

TECHNO-THRILLER

SYNCHONICITY I

A  
**GREAT**  
DISAPPOINTMENT

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## ALL PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED!

I wanted to save you, but you didn't believe me. I now know why you did that. This reason, this final realization, has now plunged me into an even darker nightmare from which there is no turning back. Luckily, nothing can go wrong from now on. At least that's what I think. Everything has already fallen apart.

I was able to find the exit from Plato's cave, but I still have to get used to this new freedom. The only thing I can offer you now is to listen to me this time and understand my story. It will not be easy. You will have to die completely and forget everything you ever thought about our world. It's an experiment. Some kind of test. How it turns out is entirely up to you. Do you want to be free? Then you have to let everything go. — *Nobody*



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SYNCHRONICITY



*“An image was implanted in my mind to depict the resurrection of Jehovah in a great oak grove, that enchanted place of his last memories. Jehovah rises from the cloud of ash caused by a bomb: a blood-red ball of fire; a gigantic sea of flames, fueled by the hatred and sin of humanity.”*

*— Benicio Engelmann, Spanish sculptor*

## PROLOG

### PHANTOM PAIN



It has had never been so difficult for me to find a beginning. Because what I'm trying to do here will lead to extreme changes. For both of us. But I simply can't do anything about it now. It can't go on like this forever. This whole life, my life. It's doomed to fail. It's felt like this right from the start. Basically, all problems are now solved. Because there is no more life. But I get ahead of myself. I'm a bit hasty with my thoughts and often forget that it could overwhelm others. My exaggerated emotions sometimes still take control of me and tempt me to do stupid things. With all the disturbing things I've gone through, it's no wonder they always come up, though. However, one thing at a time.

There was something wrong; something wasn't right from the very beginning. When I was thrown into this world, without being asked. It was on Christmas Eve, 1977. But I only found out what was wrong 42 years later. At this point in my life, I was at the edge of an abyss. In front of a great mystery that could no longer be explained with normal common sense. A huge void had opened up in front of me that had neither an end nor a beginning. This dark hole led to something very deep and mysterious. This void led to pure nothingness; it had neither content nor shape. Soon, it all stopped making sense to me because this eternal state of darkness raised more questions that I had never dared to ask before. I had to ask myself these questions because life still owed me one last answer. That's why I had to get to the bottom of nothingness. Because otherwise, my life, my pure existence, would no longer serve any purpose.

A whole new world, or, to put it more precisely, a strange reality, revealed itself to me after I had gazed into this black

nothingness for too long, simply too long. And yet, it was something; it wasn't, *nothing*. I slowly identified it and found better and more suitable words for it. Ideas and concepts shyly fraternized in my mind and formed an increasingly crisp picture. It was a kind of house of mirrors. Yes. A perplexing, confusing, hyper-complex structure. Like those mazes at fairgrounds, but much larger and more mysteriously constructed, with no recognizable exit. The whole world was this void.

At a certain point, I reached a stage where I was no longer sure that it wasn't me, that I was the root, the cause and the explanation for this nightmare and this labyrinth. In other words, the reality as I experienced it came from within myself. Crazy thoughts, I know. But no, it wasn't like that! This impression was deceptive and was also part of the illusion or mystery that I had stumbled into. This realization was true and untrue at the same time. I'm not the bad guy in this game, and I don't take full responsibility for this insanity. I'm just taking responsibility for my shit.

Also, I have been looking for a way out of this maze for a long time, and I am still looking for it now that you are reading this. At least I now know who built this crazy labyrinth and what function it supposedly fulfills. It took me a lot of spiritual work, time, and bravery to figure it out. It was obviously necessary, indeed imperative, to go through a great deal of suffering and to be frustrated again and again. To go through these never-ending episodes of angst, uncertainty, and losses, to feel absolutely adrift in the world to decipher my reality in the end. My own pain was the key to being able to look at reality from a new perspective and to enter a world beyond the real world.

Seen through my new reality lenses, it turned out to be a big theater and a kind of game that apparently tried to fulfill the task of a learning program. Something like a life school, but with much more complex courses and final exams. What was this game meant for, and who came up with it? A game with apparently completely illogical rules. Unfair and somehow set

up. A game that was impossible to understand and complete from a logical or rational perspective. Not to mention, from a purely moral point of view, being able to play it correctly to come to a fair and happy ending. A conciliatory ending for me and for humanity. No, it didn't work that way either; it wasn't the right path. Many people didn't follow morals, rules, or humanist values. They always got away with it anyway. No matter how many innocent lives they had on their conscience or how many people they scammed out of their money. These miserable clowns had nothing to fear. This game was impossible for ordinary people like me to play, and it was so massively rigged that only the wrong team could ever win. This devastating realization led me to stop participating.

To stop engaging with it and declare it laughable and idiotic. There was simply no point in playing it any longer and keeping any false expectations alive that the world would one day improve.

And in my reality bubble, far detached from the big world events, it was exactly the same. Everything was twisted and turned upside down, and I was made out to be the madman. I was considered the bad guy, the black sheep, driven to the very brink of madness and almost committing suicide. My common sense was supposed to irrevocably despair at the world that had become unreal and then break into a thousand tiny pieces. And the old, naive person that I was had to die. And that's undoubtedly what happened. It started in 2020, when the *virus panic* started.

I have since found out what was causing it. This transmutation into this world that has become impossible. Like a multi-headed monster, in the form of humans gone mad. This monster can be described as the system. In analogy to a poisonous snake that hypnotizes you the whole time, causes fear and panic in you, and tries to keep you in a state of constant arousal and a feeling of lack. A snake with many different faces, a hydra that puts on a confusing show to inject you with its poison. A mixture of lies, false hopes and temptations that serve the purpose of making the actual, the

real world unrecognizable, and keeping you in a deep state of sleep and preventing you from reflecting. Very smart, that sucker. But I got to the root of it. It hurt me a little too much and got too careless.

It takes my breath away, despite my long-standing knowledge of this matter, and temporarily evokes a sense of despair within me. At the same time, it makes me very furious because I know about these phenomena and no one else understands or realizes what I have been witnessing. Sometimes an indescribable feeling of helplessness sets in because I am constantly confronted with the fact that it is still happening. Whenever I go out of the house, I browse the internet or watch the News. It just won't go away; the people who serve the snake aren't going away. All the people are more or less involved in this trick, the hypnosis. Blind, selfless servants to the serpent without noticing it.

The deception here is gigantic; it is impossible to fully comprehend or even come close to describing it in words, what a sick movie is happening here. And the worst part of it. As much as I hate people and want to take vengeance on everyone. I had to realize that this is not (or no longer) a possibility in this world. All this time I had been battling windmills, imagining a final battle with the devil and me in the form of Archangel Michael. I really thought it was the end, the final nemesis that had to be defeated to rescue the world. Like the apocalypse written about in the Bible. The battle with the devil, who had now become a reality in this world. Somehow it was accurate; it seemed biblical what was happening out there, and yet, it was also not accurate. Unfortunately, it's a bit complicated. I'll explain that later.

I really believed it; I sensed the panic and anxiety myself during the pandemic. This whole thing with the virus was orchestrated very well. Today, I know it was all just shadows. Shadow puppets in the guise of politicians and scientists who put on this entire spectacle. Demons, as well as angels from a world long gone, tried one last time to perform this deception in order to unleash Armageddon. A last war that could have been



the end of humanity. I've seen it all now. The shadows can no longer affect me and trick me. This stage play has been performed too often, so the obvious can no longer be negated.

Is it my intention to expose all the injustice in the world and name the perpetrators who serve the snake? No. I am long over that. We are facing much larger and more complicated problems here. Plural. In contrast, the crises that are still evident in the external world are just peanuts. Just tiny particles of dust, but pointing to a gigantic ruin, the ultimate in chaos. Evidence of the extinction of everything, simply everything that was once there.

Yes, I'm just talking to myself here; that's what you think? Speaking vague, cryptic words that are trying to hint at something evil you never recognize your whole life. You just didn't notice it yet, my friend, honey. Because it is coded, encrypted, and hidden. The whole world is keeping a big secret from you and from your eyes. A riddle made up of an infinite number of puzzle pieces first needs to be put together properly for it to make perfect sense. All this world is a broken pottery pot, a fragmented hard drive, and infinite tiny drops in a sea of information. Our world is a great mystery. It wants to speak to you and wants to get in touch with you. But you haven't even noticed it yet. I was able to recognize the shape in the end and understand the purpose behind it. And why everything was destroyed before I was born. Be prepared for something; your blood might freeze in your veins.

At least it did with me; it spoke to me, this world. More and more insistently, more and more precisely. In pictures, in words, in daily situations. She conveyed important signals to me so that I could understand her better and better every day. However, it is currently not permissible for you to observe what I have observed, as this would result in the demise of the system. You can't come to this realization and look behind the veil. To see into this new dimension of existence, into the matrix of information consisting of symbols, patterns, numbers and synchronicity phenomena. A secret layer of language hides behind the facade of reality, whether you believe it or not. I

would not be the first to say this. When you recognize this new layer of reality and can interpret and understand it. So many things will become clearer to you. You will be beamed into a completely changed world. Into the void.

Where did my life go when I fell into the void? I'm no longer in the game, so what am I still doing here? As I said, I've died, or, to be more accurate, my ego just died. I'm no longer human after these three and a half years; I can no longer be a person. I honestly don't want to be anymore because I don't want to have anything more to do with any of you. There's nothing left to live for, and also nothing left to experience. There is nothing left to believe and nothing left to act. I'm at the very end. We're all finished. *Finis Temporis*. End of time.

This chamber of mirrors definitely drove me completely crazy. It removed me from the world I once thought to be real. I realized it the second my ego died. The idea of who I was. In other words, the figure who once fulfilled a certain role in society, the persona I had identified with. This person(a), which means nothing more than a mask, is no more. I am so much more, and I am much more powerful. I ultimately unveiled myself, exposed the falsehood, and eradicated all the wrongdoing from both my contaminated soul and heart. The long years of my self-isolation and the relentless contemplation of my own actions here on this blue ball have made this person and the world obsolete and transformed it into something totally different. This person was thrown into some kind of afterlife and sent on an inner journey that felt like some kind of divine retribution.

Now things are getting serious for both of us. I want to try something here. With you as well. A kind of adventure. I will do to you what this world has already done to me, but in a different way. Those people who played with my emotions, who hurt me, made fun of me, and threatened me to death. They did not manage to kill me or make me lose my hope and my self-esteem. I am still alive, and I feel more intensely than ever. And my heart beats stronger than ever before. What I intend to do with you now is to break you, or rather, your world view.

Unfortunately, to achieve this, I have to annihilate all of humanity. Regrettably, there is no more elegant way. But there is no malicious intent here. No, God forbid! It's just to make something crystal clear to you and to show you a possible outcome at the end of the path.

I can promise you, should you get the crazy urge to unravel my enigmatic story, you will go through the same torturous process I went through over 42 years. Believe me. You will fall into the same void in a state of great panic, looking into that bottomless abyss, and lose everything about you. You will turn into an infinite question mark, the inexplicable nothingness in which you will soon no longer have any role to play. Your ego will vanish, and your mind will dissolve, just as happened to me. That will be the result of this experiment. It's pretty cool, isn't it?

Everything will then turn out to be a deception and a lie for you. All your memories. Your friends, your family, your past — everything you have achieved will turn out to be a fraud.

Everything that has defined you and that you still believe in will be forgotten. It will not seem important anymore; it will even disgust you. You will be ashamed that you have been so blind and foolish all this time.

You yourself will slowly evaporate, leading you to a dramatic self-realization. It will happen in stages. Episodes of madness that make you die many inner deaths. It's just not over with just one death. No, no. Do not worry; everything is under control. You won't die physically.

I'm sorry, my friend, my darling. What I'm going to involve you in here is somehow evil. I'm aware of it, and at the same time, it's also very kind. Very beneficial for both of us, in other words. Just don't take it too seriously, and especially don't take it as a personal assault on your life or revenge on my part for all that has been done to me in my life. I really don't want to seem vindictive, but it just has to happen now. My decision has been made; I will publish this crap!

Remember that you are already dead. You just don't recognize it yet. You've just forgotten, okay? So there's

absolutely nothing to be scared of; there's no need to let any anxiety arise inside you now. It's already done. You're already through it. We're just taking our last steps together towards the door to heaven. And unfortunately, these remaining steps will be a little exhausting and will demand absolutely everything from you.

However, you have no choice except to put the book down now. Reality will catch up with you anyway, or overtake you one day. Because the former world is no longer there. You are only dreaming that it still exists. I will try to get us out of here together if possible without causing any more harm. We can both be safe and free if the experiment succeeds. See you later!

– Nobody



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## ABOUT

**Michael H. Blunt** was born in Himmelsthür, Germany, on Christmas Eve 1977. He worked as a web and 3D designer until the end of 2024. In 2020, thank God, he was irretrievably replaced by an A.I. Due to a lack of other alternatives, he decided to continue working as a science fiction author in mid-2023. He adores cats, fine food and extraordinary movies. He just wants a more peaceful world. He has been working on it for 46 years and believes that it will happen one day.

## WHAT'S NEXT?

Did you like the prologue, make you curious or make you fearful and defensive?

It's now up to you how the story continues. So everything remains as crazy out there as it is or the possibility can arise that the world - including yours - changes for the better. Maybe you'll just take a risk and overcome your prejudices and give me a chance. I hope we meet again. See you soon.

Michael H Blunt



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