THE LEAST LOGICA L BOOK

IVÁN ÁVALOS

THE LEAST LOGICAL BOOK

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Dedicated to my family, friends, acquaintances and a lot of people I really appreciate.

PROLOGUE

I wrote *The Most Illogical Book* in 2017, as an experiment to write something completely illogical, non-sense and stupid: it ended up being more logical than I thought. This Time, I'm writing this in 2020, trying to explore new ways of defying the laws of logic and creating new philosophical paradigms that challenge our logical brains. Using illogical concepts, connected in logical ways, written in a poetic and aesthetically pleasing way. This book is more deep, complex and philosophical than the previous one, questioning the universe, ourselves and reality: there's an whole universe embedded in this book. Just like the previous book, this one wasn't written under the effect of psychedelic drugs or alcohol either; but many chapters were written under the effect of tiredness and exhaustion.

Fun fact: the last chapter was inspired on the dreams I've been having since yesterday (July 5th). I actually dreamed those things! A while before dreaming those things, and even before starting to write the chapter, it was called "Dreams"; I'm noticing that right now.

CHAPTER I
The process of existence and universe

In the beginning of the end, there was a noisy silence coming out of the sun, which wasn't meant to be enjoyed, because there was no such sun, and neither such beginning: it was the birth of a universe, it was the end of the beginning. Everyone was pissed off by this unfortunate event, because it wasn't their universe the one being created, it was theirs being destroyed by a slight amount of truth, dangerous enough to put everyone to sleep for a while, until their void and meaningless existence took over the realm of sense and destruction, turning the whole universe back into a grain of rice, until everything eventually reached repetition. Was the universe worth creating? The answer lies within the question itself: the universe was worth creating. Why? Because there's no reason to think the opposite, we're not worthless enough to think about things being worthless, our brains are nothing but part of the value we're thinking about all the Time. The universe is big enough for us to keep wondering when did it all begin; but the answer is right ahead of us, it is just not material, so our material brains can move on and keep going through that thing we call reality.

We often look back to understand what's coming, only to find out how unreal everything is, and how delicious the unreal food is. We cook our food, we eat our food, we get rid of what we don't need or want anymore, and we keep eating in spite of the tragedy we're being part of everyday. The universe wasn't meant to be food, the universe was meant to be the kitchen for something else. Asking what that "else" is, is like asking for the secret recipe at one of the most famous restaurants in our reality. But that "else" is right in front of us anyway, why can't we just open our eyes? Probably because that wouldn't make any difference if our minds are closed: our minds would refuse to process such information, why even bother? There's only a proton of difference between open and closed, and also an actual proton in the middle, that we can only destroy if we destroy our universe first, which would erase the open and closed as well, leaving us with no options, and leaving us without us.

There's nothing to see when we're surrounded by everything we could possibly imagine, because we live surrounded by nothing to see. Our fragile imaginations have a limit, dictated by the size of the kitchen our "else" is being cooked in, controlled by the proton in the middle of our binary mindset, and moved forward by the amount of food we're putting into our pseudo-cosmic system. There's a whole process being processed behind the scenes, we're nothing but part of it, we're nowhere but inside of it, we're not doing anything but trying to escape our worthless destiny. We were made to escape, and somehow we achieved making it past our destiny; but our universe is not, and we're still part of it. Should we move into another one? The "else" is something we're baking, something we've been always baking inside the oven... we have control over the process!

There's no process without us, yet it seems there can be us without the process. There was no process before everything stopped starting, but that's because we're the process, processing ourselves. We're the oven, we're the kitchen, and we're not just baking an "else"... we are baking ourselves into that "else". And the proton is not in the middle, the proton is the binary mindset, so we can't destroy our mindset, for nothing's possible out of it. The universe is indefinitely looping, we're the "else" of a previous process. There's nothing before this process, because we're the looping process... we're more than a process, we're the universe, and Time's nothing but an insight of ourselves progressing through space, one yard at a space. Our plane has always been reversed: we've been lying on the walls, it's space to touch the roof, while staring at the floor.

Couldn't be more specific, inmutable and senseless: the universe is a bunch of everything made out of nothing after all, there are no building blocks, but rather, blocks being built. We're not alone, you just cannot build something out of a single block: you need many blocks. The single blocks are nothing, so they're essentially already built, and there's no need for a kitchen to bake a single nothing: that's the reason we're even a thing and not a nothing. Are we nothing? Is it possible to be nothing and something simultaneously, though? We are ready to find out, we are ready to explain ourselves, but we are not ready to handle the answers afterwards, a hole in our minds would erase them anyway. The proton can be destroyed only if the answers are destroyed... we wouldn't need questions anymore if that were to happen, would we? Existence would then be worthless, priceless, senseless and meaningless.

CHAPTER II
The story of Mx. Laic and everything

There's always a lot behind the name of an interesting person, that we often find ourselves into a loop of curiosity to discover what's behind it. Mx. Laic is not a person, Mx. Laic is the person. Free of guilt after doing the worst, and free of misery after being the worst; not everyone manages to get past that line of freedom; in fact, nobody manages to do so, except Mx. Laic. You may ask what the definition of "worst" is for them, and get even more intrigued after getting the answer; because the answer exists, but it is void. Mx. Laic's definition is beyond the edges of human comprehension, and even beyond theirs. There's nothing more to know about them, other than whatever you already know before looking at their face, because the person we're talking about is not physically alive. There's nothing to see, there's no one to think about, there's no one to talk about, because we're physical and they's beyond physics, we're inside a bubble, they's outside the bubble: a bubble made out of what's between reality and falseness, the convergence of true and evil.

Human being, not being human, banished from the present and put in charge of the future; we're never beyond Mx. Laic, they'll push everything away from future, so we can get pulled back into the present, never turning into past because there's no past. Evil has no meaning where Mx. Laic is not at, yet somehow it is part of the present; we're missing something. Future is the question, present is the answer, past is nothing. There's a nothing we need as part of the question, so we can turn it into a void yet useful answer; Mx. Laic is the exact opposite of nothing: they leaves no room for a nothing, thereby. There's no nothing we can turn into everything, leaving us at the centre of the equation. Yesterday, a person talked to Mx. Laic, asking to leave some room for nothing: that person was Mx. Laic themself, looking for a way to stop being meaningless, looking for a way to render the equation unsolvable. The mystery remains, our equation is unsolved, we're still at the centre looking forward to the past we never had, while Mx. Laic stands right there, with that evil smile we cannot see, but we can feel; there's a meaning for "worst" after all, we found it, it turned out not to be void.

The origin of Mx. Laic is not a mystery, they was a nice person, with a good smile we could see from miles, and even through the thickest fog. Their goals and ambitions were clear for everyone: not being a nothing was one of them. They tried so hard to pull the void away from the universe, until they achieved it, but we didn't like how then everything we loved turned out to become. That void was nothing we would have wished to get rid of if we had known the consequences of trashing our meaning. The universe was dark, now it's bright, and everything that used to be bright is now dark, including our existence and hope. That bright

smile turned into a dark and evil smile, Mx. Laic was all the opposite now, their goals were all the opposite now as well. There's no way back to normal, Mx. Laic's efforts are gone, we ran out of possibilities. There's an evil beyond their being, impossible to destroy; we're part of darkness, we have no power over brightness, we'll be always ruled by it. Our equation went upside down, we're still at the center, but upside down. Variables are swapped, the equal is not equal anymore, it looks symmetrical but makes no difference. Miles away are nothing, the thickest fog is gone forever. Mx. Laic is not evil, Mx. Laic is inside an unbreakable bubble of evil, dressing with uncertainty, wearing our destruction, having a snack in the kitchen of looped creation, baking us again.

Daily routines have become the standard, even for Mx. Laic, who's daily laughing at us at 3:00pm, crying at 4:30pm and keeping the future from us at 6:00pm. There's no way out of that prison of Time, because Time's away from brightness and darkness, ruling above Mx. Laic. Time being ruled by direction means nothing can be done, there's only a direction we're riding towards, with multiple roads that take us to the same place: the beginning. Our bikes are going blazing fast; but speed doesn't matter, Time's is not aware of it anyway. The loop won't break if we don't break it, but we can't seem to find a way. Time's not killing us, Mx. Laic is not being killed by Time either; we're all being killed by space, which in turn is being killed by Time, which in turn is being killed by direction. We can't blame Time, but we can blame the non-void Mx. Laic brought to the universe, and we can call Mx. Laic the origin of our self-destructing story. We will never bring them back to present, but we will learn from their failure at some point, eventually. Mx. Laic is not a god,

Mx. Laic is a person, so we cannot beg for change, we need to be the ones being begged at as a whole: that's the only way to make it happen, but there's nothing we can get out of that change, other than less hope.

CHAPTER III
Questions, answers, intuition and chaos

Questions are meant to destroy a lack of intuition, with intuition. A loop of intuition will always bring back to the beginning, an infinite number of Times until we realise we can't stop it. Intuition can't be created or destroyed, just like everything else. It also happens to be everywhere we go, but it is not coincidence, because coincidence does not exist. Intuition is disguised as knowledge, because there's no knowledge if we think about it, it is just an illusion, nothing but a mirror of our lack of intuition. Questions are always meant to be part of that unsolvable equation of intuition, we're never done even if we think we are. Don't ever ask, there's no reason to even care about intuition in the first place, other than existing. Don't ever ask and you'll stop existing, but stop existing and no questions will be made, because everything would be an answer at that point of our hypothesis, leaving no room for intuition. Intuition is the fuel, the currency and the motor of our dynamic universe, there's no universe without something flowing, because our

universe is that flow, not what's being flowed. The moment intuition stops, will be the moment Time will stop, because direction is nothing but a fancy name for intuition. Intuition is not a boss, it is a leader, because it doesn't just move us: it leads us towards something. The universe is a verb, not a noun, because it's just a fancy name for the action and effect of questions being turned into answers, as a result of direction, as a result of intuition.

Don't think twice, just ask. The universe is not a static set of questions and answers, it is a dynamically linked list of questions, always turning into a dynamically linked list of answers. Intuition is the only static part of our everything, there's a limited amount of it and we're the reason it keeps flowing. Everything that makes sense, it does because we give it sense. Sense is the reason we keep flowing the flow. The things we create, wouldn't mean anything if we couldn't destroy them afterwards. Intuition is not something we create, so it makes sense despite being indestructible. Don't think twice, just answer. There's no need for questions if there cannot be answers. The lack of void is the result of not asking, or not answering. Intuition flowing happens to be that void everything else is built upon: our building blocks are made of void, but dynamic void. That's what makes static void and dynamic void different and unique: one is nothing that creates nothing, while the other is nothing that creates something; but guess what? Static void serves as the basis for dynamic void, we need them both, and we have them both, they will never go away as long as we don't.

Put an infinite Timer, never take creation out of that oven, just forget about it. There's no need for us to turn into an "else". Guess what? It is not about need, the chef in

charge of the oven would be taken for crazy if they even dared to listen our plea and do something about it. Guess what? We're our own chefs baking our own "else", not being able to hear ourselves, because sound's ability to transport relies on something we don't have everywhere. What about microwaves? They're just an echo of what's gone already, vanished completely into the non-existent past. There's no Timer willing to take over the invisible reality of gone signals, there's no point in reflecting them back to nowhere, nor hope to get it right. Let's keep everything flowing, and find a way to restore the perfect balance we had achieved through broken microwave echos, pushing the flow of intuition. Listen to the void, and you'll see how loud can silence become when there's nothing to stop the vibrations produced by our minds. Wherever intuition might be flowing towards, it makes no difference at all. Questions are meant to be broken, answers are meant to be breakable and intuition is meant to be the agent of silent chaos.

Once chaos disappears, we have more chaos and less chances of disturbing the natural process of answers being broken into broken questions. The reason why our questions appear to be ruled by silence, is because chaos is still a mystery: it comes and goes without us noticing, no physical changes, but we can feel it for some reason, getting into our minds and taking over our reasoning about chaos itself. The kitchen is rusty, and a rust remover would be great: that's when we start messing with chaos in a way we end up losing, and realising our rusty kitchen is not rusty anymore, but there's no sensation of cleanliness we can tell from the reflection of ourselves into it. We accidentally found out how chaos is everywhere, and can't be destroyed nor created

either; but unlike intuition, it is everywhere at the same
Time.

CHAPTER IV

There's no best, only better: relativity and limits

What's our point of reference? We already know everything is relative to everything, and even nothing is relative to nothing. Limits are not relative because they don't exist, and if we can't see the big picture, our lack of vision will always be relatively similar to misery and lack of meaning. "Best" is an illusion we create to convince ourselves we know everything, when in "reality", we're nowhere near being aware of everything. Infinite is an illusion, we were born to dive into the mystery of a boundless space, breaking our imaginary bounds and self-imposed limits was the reason we have a choice, in fact, multiple choices, infinite choices. "Best" and "worst" are the words to blame our misery, hatred and ignorance onto. The "better" and "worse" words were build upon our relative nature: our future depends on them. Fake is our perception of relativity, so are we. We're relatively fake to the universe, while our perception makes us think we're relatively everything to the universe; both are true and false:

relatively speaking. Delusions everywhere, we can't escape from ourselves and our "worse" ignorance.

Time's getting better, yet it will never be the best. Space is trying to win the race; but its speed halves on every step, so it seems to be the worst competitor, yet it is only worse than the rest. Time's trying to make it past space, space is trying to make it past Time; intuition is the judge. No matter who makes it first to the goal, it's up to intuition to decide who's the best or worst; but intuition is aware there're no such things, so the final verdict is void. The race wasn't meaningless in spite of that, because neither Time nor space care about the verdict, both have their own verdicts, and that's what got them into a race to begin with. No decision was made, no prize was given, no #1 will be ever announced, because there's no need to: there's no audience that cares, because there's no audience, other than Time, space and Mx. Laic—who had a chance to assist as well—. We were not invited, because apparently, we are the competitors. At this point, we can notice a plot twist in our kitchen: breathe, we're not getting anywhere we wouldn't like to get to, and cry, because there's nothing to be excited about either. Make it past the line of patience, forget about limits, it won't take forever, except it will.

Did you seriously think "nothing" and "everything" exist? "Best" and "worst" are nothing but fancy words for nothing and everything, respectively. Both being mentioned every half minute, makes them seem as real things, when in fact, they're real, but not in our way. There's a mysterious paradox behind the existence of two synonyms to non-existent things, that represent two identical things that do indeed exist. How cannot there be "best", yet "everything" is

clearly around in our universe? How cannot there be "worst", yet "nothing" is clearly around everything in our universe? Look around, there's something we don't know about our surroundings, something we haven't been told yet. There's no people willing to break the answer, because intuition is the only thing bound to limits: nothing else is. So, does the breakable answer lie in intuition after all? Can stuff made of intuition break intuition other than intuition itself? There's no way intuition would break itself, a fundamental fuel wouldn't burn itself by itself. The more we think about breaking, the more broken our hope becomes, and so do the chances of keep trying: halving on every try, never reaching zero but never getting us closer either.

CHAPTER IV

Awake in dreams or dreaming awake? Dreams, reality, loops and integrity

Trying to leave the bed, you find you have no energy, so you fall into the floor, and then, after trying to reach the door, you're suddenly in your bed again, but you can't move. After some minutes, you find yourself in the floor again, and suddenly, you're in your bed, and there's a spider hanging from a web, right above you: it bites you twice, you're trying to get rid of it, then it disappears, and you feel a tickle in your brain, electricity. You're trapped into a loop, that goes through different variations of you trying to leave your bed, but being unable to due to different reasons, until you finally wake up. The next day, the loop repeats, but this Time you're going to the bathroom and returning to your bed. There's no way to tell which iteration is the real one, everything feels weird when you actually wake up. If you fall asleep again, after you woke up from the loop, you get into the loop again. Is that loop trying to tell you something?

You see, dreams are complex, but so is reality: you can never tell which is which, except you can. Dreams and reality are actually the same, aren't dreams part of reality? So, dreaming or not, you're experiencing a reality inside your reality, which can contain part of your reality or you can make your reality part of that reality. In fact, all realities that exist, have ever existed, or will ever exist; are nothing but parts of the same reality, always. There's only one reality, looping all the Time through random variations and changes. Your loop runs inside everyone's loop, and that's where everything is connected. You can't block the loop, or block everyone else's loop; but you can remove all the variables involved, so there's nothing to change on each iteration, and you will get the same result. Then, how do you "block" everyone else's loop? Since all variables in our reality are interconnected, you have to remove all existing variables, you have to destroy intuition, so nothing can be changed, because nothing would then exist.

Your *loopdream* is trying to tell you something, it is trying to tell you that there's something wrong in your loop. You're looping into a loop, and that loop is looping into the universal loop, which reveals a flaw in reality that we always ignore, but brings all sorts of problems, that we can't perceive, because we can't perceive anything inside our loop, we can only perceive whatever is looping in our loop, and where is looping towards. Don't ever mess with reality! Don't ever mess with your loop! You will end up crashing against others' loop, resulting in confusion, loss of identity and loss of reality. If we're human beings, our loop is strong, but it has several flaws, that once exploited, break our loop, and you're nothing out of your loop, nor you'll ever be something again; unless intuition puts you back into another one, but

you would have lost more than half of your consciousness, parts of your being floating all around the empty universal loop, until they get into their own loops, and become the missing parts of you: don't ever expect to encounter with your missing parts, they're gone to you, and you're gone to them. What's left to lose from your remaining integrity, then? Is it worth being a whole? Is it worth being? What about you give up and divide?

Integrity is the art of being a whole, breaking the art is breaking the whole. Exploited beings trying to loop together, will never break their state, but rather create more states, trying to break or being broken. Break or being broken? They don't make any difference, since breaking has no direction, because breaking, in fact, means altering integrity: turning integrity into a lack of it, where the lack of integrity is in fact the basis for integrity itself, the foundations of the whole. Loop towards nothing, and expect to find it everything, but don't expect that everything to break your loop, nor expect you to break that everything; because you're looping towards the basis, you're looping towards the core of everything. Mx. Laic finds themself looping towards nothing, in fact, they's the only person actually looping towards nothing, and therefore, the only person with a perfect integrity. Why's nobody looping towards nothing, then? Because wherever we all loop towards, turns into everything, and wherever Mx. Laic loops toward, turns into nothing, including themself. Loop towards Mx. Laic, and you'll be pushed away and break. Neither of *us* wants to try it again, it is not the best experience; but don't worry, your dreams will warn you whenever you get closer to Mx. Laic's loop, so you have a choice indeed, and you should always take it, or your half you and your missing parts will regret.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Iván Alejandro Ávalos Díaz, I'm 16 years old and I'm still studying Computer Systems Engineering at *TecNM en Celaya*. I'm an amateur software developer, designer and artist. Everything I do, I still try to make it stand from the rest, and this book is no exception (it is actually the best example). I'm also the author of *The Most Illogical Book (2017)*.

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