. Though we may be losing animals

to extinction that we'll never see on the face of the planet again, still the world just goes on.

Some things that are important to us are screwed up horribly, and yet the world continues spinning through space and time.

How long might this continue?

Maybe another 4 billion years?

Or, we could be optimistic and guess a trillion or quadrillion years.

Who can say?

MATERIALS

One thing we can look at is the structural materials we have available. I mean anything - space shuttles to picnic tables, to kids' toys, to construction materials we use to build skyscrapers and homes.

We have a few materials that we use more than all the others - they are, in order of most to least dense: metal, concrete, plastics, wood, and rubber.

That's about it. The vast majority of everything you have in your home, and your home itself, is made of these five things.

I'd almost add glass to the list, but I'm sure without looking it up that these five listed are used far more than glass. Well, what the heck, I'll add glass too. In your living room, you probably have a lot of glass used in various objects, like the front of your TV, mobile phones, tablet computer, lights, light shades, windows, and sliding glass doors of your entertainment center.

Almost all of our furniture is created from wood and plastic. The structure of our home is concrete block with more concrete lathed over it. We have wooden doors, window frames, and furniture.

We have ceramic tile floors – which I would lump into the same category as glass, because I'm not a scientist. That was easy. See how it helps not to be one?

With plastic, concrete, wood, metal, rubber, and glass we made probably 95% of the mass of all products in the world.

As my niece edited this, she added *cotton*. OK, I'll go for that.

I'm wildly guessing here, and could be off. But the point is, we have certain things now and have had the same things for the past hundred plus years. Before we had plastics and glass, we had stone and wood.

We're only recently discovering exotic new materials.

Aluminum is a rather recent material. Carbon fiber and graphite are revolutionizing the bicycle and automotive industries.

We recently created a new metal called Graphene, which is lightweight, conductive, and happens to be 200 times stronger than steel. It's going to change the world dramatically over the next decade.

While Graphene seems like magic, maybe next year we'll discover something even stronger and more useful. It's happening constantly.

OZ could have made everything for us and set it out in piles for us to find. In a way, that's how we found zinc, copper, gold, diamonds, etc. These substances were just laying around in the dirt, and eventually we found them and found uses for them.

Humans have been on a treasure hunt for our entire existence. The basics, the ones we mine or breathe or find in the dirt, have kept us going for a while, and we've created some new technology and useful items for humankind.

But instead of only dozens of elements to build from, OZ could have made plastics, metal alloys, graphene, carbon fiber, all of it – thousands or millions of substances.

We didn't get that. We had to create most of what we have.

It took time, learning, experimentation, and probably, like everything else, some people died in the process.

We didn't have the capability to make Graphene and use it in any meaningful way 900,000 years ago, or even 100 years ago. It has only been possible recently.

What does that mean?

We're constantly learning new things at break-neck pace. Our technology is being upgraded daily. We're making new materials all the time.

The average lifespan of males in the USA has increased by twelve years since I was born in 1966. Our quality of life is improving because of technology, but this is a fairly recent development.

Today we have respirators, which can keep a person alive after a venomous krait bite, pumping lungs full of air over and over for weeks or months as necessary. We can transplant hearts, kidneys, and many other organs. We can solve all the problems necessary to send spaceships across the solar system.

We're really learning a lot, and though we're faster at learning how to do things, and all our inventions and learning from the past have contributed to our faster pace, we still have plenty to learn and heaps of problems to solve.

Are we ever going to solve all the problems?

Are we ever going to reach a point where there is nothing we don't know how to do?

We may not do it, but artificial intelligence (AI) may advance to a point where a machine can answer every question we have. Maybe in the future it will be able to answer questions we have before we even ask them.

Is the world going to get that weird?

Certainly seems to be going that way.

WATER

For whatever reason, OZ saturated the Earth with water and made it essential to all living things. Water is necessary for growth, development and the existence of every living species on the Earth.

Our body is comprised of up to 60% water. That's a pretty good percentage. I mean, if you take away all the water, we're 40% of what? Just eleven elements: oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, calcium, and phosphorus makes up 99% of the rest of us, and almost 1% is composed of another five elements: potassium, sulfur, sodium, chlorine, and magnesium.

We could hardly be any more water or we'd be walking jellyfish.

The Earth is about 71% covered by water. Saltwater, mostly. It could have been anything else, bitter, sour, sweet as honey, but no. It's salty water. This might be a coincidence, but I don't think it is. The water of the ocean is sort of like the nutrient-filled salty fluid flowing through our veins in the form of blood.

Did you know that coconut water from a freshly cracked coconut can be used in a direct intravenous line into our bloodstream? For many years before blood transfusions became commonplace we could have been cracking coconuts and pouring them in IV bags to sustain life.

Had we only known, right? It was there, waiting to be discovered. One day a doctor in Cuba tried it with some children, and noted no adverse effects.

Since then, there have been experiments to both support and refute this – so don't go hooking yourself up to a coconut IV at home to show the kids.

Water is in abundance in most places, but some people – whole populations - are living where there isn't enough water.

Some people have enough water, and some don't.

At this point we have mapped just about every square kilometer of land on Earth, and what it looks like. We know its elevation. We know what minerals and type of soil is found there. We know much of the flora and fauna creeping around, and we know the average temperature on any day of the year in any place. We know all this about the surface of land and yet the ocean is largely a mystery to us. Only recently have we been technically able to send a diver down to explore the deepest spot in the ocean. In 2012, James Cameron took his personalized submarine down to the very bottom of the Mariana Trench at 35,756 feet below sea level.

Most of the ocean is unexplored. The next fifty years will bring incredible knowledge about the world under the surface of the ocean and large lakes. We will have finally mapped the terrain of the ocean floor using sonar and detectable differences in gravity due to mountains under the ocean.

We're finding new marine species all the time. Some of these discoveries may have a profound effect on the way we live life in the near and long-term future. Discovery gives us the ability to live longer, live easier. It also gives some the chance to exploit other people... or help them.

So, OZ designed all life to depend on water for some reason, and then provided Earth with an abundance of it.

Everything that man needs to live – we have an abundance of. If we don't blow ourselves up, create too many people and starve ourselves, or pollute the Earth to the point of being inhospitable, we have the natural resources to be able to exist on the Earth for another few thousand years if technological advances keep pace with current trends.

ATMOSPHERE

We all need oxygen, and few in the world are facing any challenges there. High altitude areas have less oxygen, but there is still enough that humans can live a couple miles above sea level with no problem. Over two million Tibetans are said to live over 11,000 feet elevation on the Tibetan Plateau.

The Earth's atmosphere contains 78% nitrogen, 21% oxygen, 0.9% argon, and 0.03% carbon dioxide with a few other elements in very small amounts. Ozone in our atmosphere protects us from harmful radiation the Sun blasts us with continuously.

If our atmosphere wasn't setup perfectly, we couldn't live here.

LIGHT

Another way OZ shaped The Game was using light. There

are some wavelengths of light we can see, others we cannot see at all. There is bright light and low light. There is white light and light consisting of many other colors of the spectrum. Our Sun gives off a steady stream of light, but we're not hit with it constantly, because the spinning ball of matter we live on rotates on an axis, twirling us around like a child's top. We all get an equal dose of light from the Sun - sort of.

There are places on Earth that don't get the same number of hours of light, and if we look at the entire surface of the Earth, there are places that don't get the same quality of light either. At the equator, they're getting hit with really strong rays. In the rainy UK or Ireland, not as much.

Still, the amount of light that any one place gets is usually acceptable for sustaining life. Some places are not ideal, but then human beings are known to live and thrive in less than ideal conditions.

Light is really important to us. Some people pray to the Sun because of it, confusing it for a god. Light from the Sun comes along with heat. When Sunshine hits us, we feel the effect of radiation, and we're warmed by it. That warmth and light are essential for growing plants, essential variables in this game of life. If the Sun failed to shine for even one day - our world would be nothing but a frozen lump.

The fact that the Sun is not using some slow burning fuel like gasoline or wood is interesting. It's burning hydrogen, one of the most volatile and explosive gases in existence. The Sun is just so massive, that it can continue to burn hydrogen for around nine billion years. Today, it's about half finished.

The extreme gravity and heat of the Sun acting on the gases it is comprised of, is fusing atoms together. That's what nuclear fusion is, in a nutshell. Only in the last hundred years or so did we even know how the Sun worked and how it was producing such copious amounts of energy non-stop for billions of years.

OZ could have created a stagnant Earth, one that didn't rotate around itself. One that didn't rotate around the Sun. One that didn't move as part of a galaxy in the cosmos.

But that isn't what we have. We have a very dynamic world. We're spinning around at over one-thousand miles per hour. Every 24 hours we complete one full rotation. That's fast for this huge sphere.

But we don't even feel it, because gravity locks us in our little bubble of atmosphere. You know, the one we're quickly filling with CO2 and poisons like sulfur dioxide and mercury as we continue burning fossil fuels.

We're likely to kill ourselves before too long.

We're locked in place by the gravity of the Sun. We're a satellite of the Sun, orbiting in roughly a circle that stretches for 584 million miles around it. It takes us approximately 365.25 days to make the trip, so that means the spinning Earth is also moving through space at about 67,000 miles per hour. Roughly speaking that is about 1 degree of movement of a 360 degree circle each day.

We're also moving as part of our galaxy. The Milky Way galaxy moves at around 515,000 miles per hour. In one day, that's more than 12,000,000 miles our galaxy moves.

Some of the heavenly bodies in our galaxy are moving toward something about 150 million light years away, referred to as "The Great Attractor." It's funny, scientists don't even try to come up with a fantastical name for it, they just almost jokingly refer to it as "The Great Attractor" because they don't know what it could possibly be.

With all this spinning around and movement, we get days and nights with varying amounts of light and dramatically different weather over the course of a year's time.

DAY and NIGHT

For the longest time humans couldn't do anything at night except by the light of a strong Moon. Night limited how much we worked, socialized, and stayed awake, at least

until we learned to make fire and created torches and candles to light an area. Before that, when the Sun set, we went from action and moving around getting things done to slowing down and stopping until the Sun rose again.

Isn't that interesting that OZ threw that into The Game?

Darkness, I mean.

Scary darkness.

These days I can walk through the jungles of Asia by myself at two in the morning, because I know what's in there. I know which animals I need to be careful of. I know what the possibilities are because I have access to wildlife range maps. They tell me what's in the forest that I can see from my window as I write this. No bears, no big wildcats (we have small ones), no wild elephants. We have some wild pigs and tapir. That's basically all I need to know. I'm not concerned with cobras and other venomous snakes, because I'm actually looking for them. I know, weird hobby.

How it must have been to be alive before we had the world mapped.

The night represented the unknown. During the night dingos came and took infants by the head, walking quickly away to finish their meal. Tigers came. Polar bears came.

Killers came in the night. Enemies attacked at night. Weird lights shone in the night. Aliens came. Maybe.

The night was just scary, and that put the fear of the unknown into people. Even today, some people are afraid of the dark.

It's just odd to me that OZ put that into our game, and it's a major part of our lives. We deal with it every day of our lives.

It's odd because night mirrors the ultimate unknown – death.

We're all headed toward it, and yet not one of us knows what really happens. Some claim to, but even devout Christians have real doubts about what happens. I think the uncertainty of it, the unknown aspect, makes it tremendously scary to most people. Almost all people.

ELECTRICITY

Electricity is a naturally occurring phenomenon in lightning, static, and even a knife fish which most people think is an eel (*Lectrophorus electricus*).

It helps us in countless ways. After oxygen, water, and heat from the Sun and fire, there could probably be a case made for electricity being the most helpful thing in our lives. It

helps us cool and heat our food and homes, run cars, run hospital equipment. It powers so much of technology. Nearly any machine we have, depends on electricity, or could benefit from it.

What is electricity?

From Merriam-Webster.com, “A fundamental form of energy observable in positive and negative forms that occurs naturally (as in lightning) or is produced (as in a generator) and that is expressed in terms of the movement and interaction of electrons.”

It's just the propensity for electrons to travel through something - a conductor. That's it really.

THE EARLY DAYS OF ELECTRICITY

Electricity pre-Benjamin Franklin was only a destructive force. It destroyed homes, killed people and cattle, and started raging forest fires. It still does all that today, but over time we've learned how to harness and produce this power for the collective good of mankind. At least most of mankind benefits from what we’ve learned from it.

The only way to learn about electricity was to experiment. Many people died while playing with electricity, before it was understood - as you might imagine. Just like anything

dangerous. The first person to walk up and pet a lion surely died in a horrible fashion. People die in some numbers while trying to figure out things that can kill the rest of us. Sometimes when we become aware of a danger to mankind, we use animals, so they die instead.

Isn't it canary birds they put in cages in the mines to detect potentially explosive gases because they are more sensitive to it and die before we do? Wasn't it chimpanzees that were first put into orbit in rockets so we didn't need to subject human beings to what might have been a horrible outcome?

One twisted theme within The Game is that people die trying to figure out dangerous things that exist in the world. We've seen it with polar bears, electricity, radiation, and in thousands of other scenarios. People got sick and died during and after mining Uranium in Utah for the United States' nuclear bombs.

People without a clue in the world were handling radioactive things for days before they died horrible deaths from the effects.

To OZ, it must be just fine that this happens. I mean, if you have some idea of OZ as being good through and through, then this must strike you at least as a bit odd - doesn't it?

To OZ, it must be OK for them to have died.

But why?

Is it because the rest of us learned something from their efforts?

Or does death just not matter at all?

So, we've persevered and can now use electricity to help us in innumerable ways. We are able to prolong our lives as a result of our creative uses of electricity to restart hearts with defibrillators, and help people breathe with respirators. We've created lasers to help correct our vision. We've been able to explore our moon and the planets, and the moons of other planets, all possible in some part because of electricity.

Electricity can be used for good, and bad. Ever heard of Ted Kaczynski? He was a Harvard graduate who killed three and injured over twenty with his bombing campaign, designed to bring attention to his idea that the industrialization and technological innovation of the USA (and world) was destroying mankind. He used batteries for some of his bombs. He lived in a remote cabin in rural Montana without electricity or running water.

Like everything we have, I believe OZ threw electricity into The Game for some reason. Maybe for the good. Maybe for the bad. Maybe as something which could be either positive or negative, but mostly it was thrown into the mix

because it added something interesting to the game.

If we really look closely at any major phenomenon in The Game, it has both sides - right? There is nothing that is really all good or all bad, for all people. It appears that nearly everything can be seen as having both qualities, able to be seen from two subjective and opposing viewpoints.

I mean, love can be seen as really good or really bad, can't it? It's great for someone lost in it, and crippling for someone who has just been dumped by a long-term lover.

When OZ was creating The Game, was there some consideration about whether variables thrown into the soup were to be good or bad for mankind or for the entire game?

Or, was there no consideration at all?

It had to be part of the equation, didn't it? If we believe OZ was humane, all-loving, or possessing any sort of morality at all – these would definitely be considerations.

Wouldn't they?

I don't know. It seems like some consideration must have been given. I say that because at our very core, we are driven by positive and negative in our lives.

I don't know why I have this feeling that we were created in

large part – very similar to how OZ is. This gets into the mind, and we'll get into that heavily in Book 2.

OTHER ENERGY FORMS

Since we've come to use electricity for so many things, we've started to look at other naturally occurring sources of movement and heat to produce more, cheaper, and cleaner electricity. Windmills, rays from the Sun, dams, and sources deep in the ground like geysers and even the Earth's core are being studied for ways we can convert their energy to electricity.

OZ gave us no shortage of energy options. Many different kinds of electricity production are being used to generate electricity because we need so much of it.

BURNING FOSSIL FUEL AND NEGATIVE EFFECTS

What is interesting is that, just like with so many other things, the abundance of oil in the ground which powers machines of all sorts in nearly every country of the world, can end up causing us harm in the long-run. Apparently, the burning of fossil fuels for a couple hundred years is catching up to us. These 'greenhouse gases' are building up in our atmosphere and adding to other natural processes which are causing the Earth to heat up.

Global warming is happening right before our eyes and there are surely going to be dire effects for the coming generations if we don't act now to mitigate it. China is just getting started, and with its 1 billion plus population, it is creating more carbon emissions than all other countries.

So, OZ gives us all this oil, but if we use it we can irreparably harm our natural environment, possibly killing ourselves off in just a couple hundred years.

As an alternative, we have nuclear power. We discovered how to split atoms (fission) and kill people with insanely powerful nuclear bombs. Then someone found a better use for the technology – power plants to make electricity.

The problem is, we can't seem to keep nuclear power plants 100% safe, and the consequences of a problem can be catastrophic.

Three-Mile Island (1979), Chernobyl (1986), Fukushima (2011) and heaps of other nuclear power plant accidents showed us that we're not doing a great job using this energy source. The Chernobyl incident in Russia was particularly horrifying. The nuclear power plant had a meltdown which killed a lot of people, and then caused deformed children for years because of radioactive damage to parents' genes.

Nuclear electricity plants create less smog and no mercury in the air like we get from burning coal, but creating energy

in this way can lead to accidents which might be more dangerous than just burning coal.

We need to figure out better ways to design nuclear power plants and keep them secure during natural disasters. When we act without knowing the big picture, we may suffer for it.

Through our advances in technology we can gradually wean ourselves off the middle-east oil teat and switch over to solar and some of our other energy resources, which is a step in the right direction. But first we must change our mindset - which is not at all an easy thing to do. Not to mention the oil companies are not going to let that happen without a fight. They're making billions - trillions of dollars from oil, and they have the money to spend to buy politicians and biased studies showing the Earth isn't warming at all due to burning fossil fuels.

We're in the midst of a rather desperate time it seems. We need to act now, or our world will change for the worse.

Is OZ spectating this mess?

Was it all expected?

Is this the way mankind and the Earth was expected to die?

It's all great fun to think about, isn't it?

I have to believe that this OZ, whatever OZ is, is watching all of this happen.

I just don't see how it can do nothing about it. My niece said, “Maybe she got distracted watching another planet that’s doing much better?”

I could go for that.

I guess in whatever small way, I am still clinging to the idea that there is some beneficent being or beings out there who care what happens to us. I don't know why I have that idea because the evidence is that there is nothing at all being done to turn us around.

We're hell-bent on our own destruction, and we’re racing to see how fast we can do it.

Intelligence be damned, right?

We're smart enough to know things must change. It's the other parts of our minds - the emotional part, the selfish part, that keep driving us to increase profits at the risk of the health and well-being of fellow human beings, the animals, the plants, the entire planet.

Will selfishness end up killing us all?

I don't see a way out. And it's hard to blame human beings for what we do. We were designed with this selfish mind,

this drive to get more for ourselves at the expense of others.

Sure, it's nice to say that we should balance our greed and ambition out with other nicer behaviors - but the reality is that power is corruptive. Absolute power is absolutely corruptive. Wait, let me find the quote…

“Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.” John Emerich Edward Dalberg Acton, first Baron Acton.

Anyway, I want to run with this, but there is an entire chapter in Book 2 that covers more of what goes on inside our heads.

TEMPERATURE

Our world has an ideal temperature range. We have too hot places and too cold, but overall, we can live on most of the land we have available to us. Some of us even live as nomads in boats on the water.

We, and all the animals and plants here, exist within an ideal range of temperatures. Outside this range, we cannot exist for long.

The temperature of places around the world makes some locations preferable to others. This means more interactions between people who all want to live in the

same place. Look at Hawaii. Despite a very expensive cost of living, it's bursting at the seams.

Some of us prefer to live in colder climates, some prefer four seasons, others prefer year-round warmth. We don't all want to live in Hawaii – which is good news for those who live there.

OZ could have made the islands of Hawaii the only livable land in the world. That would make it an altogether different game then, wouldn't it? There might be ten million people able to live on the planet in that case, not 7 billion. Ten million people couldn't use up our natural resources like the 7 billion are on the verge of today.

Every single part of The Game was carefully planned. Intricately planned in finite detail. Otherwise, it wouldn't work. It wouldn't have gone on this long.

WEATHER

One only need look at the cycle of weather, the interactions between all the variables involved, to see that OZ put this world together masterfully.

Some of the variables include high temperatures causing the evaporation of water vapor (H_2O) off the surface of fresh and saltwater, damp ground, ice, and the out-breath of

every living thing with lungs. The water vapor forms clouds. The clouds are not stationary, they're moving all over the place because of wind… which is because of temperature fluctuations. Wind causes air of different temperatures to mix. Areas of land, mountains, oceans, and anything warmed by the Sun or underground heat sources, create rising hot air. Cold air is denser, and falls. Clouds block some of the Sun and slow evaporation down.

It's a tremendously complicated cycle of weather that circulates water around the world.

It's interesting to think how few areas exist in the world that get too little water. Most places get enough. We have more than enough freshwater for all of us – if distributed in smart, unselfish ways.

But some areas don't receive much rain at all, and people still insist on living there. Over one billion people live in desert regions.

Why IS that?

OIL and GAS

Petroleum, on which oil and gasoline is based, comes from the degradation of, the decomposition of, primarily zooplankton and algae from 65 to 180 million years ago.

So, it's weirdly ironic. The gas we use to power our

automobiles and the burning of fossil fuels for electricity to power nearly every sort of technology we have – is at the direct expense of the environment around us.

Almost funny how that works, right? If there didn't exist these massive stores of oil and coal in the ground – we'd certainly not be sitting smackdab in the middle of a technological revolution. Would we?

What would we burn for energy? Whale fat?

Trees, for a while. Eventually we'd have learned to make alcohol, and that burns nicely. We'd find natural gas sooner or later, and that would help. We'd have had much cleaner beginnings if we were forced to use alcohol and natural gas instead of oil.

But, it is as it is.

Isn't it?

Whatever we have here is exactly what was intended by OZ.

EXTREME WEATHER AND OTHER NATURAL DISASTERS

We've hardly even scratched the surface yet, and already we've seen a number of ways the world has been setup that seems to be detrimental to human existence.

It’s almost like the world was created without us in mind at all.

We don’t seem to be the center of importance here. Maybe not even an afterthought.

At the very least, we can look at the world and the heavenly bodies around us, and conclude that, it doesn’t seem that all of this was made just for us. It doesn’t seem to have been made for any one animal or plant species. Except maybe ants or cockroaches. Maybe that’s another book.

Well, it gets worse. I mean, truly, we haven’t seen anything yet.

It’s at least a little bit funny that we call them “natural” disasters – isn’t it?

It’s like we’re just reassuring ourselves that these things happen as a matter of course, as a result of the laws of nature.

Landslides happen because of gravity – a naturally occurring variable. Hurricanes happen because of heat from the Sun heating up land and ocean, and causing rising air. Volcanoes explode because of heat and pressure under the ground that occurs naturally.

Let's talk a bit about natural disasters. Growing up in Western Pennsylvania, we feared nothing the weather

could throw at us except two things: heaps of snow, and strong wind. Every now and then we'd have these wind squalls that toppled trees, dropping them right through roofs of homes. And occasionally we had a lightning strike that was too close. That's about it.

As far as safety, where I grew up wasn't a bad place to live. We had none of the following I'm going to talk about, except lightning.

What's a little lightning to worry anyone, right?!

LIGHTNING

Lightning can strike many miles away from a storm. That means on a clear day, you might be walking around pushing your metal baby stroller around the park, and then you're struck in the head and you and your newborn baby boy die in a fraction of a second.

Not a rosy picture, and obviously I'm not trying to paint one. This is reality. Life can suck. And then some.

I lived in Tampa, Florida for a decade. Tampa has some of the highest number of lightning strikes per square mile in the world. I remember many close calls, where lightning struck within yards of me.

One time, I remember lightning striking a clothes dryer

during a furious rain shower as I was walking into the laundry room at my dorm with a bushel of dirty clothes. I fell flat on my face at the shock of it, and was afraid to move until I told myself, it doesn't ever strike twice in the same spot.

Don't believe that. It's completely false! I know this because later, after I got my master's degree in psychology, I worked with people who had suffered traumatic brain injury. One guy I counseled had been struck twice in the head by lightning. As fate would have it, I was at his trailer home when a lightning storm rolled in.

Do you think he thought to himself, well, lightning never strikes in the same place three times?

Nope. He immediately locked himself in the restroom and cowered for thirty minutes until the storm had passed through. I couldn't blame him! He was 6' 10" and apparently, he knew he was a human lightning rod. Tell you the truth, I felt safer that he was in the restroom and away from me when the lightning started hitting around the trailer we were in.

Lightning strikes pretty much all over the world. There may be places outside nobody has to fear, but I couldn't find any during my research. A cave would be pretty safe. Your car is safe because it’s a Faraday cage, keeping the lightning away

from you unless you're touching metal in the car. Then you're toast.

If you look at footage taken from space, you can see lighting striking constantly all over the Earth. Weatherstem.com states that lightning strikes occur on average 100 times every second somewhere on the planet.

Is it really that MUCH? It's almost like OZ playing Whack-a-Mole.

3.14 billion lightning strikes each year sure keeps us on our toes, doesn't it?

Just in the USA, around 51 people die each year from lightning. Around the world, one study estimates 24,000 people die each year as a direct result of lightning. (Ronald L. Holle, Annual rates of lightning fatalities by country. (PDF). International Lightning Detection Conference. 21–23 April 2008. Tucson, Arizona, USA.)

Couldn't we call that overkill?

But that's the world we live in. It's dangerous. It's actually quite an accomplishment to make it into adulthood, retirement age, and older. A large number of us will never reach 50 years of age.

OZ seems okay with that. In fact, OZ seems to be okay with everything as it's going down. We don't see any direct

evidence of OZ or some other supernatural force stepping in and fixing anything – do we?

Unless we think OZ is affecting probability.

Probability is one of the most fascinating topics to me. Probability says that this many people with this stage of some specific type of cancer will die in some number of months or years. The number who actually die is usually right around there, because it's based on large numbers of people dying from the cancer within that time range.

But then, little Suzie Homemaker goes on to live six more years after the average.

Why did she live longer than the average, and Butch Badass only lasted four days after diagnosis?

It's just probability – isn't it?

Or is there something more to probability?

Is OZ stepping in sometimes under the guise of probability, for reasons we're unable to fathom?

Or maybe, as a lot of people like to think, optimism plays some part. Maybe Suzy was heaps more optimistic, and this somehow enabled her to live much longer than the average.

Maybe OZ stepped in to give her a few extra years so she could accomplish something specific with her daughter?

Maybe OZ stepped in to make sure she suffered with the terminal illness for six more years than was necessary.

Who's to say?

HURRICANES

In Florida, we also had hurricanes roll through every now and then over the decade I lived there. In 2004, right before I left for Thailand with my tail between my legs, we had three different hurricanes come through what we usually call the 'Sunshine State.' I boarded up my home and drove my truck all over Florida trying to avoid the storms. I largely succeeded, thanks to the National Weather Service, radio, and mobile phone technology. Without any of these, I'd have been a sitting duck two times out of three that hurricane season.

Technology is a good thing, mostly. It helps us avoid the inevitable suck of life – at least sometimes, doesn't it?

For instance, hurricanes and typhoons of the past killed a lot more people than today. In the year 1900 in Galveston, Texas, a hurricane killed over 8,000 people.

In 1997, Hurricane Andrew rolled through Florida, killing about twenty people directly and totally decimating the town of Homestead where it caused 25.5 billion dollars in

damage.

Why the huge disparity in numbers dead? Largely because technology helped us immensely. We had data from weather stations, planes with radar, and satellites to help us make an educated guess about the path the storm would take. That, and the authorities were able to communicate the danger to nearly every person in the area who were told, and even forced to evacuate before the storm hit.

Our technological know-how increases constantly across all fields of research. Our naturally inquisitive minds and our curiosity about how the world works produce a steady and never-ending chain of fantastic breakthroughs.

It's interesting that we haven't figured everything about the world out yet, and become bored with it. Maybe the world is more complex than we will ever have the intellect to figure out. That would keep it never-endingly interesting.

What do I think will happen in the future?

I think we'll resolve every major question we have within the next twenty years. That's certainly all it will take. Our knowledge is growing exponentially now. It isn't just linear. Each discovery leads to more discoveries, and they compound again.

I don't think we'll have sentient computers – but we'll

surely have a computer that can answer any question better than we can. Whether or not the computer is 'conscious' like us, or appears to be, doesn't make any difference to me. It just needs to be able to respond to our questions with the right answers. That day is not far away.

EARTHQUAKES

More than 800,000 Earthquakes each year also keep some of us on our toes. I don't remember any growing up in the northeastern US, but here in Thailand I've felt a few in the 5.x range on the Richter scale that rocked my bed for a minute or so.

Not much you can do about an Earthquake; there is little warning. When the heavy stuff starts falling from great heights, well, it's all you can do to find a sewer to climb into. Landslides, mudslides, and avalanches can start as the result of Earthquakes. Sometimes holes open up in the ground, sucking people, cars, houses, dogs, cats, and pizza shops into oblivion.

Nothing fun about Earthquakes, nope.

TSUNAMIS

Certainly, the least fun thing about Earthquakes, besides not knowing if the ground is going to open up and swallow

you and your family, is tsunamis. Massive walls of water that travel across the ocean as a wave at hundreds of miles per hour and take out whole coastlines.

In 2004 when I came to Thailand, I moved to Phuket Island for almost two months before flying up to the northeast. The day after I left Phuket, the Boxing Day Tsunami struck, killing hundreds of people right on the beach where I walked every morning.

I often think about what a horrible thing it was that I was not there.

Let me explain.

Having lived in Hawaii for six years, I was well aware of what water receding far out from the beach meant. Very few people on the scene that day, knew. I could have warned some people to hit higher ground before it was too late.

We'll never know, maybe I would have slept in that day. Could have happened that way too.

As a result of the Earthquake that caused the Boxing Day Tsunami, around a quarter-million people lost their lives. Some religious leaders said it was because of all the prostitution going on in Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia, and other hard-hit places.

How ridiculous we are. Religion is a crazy and sometimes

sick thing that OZ allowed to flourish here. I constantly wonder – why was religion thrown into The Game? I'll talk more about that in an upcoming book.

I was going to cover all the major disasters that happen on a recurring basis, but I'm sure you get the idea. We all know that a significant portion of the world's population are lost to natural disasters of some sort on a yearly basis.

And for what?

The devastation isn't enough to cause the extinction of the human race, but just enough to make us stop and wonder - what in the world is going on?

Did we somehow piss off OZ?

Maybe, but hasn't it been like this from Day 1?

We weren't even here on Day 1.

Earthquakes and all the natural disasters that we experience now like those already mentioned, and floods, heat waves, drought, landslides, and avalanches have been happening since the Earth was born. No difference, we're just here now and suffering because of it.

What is OZ's reason for all the death and destruction?

Could there be a reason for it at all?

Some justification?

Is OZ just spitting in our soup with all of these devastating events to make it more, wait for it… interesting?

Why not make the Earth a spinning blue paradise to live on, without any threats?

Don't we already have enough to deal with?

Disease. Congenital birth defects. Animals intent on eating us. Animals with venom that slowly kills us? Flesh-eating bacteria anyone?

Not to mention all the threats our own twisted minds concoct and inflict on others - wars among nations, misfits abducting children, and zealots killing people for some misguided belief as a result of religion, mental distress, superstition, or ritual.

OZ knew this was going to happen. It was allowed for as The Game was created.

But, why not give humanity a little break?

A HUGE break?

I don't know. I don't get it. I don't get anything about the 'why' of this game.

Let’s keep going. It isn’t like we’re going to run out of

variables to look at, there are trillions of them. We'll only cover some of the major ones in this book, but feel free to sit down and have yourself a cup of tea and go over some more in your head as they come to mind.

This next one is perhaps the greatest negative influence on the Earth, on all heavenly bodies, and you and I···

GRAVITY

I've mentioned it already a few times in this book.

Gravity pulls everything in the world down to the Earth, sticking it there. We can ride bicycles and drive cars because there is friction between the tires and ground surface. No friction, no movement, no cars, trucks, bicycles, scooters, skates, skateboards, or pogo sticks.

I know, I'm going somewhere with this.

Most of us, if asked, would say having gravity around is a good thing.

But is it?

I don't know. Let's have a look.

The Earth could have had any level of gravity at all. If we had Jupiter's gravity, we could weigh hundreds of pounds. Here on Earth adults weigh a hundred pounds or so. In the

US and UK, people tend to weigh a couple of hundred. Or so.

On the moon, I'd weigh 28 lbs. On Neptune, 191 lbs. Here on Earth I'm 170.

There is no limit as to what we might weigh - heavier or lighter. It was a consideration OZ had when deciding what to do with the Earth and our galaxy.

Instead of me weighing 170 lbs. on the Earth, OZ could have made gravity weaker. I could weigh 6 lbs. instead. My car, instead of weighing 2,400 lbs., could weigh just 85 lbs. according to that same ratio. Gravity could have been set up any way OZ could imagine. And if you take a look around at the complexity of the world and cosmos, you can easily see - OZ could have decided on any strength, configuration, or qualities of gravity.

So, why?

See, we have to believe in a why – don't we? We can't believe that OZ created all of this with no why in mind, could we?

I've tried, and I can't believe it.

Maybe it seems like too much expended effort just to have The Game be pointless. Forget all the human pain and suffering. Maybe that could amount to nothing in OZ's

eyes. But all the effort to make this? All the variables and interactions between them? Could all of this mean nothing at all?

Doesn't really make sense to my small human mind.

Hey, that's another thing, I'd take a bigger brain if given the chance… ;)

Okay, back to gravity…

Human beings could weigh an average of 6 lbs., or every single one of us could weigh just 6 lbs., making it even. Fair. Cars could all weigh 150 lbs. Birds could be weightless, and spiders could each weigh 3 lbs. All of this regardless of mass, size, or shape. The way gravity affects each thing could be different, depending on the thing. Gravity could attract metal at one rate, and human flesh at another rate altogether. Trees could weigh around 20 lbs. each, and whales could weigh one pound.

OZ had unlimited capacity, free from all restrictions (as far as we know) in creating The Game.

Instead of making a fair game, the game is not fair at all.

Some people have advantages. Some animals have advantages over other animals. Some animals have certain advantages over some or all humans. Pit any human against a hungry adult tiger, and see what results. That tiger

is going to make a mess of the man or woman's superior intelligence.

The strong survive in certain situations. Many situations. The smart survive sometimes too, depending on your culture and situation. If you're smart and strong, you have even more going for you. Those can also be drawbacks in some cases, or you might have some altogether different massive disadvantage.

Nobody seems to have it all. There is no one human being that has all the advantages over everyone else.

And that too is part of the game. There is no race, no sex, no individual on the planet that has the advantage inherently over all others in all situations. It appears that there are vast differences between the biological, mental, and emotional variables individuals we were given. There is no clear alpha-human. There is no clear winner to the game.

There is nobody here on Earth that we all look up to and deify because he or she is godlike, infallible, indestructible, beyond controversy, of the highest moral standard, and so on. There is nobody, not in 7 billion people. There are not even strong groups that are so far beyond any other group that they cannot be brought down.

The USA has strong military and intelligence organizations. Still, if the entire world united against them, do you think

they'd stand for very long? No··· there is power in numbers.

So, individual intelligence, strength, are counterbalanced by power in numbers. Groups of people can outwit any one smart person. A couple of weaker people can destroy a strong man with relative ease if done intelligently, using their greater numbers to wear him down.

But on a smaller scale, we can see countless instances of one person or one group taking advantage of another person or group. Maybe you've done it. Maybe you've been the victim of it. We've all been wronged and thought we didn't have the power to make it right. We've all been stepped on and thought we didn't have the resources - other people, smarts, or brawn, to rectify the situation.

On an individual basis, life is a struggle. On a societal basis, life is a struggle. On a national level, life is a struggle. For the human race, life is a struggle.

Life isn't fair, but it doesn't seem that OZ cares whether it is fair or not. In the big picture, life appears much fairer to the group - to mankind as a whole. Numbers even out the rights and wrongs, the strengths and weaknesses. It's possible that OZ is more concerned with the Big Picture perspective.

Could be, right?

It's something to consider. Let's not come to any conclusions yet.

Why did I say earlier that, 'Life isn't fair?"

Let's look more at gravity and how it affects us.

As I said, I weigh 170 lbs. When I climb the 1,200+ stairs up this mountain I like to go for exercise, I get tired after three times of going up and down it. I've been up and down it over fourteen hundred times now. I've seen people of all shapes and sizes climbing the steps over the last six years.

You know what I noticed?

I've only seen one person anywhere near 300 lbs. successfully climb those steps. The one time I did see a man climbing who weighed that much, I was horrified. I'm sure he wasn't too far from cardiac arrest. The air temperature was around 90°F and the humidity was also very high – as always.

How he made it up there, I'll never be able to understand. But he did it. He has the distinction of being one of very few people at that weight to physically be able to accomplish climbing those stairs and seeing the mind-blowing view of layers of limestone karst formations, beaches, islands, and tropical rainforest.

Nearly everyone over that weight - won't be able to do it.

It’s too physically taxing. It’s too dangerous, really. It requires far too much exertion in the heat.

Lightweight people, really thin people, though they need frequent breaks, can climb the stairs without too much trouble. It’s difficult, but I’ve seen thousands of people at the top enjoying the unparalleled views. The top of that mountain has the best views in the province.

It’s a bit sad to me that very few obese people will ever see that view. It’s a lot sad.

There’s another mountain I climb just a bit further west that is twice as high as this one. There is a trail up it, no steps. It is four kilometers to the top, about two and a half miles. It’s also hot and humid. I’ve seen very few people anywhere near 250 lbs. climbing that trail through the rainforest. I've never seen anyone near 250 lbs. at the top of that hill.

And I could go on and on. There is a waterfall here that requires some steep climbing to get up to the different levels - there are eight levels. Very few people over 250 lbs. ever climb up to see any of the levels. I see them resting at the bottom and waving to their friends who climbed up to the top.

How sad is that?

Or is it just me?

Let's go a bit further. In the ten years I've been in Thailand, I have seen only a couple of people over 300 - 350 lbs. walking around here at all. The country gets over twenty-five million visitors per year from nearly every country on Earth. Only a very tiny fraction of those visitors weighs anywhere near 300 lbs. because it's just too damn hard for them to even walk around in the heat at that weight. Not to mention, when you have a thick layer of fat, you don't do well in the heat. It's like walking around with a jacket.

We need to eat gobs of calories to fuel us moving around for the sixteen hours we're awake every day.

Do you know how many animals and plants you need to kill to eat for just one day to get all the nutrition you need to move your heavy body around all day?

We're all slaves to gravity because there is nobody light enough that, for them, gravity is inconsequential. Nobody. Not a guy without arms, not a guy without arms or legs... not a lady weighing 80 lbs. like my poor grandmother did before she wasted away of cancer and died in the hospital bed.

Does the creator of this game want us all to be really fit?

Are we supposed to run in circles daily for an hour so our

heart rate can beat slower when we're not exercising? Does that make any sense from a big picture perspective? Could a god of some sort want that for us? Seems to be set up that way. People who do that, live longer. They play The Game longer.

Do you ever wonder why it seems to be set up that way?

Why do fit people live longer? Is that a good or bad thing? From our limited perspective, the human perspective, we don't even know. We're just so afraid of the emptiness of death, that we exercise. Well, some of us.

If gravity meant you were just 1 lb. instead of 170 lbs. and you had the body you have now - minus whatever muscle that wouldn't have developed in the lower gravity - we could still get fit. We could still eat. We could still do everything we do today with all this weight, and so much more.

We all are slaves to a force of gravity that is scores or hundreds of times too strong.

Whatever, whomever started this game and chose gravity as one of the major constraints in our lives, and the lives of every living thing on the planet - wanted us to suffer against something for every single physical action we take.

That's what I observe.

Can you come to some other conclusion that makes sense?

I'm just looking at the outcome, at the reality. The reality is gravity is many times stronger than it needs to be to accomplish the same thing, if keeping everything anchored to the Earth was the point of it.

What are some alternative ways gravity could have been 'nicer' to us, and to other living beings that struggle against it daily?

Gravity need not be additive. One book plus one book can equal one book. It need not equal two. All the parts of my television need not add up to 40 lbs., but they do. Why? If I want to lift my television, couch, table, desktop computer, five-gallon water jug, bike, motorbike, car, or washing machine - why does it need to weigh so damn much?

Does OZ not want me to lift my washing machine?

It doesn't seem like it needs to matter - but look... it does. We experience gravity as a profound negative.

Why?

Someone, something - wanted gravity to be as it is and do what it does to us and everything else. Our discomfort could have maybe factored into the decision to make gravity what it is, and not even stronger.

That’s something to think about.

Can you think of any great reason for wanting humans to struggle moving around because gravity is a hundred times more difficult than it need be?

I can't think of any.

Does it build character? Strength?

Is that what’s important to OZ?

It seems that some people have a tremendous problem with gravity, and others not much.

I remember the first time I began thinking about how strong gravity is. I was racing bicycles in my twenties. Going up hills takes so much energy. I wondered to myself - why do I weigh so much? Why does my bike need to weigh 18 lbs. to be strong enough to support this heavy body? It drove me a bit mad!

Was life made difficult so we would seek solace in religion for comfort?

If life was monumentally difficult, we'd search for some relief mentally and spiritually. Wouldn't we?

Don't we?

I would absolutely love to believe in something outside of

me that cared. Something that could help.

I just don't see it. The Game has been dealt. We all have our cards. We either play the hell out of them or fold.

Right now, you and I, we have the potential for something. We might just barely be able to tie our shoes, and our potential is that someday we'll tie them and tie our invalid friend's shoes too. Or we might be capable of incredible, mind-blowing things that change some part of this game for the better. We may do that, or we may just give up - not able to see any real point in struggling harder than we need to in order to meet our basic needs.

If we can, shouldn't we try to change some small things for the better? If we just got ourselves straightened out, and then we could try to help other people get through life just a little bit easier. Some of us are so filled with potential to do amazing acts, amazing projects, amazing pursuits... but we just sit around watching television and playing video games.

And what else seems to be the problem with gravity?

Mass transportation is so very heavy. Automobiles, planes, boats, trains, trolleys, buses⋯ everything weighs so damn much. A car that weighs 2,400 lbs. takes a lot of energy to move 30 miles to take you to work daily. To work and back probably takes two entire gallons of gasoline to do so.

That's one day. Most of you work 22 days a month, so you would be using 44 gallons of gas each month just to go to work. Gas becomes a significant portion of your paycheck.

Why? Because vehicles are so heavy.

What else? My mother has to pay $1,500 to fly from the east coast of the USA to Thailand to visit us. A good portion of that cost is for jet fuel. Why does it take so much fuel to travel by plane? The plane is heavy, for one. People are heavy. The plane is made of structural metal, which to be strong, must be heavy. It's a fact of the game. It's a variable that OZ had to consider when making the world. Strength-to-weight ratio of naturally occurring and man-made materials we can develop from what we have on Earth was decided by whatever created this world.

OZ chose it to be this way.

It took a long time before man could make anything harder than diamond, something that occurs naturally in the ground in coal veins. Now we have Q-carbon, which is up to 60% stronger than diamonds!

The primary metal in use for cars, trains, buses, and trucks is iron. Iron is very heavy because it is so dense.

Are there other things stronger than steel? Sure. Spider webs. Really. A spider web's strength-to-weight ratio is so

much higher than iron and any steel we can manufacture.

Problem is, we can't use it to build vehicles and trains.

But the variables could have been made more in our favor. Using massive amounts of energy is essential for moving things any significant distance on Earth. There's no getting away from that. It has been the same since day one.

The world is gradually changing as technology makes it feasible to start using electric power for many tasks that used to require fossil fuel. Tesla is making electric cars and eighteen wheel trucks, and some of the other major car manufacturers in the world are making hybrid gas-electric engines.

It may change radically in the future, there are a number of interesting projects underway. Zero-point energy, though it seems like fiction, could conceivably provide an endless supply of energy from the air that surrounds us. Science is advancing by huge jumps, and pulling endless streams of energy from the static air around us might become a reality in the future.

Why did OZ set things up that way?

Instead of metal, wood, and rock - things we build with - weighing many pounds per cubic foot, it might have been just a fraction of an ounce for that much material. If

scientists today can make graphene, which is on the order of this strength-to-weight ratio, then surely OZ could have done it that way to begin with. If you consider that OZ appears to have no limitations in what could have been done, a cubic foot of metal could have been lighter than air. Metal could have been repulsed by the Earth, not pulled toward it.

What then? The world would be a much different place, right?

Thing is, the world is THIS PLACE. It's right now. This is what we have. What we have *is the plan*.

I think by looking at the choices OZ made for variables, it tells us something about our creator. It's like by looking at art by Dali, you might guess there was some mental dysfunction going on in there. By looking at a German car, you might guess there was an extreme attention to detail by the team that produced it. By looking at a five-year-old with Down's Syndrome, you can begin to guess, or at least start to wonder about, what could have allowed such a thing to happen. Or worse, *caused* such a thing to happen.

I wonder about it anyway.

I get on the motorbike or in the car and I drive my daughter to school. On the way, I might see a number of things that cause me to think about OZ. The majesty of the mountains

surrounding us, the immensity of the blue sky and towering white clouds, and the tiny, nearly black Thai man with orange hair, chain-smoking cigarettes while riding his decrepit bicycle around to pick plastic bottles out of garbage cans. He is about 50-inches tall and is so thin, he might weigh sixty pounds. He has some physical malady, genetic probably, because his head and face is so small it's almost like he isn't human.

I see him often. It's like a smack in the face every time I do. It physically hurts me to see him because I can't understand what OZ was thinking. I cry inside for him because I imagine what life is like for him.

Does he have a wife? Children? Will he ever? Did he have a chance to go to high school? University? Where does he live? I'm afraid to find out some of the answers to these questions. I fear the truth about his life and how horrible it truly is would only get worse if I knew more.

When I see children with severe issues, it's sometimes too much to keep my composure.

Seeing a child with Down's or some other genetic problem tears a hole in my head and heart as I try to understand some possible good reason for it. If I don't quickly block from my mind the thoughts that follow, tears well up in my eyes immediately. Sometimes they do anyway and there is

no stopping them. Some people become immune to seeing people suffer. I seem to be getting more sensitive as time goes on.

What makes it worse is, I have this idea that OZ had a reason for the way everything was created here. Every variable was decided on, not one was created without thought, without intention.

The reason might not be found in the individual. Meaning just looking at the small piece of the puzzle, the boy with Downs', might not give me a clue what OZ was thinking. And honestly, it doesn't. I've tried over and over to come to some reasonable conclusion why it makes sense to sentence one child out of a thousand to be born with Down's Syndrome, and I cannot.

He wasn't a bad fetus - was he? Was he being punished as a result of wrongs done in a previous life?

Would he know that now? Or, is it all a big secret, one which he himself will never be privy to? Would his condition be any sort of punishment at all if he doesn't even know what he did wrong?

Evolutionists may say it has nothing to do with OZ or any creator. They see DNA that was deficient in some way, mutated. They say that explains it. They are never looking far enough backward though. Much of what evolutionary

theory proposes can be true, and I believe it is, but it doesn't explain the antecedents. Evolution doesn't explain why this game was created. It doesn't explain why the possibility for mutation to occur in DNA exists.

What was OZ thinking when DNA was created - a chain of millions of variables that can be dorked-up during replication so easily?

To me, that means Downs Syndrome was allowed to happen.

It was planned for.

It was on purpose.

OZ took into consideration that when DNA splits, whole groups of the chain might not be replicated perfectly. OZ put the whole thing into play. OZ knows what the possibilities were.

The possibilities would express themselves in time. That was understood, I'm sure of it.

Scientists understand it.

We understand it.

Surely every single thing we can understand, was already understood by OZ, wasn't it?

I don't know. Seems reasonable, but maybe not. It's all such hopeless conjecture, isn't it?

But why was it allowed? Is Down's Syndrome not even something that matters on any level to OZ?

Is our creator a heartless knob without feelings for any living thing?

At times, I think that. At times, I see some good in the world that seems to defy explanation, just like the bad does.

My mind flies through so many possibilities and yet I can't come up with anything that makes sense.

This is yet another reason for this book. I think I must be missing something in the Big Picture that explains the why, or at least explains something about OZ and who or what it is, or was. I think there must be something that can be learned by looking at the Big Picture that explains how some kids can be born to crack addicted prostitute moms and alcoholic heroin-wasted fathers, and how others can be born into much better families and environments.

There must be some reason.

And really, it better be a good one.

Someone asked me years back, I think I was in my twenties, 'when you die and meet god, then what are you going to ask

‘him’?’

I said, “Ask him? When all is said and done, and when I meet god··· when he isn’t looking, I’m going to hit him in the back of the head with a bat. Then I’ll take over and set The Game straight.”

There are so many things that seem interminably fucked to me. So many things that could never make sense.

I’m hoping to make sense of some of it as this book marches on.

You wish me all kinds of luck, right?

TIME

The concept of time has become interesting to us in the last hundred years or so. We now know that the light coming from the Sun takes eight minutes to reach us across just over ninety-one million miles of space. If the Sun exploded, we’d still have 500 seconds of light before we were all either burnt toast, or frozen solid.

The fact that we have time at all says something about whatever designed all this.

It's accountability - isn't it?

If you do something now, it never goes away. It's done. You

did it. It's on the record books. It's like a running history of all that we do. It's like Santa KNOWS if you're naughty or nice. Especially in this digital age. Everything you write online is supposedly going to be accessible forever. At least long enough that it matters to someone.

Time is most easily thought of as a time-line. On average, we get 70+ years of this. Laid out on a time-line, there is a lot of space between major events. At least for most of us, there is. Well, at least for some of us.

Are the major events what is important? Say a person experiences thirty or forty major events during a lifetime. By major, I mean like marriage, divorce, fights with spouse, fights with friends or parents or siblings, college graduation, death of someone important, changing jobs, moving far from the previous home, etc.

Are those the things that really define life?

Is it the major events that mean something?

What about all of the day-to-day events that don't make a major ripple, but they are the day-in, day-out experiences a person faces hundreds, thousands of times?

Is it the small things that define life? Is it a combination of the big and small?

Or, do they have nothing to do with anything?

Is there no tallying up of our lives at the end?

Is there no cutoff point?

No making the grade?

I don't know. Doesn't seem to be, and yet, most religions will tell you that there is one. It requires faith. Faith in something that has nothing tangible to grab onto.

I think that leaves a lot of us out. I'm out. I couldn't imagine believing in something strongly that has no basis in my present-day reality.

And that had to be taken into account if there was an OZ that cared about us each individually. An OZ that cared what we did with our lives, what became of us. An OZ that judged us based on what we did in life.

Time marches on from our first suck of air and righteous scream after being expelled from the womb into waiting hands. It's like a stopwatch starts at that point, isn't it?

Do we have any memory of anything that happened prior? Where were we just before that?

It's like time wasn't relevant or didn't even exist, because we don't remember anything of it, and nobody remembers who we were before birth.

Like after death.

I have two grandmothers, an uncle, and a good friend from the Air Force who have already died. I don't know anything of them anymore. They are obviously not in time. Not in my time. They're not in my reality. They are not in my world.

I've asked my uncle and my friend numerous times to communicate with me. I have to believe they would if they could. They can't. They're not even in the same time as I am. They're maybe without time altogether. They are maybe completely dissolved and never to exist again as the same person, the same energy that I once knew. These were two real characters too. These guys were really a blast to be with. I count every minute I spent with each of them as special.

Gone.

Time is broken down into the past, present, and future.

When we pop out of the womb, we're in the present. There is no past that does us any good. We don't remember it anyway. We have only present and future.

Somewhere around age 4-5 for most people, long-term memory begins and we're able to remember something going on at this age even as adults. My earliest memory is when I was three or four. Our past starts around this age.

Memory of the past gives us something to compare

ourselves against. It gives us a baseline for some things. Things that hurt us in the past we are able to recall and avoid. Things that gave us pleasure we're able to recognize and act in ways that might get the experience repeated or improved upon to make even better.

Memory, in a way, makes us more responsible to act in a way that is better - maybe more moral, maybe causing less pain to ourselves or to others. It's like a guide. If you do something to hurt someone in the past by being overly selfish, in the future when you see the same situation developing, you may choose a better option.

If you choose to do something selfishly, then maybe you are judged at that point?

Is there accountability for everything we do?

Everything we think?

Everything that pops into our minds? It is said that all of us have horrible thoughts that just pop in there. It just seems to be the brain's way of throwing options into the mix.

Doesn't it?

I don't really see them as thoughts – I think thoughts are intentional. There is random shit just blipping on and off in our heads that means nothing at all. If we stop to seriously consider some of the nuttiness that pops up, there can be a

real problem.

Can't there?

Some people do. They get a random blip – kill your husband. They start to think about it. They start to rationalize it. Or they start to lose their minds a bit. They forget who they are. The blip becomes a full thought and plan. The woman kills her husband. Later, she doesn't know why. She blames it on the voices in her head. Which, is pretty true – there was something in the mind that surfaced the idea, and it led to the death of the man.

That's how OZ put us together. Some of us can deal with the blips, and overlook them as fast as they pop-up. Others hold on to the blips to analyze them for a second, maybe entertain the idea. It builds from there, or goes away, but still it leaves an effect on the mind.

Doesn't it?

I married really young. After we were married about a year I found out that my wife had frequent bouts with bad voices in her head. She told me that sometimes her parents would find her sitting on the floor by the door in her bedroom banging her head against the door to get the voices to go away. Prior to that, I hadn't a clue there was ever anything like that going on. What's going on in the mind of another is often a complete mystery. Even with someone you think

you know inside-and-out.

A huge why to ponder is, why are the thoughts of serial killers floating around in our heads?

Could that be what OZ is up to with time, with memory?

Is there, like some Buddhists and Hindus believe, karma which is continually in action and tallying up all your actions in life? Is there a karmic balance that is the natural state of things? Everything moves toward that balance?

It sounds great. Sounds like a great way to do things, I love the idea.

I have to say that what I see in this life - is nothing like that. I see so many people that do as they wish at the expense of others and don't get negative consequences for their actions.

Thing is, memory is so fallible. If it was perfect, then it might make sense. If it isn't, could each person with a different capacity for accuracy of memory be judged for not remembering exactly correctly all the circumstances of the past?

Doesn't seem like it, right?

So, what is our flawed memory for then?

Survivability?

If it doesn't work that well, how well could we be surviving as a result of it? Thriving as a result of it?

It helps some, sure.

Is that the point? Is memory supposed to help us learn a bit? Help us learn better behavior sometimes in the future based on past experiences? Based on generalizing situations that are in some way similar to present day situations and acting correctly?

I don't know. To have it work half-assed like that sort of throws me. I'm not sure what was intended by OZ. All I know is what I see here today. I'm trying to see some other explanation that might make sense, and it isn't forthcoming.

Can you see any other possibility?

* * * * *

Thanks for reading Book 1!

I chose to break this into a number of smaller books so you could get a feel for what was coming, and buy the next book if you were still interested. The topic is quite bizarre, and not everyone is going to 'get it.' So, I figure, not everyone should have to buy the entire book at $9.99. Instead, buy the individual books as long as you're still interested.

I hope this gets Recipe For Chaos into more hands – and feel free to share this first book with anyone you like. I'll keep it free at Amazon.

Book 2 gets into variables of human biology and the mind.

We'll look at questions like:

"Why does our body temperature of 98.6°F put us at odds with the world every minute of every day?"

"Why do we have fingerprints? Unique retinas? Unique DNA?"

"Does happiness matter AT ALL?"

"Does OZ love a good fight?"

Continued in Book 2

Cheers,

Vern Lovic

Book 2 – Book 3 – Book 4

To be notified when each book is released, join my newsletter by going to VernLovic.com and scrolling down the page. The subscription form pops up for you in the upper right.

CHEERS!!