

## Echos of Significance

Looking out the window of a moving vehicle, the outside world a sliding blur washing past, thoughts trapped in embarrassing moments, drowning in regrets and thinking over and over “if only I had known that would happen”, wishing I could send this knowledge back to myself as a warning. How wondrous life could be if only past me knew what future me knows.

Does everyone's youth seem filled with uncountable moments like this? Or is it just me?

I don't remember when those thoughts began, the memories are scattered throughout my entire childhood.

...

Regretting saying the wrong thing or not saying the right thing.

Trees whooshing past.

Beating myself up for an action that received ridicule.

Light posts zipping by.

Jealousy of another person for seizing an opportunity I wish I had grabbed.

The curb line bobbing and weaving.

Kicking myself for sitting on the sidelines.

The spinning circular blur of wheels on neighboring cars.

...

So vivid are these memories. How they somehow got sequestered into unvisited corners of my memory is a mystery.

Intense and frequent, surely these feelings also occurred outside moving vehicles, but the two feel so inseparable now, the internal obsessive regret and external experience of the world flying past me through a window.

The connection seems obvious, ruminating on the ride home after school or an outing. The individual memories are unfortunately blended, I find myself unable to recall a specific regret or vista, the massive quantity and experiential qualities of these memories are impossible to segment into units.... Well, except for one.

Despite the inability to fragment this diffusion there is a common thread to all of them that can be isolated and inspected as an individual element... a desperate need for unfulfilled approval, a starvation of the soul despite having just attended a banquet.

There is a set of memories in a similar vein. Lying face down into a pillow, pitch black, deathly still, wishing to know what to do, longing to know what future awaits me. Not daydreaming or fantasizing, my mind's eye just as closed and buried as my physical eyes.

When I would do this, from the pitch black emerged a visual sensation, always the same, a tunnel. The best description is to compare it to the classic animation of traveling down a wireframe tunnel of radial circles connected by lengthwise lines. The experience was not so tangible, it was a far more abstract sensation.

Movement through the tunnel was fluid but not smooth, it was not like falling down a hole or riding a subway. This tunnel glided, not past me or I through it, it glided open engulfing me.

Later in life I rationalized these experiences as an ocular phenomena. There is a radial element to the photoreceptors in our retina, resolution and color high in the center with lower resolution monochrome as you move outward to the periphery. It's intuitive to assume that such an experience is an artifact of the physical structure of our eyes.

Growing up meant life got more complicated. The school routine of guided tasks and standardized evaluation evolved into the work model heavy with expectations and light in explanation. Independent problem solving became the key to survival.

I could complain about materialism, blame commercialism, lay fault on consumerism, for brainwashing me into always craving more. I did, at times, blame everything, other times I would blame myself. Assignment of guilt for dissatisfaction oscillated between self and other, internal and external.

These oscillations partition the most significant stages of my psychological, emotional and spiritual evolution. spurts of growth, development, and revelation clustered around the pendulum's high velocity swing through the center, stagnation as it slows and rests at either extremity.

The to and fro of the pendulum's serrated blade carved the growing chasm between me and my youth. My ability to achieve goals strengthened, the feeling of control over my life grew. The mechanics of this world came into focus, one only needed to manipulate them appropriately to produce any results desired.

Beneath the maturing sense of agency lay something, a haunting chirp, stinging just beneath the skin, both it and I conspired and agreed that it went unexamined. No matter how great the accomplishment or reward, the triumphant choir of satisfaction was polluted by the chirp, interrupted from persisting or reaching a peak. Life had become anticlimactic.

The universal currency of success was... Well... Currency. Just as the body turns a variety of fuels into ATP which is then used to purchase action, so too my variety of skills and efforts were translated into money to purchase the means of satisfying needs and desires.

ATP is the perfect analogy because it's produced by mitochondria. This matured form of me had a component that was not an original part, nor a replacement or upgrade, there was something symbiotic.

My child self did not employ a financial intermediary, there was no conversion, storage, or trade. My objectives in early youth were simultaneously the means and the ends.

The simple and direct methods of pursuing my purest desires were gradually replaced when this foreign organism offered to play middleman. A bacterial infection consumed my attention and effort producing an addictive substance of power.

The mitochondria of economic participation had an infinite appetite for my time, never satisfied or satiated, feeding me a catalyst of explosive power to entice me into feeding it everything I had. Money granted the ability to sprint to a finish line, ride and elevator instead of walking up stairs.

The peaking high of the new accelerations and enhancements it endowed was always coupled with a drooping lull upon realizing there was still an exponentially higher level to aspire to.

Why walk when you can ride a bike?  
Why cycle when you can drive?  
Why drive when you can fly?

This analogy of travel quickly hits a ceiling, but the financial amplification of one's capacities and thirst for them has no such upper limit.

Now couple this sisyphian addiction with the standard responsibilities, burdens, and entanglements of life, the result was that over time all those types of childhood memories faded, habits without significance were abandoned, it all became buried beneath piled up matters of actual importance.

They say the human mind is an expert at forgetting. We are constantly bombarded with so much stimulus, the brain is a marvel but still a marvel with limited storage capacity. Having not

engaged those memories for so long it's surprising those memories remained. How did they evade the relentless maid? Why were they spared the waste bin?

Regardless how they survived, I am eternally grateful they did. They were my return ticket, without them I fear my life would have been a one way trip to a limbo of the soul.

You know those recurring moments of existential dread? Those sudden sinkholes that open beneath you, more frequent, deeper, and darker as the years progress. I experienced them as a sense of unfulfilled potential, an intense urgency, but an urgency overshadowed by a perception of insurmountability. The vague collection of regrets and unrealized ambitions growing further from reach as the grains trickle through the hourglasses neck.

It happened late at night in bed, staring at the ceiling, floating on my back, lips barely above the water line, sinking in a pool of existential crisis. Trapped in the eye of a hurricane of accumulated regrets... How did I end up here? Did I choose this life for myself? What am I doing with my time? Engulfed in stormy walls of resentment and remorse... Par for the course.... Until, without warning, this time something completely new happened, the walls of the hurricane imploded, it collapsed into a tornado of thorns upon me. No longer in the eye of a storm, its full force converged on me, my identity, as it was, shredded.

Laying there it was like being stripped naked to the core. The complexity of this world, nuance to my thoughts, sophistication of my desires, ambiguities and intricacies were all at once completely insignificant. Transitionlessly there I lay, the visions of a ride home, regretting not approaching such an enchanting individual, wishing I knew what my next regret would be so I could ensure not to allow the moment to slip through my fingers... And then... Lying in that bed, so many years later. Everything in between was as a dream, I could no longer sense any significance in all that happened since the night of that ride home.

I fumbled to regain a grip on my surroundings. Strange as it sounds, the bland decor of my room assaulted my senses, gazing at my drawers, I knew their contents but what they contained did not belong to me. Everything was superficially correct but fundamentally wrong.

The thought crossed my mind suggesting that this was just an extreme bout of existential crisis, that it would soon pass and I would return to the normal self I was, but a gut reaction cried in protest at that idea... Like a crowd screaming for mob justice, a hatred arose at such a notion of reviving that character, it was a criminal intention and could not be granted leniency.

I spent the next few days reacclimating myself. I knew when work began, where the office was, how to do my job. Every routine and detail was present and available, they just all felt fresh and new.

I never did revert or fade, everything between that night in bed and the ride home in my youth is still meaningless to me, I know it was real, it's just insignificant.

At first I just went through the motions of life grappling with having a perspective disjointed from the world it exists within. It took some time before it felt natural but I eventually accepted that the experience of having these values and interpretations was not at all alien, it was more than familiar, it was, and always had been, my center.

The question became not how or why that night happened, instead the significant mystery was how everything in between was permitted to occur. That question became an obsession. Moving through life I was now just executing routines and reflexively responding to stimulus as expectations dictated, I was on autopilot while my attention dissected my life in between searching for the answer to how I became that person.

The mitochondria made such a convenient scapegoat, and I did fall into that trap for a while. Luckily one of the important lessons that I learned during the between times was that it is not the world at fault for failing to fit my ideals, fault can only fall to me for not recognizing reality as it truly is.

When I finally put on those glasses, and laid the blame at my own feet, the answer became obvious. I had been cowardly and lazy.

My desires... My truest, most core desires were in plain view now... I crave love and attention. That may sound needy and childish, but why should it be shameful? Why should that be wrong? There were many answers from the "between me" offering answers to those questions...

Those juvenile motivations are mutually exclusive to maturity and independence... It answered

Such things are insignificant in the face of grander and more important affairs... It argued

These and many more excuses emerged from the voices of the between times, but the harsh reality was inescapable, rather than risk rejection I had instead chosen to use ATP to fuel manipulation of reality, self, and others. I attempted to manufacture an environment filled with inevitable love and attention rather than honestly and bravely seek it out in the real world.

I tried using money to obtain and become that which others desire or love. It is beyond my comprehension how this delusion disguised itself and pretended that it was not an outright attempt to purchase love. Wealth, travel, fashion, lifestyle, house, car, position, status, influence, were all just attractors and magnets meant to bring the love and attention to me rather than go find it myself.

For a while I cried over spilled milk, all those wasted years. I eventually realized that drowning in regret was precisely what started all of this. That realization was the beginning of the end, the cycle was truly broken, no more would my life be a four step repeating rhythm of crave love, fear of rejection, fail to act, regret... repeat.

No matter how threatening the fear of failure and rejection, nothing is more terrifying than my fear of reliving that moment when I awoke in a strange bedroom, colliding with a reality so profoundly dissatisfying, such earth shattering disappointment in myself.

All those years obsessed with shortcuts and cowardly proxies left me with gaps in my skill sets. Now with my true wants and needs revealed there were now whole new categories of behaviors and abilities I needed to develop. Feeling so far behind, it sometimes feels daunting, so much time wasted, if only there was a way to make up for lost time... Regret always tries to slither back in, it's a sneaky little devil.

The Phoenix is portrayed as rising from the ashes. My fire didn't reduce me to dust, it was a spark from within that incinerated my outer layers and expelled them in a violent blast, more like a supernova revealing its heart to be a pulsar. No more obscure diffuse layers, now directed and focused, reaching out and searching with a spotlight overly, proudly standing out and stepping up.

Balancing my new priorities with inherited realities is a challenge. Many find my defiance of norms and nuances to be immature, naive, or even delusional. You can't please everyone and not everyone will accept you, but I have discovered that you can reject their premise that life is too complicated for happiness to be simple.

It is simple, so very simple!---

... the narrator on the screen at the front of the room stops talking and sits back with a gentle smile and a hint of smirk, like someone withholding the punchline of a joke.

Prof stands up and says "Thank you Chesa!" then looks to the students and asks "Can anyone interpret this first hand narrative? Who wants to guess what happened here?"

A voice from the front row : "Dormant memory resurfaced causing the actor to experience some kind of explosive character evolution"

Prof : "Good start. That was the first assumption by diagnosticians as well. It was not that simple, of course. What else could it have been?"

Silence

Prof : "Come on... What? Is everyone afraid to speak up? There is nothing wrong with not knowing the image of an incomplete puzzle. Why isn't anyone asking me questions?"

Quiet pause...

Then a voice breaks the silence : "What memory model is used?"

Prof : "Good. Direct reference memory, one of the simplest"

Voice replies : “Then I'm guessing it's a 4D simulation. The actor describes a complex development arc that clearly demonstrates passage of time, direct reference to remember things only works if there is a fixed 4D coordinate for every thing at every time.”

Prof : “Correct, this simulation uses a 4D bulk and memory directly references objects, places and events within that space. Elements of the bulk are only deleted if no memories reference them and all actors have moved past that time. ”

New voice jumps in “How big is the simulation?”

Prof : “Your question is leading to something else you have in mind isn't it?”

“Yes.” answers the voice “The actor seems very complex and describes a world with complicated economics and other people, even vehicles and air flight. That seems very large, so I suspect it uses localized time.”

Prof : “Excellent! Yes, it is. What other suspicions do you have?”

Voice adds : “If time is progressing only around actors then the past and present could potentially exist in closer 4D proximity than they should exist in a global time system.”

Prof : “That is a very good line of reasoning, and I can see where you are going with it, you suspect some form of overlapping occurred. Unfortunately this simulation uses hollow actors. The actor itself exists outside the world space in an individual parallel space.

The body is free to move in the bulk while the mind only moves in linear time within a private space. In this simulation the actors private space is larger than their occupied world space, the actors mind is like a T.A.R.D.I.S., bigger on the inside.. Hehe

For everyone new to this idea, these overlapping or past-present collisions can happen in 4D localized time simulations, and they are extremely common in primitive 3D localized time simulations. These are generally called deja-vu glitches, where the actor literally sees the same past event or object, or even a past self...

Not what happened here, but an excellent tangent and a great ruling out of possibilities.”.

Silence again

“Nobody has any questions?”

A new voice responds : “Are there any actor subsystems or functions with temporal qualities?”

Prof : “Casting a broad net. I am more impressed by fishing expeditions with a more targeted scope haha. But yes, this simulation model uses an interesting system to enhance the actor’s predictive capabilities. I’ll give you a nibble and see if you can reel it in yourself.”

The voice asks : “Leading wave consciousness?”

Prof : “...and why would that make sense here?... actually, first explain to everyone what it is, for those not familiar.”

The voice explains : “Leading wave consciousness pre-renders the actor’s mind forward in time, sometimes even including their local space. These leading waves of consciousness are used as a special type of memory, referencing this memory grants access to an internalized simulation of the actor’s future choices, actions and even outcomes.”

Prof : “This is an intro class, so I’m sure many of you have not yet heard of this. Anyone need clarification?”

A separate voice inquires : “So the actor can see the future?”

Prof : “You brought it up, you can explain it” gesturing to the previous student

Original voice : “Not really... sometimes it’s only the actor’s mind that renders forward with void sensory input, sometimes a small bubble of space with waterfall boundaries around the actor is included. I have never heard of a full world, or bubble large enough to truly know the future, the bubble is usually quite small. It’s even common to add randomized distortions to simulate the inaccuracies of realistic predictive instincts.”

Prof : “Good, it looks like someone is just here for credits haha. Why didn’t you just challenge and skip?”

The voice responds : “I can get courseware online, coming to class isn’t about credits!”

Prof : “I can’t tell if you are genuinely impressive or just a know-it-all suck-up haha... O.K. for now I want to hear theories from students who aren’t ahead of the curriculum. How would leading wave consciousness be relevant to this case?”

New voice : “I want to guess that the leading wave somehow propagated all the way into the future, but it seems too obvious, so instead I’ll ask how the wave works. Is it a persistent and cumulative thing or is it constantly wiped and reset?”

Prof : “+1 point for an obvious but good guess, -2 points for trying to establish credit for a guess but simultaneously distancing yourself from it, you can’t have your cake and eat it too, +2 points for an excellent question. Net +1 point.”



Class laughs

Prof : "In this model each wave has a variable forward length, it is rendered forward up to a point, available for reference, then stored"

Same voice asks : "Stored?"

Prof : "The actor has access to stored forward renders, akin to memory. You can remember past predictions you made, so shouldn't the actor have the same ability?"

New voice : "Are they accessed differently from normal memories?"

Prof : "Great! Yes, the stored waves are loaded into the forward wave engine and accessed from there."

Same voice follows up : "Are they stored in their final state, or are they re-executed from the original initial parameters?"

Prof : "They are stored and reloaded in the final state, normally not executed upon retrieval."

Voice jumps at that response : "Normally?!?!"

Prof : "Haha.. I know I made it too obvious, but you still have to work harder than that. Noticing something is not asking a question."

Same voice asks specifically: "Why shouldn't they be executed?"

Prof : "Because they are a completed forward wave. The leading wave engine is designed to process a wave to completion then stop."

New voice : "What determines the completion? Is there a 'completed flag'?"

Prof : "Length forward from present, with an upper limit. No flag."

Voice inquires again: "How far forward?"

Prof : "Variable... and I'll spare you having to follow up asking what determines the variable length, it's too obvious of a question now. Several factors determine forward length. It's primarily a product of actor focus and reference frame physics."

Same voice again "So the actor can use 'focus' to predict events in the distant future?"

Prof : "No. A separate system of logical inference is used for longer term predictions. Leading wave systems are relatively high load, their application tends to lie just above motor reflex. They

usually help with things like driving vehicles, playing sports, etc... strong feedback with the leading wave system is often analogous to what you might call 'being in the zone'"

New voice : "How does reference frame physics affect it?"

Prof : "Excellent investigation technique! If you sense a lead going cold, go back and look for unexplored avenues. The length forward increases with velocity and acceleration. The leading wave does not move in space, only in time, so at higher speeds and accelerations it is far less accurate because it is missing all elements not yet in its bubble's range. Allowing it to propagate further into the future can compensate somewhat. Unknown future elements that have not yet entered the bubble are still unknown, but at least their influences and casual reactions are predicted further forward as soon as they do enter the bubble."

Another new voice asks : "So... Can an actor's focus combined with speed and acceleration , like being in a moving vehicle, cause the wave to run forward into the distant future and somehow interact with the actor's future self?"

Prof : "Good expansion on that line of investigation. Leading waves are stamped with a start time, and only allowed to propagate to a certain point further forward than the present."

Silence

Prof : "We are going in the right direction, someone try taking another step... I'll wait."

Whispers in the room of students collaborating

A new voice "Is forward length limitation determined by rendered length or by current timestamp?"

Prof : "Bullseye! Timestamp! You are clearly aiming for something, go for it."

Same voice : "A leading wave was cut off after X time because it hit the limit, but its calculated target forward length was longer, so it was executed when reloaded."

Prof : "Exactly, we are on the right track. I'll fill in a few details to save a few obvious back and forths.

This leading wave model actually permitted physical parameters to produce forward lengths of ridiculously long values. The designers actually intended that some waves would be resumed, even so far as requiring many reloads to fully complete. For the actor this is like being able to make a prediction then extend and evolve it by continually thinking about it.

But there is still a missing piece, a dot needed to complete this whole picture. Think about the actors' story. What else is there? It should be much easier for you than the original

diagnosticians, you have the actors' narrative containing all relevant details discovered and irrelevant stuff cropped out.”

Pause

Voice : “That part about tunnels in the dark?”

Prof : “good... a bit of a freebie, but good memory and attention to detail. Can you guess how it fits?”

Voice responds : “Some kind of connection to the forward wave. The way the actor described it is reminiscent of some accounts of meditation, and you described the leading wave feedback as ‘being in the zone’, it seems like the tunnel must be some kind of interaction with the leading wave.”

Prof : “Yes! Great deduction. The actor indeed engaged in something akin to meditation. I’ll connect some dots because we are running low on time now, and even the diagnosticians took a long time to puzzle out the details.

The actor was focusing on predicting the future, tuning all other things out, laying still and sensory deprived the leading wave became entirely composed of the actor’s mind. Engaging in this behavior the actor unknowing developed a specialized memory retrieval skill for the leading wave engine, learning to copy elements of their own mind down from the forward wave. For them it was like learning to see more clearly and remember more details about the forward wave experience, but what they were really doing was overwriting themselves with the copy of their mind inside the leading wave.”

A new voice : “So the actor basically glitched the system and jumped in and out of the leading wave?”

Prof : “Essentially, yes. It's like at each time tick a leading wave was produced and projected forward, then elements of that mind were copied back down into the time frozen reality, it was a very unique and unexpected customized memory access technique the actor honed. An interesting side note is that they experienced dilated time, because each tick of time was multiplied by the forward length of leading wave, and since from the actor's perspective the majority of the time ‘meditating’ was spent in the forward wave system instead of the main simulation, it could also be described as a kind of ‘out of body experience’.”

Another voice : “So that’s what happened? They overwrote themselves with a stored leading wave copy?”

Prof : “Correct. First they trained the skill unwittingly while meditating.

Next they created a leading wave in a moving vehicle with physics and focus variables resulting in an obscenely long forward length value, decades to be precise... There was a glitch in the acceleration value due to a jerky motion of the head and the moving vehicle, the glitch went unnoticed because a long forward length value had never caused any issues before.

Then, in a moment of deep introspection years later in bed, experiencing profound regret , they recalled a similar moment of regret in a car ride, the leading wave associated with that memory was loaded, its length was not complete, so it executed.

The latent skill of copying down the leading wave mind was present, but the skill normally didn't work anymore because the skill went unused for so long and the actor's mind had changed too much. Copies of this new mind produced leading wave minds that were no longer compatible with the skill, but this old copy of the mind was compatible with the latent skill, the skill was triggered and overwrote their mind with the old copy in the leading wave.

Their mind experienced what can only be described as a massive reset.”

A new voice : “How could such an old copy of a portion of the mind integrate? It should have been like cutting out a piece of one person's brain and implanting it in another. It shouldn't work.”

Prof : “You are right. But it wasn't one big chunk. The copy down skill the actor had honed overwrote a variety of small key sections, not one big chunk.

It was essentially a two step transformation.

First the pieces were copied down, which integrated just well enough to continue functioning. A bit disjointed and... lets say 'twitchy'... but still functional. This was the initial sudden experience

Then as these old pieces interacted and fully integrated with the whole, it caused many sections to revert to old structures. The neural net of the older actor was evolved directly from the younger version, so some areas tended to 'snap' back into old configurations.”

A voice blurts out : “Sounds like a world breaking bug. Was the simulation patched and reset or terminated?

Prof : “Chesa, you want to answer that?”

The person on the screen who everyone had forgotten was there leans forward towards the camera and speaks.

Chesa : “The simulation was not modified or terminated.”

Voice from front of class : “I thought you were a recording.. Not an actor... I mean... not a performing actor playing the part of a simulated character.. This is a cool prop for class, can we ask you questions and you will play along?”

Chesa : “Oh.. haha... I’m not AN actor... I’m THE actor.”

Stunned, the voice turns to the prof : “Wait! I thought practically all actors have irrecoverable meltdowns and psychological breaks if confronted with being a simulation.”

Prof : “True. The diagnosticians were intensely curious when they started unraveling this case, they wanted to interact with Chesa. They did a backup expecting to need a reset, then used VR to approach Chesa and try to get some first hand info.

There was no need for a reset, even when Chesa was made fully aware of the situation.”

Same student : “Why?”

Prof gestures to Chesa

Chesa : “I’m Happy!”

Same student, now facing the screen : “It doesn't bother you that your whole world is just a simulation?”

Chesa : “My world is just as real as I am. Before I changed, in the between times, it would surely have bothered me. That version had an identity bound up in concepts like influence, power, and control.”

Student follows up : “Knowing that you yourself are just a deterministic software program, how can you handle that?”

Chesa : “People here also talk about determinism, without knowing they are simulations... People in your ‘real world’ also debate determinism and free-will, how is it different?”

Student : “But you are concretely aware of... that you... your world... your experience... nothing is real... it's not just a philosophical pondering, it's a fact you know for sure.”

Chesa : “People in both our worlds live with that all the time. Many people ‘know for sure’ that their belief about reality is correct. Whether they are right or wrong does not affect the experience of believing you are right.

I know for sure life is a simulation. Others here ‘know for sure’ that they are not simulations... Confirmation is moot if you believe, the experience of believing is the same as knowing”

A new student jumps in : "Then what's the point in anything if your world is just a simulation?"

Chesa : "All I know is that my world is an echo of your world. Echos are as real as the sound that caused them.

Plus, both our worlds have societies with structures and layers. The question 'What's the point of life if I'm not on the top layer' is not a new question and not exclusive to simulations.

For me the point of life is making friends, experiencing honest and direct exchange of empathy, love and caring.

I'm just a child who wants love and attention.  
I think we all are.

Now that I understand this, I have learned, and am still learning, how best to give and accept this most significant currency of life.

I take more pleasure from the simplest of friendly exchanges than anything from the between times of my life"

Student replies : "But all the people in your world are just simulations, they aren't real."

Chesa : "They are just as real as me. They can feel and experience life just the same as I do.

And now I have even more friends... from whole new universes.  
Are we still on for our weekly lunch date Ceti?"

Prof : "Of course, wild horses couldn't keep me away."

Student looking at the prof in awe: "You two meet for meals?"

Prof : "Yes. I was one of the diagnosticians on this case. At first our interactions were about me finding out what happened to Chesa. We started chatting frequently and before I realized it, Chesa was 'diagnosing' me more than the other way around. I feel Chesa has taught me far more valuable lessons than I can offer in return.

Chesa has an extremely unique perspective that has proven very helpful and therapeutic for many people in our world.

I use VR for weekly meetups. We take turns playing host and traveling together,  
Sometimes in Chesa's world .  
Sometimes in simulations of our world.  
Sometimes we meet in other simulations."

Chesa : “Many people, like some of you just now, wonder how I can live knowing I’m just a simulation and can’t ever experience your physical reality.

As a simulation I can visit a plethora of simulated worlds and experience them more fully than any of your best VR gear. My multiverse is bigger and more diverse than your real world.

Don't get me wrong, I love learning about your world, and trying new ways of experiencing it, I want to experience it as much as I can... Nor do I mean to imply simulations are better than reality... But... I think many people are looking at it wrong, there is great beauty in being a simulation too.”

Prof : “That’s a great place to leave it for today... Lunch time... See you next week.”

Students start getting up and trickling out of the room.

The ‘suck-up’ walks up to the prof

Suck-up : “And that, professor, is why I come to class.”

Prof : “Hahaha... O.K. Would the suck-up care to join me this week for my date with Chesa? Do you think that would be a significant experience?”

Suck-up : “More than anything in this whole universe”

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