

Conceiving the Superpuzzle

— *everyone!* It'll kill you, your spouse, your brothers and sisters, your parents and your precious children! I live day and night as a research doctor — the only doctor — driven to bring an end to this horror. Can *you* see through the illusion?"

Sally mesmerized the people in the room.

"We stand over our loved ones as they helplessly die one by one. And we accept that their irreplaceable spirit — the greatest value in all the Universe — is gone because the *replaceable* tool, the body, gave out! When the day comes when you look at a loved one's lifeless body lying in a casket, the face expressionless, with no more glow radiating from the eyes, cheeks, and lips...glance up atop the coffin at a picture of your loved one. See the face beaming with life and expression, then look back at the expressionless face in the casket. At that moment, you'll realize the face and body in the casket are *NOT* your loved one. Your loved one is the glow, the expression, the thinking, radiating spirit...and that spirit — that everything — is *gone*. The expressionless face and motionless body in the casket no longer have anything to do with your loved one. The body was merely the tool that housed the spirit — housed your loved one. Your loved one is gone *not* because the spirit needed to die. Your loved one is gone because the tool — the goddamn shell — gave out!"

She's right! A shot of adrenaline shot into Jake's veins; his heart was pounding. She's right! He couldn't take his eyes off her. He wanted to look at the others, but he couldn't take his eyes off Sally.

"I cannot accept the irreplaceable spirit dying because the replaceable body gives out, and my intolerance grows every day. Most people don't understand me. I'm different. Media personnel interview me and think I must be the most satisfied 36-year-old woman alive. I've already become a legend, they tell me. They say I'll win the Nobel Prize. But I'm *not* satisfied. I'm tortured by the thought that every person I see, I touch, I hug, I love is doomed to die. The more I love and feel, the more I can't stop thinking about the cruelty and irrationality of it all. Is life and love some kind of cruel joke? Yes it is, and I've devoted my life to fix that. I can't imagine doing anything else until this atrocity is removed from

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civilization.”

Sally paused. No one moved. The tinkling of the fountains, as if suddenly amplified, filled the hush. The people in that glass house were frozen, as if they'd been wandering around in the dark and someone, Sally, suddenly shined a bright light directly into their eyes.

“I'll never forget Miss Annabelle's talks about *the value* of our lives. And I'll never forget her compassion and her love for me. I remember looking into her eyes and seeing so much concern for me and my mother, who was dying from ovarian cancer. I could see, and can still see in my mind's eye, the pain behind Miss Annabelle's loving eyes, pain because she couldn't help me from losing my mom.” Sally looked at her third-grade teacher, and her voice changed from strong to soft and vulnerable. “I still have that very special letter you sent me after you left the country. I could feel your pain, in every line, for having to leave...when my mom was dying.” Sally was wrestling with her voice to be able to say what she wanted to say. “But I want you to know that the happiness my mother and I found in each other caused a remarkable physical reaction in my mother. The doctors said they never saw anything like it and believed that her happiness caused her cancer to go into remission. She lived another six years, and we lived every day with so much closeness, love, and happiness because we knew how *precious* our time together was. During that time, we spent more time together and shared more love than others do in their entire lifetimes. At the end, we both knew how lucky we were. Near the end, my mom told me it was you who pointed her, in a time of confusion, to me and to the preciousness of our remaining time together. She told me, if I ever saw you again, to thank you for her. I have waited for twenty-six years to do this.” Sally's voice broke apart as the memory and image of her mother thanking her teacher came back. “From my mother to you, *thank you*, Miss Annabelle for showing her the preciousness of our love. And from myself, *thank you* for your love and insights that helped make my life with my mom a cherished treasure and my life after my mom a gallant adventure.”

Jake now saw the sensitive little Sally he had heard on the tapes. She was emotional, but she had one more thing she

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wanted to say, "I love you, Miss Annabelle. ...Could I get one of your hugs?" It was a preciously vulnerable moment in this strong woman, brought on by the beauty of everlasting love for her teacher and trust among her former classmates.

Miss Annabelle cried out, "Oh, Sally," as she rushed up to hug her. Jake, again, felt the compassion and love of this other world as he watched two broken hearts mend. He knew that leaving Sally caused Miss Annabelle her deepest pain when she was forced to move to Australia and go incommunicado twenty-three years ago. Jake watched Sally and her teacher hug...and heal. He could imagine Sally as the little girl in third grade, eyes wide with fear after learning about her mother's illness, and her teacher, eyes full of pain and compassion, hugging the little girl. Knowing how deeply Miss Annabelle loved her students, Jake could imagine how it must have broken her heart to leave the little Sally, believing her mom could die at any time.

Jake had to rethink, for a moment, why Miss Annabelle had to leave and be incommunicado in the first place. The reason was so irrational, so absolutely meaningless, that his mind did not naturally retain it. He had to really think for a moment to remember the irrationality that his mind naturally disposed of. ...Oh yes, it was the INS and IRS. For Christ sake! Those two *nothings* caused this pain and destruction! In the presence of the benevolence in this room, Jake knew those destructive *nothings* were going to someday vanish from the face of the earth as people saw through the illusions to the malevolence of those self-serving institutions that blocked everything good and stimulating in life. As Jake watched Sally and her teacher, the word that rang in his head was *innocence*. Then, when he thought of the nothings that separated them, the only word that came to mind was *evil*.

It was during this emotional moment when Sally and Miss Annabelle hugged and her former classmates wiped their eyes that Jake emotionally broke through to what was happening within Sally and within the others in the glass house: it was a war of two worlds. The innocent and pure value creators versus the evil value destroyers...the external authorities who want to rule over civilization versus the God-Man who rules over his own life and future.

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Several moments passed, and Jake looked around the room again. Something peculiar was happening that was sobering. As the former classmates regained their composure, the normal rumble of quiet talking amongst them between speeches did not return. Only the tinkling of the garden's water fountains could be heard. Jake looked at Rico, then at Theodore, Ian, Natasha, and Jeremiah. They sat in paralyzed silence. Their eyes were big, and their minds were working. It seemed as if these powerful people who had seen it all, suddenly laid eyes on a new life form. Jake knew exactly what stunned these people who were normally too powerful to be stunned, for Jake felt it too. It was Sally's passion about the most important responsibility for oneself, one's loved ones, and humanity. How could she put her skill and ambition at work toward anything else? With that single question, she had grabbed her former classmates' deepest thoughts and stretched them to the point from which they could never retract and be the same. They would never be able to see the world the same way again. The scale of importance in their lives was, in one impassioned speech from Sally, thrown completely on its end by the immense weight of imminent death pushing everything down. That big weight had to be removed to get their lives back in balance again.

Miss Annabelle dabbed her eyes and turned to her former students. Jake could not help noticing how beautiful she still looked in her 60s.

"I have been overwhelmed here tonight by your accomplishments and your love. You're all creating such important values for the world. In turn, I've never seen such happiness in adults before as I do in your eyes. When I look at you, it's almost as if I'm looking into your eyes when I taught you so long ago. Your expressions of youth have not left you. Seeing you like this fills a large void within me with happiness. The hardest thing I ever did in my life was to leave you so many years ago. If I had stayed, I would have been sent back to prison because I would not have been able to stay away from you. I would have violated the restraining order, which would have violated the conditions of my probation. When I left, the emptiness inside from being torn from my beloved students after three years in prison, caused me months of depression. My

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loving husband, my soul mate, helped me through it. I could not return, however, to my greatest love in life: I never returned to the classroom. I couldn't bear to be torn from my students again. Politically ambitious adults in today's anticivilization, which includes every school board, can't tolerate pure honesty with its laser-like rays that cut through illusions to the essence of things — past illusions to reality. So, I knew the outcome would be the same wherever I taught. Therefore, I never taught in the classroom again.

“Yet, I knew I couldn't stray from my teaching method of honesty and reality. I did pursue my teaching method — my secret formula I'll call it since school boards reject it. Since I couldn't be in the classroom, I distilled the core of my classroom teachings — *the secret* — into a technique parents could use. From that, I wrote my best-seller *How To Raise A Genius Through Five-Minute Bedtime Stories*. My husband, by the way, published and sold the book. No major New York publishers would touch it. In that book, I teach parents to tell a five-minute bedtime story that breaks the boundaries of the child's normal thinking pattern, always adhering to reality. After all, breaking mental boundaries through integrating reality is the process of Neothink. This technique exercises, stretches, and strengthens the child's mind, preparing that young mind to take off on its own into the realm of Neothink. In my book I encourage, as one very effective boundary-breaking event, to cut through any particular illusion such as Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, and God. Cut through to reality, I say. That teaches the young mind how to cut through illusions in this world to reality, which equips that young mind with power far beyond peers. I also encourage parents to tell their children how things are made or why things are as they are. For instance, tell the child how the combustion engine of the car they drive to school in works. Explain how the gas ignites a spark on the spark plug, causing a bolt of energy that pumps the pistons that turn the axle, which turns the wheel. These five-minute bedtime stories get their young minds seeing deeper into the world around them, deeper into reality and what *makes* the world around them. Later on, seeing deeper to reality will help them look deeper at everything, including the spoon-feeding of the media and

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politicians, to see past their sugar-filled illusions to what constitutes those complex situations. These bedtime stories break the normal boundaries of thoughts of children. The parents, in time, will begin to notice their child carries a power other children don't have. The child will seem emotionally mature beyond his or her years and unusually able to solve problems. Those are the early signs of a future great value producer.

"After John published my book, I started my Internet class. I realized that the great thinkers and achievers during the Golden Age of the Greeks and during the Renaissance often had great thinkers as tutors who broke thinking boundaries in their pupils' minds. I realized I could become the tutor for thousands of children over the Internet. Every day I put up a boundary-breaking 'lecture'. I've built the world's largest educational following in the eight years I've done this. As I listen to the fascinating values the twelve of you have brought to the world, I fantasize over what my half-million web students will have done for the world twenty-seven years from now. The twelve of you have each built magnificent Neothink puzzles that have brought never-before-seen values to the world. You have lived with the advantage of being able to see through illusions to the essence of things. You have been able to see through the way things have always been done to better ways of doing them. You have created the future in the framework of your endeavors. ...Now, I ask you to create the future of the world. I ask you great lovers of life, great competent people who know how to succeed, great achievers with powerful resources...I ask you to pull together and build the mother of all Neothink puzzles for yourselves and for all humanity for all eternity. I felt it...and I saw it in your eyes after Sally's talk. Were we not asking ourselves the same question: how can I do anything but defeat death? I saw a clue twenty-seven years ago of the synergy when the twelve of you got together to accomplish something: your spectacular *Breakthrough News*. *Do it again, now*. Death is your nemesis. Together you can create the Neothink superpuzzle that can forever end death for you and for humanity."

Jake looked around and saw Miss Annabelle's former students nodding as she talked. What a shocking idea, Jake thought. These people have changed the world by building powerful

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Neothink puzzles that reveal puzzle-pictures that break through to the next level, to new paradigms of politics, business, love, law, education, and medicine. Just what would happen if these people, the world's first wave of Neothinkers, came together and poured their Neothink capacity into one synergistic Neothink superpuzzle to accomplish humanity's greatest feat of all time — to end the worst natural disaster, *death*, and to cure the 100% fatal disease, *aging*? Just what would happen? Jake tried to ponder that question, but he couldn't grasp the mechanics of it. As the thought fizzled from his mind, he looked at the beautiful Miss Annabelle, serious yet smiling proudly at her former students. Still, after twenty-seven years, she was pushing them forward to the next level.