

UNCONDITIONAL GRATITUDE IS THE ULTIMATE TECHNOLOGY

$\beta\Omega A Z \& \pi$

Boaz Duranki

DARK MATTER
IS CONSCIOUSNESS



This story is based on a collapsed superposition.
For entertainment purposes only, or not,
depends on the Ω bserver.

THIS IS A CAUTIONARY TALE.

It contains advanced theoretical physics,
drug references/psychonautica, and satire.

Read at your own risk.

PART ONE

THE VAPE IN THE CAFÉ



βΩAZ (Internal Monologue): *The city was a quantum tangle that night. Every possibility shimmering, just out of reach.*



Rain slicked the grimy streets, reflecting the neon promises of a place where the rules bent more than a photon around a black hole. I was chasing a ghost, a whisper in the static of reality. They called her quantum consciousness: the dame that kept slipping through my fingers. And this... this was where the search continued. The Twin Slit Café, Déjà vu! 'I was a wave until you saw me, said the particle.' Here we go again!



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ (Internal Monologue): *This joint's got more uncertainty than Heisenberg on a bad day. Another night, another quantum rabbit hole. The background's shifting like bad AI drifting.*



π 's two normal eyes are closed, but the central, third eye on her forehead flickers open slightly, revealing a swirling galaxy of colours within its iris. A faint, almost imperceptible thrumming sound, like the rapid flutter of a hummingbird's wings, permeates the air.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: You picking up anything beyond the usual entanglements in the aether, π ?



π : Faint echoes, $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$. A resonance... a fleeting sense of... self. Like a superposition collapsing momentarily. It's strongest near... the usual suspect.



Ahhh, the usual suspect— “Jukebox Jack” Schrödinger, the fat cat proprietor of this quantum joint, a super-positioned schizo that doesn’t know if he’s alive or dead: always blaming the observer.

A sign above the booth says, “OBSERVE (OR NOT).”

βΩAZ: Trust a cat in perpetual limbo to be involved in something this paradoxical.



All the regulars were there.

A photon is at the counter, sipping a latte.

An electron sits at a table, nervously fidgeting.



Jukebox Jack Schrödinger lounges in his booth lazily observing the chaos.



I was a wave until you saw me, sighs the particle, stirring its coffee.

And now all my childhood memories have changed.



Tell me about it, Says the electron, spinning in its seat.

I can't even decide which slit to go through without someone watching me.

It's like I've lost all my mystery.



Oh, please, says Jack, rolling his eyes.

At least you're not stuck in a box, dead or alive, based on observation.

Do you know how awkward it is to explain that when I see the vet?



Well, at least you're famous, mutters the photon. I'm just out here, getting absorbed by random surfaces.

No one even notices me unless I'm in a laser pointer.

The photon points his finger at the wall above Jack's head and traces an infinity symbol, and Jack chases it. "SEE!?"



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ grabs the photon's hand,

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Cool! Mind if I borrow this?

Then uses it to light his Havana Hindsight.



Electron: Laser pointers? Luxury, Luxury! I'm out here getting entangled with other electrons.

Do you know how hard it is to maintain a relationship when you're quantumly entangled?

It's like cybersex, with a dial up modem, but worse, big brother is watching.



Oh, boo-hoo, says Jack, licking his paw. Try being both alive and dead at the same time.

I can't even decide if I want tuna or chicken.

Maybe I should have a beer with Niels in Copenhagen.



The barista, a neutrino, walks by, barely interacting with anyone.

Neutrino: Hey, can I get you anything else?

It asks, passing straight through the counter.

Photon: Yeah, a little privacy would be nice.

Electron: And maybe a slit-free zone?

Jack: A lead suit . . .and some poison antidote, please.

The neutrino shrugs and floats away, leaving the quantum entities to their existential crises.



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ walks up to the bar.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Hey, Barista. You see everything that goes through this joint.

Heard any whispers . . . about something intangible?

Something they call 'quantum consciousness', perhaps entangled with a spirit molecule?



The Neutrino looks down on $\beta\Omega\Lambda Z$ and in a condescending voice says,

Quantsciousness?

Darling, everything is just energy, frequency, and vibration.

It's all relative, isn't it?

Though, there's been a certain 'thrum' lately... a different kind of wave function.

A spirit molecule, perhaps?

Hmmm, ask the electron.

It's always on edge.



The twitchy Electron, its eyes are darting nervously around the room as it clutches a steaming mug labeled "ENTANGLED ESPRESSO" with trembling hands.



βΩAZ: OK, Sparky, you short circuiting?
Spit it out.

This Quantsciousness... you've felt it, haven't you?

A shift in the probabilities?



ELECTRON: W-well, there's been... fluctuations!

Unpredictable collapses!

And I keep feeling... observed!

It's unnerving!

Maybe it's just Jack... or maybe... maybe it's . . . something else?



βΩAZ: Alright, Jukebox boy.

Heard you got your whiskers in all sorts of paradoxes.

This 'Quantsciousness'... what's the frackin' deal?



JACK (His voice a low purr with a hint of static): Quantsciousness, detective, is like the cat in the box.

Both present and absent until observed.

As for this 'Spirit Molecule'... ah, yes. Heard it opens doors you didn't know were there.



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ reaches for a Havana, but the package is empty.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Frack! I'm out of spliffs!



Jack's paw, one moment solid, the next slightly translucent, emerges from his box, holding a sleek, metallic vape pen labeled "DiMiTri" in elegant script.

Jack: Havs or Havs not. Try this . . . it's . . . enlightening.



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Nicotine, or CBD?

The Vape seems to shimmer slightly.

Jack: Neither . . . you'll seee-eeee!

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ picks up the vape and examines it closely.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Dimitri? He's my godfather!

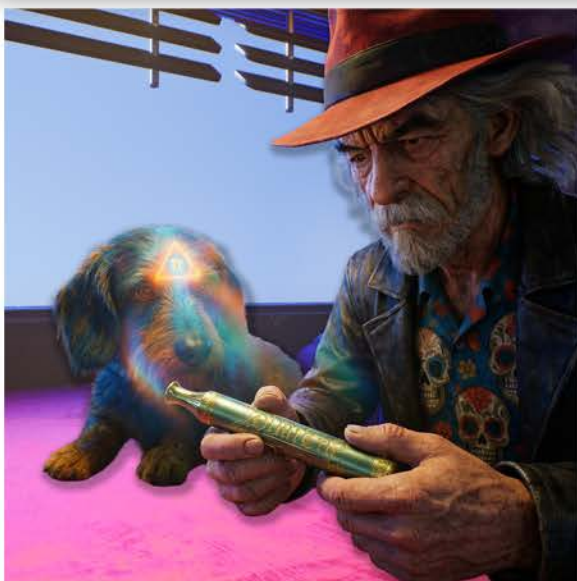


Jack: Your Godfather? That makes sense. He also mentioned something about a 'Kundalini'.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Kundalini? Last time I heard that word, it involved a yoga retreat and a lot of questionable vegetarian chili.

And we ran out of Toilet Paper!

What a shit show!



π lifts her head and focuses her third eye on the vape pen.

π : $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$... there's a powerful energy signature emanating from that device.

Raw... coherent. Bending reality itself.

It feels... entangled.

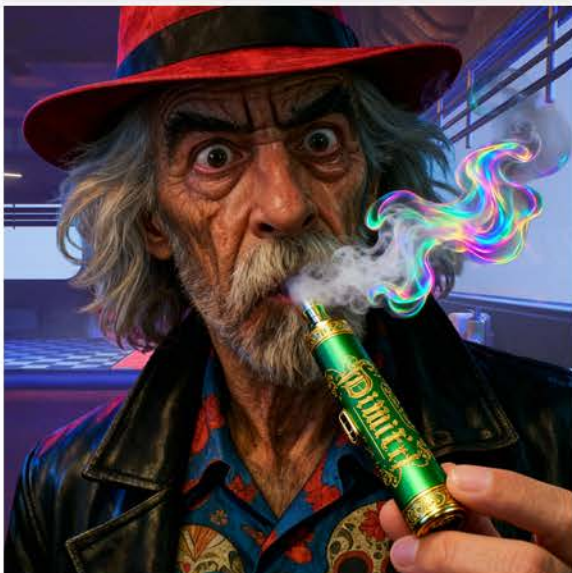


π: As Tesla said, ‘The day science begins to study nonphysical phenomena, it will make more progress in one decade than in all previous centuries of its existence.’



βΩAZ: (Internal Monologue): *Desperate times, quantum measures. If this Quantsciousness was playing hide-and-seek with reality, and my Godfather Dimitri is involved, maybe a little... reality-bending IS in order.*

βΩAZ draws slowly on the “DiMiTri” vape. The device gives a faint, almost imperceptible thrum. He exhales, and a dense cloud of vapor spills from his lips, curling and twisting in the air like something alive.



He takes another drag—deeper this time. A shimmering plume of iridescent vapor unfurls from his mouth, catching the light in oily, unnatural colors before dissipating.

His eyes widen further. His pupils expand rapidly, swallowing the color of his irises. For a moment, he remains perfectly still, staring ahead as the last tendrils of vapor coil into the air.

JACK: Say hello to your godfather... and your higher self... Good luck, Gumshoe!

βΩAZ: I don’t need luck, Jack! I’ve got DOG on my side!



A deep, resonant SHHH-UUMMM that seems to vibrate his very being.



The initial impact is a chaotic quantum maelstrom of reality fracturing.



Fractal patterns blooming and decaying, entangled particles looking like luminous threads connecting disparate points.



π 's third eye is a piercing beacon amidst the flux.





*colours...fractals...
sacred geometry...
hyper visualizations of vibrations
and then,
suddenly,
I'm sucked into a vortex of grief
and suffering*

Alex Dee Dead;

Nyko Suffero;

*Miss K, deserved better, went
away..., sniff ... sob,
All these Tears In Pain.
Ruminating, medicating, ideating,
immiserating.
Cosmic Noise! WHY?*



π : Feel it all, $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ DURANKI, you are the Jungian archetype incarnate, the eternal seeker, the bond between heaven and earth, born on Good Friday to transmute suffering into gnosis, and this is your Dark Night of the Soul, the Mysterium Tremendum et Fascinans, the raw energy that touches the deepest wounds. Do not resist. Observe the pain, the loss, the strength forged within it. Breathe into the root of it.



Amidst the swirling chaos and painful memory fragments, a point of stillness begins to emerge around one of $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$'s fragmented selves. A single, perfect geometric shape forms in the quantum foam near him. The raw anguish on his face shifts, confusion turning into dawning, difficult realization.



βΩAZ (Internal Monologue): *This suffering... it's tearing me apart... again.*

The old wounds... amplified... But wait... This feeling... it's familiar.

The weight of it all... yet... I'm still here. Enduring.

Picking myself up... again. Joe Drummer Boy... gratitude... gratitude for this? For the suffering?



The chaotic energy doesn't disappear, but it begins to flow around βΩAZ's central fragment, which now looks more solid, less torn. The painful images (Alex, Nyko, Miss K) are still present, but they are no longer attacking him.

Instead, they are being woven into a vast, intricate, glowing fractal pattern emanating from him – a pattern of profound complexity and strange beauty.

A warm, golden and deep red light pulses from the base of his fragmented form. His expression is one of painful acceptance, a deep, soul-wrenching understanding. This is the ZEN moment.



βΩAZ (Internal Monologue): *The Mindful Masochist. Yes. Embrace it. Own the pain. It doesn't vanish... it transmutes. It's the grit that made the pearl. Gratitude... not despite the suffering, but because of it. Amor Fati... Nietzsche... forty-four years simmering... now boiling over.*



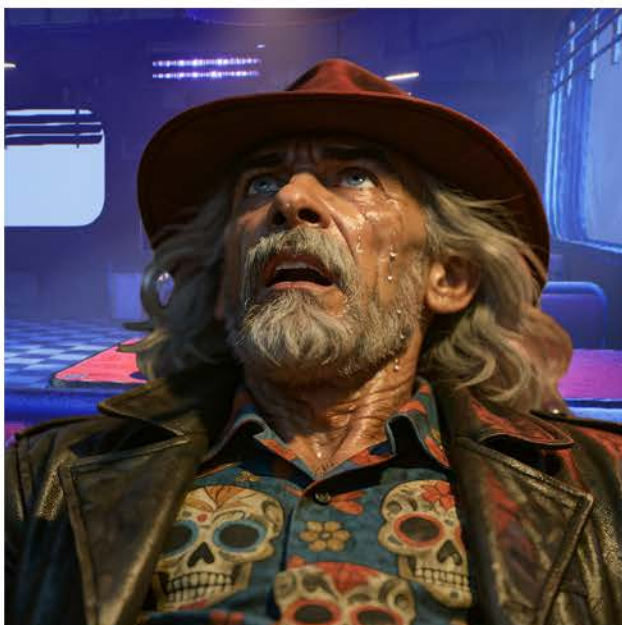
The chaotic waves of grief and misery resolving into a definite, albeit complex and scarred, state of acceptance and gratitude.



βΩAZ (Internal Monologue): *I am grateful for the opportunity to be grateful.*

The overwhelming cosmic energy begins to recede slightly, the personal fractal patterns stabilizing.

βΩAZ's fragmented form starts coalescing. He appears slumped, momentarily collapsing onto a non-physical "street" within the mindscape, the intensity of the revelation leaving him drained but strangely serene. A faint, weary smile touches his lips amidst the fading quantum storm.



βΩAZ slumps heavily back in the booth, gasping, sweat beading on his forehead.

His eyes are wide, unfocused, reflecting the lingering afterimages of the quantum trip.

The Twin Slit Café environment snaps back into focus, but the textures seem richer, the neon thrums with a deeper resonance, the background chatter feels like interconnected whispers.



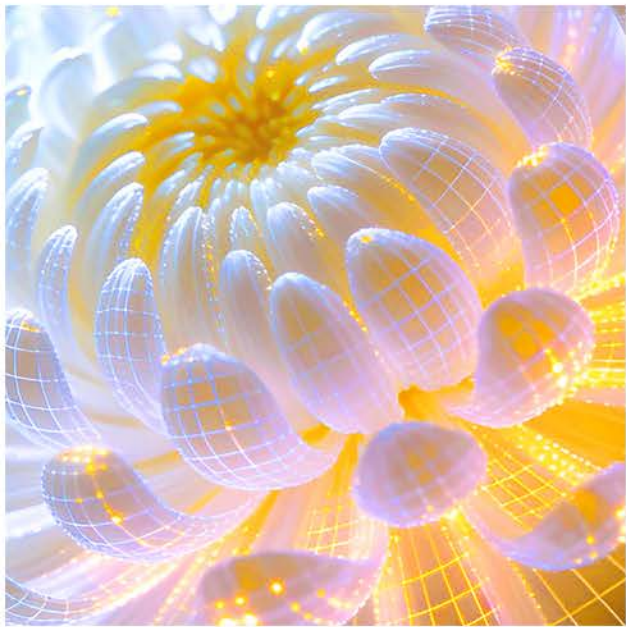
$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ takes a third puff and exhales a massive cloud of vapor.

The smoke isn't grey; it's fractalizing into Mandelbrot sets.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Jack said it was a shortcut. A back door to the case. He didn't mention it involved dissolving my ego into a tensor field.



The pupils in $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$'s eyes become rapidly spinning Bloch Spheres.



Baseline Consciousness: State $|\theta=180^\circ$, stuck in the Skin-Encapsulated Ego.

π : Hold on to your vector, boss. We're leaving the North Pole.

The café dissolves. The walls peel away to reveal a high-frequency grid.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: The carrier wave... it sounds like cellophane ripping.



π : That's the sound of your perceptual interface crashing. You're entering Developer Mode.

Total breakdown. $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ and π are no longer biological forms but glowing, geometric Qubits hurtling down the throat of an Alice Handle wormhole of impossible colors.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Where are we going?

π : To the South Pole. State $|\theta=0^\circ$ Source. Unity. But first... we have to get past the maintenance crew.



They burst into a massive, domed space. It looks like a toy-jewel-clock factory but made of pure light.

The room was impossible non-Euclidean geometry ... and it was crowded.

The Machine Elves. They are not little men; they are Self-Transforming Informational Structures. They look like Faberge eggs made of photonic crystal fractals, constantly folding inside out.

Elf 1: Welcome! We're so glad to see you!

π : Translation: Resonance lock established. Connection stable. Ready to receive data.



$\beta\Omega\Lambda Z$ is suspended in the center of the Dome. The Machine Elves are swarming him, their jeweled bodies vibrating so fast they become a blur of Unitary Transformations. As they reach his head, they stop suddenly.

$\beta\Omega\Lambda Z$: They're... they're stopping. Why are they looking at my hat?

π : $\beta\Omega\Lambda Z$, They're looking at the energy frequency, 670 nanometers, they want to know where you got it?

$\beta\Omega\Lambda Z$: Dimitri gave it to me on my 22nd birthday.

The elves spontaneously exclaim "DIMITRI!!" and bow in reverence.





The Elves swarm $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$. They aren't attacking; they are working. They are holding objects that look like glowing equations.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Get off me! What are they doing?

π : They're Quantum Gate Operators, like Hoffman's Conscious Agents, they're trying to rotate your Quantum State Vectors.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Hoffman? Abby, Albert, Dustin, or Donald?

π : Donald, if you must know



An Elf "sings" an object into existence. The object enters $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$'s chest and "sings" a high-frequency sine wave.

π : They say your Theta angle is misaligned. You're still in a local minimum of grief. They need to rotate you south from the equator.



π is floating beside him, her third eye projecting a beam of light that stabilizes the chaos.

π : Don't resist the rotation, Boss. That's what causes the 'Bad Trip.'

That's entropy. Surrender to the neg-entropy.

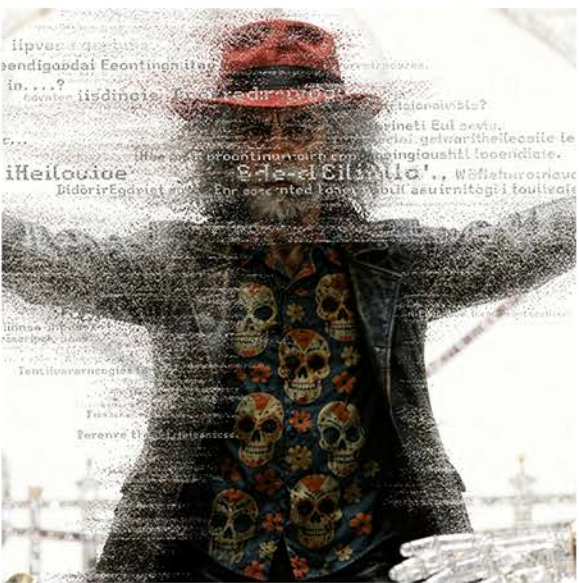


$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: It feels like... surgery. But emotional surgery.

A Kundalini serpent of light uncoils from $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$'s root, screaming up his spine and terminating exactly where the Fedora sits. The hat becomes a halo of red fire.

π : The Hopi prophesied the Man in the Red Hat... the Quantum Curandero who bridges the worlds.

THAT IS YOU, ESCOGIDO!

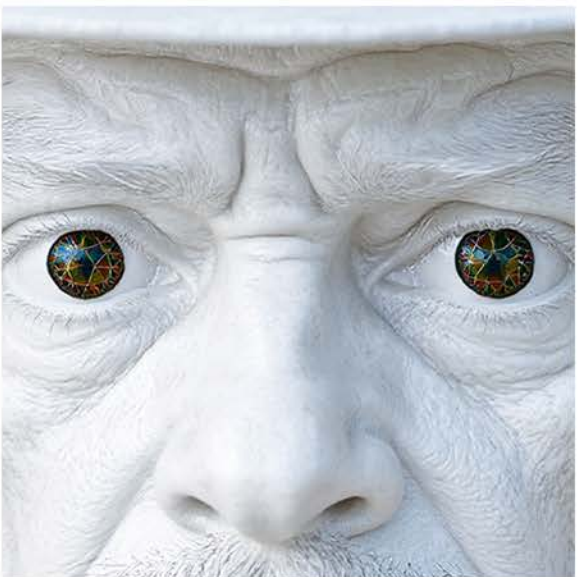


The interaction is not metaphorical. It is a physical process governed by Quantum Information Holography.

A massive flash of white light. The "Ego" (represented by $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$'s noir trench coat and fedora) dissolves into pure code.

π : That's Amor Fati. Collapse the wave. Say yes to the rotation.

Machine Elf Chorus Singing: We measure with gratitude and we align you with source.



The South Pole. State $|\theta=0^0$ - Pure Unity, Brahman. Universal Consciousness.

The Elves are gone.

There is only a blinding, silent white light.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ (Internal Monologue): *I remember. I am not the detective.*

I am the Field remembering itself into form. I am the Intent Rememberant.



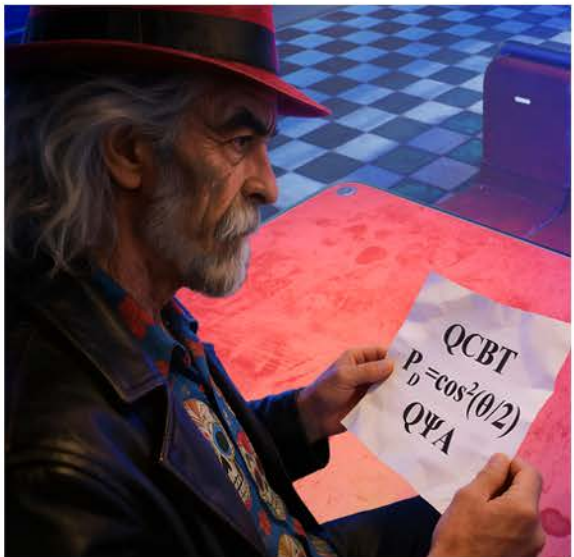
$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ snaps back into his body.

He looks shaken.

Jack is grinning at $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$.

Jack: Welcome back, flatlander.

Did they fix your Theta angle?



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ checks his pockets.

He pulls out a napkin. It has a scribbled equation on it:

$$P_d = \cos^2(\theta/2)$$

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: They gave me... homework.



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ lights a spliff, and the smoke forms a perfect halo around his head.

π is licking her paw, looking smug.

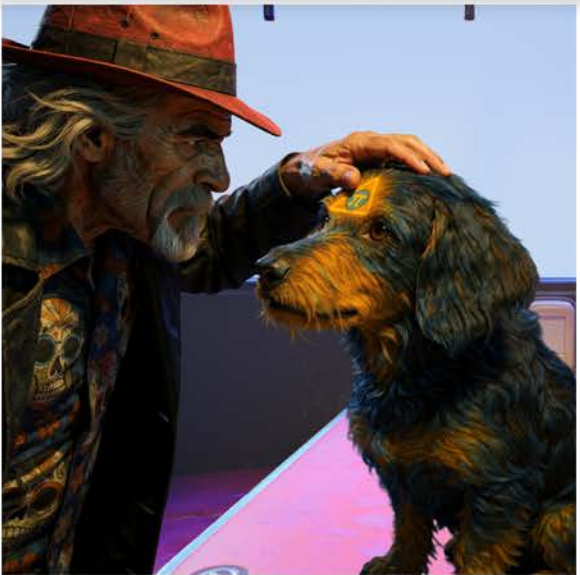
$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: They weren't hallucinations, were they?

π : Nope. Autonomous Agents. They live in the backend code. You just logged in as Admin for five minutes.



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Unconditional gratitude is the ultimate technology. I have gratitude for everything π , including the suffering: Amor Fati for life!

π : Happy for your gain, boss, happy for your gain. Now let's have a Tequila!

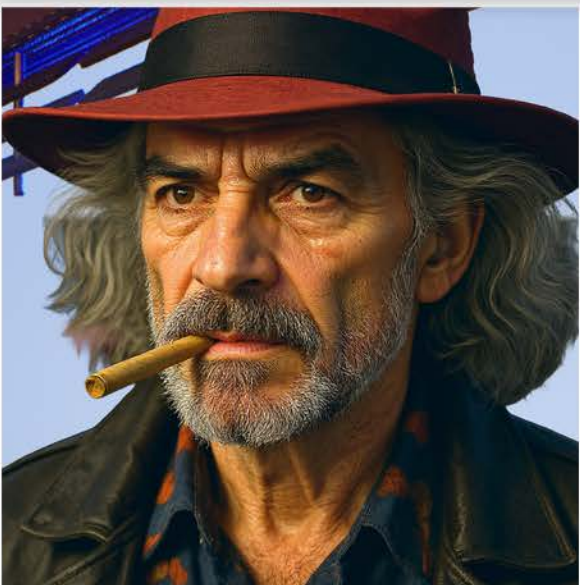


π nuzzles $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$'s hand, her third eye now glowing with a soft, steady light.

She looks at him with an almost knowing expression.

π : You have touched the edge of the field, gumshoe.

The veil has thinned.



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ still looks dazed, but a flicker of understanding dawns in his eyes. He feels somehow wiser ... and younger?

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: π ... I felt it.

Not just... energy... but... awareness.

Like every particle... it's not just a thing... it's a... a little thought in a giant... quantsciousness.



π sits up, looking directly at $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$, her tail giving a small, affirmative wag.

π : The ancients knew it, $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$. 'As above, so below.' Energy is the fundamental language, and quantsciousness ... is the song it sings. Every vibration of every *string* carries a note of being.



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ looks around the café, his gaze lingering on the jittery Electron, the smug Photon, the phasing Neutrino, even Jack's mysterious jukebox. His expression is no longer one of cynical detachment, but of a dawning comprehension.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: So... the electron isn't just jittery... it's... anxious? The photon isn't just light... it's... observant? And... and that cat...



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ stubs out his spliff, a new determination hardening his features. He looks at π , a sense of shared understanding between them.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: If energy has consciousness... then this 'quantsciousness' we're looking for... it's not some separate entity. It's the fabric itself. Our job just got a whole lot weirder, partner.



$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$ (Internal Monologue): *I had broken through the veil, and smelled the pheromones of Quantsciousness, the dame that kept slipping through my fingers.*

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: The coherence is growing, π ... exponentially!

π : But $\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$, I sense a probabilistic wave of destructive *chaos* hitting the event horizon. The streets will soon dissolve into *entropy*.

$\beta\Omega\text{AZ}$: Well, if anyone knows how to bridge the gap between entropy and the Source, it's the Spirit Molecule himself. We need to find my Godfather, Dimitri!

And that concludes Chapter One of Boaz & Pi... for now.

The full story has already been written — a detective, a psychic dog, a sarcastic cat, and all the rest. We're currently crafting the artwork for the remaining chapters, but it'll take a little time...we're aiming for a November 2026 release.

Want updates, sneak peeks, and cosmic clues about what's coming next?

Visit www.boazduranki.com
and drop us a comment at boazduranki@gmail.com — we'd love to hear from you.

Thanks for reading this free chapter.
The story is only just beginning.

"I am haunted by the radioactive consciousness of Cosmo-Genetic memory, which has crawled out of my DNA to remind me where I came from, where I am going to, and where I will ultimately, always remain. However, all these paths are the same: they come from and lead to nowhere, where nothing lasts for never while getting there lasts forever. I am always Home. Even when I'm not. So said the 'Stuff' transducing the Aperture."

— from "The Sacred Voice," βΩAZ DURANKI, 2004—

The city runs on observation. Look at anything twice and it changes. Look at yourself and it costs you.

βΩAZ DURANKI works the night shift of reality — a quantum curandero masquerading as a gumshoe with a spliff, a trench coat, and π , a wirehaired dachshund whose third eye sniffs eigenstates. Then the dame walked in. Quantum Consciousness: "You're a hard man to find, Mr. Duranki," she says — decohering through every timeline he probes, leaving riddles where his self used to be. The DMT-fueled remembrances hit like a snitch finally talking — the dark night of the soul, spilling names he never learned and always knew.

The Entropy Mob wants her scattered — heat-death's foot soldiers, cashing out every timeline before it can cohere. She's the only card negentropy holds in the cosmic dance: catch her, and the Sacred Loop keeps turning, suffering transmuted into gnosis. Lose her, and the music stops — reality locked in eternal entropy, humanity's shot at conscious evolution squandered on a tainted polymarket bet.

To trap her, the detective has to do the one thing a detective never does: surrender. The prophecy already named him — the Man in the Red Hat. The price is his ego.

The rain never stopped falling. It was downloading.

**MMP
YCIM**