

### *Earth's First Immortals*

the entire world if necessary. Companies loved his placements because the employees who discovered their calling were motivated and happy. He tracked the success rate of the employees his agency placed. A whopping 96% rose to the upper echelons of management.

With that success rate, his company did a couple of things that were unprecedented: 1) it contacted companies that were NOT hiring to alert them of a match, and 2) his employment placement company contacted companies with a match, even if that person did not meet the required level of experience or education. Robert explained that the deep-rooted motivation rekindled by one's Friday-Night Essence releasing his or her "downstream focus" outperformed experience and education every time. Because of his company's phenomenal reputation, businesses usually hired his recommendations, oftentimes even if those businesses were not looking to hire.

Jake stood to the side listening to this and began wondering, "What's *my* Friday-Night Essence? Who was *I* meant to be?" He felt, ever since January and his trip to Duncan Elementary School, that he was somehow opening the door to the life he was meant to live. He also felt he would make that self-discovery before the weekend was over.

"What if you can't find a match?" Natasha asked.

"Those whom we can't find a match to place, we help them introduce the life they were meant to live into their day-to-day life. We set them up on the deceptively simple technique brought to light by Theodore — the mini-day system. For a person to make his or her Friday-Night Essence his or her livelihood is that person's life ambition, whether he consciously realizes it or not. Using the mini-day concept, we visualize that person's Friday-Night Essence at a commercial level. Then, we break into physical movements what it would take to get to that commercial level. Those physical movements are each given a block of time and placed in the evenings after work and on weekend mornings. That person's evenings and weekends suddenly look similar to the evenings and weekends of the world's most successful winners. And because those mini-days are that person's fun and exciting Friday-Night Essence — who that person was meant to be — he or she *stays on that schedule* of focussing, learning,

### *Conceiving the Superpuzzle*

and producing in the evenings and weekends. Over three-fourths of our clients who are set up this way eventually build a successful business doing what they love to do. Many thousands have gone on to become multimillionaires.”

“We really need to get together and talk,” Natasha said.

Jake sat down in his chair, overwhelmed by the value these former students were providing to the world. He could barely wait for the five-minute speeches. As if his thoughts were being answered, Rico got up and announced the start of the speeches.

“Who’d like to go first?” he asked.

Ah yes, the beautiful eyeful, Cathy Winters volunteered. She was the girl who used to never talk, Jake remembered. She was now proportionately perfect. Her closely tailored evening gown suggested a body with sleek, feline features. But what struck Jake, when the spotlight found her, was her eyes. No animal in the wild could conquer her, he thought, for she is the superior mental animal. Having been fat as a child and having been seeded with Neothink in third grade, this anomaly of superior intelligence with physical beauty was created.

She began by telling what that special lunch in third grade meant to her when Miss Annabelle sat next to her. Jake watched Miss Annabelle as Cathy told the story, and as he saw the teacher’s face quietly fill with love, he knew: she still loves them like her own children.

“Since that day in the lunchroom, I wanted to become beautiful, sweet, and smart like my teacher. I idolized her, and I grew to love her more than my own family. She became my heroine and my role model. Determined to show her I could do it, I started to diet. But I started to get so nervous because I didn’t know if I could stay in control. That was my biggest fear — could I keep control and stay on my diet. Then I realized the temptations *at home* were just too great. There were too many snacks around the house. My whole family was obese and there were cookies and cake everywhere. By accident, I made a discovery. This part of my story I didn’t tell you in third grade because I was too embarrassed: to get some control at home, I’d close my eyes when I’d go into the kitchen to blind myself to the cookies, ice cream, candy. I went straight to the same place in the kitchen to fix myself the exact same thing each

### *Earth's First Immortals*

day for breakfast. And when not in school, I did the same for lunch, fixing myself the same lunch every day. My mom would yell at me, but I fixed my own dinner, too — the exact same dinner, every day. I also fixed the exact same snack every night. At first, I would close my eyes when I walked through the kitchen and put my hands out to feel my way to the counter. I'd clear off a space to fix my meal and not look around me, so as not to see all those goodies. But a strange thing happened: do you remember? I wrote about it in that fabulous *Breakthrough News* we published."

Jake looked around. A few of the students were smiling and nodding. All the students had that "oh yeah, remember that?" look, and Jake knew that look was for *Breakthrough News*.

"After about three weeks, I noticed the cookies and things didn't bother me. I started walking right by them, with my eyes *opened*, and I didn't feel tempted. I only craved my set meal — the same thing I'd been eating for three weeks. Wow, what a revelation: I now had *control*! I discovered that we can condition our cravings to certain foods, and we can condition our hunger to certain quantities. That was the beginning of my famous diet. On other diets, those million-year-old forces of hunger and cravings work against you and control you, but on my diet, you condition those powerful forces to *work for you*, and you control them."

Again, Jake was moved by the value these students have brought the world. He reflected on how millions of obese people had gotten slim and sexy using the Cathy Winters Diet — the *lose-fat-and-gain-a-life* diet — bringing them happiness and quality of life while averting disasters such as heart attacks, diabetes, high blood pressure, and strokes.

Cathy looked at her third-grade teacher and said, "I wish you could be me for one minute to feel my emotions from the inside and know what a wonderful life I have. Thank you, *thank you* Miss Annabelle for noticing me when you sat next to me. I'll never forget that first hug you gave me —" Cathy's voice got emotional, and she paused for a moment, "I'll never forget that you noticed me. That made me so determined, and I have never lost that determination ever since. Thank you..."

Cathy knew her life would have gone down the drain if not

### *Conceiving the Superpuzzle*

for this woman. "I don't know if you remember, but one day in class you asked us to imagine something that seemed bigger than life. I never told anyone, but I was imagining being a supermodel. Because of you, my dream came true." She walked over to hug Miss Annabelle.

"I've been waiting twenty-six years to do this," she cried as she and Miss Annabelle, too moved to talk, hugged. Jake looked around at the other former students. Emotions were building, held back by the dam of composure. The dam sprang a leak when Miss Annabelle talked.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I had to leave!" Miss Annabelle said. For twenty-three years, she held that tormenting sentence inside. Mr. Melbourne, who looked dashing and debonair, gently rubbed her back as she talked to her students. "I'm so grateful for this day to be with you again. You know, my heart never mended, not after all those years." She had to stop talking to catch her breath before continuing. "But seeing you again, hearing about your happy lives, is finally healing my heart. You're all thanking me, now let me *thank you* for the love and happiness and beautiful memories you all brought me back then...and now. *Thank you so very, very much...my dearests.*"

Jake could feel the depth of her gratitude, and so could her former students. No one could talk right then, so Rico asked Jake if he could stand up now instead of at the end as scheduled. Jake was nervous about standing in front of these great people, but was caught by surprise so he had no time to think about his nervousness.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm awestruck by all of you. My name is Jake Catchings and —" suddenly his audience burst into applause. Jake was stunned...*what's this?* Rico walked over and whispered into Jake's ear that they were grateful to him for starting what led to them all getting together again. Until now, Jake had not felt worthy of being there. The applause gave him a sense of belonging and much-needed boost of confidence. He relaxed and continued with a smile, "Thank you. I'm the college student who figured out that you, with all your outstanding successes, had one common denominator — Miss Annabelle. Thanks to her and the beginnings twenty-seven years ago, every one of you here today is so profound! I feel that in your

### *Earth's First Immortals*

presence, I'm discovering the power of human life. When Miss Annabelle planted the seeds of Neothink in you as children, you were amazing. Now that the harvest has arrived as adults, you're awesome. I come to you as an outsider and stand at a distance and observe. Through you, I see a different world than the one I've always lived in. Your world is driven by passion and fueled with compassion. Each of you is changing the world for the better in some important way." Jake paused, as if hesitating to say it: "But what if all that individual puzzle-building power combined together into one huge superpuzzle? As I sit here and observe...somehow I feel something huge is to come out of all this. I guess that's because two months ago I listened to all the tapes of your year in third grade and saw what power radiated from you as a group when you worked together as children. I look around this room today and can't help wondering what would happen if you put your great minds together now, as adults. What would such a supermind create?"

Jake had just delivered quite a stirring thought. Now, he changed gears and went on to tell several stories from those third-grade tapes, bringing back vivid memories for the former students and their teacher. Some of the stories were funny, bringing laughter and joy to the crowd. Other stories reminded them just how much power they did generate as a group. ...They loved this college boy, and everyone knew he was a soul mate. At the end of his talk, he told Miss Annabelle how deep his feelings had grown for her, even though she did not know him. And he told her how much Jessie and Angie had helped him and how much they loved her and missed her. Then he called Jasmine up on the speaker's platform with him.

"This is my girlfriend, Jasmine. She's studying to become a writer and journalist. She helped me make this gift for you. Thanks to her, it's enjoyable and easy to read. Here is a booklet for posterity that documents your year together." As Jake and Jasmine handed out the booklet they had worked so hard to finish, they felt gratitude radiating from these people from a different world.

Jake sat down, feeling very proud, knowing he had injected a meaningful value into this new world.

Rico next asked Bruce Salinski to speak, the honest lawyer

### *Conceiving the Superpuzzle*

who had defended Miss Annabelle and Mr. Melbourne during the criminal lawsuit. The former students had never met him. Rico introduced him as the first lawyer who cut through the hopelessly decaying legal profession to a career of pure honesty.

"It was so difficult because pure honesty in my profession starts with exposing the judges," Salinski began. "It's not *pure* honesty if you don't expose the judges' ego-justice, and the judges control a lawyer's career. My decision of pure honesty almost caused me to starve. After defending Miss Annabelle and Mr. Melbourne, the judges punished me in trial after trial because I had exposed ego-justice. They were out to squash me like a bug. Judges are like a special fraternity, and word got around. I couldn't win a case in court for two years. The prosecuting attorneys would not settle because they knew they'd win in court. They had all the leverage. Clients rightfully abandoned me because I was a losing cause. Potential clients stayed away. I had no income for nearly a year.

"One day, I read in the paper about a small entrepreneur whose business was destroyed by the IRS. Moreover, he faced criminal charges. No trial lawyers would defend him — they were all afraid of the IRS, especially the Criminal Investigation Division. Besides, the IRS froze all his accounts; he had no money to pay a lawyer. So, I called him. I was right: he had no money, but I said I would defend him anyway. I explained my situation and that my defense would be a totally different approach based on widescope accounting and pure honesty. He had nothing to lose since he was going to prison anyway. So, he agreed to my radically different approach. We were both at our lowest points; we were both ready to thrive on exposing the evil that put us there. ...Well, that was my famous Golden Helmet trial and the turning point of my career."

Jake listened in fascination as Salinski told the story about the start-up entrepreneur who could not squeeze the cash out of his small company to pay his corporate taxes. He could not get the cash out because it was tied up in inventory and other assets. Although his company had made nearly \$200,000 in profits, he had no cash. By the time this small businessman could clear the cash to pay the IRS, it was nearly time to do the next year's taxes. Of course, the same thing would happen again and again,

### *Earth's First Immortals*

presence, I'm discovering the power of human life. When Miss Annabelle planted the seeds of Neothink in you as children, you were amazing. Now that the harvest has arrived as adults, you're awesome. I come to you as an outsider and stand at a distance and observe. Through you, I see a different world than the one I've always lived in. Your world is driven by passion and fueled with compassion. Each of you is changing the world for the better in some important way." Jake paused, as if hesitating to say it: "But what if all that individual puzzle-building power combined together into one huge superpuzzle? As I sit here and observe...somehow I feel something huge is to come out of all this. I guess that's because two months ago I listened to all the tapes of your year in third grade and saw what power radiated from you as a group when you worked together as children. I look around this room today and can't help wondering what would happen if you put your great minds together now, as adults. What would such a supermind create?"

Jake had just delivered quite a stirring thought. Now, he changed gears and went on to tell several stories from those third-grade tapes, bringing back vivid memories for the former students and their teacher. Some of the stories were funny, bringing laughter and joy to the crowd. Other stories reminded them just how much power they did generate as a group. ...They loved this college boy, and everyone knew he was a soul mate. At the end of his talk, he told Miss Annabelle how deep his feelings had grown for her, even though she did not know him. And he told her how much Jessie and Angie had helped him and how much they loved her and missed her. Then he called Jasmine up on the speaker's platform with him.

"This is my girlfriend, Jasmine. She's studying to become a writer and journalist. She helped me make this gift for you. Thanks to her, it's enjoyable and easy to read. Here is a booklet for posterity that documents your year together." As Jake and Jasmine handed out the booklet they had worked so hard to finish, they felt gratitude radiating from these people from a different world.

Jake sat down, feeling very proud, knowing he had injected a meaningful value into this new world.

Rico next asked Bruce Salinski to speak, the honest lawyer