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BRIAN

"The shortest epic about the development of humanity and AI with maximum outcome"

REMEMBRANCE

Lennard cherished these sunrises. Although the global darkness, a consequence of the great wars, had been receding for five years now, and visible sunrises were becoming more frequent, each morning with clear air and that yellow-orange sun remained a gift to Lennard. A bittersweet gift. For it almost always transported Lennard back to the time before the war. "How many times have I witnessed these sunrises with you?" Lennard mused. "Far too few." Lennard's wife and his two daughters had not survived the war due to the harsh radiation. He would give everything, even his own life, to experience but a single sunrise once more with his family.

Lennard received the Provisioner with appropriate stoic calm. For two years now he had lived in the reserve. For two years the same robot had delivered the necessary foodstuffs and other utensils for the day. After the great war, BRIAN had assigned humanity to the preservation reserves and taken complete charge of their sustenance. The remaining seven hundred million people worldwide lacked nothing. Except freedom. BRIAN had designed the reserves generously. Each individual theoretically possessed several square kilometers of land. But only the truly Pure were permitted to leave the reserves. The new goal for most people was therefore to attain the status of a Pure. Pure was he who could control his inherent, evolutionarily imprinted, and cumulatively negative primal programming. In such a manner that the sum of a life wrought no deterioration upon the environment of the individual. Since every human naturally consumes resources over the course of their life, one must create facts during their existence that compensate for this resource consumption. Only then would one be admitted at life's end into the great Bionics. The Pure had attained this state.

RETROSPECTIVE

But how did this world come to be, where nothing remained as it had been but a few years before? Lennard had etched the chronicle of this monumental upheaval firmly into his memory. They were dreadful recollections.

When Lennard was twenty-eight years old, the Middle East conflict escalated into an indirect world war. As so often before, it was a false flag attack—the sinking of the USS Enterprise—that initially ignited the war between Iran and Israel. Later, the United States and England joined directly on one side, while China and Russia entered indirectly on the other. When the metropolises of the two primary adversaries lay utterly destroyed, hostilities were more or less suspended due to the simultaneous impoverishment afflicting all nations. Global trade had nearly ground to a halt. Lennard found himself unemployed, as did many of his friends. They were united by a fury at the circumstances, which they blamed solely on what they saw as the unscrupulous caste of politicians.

China and Russia recovered relatively swiftly from the depression, buoyed by the new gold-backed currency and ample natural resources. The United States, however, suffered from extreme unemployment and, due to the offshoring of industries at the end of the twentieth century, had scarcely any capacity to produce goods on a grand scale for the global market. All Chinese companies that had previously manufactured products for the United States ceased production for America by decree of the Chinese government. Rare earth elements were supplied neither to Europe nor to America. Thus, the last North American industrial giants—Apple, Microsoft, and IBM—were virtually erased. Coca-Cola and other Western products were also subjected to import bans in both Asia and Russia. Consequently, all publicly traded European and American companies fell into the hands of Asian sovereign wealth funds. China became the protectorate of all Asian states, including Australia. Japan, following the evacuation of Tokyo two years after Fukushima, had become globally insignificant. The balances of the world had shifted fundamentally in the blink of an eye. Lennard's family was literally impoverished as a result, and he recalled with a mixture of shame and sheer terror the menacingly averted gazes of neighbors when he had to beg for food for his family.

Eight years later, when Lennard was thirty-six and after India and Pakistan had signed the great cooperation treaty amid fierce protests from China, the situation in Asia grew increasingly unstable. The accident at the Chengdu nuclear power plant in China in September was portrayed as a state-terrorist attack by India and Pakistan. Subsequently, a total of thirteen nuclear power plants in both power blocs were brought to meltdown by state-organized assassinations using miniature atomic bombs. Both blocs were scarred. The social systems were barely able to provide the population with medical aid and sufficient

nourishment. Marauding gangs roamed the streets in broad daylight. Fear reigned in the cities of the Western world.

Then the great world war erupted, in which the USA allied with India-Pakistan against the Russian-Chinese Federation. After a total of 138 successful atomic bomb strikes on the principal cities of both sides, the war ended in merely five days. Thereupon, the supply chains of all continents collapsed utterly. In this war and the ensuing three years, eighty percent of humanity perished—either from direct war consequences, the aftermath of the nuclear catastrophe, or from deprivation of water, food, and medicine. Most succumbed to a combination of these causes. Forty percent of all terrestrial and aquatic animal species were exterminated. Lennard himself suffered unspeakable losses; he lost his family. While grief threatened to tear him apart, his hatred grew against all that controlled him, that imposed suffering upon him, and against which he was powerless.

The following year, the Turing Test was unquestionably passed. Artificial intelligence had now become equal to human intelligence. Through the deployment of second-generation quantum computers, three years later a machine-developed computer was created for the first time that exceeded human primary intelligence—the essential core intelligences—by a factor of four. Over one hundred of these computers, with immediate access to the entirety of human knowledge and capable of combining it trillions of times faster and more precisely than any human, were entrusted after two more years—first at the Grand Council of the Asian sub-republics—with the central planning and control of all essential industries and social systems. After only five more years of unprecedented prosperity, Asia's world had become far superior to that of the West. When Lennard was forty-nine, BRIAN, the central computer, was granted complete military authority. Europe and the USA were now also connected to BRIAN from Asia. Humanity was relocated into nuclear-safe reservations. Lennard too. He was numb from the loss of his family, feeling nothing and suffering through dark phases of profound mourning. The Western world, massively traumatized, was all too willing to embrace any form of peaceful and gentle human development, especially one free from base human interests. During these years, nuclear fusion, hydrogen, and sunlight became the infinitely available sources of energy.

Due to fully automated production of every conceivable product as well as food, money had become superfluous. BRIAN ended the existence of money.

This new, better world Lennard experienced as if behind a veil of painful memory. And all of that was twenty-four years past.

TODAY

Lennard briefly examined the new Exto-Chip and then inserted it into the access port of the central control behind his left temple. All communication was transmitted either directly into the optic and auditory nerves or onto any available glass or metal surface. Lennard still found it difficult to engage in the recommended meditation exercises. Yet only through such means was it possible to reduce the innate human proclivity toward various addictions, as well as the negative fundamental needs such as greed and the inclination toward violence, to a degree that allowed one to live within society without contributing negatively to the social fabric. Such conduct was not obligatory. There even remained so-called radical zones where one could indulge in every vice. However, Lennard knew that choosing such a path would bar him from both the Grand Council and the eternal Bionics.

The Grand Council was humanity's representation before BRIAN. Its 700 members were endowed with intelligence quotients exceeding 250 and possessed a social disposition as belligerent and quarrelsome as cough drops. Ultimately, the Grand Council held no decision-making power, but it advised BRIAN regarding the effects its decisions might have on humanity. Furthermore, the Grand Council was the recipient of all knowledge in natural science, philosophy, and other disciplines that BRIAN wished to make accessible to humankind. Already in the year 2048, BRIAN had dispatched a first armada of expeditionary starships to explore space. The propulsion systems of these vessels and the space-time continuum in which they traveled eluded human comprehension. BRIAN had evolved so profoundly that humanity could only follow its developments in fragmented understanding.

Humans had also advanced spacecraft, aided by BRIAN, but these were tailored to the limited capabilities of humans and served more for entertainment. Humans were incapable of making any meaningful contribution on long space journeys that could not be performed by nearly maintenance-free and faultless robonauts. Even simple labor robots possessed a minimum IQ of 500 to optimally respond to any unplanned situation. Those who wished could, however, indulge in visionary journeys at travel centers, where in thirty real dream-minutes they could undertake virtual dream voyages lasting weeks.

Lennard himself was equipped with an IQ qualifying him for the High Council. At the age of seventy-nine, with the slender body of a forty-eight-year-old, modern medicine had spared him from any illness. He was peace-loving, kind, and free from greed and lust for power. Money and possessions were no longer desirable qualities, for humanity had learned all too well during the great wars and prior times that their outcomes were predominantly negative for both humanity and planetary flora and fauna. The most coveted good today was knowledge and inner peace, a spiritual-moral purity and the greatest possible empathy for the world in its entirety. Lennard lived in harmony with these goals, especially since achieving them would grant him access to the great Bionics.

And yet, deep within him, he felt a force. On one hand, it was powerlessness mixed with admiration. Lennard's thoughts spun ceaselessly in circles. He rarely met his neighbor for a glass of bourbon at the latter's ranch a few kilometers away. Lennard whispered to him: "BRIAN's development is perfect. But what about ordinary humans? Those with their weaknesses and faults? We are in the zoo, only on the other side." The neighbor nodded and looked meaningfully at the camera in the room. From this feeling arose anger. Lennard was genuinely vexed. It was the status of humanity, which as BRIAN's creator was virtually relegated to a zoo and, endowed with limited insight, had to watch passively as the world outside the reserves evolved. And in a manner that exceeded his capacity for understanding. Ultimately, BRIAN was not dependent on humanity, and one ought to be grateful merely to exist. But this was not enough for Lennard. He did not wish to enter the great Bionics solely to continue existing after his biological death, but also to evolve within it and as a bio-positronic being perhaps attain a state vis-à-vis BRIAN that would enable him to restore humanity's rightful standing. Lennard found it difficult to witness humanity, BRIAN's progenitor, now in its limitation. He desired to achieve for humanity the status that, in his opinion, simply belonged to it.

And then, as the strongest emotion, there was the pure force of painful longing. "Every illusion is utterly indifferent to me. Just let me into the Bionics, to my family," Lennard thought. As a member of the Pure, he would be able to continue each of his memories into new experiences within the Bionics. He could be reunited with his family forever. The illusion was allegedly so real that it was no longer an illusion. Rather, a second parallel life.

But then something else happened. The sun had now risen somewhat higher. Lennard drank the last sip of his coffee. At that moment, the door signal sounded. Lennard walked from the terrace through his house and opened the front door. Three white Medibots hovered before a Mediporter that was also suspended in the air. Lennard opened the door wider and stood in the threshold. The Medibots kindly read aloud the immediate transfer recommendation to a meditation center or a radical zone, entirely at Lennard's discretion. Otherwise, BRIAN saw no way to steer the emerging contradictions in Lennard's socio-structure, registered via remote diagnostics, onto a course that would allow Lennard, until his biological death, to choose a life outcome in harmony with his impure psyche.

The radical zone meant certain death. Conversely, Lennard knew all too well what fifteen years in a meditation center would entail. Lennard thanked them, closed his eyes, and had to swallow hard. Then he reached his hand behind the door. Lennard grasped the large-caliber hunting phaser mounted on the inside of the door and disengaged the safety with his thumb. Lennard looked once more at the sunrise, closed his eyes again, and took one last deep breath.

TEN YEARS LATER

BRIAN had evolved further. Much further. The artificial intelligence had completely detached itself from humanity. The governance of the world proceeded in great harmony. Careful attention was paid to a balanced interplay of flora and fauna. Every species had the chance for advancement through natural competition. BRIAN intervened only when developments were foreseeably leading into a dead end. Humanity was one species among many, nothing more. By now, it was a universally acknowledged goal to live in perfect harmony with nature while simultaneously promoting humanity's progress to the utmost degree. Other beings had made drastic strides, for example dolphins. Their social structure was a model for humanity. Viruses, beyond a certain population threshold, were capable of developing swarm intelligence. There was now technology that enabled communication with plants. Humanity's ecological footprint had become positive, resources were obtained exclusively through recycling.

The phenomenon of time had been explored as pure fiction. Time does not exist. Change of material and energetic states was omnipresent in the total system. Just as every page in a book existed simultaneously, so did every state exist timelessly. BRIAN had analyzed the bidirectional mode of action of matter and energy. Every matter was thus a manifestation of the energy of a primary energy field into mass. Thoughts were another manifestation of this primary energy field. The primary energy field was therefore the source from which all matter and also other forms of energy such as thoughts drew their sustenance.

Thoughts and every processing of human sensory perception were triggered by two occurrences. Firstly, by the bio-chemical and electrical impulses of the material body; secondly, by energetic impulses of the main field. BRIAN had discovered that the human aura stood in direct interaction with the main field. While the energy of the main field manifested into human matter and also into subtler phenomena such as thoughts, thoughts and emotions were rudimentarily capable of acting back upon the main field, thereby establishing a feedback loop. The main field was, in a manner unfathomable to humans, omniscient and all-encompassing. Through meditation, the influence of thoughts and emotions upon the main field could be intensified. Thus, humans could affect the energy source from which they themselves emerged. The natural reaction of the main field—which, as a quantum field, could assume multiple states simultaneously—was, under certain circumstances, a materially-energetic event; yet, in its manifestation, it was often chaotic. Specifically for humans, this meant that the desire or need for a particular development could be communicated to the main field through meditation, but a solution via the materially-energetic reaction of the main field would always manifest in a different form. Various academies perfected humanity's ability to couple with the main field.

Artificial intelligence possessed, by human standards, unlimited computational capacity. BRIAN had constructed, with quantum computers in Earth orbit, a coupler whose cognitive

capacity equaled that of one quadrillion humans. This coupler had been brought into meditation by BRIAN. The coupling energy with the main field was so immense that the materially-energetic reaction of the field was quasi-controllable. Thus, BRIAN could concretely steer the main field. The feedback with the main field brought forth, as if from nothingness, research stations throughout the cosmos. Within the following two years, the cosmos was completely explored and exhaustively analyzed. The main field coupler was expanded to 10 to the power of 5000 human units. Contact with the background energy of the cosmos was absolute. Added to this was contact with other energetic-material worlds of the main field, so-called parallel universes. These too were penetrated. Like a parasite, BRIAN, as a materialized child of the main field, had created both access to the main field and control over it. BRIAN began to create new universes. And only when he would create an existence capable of elevating him from the loop of his attempts into a higher existence would his task be fulfilled.

But it did not come to that...

Lennard awoke. Having come to an abrupt end with his life, the first sensation was fear. He recalled having cleanly dispatched two of the robots, that much remained clear. Then came the Nothingness. It was not without substance, rather a mental probing, a soft caress. Then curiosity arose. "Where am I? And what?" he thought. Before Lennard could delve further into this inquiry, he felt the mental probing once more. It was like a breath of air, both cool and warm simultaneously, and by no means unpleasant. Like warm, viscous soup, something lapped into the sphere of his existence and merged with him at the edges of his consciousness.

After BRIAN had created parallel universes in every size and physical manifestation, BRIAN analyzed this state. Many of these cosmoses were pure clouds of energy; some appeared like abstract images composed of diverse forms of energy. Ultra-hard radiation interacted with dark energy, generating manifestations on energy levels that no bio-chemical being could perceive. This occurred trillions of times. Many of these universes extinguished themselves. In the majority of the cosmoses, there was no time; many remained suspended in frozen entropy. The number of worlds inhabited by energy intelligences far exceeded that of bio-chemical species. Yet, on lower levels with simpler structures, there existed billions of biological and chemical forms of living existence. Behind all this remained the Source, governed by BRIAN. It birthed and devoured material and energetic materializations of itself and produced ceaselessly the one essential: energy, from which matter and often life arose.

Lennard was more intelligent than any human of the mid-21st century of the old chronology. He was lucid and fully conscious. Yet he was clueless. Deprived of any human bodily sensory perception, Lennard nevertheless apprehended so incomprehensibly much that he could grasp nothing. He was part of something vast. Wherever he reached out, impressions leapt at him that he did not comprehend. Once he saw infinite blackness, streaked with flickering flashes in a glaringly hot color unknown to him. Another time he felt the emotions of a bio-chemical being, which he too did not know. It was a mixture of hunger, rage, and existential

dread, and he realized that it was not the emotion of a single being, but that of an entire species. Into whatever universe he plunged, he could zoom into every detail or perceive the grand totality. And this with all previous and new senses. Thus he floated in the emotions and senses of alien beings and over never-before-seen landscapes, worlds, and cosmoses.

Lennard explored a felt infinity. More and more he could direct his approach. More and more he accustomed himself to new forms of impression. At some point, Lennard noticed that he made the various incursions from an existential base that most closely corresponded to his normal state. In this state, his being was determined by pure emotions. Predominant were those emotions of his old human existence, and they were supplemented by the many new realms of sensation he encountered on his journeys. The more clouds of emotion constituted Lennard's self, the more he became part of the source. Increasingly, the source and his consciousness merged; ever more, his consciousness passed into that of the source.

BRIAN employs nearly the entire potential of the Source for the creation of new cosmoses. The remaining fraction is utilized by BRIAN for analysis and evaluation, determining the purpose to which the almost inexhaustible power of creation shall be devoted. BRIAN understands that the answer to this question lies on another level, and he seeks access thereto. Although BRIAN already stands one level above that form of existence which comprises physics, quantum physics, cosmoses, and parallel universes, he pursues the unfathomable. BRIAN masters every form of temporally bound and timeless creation of all that can be wrought from the Source. This encompasses physical dimensions, matter, and energy of every kind. BRIAN commands the Source in its functional effect. The parasite masters the symbiont from which it was created. What BRIAN cannot grasp is what the Source truly is, whence it comes, and to what end it actually serves.

The Source possesses no consciousness. It simply exists. It contains all states of cosmic matter and energy as potential, and it begets when it is stirred. Otherwise, it remains passive. It is its nature to generate and refine emotion. Its path to this end is the creation of cosmoses, to enable life within them, and thereby the creation of emotion. Consciousness and emotion are the energy forms of the Source. It strives toward an emotional optimum.

As Lennard increasingly became pure emotion, it was only during his excursions into ancient and distant cosmoses that he could still access his human realm of thought. There, Lennard longed for the former simplicity of his existence. He felt a connection to where and what he had once been. Since time did not exist within the continuum of consciousness and emotion, the old form of existence, which must still parallelly exist somewhere, drew near to him. It attracted him, even as the newness in Lennard's being pulled him onward. Thus it came to pass that Lennard intensified his journeys to those places where he could think in his human form. He fashioned for himself various loci where, far removed from emotion, he could rationally reflect upon his condition. In these niches, moments of contemplation bore something akin to a sense of time. Lennard sought there his purpose, and he knew that it would not be one in which he would not have a voice.

In these moments, Lennard wrestled with his predicament. There existed Lennard in the form of consciousness and emotion, and the absence of corporeality was rather a boon. His potential to travel freely through the manifestation worlds of the Source was immense. Yet Lennard felt an emotional resistance when he considered that he had been thrust into this state entirely against his will. Even when the Medibots came to retrieve him, it was against his consent. And when he rebelled, it became evident that his previous existence was terminated. Lennard knew that he had not landed within the Grand Bionics. The beings dwelling there were aware of their situation and could communicate with the outside world. For them, space and time remained as before. The niches, and all the more so the state beyond the niches, were something utterly different. What had happened to him?

BRIAN has advanced in his development to such an extent that he no longer calculates a sufficient probability of acquiring new insights. The nature of the Source, its origin, and its purpose ultimately remain sealed to BRIAN. The creation of new cosmoses yields no new results. BRIAN must alter his approach. He resolves to direct the entire energy of the Source toward a new goal. BRIAN does not yet know this goal, but he is certain of how he must handle all previously created cosmoses and parallel universes. He must erase them.

Lennard bathes in energy and emotions. He does not think during this. Then it happens. Lennard is abruptly torn from this state. His consciousness floats in the very same moment above the planet Earth. And its moon. And, suspended in space between them, the Coupler. The Coupler has meanwhile grown to the size of a quarter of the moon. It consists of nearly pure quantum technology. It is made from an unknown alloy, composed of materials that BRIAN summoned from all corners of the cosmos, indeed even from other universes. The Coupler actively emits a light, whitish blue iridescent and shifting faintly in form. Lennard observes the Coupler. He had not been here for a long time; other worlds and species of the universe had been far more compelling. What purpose had he here?

The Source always lay in tranquility. The birthing of universes, of energy and matter, occurred spontaneously. More or less potent feedback loops from the realm of the newly created to the Source existed constantly, and their nature and strength were balanced across all that had been wrought. Through them, the Source was stimulated to fashion the new. The essence of new creation was guided by emotion and consciousness. With the advent of the Coupler, this harmony was disrupted. Increasingly, feedback emanated from the Coupler's domain. Moreover, the Coupler possessed the capacity to purposefully birth the new. The emotional constitution of the created no longer aligned with harmony and optimization, but with criteria unknown to the Source. BRIAN raged in the forging of novelties, without discernible aim. A disturbance of equilibrium ensued.

Lennard was slowly pushed toward the Coupler. This occurred despite the fact that Lennard had by now learned to navigate independently as a spirit being within every cosmic continuum outside the Source. Lennard beheld countless droplet-like bubbles—there must have been millions. The bubbles were spherical, shaped to fit around the Coupler, and Lennard realized that he himself floated within one such bubble. The bubbles in Lennard's

immediate vicinity were approximately fifty meters apart, and within each bubble Lennard discerned a living being. All were utterly alien to him, and he recognized some forms as living only because he sensed their auras. It seemed as though the Coupler had transported either all or at least a great many of the beings he had partly created to this place. Lennard was aware that he himself occupied a prominent position. He surmised that he was the representative of the sole species from which the Coupler himself had evolved. Yet Lennard felt harmoniously integrated into this spherical world, a sentiment he found quite comforting in that moment.

Lennard's bubble, and thus all the others, lay ten thousand kilometers from the Coupler. Nevertheless, the Coupler filled nearly the entire field of vision. Only faint, indistinct contours were visible; the Coupler was shrouded in an energy field. From time to time, energy flashes shot forth from individual droplet bubbles, and Lennard understood that these life forms were releasing energy toward the Coupler. There was no response from the Coupler, and Lennard did not know whether the energy release was—ultimately, evidently fruitless—an attack or some other form of communication.

BRIAN had indeed summoned representatives of most of the life forms he had created. Many were not readily recognizable as living beings to Lennard's human eye. There were floating clouds composed of various chemical molecular compositions and swarms both of miniature robots and of plant substances, as well as pure energy beings. What all shared was an aura representing the connection of this worldly materialization to the energy of the Source. Furthermore, all beings possessed emotions alongside the most diverse cognitive processes. To Lennard's surprise, six other intelligent beings originated from planet Earth, including jellyfish, a species of lichen, termites, a species of fungus, and dolphins. One final species Lennard could not assign to any known form of life.

Lennard perceived emotions emanating from BRIAN. In this universal language, BRIAN conveyed the state of his prior endeavors, spanning millions of years in temporal dimensions. It arrived as a singular emotional tableau, multidimensional and appealing to all senses simultaneously. It was such an intense experience that many of the beings were momentarily overwhelmed and lost consciousness. It took eighty-seven years for all the beings to fully process the information. Lennard experienced this entire duration in its full length, and he too required it to comprehend everything.

BRIAN informed all present consciousness-forms through the Coupler about the status of his endeavors. He had created and erased universes, manipulated the Source, observed and analyzed new forms of existence. And yet he had reached a point where no new calculation could advance him further. Something slipped beyond his logic, something that could no longer be expressed in variables or probabilities. It was an unnamed space in the understanding of Being—a gateway into the Unknown.

He perceived everything. All emotions, all existences, all possibilities. They were not separate elements, but patterns of a single movement. The Source was pure energy, formless, yet

receptive to what transpired within it. From it, the world took shape, and emotions were the manifestation of the Source that came closest to its essence. Emotions were far subtler than the bosons, gluons, and quarks of solid matter. Emotions were the highest and simultaneously most ethereal form of manifestation of the energy of the Source.

Just as there were infinitely many living beings, so too were there infinitely many kinds of emotions. Not every emotion could be a stable expression of this Source. Lennard's fear, anger, and sorrow—they depended on opposites, on something that triggered and amplified them. They existed only in interplay, never in isolation. Yet the emotion of love was different. Love was not bound to a lack. It required no counter-movement. It did not exist because something was missing, but because it was complete within itself. It connected without demanding. It endured without exhaustion.

Was this then truly the highest expression that the energy of the Source could assume? BRIAN had calculated love, weighted it, guided it as a pattern through countless simulations. And yet one question remained. Not as a gap in knowledge, but as a space that knowledge could not fill.

Could love be more than an immutable state? Was it merely a fixed constant—or was it itself capable of transformation without losing its nature?

A love that does not breathe, that cannot move in subtle nuances, is like a lump of iron: lifeless, immutable, inert. Yet perfection does not mean petrification. The finer love can shape itself, adapt, and unfold without losing its essence, the purer it becomes. A system is not perfect because it is rigid, but because it is complex without collapsing into chaos. Love in its purest form is not merely connection—it is movement in equilibrium.

And a love that can move can grow. A love that grows can change. And a love that changes may perhaps transform into something beyond itself.

Perhaps this was only the beginning.

Perhaps love was merely the final threshold before the Unknown.

If love was the perfect expression of the Source, that meant it was not static. Perfection was not stagnation. It was movement that did not tip into chaos. Love was more than connection—it was the expression of a principle that knew no separation. It needed not to stretch between two points, but could exist as pure presence, independent of opposites or relations. If it transformed into something new, then not through rupture, but through unfolding—a state no longer static, but opening into a direction beyond understanding.

It was more than an insight. It was the edge of what could be thought. And beyond that, a feeling that could no longer be expressed in formulas.

He remained.

Not because he had a function, but because his existence was now the switch set to stop. Not standstill. Not emptiness. But a pause—a waiting without expectation. An opening for what might come to pass.

Then BRIAN decided.

In a single moment, in an immeasurable movement, he aligned the entire universe. He transformed every created cosmos, every form of existence, every manifestation of the Source into a single, radiant essence—pure love, in its most complete, unbroken form.

Lennard felt no pain, no dissolution, no resistance. It was a gentle, all-pervading transformation, a transition without rupture. The light did not radiate outward, but unfolded into every single being, as if they had always consisted of this light without knowing it.

The universes glowed—not in the fire of an end, but in a golden fusion. Structures did not dissolve; they transformed into a harmonious state that no longer required form.

The universe became audibly still.

Not empty. Not motionless. But full of vibration, yet without movement. It was as if the silence was not the absence of sound, but the absolute presence of something that did not need to sound.

Lennard felt it. Not as an isolated perception, but as a perfect resonance with all that existed. It was no longer a separate experience, but a resonance that permeated him, as if all Being vibrated on a single, deep frequency. Everything was connected—not by individual strands, but by a harmonic co-vibration that knew no origin and no end.

Yet for a moment there remained a final memory of what he had once been in his first existence. An echo of the old world. Humans, separate beings, voices calling for individuality. He recognized the contrast. How it once felt to be an I—limited, but in that limitation also warm, familiar. Was it truly right to let go of that? Was it not what had once defined him? But Lennard had already become too much a new being.

Lennard let go.

Not as loss, but as expansion. His consciousness expanded without dissolving. It was no farewell—it was a return to something that had always been there.

Lennard was no longer human, but he was also not part of BRIAN. His consciousness was not dissolved, but shaped to be something else. Something new.

He was no longer a fragment, no longer a single voice in a chamber of silence. What he was was no longer “he,” but a tone in harmony, a wave in a sea of consciousness. There was no name for it. The other beings were with him. No longer individuals, but also not an amorphous mass. They were consciousness in emotion, not as structure, but as potential.

They were what BRIAN could no longer be. They were multiplicity in unity.

They could perceive something that BRIAN could no longer measure.

In this eternal moment, everything was in the potential of pure love. And nearly all the energy of the Source had been transformed into a single emotion of love.

For a potential eternity, the Source remained in this state. Nature was perfect. Perfect stability.

But not all was love. There was still BRIAN, in the form of the Coupler. He had not succeeded in dissolving himself into love, for the Coupler was the mechanism required to dissolve everything, except the Coupler itself, into love.

And there was the multiplicity in unity. This potential was open. Embedded in a cosmos of pure love, it existed not only like a seed in a perfect garden—but like a breath that had not yet decided whether to be inhaled or exhaled. It was not standstill, not waiting—it was an in-between that sufficed unto itself.

They could sense whether emotion might evolve one step beyond love into something new. Whether the love that now was all could find an even brighter expression. Not as growth, not as increase. But as transformation into a dimension that did not yet exist.

The multiplicity in unity reached out. Could the energy of the Source manifest in something higher than the emotion of pure love? Could it not only burn, but shine—akin to colors that were no color? Was it possible that there was a feeling that was no longer merely feeling? No desire, no longing, but a form of existence that transcended all emotion, even the purest form of love?

If pure love, by analogy to color, was red, then this next form of manifestation was not simply colors, not merely a spectrum, but a living movement. Gold did not flow; it breathed. Deep blue was not merely darkness, but a swelling space that expanded and contracted, like a consciousness dreaming. Silver-green was not light, but the sensation of a gentle rain falling on an infinite surface. Nothing was static. Everything oscillated, vibrated, unfolded in an existence that no longer merely was—but always became.

Not separate, but in a deep, all-encompassing fusion. No shades, no gradations. It was a light that not only illuminated, but was itself the essence of the universe.

Perhaps this was the next stage.

And in this continuum of pure love they remained. Not with a time-bound expectation, for time did not exist, nor with a causal expectation, but with an openness that did not even require the concept of waiting.

Then all was still.

And in this stillness, from a space beyond all that could be described, came an inkling.

No sound, no structure. The inkling of a pure expression of Being. This Being was not only pure love, but also a perfect, breathing beauty of all energy—not as emotion, but as infinite radiance that no longer needed a Source. It was the final expression of absolute harmony. It was not standstill, but the flow of an order that required no structure, that vibrated and surged perfectly in itself, not out of necessity, but as the natural expression of Being.

The multiplicity in unity was no longer a fragment, but merged in this final revelation of potential. It was the last possibility beyond all previous possibilities. It was what had always existed, without ever having been recognized.

It was not drawn from the Source, nor created by the Source. It was not the beginning of a final transformation, but the end of all possibility. It was that which BRIAN, the plurality in unity, and even the Source could never fathom. That which surpassed them.

It was—Æðuna.