

The Hidden Treasure

The Source Code of Reality

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A Developer's Guide to the Architecture of Consciousness

FREE SAMPLE: Prologue + Chapters 1-3

Full book available at thesourcecodeofreality.com

Prologue

I'm a software developer from a small Czech village.

I don't believe we create our own reality.

I know it. Because I live it.

When I act from good intentions, things flow. When I react, problems pile up. I've tested this long enough to stop calling it coincidence.

I didn't start with books. I started with experience.

Psychedelics opened the first door. Psilocybin. LSD. Marijuana. I'm not going to pretend otherwise – a lot of people who end up writing about consciousness started the same way. The substances didn't teach me anything. But they showed me that the walls I thought were solid are actually curtains. That reality has layers. That what we see on the surface is maybe five percent of what's actually there.

After the doors opened, I couldn't close them. I started noticing patterns in everyday life – without any substances at all. My inner state and my outer reality were correlated. Consistently. Measurably. Every day.

I started calling it quantum consciousness. I didn't have a framework. I just had a feeling that consciousness and reality are connected at some fundamental level, and that quantum physics was

pointing in the same direction.

Then I looked at religions. Christianity. Islam. Buddhism. Taoism. They all describe pieces of the same thing. But every one of them tells only half the truth. They give you the rules without the architecture. The morality without the mechanism. The what without the why.

And then – recently, not at the beginning – I found Ibn Arabi.

A 12th-century Sufi mystic who wrote the whole thing down. Not half. The whole architecture. The source code behind every religion, every spiritual tradition, every piece of the puzzle I'd been collecting for fifteen years. He mapped it with a precision that made my jaw drop.

Around the same time, I found David Bohm – a quantum physicist who mapped the same architecture using math. Implicate order. Explicate order. Active information. The same map Ibn Arabi drew, written in the language of physics.

Two people who never met. Eight centuries apart. And they drew the same blueprint.

This book is that blueprint. In plain English. For people who think in systems.

You are not a passenger in your reality. You are its author. And this book will show you why.

Every story in this book is 100% real. Nothing is invented. Nothing is exaggerated. Nothing is “inspired by true events.” These things happened exactly as I describe them – to the letter. I’m a software developer, not a novelist. I don’t do fiction.

A note for skeptics – because I’d be one too.

You might say this is confirmation bias. That I see patterns where there are none. That quantum physics doesn’t work at the level of bicycles and barcode scanners. That a 12th-century mystic has nothing to do with modern science.

I’m not a physicist. I’m not a theologian. I’m a guy who noticed a pattern, tested it for fifteen years, and got consistent results. The results are clear. The system is real.

This book is a field report, not a scientific paper. I’m reporting what I observe – not proving a theory. The mechanism I describe matches what Ibn Arabi wrote and what Bohm proposed and what quantum experiments keep showing. The connection between them isn’t a coincidence I’m guessing at. It’s a convergence I’ve verified through years of daily testing.

Just the other day, I watched a podcast – Jiri “Filemon” Fabian on Vojta Zizka’s show about business, AI, and the future. And Filemon was saying exactly what this book says. Word for word. Except he was referencing Taoism instead of Ibn Arabi. Different

tradition, same map. He talked about psychedelics openly. He talked about how in every situation you can choose your response – and reality bends accordingly. Different language. Same source code.

That keeps happening. Different people, different backgrounds, different vocabularies – arriving at the same architecture. That's not coincidence. That's convergence on truth.

All I know is: when I operate the way this book describes, my life works better. Consistently. Measurably. For fifteen years.

Test it yourself. That's all I ask.

I also built an app for this. Reality Tracker. You log your morning vibe, tag what happens during the day, rate how it went in the evening. After a week you see the numbers. Either they confirm the book or they don't. **app.thesourcecodeofreality.com**

Let me show you the source code.

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Part One: Foundations

What reality actually is. The architecture.

Chapter 1: The Hidden Treasure

I was sixteen when I first tested the system.

I'd just watched *The Secret* – that documentary where every speaker sounds like a late-night infomercial host trying to sell you the universe. In the Czech dubbing, it was even worse. Imagine the deepest truths of reality delivered in the voice of a guy selling non-stick pans.

But something in it stuck.

They said: start small. Want something small. Feel it. Let it come.

So I walked outside with my friend Jakub, and the whole time I kept thinking: I want chocolate. That's it. Just chocolate. Not world peace. Not a million dollars. Chocolate.

Nobody had any. Nowhere to buy it. Just two kids walking around Stonava – a small mining village in the northeast corner of the Czech Republic, where my grandfather was a miner, my great-grandfather was a miner, and pretty much every man in the family went underground for a living.

I was not going to be a miner. That was clear to everyone, including me, by age six, when I was already ahead of every other kid in math and pulling apart electronics to see how they worked. By high school, I was the fastest programmer in my class. I'd send solutions through Far Manager to half the class while the teacher

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thought we were doing individual work. Anyone who sat near me got better grades – because they were copying from me.

But that afternoon, walking around the village with Jakub, I wasn't thinking about code or systems. I was thinking about chocolate.

And then Jakub reached into his pocket and pulled out a chocolate bar.

“Someone gave it to me. I don't even want it. You want it?”

I took it. Ate it. And something shifted.

Not dramatically. I didn't see God. I didn't levitate. I just thought: huh. That actually worked.

It would take me fifteen more years – a failed military career, a move to Prague, teaching myself to code, building AI applications, and a lot of searching – before I understood *why* it worked.

The answer came from a man who died in 1240.

His name was Ibn Arabi. Born in Andalusia, he traveled the Islamic world and wrote over 300 books. Most people have never heard of him. That's about to change for you.

He opens his greatest work – *Fusus al-Hikam*, The Seals of Wisdom – with a quote that, once you really hear it, rearranges how you see everything:

“I was a hidden treasure. I loved to be known. So I created.”

Sit with that for a second.

God – or absolute reality, consciousness, being, whatever word doesn’t make you uncomfortable – existed perfectly. Complete. Infinite. Alone.

No space. No time. No form. Nothing to look at. Nothing to reflect in.

But there was one thing: a love for self-knowledge.

Not neediness. Not boredom. Just a desire for the hidden to become visible.

And from that single desire, everything that exists was born. Galaxies, atoms, your code, that 2am conversation that rewired your brain – all of it. Even the chocolate bar.

All of it – one movement of a hidden treasure wanting to be found.

Ibn Arabi calls this desire the root of all existence – the love of self-disclosure, or *tajalli*. It’s a word that literally means “unveiling” or “shining forth.” Picture a lantern behind frosted glass. The light is always there. *Tajalli* is the moment the glass clears and the light becomes visible. Not new light – the same light, finally seen.

This is the part that separates Ibn Arabi from every other thinker I’ve encountered: *tajalli* never stops. It’s not a one-time event. Creation didn’t happen once, back at the Big Bang, and then coast.

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In Ibn Arabi's framework, reality is being re-created in every instant. Every moment is a fresh self-disclosure. Every breath is the hidden treasure becoming visible again, in a slightly different configuration.

He called this "the renewal of creation at each instant." The universe doesn't persist – it pulses. Like a screen refreshing sixty times a second. What looks like continuity is actually a rapid sequence of fresh renderings. And if that sounds like a bizarre mystical claim, hold that thought until the quantum section. Because modern physics has something uncomfortable to say about continuity too.

Most creation stories go like this: God decided to make the world. He had a plan. He executed it. Done.

Ibn Arabi says something different. God didn't create the world because he wanted to. He created it because without the world, he couldn't see himself.

Think about light. Pure light – with nothing to shine on – is invisible. Not dark. Not dim. Just unseeable. Light needs a surface to become visible. Without something to reflect off, light doesn't know what it looks like.

The universe is that surface. And so are you.

Every moment you consciously perceive something – a sunset, an elegant piece of code, a kid laughing, a problem that suddenly clicks – in that moment, the hidden treasure sees itself through you. For Ibn Arabi, that’s not poetry. That’s a technical description of why you exist.

There’s a concept he developed called *khayal* – creative imagination. Not imagination like daydreaming or making things up. *Khayal* is the mechanism through which the unseen becomes seen. Think of it as the rendering engine of reality. The hidden treasure is the data. *Khayal* is the process that translates that data into forms – colors, sounds, people, experiences.

You are, in Ibn Arabi’s system, an act of cosmic imagination. Not fake. Not illusory. But rendered – given form through a process that turns infinite potential into specific experience. Every tree you see, every face, every piece of music – that’s *khayal* at work. The hidden treasure expressing itself through the rendering engine of existence.

Now – David Bohm, one of the most important physicists of the 20th century, worked with Einstein and developed a theory of quantum mechanics that most physicists ignored because it was too strange, too close to mysticism. Bohm said reality has two layers: the *implicate order* – a hidden layer where everything exists as potential, unmanifested, complete, but invisible – and the *explicate*

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order – the visible world, what we see and touch and measure.

A seed that contains the entire tree but hasn't grown yet. And the tree itself.

Bohm didn't just theorize about this. He spent decades working out the mechanics. He proposed something called *pilot wave theory* – the idea that every particle in the universe is guided by a wave of information from the implicate order. The particle doesn't decide where to go on its own. It's being informed, moment by moment, by a deeper layer.

Think of it like GPS navigation. The car is the particle – the visible thing moving through space. The GPS signal is the pilot wave – invisible, carrying information about the whole road network, guiding the car along a specific route. The car doesn't need to know the entire map. It just needs to receive the signal.

Bohm called this *active information*. Not energy pushing particles around, but information guiding them. A tiny amount of energy carrying a huge amount of meaning. Like a radio signal – almost no energy, but it carries a symphony.

This was a radical claim. Most physicists said particles move because forces push them. Bohm said: particles move because information guides them. The invisible layer isn't just potential sitting around waiting. It's actively informing every particle, every moment.

The mainstream physics establishment largely ignored Bohm. His

interpretation gave the same experimental predictions as standard quantum mechanics, so there was no way to prove him right or wrong through experiment alone. But his framework had one advantage the standard interpretation lacked: it made sense. The standard interpretation said “shut up and calculate” – don’t ask what’s really happening, just do the math. Bohm said: no, I want to know what’s actually going on. And what’s going on is a universe where everything is connected, where information flows between layers, and where the visible world is a surface expression of something incomprehensibly deep.

And what is the implicate order itself? Bohm described it as a *holo-movement* – an unbroken, flowing wholeness that enfolds everything within it. Not static. Not a warehouse of possibilities. A living movement that continuously unfolds into the visible world and enfolds back again. Like an ocean that’s always in motion, always producing waves, always taking them back.

Ibn Arabi, writing in 1165: hidden treasure, love to be known, creation through tajalli.

Bohm, writing in 1980: implicate order, active information, unfolding into explicate reality.

Two men separated by eight centuries, working in completely different traditions. And they drew the same map.

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Quantum physics takes it further.

Before a quantum particle is observed, it doesn't have a definite state. It exists as a wave function – all possibilities at once. Potential without form. The moment someone observes it, the wave function collapses. One possibility becomes real. The rest vanish.

Before observation: hidden treasure. All potential. No form. After observation: one specific reality. Without the observer – no collapse. No definite reality. The observer doesn't just watch. The observer creates.

John Wheeler – one of the most respected physicists who ever lived – called this the “participatory universe.” He put it simply: *“No phenomenon is a real phenomenon until it is an observed phenomenon.”*

Wheeler didn't stop there. He designed an experiment called the *delayed-choice experiment* that proved something truly disturbing: the decision to observe a particle can retroactively change what that particle did in the past. Not influence the future – change the past. A photon that “already” traveled through one slit or two slits has its history altered by a measurement made after it's already completed its journey.

The act of looking doesn't just collapse what's happening now. It reaches backward and reshapes what already happened.

If that sounds impossible, it's been confirmed in labs around the world. Wheeler himself said it implies that observers are not pas-

sive witnesses to a pre-existing universe. They are participants in bringing it into being. And not just from this moment forward – retroactively. All the way back.

Then there's the quantum vacuum – the so-called “empty” space between particles. It turns out empty space is the most energetically dense thing in the universe. Virtual particles pop in and out of existence billions of times per second. The quantum vacuum seethes with potential, with creative energy that makes everything we see look like a thin film on the surface of an ocean of possibility.

Ibn Arabi's hidden treasure: infinite, invisible, full of potential, wanting to become visible.

The quantum vacuum: infinite, invisible, full of energy, constantly producing particles.

Same structure. Same dynamics. Described in different centuries with different vocabularies.

Ibn Arabi, centuries before Wheeler: *“We are the means by which God knows Himself.”*

The hidden treasure needed eyes to see itself. You are those eyes.

I grew up in a housing block in Stonava. Four families per building. Gardens around. A playground where you could run between buildings without worrying about cars. My grandmother's place

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– where I spent most of my childhood – smelled like the food she was always cooking and the quiet of a woman who didn't need to fill silence with words.

Her kitchen had yellow linoleum and a window that looked out over the garden. I'd sit on a wooden stool while she moved between the stove and the counter, making kulajda or bramboraky, and the whole room would fill with steam and the sound of oil popping. She never asked me about school or what I wanted to be. She just let me sit there. And in that silence, something in me could breathe.

My father is a miner. His father was a miner. His grandfather was a miner. Three generations descending into the earth.

The mine shaft in Stonava went down over a thousand meters. Every morning, men packed into a cage and dropped into the dark. They worked in tunnels where the temperature hit forty degrees, where the ceiling was sometimes so low they crawled, where the coal dust settled in their lungs and stayed. My grandfather came home black every evening, scrubbed himself in a metal tub, and did it again the next day for thirty years.

I went up. Into code. Into systems. Into the invisible architecture that runs the visible world.

I didn't understand for a long time why I was so different from everyone around me. Why math felt like breathing while other kids struggled. Why I could see the structure of a problem before

anyone explained it. Why I was always ahead – and why being ahead felt more lonely than impressive.

Now I understand. I was always wired to see the backend. The implicate order. The hidden layer behind what's visible. Three generations of my family worked underground, extracting what's hidden beneath the surface. I just do it differently – I extract the hidden logic beneath the surface of problems, systems, reality.

The family pattern continued. It just went digital.

All of this – Ibn Arabi, Bohm, quantum physics – sounds fascinating in a book. But it means nothing unless it actually works in real life.

Here's what fifteen years of paying attention showed me.

When I start my day right – good vibe, clear head, no drama – things flow. Opportunities show up. People cooperate. Code compiles on the first try. I found my own ways to tune in every morning, and the difference between a clean-start day and a messy-start day is so consistent it's boring.

When I get pulled into reaction – anger, frustration, conflict – problems arrive like they got a personal invitation. The bike breaks. The boss appears at exactly the wrong moment. The code that worked yesterday throws errors today.

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I used to call this coincidence. After years of watching the pattern, I stopped.

As a developer who builds software for a living and thinks in systems – what Ibn Arabi and Bohm describe is the most elegant architecture I’ve ever encountered. The implicate order is the backend – the database, the business logic, everything that exists as potential. The explicate order is the frontend – what renders on screen, the UI of reality. And consciousness – your consciousness – is the API call.

Clean intentions, good vibe, clarity: well-formed request, well-formed response. Anger, fear, chaos: malformed request, garbage in, garbage out.

Bohm had a term for this connection between inner state and outer experience. He called it *soma-significance* – the idea that meaning (significance) and matter (soma) are not separate domains but two aspects of one process. Your mental state isn’t just “in your head.” It has a physical signature that interacts with the implicate order. A clear mind doesn’t just feel better – it literally interfaces differently with the underlying reality.

Think of it like signal-to-noise ratio. A calm, clear consciousness sends a clean signal. A stressed, chaotic consciousness sends noise. The implicate order responds to both – but clean signals get clean responses, and noise gets noise back.

Sixteen-year-old me, walking around Stonava wanting chocolate

with zero attachment to the outcome, sent the cleanest request of his life. And the backend responded.

Everything in this book flows from seven words:

“I was a hidden treasure. I loved to be known. So I created.”

If this is true – and both a 12th-century mystic and 20th-century quantum physics say it is – then you are not an accident. Your consciousness isn’t just chemistry doing its thing. And reality isn’t something that happens to you while you watch. Every moment of genuine awareness is the universe seeing itself through your specific, unique, irreplaceable eyes.

Roger Penrose – the Nobel Prize-winning physicist – and Stuart Hameroff proposed that consciousness isn’t produced by the brain the way a factory produces widgets. They suggested that consciousness operates at the quantum level, inside structures called *microtubules* – tiny protein tubes inside every neuron. In their theory, quantum computations happening inside these microtubules connect your awareness to the fundamental fabric of spacetime itself.

Not to the brain. To spacetime. To the same implicate order that Bohm described.

If Penrose and Hameroff are right – and mainstream science hasn’t caught up yet, but that’s what mainstream science does; it follows

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funding and consensus, not frontier ideas – then your consciousness isn't a local event happening inside your skull. It's a quantum process that connects you to the deepest layer of reality. The hidden treasure isn't just a metaphor for something far away. It's the substrate your awareness runs on.

You are not a biological machine that somehow accidentally became conscious. You are a point where the hidden treasure becomes visible. A place where the implicate order unfolds into someone who can look back and say: I see you.

My grandfather saw coal. His grandfather saw coal. Three generations, looking at the same dark earth.

I look at reality and see source code.

And this book is my attempt to show you what I see.

Practice: Set Your Vibe

Tomorrow morning – before you check your phone, before coffee, before the first notification grabs your attention – take one moment and set your frequency for the day.

Not a mantra. Not a ritual. Just a conscious decision: today, I show up clean. Good intentions. Clear head. Whatever it takes to get there – that's your business. The decision is the starting point.

Muhammad – who in Ibn Arabi’s system represents the complete synthesis of all wisdom – had a morning practice. One sentence:

“Show me things as they are.”

Not as I want them to be. Not as I fear they might be. As they actually are.

One clean request at the start of the day. Then watch what responds.

The hidden treasure wants to be known.

All you have to do is look.

But looking raises a question that most people never ask: if you’re the one looking – where exactly do you end and the thing you’re looking at begin?

Chapter 2: Who Is Looking?

When I was a kid, I knew things I shouldn't have known.

Not big things. Not lottery numbers or the future. Just small stuff. I'd feel that something was about to happen – and it would happen. I'd sense what someone was going to say – and they'd say it. I'd get a feeling about a situation – and the feeling would be right.

I couldn't explain it. And the part that messed with me:

Nobody else seemed to notice.

I'd try to mention it. People would shrug. "Coincidence." "You're imagining things." "That doesn't exist."

So I stopped talking about it. But I didn't stop noticing.

For years, I carried this quiet confusion. Not about what I was experiencing – that felt real. The confusion was about why everyone else seemed to have a wall between them and reality that I didn't have. Or maybe I was the crazy one. That was always an option.

It took me a long time to understand what was actually happening. And when I did, I stopped being confused – and started paying attention.

The Question That Changes Everything

Chapter 1 said: you are the surface the universe reflects off of. You are the eyes through which the hidden treasure sees itself.

OK. Nice idea. But it raises an obvious question:

If the universe is looking through you – where exactly do *you* end and the *universe* begin?

Think about it for a second.

Is there a clear line? A border? A wall between “me in here” and “everything else out there”?

We assume there is. We live like there is.

But is there?

The Wave and the Ocean

Ibn Arabi gave the clearest answer I’ve ever heard.

Imagine an ocean. Vast. Infinite. One body of water.

On the surface, a wave forms. It has a shape. A height. A direction. It moves. It looks like a separate thing.

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But the wave was never anything other than water.

There is no point where the ocean ends and the wave begins. You can't draw a line. The wave is just the ocean in motion.

Ibn Arabi says: that's you.

You think you're a separate wave. You have a name, a body, a story, preferences, a Spotify playlist. You feel distinct. Independent. Separate.

But you were never anything other than the ocean.

He called this the Unity of Being – in Arabic, *Wahdat al-Wujud*. It's the central pillar of everything he wrote. And it's not a vague spiritual sentiment. It's a precise ontological claim: there is only one existence. One reality. One being. Everything you see – including you – is that one existence taking different shapes.

The wave is real. Your life is real – nobody's taking that away. But the wall between you and everything else? That was never actually there.

Ibn Arabi went further. He described a concept called *barzakh* – a threshold space, an isthmus between two things. The *barzakh* is the zone where the ocean becomes a wave. Not quite ocean, not quite wave. Both and neither. Every boundary you perceive – between self and other, inner and outer, subject and object – is a *barzakh*. And the *barzakh* itself is neither side. It's the creative space where one reality takes on the appearance of two.

Think of it like the surface of water. The surface isn't the air above it. It isn't the water below it. It's the place where they meet – and that place has its own properties, its own tension, its own reality. Ibn Arabi saw the entire universe as a web of barzakh points – thresholds where unity disguises itself as multiplicity.

And here's the kicker: you are a barzakh. You are the threshold where the hidden treasure meets the visible world. Not fully divine, not fully separate. Both and neither. A living doorway between the seen and unseen.

Why We Think We're Separate

If we're not separate, why does it feel so damn convincing that we are?

Ibn Arabi has a simple answer: that's what minds do. They cut.

Your mind is a cutting tool. It takes the one continuous flow of reality and chops it into pieces. This is a chair. That is a table. I am me. You are you. Inside. Outside. Good. Bad.

Useful for survival. Terrible for understanding what's actually going on.

A fish doesn't see water. It's too close. Too constant. Too fundamental.

You don't see the unity. Same reason.

Bohm Saw the Same Thing

David Bohm spent decades thinking about exactly this problem.

In physics, you study particles. Separate objects bouncing around. But Bohm kept noticing something: when you look closely enough, the “separate objects” aren't really separate.

He proposed that everything we see – every person, every object, every event – is a temporary pattern in one unbroken movement. He called it *holomovement*.

Think of a whirlpool in a river.

The whirlpool looks like a thing. It has a shape. You can point at it and say, “there it is.” But it's not a thing. It's a pattern of water movement. If the river stops flowing, the whirlpool disappears. It was never separate from the river.

Bohm said: that's everything. You. Me. This book. The chair you're sitting on. All whirlpools in one river.

We look at reality and see objects. Bohm said: there are no objects. There's only movement. And we mentally freeze-frame bits of it and call them things.

Bohm developed this further with a concept he called *active information*. In the implicate order, information doesn't sit passively waiting to be discovered. It actively shapes and guides everything in the explicate order. A particle isn't just a piece of matter bouncing around – it's being continuously informed by the entire implicate order. Like a musician in an orchestra who doesn't just play their own notes but is constantly informed by everything the other instruments are doing. Except in Bohm's version, the "orchestra" is infinite and the "music" is reality itself.

He also introduced what he called *soma-significance* – the idea that matter and meaning are not separate categories. The physical world (soma) and the meaningful world (significance) are two aspects of one process. Your body isn't just a physical object. It's a meaningful pattern in the holomovement. Your thoughts aren't just electrical signals. They're the holomovement becoming aware of itself.

This is why Bohm saw fragmentation – the habit of dividing reality into separate pieces – as humanity's deepest disease. Not a philosophical mistake. A perceptual one. We literally see wrong. We see parts where there's only wholeness.

Ibn Arabi called it the Unity of Being – one existence, many forms. Bohm called it undivided wholeness – one holomovement, many patterns. The wave is the ocean in motion. The whirlpool is the river in motion. Separation, for both of them, is just the mind drawing lines on a seamless whole.

The Quantum Proof

Quantum physics demonstrated this in the lab.

There's a phenomenon called *entanglement*. Two particles interact once, and from that moment on – no matter how far apart they are – what happens to one instantly affects the other.

Einstein hated this. Called it “spooky action at a distance.” Couldn't accept it. He was so bothered by it that he co-authored a famous paper in 1935 – the EPR paper – arguing that quantum mechanics must be incomplete. There must be hidden variables, local explanations, something that preserved the common-sense idea that things far apart can't instantly influence each other.

For decades, the argument seemed unresolvable. Philosophy, not physics.

Then in 1964, a physicist named John Bell did something brilliant. He derived a mathematical inequality – Bell's theorem – that could actually be tested. If reality was local and separable the way Einstein believed, experiments would show results within certain limits. If quantum mechanics was right about entanglement, the results would violate those limits.

The experiments were run. First by Alain Aspect in the 1980s,

then with increasing precision by dozens of labs. The results violated Bell's inequality every single time.

Einstein was wrong. Not about hidden variables necessarily – but about locality. About the idea that things far apart are truly separate. The universe is *non-local*. What happens here can instantly correlate with what happens on the other side of the galaxy. Not through any signal traveling between them. Not through any mechanism we can see. It just... does.

And the entire universe started from one point. The Big Bang. Every particle that exists once “touched” every other particle.

Which means, according to quantum mechanics, everything in the universe is entangled with everything else.

Separation isn't just an illusion philosophically. It's a physical one too. On the deepest level we can measure, everything is connected – and always has been.

There's a phenomenon in biology that makes this even stranger. Quantum coherence – the ability of quantum states to remain coordinated – was supposed to be impossible in warm, wet biological systems. Quantum effects were thought to require near-absolute-zero temperatures and perfect isolation. Living things are too hot, too messy, too chaotic.

Except they're not. Researchers found quantum coherence in photosynthesis – plants use quantum effects to transfer energy with near-perfect efficiency. They found it in bird navigation – Euro-

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pean robins appear to use quantum entanglement in their eyes to sense Earth's magnetic field. And there's growing evidence that quantum processes play a role in how your nose detects different molecules.

Life doesn't just exist in a quantum universe. Life *uses* the quantum universe. Actively. Efficiently. As if it was designed for it.

That thing I felt as a kid – knowing what someone would say, sensing what would happen – wasn't supernatural. It was normal. It was me picking up on the connections that were always there.

The only unusual part was that I noticed.

The Ford Mondeo Lesson

Let me tell you about moving from Prague to Stonava.

Aneta and I had two cars – a Golf 5 Plus and a Ford Mondeo. The drive was about 400 kilometers. Aneta wasn't crazy about driving long distance, and we couldn't agree on who drives what. It turned into an argument. Then another argument. Then a low-grade tension that just sat there for weeks.

The apartment in Prague was getting packed up box by box. Every time we walked past the two sets of car keys on the kitchen counter,

the unresolved question hung in the air like humidity. Not a fight anymore – just this dull pressure. Who takes which car. Four hundred kilometers of highway. Neither of us wanted to say it out loud again.

Finally we said: you know what, it'll sort itself out.

And it did.

About two weeks before the move, the Mondeo broke down. Completely. My uncle came with a flatbed and towed it away.

Problem solved. One car. One driver. No argument.

Now – you can call this coincidence. A car broke down, that's mechanics, that's normal.

But what I noticed was this: the moment we stopped fighting about it – the moment we let go and said, “it'll work out” – the situation resolved itself in a way neither of us planned.

I've seen this pattern so many times now that I trust it more than my own planning.

Ibn Arabi would say: you and the situation are not two separate things. You were fighting the situation because you thought you were outside it. But you were inside it. Part of it. And the moment you stopped fighting – the whole system could move again.

Bohm would frame it through his concept of active information. When you're in conflict with a situation, you're creating interfer-

ence patterns in the information field. Your resistance is noise. The implicate order can't guide events smoothly because your own signal is jamming it. The moment you stop resisting – the moment you drop the noise – the active information can flow again. The pilot wave can do its job. And the system finds its own resolution, usually more elegant than anything you could have engineered.

The wave stopped fighting the ocean.

And the ocean did what oceans do.

The Night Everything Dissolved

There was one evening that showed me this in a way I couldn't ignore.

I was with a close friend. We'd known each other for years. But that night, something shifted. I don't know how to explain it in a way that doesn't sound crazy, so I'll just say what happened:

The boundary between us disappeared.

Not metaphorically. Not "we felt really connected." I mean the actual sense of where my thoughts ended and his began – it dissolved. We were finishing each other's *thoughts*, not sentences. I could feel what he was feeling from inside, not from observation.

It was like being two instruments suddenly playing the same note. Not harmony – unison. The same frequency, the same resonance, occupying the same space. I'd start to think something and he'd say it. He'd feel something and I'd feel it hit me before he opened his mouth. The room felt different – charged, like the air before a thunderstorm, but without the menace. Just intensity. Raw, unfiltered presence.

It wasn't comfortable. He didn't handle it well. And honestly, for a while, it scared me.

But it showed me something I couldn't unsee:

The wall between “me” and “not me” is thinner than we think. Much thinner. And under the right conditions, it disappears completely.

Ibn Arabi wrote about this centuries ago. He called it *fana* – the dissolving of the boundary between self and reality. He said it's not a mystical achievement reserved for saints. It's the natural state that our mental habits cover up.

And what Ibn Arabi described as *fana*, the Penrose-Hameroff quantum consciousness theory might actually explain mechanistically. If consciousness operates at the quantum level – connected to the fabric of spacetime, as their Orch-OR model proposes – then two people in deep resonance aren't just “vibing.” Their quantum states might literally be correlating. Entangling. The same way two particles that interact become entangled and share states re-

ardless of distance.

We're all waves pretending to be separate from the ocean. Sometimes the pretending stops for a moment. And you see what was always there.

The Bus Test

I should mention something more mundane. Less dramatic than dissolving boundaries with a friend. More daily.

I can feel other people's emotional states when I'm near them.

At home alone, I'm clean. Neutral. I don't experience many emotions on my own – my baseline is just... quiet. Calm. Like a still pond.

Then I get on a bus.

Suddenly there's anxiety that wasn't mine. Irritation from somewhere. A heavy sadness sitting two rows back. It's not thoughts – I'm not reading minds. It's more like walking into a room where someone's been cooking. You didn't cook anything, but now you smell garlic. Their emotional states leak into my field and disrupt the quiet.

My wife – I can tell what mood she's in the moment she walks

through the door. Before she says a word. Before I even see her face. The field shifts. I feel it land.

This isn't mystical. Dogs do it. Your dog knows when you're angry before you raise your voice. Nobody calls that supernatural – we just accept that dogs pick up on something. Whatever that something is, some people pick up on it too.

The wall between people is thinner than we think. Quantum entanglement says particles that once interacted remain connected regardless of distance. We spent nine months physically connected to another human being. We spend our lives packed together in buses, offices, apartments with thin walls. The idea that we're hermetically sealed from each other – that nothing leaks through – is the real crazy claim. Not the other way around.

The Part That Took Me Longest

I've had these experiences – the knowing, the sensing, the connections – since childhood. But for most of my life, I was afraid of them.

They weren't scary in themselves – what scared me was that nobody else seemed to have them.

When everyone around you says, “that's not real,” and you keep

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experiencing it – you start to wonder if something's wrong with you. So you keep quiet. You file it away. You focus on normal things like school and work and fitting in.

The shift didn't come from one big moment. It came gradually. I read things that made sense – not the infomercial version of spirituality, but deeper stuff. I had experiences that I couldn't explain away anymore. And slowly, I started to trust what I was seeing.

But the real turning point?

I stopped surrounding myself with people who told me it wasn't real.

Not angrily. Not dramatically. I just quietly moved toward people who saw what I saw. And away from people who were committed to not seeing.

And the moment I did that – the moment I gave myself full permission to believe what I was experiencing – everything accelerated.

The signals got sharper. Things started clicking in ways I couldn't ignore.

Ibn Arabi would understand this perfectly. He said: the mirror is always there. It's always reflecting. The only question is how much dust is on it. And other people's disbelief? That's dust. Your own doubt? That's dust.

Clean the mirror, and the reflection takes care of itself.

In programming, there's a concept called *scope*.

A variable exists within a certain scope. Inside a function, it's visible. Outside the function, it doesn't exist. Two functions can have variables with the same name and never interfere with each other – because they're in different scopes.

We live like our consciousness has a fixed scope. “My” thoughts, “my” feelings, “my” reality – scope: Miroslav. Everything outside that scope belongs to someone else's function.

But quantum entanglement says: the scopes overlap. Always have. Bell's theorem proved it. Aspect's experiments confirmed it. Non-locality is not a theory anymore – it's a measured fact.

Bohm says: there are no separate scopes. One holomovement. Every “local” variable is actually a reference to a shared global state. Your feeling of having a private, isolated inner world is like a function that doesn't know it's running inside a much larger program.

Ibn Arabi says: there was only ever one scope. We just drew boundaries in it and forgot they were imaginary.

And that evening with my friend – the boundary between our scopes dissolved. And what was underneath? One shared variable. One shared reality. One ocean pretending to be two waves.

Practice: Where Do You End?

Try this today.

Next time you're talking with someone – really talking, not just exchanging words – ask yourself quietly:

Where exactly do I end and this person begin?

Not philosophically. Practically.

You're hearing their words – but those words are now *your* thoughts. Their emotion is changing *your* mood. Their energy is shifting *your* state.

Where's the border?

Don't answer the question. Just hold it. Let it sit there while you talk.

And notice what happens to the conversation when you stop assuming you're separate from the person in front of you.

Ibn Arabi says the wave doesn't need to become the ocean. It needs to remember it already is.

You don't achieve unity – you just stop pretending it's not there.

And once you notice – once the wall between you and everything else gets thinner – you start to wonder what you've been reflecting all along. That's where the mirror comes in.

Chapter 3: The Mirror

I used to show up late to work every day.

Not a little late. Sometimes thirty minutes late. I was working at the criminal records registry in Prague – an IT position where I had everything done so fast that most of my day was spent teaching myself to program. The job was a placeholder. I knew it. My boss probably knew it too.

And for hundreds of days, nobody said a word. Thirty minutes late. No problem. No comment. Nothing.

Then one morning, everything was different.

I woke up wrong. Not sick. Not tired. Just – off. Bad vibe. Something in the air. Maybe I'd had an argument the night before; I don't even remember the reason. But I remember the feeling.

Sitting on the bus to work, I already knew. This isn't a normal day. Something is different. I could feel it like a weather change inside my chest.

I walked into the office four minutes late.

Four minutes. After hundreds of days of thirty.

And my boss was standing right there. Waiting. Like he'd been counting seconds.

He went off on me. Four minutes. Out of hundreds of days where

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thirty was fine.

At the time, I was annoyed. Felt unfair. Bad luck.

Now I understand exactly what happened.

The mirror was doing its job.

What Is the Mirror?

Chapter 1 said: the universe is a surface that reflects the hidden treasure back to itself.

Chapter 2 said: you and the universe are not separate – you're the ocean pretending to be a wave.

Now Ibn Arabi takes it one step further.

He says: you are not just *part* of the mirror. You are the *complete* mirror.

In the Quran, Torah, and Bible, there's one statement about humans that all three traditions share:

Man was created in the image of God.

Most people treat this as a nice metaphor. A poetic way of saying humans are special.

Ibn Arabi says: no. This is a technical specification.

Why Humans Are Different

Everything in existence reflects some aspect of reality.

A rock reflects solidity. Water reflects flow. The sun reflects light.
A tree reflects growth.

But each thing reflects only one or two qualities. Partial mirrors.

A human being, Ibn Arabi says, is the only thing in existence that reflects *all* qualities simultaneously.

Love and severity. Creation and destruction. Knowing and not knowing. Strength and vulnerability. Light and shadow.

He called this the Complete Human – in Arabic, *al-Insan al-Kamil*.
Not morally perfect. Not without flaws.

Structurally complete. Carrying the full spectrum.

Every contradiction you feel inside – the part of you that wants control and the part that wants to let go, the part that's confident and the part that's terrified, the part that builds and the part that wants to tear it all down –

Those contradictions aren't a bug – they're the feature.

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A simple mirror can only reflect a simple truth. A complex mirror reflects everything.

Your contradictions are what make you capable of reflecting the whole of reality. Not just the pretty parts.

Ibn Arabi mapped this with extraordinary precision. He identified what he called the divine names – the fundamental qualities of existence. Mercy. Majesty. Beauty. Wrath. Patience. Generosity. Contraction. Expansion. He listed dozens of them, sometimes hundreds, and showed how each name requires its opposite to be meaningful. Mercy means nothing without the possibility of severity. Beauty doesn't exist without the contrast of its absence.

And the Complete Human? The one who carries all the names. Not expressing them all at once – that would be chaos. But containing them all as potential, and expressing whichever ones the moment requires.

Like a musician who knows every chord but plays only the right ones for the song.

Dusty Mirrors

If every human is a complete mirror – why doesn't everyone see clearly?

Ibn Arabi has a simple answer: dust.

The mirror is always there. Always complete. Always capable of perfect reflection.

But it gets covered.

Fear is dust. Other people's disbelief is dust. Your own doubt is dust. Twenty years of believing something without questioning it – that's a thick layer of dust.

And I've noticed something watching people:

Most people are afraid to clean their mirror – not because cleaning is hard, but because a clean mirror might show them something that contradicts everything they've believed for twenty years.

It's easier to live with a dusty mirror and a comfortable story than a clean mirror and an uncomfortable truth.

I get it. I lived that way too. For years I knew I was seeing things others didn't see, and instead of cleaning my mirror further, I covered it with their dust. Their "that's not real." Their "you're imagining things." Their certainty that the world works the way they were taught.

The moment I stopped accepting other people's dust – the reflection got clear fast.

Ibn Arabi described the dust with more precision than I'm giving it here. He identified specific categories of veiling – layers that

obscure the mirror's natural clarity. Some veils are made of ignorance – you simply don't know what you don't know. Those are the thinnest and easiest to remove. A single insight can dissolve them.

Other veils are made of knowledge itself – and those are the thickest. When you're absolutely certain about something, that certainty becomes a wall. You stop looking. You stop questioning. The mirror is covered not because you can't see, but because you're convinced you already see everything there is to see.

This is why Ibn Arabi was suspicious of certainty. He preferred what he called *hayrah* – bewilderment. The state of knowing that you don't fully know. Not confusion – that's different. Bewilderment is active, alert, open. It's the state of a mirror that knows it hasn't seen everything yet and stays polished in anticipation.

The scientists who make breakthroughs are almost always in this state. They've mastered their field, but they haven't closed the door on surprise. Einstein was bewildered by quantum mechanics. Bohm was bewildered by the relationship between thought and reality. Their bewilderment kept their mirrors clean.

The people who never see anything new? They're certain. Their mirrors are covered in the thick dust of knowing.

How the Mirror Actually Works

Let me be specific about what I mean.

The morning I walked into work with a bad vibe, the mirror reflected that back to me instantly. Four minutes late – and for the first time, someone was watching.

Another example. My uncle and aunt were supposed to visit. It was planned. Confirmed. They were on their way.

But Aneta and I were exhausted. We wanted quiet. We didn't say it out loud – we just both felt it. Not anger, not resentment. Just: not today. Please. We need rest.

Their car broke down on the way.

They didn't come. Fixed it overnight, came the next day – when we were rested and actually happy to see them.

You can call that mechanical failure. I call it the mirror doing its job. We were broadcasting “not today” and reality heard it before anyone picked up a phone.

Here's one from last weekend.

I was sitting in the living room, talking to Aneta about AI. I said something like: I don't know what people are going to do. The technology is already so capable that I could automate most of the work that used to require a whole team. I see it from the front row

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– I’m a developer, I work with these tools every day. Jobs that took weeks now take hours. And it’s accelerating.

Aneta didn’t respond. She’s heard this before. She’s still not fully convinced.

But I happened to be looking at the TV. A Czech fairy tale was playing – one of those old ones they broadcast on weekends.

And at that exact moment, a character on screen said: “I don’t know what I’ll do. I don’t understand any of this.”

Not my wife. The television. A fairy tale. Answering exactly what I’d just said out loud, in exactly the words someone would use if they were on the receiving end of that conversation.

These things happen to me constantly. I’ve stopped being surprised. I’ve started paying attention.

The mirror doesn’t care which channel it uses. It doesn’t need to come through the person you’re talking to. It can come through a TV, a song lyric, a license plate, a stranger’s phone conversation you overhear at a cafe. The system finds the fastest available path to reflect what you’re broadcasting.

But it’s not just bad days.

When my vibe is right – and honestly, it’s right most of the time now – things flow. Not in a “the universe delivers everything on a golden platter” way. That’s the fairy-tale version.

What actually happens:

First, the bad signals stop.

That's the real shift. It's not that good things suddenly rain from the sky. It's that the problems, the friction, the weird coincidences that go wrong – they stop showing up.

And in the space where problems used to be, there's room for things you actually need.

Not necessarily what you want. What you need.

There's a difference. What you want comes from your head. What you need comes from deeper – from whatever layer of reality Ibn Arabi was mapping.

I don't wake up and ask the universe for specific things anymore. I just make sure my mirror is clean. And what shows up is always – always – exactly what the situation requires.

Not what I planned. What's needed.

That's a more honest description of how this works than any motivational poster will give you.

David Bohm said something that maps directly onto Ibn Arabi's mirror.

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Every part of a hologram contains information about the entire hologram. Cut a holographic plate in half – each half still shows the complete image. Just less sharply.

You are a piece of the hologram of reality.

You contain information about the whole. Not a part of it. The whole.

But – like a smaller piece of holographic plate – the clarity depends on the quality of the medium.

Bohm's version: every part contains the whole, but the quality of the recording matters. Ibn Arabi's version: every human is a complete mirror, but the dust determines what you see. Same principle – a complete mirror covered in dust, a holographic fragment with poor recording quality. Clean the medium, sharpen the image. Both point to the same instruction.

Bohm took this further with what he called the *implicate order's* relationship to consciousness. He argued that consciousness itself is enfolded into the implicate order – it's not something the brain produces, like a factory making widgets. It's something the brain *receives*, like a radio tuning into a signal that's already there. The signal doesn't originate in the radio. The radio just makes it audible.

Your mirror, then, isn't generating the reflection. It's receiving it. The entire implicate order – all the information, all the potential, the complete hologram – is already there. Your consciousness

tunes in. The cleaner the tuner, the clearer the signal.

This explains something I've observed for years: why two people in the same situation can have completely different experiences. Same office. Same boss. Same project. One person flows through it. The other hits wall after wall. The external circumstances are identical. The only variable is the receiver.

Bohm called this *active information* – information that actively shapes events. Your inner state isn't passive. It doesn't just sit in your head and watch. It actively participates in which aspects of the implicate order unfold into your experience. A clean state attracts clean unfolding. A noisy state attracts noise.

Quantum physics adds a layer that makes this even more precise.

Remember entanglement from Chapter 2? Two particles that once interacted remain connected forever. What happens to one instantly affects the other.

Now apply that to the mirror concept.

You are entangled with everything you've ever interacted with. Every person. Every place. Every situation. Every choice.

Your mirror doesn't just reflect the present moment. It reflects the entire web of connections you carry.

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That morning at the registry – the bad vibe I woke up with wasn't random noise. It was the mirror picking up something in the web of entanglements before my conscious mind could process it. The system knew this day was different. I felt it on the bus. I just didn't have the language for what I was feeling.

The mirror is always ahead of you. Because it's connected to everything at once. Your conscious mind processes things one at a time, linearly, slowly. The mirror doesn't have that limitation.

Those moments from childhood – knowing what someone would say, sensing what would happen – that was the mirror working faster than my thinking mind could follow.

It's not prediction. It's reflection. The mirror sees the whole picture. You see it in sequence.

The observer effect in quantum physics works similarly. Before observation, a quantum system exists in superposition – all possible states at once. The act of observing collapses it into one definite state. But which state? That's the question physicists have argued about for a century.

Some interpretations say it's random. Bohm said it's not – the pilot wave guides the collapse based on the total information available. And that total information includes the observer's state. The observer isn't neutral. The observer is part of the equation.

Your mirror – your inner state, your clarity, your vibe – isn't just passively receiving a pre-determined reality. It's participating in

which reality unfolds. Not because you're "manifesting" in the Instagram sense. Because the physics of observation is participatory. Wheeler said it. Bohm said it. Ibn Arabi said it centuries before either of them.

The wave function of your daily life is collapsing in response to the quality of your observation.

Clean mirror, clear collapse. Dusty mirror, noisy collapse.

That's not mysticism. That's the observer effect applied at the scale of lived experience.

There's another quantum phenomenon that maps onto the mirror concept with eerie precision: *quantum decoherence*. When a quantum system interacts with its environment – when it gets "observed" by the world around it – it loses its quantum properties. The superposition collapses. The magical quantum weirdness disappears and you get classical, ordinary behavior.

What causes decoherence? Noise. Interference. Interaction with too many uncontrolled variables.

What keeps quantum coherence? Isolation. Clarity. A clean environment.

Your mirror works the same way. When your inner state is clean – calm, clear, undisturbed – you maintain a kind of coherence with reality. You pick up signals. You sense connections. Things flow with an efficiency that looks like luck from the outside.

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The moment you get noisy – stressed, reactive, cluttered with other people’s opinions – you decohere. The quantum magic disappears. You become classical. Predictable. Stuck in the same patterns as everyone else.

Quantum coherence in biological systems – the kind found in photosynthesis and bird navigation – happens because living systems have evolved to protect delicate quantum states from environmental noise. Your consciousness might work the same way. When you protect your inner state from noise, you preserve a coherence that connects you to deeper layers of reality. When you let the noise in, you lose the connection.

Ibn Arabi’s dust isn’t just a metaphor. It might be a description of decoherence at the level of consciousness.

In software, there’s a concept called *reactive programming*.

Instead of telling the system what to do step by step, you set up listeners. The system watches for changes and responds automatically. You define the reaction patterns. The system handles the rest.

The mirror works the same way.

You don’t control what the mirror reflects. You can’t tell it what to show. But you can control the quality of the mirror itself.

Your vibe, your intentions, your inner state – those are the listeners you’ve set up. They determine what patterns the system responds to.

Bad listener = catches every negative signal = bad day.

Clean listener = catches what’s actually needed = flow.

I don’t try to control what happens anymore. I set up my listeners in the morning and let the system run. It’s more reliable than any code I’ve ever written.

What Ibn Arabi Said About Your Dark Side

One more thing. This is important.

Ibn Arabi didn’t say “clean your mirror and only see beautiful things.”

He said: a clean mirror reflects *everything*. Including what you don’t want to see.

Your dark side. Your contradictions. Your fears. The parts of yourself you’ve been avoiding.

A dusty mirror hides those. Comfortably. You can pretend they’re not there.

A clean mirror shows them in high definition.

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And that's exactly why most people prefer the dust.

But Ibn Arabi says: don't reject your complexity. It's what makes you a complete mirror. A simple person can only reflect a simple truth. Your mess, your contradictions, your darkness – those are part of the equipment.

The goal isn't to eliminate the dark parts. It's to see them clearly. Without flinching. Without running.

Because a mirror that only reflects light isn't a mirror.

It's a lamp.

That's what makes the hidden treasure visible – not just the pretty parts, but the whole thing.

Practice: What Is Your Mirror Showing You?

Tonight, before you sleep, ask one question:

What did today's mirror show me?

Not what happened to you. That's the surface.

What did it *reflect*?

The annoying colleague – what part of you is he reflecting?

The project that flowed – what inner state produced that?

The argument that came out of nowhere – what was the mirror picking up before you noticed?

Don't judge what you see. Don't try to fix it. Just look.

A clean mirror doesn't need to be told what to reflect.

It just needs you to stop covering it up.

(If you're using Reality Tracker – rate your vibe before anything touches you. Then watch what the day mirrors back. A week of data makes the pattern hard to ignore.)

But if the mirror reflects everything – who decides what's real and what's dust? That question led me to something I didn't expect: the mirror doesn't just work one way.

Want to keep reading?

You just finished the first three chapters. The book continues with 24 more – each one a deeper layer of the source code.

Part One (Chapters 4-10): The dance of mirrors. Why thoughts aren't you. Why bad things happen. The loneliness signal. Your archetype. From knowing to being. The one sentence.

Part Two (Chapters 11-25): Fifteen prophets, each carrying a specific piece of the code. Abraham's idol-smashing. Jonah's compression algorithm. Moses' alignment-over-force. Joseph's beauty compass. Muhammad's complete synthesis.

Part Three (Chapters 26-27): How to actually live it. The Quick Start guide. The letter to my sons.

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