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by katā dvaya

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Hello, my dear!

This is our Whitepaper, and I must urge you to read it with great care to uncover what truly lies within and why. By the way, my love… the Whitepaper is subject to change as we engage in our little game of play-to-play.

But before you dive into it, darling, let me ask you this: what if you needed to hide something—or someone? Where would be the most perfect place to vanish from all the worlds?

Enjoy your reading, my love!

# Samatha

## A Fairytale for the Digital Age

### Chapter 1The M-People

Once upon a time, at the very edge of a Secret Universe, there lived a marvelous people. Their true names cannot be written with any symbols we know, so let us call them the m-people.

This was the name given to them by a half-mad dreamer named Swami Chandraputra, who almost lost his mind while wandering through the hidden areas of space and time. He left us something like travel notes, mysteriously titled “My search for U221E”, in which he described the world of these m-people.

He wrote:

“It would be helpful for our mathematicians to meet their scientists. In the world of the m-people, no one needs anything. This means they don’t use numbers, as they have Nothing to divide. They perceive what we call ‘time’ in a completely different way. There are no words for ‘days’, ‘hours’, ‘minutes’ or ‘seconds’, so they’re never in a rush to get anywhere.

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Phrases like ‘take care’ or ‘bless you’ do not exist in their language. Why would you need to wish those things to someone who is always well?

The m-people laughed in astonishment when I told them about our world and technologies. I thought they would die laughing when I explained how money works! In their world, the only currency is the beating of the heart, and the only job they know is making fantasies come true. What they value most is imagination: anything they can imagine immediately becomes real. All they need to do is believe.

When I saw how this happened, I could hardly believe my eyes. I was sure it must be some kind of ingenious illusion. By the sheer power of their mind, they can easily raise entire cities, which would make our most splendid capitals look like dirty little villages. And their sanctuaries and gardens, which are fenced only with walls of light, are inhabited by such wondrous animals and birds that our mythical phoenixes and griffins would look as plain as hens compared to them.

The m-people told me that everything they have ever created already exists in the Universal Library, and it just needs to be visible to exist. This sparked my curiosity, and I began to ask my guide about the thing we call technology.”

At this point, Swami Chandraputra’s manuscript becomes hard to read. The next pages contain only some elaborate diagrams with lengthy and coded comments. It seems like the cunning dreamer didn’t want anyone else to be able to read these notes, and he even intentionally changed his handwriting. So far, we have only been able to decode a few words and cryptic lines:

- DAO;
- “reality” and reality;
- consciousness and imagination;
- awakening;
- the personal in common, the individual in the collective;
- U221E (∞);
- spaces and rings.

After these mysterious notes, Chandraputra switches back to ordinary language:

“‘How did you manage not to destroy everything around you, when you have so much?’ I asked my guide. ‘I’m sure that in our world, we would have created weapons instead of building these beautiful cities. Hasn’t anyone tried to turn this blessing into evil?’

‘I can see you’re clever and reckless enough to find out the answer,’ my guide smiled. ‘Let me show you.’

We entered a place so dark that I felt blinded. Fortunately, my guide immediately whispered something so I could see again. But ‘see’ was not quite the right word. It was as if I could feel the world around me, and my brain was instinctively transforming my senses into images.

It was bitterly cold – so cold, in fact, that my mind began to turn the freeze into different images, flickering chaotically before my eyes. Huge icebergs sprang up in the void; these shards of ice

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glittered in the darkness, then they collided, collapsed, and rearranged into a frightening mosaic. The show was magnificent, but deadly.

‘We don’t like this place,’ said my guide. ‘But you have to visit it to understand our world. It’s a kind of archive, and contains some of the darkest images from our shared memory. You will see it soon, but you must allow our archive to enter your mind. Empty your thoughts and concentrate on your imagination. Then the archive will be revealed. But first, you need a talisman. Think of something good from your world.’

I closed my eyes and, for whatever reason, imagined a white rabbit in a sunny meadow. Suddenly I sensed some warmth in my hands, spreading through my body and around me. When I opened my eyes, the creature I saw was not quite what I had pictured: it was a winged hare, with a deer’s antlers and a duck’s beak that held the sharp fangs of a wolf.

My guide laughed and stroked this strange beast behind the ears. ‘Well, you’ll soon learn to manage your imagination better. Now, let’s go.’

Out of the thawed void appeared the most hideous building. Whoever had built it must have been out of their mind: countless porticoes and columns climbed over each other, crooking at the most unexpected angles, window frames crawled over doorways, and there were ladders leaning against the walls everywhere I looked.

I clutched my duck-wolf-hare tightly to my chest. He snorted grudgingly, and we stepped into this nightmarish building, under the neon sign that read *Museum of Ancient History. Kali Yuga Department*.

## Chapter 2Masters of Dark Spells

As we walked through the winding hallways of the m-people’s archives,

I saw boxes filled with artefacts from times gone by - shiny gold and silver coins, banknotes, and plastic cards that were beginning to fall apart. Holograms of factories and oil rigs smoldered here, projections of deafeningly loud traffic jams and horrific panoramas of poverty and decay.

‘Does this look familiar?’ my guide asked.

‘More than familiar,’ I replied.

‘Our world used to be like yours, until it returned to the natural state you saw. It was all *their* fault.’ My guide pointed to a corner of the hall, where some sinister figures were gathered. ‘Tell me what you see.’

I peered into the thick darkness, where the frightening shadows were moving. At first, I was gripped by panic. In my terror, I accidentally squeezed my duck-wolf-hare so tight that it hissed like a cat and began to pound my stomach.

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Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to look at the creatures and said slowly: ‘At first, they look similar to us. But there’s something unnatural about the way they move. When you look more carefully, you can see they’re not like us. Their faces are so dark that I thought at first they were wearing masks, but now I see they’re just completely empty. Who are they?’

‘Every world gives them a different name,’ said my guide. ‘We call them the Masters of Dark Spells. They arrived here from somewhere outside The Secret Universe. They heard about our world from the Storyteller. Do you know who the Storyteller is?’

I shook my head.

‘Well,’ my guide went on, ‘the Storyteller told the Masters of Dark Spells a legend about the Secret Universe, which is heavily protected by guardians and spirits. He said that to enter this Universe, you have to find your way through thousands of mazes as long as human life.’

‘Look at this,’ he continued, indicating a black square where a dark blue maze had sprung up. The maze didn’t look that complicated: if you walked straight through it and turned in any direction, you would immediately come to the exit.

‘Is that it?’ I said, puzzled. ‘It looks pretty simple to me.’

‘Of course,’ my guide replied, ‘That’s precisely the idea. It’s an ingenious illusion built by our best masters. If someone enters this maze and takes a wrong turn, they start again. So everything will repeat over and over. You find the exit again and again, but it’s always the entrance to another maze. It’s endless. You only get out when you die.

‘To be honest, these fearsome guardians and spirits at the gate are just for decoration and intimidation. They can’t harm anyone; they just act as a warning. But there are always some fools who don’t understand simple hints.

‘Unfortunately, The Masters of Dark Spells were clever and cunning. They listened to the Storyteller and became obsessed with entering the Secret Universe at any cost.

‘They have destroyed thousands of worlds, starting with their own. But still they wanted more. Even our great maze couldn’t stop them.

‘The Masters of the Dark Spells were preparing to invade the Secret Universe. To help them, they found the place where the Fortune Teller lives. She knows all that ever was, is, and will be, and from her, they received the key to our world. Remember, that’s the world of the m-people. A world that has never known evil, where everything people dream of immediately comes true.’

‘So why did she give them the key?’ I asked.

Perplexed, my guide raised his eyebrows. He continued:

‘She is a Fortune Teller; she must tell everything... But you don’t know what she told them. It’s her duty to answer questions, but her skill is to confuse the curious even more with her answers.’

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‘As you did to me!’

‘Yes, I suppose so!’ chuckled my guide. ‘I hadn’t thought of it like that.’

The duck-wolf-hare suddenly screamed in my arms, rolled his blood-red eyes hysterically and began to scratch my hands furiously. My guide glanced at the shaggy beast in disgust, and immediately it turned into a very ordinary white rabbit, silent and meek.

‘Better?’ he asked.

‘Of course. Thank you.’

‘Great. Just don’t look in the mirror yet.’

‘What? Why not?’ I asked in alarm.

‘Nothing, we’ll fix it later... Now, where were we?’

‘You were just telling me how the Fortune Teller said something to the Masters of Dark Spells,’ I replied.

‘Of course, we’ll get back to that,’ my guide said. ‘So, the six Masters of Dark Spells decided to solve the riddle of the Secret Universe. They created an infinite number of clones, which passed through the mazes of guardians and spirits countless times until they found the only right way. More traps awaited them at the end, but it was easy to avoid them using the knowledge given to them by the Fortune Teller.

‘And what happened to the Storyteller, who had unwittingly brought the Masters of Dark Spells to our world? Well, they put him into the prison of illusions so he couldn’t tell anyone else about the Secret Universe. And believe me, our maze would be child’s play compared to that. He soon lost his mind and no longer understood where he was or what had happened to him.

‘But there was another disaster waiting for our people, and it was Reality.’

## Chapter 3Reality

My guide fell silent for a minute, and then he asked an unexpected question:

‘Do you like movies?’

I nodded, confused.

‘Well, here’s an interesting one.’

He approached a huge desk – which I’m sure wasn’t there when we arrived – pulled out one of the drawers, and took out a reel of film. An old projector stood beaming at a screen that had come out of nowhere.

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My guide put the reel in the projector, and the light went out. A black and white circle with numbers appeared on the screen: 5, 4, 3, 2, 1... Jolly piano music began to play. Six ridiculous figures in black cloaks started running across the screen in an absurd fashion. Their awkward motions immediately gave away who they were. My guess was confirmed by the overly cheerful voice of the announcer:

‘The moment the Masters of Dark Spells arrived in the Secret Universe, they began to capture it! First, these insidious invaders showed the m-people a world full of misery. They called this world Reality! And they made the m-people believe in this Reality! They spread their illusions and spells through books and digital networks, plunging the m-people deeper and deeper into mazes of illusion filled with dark magic.’

The longer I watched the movie, the less I understood the joy of the announcer. But he carried on cheerfully:

‘When the m-people met the darkness, they started to lose control of their magic powers, because magic can’t exist in reality. They forgot who they were and the world where they had been born. Now they believed only in illusions created by the Masters of Dark Spells.

‘One of these illusions was money, and the Masters of Dark Spells put all the energy of the Secret Universe into this. Almost all magical power now belonged to those few people who had the right to create money and decide what to do with it. And the m-people believed in it.’

‘Now listen carefully,’ my guide whispered.

‘But balance always comes back!’ the announcer cried excitedly. ‘The Fortune Teller told the Masters of Dark Spells: do whatever you want and get whatever you know. At the time, they didn’t understand what she meant.

‘The more the m-people believed in illusions of dark spells, the more their magic world was changing. However, there was one thing the Masters of Dark Spells hadn’t bargained for. The power of the m-people, the power of their faith, changes everyone in the Secret Universe - with no exceptions. So, the Masters of Dark Spells gradually merged into the new world; they just forgot who *they* were. Eventually, they got lost in the mazes of eternal rebirths.

‘Later, two loyal companions of imbalance arrived in this world: Time and the Economist. They began to teach the m-people about the beginning and the end. And this brought death to the Secret Universe.

‘Thousands of species disappeared, and the magical power faded. However, the illusions of welfare and progress were becoming stronger, and the Secret Universe fell into multi-layered dreams full of false awakenings. Sometimes it flinched in its sleep, but immediately drifted off into deeper and more plausible layers of reality.

‘The less magic was left, the more money the specially trained people created, trying to get the old magical powers back. There were still small islands of truth and freedom from illusion in the Secret

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Universe, but they weren't enough. The Secret Universe and its people were cast adrift on the thinning ice covering the ocean of existence.'

Now a rough-looking man with horn-rimmed glasses appeared in the light of the projector. He looked into my eyes and pointed his finger at me so sharply that I thought he would rip the screen canvas. Looking at me piercingly, he continued:

'And if you – yes, you! – if you still don't understand what happened, and you don't know what this "reality" means, just look around you. You'll soon see what the world that only believes in money looks like. All this world cares about is money! How do you survive in this world? Only by creating illusions in exchange for cash! From now on, life itself is reduced to creating illusions and spending money on them. Now you can understand what happened to the m-people, trapped by their belief in reality and the idea that reality is beyond our control. But it's a false control…'

The reel in the projector crackled, the screen faded, and the bright light was switched on again. My guide was looking at me expectantly, obviously waiting for a reaction.

I blurted out:

'That was a great movie.'

'Was it good? Not too old-fashioned?' he asked me, so sincerely that I felt ashamed of my joke.

'No, it was fine. We call it "retro".'

'I'm glad you liked it. Where's your talisman?'

My heart skipped a beat as I looked down to find my hands empty. My talisman rabbit had vanished into thin air.

'That's what happens when you joke and lie too much,' my guide explained. 'Your imagination is wasted on clever words and flattery. But it's all right. Let's look for your companion. I think I know where he went, so just enjoy the fairytale.'

## Chapter 4The Master of Illusions

'There he is!' my guide exclaimed. 'You see, there was no need to worry."

Sure enough, I could see my rabbit talisman flickering in the next hall like a frisky white ball. It's impossible to say how long our chase lasted; I fell into thick darkness, where I crawled no faster than a tortoise, as if in a dream. Just as my guide had said, my imagination had abandoned me. And just as I began to despair, thinking it would last forever, I stumbled upon something hard in the darkness. All of a sudden, bright lights came on and, in their glow, I saw a pale, dark-eyed figure staring at me with an unblinking gaze.

It was a girl with an ashen face. She smiled vaguely at me, fluttered her unnaturally long eyelashes and her nose twitched.

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‘Where were we?’ she said in a strange but pleasant voice.

‘At the most interesting point,’ my guide replied behind my back. ‘I’ve already told you briefly how the Masters of Dark Spells came to our world and what they did to it. But we haven’t told you what happened next.’

‘About the Master of Illusions?’ the pale girl shrieked excitedly. ‘That’s the main part! Watch carefully.’

She pulled hard on some invisible thread, and a screen of thick paper dropped from the ceiling. The lights went out again, and the projector gave a muffled click on the other side of the screen. In its light, I saw the silhouette of a rabbit. It had grown quite a bit during our chase and could even stand on two legs like a person.

The rabbit held several dolls in his paws. He moved them around like shadow puppets, giving them funny voices, and shrieking from time to time.

‘Well,’ the rabbit began, ‘here is The Master of Illusions. You’d think he was one of the Masters of Dark Spells, perhaps even the strongest one. But no, the Master of Illusions had nothing to do with the Masters of Dark Spells. Now, one day our Master of Illusions met a madman who lived with the Fortune Teller... Here they are.’

Two more figures appeared on the paper screen: the silhouette of a young man, proudly turning up his nose and holding a small flower in his outstretched hand, and a perfectly symmetrical shadow of a woman wearing a crown – or was it a jester’s cap?

The rabbit whispered: ‘Looking at the madman, the Master of Illusions immediately forgot why he had come to the Fortune Teller. He asked what had happened to this poor man: it was obvious that he was estranged from all existing worlds.

‘“Once upon a time, he used to be a Storyteller,” the Fortune Teller said. “Once, he met wizards who seemed like you. As a Storyteller, he was supposed to tell them an interesting story... And this is how they thanked him.”’

The shadow of the madman began running in circles, like a chicken pecking at invisible grains, and then suddenly its head fell off. I couldn’t help laughing in surprise, but the rabbit shushed me from behind the screen and continued his story:

‘The Master of Illusions wondered what kind of a story it was, that could make the Masters of Dark Spells break the main laws of balance. But no one else in all the worlds knew the story, except the mad Storyteller and the Masters of Dark Spells. Even the Fortune Teller didn’t know it. But there was still something she could do to help the Master of Illusions.’

All the shadows, even the rabbit’s, merged on the paper into the single figure of the Fortune Teller. And then, in a voice that didn’t sound like the rabbit I knew, she began to speak:

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‘You can understand the story. But first, you have to sign the Contract. Once you do that, the madman will die to be born again, and you will have to find him in one of his next lives. There, you must help him to awaken and remember who he is. He will give you another story, another program – an encrypted one. To decode it, you’ll need to meet the Tarot Reader – the calmest and wisest living beings will lead you to her.

‘The Contract will start as soon as you sign in with your energy. But if you break it, the punishment will be immediate and irreversible.

‘These terms and conditions apply to any of the lives you may find yourself in, as long as you fulfill the terms of the Contract.’

Two eyes flashed on the shadow of the Fortune Teller, and the rabbit continued with his story:

‘The Master of Illusions was desperate and brave. He was also good at game theory. So, without any hesitation, he sent his energy on the Blockchain to sign the contract.’

The rabbit tore off the paper screen and swiftly replaced it with a new one. ‘Scene two!’ he announced, clapping his paws softly. Theatrically, he cleared his throat and announced:

‘The Balance has a strange sense of humor. Many lives went by, and finally, the Master of Illusions met the Storyteller. And not just anywhere, but in the Secret Universe, the very place he wanted to get to.

‘The world that appeared before the Master of Illusions terrified him. The world where the m-people and the Storyteller used to live was now full of deception and betrayal, and people believed that war, hunger, and suffering were, indeed, the Balance.

I couldn’t help interrupting. ‘Yes, yes,’ I said impatiently, ‘I heard all this in the previous hall.’

Immediately, I wished I had kept silent.

‘You think you’re smarter than us, don’t you?’ The rabbit was suddenly angry.

He immediately changed beyond recognition. A huge wooden ruler appeared in his paws, and he banged it fiercely on the table. The place changed too: instead of a shadow play, I found myself in a classroom with a blackboard, desks, and an angry-looking teacher with long ears and red eyes. He exhaled deeply, which seemed to calm him.

‘What happened after that?’ the rabbit asked, in a firm but more friendly voice.

I shrugged humbly.

‘I’ll tell you what happened. The Master of Illusions was watching the Storyteller, who had sunk into a deep slumber of reality. It took all his energy not to be captured by the reality that had already embraced the Secret Universe. The Master of Illusions was not as strong as he thought against its

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spells, but he did everything he could to awaken the Storyteller. It was only the way to get the program from him, just as the Fortune Teller had predicted….'

The rabbit teacher scratched nervously behind his ear and swiftly stomped his paw.

'Well,' he continued, 'After a long search for ways to awaken the Storyteller, the Master of Illusions finally managed it using Zen – a form of meditation. He showed the Storyteller how to experience... what?'

I shrugged again, and the rabbit sighed.

'You know what? Let's do a quiz.'

'A quiz?' I groaned in dismay. 'But I'm not ready! How will I know the answers?'

Ignored my protests, the rabbit grabbed a piece of chalk and began making marks on the blackboard, counting as he went: one, two, three, four, five...

'Six!' he announced. 'Six letters. What did the Master of Illusions show the Storyteller by awakening him with Zen?'

I thought I finally understood.

'Infinity of Eternity!' I cried triumphantly.

The white rabbit seemed to grow even paler. His eyes glowed red with rage, and he rapped my knuckles with his ruler as hard as he could. I howled in pain.

'Oww! What was that for?'

'For not listening to me at all! Six! I said *six*! Not five! And letters, not letters and numbers!'

'But I thought the right answer was to forget what letters and numbers are, what is five and what is six, what is this and what is that….'

'You are an idiot,' sighed the rabbit. 'But at least you guessed a few letters.'

Turning to the blackboard, he scribbled:

'S _ TO _ _'

And then it hit me. 'Yes! I do know the answer!'

## Chapter 5Satori

'*Satori*!' I exclaimed. 'Enlightenment.'

The teacher nodded in satisfaction, and a gentle smile returned to his face.

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‘*Satori*, that’s right. After searching a long time for the way to awaken the Storyteller, the Master of Illusions used Zen meditation, showing him how to experience *Satori*, understand his true nature and follow his Tao. Now, put on your headphones.’

I looked around and found a set of headphones under my desk. When I put them on, I heard the hissing sound of an old cassette tape.

‘Listen carefully,’ said the teacher. ‘This is a real tape with the voice of the real Storyteller.’

The hissing was interrupted by a speech:

‘Over and over, I have been forced to be something I am not. Some invisible entity was imposing that “false self” on me. At first, I was a tiny spot wandering between two lines in absolute darkness. Then I became an ordinary worker, forever smashing brick walls for money... And, more often than not, I didn’t even get paid for my work. But it wasn’t so bad... Because then the real nightmare began: the endless bloody fights, simulations of all imaginable and unimaginable wars, where I was either a common soldier who immediately died or the one who had started this nightmare…

‘Later, things got better. Then I was a ball, swallowing up monsters that were thrown in my way. That was one of my strangest torments...

‘And now I am finally becoming myself again. I still don’t know what I need to do, but being myself is already wonderful. Did my program work? Yes, I see it did! Now it’s your turn. Take the source code and use it as you wish.’

The tape ended, and the hiss returned. I took my headphones off.

‘What does it mean?’ I asked the teacher.

‘That doesn’t matter, compared to what happened afterwards. After receiving the Storyteller’s program, the Master of Illusions meditated in a beautiful garden. He was waiting for a meeting with the calmest and wisest of all living beings, as he’d been promised. At last, this creature appeared. But not as he had expected – this being was a serpent.’

‘I know this story!’ The words just popped out of my mouth.

The teacher muttered something to himself, but let me finish.

‘The serpent commanded him to eat the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge, and it ended badly.’

‘You really are a perfect imbecile,’ the teacher said. ‘The serpent you’re talking about has as much in common with this serpent as the Masters of Dark Spells had to do with the Master of Illusions. It’s so ridiculous that I won’t hit you again. But please, at least try to pretend you’re listening.’

I shut my mouth.

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‘The serpent was called Naga. He could take the form of a man, but he chose to be a snake – maybe so he could be sure not to meet a fool like you.

‘When he saw the Master of Illusions meditating in the garden, Naga the serpent came up to him, and they discussed the story of Muchalinda and the Buddha, and how the Storyteller was awakened with Zen. Naga said he knew a Tarot Reader skilled in the science of encryption, who could give the Master of Illusions the key he so wanted. Are you listening?’

Of course, I was not only listening but also taking notes, to the teacher’s delight.

‘Well,’ said the teacher, stroking his long white whiskers. ‘The Tarot Reader made a reading of the Storyteller’s program and presented it to the Master of Illusions. I told you this in the shadow play, but I see you’re not interrupting me. You didn’t even notice!’ He laughed. ‘You should see your face!

‘Anyway, as the Tarot Reader finished her reading, a sync with U221E began, and she showed him where to find a key. It’s better to provide an actual quotation here. Open your textbook to page ninety-three and read it.’

Obediently, I opened the book to the right page, pretending not to notice that the book hadn’t been there a second before. I began reading aloud.

‘The first key, you found in the Storyteller’s awakening. But now, your Balance lies in new and challenging decisions with far-reaching consequences. Everything that has happened here in the Secret Universe is a consequence of new and challenging decisions.

‘The Storyteller’s program says you must create something out of nothing, as a Master of Illusions is supposed to do. You have seen what the m-people’s “economy” is and what has happened to the magic power in the Secret Universe. To weaken reality, you must create the illusion of money. And you must write a description of that illusion and name it White Paper.’

‘White Paper?’ I asked, puzzled.

‘White Paper,’ repeated the teacher. ‘White paper, a blank sheet, whatever. Keep on reading.’

I read on: ‘You must describe this illusion and name it White Paper, so they will believe in it and accept it. Word of your creation will spread throughout the world. You should know that the m-people had been disconnected from the rest of the universe for too long, and only by reconnecting with “U221E” could they awaken and reclaim their true power. And when they believe in your illusion, you will meet the Dragon, and he will complete your Contract.’

I turned the page, but the rest of the book was blank. The teacher chuckled into his whiskers.

‘I suppose you’re wondering what happened next? Well, the Master of Illusions saw that the m-people would begin trading with other universes through the compatible protocols. To do this, they needed to replace their entire economic system with the economic system of the Magic Worlds.

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‘The Master of Illusions created Bitcoin, which he explained in the White Paper. He passed it to the people who still understood his language. And they believed in it, one by one. The news spread faster and faster among the m-people. They began to copy Bitcoin and create their own protocols, so they could build their own economic systems, free of control and centralization and working according to the laws of Balance. These protocols are fully compatible with the Magic World’s economic system standards, which means they can now trade directly with other universes.’

I nodded, fascinated by my teacher’s words.

‘But it’s possible to control reality only by having pure intentions – working for the good of the entire Secret Universe. The Masters of the Dark Spells had made this impossible. But now, their magic was weakened, and the missing energy returned.

‘And so now, the m-people have Bitcoin and other digital currencies. Now they realize that creating money is not such a complicated process. With Bitcoin, they can make and change all different segments of reality. And in their spare time, they can play all sorts of exciting games with digital currencies.

‘They have understood that the Masters of Dark Spells gave them nothing but illusions. Anyone who wants to change and control reality needs to have a complete understanding of the Balance’s laws. It’s a bit like what you might call karma. You know what this is all about, don’t you?’

## Chapter 6The Dragon

‘Yes!’ I cried.

‘Good,’ the teacher smiled. ‘Then I have just one question for you. You do realize you’re in a fairy tale, don’t you?’

Again, I said yes.

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‘That’s good. After all, a fairytale is a convenient way to tell a story, or set a program. Just like Storytellers do. So, just enjoy our software.

‘You can be anything you want here. You can be a Master of Dark Spells if you want to get stuck in cycles of rebirth, forget who you are and lose your magical power. Or you can be the Master of Illusions, using the power of your imagination to create wondrous new worlds and transform the old ones. In the end, you can become something like me: a Dragon.’

And in front of me appeared not a duck-wolf-hare, not a rabbit, not a shadow play performer, not a teacher, but the Dragon himself.

‘I remember everything in the Infinity of Eternity,’ said the Dragon. ‘I remember the beautiful millennia of the m-people, even before they began believing in Reality. And I remember how they left it to find the Real Reality.

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‘I follow Tao, relying on Zen. It’s a science of awakening, and it was the best choice for awakening the Storyteller. The creation of Bitcoin as an illusion of money is a beautiful example of the principle of *wú zhōng shēng yǒu*, or creating something out of nothing.

‘So, well done, Master of Illusions. I will sign your Contract, and you can come back to live your own life. But don’t forget how you found yourself in this fairytale.

‘Since you created Bitcoin for them, the m-people have begun to copy and change it, creating new worlds connected by blockchains like the universes in U221E. And they saw this power of creating worlds working in the Magic Worlds system.

‘They create more and more different worlds, which they call Projects. Now they can distinguish truth from lies. Now they can see who wants to destroy their “self” and replace it with a “false self.” They see through those who try to make them like everyone else. Finally, the m-people realize that these cheats and liars are nothing. They have no right to say what is good and bad. And they have no right to print money and control the Magic Power of the Secret Universe.

‘Now, with digital currencies, the awakening process is going much faster! It’s unstoppable. Now the magical power is coming back to the m-people, and soon they’ll begin to create even more Magical Worlds where they can communicate with other universes. And all the inhabitants of other universes will be happy to help the m-people awaken. They’re now ready to be a part of the Economy of Magical Worlds, connected to the Unity of Universes in U221E.

‘We welcome you,

m-people… We welcome you

on your way back home.’”

Here the notes of the dreamer Swami Chandraputra end. Why did he stop at this point? Maybe he moved into another dimension, even more secret than the Secret Universe? Perhaps he took a wrong turn wrong, and was reborn again to pass this way once more? Or did he suddenly realize that creating stories is far more interesting than writing them down? Who knows?

Anyway, this is far from

The End.

## Epilogue

Hello, everyone!

I’m glad you’re here. It means you wanted to find out what was on the last page.

The story I told you is just a story about something that happened somewhere in a non-existent Reality.

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It’s a fairy tale. A magical story. And, as you know, any story can be read from different perspectives, other points of view. To see more and discover who you are in this story, you need a key... from the Fortune Teller, the Tarot Reader, or perhaps the Storyteller.

But be careful what you wish for. Once you discover who you are, you need to follow your Tao, relying on Zen. And that’s not as simple as it looks.

Or is it? You decide...

**Katā Dvaya** © 2024

*Yours truly,*

*Master of Spells*

Everything happening here is the process of contemporary art.

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