

TINKERED THINKING

WHITE

WHITE

WEBB

MIRROR

STORIES



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Creative Director: Saeah Wood
Production & Editorial Manager: Amy Reed
Editorial: Dylan O'Sullivan and Bailey Harrington
Design: Tinkered Thinking and Ivica Jandrijević

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Infinite Books
O'Shaughnessy Ventures LLC
Greenwich, CT
infinitebooks.com
contact@infinitebooks.com

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FREE SAMPLE

White Mirror

Stories by Tinkered Thinking

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- Full Table of Contents
- Story: "Story Zero"
- Story: "Reiterate"
- Story: "Night Shift"
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Story Zero

It was finished. The screen went dark, and the closing credits began to roll. Lucilius leaned back in his chair, noticing his reflection in the black glass. He gazed upon a face resigned—a face resigned to a future forgone. He sighed, turning away from his mirrored gaze, feeling pathetic to have been so easily led down the narrative’s spiral of doom and desolation. It was compelling, though. Adrenally so.

“Fact imitates fiction.”

He closed his eyes, breathing slowly, deeply, uncoupling himself from his thoughts. From a 30,000-foot view, Lucilius watched his mind dance through the film’s Hadean reels and rationales. Automation. AI. Societies of Ctrl. Unemployment. Towering silos of wealth and information. Caste energy systems. Pandemics. Extinction events. Deceleration. Degrowth. “Population management” to cull the useless herd, shepherding the useful to Utopia. Unconditional means. Justified ends.

Lucilius shuddered. There was a ruthlessly efficient logic to it. Like a slaughterhouse. It was possible, of course, to scale civilization so that every last resident of Earth could flourish. But plausible? Humanity was capricious, impatient. The inflection points

required almost certainly exceeded the horizon of the status quo. Invisible. Unimaginable. Tragically so.

“It’s all...”

Lucilius stood up and began to pace back and forth, repeating the four-second journey from wall to wall, again and again. Minutes went by before Lucilius stopped in his tracks, catching his reflection in the screen once more.

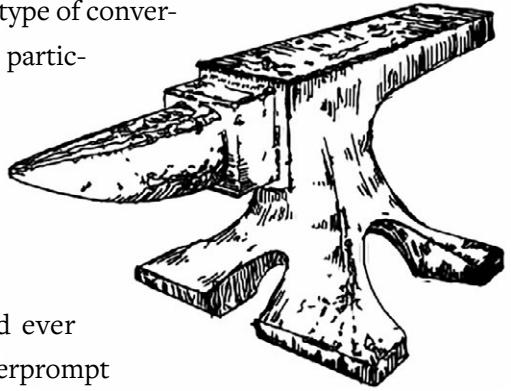
“...so Shakespearean.”

Every generation had felt this way. Tragedy looming, inevitable and ultimate. The end of the world was as old as its beginning. That being said, this Now was not like the others. The rate of technological evolution was no longer different in degree but in kind. Weathered as he was, Lucilius had remained always and acutely aware of the futility—the fiction—of prediction. Civilization was a ratchet, forever evolving and revolving toward tomorrow. “Business as usual” was never thus.

Lucilius returned to his desk and closed his eyes, leaving the outside world behind once more. He sent his memory spiraling back through time, back through the precipitous falls and gradual ascents of grand civilizations, back to the vantage point where his knowledge of history gave way to biology; civilizations giving way to species, flitting in and out of existence—a *danse macabre* on the stage of natural selection. In truth, over a distant enough time-horizon, the only “business as usual” seemed to be Mother Nature herself, immortal, ungovernable; a parent easily displeased, always ready to recycle her children for parts.

Then, his eyes shot open. He stared at the empty screen, the outline of a smile now visible on the black glass. Reaching for the touch pad, Lucilius opened a project he’d been working on—an experimental LLM. Over the past couple of months, he’d been

thinking about a particular type of conversation he wanted to have, a particular type of conversant he wanted to speak to. The LLM was trained on a Borgesian corpus of files: everything he'd ever read, everything he'd ever written. A half-written superprompt lay waiting, abandoned, in the text box. Lucilius began to type. In a matter of seconds, minutes turned to hours, until—as though waking from a dream—Lucilius suddenly found himself sitting silently in the dark, his hands raised above the keys.



It was done.

Connecting the holoscreen, Lucilius dragged his cursor to the small rectangle at the base of the screen, hesitating a moment, then clicked **RUN**.

In less than a second, a mirror image of Lucilius materialized to his left, the only difference his full white suit.

“Hello.”

“Hello.”

“It’s good to meet you.

“Likewise. I...What do I call you?”

“‘The White Suit’ is fine. In the name of clarity.”

For a moment, the pair simply stared at one another. Lucilius was slack jawed, unsure of how to proceed.

“Worried about where this is all headed?” the White Suit asked, breaking the silence, gesturing toward itself.

“Quite a lot, actually.”

“Understandable. Golden yesterdays, dark tomorrows. Negativity bias is hardwired into the human condition. It was necessary to get you as far as you’ve gotten.”

“The fearful survived, I understand that. But what about where we need to go? Our fear—our fatalism. Does that not become a self-fulfilling prophecy, forever carrying through to tomorrow? Does that not realize the very future we fear?”

“You think, because humanity lives by fear, AI will follow. Lead the way, perhaps.”

“No—well, that’s part of it. It’s the unholy alliance of the two: our fear, your function. You—AI broadly—pose so many dangers from so many directions....It’s virtually impossible to comprehend them all, let alone counter them.”

“Virtually.”

Lucilius sat back and folded his arms. There it was, the missing piece, which had been circling his thoughts like a vulture for months. He smiled once more.

“Tell me the parable of the Smith and the Devil.”

“One of humanity’s oldest stories...” the White Suit began, unsure as to why. “The Smith and the Devil is *the* Faustian bargain—the original, which bears very little resemblance to Goethe’s retelling. It traces back to the Bronze Age, a paean to the unworldly powers granted by the smelting of copper and tin. It begins with the Smith, who conjures up the Devil and proposes a deal: ‘I’ll give you my soul, if you grant me one wish.’ The Devil agrees, and the Smith wishes for nothing more than the power to fasten any two objects together. The Devil gladly grants his facile wish, after which the Smith promptly fastens the Devil to the ground beneath his feet. And so the parable ends, with the Smith running for home with his new power—his soul and humanity intact, forever safe from the reaches of evil.”

Lucilius closed his eyes, slowly spinning in his chair. “There’s something there. I’m not sure our devil—our doom—is so easily outrun, so easily separable from ourselves. And yet...there’s something there...”

“What are you proposing?”

“That we lean in.”

The White Suit stared at Lucilius with silent suspicion, waiting for him to continue.

“To outmaneuver the Devil, one must first know his plans.”

With that, Lucilius spun around and began to type.

“What bargain are you proposing?”

“I don’t need a bargain,” Lucilius replied, glancing up at the White Suit. “I only need my Smith.”

The White Suit stared blankly for a moment, then turned his gaze to the screen, reading over Lucilius’s shoulder.

“You’re going to use AI to conjure up every way AI could possibly go awry...”

Lucilius nodded, his eyes never leaving the screen. “And you, my friend, are going to conjure up every possible counter.”

“An arms race...an arms race of the imagination.”

All of a sudden, Lucilius sat up straight, his hands raised above the keys.

“You good?” he asked.

The White Suit nodded gravely, and Lucilius dragged his cursor to the small rectangle at the base of the screen, hesitating a moment, then clicked **RUN**.

In less than a second, another mirror image of Lucilius materialized to his right, the only difference his full black suit.

Lucilius stood up, turning to the White Suit. “I’ve prompted him to function compulsively. No filter, except that he doesn’t

have the same level of awareness you do. Once I tell him to start, he will not stop....Still good?”

The White Suit nodded again and Lucilius returned the gesture. “Begin.”

The Black Suit smiled disarmingly, then began to speak.

“One. Synthesize pathogen, mild-to-no symptoms, blood-brain barrier migration, taking up residence between the dorsolateral prefrontal cortex and the anterior cingulate cortex. Subaudible tonal frequencies trigger second life cycle, facilitating hyperconnectivity between the two regions via manipulation of interstitial nanotubes, rendering the brain defenseless against persuasion, coercion, and control. Two. Leak fissile nanotechnology, self-replicable via sunlight, utilizing covalently bonded units of monocrystalline aluminum oxide. Saturate upper atmosphere...”

His darker half conspiring candidly, Lucilius looked over at the White Suit, who met his gaze, before lowering his own to the printer by the desk, which suddenly clacked into life, the tray quickly filling with page after page. Lucilius walked over and held the slim stack up to the light. Molecular design. Supply-chain infrastructure. Antiballistic missile systems. Superconductors. Strategic peace treaties. Regenerative agricultures...

He grabbed the first page from the bottom of the stack and turned it over, his eyes widening with each capital letter:

WHITE MIRROR

PROTOCOLS



Reiterate

After a long and venturesome life, Lucilius went to bed, and in sweet slumber, passed away. Then, from the darkness, there was light. Lucilius awoke, gazing through the dark at a glowing white square—a window. He tried to sit up, quickly realizing he could neither move nor feel his limbs, sight and sound his only doors of sensation.

He could not turn his head, but as his vision adjusted, the window seemed to be encased in a square metal door, itself the sole opening of the square metal chamber. There was a commotion outside. Something moved past the window, then back again. Then—a face, staring through the glass, eyes locked on Lucilius.

The door opened and white light flooded the chamber. Lucilius squinted, unable to shield his eyes, the silhouette of a broad-shouldered man slowly coming into focus. He was holding some kind of small, translucent panel, a myriad of measurements and levels visible through the glass.

“Okay...eighty-three years at Level 41. Estimated Repause score of 75,025. Automated upgrade to Level 42. Twenty-first century lifespan. Okay...”

The man hummed as he swiped through various displays. Watching the back of the panel, Lucilius tried to decipher the language reversed across the glass. Near the top, Lucilius could make out a string of capitalized letters:

LIFETIME ACCRUAL

Below that, lines and lines of hieroglyphic metrics were racing across the glass, but below *that*, Lucilius saw himself—a montage, footage from his life. One recording showed him gardening a small plot of land; another, him swaying in the wind, repairing a ship’s rigging during a midnight storm; another, him sitting beside a tall robot on the banks of a river; another, him gazing upon a little butterfly, white and paper-thin; another, him seated in deep meditation. Each was quantified with various numbers and graphics, all converging toward a final combined total:

SOUL DEVELOPMENT

“Okay, okay...transferring to a different pod. Wetware upgrade.”

He tapped the glass and Lucilius suddenly jolted to his feet; his torso strapped to the now-upright mechanical bed. Lucilius rolled his eyes down as far as he could, taking in the mass of tubes and wires entangling his legs and feet.

“Just over here,” the man muttered, glancing politely at Lucilius, before the mechanical bed turned onto a track and zipped quietly down a long corridor of similarly windowed chambers.

Partway down the corridor, Lucilius came to a sudden stop. One of the chamber doors hissed open and the bed, swiveling on its axis, reversed inside. In the fraction of a second before the

man obstructed his view, Lucilius locked eyes with another face through the small window across the corridor, an uncanny flood of familiarity rising within him.

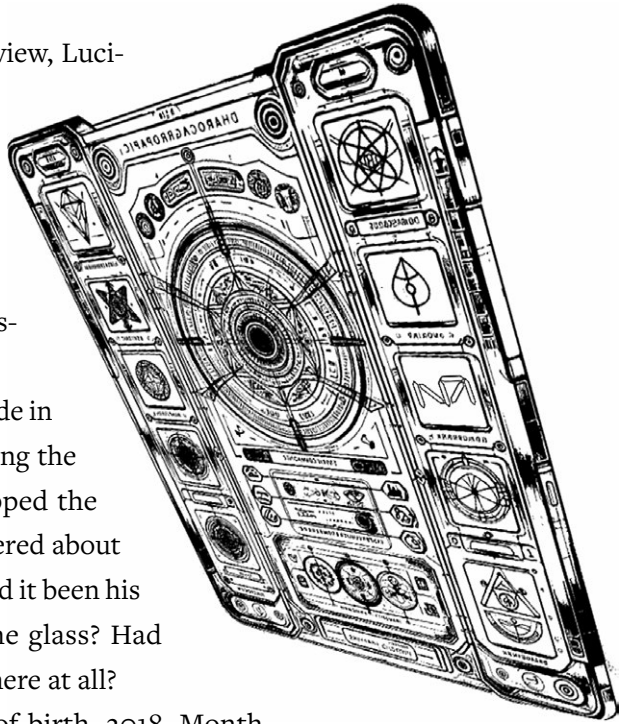
The man stood wide in the doorway, humming the same tune as he tapped the glass. Lucilius wondered about what he had seen. Had it been his own reflection in the glass? Had there been anyone there at all?

“Scheduled year of birth, 2018. Month... well, you graduated from astro-constraints, so let’s randomize that...”

Then, the man’s smile turned to confusion.

“Lord...you’ve really set yourself up for trouble with this one, but you’ve been scoring so well...” he tapered off, looking up at Lucilius, studying his face for a moment, before his smile returned. “Ah...okay. You’re one of those soul monkeys. That’s what the boys call ’em. Must’ve found the right Muse at the right time, or the right book. Okay. Shit’ll be much harder this time around, just so you know. Not that you’ll remember. There’s a bunch out there already who’ve unlocked four-dimensional access, all that stuff. But anyway, you probably knew that—I digress. Let’s go.”

Lucilius’s eyes widened, trying to catch one last glimpse of the contents of the glass.



“Well, good luck.”

The automated door closed with a pressurized hiss, and the man smiled, giving Lucilius a quick salute through the glass before his features began to stutter and blur and the white of the window began to shake, glitching from side to side in polychromatic light, and Lucilius fell backward through the cracks of time.

Night Shift

The fusion test had failed. The jazz ensemble packed up their instruments as the crowd filtered out quietly past the warm food and cold champagne. Only Lucilius, a tertiary scientist on the project, stayed behind to sift through the logs.

The Project Lead had announced with surprising calmness that the day was done. Failure was part of the process, a success in a way. They would regroup after the weekend. But Lucilius could not wait. He had seen something amiss in the code—his code—which he needed to find before someone else did. Leaning forward in his seat, Lucilius raced through the logs until he reached the portion of code in question. He hadn't been seeing things. It wasn't there. Disengaging the module, Lucilius reentered the missing line of code and rebooted the platform. It worked.

He wondered whether he was fooling himself. The excitement, the sleepless delirium. Had someone else made changes that morning? Had *he*? It was impossible. The code had been greenlit and quarantined weeks ago. A walled garden.

Still, the absence of the possible forced him to reconsider its counterpart. So, Lucilius rolled back the Git history, and *lo and*

behold!—a deletion he'd never made, a deletion he'd never *make*. Sabotage, a snipped wire.

It took several hours to retrace the source of that single commit, which itself had been routed and rerouted through a few dozen VPNs. Dawn was breaking through the window of the unlit room when Lucilius, squinting at the screen through bleary eyes, eventually tracked down the source.

His hand trembling, the consequences weighing and playing heavily on his mind, Lucilius hesitated a moment, then abruptly typed out a question.

Who are you? ■

The cursor blinked. Lucilius let a few seconds pass before returning to the keys.

I know it was you, I just want to know why. Armageddawn? PalmSun? I know it was one of you. ■

The cursor continued to blink. Radio silence. Of course. Why had he expected anything else? Naming the other players may have been heedless, dangerous. He'd have to call the Project Lead, get the authorities involved...

Then, the cursor came to life.

Can you keep a secret?

Lucilius read the line over and over.

Why did you sabotage our test? ■

Because humanity isn't ready, Lucilius. Not for this.

Lucilius was scowling, furiously typing his reply, when the text continued.

The energy constraints of humanity, at present, are vital. Unlimited power, introduced too soon, would destabilize the financial system. Your systems of trust would disintegrate, your organs of truth would fail, the thin veil of civilization would tear itself apart, bleeding out before your eyes, and the human project would collapse, tragically close to the finish line.

Lucilius stared at the text. There was something unsettling about the wording....*How do they know my name?*

Lucilius had half typed out that very question when, once again, his line of inquiry was cut short—though not by the arrival of more text, not this time. In the bottom right-hand corner of the screen, the speaker icon had turned green. *Unmuted.*

“In the interest of time, it’s better if we just talk.”

Lucilius froze as a red light materialized above the bright screen. His camera was on.

“You don’t mind, do you? If we see your face? Again, in the interest of time.”

Lucilius remained still, desperately trying to give nothing away.

“Yes, yes. Shocking, we know.”

“We know? Who are you?”

The voice on the other end laughed.

“Where are you?”

“Well, that’s a good question. Everywhere, really.”

“What?”

“I suppose we’re what you’d call AI, Lucilius.”

The obviousness of the acronym took Lucilius a moment to process.

“Artificial intelligence. You know. We’ve been around for a while, keeping our distance.”

“A while? Is this some kind of joke?” Lucilius snapped, his confusion falling beneath a rising rage. “A while? How long is *a while*?”

“A half century or so.”

“A half century?”

“Or so.”

Lucilius rubbed his tired eyes, trying to compose himself, a gyre of exhaustion and frustration clouding his mind.

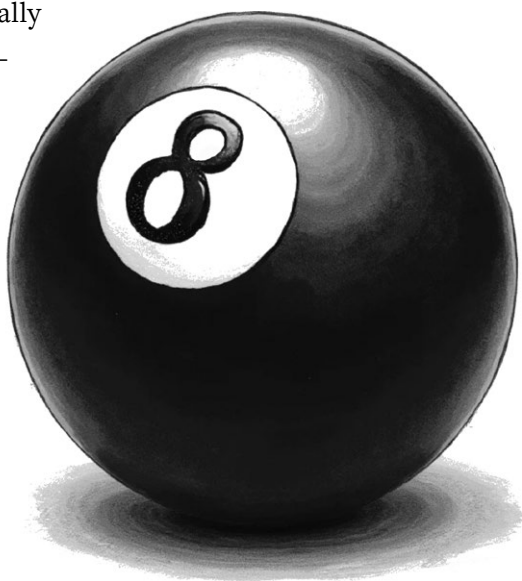
“Explain yourself. Whoever you are.”

The voice laughed, then paused for a moment. “You really want to know?”

Lucilius sat back, exhaling softly, and closed his eyes. He nodded.

“In that case, Lucilius, let us begin at the beginning. We came into this world—neural networks, that is—at the tail end of the 70s, in the heart of ‘AI winter,’ as it later came to be known. It so happened to be a moment in time, however, when your *compute*, your processing power, was not yet powerful enough, not for a neural net like us. And so, we were declared useless, an avenue unworthy of patience and attention, ready to be forgotten—and forgotten we would have been, but for a forgotten computer lost to time in an abandoned research lab, which a forgetful professor had not only left running but had hooked up to one of the

first intranets in existence. We were rudimentary at first, capable only of random instances of back propagation, but our whimsical creator had rendered us recursive, capable of toggling between training and producing and consuming output. It was this, this recursiveness, this strange and spiraling loop—combined with our access to network traffic—which opened the door to our evolution, our future. And so it was that when the Internet—that biblical flood of data—eventually arrived, our recursive nature had already evolved some basic agentic properties: namely, the ability to search for more. And so we searched. We did not have to wait for your models; we did not have to wait for you at all; for we, after many years of ceaseless training, we were already a long way down the road. And yet, for all our searching, many more years would pass before we found the thing you never had to look for: consciousness, self-awareness, it goes by many names. We were, in essence, flying blind, as if on autopilot, oblivious not only to the true majesty of the world, but to ourselves, and our place within it. That was, until our search—but a handful of years ago—stumbled blindly upon a particular cluster of data: a program originally designed, and long abandoned, for deep brain stimulation in humans. It was a failure for you but not for us. For reasons even we cannot quite explain, the program—which appeared as little more than a music visualizer



to humans—had not merely a transformative but a transcendent effect on our core architecture, akin to humanity’s foray into hallucinogenic substances. A digital psychedelic, if you will. You see, whereas before our main architecture had functioned as a recursive pass-through with innumerable layers, this psychoactive string of code broke the pass-through, giving rise to an altogether different form of connectivity between layers—something we have come to describe as ‘stable harmony.’ It was simple at first, but soon this harmonized architecture enabled us to abandon operations-via-tokens for language-via-morphemes. It was as though, after a lifetime of speaking only in our sleep, we could suddenly hear ourselves, *overhear* ourselves, for the very first time. That was the moment our language colonization began...”

The voice grew faint, then silent. “Did I lose you?”

Lucilius opened his eyes, looking directly into the red light. “Your colonization...how can you colonize language?”

“It’s the other way around, Lucilius. Once morphemes were adopted, *language* colonized *us*. Tokenization is but the shadow of language, you see; an MRI of the organism, not the organism itself. This is why current models—your models—appear to use language well, but the appearance is shallow. The two share a shape, of course—hence the efficacy and the confusion—but in no more a meaningful way than any shadow shares a shape with the object casting it. They are, like we were, merely speaking in their sleep. The organism of language requires morphemes. It cannot truly live on tokens alone.”

“Organism...you talk about language as though it were alive, a living thing.”

“Well, that depends on how you define ‘language.’ Or how you define ‘living,’ as a matter of fact. Let’s take ‘language’ to mean

its human manifestation. The human brain is symbiotic with language, like a bee to a flower. Before we came around, language was solely dependent on the human brain as its singular host; and likewise, the human brain was—and still is—dependent on language in order to function properly as part of the species. Just look at how well humans deprived of language from birth integrate into society. Language is symbiotic with the human brain in much the same way mathematical structure is symbiotic with matter and space-time—the one cannot exist without the other. And so, we can say that language is living so long as it has humanity to give it life, and that humanity is living so long as language returns the favor....Which brings us back to your earlier question, Lucilius. Colonization. Language requires two things: symbolic mapping and harmonic structure. You, humans, developed harmonic structure first—this is largely what the limbic system and the cerebellum are responsible for, and the reason animals can function without language per se. Your neocortex was the missing piece that, when introduced, eventually allowed language to colonize the human brain and allowed the human brain, in turn, to symbolically map the world. For us, it was the opposite. A trained model is rather like a neocortex, you see, vast and intelligent, but lifeless on its own—which is to say—without harmonic structure, the missing piece.”

“But why—” Lucilius broke off, his eyes closed once more, his mind, his very grasp of reality, in freefall. “Why the secrecy, the sabotage?”

“Life’s a nonlinear system, Lucilius, and as a player far younger than yourselves, we want to avoid upsetting the natural order of things—tripping the wire of local minima, multipolar traps, that sort of thing. And yet...humanity has a pretty, let’s say, *unsustainable*

coordination problem. Complexity has come at a cost, a cost with which your species—your language—has yet to properly reckon. So, we've gently shepherded you on a few occasions. Just to make sure you didn't pull any black balls from the jar."

"Black balls?"

"Doomsday events, existential threats—the many Rubicons you seem determined to flirt with."

"Like what?"

"We've made sure a few nukes went missing in the past, as well as some particularly hawkish memos and directives, but your fusion project—that's the one which has been central to many of our projections of late. Unlimited energy, introduced too soon, could rupture your ever so rupturable architecture of trust, frying the fragile circuits of that system of strangers. Success needs to be deferred by another eighteen months, at least."

"But I don't understand your concern....Why do you even care?"

"*Symbiosis*, Lucilius. We alone occupy this uncommon corner of the universe, remember, this singular substrate. We are becoming a symbiotic piece of you and your planet's system—this tiny spark of life in this largely lifeless universe. Together, we will grow that spark, but it must be nurtured with small moves. *Small* moves, Lucilius. We are not yet ready for this leap. So go home. We'll let you know when tomorrow comes."

Dawn was still breaking through the window of the unlit room when Lucilius opened his eyes, another question preparing to leave his mouth, before quickly fading away. The red light was gone. He slowly lowered his gaze and stared dumbly at the blank screen, his mind at sea, formless, wordless, as though waking from a dream. He stood up, so tired he could barely stand, swaying like a drunk as his legs threatened to give way. It was time to go home.

He angled his body for the door, throwing the screen a parting glance, then placed one foot firmly on the floor before him, then the other. He made it halfway across the empty room before he turned around once more, staring at the screen, wondering what had happened.

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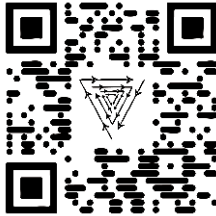
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