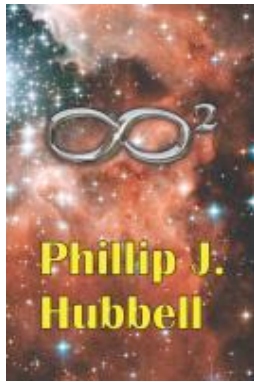




**Phillip J.
Hubbell**



If suddenly you find yourself traveling down a long tunnel towards a soothing, ethereal light and you see Grandma waving to you from a distant garden with harp music in the background, relax. You're not dead. When you die, you'll know it. Death isn't going to sleep. Death is waking up. It is actually like being startled awake. There is no afterlife. There is merely life. What comes after the biology is magic.

Infinity Squared

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THE HOTEL LIFE

"The Edge... there is no honest way to explain it because the only people who really know where it is...are the ones who have gone over."

Hunter S. Thompson

'Consumed' is probably the best word I can use to describe my current life. Ever since that fateful day in 1995, I've been living in a world of daydreams...years and years of thinking and waiting. I don't really work at my job. I go to the office and sit at my desk. I check my email and attend the meetings required but my mind is always elsewhere. I sit and think about the future. It isn't the future of next week, next year, my career future or even the future of mankind. It's the vastness of what lies ahead of me, of what lies ahead of all of us.

I have become ambition free, something I used to accuse my children of as they muddled through school hoping for the occasional "B." I think if everyone knew what I know the whole world would come to a grinding halt. Suicide would become the newest fad. Everyone would drop out of school, drop out of work, go home and wait.

I do a lot of waiting. I check the calendar and am ever mindful of the clock. I look forward to weekends and holidays because they go by faster than weekdays. I schedule things I don't like as far ahead as I can so the perceived progression of time will get me there quicker. I understand I don't have nearly as much biological time ahead of me as I have behind me and I'm perfectly fine with it.

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I have no interest in taking my own life. Things haven't gotten that bad. I don't think it's a cowardly way out, merely a selfish one. It would cause undue hardship on my family. I don't really have any friends per se and Facebook doesn't count. I'm always alone even in a crowded room. I've nothing to discuss with anyone. We have no common frame of reference.

It's been 16 years. This is my fourth job since then, each better than the last from a monetary point of view. Imagine what I could've become if only I'd cared even a little? The truth I know is the future we all face. The knowledge of it completely blocks out things like ego, desire, ambition, or caring.

I can honestly say without guilt that I don't care. Knowledge of the true nature of our existence takes away all wants or needs. I know what comes next. I've been told the nature of my afterlife. I'm serene. The difficulty I face remains the wait.

The only part of my life I truly enjoy is the certainty. Before the Lakeland event, everything I believed was fringed in doubt. Certainty is generally forbidden in human society and having it is liberating. It's kind of like the sensation I imagine you'd have in the second moment after jumping from a tall building.

The first would be fear but the next moment would be filled with certainty. Our civilizations and dogmas tell us that being certain is foolishness. It's actually absolute freedom. I never go up on high buildings or scenic cliffs. I have no fear of heights and I'm not afraid of falling. I'm afraid of jumping. Temptation is a powerful human trait.

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A long time ago, I worked for this interesting man who owned an independent oil company in Texas. We lived in the same small town and I worked for his geophysical department for about three years. He always drove a black Lincoln Continental with a black interior. A fellow once asked him why anyone would drive a black car in Texas and he said he was preparing for the afterlife. He could joke about the notion of spending eternity on fire in hell. He may have even believed it. The possibility of hell keeps most of us on the straight and narrow, all our lives.

My afterlife has no hell. The afterlife I envision is based on what I've designed in my head and remains very static with regards to the kind of environment it will be. I am the architect of my eternity. I have a room pictured with a round bed and a black cover, sitting in a huge lighted area that fades to darkness out in the distance. It's always the same in my mind. It's a little Spartan. It's kind of like a hotel room but a nice one.

It's no coincidence that it resembles a hotel. When I think about the time spent living in hotel rooms over the years it is clear the midrange priced hotel chains exist to serve me. If I stop, think and do a little calculating, over the last 20 years I've spent on average 150 nights per year in hotels and that average takes into account three full years when I didn't travel at all. For 3000 nights over 17 years, I've been the guest of hotel America.

In a warped sort of way, being on the road has been as big a part of my life as home and family. It's been a very solitary existence. I've always been a solitary man so I'm comfortable in my hotel room. It's a place of sanctuary and quiet. It's a place where I experience periods of silence in an increasingly noisy world. I live in a place where the outside world constantly intrudes on

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my sanity and when I finally make it to the hotel after work and lock my door the weight of the world simply falls away and I have no stress or concerns until I open it again the next morning.

There's a measure of guilt in my life over my chosen path. As a professional project manager and consultant, I've sacrificed family life in favor of making a good living. The reasoning behind this sacrifice of time spent away from the family is to provide for them. It's difficult to know if their lives would be better with less stuff and more me. I can't change it now. I miss my children as little kids because I lived it in weekend intervals.

As I look into the future, I see yet another existence with lots of time to spend being alone. Except for lives constructed using the delusion that I'm with other people, I'll have to entertain myself by myself forever. I believe I've lived the perfect life in preparation for such a future. If I've learned anything over the past twenty years, it's how to live inside my own head. I'm counting on omnipotence to make it easier or at least more entertaining. If being able to do anything I can dream up has an upside it's finding ways to fill up time. Time will become an unending resource.

THE STORY THUS FAR

"I would imagine that if you could understand Morse code, a tap dancer would drive you crazy."

Mitch Hedberg

I had a dream last night. I was floating out in space and there were stars all around me. I could perceive the sky in all directions and there were no manmade structures. As I stared out into the vastness of space, a large misshapen planetoid came lumbering by, tumbling oddly and shining occasionally as starlight reflected off its metallic surfaces at shifting angles.

The reflections from the shining struck nothing because the space from where I was viewing the scene was empty. It was disturbing and hard to explain to those who haven't experienced it. In this dream, I'm in the center of my view but I'm not there in any physical sense.

Thinking back to the day I met God I often consider that I shouldn't use the word god. I thought for sure at the time I was dealing with the God and for the sake of discussion I used the label because it's easier to relate to the word God than to say 'that disembodied male voice that appeared to create and then control every aspect of the universe' in each sentence.

I've managed to get over the stigma or at least my caring that the story sounds crazy mainly because there isn't anything I can do about it. People are going to think what people are going to think. It's human nature for folks to recognize nuttiness when they see it. I have that particular skill myself. If I'm to move forward with

the telling of the story I have to get the facts of what this tale is about out in the open and the sound of it all be hanged.

I've stood in space with angels. Once again, I don't really know what else to call them. I suppose they could be subcontracted aliens. They certainly didn't look like your stereotypical angels. They had no wings, halos or harps. They didn't speak. At the time, I didn't even know why they were there except perhaps as a distraction. Their presence and the way they looked is what lends credence to me that the events happened. If I were making up angels in order to fool someone, I would certainly throw in something familiar to the concept.

The whole event according to my body clock lasted less time than it takes to walk a couple of steps. The perceived time seemed like hours. I was awake. I was aware. I was not drinking or taking drugs. It was like no mental aberration I've experienced. I suppose something could have come unhooked in my brain and then reconnected but even that doesn't explain everything.

I now enjoy a download of knowledge and information every 300 days, so this event hasn't really ended. The delivery method has changed. These information downloads are what convinces me what I'm experiencing isn't a mental aberration. If I were truly mentally ill, I'm sure the symptoms wouldn't be separated by three hundred day gaps.

This book is actually a sequel. It's the second book of an eventual trilogy about my enlightenment at the hand of God. The first book, "God's Motive" told the story of the Lakeland events in more detail and laid down what I thought about those events and what I learned from

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having this encounter. It covers the eleven years from the event in three hundred day intervals. I don't know how many of the tens of people who read it understood the underlying point of the book.

To be quite direct, the point of the story is that tales of the existence of God told in modern times have the same validity as those from thousands of years ago. Actually, I think they have more validity because the eyewitness (me) is a product of modern thinking and understands at a technical and scientific level what's being shown and what's being downloaded. I don't have to surround what I have seen with myths and allegory to make it relate to the average man or woman.

I'm also not the first to get this download. This has been going on for a long time. The entity told me I was one in a long line of people who had been chosen. He even told me their names. I only recognized one. Random is random.

The ancient peoples who witnessed these explanations didn't have a point of reference to explain natural phenomenon, so they did what our species always does; they made stuff up. They created plausible stories within the framework of their limited understanding. The more it contradicted itself the more farfetched it became and the more force it required to make it believable.

I don't have to dress this up to make the ignorant believe it. First because I don't care if they believe it and second because I understand the utter futility of creating a religious institution to worship an indifferent God such as the one who created free will and started the universe. The being I met has no interest in worship. What would be the point of it? I have always been suspicious of the idea of a supreme being having some

pathological need for adoration. This one attribute of a living God is at the heart of most atheism.

I call this book part of an eventual trilogy because I believe there is another book in here (points to head) that will wrap all this up and give my grandchildren something to tell their disinterested friends about how their grandfather was a raving lunatic. With the advent of this book, they will have the documentation to prove it. Of course, I'm writing all this down for my benefit not theirs.

I don't think I'll get rich writing. Very few people do. Politicians get rich because their political party will buy a bunch of their books to get around the laws surrounding election donations. Celebrities will sell lots of books because there are huge numbers of people who live their empty lives in a fantasy world worshiping the rich and famous. A select few authors will get rich hitting on an idea or story that captures the imagination of the masses. My books might catch the imagination of the totally warped. Fortunately, this is a growing demographic.

I've learned that humans are a lot less significant as a biological grouping of entities than we've always thought. Our level of self-importance and imagined place in the mind of the deity is staggering considering the utter lack of evidence that anything we believe is actually true.

I believe we've missed many opportunities to change fundamentally how we think about ourselves and how we think about the nature of the universe. We're wasting time wallowing in the dogmas of the past and allowing them to hold us in a medieval thought pattern. This limits our progress towards what we might become as a species. We're the enemy of our own potential.

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Despite ample evidence to the contrary, I still believe we have the potential to achieve greatness within the confines of our little area of space. All we need to do is get out of our own way. What we've done so far doesn't rise to the level of greatness. This is mostly due to our insistence that there's a greater power than ourselves whose demand for obedience and claims of perfection gives us an excuse to fail.

The few great individual acts of man have been sparks of reaction to abysmal directions taken by our civilizations' leaders and institutions. What happens is things get so bad that individuals smarter than the current leaders take over and in spectacular fashion make things worse. Historians write it all down in a way that overlooks the misery such events caused and we judge everything in hindsight.

We could do better. We have the capacity for greatness in us. Free will is at the heart of everything. We receive free will because evolution gave us the spark of intelligence and not the other way around. God's main creation, the only thing He holds as sacred is free will and He set in motion the universe to prompt the evolution of our species. I use the pronoun He and capitalize it because the voice that spoke to me was masculine and even I'm impressed enough with such a being to show some respect. I may forget to be respectful on occasion, may I burn eternally for it. (Joke)

This respect of mine is one way. The God I know isn't interested in our clamoring for His affection. I believe He is not only disinterested but also unaware of it. One silly notion we hold dear is the idea of God's will. We've used it in the past to determine the fate of whole peoples who we deemed inferior in some way. While we don't try to

define God's will in advance we think we can recognize, categorize and label it.

Actually, the nature of evolution, climate and randomness goes a lot further towards explaining the disparity among peoples than God's will. There are logical reasons why the Europeans showed up in Africa with cannons and the Africans didn't have any. It had nothing to do with the Supreme Being taking sides. God doesn't take sides. He doesn't even know what sides exist and He doesn't care.

He didn't create us directly but understood intelligent life was possible, even likely. He doesn't deal with us directly and isn't interested in our concerns, prayers or transgressions. Only people should be interested in those things, at least the concerns and transgressions.

Prayer is begging the cosmos to give us stuff and it's a waste of time. This is something in which the deity has no interest. Neither does the cosmos for that matter. The real "Secret" is that the universe isn't aware. If we wish in one hand and crap in the other which gets full fastest? There's nothing more futile than prayer if the goal is a reaction from God.

I was selected at random to see God's presentation of how the universe started and why. I got to witness the big bang, which actually looked more like a collision of dark areas onto a spark of light than an explosion. I received an understanding of my place in the greater universe and it's not all that awe inspiring.

Additionally He sends me information every 300 days enlightening my thinking. A lot has changed since I first started writing this down and I've had an epiphany. Not the regular 300 day download type epiphany but a real 'eye opening coalescing of previous data coupled with my own view of the world' kind of epiphany. I now

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understand a lot more about what I've been given but am still torn about how to present it without risking the creation of dogma or a sealed subpoena for eventual commitment to an institution.

More than a few people think I'm completely nuts after the first book. Well a few people do...not more. I've spent lots of time trying to paint my previous book as fiction. I think everything is fiction at this point. We live in a fictional set of civilizations and everything we believe is a fictional accounting we didn't have the intellect or the data to understand. If we can base the evolution of the species on fictional stuff, I can claim the experiences that inspired these books are fictional as well. Besides, can you imagine the size of the gonads it would take for me to go to a publisher or literary agent and tell them this is non-fiction?

One person who read "God's Motive" asked me a simple question and my answer opens up whole new vistas of ideas, desires, notions, exits and entries into what the meaning of enlightenment suggests. I've known her since high school. She asked me "what do you have against eternity?" Isn't that a great question? At first I saw those six words as an off the cuff remark poking fun at my disdain for dogma, but there's so much more than meets the eye.

What do I have against eternity? Strictly speaking, there isn't one I'm aware of...but I know what she meant and the answer is obvious. I have a problem with eternity because it isn't happening correctly from a biological perspective.

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Everyone is moving through time towards a certain end. We all have mortality staring at us and we know about when it will end. This means wherever we are in our lives from a chronological sense, we have our mortality in sight. We're aware we're going to die and we even know roughly when but we have no idea what comes next. What makes things even worse is the sliver of time we get to be biological in the face of what we know about the vastness of time and space. Just to contemplate our timescale with, say the galaxy's timescale screams the word we all hate to think about....insignificant.

A lot of us think we know what comes next. We hope our dogmas are true and some sort of transition into the heaven of our dreams lies before us. Nevertheless, we're wrong. The nature of the afterlife that stretches before us reaches into what is a subjective forever. The length and the nature of it will be startling. I can't help but wonder how long people will search their empty void of an existence for some sign of Saint Peter and his keys to the kingdom. What will they make of the knowledge they are given? How will they cope with the utter emptiness of their place in space? Will their eternal day to day be welcomed with anticipation or dreaded as never ending?

What of this short time here on Earth? What is the point? We're held back by history. We've allowed the anchor of hundreds of years of bronze and Iron Age dogmas to keep us down. While we haven't stopped our development entirely, we've placed in front of us a huge roadblock of beliefs and rituals that have slowed down all aspects of our cultural development and technological progress. We think we're modern. We think we're technological. We're neither.

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We're irrational, ignorant, superstitious and stunted. We're gullible to the point of being laughable. We spend most of our time focusing on things that really don't matter and aren't serious about the lives we lead. We're easily distracted. The entire human race has attention deficit disorder. ADD is a phony disease, not because it doesn't exist but because we all have it. It's not really a disease at all. It's our nature. It's not a disability but a human trait.

A good way to look at our approach to the future is to consider the Amish. They are a people who consider modern progress as non-biblical or antithetical to their concerns with humility and vanity. They make practical compromises with these beliefs but in most instances, the Amish are a people stopped in time. Here in the 21st century they are driving horse drawn buggies, using horse drawn plows, and they go home to a dark house, no electricity, no electronics, no indoor plumbing.

They have picked a point in time and arrested technological and social development. They move forward based only on unavoidable changes to their environment forced on them by government. They are also better practitioners of free will than the rest of us.

From a progress perspective the rest of us are like the Amish. We move a little faster but not much. If you look at the timeline of man's history, the difference between them and us is insignificant. I believe the comparison of what we are and what the Amish are is apt when compared to what we could be. We see ourselves as different from the Amish simply because of the comparison of pace.

Both sets of cultural beliefs work against our nature as intelligent and innovative beings. We take a set of cultural biases and use them to retard our progress. We

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think ourselves vastly superior to the Amish in our science and invention but they only stopped progressing about 130 years ago.

Recorded history started about 6000 years ago after over 100,000 years of mankind's existence as nomadic wanderers. In all that time, we've moved at a snail's pace. I don't see much difference in the progress we made after we started writing stuff down and the time before. It took us until 130 years ago to create a telephone.

We've propelled ourselves forward technologically since the discovery of electricity but we're constantly holding back our own potential because of social and religious interpretations of events by a people only a few thousand years out of the trees. I can't help but mourn what could have been had we gone another way. Of course, it's never too late to change our approach to the future. There's no barrier we don't hold the keys to unlocking. It only requires focus and a willingness to release ourselves from the intellectual prison of our own thinking.

What needs to happen is for people to conclude that how we view the world needs to change. We need to start looking forward and stop looking backwards. We need to kick-start social and technological evolution. However, there's a trick to progress. We must take care that we don't see tyranny as progress. The solution can never be more control by a central authority. That path distorts free will, suppresses advancement and leads to slavery. We have to latch on to the notion of strict individualism. We must also realize and accept that the pace of progress given freedom to move forward without being held back by superstition will outstrip a large

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portion of the population's ability to keep up. They'll be left behind. We can't continue to look back.

Imagine the progress we could have made had our social and technological growth not been stunted by superstition and fear. Man's answer to what he can't explain has always been to make something up rather than to say "I don't know" and seek the truth. Had we used our intellect in place of our emotions the Enlightenment might have happened a thousand years earlier along with the Industrial Revolution and the Information Age.

Instead of fighting our civil war to end slavery, it might never have happened created in the first place. We would still have the specter of totalitarianism but perhaps without the model presented by religion, the collectivism driving tyranny wouldn't have taken root. Reason and logic aren't good soil in which violence and hatred can take root. I think we have reached a point in our development that suggests if we don't change, our approach to how we view the universe our meager technology will outstrip our ethics and the backlash will be devastating.

The being I encountered seemed steeped in logic and reason. I heard nothing of the kinds of neuroses afflicting the various deities of our belief systems. The being I met was omnipotent but without the wrath and pathological need to inflict punishment on microbes that don't bow low enough or beg often enough.

If we agree that God is omnipotent, what would you suppose is his opinion of logic? I posed this question to my son who quickly pointed out that God doesn't have opinions. Opinions presuppose uncertainty and omnipotence presupposes certainty and knowing. Smart

boy that one. Sometimes you have to ask a nonbeliever these things in order to get a straight answer.

Traditional logic is the absence of contradiction. I understand that any Supreme Being, by definition would embrace logic. Unfortunately, the creators of the various religions were not logical and our faiths are full of contradiction and superstition. We imposed superstition on God not the other way around.

The reason for the title "Infinity Squared" is that I wanted to give a clear indication of what's rational and what's irrational. Infinity is irrational because it doesn't exist. At any given point in time, everything is finite. Infinity squared is the ultimate in irrationality. Perhaps infinity cubed, but that would be piling on. Pi is an irrational number and as such makes every calculation of the area of a circle inaccurate.

An actual number defines the area of a circle but it's not πr^2 . We accept a certain level uncertainty and inaccuracy as a matter of course and for practicality. This makes our lives easier and lessens our exposure to ambiguity

We're a species where the forces of irrationality and rationality coexist albeit uncomfortably. The stronger of the two forces is the irrational. I believe the majority of people cling to the irrational because it's easier and we're all lazy. One reason it's easier is rationality is fraught with large helpings of reality and reality can be stark, cold and scary. Another reason is that rationality requires knowledge, irrationality requires ignorance and we are born with ignorance. Knowledge is taught. It also requires courage to be rational in the face of an irrational civilization. Knowledge is dangerous.

Irrationality allows us to put our heads under the covers and pretend the monster is not in the closet or

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under the bed even when we know better. We get to deny the evidence of our senses without consequence. Of course, you have to surrender to the notion that standing still is without consequence. Sometimes we see the absence of negative consequence as a positive one. We embrace the imaginary as the good. Then we shun reality as the unknowable and certainty as the unthinkable.

There's no place to look except outward upon the actual events of your life when you embrace the rational. Not many can hold its gaze because what's staring back is their own fate held loosely in their own hands. We fear we might drop it, squeeze it too tight or have it yanked from us. We pretend someone else is holding it, someone omnipotent, someone incapable of error and someone who because of his or her conceived perfection and love for us won't drop it. If it gets dropped anyway then that's "God's Will" and "God's Will" may not be questioned. Either way we escape the blame and God escapes our blame. God's will is the irrational universe's way of saying "shit happens."

The irrational side of my cognitive life allows me to bend perception to fit what I can fool myself into believing. The worse the reality actually becomes the more bending I do. I think people are genuinely surprised when it all comes crumbling down and they are faced with either accepting the cold hard truth or stepping up their self-delusion to a whole new level. I know what drives snipers on towers. This is the place where we demand miracles from an ambivalent deity. If things get better it supports our delusion, if things get worse it's because of our sin. We don't learn from any of it and some of us break.

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The trick to enlightenment isn't about being singled out for cosmic messages. It's realizing all we have is our actuality. That's the point I've reached. Not only am I alone, I always have been and always will be alone. There's no collective consciousness or collective anything. It's an artificial constructed safety net. It reduces our reliance on our fear of being alone. We become dependent on the irrational as a coping mechanism. The cold hard truth isn't something we're willing to embrace.

Infinity is a manifestation of irrational thought. It's easy to imagine endlessness. It's how we define not knowing. It's comforting. We don't have to go out in search of anything. It's how we deal with our own mortality. It's small wonder we're awash in dogma and wishes. The reality is too morbid to embrace and even though we're always aware on some level of the impending specter of our own death, we cannot fathom an end.

Nothingness has no point of reference. It's not the dark we fear but the absence of a returning light. What's ironic is our fear of the unknown is placated by creating the unknowable. We are deeply disturbed and I don't think there can ever be a couch big enough for the kind of therapy we need to recover.

My task is to cut a few individuals from the herd and try to explain this vision. I seek out those who can suspend their skepticism of what I'm telling them long enough to embrace ...skepticism.

A lot of us look askance at anything that falls outside the world we continuously describe to ourselves from

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the moment we become self-aware. While I don't subscribe to the world Carlos Castaneda describes in his books, I agree with his assessment of how we view our world through an internal dialog.

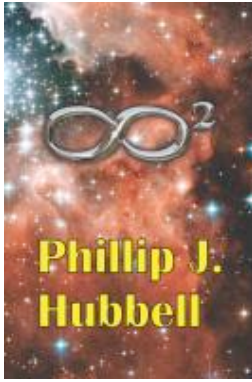
Where we differ is that he suggests our reality is created by this dialog. We're at opposite ends of the spectrum. I know reality is not created by perception. Instead, we use perception to mask reality. What we describe to ourselves doesn't exist. I understand with complete certainty there's an objective reality at the end of our senses. What we create through our internal dialog is a fantasy point of view imposed on our interpretation of reality. It's a cultural dialog where we describe what acceptable thought is and what acceptable thought isn't. It's the dark place in our psyche where our sanity resides alongside something else.

Mr. Castaneda got it right when he said that when our internal dialog stops our perceptions change and we're at risk of becoming something new. Not a sorcerer or shaman but something much more rare, a totally rational human being free of dogma, free of superstition, free of the idea that man's irrational side provides valid answers and free of self-doubt.

That frightens people. It creates certainty not belief or faith...actual knowing. People hate that. I can think of nothing more threatening to the belief systems of mankind than certainty. We constantly hear our alleged intellectuals tell us we can never be certain of anything. They tell us certainty is a sign of ignorance, that thinking outside of our popular dogma in order to know something as absolute shows us to be foolish. We demand to know that nothing is certain and what we get oddly enough is a life of uncertainty and fear. That makes us controllable. Ironically, the demand for

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uncertainty has become an absolute. Those who tell us that nothing is knowable are quite sure they are right.



If suddenly you find yourself traveling down a long tunnel towards a soothing, ethereal light and you see Grandma waving to you from a distant garden with harp music in the background, relax. You're not dead. When you die, you'll know it. Death isn't going to sleep. Death is waking up. It is actually like being startled awake. There is no afterlife. There is merely life. What comes after the biology is magic.

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