

The Game of Life:

The Fifth Flower

THE ART OF PLANTING THE RIGHT SEEDS AND
CHOOSING THE RIGHT SOIL

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Prologue

LIFE IS A GAME, and so it ought to be played. Too many people stop playing, because the challenges in the Game of Life is too difficult to manage. This is why, Jane McGonigal says that »*reality is broken*«¹. Seth Priebatsch tells us that we can mend it by building a game layer on top of the world². This is finally possible, because of the powerful tools that are the internet and social medias.

I have had some very awful player-experiences in the game of life. Yet, what at first seemed to be a nightmare turned out to be an amazing adventure. The shift in my life happened through what seems to be a series of extraordinary coincidences. Without knowing it, I have been building a *magical upside-down pyramid* from the top and down. It is beginning to make sense, and my life has changed dramatically over the last year. Finally I have begun my *heroic journey*.

It is time for all people to attain the *four legendary artifacts*: These are the Map of Possibilities, the Compass of Guidance, the Sword of Courage and the Shield of Endurance. It is like a treasure hunt. This book attempts to provide the treasure map with a great red cross in the middle. This book is a tribute to

¹ <http://realityisbroken.org/>

² http://www.ted.com/talks/seth_priebatsch_the_game_layer_on_top_of_the_world.html

ideas, emotions, words and *actions*. Ideas are the basic building block of our identity; of consciousness. We steal ideas unwillingly all the time. Ideas and emotions melt into dreams. Dreams become *beliefs* that governs our words and actions. These become your *character* that you play throughout the entire Game of Life. Every character needs to enhance his natural *skills*. You can learn everything, because we are all *heroes*. We just haven't found out about it yet.

This book is about how I – in amazingly short time – expanded my view upon the love, happiness, success, innovation, intelligence, practice, temperament, the immense power of games, social networks and how we must revolutionize education. I want to share my beliefs. I am inviting everyone to take part in a heroic journey.

The adventure is just about to begin.

This is for you,

Joy

Introduction

IT ALL STARTS with an *idea*. Let's call her *Mary*. Mary is an idea and her name means *star of the sea*. Mary does not know the beauty of her name, because no other ideas have ever told her about it. She lives on top of the tallest mountain, drinks from a mountain spring, and she eats the fruits of the forest. You should not feel sorry for Mary, even though she does not know any other ideas. She is never lonely. Her life has always been like this. And it does not bother her. She does not know, what it means to be happy or unhappy. A lonely idea is not hungry or thirsty; never cold or ill. Mary simply is.

William is also an idea. William's name means the *protector*. No one told William about his name either. He lives on yet another mountain, drinks from yet another mountain spring and eats the fruits of yet another forest. You shouldn't feel sorry for William either. He never met any ideas, who could show him how to worry. Actually – William and Mary are not even aware of the fact that they are ideas. They don't know that they *live in our minds*. The mountains and forests are merely mental scenery; simply part of our imaginations. William and Mary are actors in a mental play. They don't know that they are just reflections of words on a piece of paper. In a sense, these words are a *stage*,

and *you* are the *audience*. As with any play, the audience always knows more than the characters. In this first act William and Mary are going to meet each other. William and Mary will soon learn to *reflect* about their own existence. Mary and William will soon begin to think about their feelings. They will soon learn to *dream*.

TWO IDEAS MEET. This is the beginning of everything. When two ideas meet they unite and form a supercharged idea. We call this a *dream*. Dreams are super-charged ideas, because they are powered by *emotions*. Dreams are the combination of ideas and emotions. Those super-charged ideas become our *beliefs*. Our beliefs are super-charged dreams, because they do not only contain our *ideas* and our *emotions*; they also control our *words* and our *actions*. Beliefs are powered by dreams. They make us who we are. Our *beliefs* define reality and the quality of every instance of our lives. Beliefs are the filter through which we interpret everything. However, we ought to not focus initially on those beliefs. Instead we must focus on their *fuel*. We must talk about our dreams. Some people say that dreaming is building. It is about shaping the future – with building blocks of *ideas* and *emotions*. The mortar is *words* and *actions*. We are constantly building and expanding the great *castle of consciousness*. This book is about ideas, emotions, words and actions. These are the

four basic elements of reality as we know it. Each of these elements are represented in this book by what I call *the four legendary artifacts*. This is the *Map of Possibilities*, the *Compass of Guidance*, the *Sword of Courage* and the *Shield of Endurance*. The *ideas, emotions, words* and *actions* are the smallest possible building blocks of conscious reality. Ideas and emotions unite and become our dreams. Dreams require ideas and emotions; the map and the compass. To make dreams come true, we must equip it with a sword and a shield. This is the beginning of any good adventure. A dream is shared. *The sleeping heroes will soon be awakened.*

I have dreamed about *The Fifth Flower*. It grows on the tallest mountain of our amazing mental repertoire of magical scenery. We can only fly up here through our imagination. The air is very thin, and only a few people have made it to the top. No one ever climbed it on their own, because the mountain is so tremendously tall. Even the clouds *envy* this marvelous mountain. The Fifth Flower grows in a magical cave – near the very peak of the mountain, from where you can *almost* touch the stars. As you can imagine, it takes special powers to reach the mountain top. As a matter of fact, the *only* way up is by standing on the shoulders of *giants*. Giants are enormous creatures that only exist through our dreams. We don't really know, where they

come from. The only thing we really know about them is that *dreams* are their fuel. By the way – giants don't like attention too much, and this is exactly why *they pretend to be mountains*. The Fifth Flower grows in the mouth of the giant-king, whose name is *Porphyrion*. The earth and forests are his *skin* and *flesh*; the air and the wind is his *breath*; the water, lakes and rivers are his *blood*; fire and lightning are the pounding of his ancient *heart*. Once every thousand year Porphyrion gets bored. Time passes rather slow for giants. At this time Porphyrion will usually reach down to lift up living creatures to play with. From two different corners of the world, he picked up two *ideas*. They are called Mary and William. They fell immediately in love. Mary and William felt they had always belonged together. Porphyrion liked the two ideas, so he allowed them to stay together and live on his head. It was on *one* condition; Mary and William had to promise Porphyrion that their kind would never enter *the great cave*. They had to promise that they would never enter his mouth. So they did. For many years to come they would respect this *sacred* promise without question. They never even asked Porphyrion about the cave, because they somehow knew that he would *refuse* to reveal anything to them. So, it remained a secret for many years to come.

Mary and William lived on Porphyrion's head for a hundred years. William and Mary didn't feel a day older. It was only their bodies that were beginning to tire after a long good life. They had

many new ideas in the family. A hundred years have passed and it was the day of birth for the hundredth of the new ideas in the family. Life had always been beautiful. The entire family had lived in harmony with each other and with nature. They had always respected Porphyrion's wish. Never did they enter the cave. However – they had begun to tell stories about it. The ideas helped each other create magical fantasies about what might be hidden in Porphyrion's cave. The idea who was born today would soon rewrite all these fantastic stories. His name is *Morpheus*.

It had been *inevitable*. Morpheus' name means *king of the dreams*. No one knew this; not even his mother. Morpheus was still a very young idea, but much unlike any others. He knew from the minute he was born that he wanted to enter the mouth of Porphyrion. It seemed an easy challenge, because it was not guarded. He wondered, why no one had done it yet. To disobey the *one single rule was unimaginable* for the rest of the family. They all accepted it as something universally true – that no one *could* enter the cave. It was impossible. Everyone took this for granted as a law of nature; *until this day*.

Morpheus stood facing the enormous black entrance to the Mouth of Porphyrion. It seemed to lead into a long dark tunnel. His back was turned to the forest. Very soon the sunlight of the outside world would be left behind. He took the first step into the cave. He began to walk, and he realized that it was a perfectly straight tunnel. It was narrowing and almost like a tube. It was

unlike any other cave. *Was this really a good plan?* It should be noted that Morpheus was the first idea to experience genuine *curiosity*. He had *one* second of doubt. Then he started to walk resolutely; meanwhile he listened to his own footsteps. He kept on staring *directly* into the darkness. The light behind him became fainter and fainter, while the black cave had soon absorbed his senses. He could no longer see his own hands and was spellbound by the seemingly *infinite* tunnel. He turned around for a second to cast a glimpse back towards the outside world. It was nothing more than a tiny white spot. It resembled a *lonely star* on a pitch-black horizon. Once again he had a nervous thought, but only for the briefest of moments. He reminded himself that turning back was not an option. He was determined. He had an urge to *explore*. He took yet another few steps. *Suddenly* the star was in front of him. He wondered whether he had confused the direction, but then again – it was a *straight* tunnel. No way, his eyes and senses could have tricked him. He had *not* lost his sense of direction. He kept on walking through the absolute darkness. The air was humid. It was hot, and it was quiet. The only sound still hearable, was his footsteps carefully placed on the solid rock. His gaze was fixed upon the *new star* that was now in front of him. It was on the opposite side of the horizon. Now he started to feel something. Something was taking hold of his *being* and he had no choice but to walk faster and faster. Soon he was *running*, and the light was getting brighter. A

strange noise was arising and growing louder; it was like the ringing of a thousand bells in a distant storm of rain and thunder. It became more powerful with every breath he took. He felt the rain streaming down his face, as he ran against gusts of wind that seemed to be coming from nowhere. Flashes of the bright light and tremendous thunder made the whole experience dreamlike; *surreal*. Suddenly there was no ground underneath his feet. He was falling. He fell for an eternity. Then it *stopped*.

Morpheus was standing in a beautiful garden. He was still inside the mountain. Brilliant beams of sunlight slipped through cracks in the top of the dungeon. It was quiet. Everything was calm. It was in excellent contrast to the nightmare-like corridor, which he had already forgotten. The sound of streaming water could be heard, although it had no visible source. There was a lake. In the middle of the lake was a small island. The light fell perfectly on the island. Five amazing flowers were growing on the island. Actually it was four flowers growing separately, and these flowers seemed to meet in mid-air where they would entangle. They were growing into *one*. The four flowers grew all over the room, and they were so beautiful; their colors were very strong. There was a deep *blue*, a shimmering *green*, a burning *red* and a shining yellow. The colors dominated the ground beneath Morpheus' feet. On the island in the middle of the room, these luminous flowers grew into each other, and they formed an

enormous *white flower*. This flower was reaching towards the cracks in the roof; it was growing towards the *light*.

Looking at this flower was absolutely mesmerizing. Even from a distance Morpheus could see that its stalk was thicker than any other flower he had ever seen. It seemed to be vibrating like the string of a giant harp; producing the most soothing quiet music. He jumped into the water. It was warm and calm. He swam to the island. He was drawn by the flowers; it was a strange force that was pulling him closer. Right in front of him was the five flowers, yet he understood so little. It would very soon change. He touched the flowers one by one. The first flower that he touched was blue like the most marvelous *sapphire*. Touching it filled his head with overwhelming thoughts; he was thinking so fast that he got dizzy and had to step back. His mind was about to explode. He immediately turned to the second flower, which was green *like an emerald*. He touched it, and it filled his heart with intense happiness and sadness all at once. He could not contain it. Neither could he let go; he was no longer in control of his body. All the emotions in the world streamed through his heart and drained his energy within seconds. Heavy thoughts and emotions dragged him *downwards*. Morpheus felt tremendously encumbered. It was an unbearable burden. It was like the air had turned solid and although it was still transparent, it was now heavy like stone. The air would not be moved. He was unable to stay upright and fell to his knees. Overwhelmed by fear and

desperation, he fell all the way to the ground. *Was this the end?* He could not concentrate, think or feel anything. He did not even notice that his right hand had slipped into the water. His every impulse was disturbed by the noise of a thousand screams that stormed through his mind and heart. He was paralyzed. He did not at first notice that his fingers had touched upon a strange surface. A thought then appeared to him; like a shooting star. That was it. He needed nothing more. He suddenly *knew* what was in the water. He suddenly understood everything. He realized that there was still hope. With a final effort he locked his fingers, and he pulled up his arm. From the water he drew the *Sword of Courage*. It was a magical ancient sword, and he immediately knew all about its tremendous powers.

How could he know the name of this magical and legendary sword? Touching the flowers had made him a *wizard* and a *sage*. He suddenly knew these things. He had attained all knowledge and all wisdom. He could understand everything – even before it happened. He could see clearly everything of the past, and visualize all possible futures. Everything was clear in overwhelming detail. It was almost impossible for his young frail body to contain. Morpheus knew that he had just enough power to cut off a few leaves from the last flowers. Their names came to him – they were called the *red ruby* and the *yellow topaz*. He also saw that the leaves of the flowers would glide down and land on his tongue. He had only to make one slash with his sword and

leave his mouth wide open. The leaf of the ruby would grant him *strength*; the leaf of the topaz would grant him *endurance*. His dreams was so powerful. He swung the sword, and all his prophecies then became true. He had seen it in his dream, and that is why it happened.

Now he was capable of climbing the white flower. He laid his hands on the thick stalk. He saw that his hands had *grown*. The White Flower was hot like the sun, yet he had the power to withstand it. Touching the flowers had made him *mature* in all respects. And not only physically; his mind, heart, body and spirit had grown. As he climbed the white flower, Morpheus understood that he was the first of all *heroes*. This realization resonated through his very being. Morpheus realized that he could do anything by the power of his dreams. The first thing he did was to dream himself out of the cave. *It happened*. Morpheus dreamt about himself telling the story about *The Fifth Flower*. He knew everything that would happen. The story was passed on. Morpheus told his people that The Fifth Flower is the *essence of everything*. He told the family that they could summon the flower by the power of their *dreams*. It was an endless source of energy. They just had to remember this one thing; The Fifth Flower will only grow, when the other flowers – the sapphire, the emerald, the ruby and the topaz – are planted in a *perfect circle*. Having told his family this, Morpheus went to live in another world. No one saw him ever since. Some people say that he lives

between the worlds in the *void*, where he is fighting fabulous monsters for amusement and sport. That might be true. I imagine him underneath a great oak tree, playing chess in the evening sun with Master Yoda in the mountains of Himalaya.

The amazing story of The Fifth Flower was to undergo many changes. As the story about The Fifth Flower was passed on through generations it was soon given a thousand different names. After some thousands of years the real name of the story was soon *forgotten*. People had spread all across the world and they still kept on telling the same story; every time with a different name. Cultures were formed and people started to think, feel, talk and act as though they were no longer family. Brothers and sisters alike were fighting. One day a brother wanted to kill his sister. He claimed that she was a *liar*; that his story was *true*, and that her story was not. Therefore she had to die. The sister managed to escape, but she would live in exile, banished from the land as a *misbeliever*. Everyone started to claim that *their* version of the story was the original. There could only be one true story. There were many wars. The story of The Fifth Flower had become a *puzzle in a billion pieces*. Everyone was holding a few pieces of the original story. Holding all the pieces together would show the people the common origin of everything. Morpheus had seen all this in his dreams. In the year 2012 the puzzle would begin to make sense. People would start to learn that *everything is one*.

A CONCRETE METAPHOR is the container of many abstract ideas. This book is a series of concrete metaphors that attempts to illustrate many abstract and hopefully powerful ideas. The main idea and my dream is *The Fifth Flower*, which is *love* in its highest reachable form. Love cannot be described perfectly in words. I believe that *love is the sum of all positive energies in the universe*. This is a good and simple definition, but somewhat vague and not perfectly useful. It would take an infinity to describe love deeply and thoroughly. Naturally, this book does not pretend to be an exhaustive presentation of love in *all* its different shapes. It is an attempt to propose a useful definition of a very specific form of love. It is about love as the *ultimate skill*; of *heroic love*. Of course love is many other things, but I do not mind simple definitions as long as they are useful. Love is a *skill*; it is something that must be learned. At the moment it is mostly arbitrary. Practicing love nowadays happens almost coincidentally. It requires vast amounts of *luck* in other words. *I want to make heroic love an available and accessible skill for everyone to learn* (this is the grounds for a new *social learning network* that I will talk about comprehensively in chapter 8).

The Fifth Flower is a beautiful journey. It is a magical adventure. It is the beginning of our quest to understand *love*. Before we can set out on this journey, we must realize and accept something of vital importance. This is the *Path of a Hero*. Only a

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