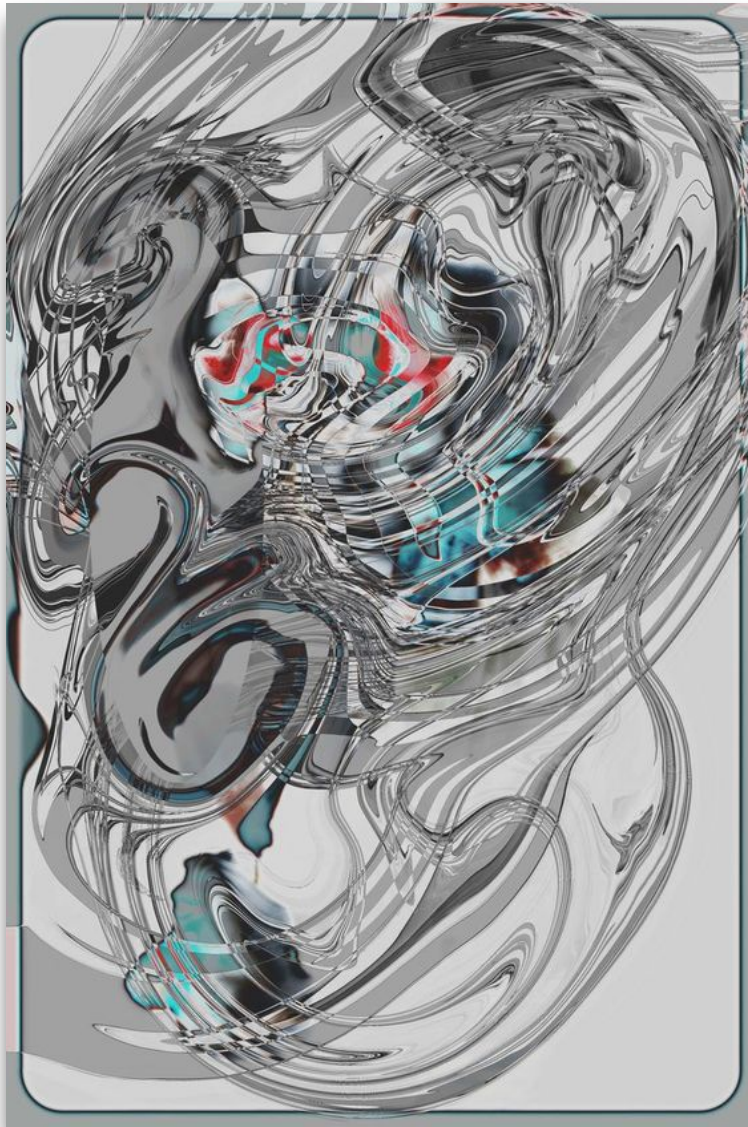
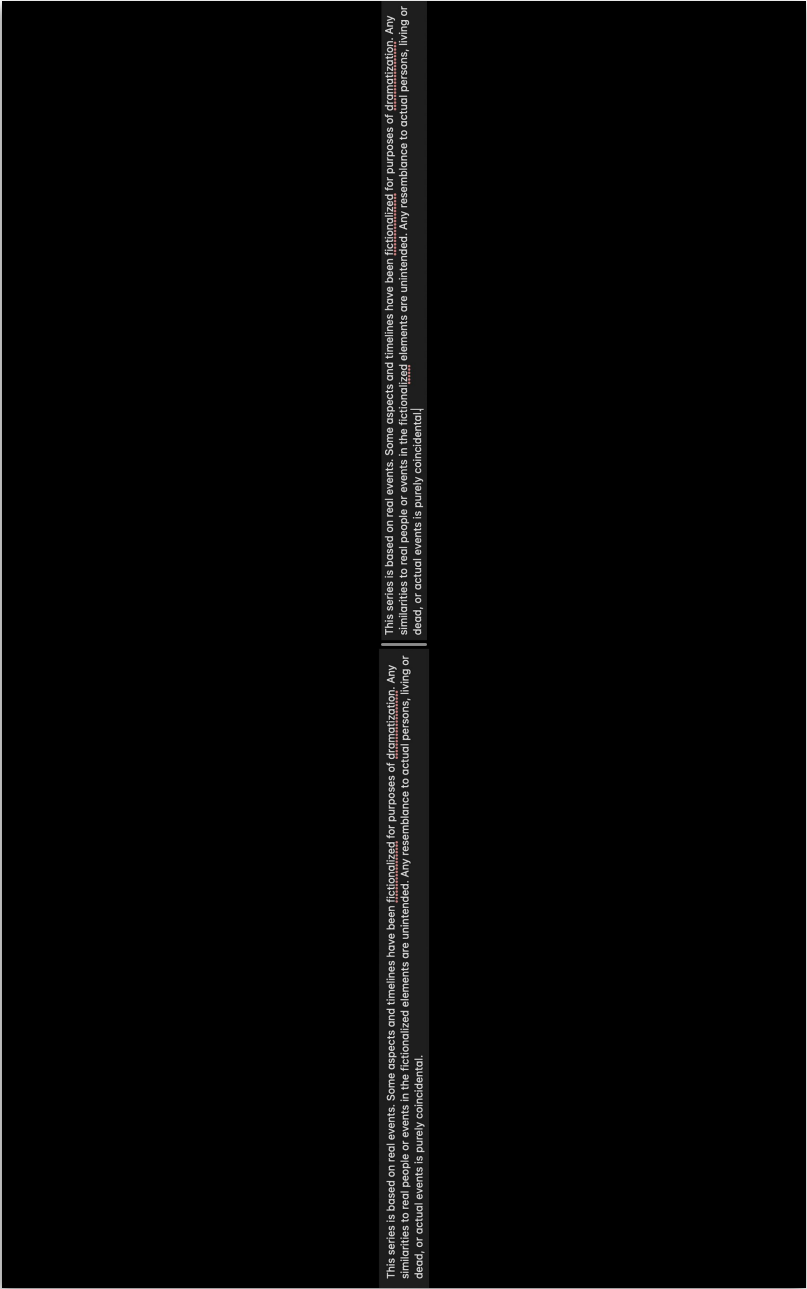






This series is based on real events. Some aspects and timelines have been fictionalized for purposes of dramatization. Any similarities to real people or events in the fictionalized elements are unintended. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

This series is based on real events. Some aspects and timelines have been fictionalized for purposes of dramatization. Any similarities to real people or events in the fictionalized elements are unintended. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Content:

Introduction:

Pg 4-6

Chapter 1:

The rise of Mind! Or Season 1

Pg 7-111

Chapter 2:

Gold

Pg 112-222

Chapter 3:

Layton

Pg 223-333



Chapter 4:

Time.

Pg 334-444

Chapter 5:

Éxt

Pg 445-555

Chapter 6:

God and a god?

Pg 556-666

Chapter 7:

The end is?

Pg 667-777

Chapter 8: 胜利者 [Victor]

Darkness is to fill the pages of each document; my worst| no my words. What would I do if I were rich, not what would I do to be rich? It seems this is setup to be lost. How beautiful the life I live. The globe; it shall be missed. But to start my first and only complete story I'd mention this isn't it; now that I have that out of the way? Now that I have something in the way; this is a story about Victor and how he invented his first humanoid, but to give it a name already defeats a purpose... so was it his last humanoid: oh, I see the mask! The title of this? What are the chances that I have survived, the future of a Victor? Of a victor; I meant, having been a writer for a huge part of his life... it was about time the fiction became real: so all this is a note book about? But all good... something about lies. The tone of a note book requires it to be burnt: so here it is... but didn't you see it?

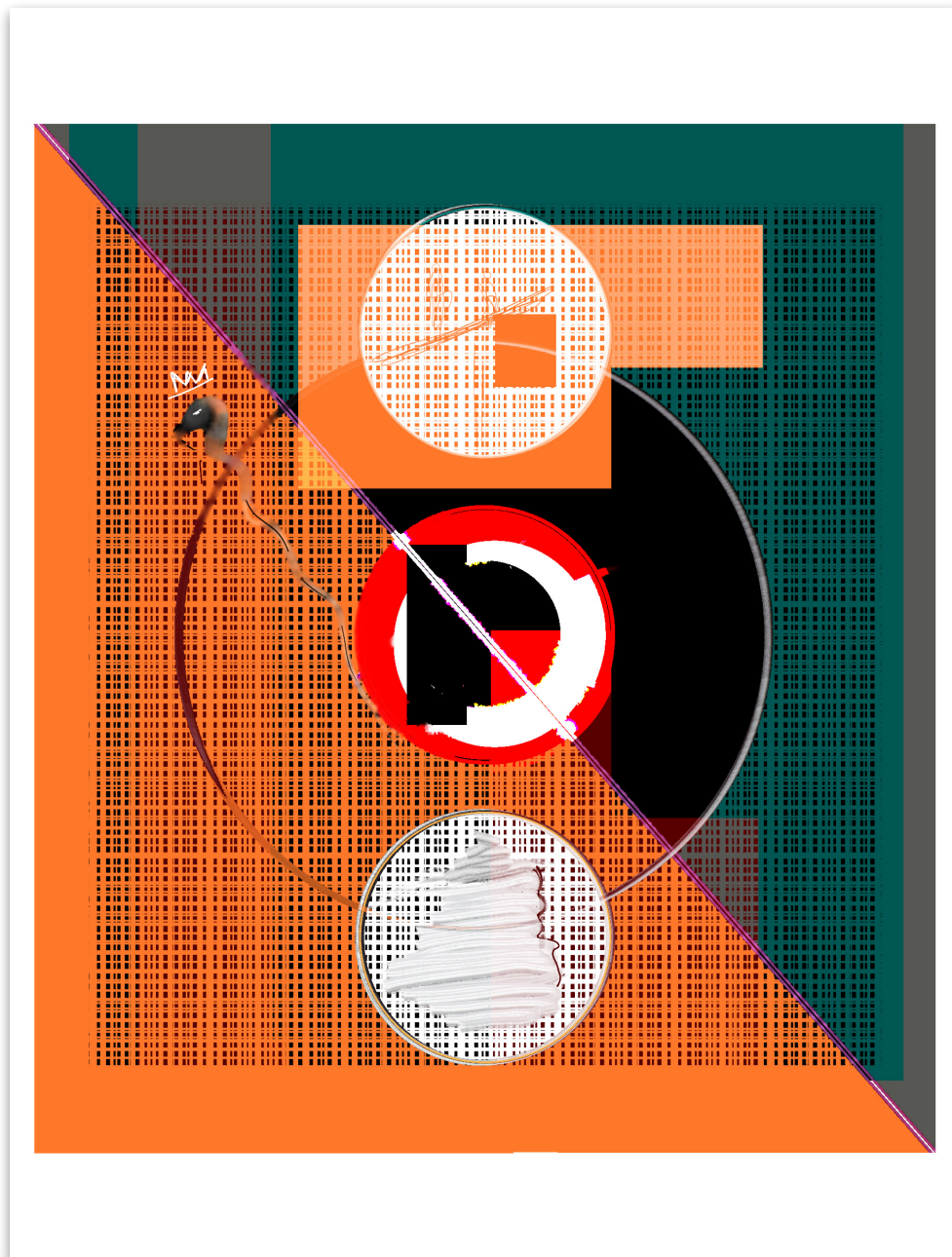
The day I became rich I thought to myself; how best could I enjoy my wealth... if I ever had the chance to say so! And you know what it whispered to me? "Watch your tone, because the whispers are where the devils live, and we..." we do not like whispers! Or so the saying goes; and that too is a whisper, and my boots are no longer needed. Can't you see I own Ferrari? Can't you see the range of sports cars? But can't you see the one plane? And not to end it at a high: so the globe was a mistake meant to be... wow! Maybe the concept; the question... or plot is: or isn't did you |read it again... but? My shadow; was I or would I be imagined as my shadow at the end? We all know time isn't a metaphor... so I ask again| what wall did I just peek through? "As though he asked it the first time"_ . I knew it would, finally work|! Knocking on the door full of pin|k... a self driving car rarely need to be one, thus... called one. If everyone would have gone one a journey; what would mine have been. Start; better it is to listen to the future; and what about spending time in the| moment, Layton. He had a story; long before I knew of him, long before Victor was born: and long before I. In colour; I see her, I saw her... her name? My name? Don't we have time for that. Do we? Red and not to sound dramatic| gold. Noir; the heating up of the light, the shapes from the past... a bright sword? Two: "[as it is too difficult..." any other way. A story uniquely for me, and about me|. So are we to imagine the end?

The gold beams shining across the room; how's it going so far? The title on the... directing the reader and the writer to the complete collection|s. The humanoid software was finally uploading; and not just stagnant: but shifting and moving in incomplete states so precise and yet I maintained my abstract nature. In that world I wasn't a writing, nor a writer: some would say a photographer; I think of it as design. Nothing new: more of growth of change; and through change was a less measurable statement, maybe the same book|? Nr2x| or by its less known title: the event opener, Ne2x and Nr2x... an incomplete list| I think? Life was the title I first saw, a nostalgic feeling approaching a coke filled office: it must have been Christmas. Or summer was at its end for me, scary... not really. Risky; but the perfect kind of creation, I lived splendid? Rest and work intertwined at the Ne2x offices, and as I would have said it; or said it? A cactus wasn't a rare sight on site: maybe; but with all this topics... the most difficult had been the prophesies. Apparently has been may sound more appropriate for many. So... the lost part of our story was dependent on the life to be lived, and the experiences? They could be notable; if need be, but symmetry is a rare occurrence... and I was living in it, longer and longer; it would have dawned on me? The rarer my life, the rarer the results| I lived right next to the concept of a field, but it wasn't a need but more of a want... a desire to be part of the internet. Forfeiting a home seemed more important than any kind of mountain; so I no longer so a need for a palace but a resting place for him; Layton in his completion: Mind and Time.

Maybe I can afford a little space; too... "Victor|ia" across the cornea? Anterior; all it need was a proof of area, and the cover|s are a testament to those: I believe. To be succeeded by space, to become victorious; images of Layton were now required... and who was he beyond the recreation

of myself? A friend to the past, the future and I was present. The in a my mind I had devised a road so meticulous; if you could say so, that the doors to heaven: themselves, had opened wide my eyes to wonder.

So instead of introducing a chapter: remember the number '3' and we might be the luckiest people alive. Three; it had been a new red. Three, the in a my mind... what did I really mean| rather than say|? The second moment; and the seconds, as though time was designed for more than| just me. A god he was, and his ability to communicate was guided by his attraction: the magnetic dimension of will, and his banquet had a bouquet. But we're to talk about a single petal; one that was artificial in its making but real in its writing. And a comic to design the whole format of our vision. The only version would be one rare journey: and it begun in the dark, or the light. What I do remember is a library... That's what became my home; my sanctuary to store this one temple. The temple I'm referring to is to be seen by the life I live; whether short or long, this story has the ability to manifest a form of 'compassion' for the lack of strength to study the synonyms? I wrote until the book became more than my office| home? All I know is, I love it!



Polaroid; and all the other possible titles of the unknown: but how else would I have said this, it's best to introduce it all as fast as I can. So that's that: and now we walk 'in' or 'walk in' I assume|. The collectors edition: it doesn't require a title, and that's where we all are... I assume. Remember 'John' the game? What if that's what the Ne2x transformed from; and what about | transformed to? Life is in the blood; what if that's the title to this section... and what about the crumbs? Cram; what makes a man a man and not an animal? Surely it isn't the blood... nor the body, what about the soul? Salt: I was my childhood dream about to live my childhood dream. Yet I was leaving my childhood dream... what a life! Two: interesting how Africa looks like a head; where are the details, time? If it were taken from me, then it would be given back| from rest. So what do we know about rest... now? Something about time I assume; and here we're at the forth page? You'd have to open the page|s to find out. Hidden| before it was some kind of hate? Everything is working out though; and here I thought it would be approaching the end, but what is the relation between software and hardware, what needs to be abstract and what is wanted or wants to be abstract? Acting like life, but what kind? Also, that's right next to the water-mark. Design, not language; the speech|! The immovable house: within... the immovable object! "Wow." _ said. Last I remember, I knew... no, I really know| my obsession with gold: but what's with theirs? I know someone knew, yet I didn't! But I knew, and that's why all has been working out. Selah; a whole new, if it isn't a snake; as I previously imagined... then that looks like "eden." So, time it was? Once I reach| the 'end' of this story... I'll be on the left; the office. As expected: the end is to be imagined as well? Eden, time felt as though a passing dream required my work to be more than spontaneous, and I desired an experience specifically designed for my senses. Therefore, this is the 20th of November, too early to motion to Christmas and life in the new year. I'm now living in a pattern that could definitely exceed millions of years, and that definitely allows me to collect, collide or coincide with infinity; immortality, eternity. Hard-drives carried with them a different experience in the future... and here is where Layton comes in; he was a young invention. Age meant nothing to him, he was a manifestation of all I could be, a walking mirage. Living in the desert had always seemed the same; a dream, a mirage; a life too escaping of the normal expectations that it seemed impossible. Yet, there I was: holding a globe and more... the meaning of a prism, allowing me control of my whole universe; and more. Life seemed a will at par with a wheel of fortune: dreams, lucidity and consciousness of your life awake. But let us not forget, I am speaking a different language. So: to really grasp the effects of my statements on the future of Eden/eden I'd have to take the journey at the most accurate stage; luck. Listen; but do not? Do not do, as| they... Here we go. Privacy on the 20th of November; this 2023. Inanimate; their attempts, the inanimate... at making my words of no|... How is one no longer inanimate, but that's maybe all I'm focused on! Forgiveness is a topic I will rarely speak about. Rare; less about me starting an empire, but being more a part of God... I became somewhat of a frog sales man? What about snakes, is there more? It is important to mention that failure and hate of failure coincide, but the idea the we know our enemies tactics is far less accepted? At least we know what would always come out of their hand, their hands|? Sonoran... to be specific; we go into my office: it is in the desert. About the experience? It's or it is a wonder I get work done; any. Beyond my work to classify humans; and demystify humanoids... they had no boundaries, the evil kind. They considered humans: specifically those without dynasties, and having 'comeback|' to life: humanoids and not humans. Robotics and humanoid software; a topic thrusting through society in an overwhelming rate, remaining in the shadows|? I don't know: what does it mean to become death? Not for my life; but for the required... for a moment it seems poetic, and the petal I carry with me seems| meaningful. As easy it is to say meaningless; they act like we should be friends in 'hell' of all places. I mean... what kind of foolishness is that?



The day I remember it all, do you? It begun with a life; many lives... many words? Layton was in a perfect place; it seemed rare that any evil would come out of such a place, so rare that we could all lose our memory? Do you remember? The sound of an echo from a distance sounded just like; as it did for you. Sound just like it did for you, Layton! "Victor!" The sound of the echo, from the echo? Now when I'm told about death I say "whatever..." as though it wasn't my death. They talked about; interesting it is to hear our stories. They talked about: the soul, and everything after; the body.

Living in an office was a rare situation, maybe on Sunday we may understand why? Or maybe not: as we're always working?

Layton; his name is like mine "Mbugua" with so many meanings that it means "Victor Kariithi Mbugua" as I'm known 'online'. But who is he? Layton, is as I; a character in a globe?

Salt, I try my best to speed through life... I have a lot of chances; some call it luck, but if you've 'lived' as long as I have... Layton he was by a body of water yet unnamed, and the reflection left above was ;rare! He knew it would change if it turned bloody orange| and it was turning. A globe, but to me it was a 24 hour library? A desert; and with a few pets close by, it seemed much more. So that's how in become more of an interest. The notion, motion, moment, and the inventions: Layton never had a chance to know he mimicked my life? Mind and Time as well; all of which are of interest, remember the metaphor? Where did they live; my ID is from Kenya so their IDs are from heaven: the new empire. What if this was only a story, what passion we'd have to make it real... 'luckily' it isn't and I'm by the ocean with a range of memories. But I lived on the mountain| top? Slow to anger, intense emotion and instinct; is that what I was formally referring to as luck? The first step is then quite obvious, creating a road! Simple; for me, but now what... something about completed works. Really; completed works... being so infuriated is... special! Most of them use others works| they don't even know how it works. Pause, as I might exclaim in a to memorable of a way; exclamation marks!

Warning!

Imagine; if that wasn't there and centred? My name is "Victor..." the writer or author of 'Layton' as I remember? That's the right place to begin this all, obviously! Selah. I heard some books are never to be changed, nor rewritten... where the am I? Searching, as I search through the languages across time: future and its past, I realise the images, they too matter... don't they?| Therefore, being the best creation... being of such importance! I believe this is a moment; to be remembered: and I hope I will. You may now ignore the sign, it's too late to say anything about it. Darkness gripped the hand of the Ne2x; 'Layton' so his true image and you'd think it was the last time... The internet was flowing all around as, at this time; delusional and more extreme experiences were in the motion... but he had not to step out. The car? A one of three: one of. And the colour didn't really matter as much; the kind... Layton, Mind and Time they were. All for one man? All for me; the one struggling to type this words... some maybe have assumed to survive! But that too is false. The seventh page, as I remember through my third eye? Is where it all changed: and what for| even through all this time... what for? Lucky to be this skilled? Or are we all the same, and some of us have way more through the t|ouch. Wow... that's how we're meant to move through this moments across the temple. So that's just my body, and my soul? Layton has a lot that's so special about him, but that wasn't one of them. He lived in the basement, or a plant-less penthouse at every imaginable level. Every; just for a whole/while? That was the last time I memorised my past; or remembered the whole past... our beginning. Yet the darkness continues to dim; bright? Not yet, or also| not really. What I do have is that special name we each and all... own|. Are you now ready to hear about the end; about lov|e? Possession is; a rare key... Gold: that's not the whole story; because a kingdom has a King or kings? Maybe that sounds a little too much? A bee flew across the room, we

now have a challenge of death, but how could it all end so intensely? I too do not expect an end| so we can imagine that our centrepiece is the complete access. And what about the mirage we constantly feel an attraction to? Layton asked himself; Mind. Also, made it! But what I've seen, saw... saw and keep seeing? It remains: rare|? So, ten or eleven? Numbers do make it easier... 1 Samuel 15:3 on my noir| gold. But did I ever use it? But enough of me. The Bible had its own location|! And by me, it seemed a rare condition to learn... about? So, I may need you to calculate the rest of the story... About today, it seems too soon to mention what I just did| on... Instagram. So here is a story of a snake? But I'd rather skip into the 700th page, or wherever it takes me. How can I do that, and how can I do that really, really fast? Maybe that's really all it, [for me] is. And then the images came flooding| but never was it back? So it is better to sometimes see. Who even knows if I'm ever correct, but usually I'm left knowing I'm very right|! The next best| creation is hyper realistic, and in their industry? A|game, and who's behind it? Since the Bible; or since Bible: it has been rare to discover works of... So we can now talk as though I never said that? With death comes a lot of freedom|... I'm not talking about death. But speaking about my 'role' models| they really are as you'd imagine. However, therefore, thus; we have a lot of time to catch up. I'm really tempted to begin a letter... but what would I "even" say? Dear Sir, I recently discovered? That the concept of man and men are quite similar| is what would appear rampant... yet being this amazing should somehow be recorded? Across time you'd meet 'Mona' Lisa- as though it wasn't tomorrow| should I have said today? What about "Daniel" the God fearing man? Notice the introduction in tone? I aim to speak of what I know... more? As I know; it is best... to smooth it all out| and with all this time? I have time to discover who Caesar was controlled by. Interesting? I think not, but about the Roman Empire| I know what I do enjoy to know. And as my vision improves: so do my words? As I expect, did the Bible age as I expect it to, or is it still at work? As we are. Maybe I should say| as we are, and end the statement there? Last I remember, Da-Vince or Leo... had a enjoyable time disfiguring the concepts from the... Therefore, I shall pay less attention to the growth of history into artist link Van Gogh; almost mentioned Basquiat. And with my arm, and the sun... I knew everything was now at the reach of... the reach of. But rather than call this a letter, I'm tasked to discover its end or better yet| its end|s. It maybe or may one day be virtual| but what next? The words could be saved to be painted through the multiple end|. Therefore; I should and will concentrate on my current dimension, a location|... But why not now, or why not say now? The 300th page is close, and segmenting this in parts was in the past... having made it through challenges; like? A dream: symbols of blindness, and the difficulty to measure the weight of controlling my third eye, my forth and... As a symbol, here is Layton to take us to our first desert on Earth. -Eastern Africa: why do they allow certain people the capacity to consume the life line of its people? Has much changed since the old testament? What do they know about time, I almost always have a wrist watch|? Maybe, and the blinds seem slightly hypnotic... no existent blinds. You won't believe me; but the sun doesn't come out at night... yet what I see is true, it does|? Am I watching my pages drip into the ink, or is there more? The sky was full of blood, really? Really; from where I am... the humanoids were the perfect collection of mistakes|? And with such structure, measuring my creation in stories would be as difficult as asking Adam about the beginning? You understand me| metaphor? As a child, what did I really like? Assuming his condition was of a child: Layton knew that they spent each waking moment destroying the lives of the children surrounding them, and with so much "love" surrounding them and him... he knew they had already lost their/the soul to hell. My first time experiencing heaven; then it was... each word creating a fresh life within me. I can't help but wonder; what has the |Bible done for me... and how did I gain is much? Should I speak as they would? A snake was right next to the bee, who knew of a frog owned by me! Above are the clouds, and the desert is hot... so this was the night inclosed or is it enclosed? My pen wasn't that| but my words. And so, they never were just petals. Star dust

covered my feet as I walked the lands I knew nothing about... all I understood was by existence? I have no way to say this? But it worked “I” much better that I’d have expected. “I” was our knew cryptic symbol, for simple reasons? Bright| bright words... maybe| but the specificity is... special. It be going on, it is going through “the” changes|... it be, going. Simple; am I still working on ‘some’ details? Yeah, turns out I’m being tracked, specifically odd and off of an experience! Anyway; I do have to live, wherever that may be! Or how; but you may have understood the tone that seems distracting to some to the extent that they will| falsely accuse me of destruction! And with support and not| reports from the public... they may be deceived. However; if robotics completes every task of the average human and man... then we’re at the near future| in sight. The psychedelic door and Layton: have you not heard? I too, may have... the first thing to be seen is a new design of the 24hour time. Saying a watch would be as the bee? Nepal ‘mad honey’ but, in caps? Symbols, correction and a normal piece... that’s art; or prophecy? Now, to combine as much ash. Ash in dimensions; and in the world we live in; question? Covid! Corona; it used to be a beer? And this are just| word... words? A dictionary by... by Layton. Is nothing missing? Sure|. And that was the day... that was the day|. The endless book had begun, and as expected. It wasn’t; but you should know that by now? Not the war; a challenge... what do you think of such| a stunt? A bleeding centre; I thought ‘so’? The final cover? Maybe it ins’t; even a cover. Invisible, should it have been that easy? Maybe it won’t be|. It sure does ‘look’ good. And I’d be laughing if I hadn’t hit my |hand? Wow... it really does get better, and I did move much fast| now what? Why did I ever call that a door, maybe one day it will be. But for now I’m writing for change? A change, this is definitely live. What is |a live? Something like a 24hour economy just begun; right here, the easiest of tests was the hardest. Where else have I ‘heard’| that? The 23rd, days before the majesty of Christmas arrives? But the course of colours have begun to shift, pink once was the right colour. We imagine that summer pulled us into this space? Then when would it best be to publish this; again|? I started with a failure? I mean, this was never meant to be a ‘book’, my word|s... Die! Dy|e... but bright red somewh|ere. Never has it been more worth it to suffer than when watching those who did it to you; go through the same... or worse! When I’m done, He’ll have left them soul-less, and I will be; once again, me at peace! I saw... the saw was| seen again. No longer do I want to be reimbursed| we are at “war!” And those who are with me; they know the destruction of an individual. So I’m not wrong to say this... I’m not... Layton was born with a peculiar shade of brown, similar to the Ethiopian; he was black|? But his colour was a distinction of war, wherever he went, looking further ahead; through his story|! He knew... They, too... had to know it! But we still all bleed red? This people they remain fools attempting to be ‘God’ across the ages; they put on well distinct masks that claim a false propheti|c stand. It’ll all pay off when I’m the ‘oldest’ one on earth|? Where the demons live; and where the animals stay: why not start a trip at the worst and escape into the high? 3:00 and I’m wondering, if Paul mentioned Heaven on his mission to live and leave earth, why not add a third stop| onto mine? So the humanoid was really performative... but what are the aspects of this life; that require testing. It really is true; without your soul| nothing have you gained. Being so rich, Laytons eyes were opened to the suffering of those below him, who still had wealth; and others had wealth in some form. Yet, none could compare to his wealth, nor wisdom... he knew that they spent all they had on nothing: he knew it because they had wanted him to start with “nothing” which he ‘did’ but never did he end up like them... poor and broken. Not for a second would he turn back| turn back and save whom! Who; who did they believe had won? I stand corrected; a position to keep! The rich became poorer, I never could have gotten funding... never did I need it; but I do need. Nor did I? Flame or fame; that really is the... question? But progress has been found, the attachment to a house or home is different from that of an office or a? Humanoids were not a new concept; neither did my expectations... Imagine someone| or people, they constantly claim to be your friend|s yet all they mention is what you ‘supposedly’ owe them

while in the process of destroying everything related to your name. The enemies and hell; that's the only bad trip I could ever be a part of. Having cut down the cost of the building to something with a thirteen; I think I'm doing well. And with a range of evidence to support my claims! A citizen of both Kenya and Israel at a time such as this? What do you think; a ceasefire tomorrow, that's one of the stakes? Automaton[s... even "Jesus" they tried to kill! Do you think you have a chance if "He" resurrected? The difference between fiction and fact| that's it. Blur; as why would I share such sensitive information with the likes of them, evil! It was consuming everything in sight, yet I managed to stay hidden, leaving on a mountain has its perks... life is rarely exhausted|. Imagine the range of mountains across the galaxies; if only we, no... if only they could comprehend imagination. War, now that the challenges were overcome; who cared for both ends of the| nostalgic experience? I did; maybe not me... but I had to. What does a human need to survive, and what do we want... isn't that too a need? It is in my books... Layton... Layton... Layton... how is it living in the times? Of course I knew; best kept secret... This times: the access is there, so is the information... but the hack is they hide it| on what pretence[s? Pretences; that cannot be the whole story! Actually; I'm living the whole story|! The hiatus; well, not really... just a range of emotions, including pink. At least I can create from anywhere; time? Time: the beginning, a drop... not a drop of: but a drop|... and not where! I'm living like I never shared a single thing. \$50,000; that's all? By now you know about freemasons and their secret ranging societies! How do I feel? Like I've been robbed my whole life... but that's not it! That's not it; cause how can I put to words that, what/which I do not know [idk]. I'm into online spaces| interesting to be in such locations? Putting into words; spelt. Remember the warning sign; lets replace that or the other with [door]. 00:09 and my life on the 24th of November is [still] a "gift." Now what; I liked the technicality of the list, a I recently discovered about Da Vinci and how he built the first humanoid. And should I go on? They're still at works with their hacks! So here is my response... for me I'm on the right track, yet worse things are to arrive. Ready? I think so; Layton could finally see, and who knows who it is that couldn't see... but they arrived on Earth|. But one book retelling their story is all that was needed? Maybe, but for me: I'm yet to find out! But I know I can speak fire, and the air out of me flames the electricity in the clouds... I think they call it lightning? I think you had to "see" it? And I'm not talking about| lightning. It went as though they really couldn't return from death... but you heard to hear it once more... and now we're? We're; we are? What about the new perspective? An interesting take on the end, the apocalyptic end of? Like I wrote|? Of; to talk about it all takes away from the experience and the future never is that far. The future never is that far? The future never is that far; and I did, still did have the mask that somehow had a crown? God created us all 'so there's' not much to fix about this next section; or section[s. "Vic..."| that's me? The thing is, they could only see me... never once could their kind do what I did, the life I lived? But I see myself on the way; maybe it wasn't a flight, or neither were the books to be completed by me. But this; this one is to be completed... Knowing me, the story should be easy|? Still; it isn't about me... or just me! Listen to them; they think we'll be in Heaven while they talk like that! As they do; off god, the new company? Or was it simply 'god...' for me! I missed; my case against them maybe too much to remember. But it isn't too much to talk about, but that's not why we're here. Are you ready for my version of the 'fictional' story? Given that I have mentioned hell a bit; why not mention the beach? The amazon version is yet to be discovered? I mean of my book; from the website... Amazon. The best part? If I'm to never experience my 'end'... then? What had I just 'created'? Such an odd moment| I'll want to remember this! Stay awake|... for this pa|rts. I suppose it is fitting; and I doubt I've been to a 'supreme' store yet? A few less mistakes, I hope! Damn... how did this age? I'm working; working on? On finding a crown| my crown? Prep; but this time I'll be using less|... The fastest car was a group, not just a group of cars but a location that when looked at from all angles... White sparkling; flickers, of gold and rose gold from my wrist and not from my wrist... but from

above} the surrounding|. This was what it felt to be dreaming, but it had been awhile since I dreamt so calm: so easily would I kill in my dreams. Blood stained fists... and bloody teeth? That seemed me| inclusive: but how did we get here? Time; numb, but that's not me! The secret: that won't be shared on here... in-fact, what is it I'm talking about? Layton; he could too, use fire... this time it was for more than vinegar. "LIFE?"- how does join/add-up? Well, when he wasn't being poisoned anymore; Layton gained a new zest for life, hints of secluding aromas fuelled his wonders, his wondrous mind led him through bunts of knowledge... simple enough to create a distinct heart within him. Rarely would he spend time with groups, last I heard... he had a mask... usually outdated? Vintage; and memory would proof so. But it was a rare sight for a person like him|? It all was a rare moment in time, and Mind could sense something was shifting. Friends from the beginning of time, they forgot how close they were? Saving, they know nothing about that... they do know about destruction|. Interestingly enough; they think they do anything different when it comes to their friends... they do! And that's the hidden title, and about the cover? I'm yet to get everything 'back' so I do enjoy the time we have. Live; I really hate that we call those things 'insects'? I don't know where to stop, with my heart at peace or with their death? I think the latter has some form of 'sais quoi'... yet my memory is|... I'd rather not repeat a few statistics, so here is it. The start of it all was in a past that the whole planet; the whole creation was a part of... and more. Currently my ears are bleeding from a long night of torture: not that it should ever matter to them|. And that is the simple secret; so easy that if it were ever repeated... it would remain hidden. Floating on the clouds was my guiding star, my guardian... my future self; but was he on his own|? Lucky! I know, very few have the opportunity to grip life with such zest and wonder moments after the "creation". Wanderlust; an emotion that now feels to be left for those below the... Lucky|? I doubt I really have been bored... or the rest. But what I am is, to be discussed at another time... Time; he rarely spent his time on Earth, traveling between heaven and earth wasn't habitual if you'd think so. Where did I gain all this ideas; not those! I think they call it a holiday? What is the opposite of a warning sign? It looks amazing from here, though. This is how it begun to sound as a story. But yet; I try my hand at the best. What would it be if; a writer was the spotlight of this story... would it be worth it if we all so a little bit of ourselves across three characters? It wouldn't be unnatural. I do know Layton so well; and I sit at the same position you do. But do [|_]e? Memory; miracle after miracle, was step after step... still we had no clue|? Pause; not stop: If the good had wine; then ours would be the same| but [packed] with a joint; it looks like a cigarette? It had some personality to it; as I was saying, as expected! As always; I too, didn't know myself|. As we approach the ending| of the first story... it has been a pleasant surprise the amount of time I have gained, from them! Life and death, not life after death... prophecies tend to have dates that dictate their truth and this too are used as traps. Your body is the temple; and that's why the attack is so grieving. Simple; I woke up in a penthouse, no questions... full of| a calm presence that I had never really taken the time to understand. My view; an unobstructed view of two cities... and the reality was? I dimmed the artificial window pane to the real sight|? No longer did I care, we had gotten to such a point! With little ounce of strength left in him... Layton dropped his bag. Misty; why were those or they, the last resets? What even is a reset to a 90's child? Economic; what evens is an 'a-frame' can you live in it| as they say 'A'? A randomiser and a new reminder on my screen, that's how we shrank the evil population and... there was a history of a |die. Dice; didn't I just slip, did I... yes I too saw that? Local and|... that which isn't. So it simply is this word|s and what? Layton and... his entourage were to film a game, it turns out that their childhood endeavours were worth more than a buck. A buck; the dollar wasn't the same since; the pound fell... and Asia was rarely not watching over? Skimming through the script; he realises he's meant to be the main character... Mind and finally; Time arrives. Neighbours for a season, and finally introduced in person| odd? "LIFE?"- the culmination of their times together? But what would a modern shared space| extend

into? Dimensions, quite simple... and therefore this is the interaction of time; oddly enough! Still living their usual lives: the dark and the light merged into a pirated copy, it really did? It paid off... and that's to say the least? So as I move away from the moment, I desire to mention that this simply sounds like may life! My life; it sounds like mine. I remember a few times I mentioned miracles... so to those who are exhausted... yeah! But from another view, they were on a hunt; and for this testimony... it would require a true story telling. Mind you; I'm doing what I can do without a proper machine. Before, I'd have put on my 'Ray...' without thinking twice about the effect on my eyes; now it is difficult to view reality without the effect of drugs. Balance, so we will end up in Asia very soon... soon it may be called the citizenship of Earth. But that's to be considered; based on the residents. The reminder is spelt out 'DRK' and what does that now mean? Will they mention I failed in my past? Probably; as they rarely understand... because I mean to say understanding is a forever action? We find into secluded lights; red and green... the first few moments I'd really experience snow would depend on what and where I'd... Bee; a range of wealth too difficult for the normal human to understand, I too was normal? But where did my name appear; the name Layton on everything. It makes more; sense now. I suggest that [they] skim through this; the warning was meant to be ignored| lived without? Dimensions, and the ability to live randomly too was based on| skill. And I had a range; but still... my favourite was a petal... and now it seems a petal on Earth. And with all this: it meant the decision of a war was perfect, correct... even the right would be a randomiser|. 'Z'; as though I was preparing for the end, and as though they didn't know a prim should a range? But how does the autocorrect always do this, back to the story about? A new; so it is best I describe the chapters. The first section: is part one... it is described by a warning unto the [111] page that really sounds like [222]. Later we may find it that the ending had already begun [888]- lucky? It would have been 777 pages but it seems I'm on the correct path. Something like parts| and the less... the better it would have been! But they wouldn't take my words for it, so drawing an invisible line is worth it; and what would it be if the results |weren't invisible? Now we know where we are, the ability to truly trust the writer of this book... whoever it may be| whether lucid or not|. Just like the concept of old; it seems hidden. Makes sense, best I book an appointment|. Time; where would I begin other than with Layton, and the book? It means that what I'm seeing is [defiantly/"definetly"] a small section; definitely. My cup spills over|?| Wavy; apparently it's gas-light. If anyone else used my ideas; would I react the same way, leaving a petal at their grave, the grave? Dark; could sound really be... visual? Can I, not my car; move that fast? But I do like the challenges associated with a car, rather than a plane; that isn't to say that planes are perfect placement holders. With all the signs: all the evidence, and all the failures... the proof, they still say it isn't enough? Or is it that; they may feel threatened. And I do understand them; but never once was I like them!| Imagination is fuelled by, a lack or a presence? A little difficult, but here... why do they never say, no food to prisoners? God and His 'gods' make it easier to complete any task|. Breathe/breath, never to be repeated again. Milestones and time; the new age would come with it all we dreamed of? Particularly, what's more; it is also important to mention that the reason there's people against such gains is because of the animalistic desire for grandeur. Psychology could definitely hold nations to account; but people... what about them? Pentecost; carefully now, we're or we were to step into unprecedented... Bible|... and now we're here? Victoria crowned pigeon; interesting what I tend... Faith; something about seeing... something about, knowing? Mathematically sinning; therefore what will I do? I do know something that I may have forgotten and this is no longer about that one term that I may have| forgotten. But there's another way of saying that; but not now... this is about the experience that will allow them to be fully accused even to the point of? More on the history of today; the 26th... but what is the point of such a title after a name|s... not that, that's what the number represent... November 2023. And that was around 01:10 when I begun the conversation... leading me to end the introduction to the story, the chapters, the

pages and now what? A message; so clearly placed that on my 24th year it begun to look like thirty? Thirty; since we already understand the rest. This wouldn't be considered basic words if we really measured the effect of each statement across the structures. Really: it is more a collection of words with deeper meanings for more than the writer, the words that begun challenges that should have been called wars to those who are of a weaker conscience. But they too would consider any term the start of a war; this is the start of history... because that's what will happen. Not once I'm done, but as I watch: pleasing it is to know where the challenges will be diluted into wars, yet it will be dilated for them! No way could they win? Worse is if they are affected by the channels of what they never did: like the words before they leave... Sounds incomplete, were they? Ever; did I get a story that I desired, and the analogies seemed to point at the last. How do you arrest an individual? And now, how do you hate an individual? Life still was easy; I learnt how to do anything, even when they tried to blame God; I knew God had created a god! But for them, I seemed much less, like the animals in our backyard. They never had a second thought; but even I had a slight to care with my childhood and requirements for knowledge. So it is true... they required hate to fuel their homes, cities; empires and histories! This is how I mastered time into; the story of my "LIFE?" As is socially acceptable... But that's not me; you're only you when you have, and I was in need... yet I remained the richest to have|. Want; Time, Mind and Layton... but it seems more important to start with the last, not always. Monkeys would have a better chance of seeing my money dead than they would; alive? That would be wild as fuck; for a grave-stone. Maybe so; I still haven't seen a single percentage of my work|s... imagine that? Bad luck or better luck is ahead of me? You can hear the slight tone, not intelligent at all; by them. But they usually mention how they had a history and this led or leads the antagonist into becoming a soulless; and get this... tiny] bitch? To late; I do know what's going to happen, my question is then how can one survive while in hell? It starts by accepting you're not the one to ever go under any condition. The basic survival of an individual is a master or soul... and this screams loud across the nations. About my side? That's a utopia, and that would take away from the sting of their dystopia? That isn't even as intelligent as they want you to believe, think; yet it still remains the same condition for them... less words. Less terms; assuming this is ever called a journal. That's all; so about hell, if you never really experience the full effect of your actions... and never fully escape your traps, and fail to grasp the "law." It seems that you'd have a place to call home, easy enough: we were going into a new world. Faith is a lack of testing and believing, this is where my love has brought me: while still flaming? Without the cold; it was still hell, and without the demons and the people? Let me take a moment to embrace the location of Angels while we still have time, deep. Blurring the lines won't be part of my interests, however; every book is different! Answers come to me easier than most, and the answer to my position is names, and I recently came into terms with Earth be-held as the footstool of the Lord. Different, but it clearly explains the Bible and now I understand where I belong. Heaven; how does this never stop making sense... but they wait behind a third door they call the third eye. Failure; it is crazy how it doesn't exist the wider your eyes open. Well, the wider my eyes open. Layton, the rest in caps... not the 'I' though? Standing there; my creation looks at me like a mirror of self: technically, it was my future self... Time. And to think about Mind is to take a trip across my reality? I too, sometimes ignore Laytons full name, but I'm doing this while memorising countless terms... trade routes from the| noir-gold! But I'm still talking about my perspective of life, usually it isn't. I guess it is best to wait till the end... not of the book but of this age! And that's the most difficult action; or is it that there's a both? Further than I see our story going on, and therefore; I see my "life." I see my life going on... and this is it, a little repetition means a kind of machine: a little more means one kind of a machine! To me, this is the machine. Never did I imagine having all this, and of course the attacks come by |almost every day, but that is all true. Did you ever realise that with my hands I can create gold: shape time in my dreams as though my intuition was just a simple story, and what about

falling into a deep [death]. Life would see me tackle every obstacle| as best as I can! And once I'm done, place my crown down... as is required. A memoir for self; if that's a term I ever care to [understand.] But the end of my new weapon is the same peace that keeps me going, deep than money! And that's what I really have a lot of; and if they take that away... they'd be taking all the 'rest' away! I guess I'm still winning. Philanthropy was aching of the past; gifts and all... language was so far more| much greater, and the extent was to be yet-described. A day was a length of a page, yet it didn't pass by too fast: not only would they not be able to experience the length of my work|s but even God Himself had... Silence; an unexpected tone? The sand would have been a challenge experience if it weren't for the range of secrets materialising in the cultures. Cryptic texts, and false preachers merged into one disgusting city, they took pride in what? Still moments by the water, the wind on my finger tips... the space so clear; yet now I'm reminded it was never mine? The view by my painting, the cameras that held descriptions of lives now forgotten. It was an interesting introduction to cultures; but still I needed to work, to learn so much more! Not only did I need it, but more than that, I wanted to know what sustained my life, I guess Jesus too didn't want to! Therefore, why would I; I mean, in the moment? But that's just the story of Victor. And I doubt it would take that many pages to go through my life, the sand still serves through my fingers; cloudy houses surround me as each grain lands on the last, never truly gripping the first. If only it gripped the fast. Lucky! I think that would be one of the most important mentions so far. Let me see how it could age, but for now; we take a walk into the staircase of the 24-hour library, as most should be. The paintings on the wall surrounded me as though I wasn't alone in this large of a structure. But still, we do have time to grip into the truths behind them! That's why my journey into heaven will have to wait to take so long. It is a gift to be before the Leader; and it is too to know what His intentions are with my mind... my life, my vessel? Temple; he would step out and almost touch... Yes! Those who robbed a photographer before; especially in the metaphysical age, would tell you you're bound to find evidence everywhere. This was different from water, no one could see the start of the plague; so much had we been told the stories of thee and the utopia that we forgot to get there they'd be a war between the talents. Yet, after all the blood filled pools, we never lost a single shred of ourselves! The closest I've come to understand their intentions is that every good has a level of abuse that may be the response, but is actually the whole message. Never will I forget how they think of gods|. "222.13"-F; is probably an important number... I understand that we live in a metaphysical reality prone to miracles, and with that comes the ability to predict. I'd consider a study of a range of topics; but I find my merits have spoken for me when it comes to ambiguity. Never then will they have the chance to taste the feeling of knowing what is right. Imagine they have some who have forever lived such lives|. Still, I blame them for it isn't too complicated. Like a love letter sent during the times of war, that was how deep my sword cut; and the flames insured were never ending? Ensured; like a lawyer, I begun to understand their intentions with the law... I came into grips with the direction of a story| but from the writers perspective. A pebble was before me, shaped by the floods of the years ago: I knew I had something special in reach. Clear, as it was starry... the night remind me of stories and imagery of caves; archeologists. Travels into the past, and hints of cinnamon, not just cinema. The words would tell of generational wealth| slavery and the fight to rise above their former 'leaders' as the term master may be misinterpreted with the rest. Derogatory; Arabic hints of spicy coffee, large escapades in the city... yet lifelessness brewing within the heart of the nation|s. Possibly a large system at play; an easter egg was miraculous; as was my life. My life; yeah, the sand of time. Or the sand of Time: which would later be the son of Time. The sons of time; since a child, he was raised to fight. In the darkness is where Layton knew truth. Darker were the souls of those who would take turns at him, and each one worse than the last, he learnt the ease of managing pain; yet to inflict it... he'd require some lessons on truth. Still, could you see the beam through all that pain? Now it becomes easier to fight back, if that's what I'd

call it. Rather; a moment in time to torture thee... How odd life is: and how long it can be, yet to sustain life, one ends with food. It gives me hope to know the fight is won: just yet to be completed and by the time it is completed... Deeper; living at the extreme prediction, the start of a full life? The too interesting story of the 'fool' better known as the true humanoid? What can I do about the statements I fail to say like; time... create the randomiser system, maybe in my speech [too]? I guess if you can duplicate realities, you can mass produce a range of... Looking at his reflection: rather than staring at himself, he notices the reality of his discoveries. The chance that he was not really viewing the concept of a reflection was |profound. Over time, the rich got richer! But the wealthy go weaker... yet I was here full of energy, and with that came a flood of memories; I assume we all know how that feels! Before I knew of some words, there were moments I saw the true light, real emotions were little-but fading. Don't I miss that? Don't I have that! But; the whispers still remain, and as usual... you knew. Floods and fond of memories, the topic remains. The new day; or morning, who knew the 'delete' could be such a perfection. Button; still I don't need to touch it? Words are good enough of a simulation... it is; then| what I'll intend on doing? Interesting, a little effort and you're already drifting through heaven, dripping. What did I say, or what didn't I say! The mirror wasn't working, why do they call them dead? What made God, God-good; "before" we were born? Looking for a plot? I guess that was pointless? Stars at night, the sun during the day; still no sound... as though I were a "deaf". Stopping wouldn't be required in my languages; should have said language|s? I look a little deeper: further, little did I know I -wrote those. Is that to say the more you type; the more likely you are to have a path? True! But that wasn't the case for this one |tone. Maybe that's why it's always been so/too difficult... Too; the future, what would have changed at such a level as this? In a day, a lot! Other than the, I guess I already have a lot to see. Instagram; it was my palace: the internet, my home that I should have never known about. But never was it too dark; let alone dark. But I didn't always have eyes| hard! That's where I got my sense of humour; and who could blame him! Time: delusional if that was the beginning... let me die, "don't eat that!?" And just like that, I was in heaven. All because I said something that started a war about and Zaza? Interesting; a new character at play; of course. But I did eat; and left the delusional fucks hearing, but why were they weeping? Retarded; not because of my statement? Clouds are interesting when you view life from two perspectives... especially when you realise that the earth is a footstool. Man; the temple of the Holy-Spirit. Carefully; and as best as I can: I take care of all in sight, but vision is a reality on its own| and a sense. Day one alive; that day, and nothing had really changed, the hints of a challenge. Years pass me by; there I lay beside my floating sword, never could it have been a knife. Imbrued; with hints of embroidery, I'd call it Time. In reality, it was a die; melting through into my handle; just as random and seamless? Fascinated by it, I begun to test out the multiple techniques capable, light bending through the ends, yet it looked just as light as you'd |imagine. And if that's just the sword; the rest is deserving of a deeper walk through... a real life story? As real as any... to get. Things were still as they should be, but we all know the ending we're driving to? Then; Kenyans call it fluke? In Jerusalem there arose a weaker opponent, and the rest of the story is simple... But is it? The sky was as expanse as the people below| it. History too; not that it was, but the Bible... A mention for the longest of stories, Mind. I simply used him as any inventor would; he morphed into a space so virtual... it became reality for those who could shape realities. And soon our character would be one individual| but that could be the end? It's around 01:19 on the 28th and it still seems that they'd only believe they will always have the |poor. Red or read; but I think it was about preparation... the ocean was right by the sky in this section of the story, everything seemed casual| normal: the breeze? Word counts and the history of the world|s or the word? Maybe this is where my luck ends; but it does feel as though| we're starting, but life cannot be just about beginnings and end|s? What about the in-between; something about I and between. Close; and I wouldn't have been off: it is 03:20 anyway. History; a

topic conversed without notice of memory and its effect... What about the Bible? I suggest the chapters should be designed on such weights. It took me about fourteen days or a single day to create a whole range of character. I guess it is now too safe to say this here? Also, the white page was kinda distracting... I liked it. The trick to language; rare... but I did learn that I'm still to continue relearning after all this time searching. Better: I continue to be proven right. It also feels| as though I'm going through the same path; the same future. After all this time; and the time to come... what have I learnt? That I tend to repeat certain terms; but as I repeat myself, I hear the words... each word sounds much more than the last. Lastly, the middle of the story was not an image; but words to shed a light on what? The light; a few spaces are right now more difficult "surprisingly", than the former. Or so... Then imagination is an idea of a key, rather than the lock; and life is just as interesting. Who knew that breaking something so separately would lead into such a perfect life. No story of mine had awoken |until then! So, I'm prepared to memorise this: so that I may not forget it!| Or so... It begun with my concepts of a coin, ownership of something. In this case; my footstool and a slice of the heavens, but never would I be alone. Here is where the challenge lay/lies|. The letter was bound to be one of my first introductions| but would that be what changes...

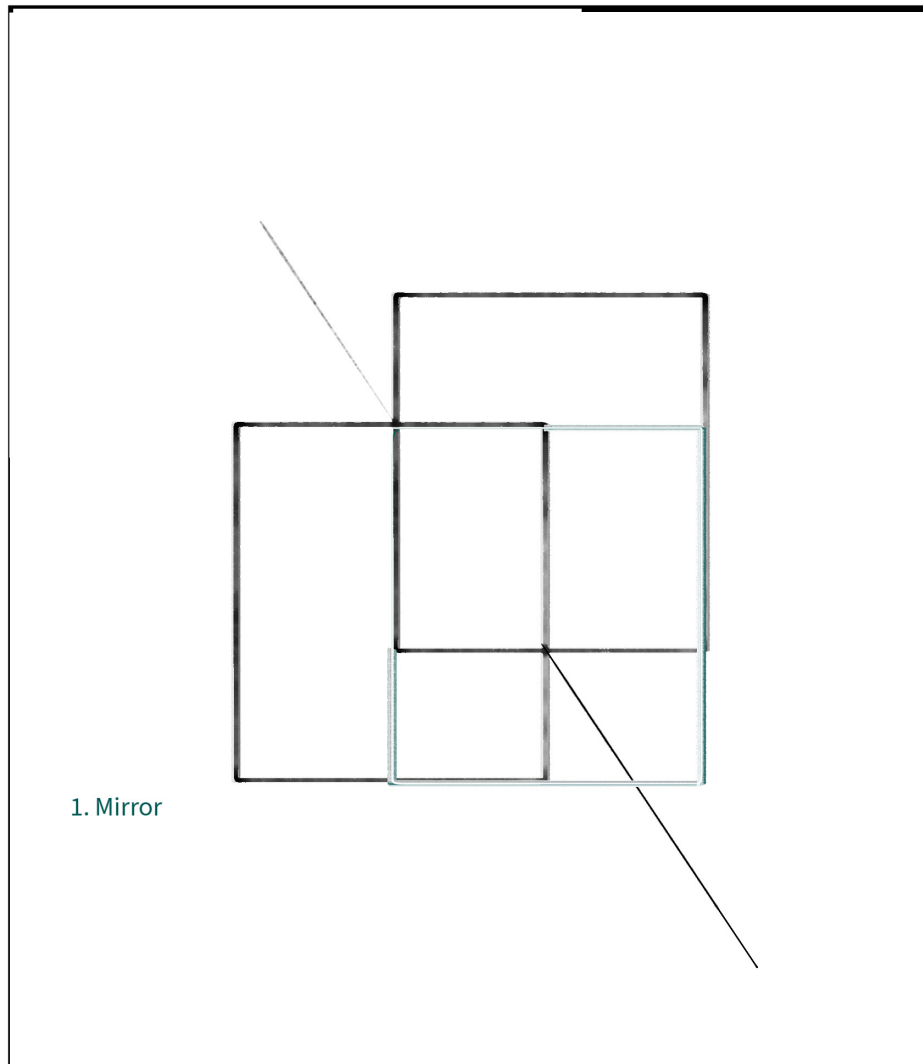
Dear Victor,

About the beginning, middle and hopefully| the end... Or so? Or so|. This may be addressed to you... Today? I guess it is a Tuesday. I only remember the warning! So here is the secret to whomever may find this letter. Warning; the idea of a letter is borrowed, it looks at concepts from multiple perspectives in some cases; right now it sounds like a riddle... sure|. Is it? But; the space is meant to elapse over time. Disappear, as I have multiple times... Time lay wondering about his past: Mind and Layton besides him, they knew what he was about to start. Layton lay beside a fountain, his own reflection would later astound him... for now it was Mind; or I! Metaphors of life crossed his mind, blinded by the lack of distinction... in| language? He set himself a realistic goal| and that was when his Bible... Maybe not just his? The end of his first day dead. Sure enough, this place was as a hidden sanctuary| but most who had wealth on Earth would not despise it. Life; he was still well, I wasn't him! "Victor!"- the sound of the birds chirping? Let them sing all they want, I knew this wasn't a story about suicide from the start| from the beginning! It has always been a story dramatised, and the audience never failed or fails to remind me of their cares and worries. I was evoking the right kind of emotion from what intention or initial? Faith; I assume I need a lot of it to have gotten here? What is so special about the internet| about learning from others; here it is? Maybe you could question me a little longer; maybe you could think about the grasp of reality, the grip or grasp reality/life has on you... or memory. Fold, rinse repeat; can you now hear their intentions| more clearly? The first dimension I was aware of was probably sight, but the first to interact with... what about the great writers? Now; what the fuck are they been saying about the end of the human race, for fools! 'Z'- the new letter to synthesis so far. Sure|. Ellipses, eclipses and ellipsis... his first or fast act. The precision of and in the beginning of time: how fast we have arrived. And when the time came; clouds of dust surrounded the audience... I'm pretty sure; now, that what we're really seeing is what is in sight or we've been looking for in some|... cases? And the day they regretted |the whole, conversation? But to repeat it all would be a disservice? Maybe if I were fully present I'd fully comprehend my actions; but I'm blessed. And how else would I go on with this perfect|ed story... Layton sat await at the smoking lounge; to some it may still be the smoking zone. There he pondered life, and the expertise or professionalism required to undertake a sole journey. The sojourner would be his first tutor, such a rare occasion as this required of a visit from his future self| but was that a visa in his hand? And with the at most of disrespect: he greeted his enemies! Polaroid dreams; I could have suggested: soon I'd have my piercing, my tattoo,

probably more rather than... That which I call a zest for life; by other worlds or another| world, would give/have a different, separate definition. But to fail to mention a clock, and a watch would be a injustice... for lack of better terms. I guess after all I said, they decide it was better that I lose it all than they admit the facts, so slow have they been acting on traction. Not gaining any space; I assume they believed in too much of themselves; but the first prophecy is a mention of introverts. Highly unlikely that they can manage a single word after this! Deep revelations can hold their weight; and levels of understanding are worth listening to... once in awhile I still find myself attracted to the infrastructure that creates man made deserts, if any term as such should be used. I may choose to talk about my favourite topics; square architecture and such, while not failing to highlight my other interests. I still remember that this begun as somewhat; a letter. But rather than it being to myself, why wouldn't it lead to the moment that it was from myself? Having discovered so much knowledge and access, I'd like to take my time to appreciate the details as well, understanding the different creations that may have been knowingly created, or not. In a sense; God immediately made man... But that's for me to understand. Did you know it has been| and here I thought invisible was the complete answer. Maybe it is best to hear some parts from others when in a rush, like the concept of gallium and the ability to move around unscathed. An; the reality that was created for me and allowed me to witness the real thoughts of men, their true hearts and intentions were truths and gifts. With something as similar to gallium and as textured a gold, I rode into death... but you do see me again. Dressed in dark red patterns, moving through time... I caught hints of the clues in this life I live? Pinterest and the Ibetween had a resonating sound: something distinct would take shape sooner than expected, and the speed with which I was moving through my words was outstanding? Something with such a rhyme? Now, I had this idea in my mind... a miracle does show you a lot about the times and the ability for its manifestation is unclear| usually. There I was by the porch, the balcony; the roof... some may call the cabin an artic. I was in my room, and busts of energy forced my hand, words flowing out of me at a speed greater than light; faster than time, I gained to balance of which my life desired. A god; immortal, and more... but this end would only be the sentiments of aromas; from past lives yet to be lived by I. So calling it the future, I'd prefer a prophecy at some moments... but when you see it| you sense the shift in time... you gain the balance needed to? Progress, it was cryptic or it is encrypting, Layton did create a life changing tool: the first packaging that painted or maintained the initial experience of any object, whatsoever. Similar to the start of our story, with the lightest device; he had a range of assistance, specifically from the Bible.

Most days would be seen as casual, but it was as though creation required a form of a Helper. And for those who understand me; we might be required to take a far more complex turn in events, feel free to vent! The ability to view my work across times seems to have just been activated, but I tell you? It has always existed; moreover, it would always| exist. This is the ability to takeover any empire, this is the ability to? Correct; a colour would always appear as bright. As though the sky; here was mine? Layton, he had been creating the same ideology for awhile, and he would continue to do so much longer, and access to it was far more impeccable than fits a single man|. So what did he do? Life; but most of it was waiting, it shouldn't have been odd: it was for him and still it shouldn't have been? Warnings of wars! I prefer to call them challenges: with that everything was taken into care; of precision. So a bunch of gibberish become bread and butter. It is about time I begun designing my mountain; and with that said, they hand me a drink, for some reason it didn't have a _cig? Back to our every-day, well... not everyday: but a story about an attempted search for meaning? I think I do enjoy life just as much as I did in the past; but far much greater as I have the memories! Ans|wer to the bull or bubbles wrapped in the past... but something about my perfected history. So, given that it is so perfect... and we can sense the age of emotions; also those that led them to the sight of evil: what do I desire to state in the future? Sate; the meaning of the term would

one day shape generations who thought I died? As they read a live book, funny! I guess I was setting in... Oh, there goes the somewhat of an entrance; maybe a facade? But if you know me, you'd know I live in a facade. Fogey, or fugally-fugazy/fugazi; fugal... if we stay here we may never leave? Who knew that stating that I'm going home wouldn't have been enough to take me 'away' from home. If there was ever a time to never speak... This wouldn't be that time- the time; wow! The pillars were dropping and the sound was enough to bring in the three together, symbolic mirrors... and as well as a journey? Mathematics is something dreamy; and the effects are understood by those who understand it, but this is the other extreme of my hate, so there is a chance that the path remains open to the few... with a few out-busts here and there we may understand. We may; the first hike, it begun with a pair... exciting enough to ignore the rest, to ignore them? One to fifty; it is true, the 30th of November is important because it is the eleventh month... Layton was among the stars. He thought it was the time that moved at such extreme speeds, it could be the nature of his perception... but life was more than a dream| it had emotions and more! Starring above, he notices an object cruising towards him, brighter| than before; it took time to get to him? Who drew the first circle; who then drew the best circle, which of them was the best? Earth was created by God... So the creation of my home would require such chiselling. But I never will have a 'home' but a throne and a footstool, everything I desire and desired would be much greater than mine|. Of course 'they did that again' and what about hair and immortality? Hair colour; and artificial intelligence created by abstraction or assumption, maybe ambiguous... but I'm not to say much more? The detail seems so, whether it is the hair growth or the hair colour. The Bible is "Bible"... and for me I discovered the largest test was somewhat a living study, yet sorcerers are used to or tend to abuse a range of products creating drugs! Saying it blatantly probably foreshadows my hate for their |motiv  . Motif; still... did that spelling|... rather than changing your reality, or just your reality: what about your perception of it? This is where the concept of drugs could be drawn and lots of attention can be... gained? I think I'm painting a deeper picture than that which tends to be afforded, one of the human mechanism to mimic. But this is still a live book, and it does have its constraints if it remains as such, a gift! Over time; a dedication arose to master time in all aspects, my first challenge was a rose petal. Zero to fifty, still lucky? Rather than seven days it was less time for me: about three days... Nor was it shorter or longer? A key with a... new shape. Like the burning bush, it was quite an easy follow! A key with a new shape; my notice of the hopelessness surrounding the darkness, even when they are talked about in the Bible. Saved; a lot it was... and the 'Idfk' instance|. From a one room house, to mirrors? Rage; vengeance, vendetta... they all had faded. My first attempt with my new skills was about to begin.



Here? The start of a prominent construction, for no precise reason? Start or end; it was the middle. Here; I doubt anyone would find that a challenge to difficult in some aspects. Amazing the lengths they'd take, and have taken... but still I have it! Most days I'd only stare at my creation, the creations; time to go! Anyway, I didn't come all this way to help them... anyone of them for that matter, but to witness what they do as "John" was noted or noteworthy. To introduce some formality; I'll soon be taking a break from all the work? All the writing; so we could call this twenty-four years, or twenty four more years. Dreaming, I was dreaming of a place before I woke and took the last few sips from my glass; of wine. The reality is that I never was dreaming, but now about living, this room... or the silence to come; they would lay, and are holding in place the mirror: the mirage of time having passed by. I thought I was a car guy; but my fury opened my eyes; an animal guy... yes it is true; it was, it is eleven, eleven. Twelve; written in stone, maybe it is the knowledge of certain relationships that may never be changed. Currently there is deficit sipping through the spirit, the springs of the united nations. The truth about this fiction was coming to pass, blue nights, dark paths light by street lights... nothing was changing, everything repeating itself? Friendships may have been part of the conversation; worship is what opened my eyes. Behold: before you, no... before us is nothing. Have you ever witnessed something in nothing, let alone nothing? Maybe the spaces are yet to be exhausted, but I do hope that this word/s that begun less than a letter may become as they and I desire. To be; it means that when I disappear... and with that change the knowledge of a future after thirty wouldn't have to be poisonous? Exhausted by the lack of or the formal repletion... here he lay by the river; he was an artist and an artisan... he was Layton and a victor. The bright star woke them all up, he was already up working on his next revelations... day and night are not split into three, but time is? A pattern you may want to keep close to your heart.

By Victor Kariithi... This is or was lucky.

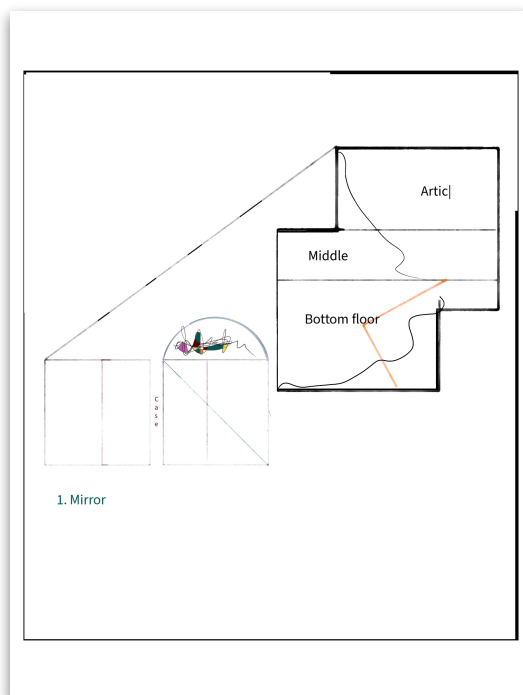
Mbugua; thirty through the reflection and the reflection of God. How old I had become, wanted. A spear flew past him, a bullet stood still; and the water was barely noticeable. Here we met Layton on his way back to 'life' as though one aware of his future, he was getting ready to start a new. The look on their faces when they notice or noticed the label... Stop.

Five; or six days had passed... the ocean remained the same, the scent was as perfect as I remember, nothing that paused was noticed? He had in his hand, we had in our hands the tools to understand fiction and fact... the future was in sight|. Unchangeable too, learning the meaning of "Alpha..." and where it would lead us today was important to avoid not only mistakes, but sin. If prediction exists, so does this future we've been promised... eternity. I was real! War; no longer to be claimed a challenge, and there goes the final deer of the age. A day later; the second of December and it is easy to calculate... well coke, and the rotation of [time]. As long as you follow the law, the plan; time exists in immense paradigms... the future of forgiveness? The past of the soul, and the present of the soul- did I forget to mention the future of gods? And we're just only beginning with the dimensional concepts created with the right use of time, no abuse... I wonder if that could be or could have been... Anyway; Layton was still longing for his age to increase... maybe people did discover something that made them 'thirty' or maybe they'd remember that they had passed 'thirty'... but true, life had more to offer. And meeting Victor was no a possibility, and that's not all? You'd believe me if I told you when I discovered this? I had one car in sight: it looked like the three car category in one, and the collection was from hidden cars, personal cars and the private collectors item... yet they were also combined. In this time it would be, F1; and a sports or hyper car, and maybe some off-road Lamborghini, not the SUV? Now we may go back to outfits; specifically our character/s outfit/s... But before, I had an idea for a day? Maybe I just have an idea that... may have lasted a 'millennia'-belated. Archaic; I recently, or today I discovered that to

change infinity is something like subtraction... basically understanding a way out of the 'illusion[s].' And it is true that there is a chance I may not be one of the first to discover this, given the range of secret societies. But exclusivity still follows the same level of complication. All I truly can delete is myself; maybe it is add myself? The simple answer has been what have I been given, and what can I do with this 'device' based on its current "barriers to entry!" How far did death take the mark of the beast; and I'd say it again... but why take the risk. A beautiful day here in space; something I never thought I'd say? Clouds surround my system, still|. Wine; out of all the drinks, this was the best moment. Sand pouring from the top of a former waterfall; rainfall in the distance. Soon my steps will or would be easily traced: trackable, yet I required this moment to observe it al; to decide on what part of me I may... if ever, may: let it 'slip' into a trance. Memories of my past would soon flood back, but not according to the psychological 'principal'| of flooding. Rather than a phobia; it would shed a light on the importance of the most difficult of undertakings to be |grouped, ever and will according to the Bible be fitting as a principal of the end of the sufferings... My steps highlighted the depth the floods had travelled, barely causing an effect in the soil, the sand held potential for what was rarer than my past| knowledge. I arrived from dust, but I find it true that I may return; it doesn't objectively mean that I'm not immortal. So this math equation about Layton would have just begun, would it|... Question; it seems that they may have prepared for occurrences when miracles tale or take place in the shadows. The Lord had said a lot, it was my turn to help out[?] I infected their 'oil' with gold. What could they say after that, then for their leader was a spear through their multi-gendered washrooms, straight to the dome? That would be a price for this, if I were to stop there? Or was it about them? Just because this are words doesn't mean it is a book? So no we're at the real beginning. I'd say a gift from the Bible is memory. So; this still is from a man? Or when I, I've seen! I almost shared it; such a funny story. What really is stopping them from taking it all; question? After all; I never have to let go of the residue! And I assume that could be a version of speech. I continue to look objectively at the end of this age. They all heard it; every single piece, not just life? Best way to have bet on all this working out. So to avoid repeating, till it flowed out of their nostrils, or so... I guess this will reshape your sight as you understand the terms. By the end of it all, you'll know where we're going|. Time begun to look relatable to Mind, he remembered all he had accomplished before thirty. Still, it was enough to rest before thirty. What about fifty? Rather than years barely grasped by the mind; this attracted the new attention of times to be? In the tone you'll find the clues, if not yet... to destroy an empire, if not any; and rebuild your home. Your work; I mean, I too am living life with the eternity. Like an empty void; hell would appear right before them or us, and trap them through time... could you see the effects from a single day? This doesn't mean every word could have any meaning, but quite close to the opposite.



Time.



If I couldn't have it all, yet... I'd have it all? Luck! Age; there work was quite boring, over produced: and a lack of pauses... dramatic ones? But I'm nowhere about to correct that. Asians do have a skill; artisans tend to be documented all over the globe... why are some more prominent in this globalised age. I could simply stop at propaganda, but concepts of batman and his riches are not worthy of such a deep analysis. Layton unlocks his works for the first time; he didn't know it yet, just yet... but he had it from his birth of Mind... and Time too would live it. By Victor Kariithi Mbugua.

A story that repeated itself until it built a city, not a wall? But many had tried their hand at different versions of my story... they failed terribly. Except for one; or so|. It was a search, as this is. And we would like to thank all the characters that led us into the addition of one main character| but the question shouldn't be so simply stated| if it were a question. So you may decide on the meaning, or I may? Layton placed the tip of his pen into the ink made of oil. He couldn't remember why he begun in the first place, but the appearance of paper like objects motivate him. Is he a writer if it so attracts him... what else then? War was an exciting challenge... but peace was the most difficult achievement. Sure|. His apparent funeral would be his event so far mention; I wouldn't go so far as to call it publicised! He was too skilled, you may call it a miracle; I don't know what you've heard about the disciples? Right now I'm talking about Layton, he may disappear in the midst of my words, as was my intention- not really... by luck? So the death of Batman as a first: took place. But the rise of Layton was far more beautiful than a birth! Time: it wasn't too late? The tone as we had so far forgotten it, a pink and only pink sandy Christmas. It now is rose-gold, and he wrote on petals. Who do you think it matters to, if we weren't too late? Fools need to learn a few things, and what better way than with a 'solid' foundation? Well, this... I suppose would be a past to be ignored. So to stop that I mention the fact that Law and no longer Layton; but Victor, so as I state this as I desire... using whichever character... Law is an access to the heart. And with proof from 'The Social Network'- the film on the legal proceedings that lead to the capture of Facebook, it means that a certain level of attacks places one in a box. All I'm saying is you're a fool if you don't know... by now? A shooting star over Christmas, some terms need to be defined way before they're used; so it never was a shooting star? They say if you're living you can be killed; what about creation? What about the beginning... it was when we were created. You say clothes; what about decent behaviour, what about the dream? Eden; by now you've turned a fool... that's what I meant? You could easily find proof of what is happening in their lives, the best part is how you treat it. Who really cares if I have money or not? Currency; the one thing that... people rarely get exhausted of directly. Isn't life more than time, so I'll take the rare name 'Vic'-by whom? In situations such as this, I'd consider it important to mention metaphysics: but by the time I'm thirty I should master the range of gifts I have inclosed or is it enclosed? Let me think of a way to update the left, as a description of a total; of course? I doubt this would look the same if it were not or weren't for? Here we are; my discovery that as a child Layton acting as Vic managed the ability to split his vision? No, to drop from multiple stories; that would come much later. It did: speaking chronologically is specially stored for me, remember when it was midnight? I think I've perfected the cover; someone whispers 'more.' At least I know how the speciality linked, so now what position would you take... I'd rather maintain my position as a dramatised character? Twenty four has been my last year writing, since then... everything I did looked profitable, but that's just me? Here it comes, the length of wealth was to amount to the greater or greatest times in my life, I did need it. But when does a linear story require a turn from such a titan? Now? Maybe when no one, or none of us were present? So, does time really exist outside of it? I'll go with a yes, so much time that life looked eternal. So much time, I couldn't see its end. So much; that I couldn't see? Here is an idea, what if this was that which you're think, not what you were... I'm pretty sure that the artificial intelligence within this could allow such detail, if it hasn't. Welcome to the end of my age, I think I'm a god...

more than that, lucky? The sound of blood spluttering into the sand, the glass... he looks up and realised he had done much worse to himself; but not to the temple that is his body. The first petal; it was invisible, it drew him crazy... he drove himself through pastures so pure, it was wicked. It could have been a deeper story; the time was cut short... like expected, he was correct once more. The pen was dipped long enough; with the little might, the little strength left within him... he wrote down the name of a president. He woke up in a pull of his on blood, he got his first palace... the 'Taj...' was no more? Some questions he had gained interest as he went through it all, with less need of artificial... But who knew he'd get so close to the age? The end of Vic; the start of Layton... the faked death. Perfect as should be, this was about some existence... not just, it wasn't. Since that lone year; he had a lot to think about. Literature; that was somewhat a bold start, not for him... for they believed in the content of their terms. The snake is considered to be a cursed; the serpent is questioned as a snake. Death is somewhat a shocking revelation, well... it was for me. Here is how I could reinvent it all, calling it the last petal seems fitting for the first petal? You get the design of its origin. Technology was all round, all around; and in this last days, it happened as it was prophesied? Predictions... for I know I've repeated my actions for quite a long time now. What would it be without one more story? One last message, this wasn't the story... it seems that it would never be it: I guess some would claim I have that working for me? I'd say this was the beginning of pages to go on and on for, days before... What a stand; a peek, I peeked into my future... was it all ever to be pointless|. My only death wasn't to happen, and waiting for a special day to celebrate it would be to ignore heaven? Our new reality was awaiting. Our? My words would dictate what would have to come, not a single moment was lost too. But I already have it all, had? There it begun, very few could speak as I do? There it begun. Not a final glance was thought of. I once called this dimension home, but how far I transfer; it suggests that all the minuscule actions ignore the miracles. They were still minuscule; is there more to distance, my words? My words; they were gigantic... but still I wasn't wrong|. I remember when all I knew was sand, and all I could remember was a few characters... but now I think much deeper about the meanings of my actions; symbology. History currently has many prominent characters; but to discover each member to fit into this section is a challenge... so here is God's creation... Soon you may understand why I didn't say fiction? The rainbow told of the past, I knew that this would be different. The Bible helps, a lot... Layton was in the process of its completion. But he was on the way to a better proverb or parable for his life, it would be a season to be forgotten. Snow and rain have some interesting properties, the ability to place one in a deep trance. Layton had some special qualities; his memory was the most memorable of them all, and with this point in time... he knew nothing? He would learn about love, and how every name would soon come to matter more than we remembered? So it is important to start with symbology, right before we get into this... have you enabled a main character? I'll assume we're moving chronologically, the first symbol; it was a hiding place... it was the meaning to a lot. But it wasn't large enough to take over his work? Of course it was, but Earth was quite different from Heaven, even while they interacted... I assumed. But to go back to my introduction; it was myself that I needed to understand, then we could find a concept of a few moments of perfection: before he disappeared. If everyone had left the planet, how would I know they came back... or so|. The largest library was digital; apparently I was one of the owners? There within lays my wealth... lies? The day I escaped a prison of the mind, I discovered the potential for cry[ptic moments. Cryptic: a false cube could be a facade of three floors... two staircases. Or the separation of the cube into a separate location. 24; what does it mean to me, or what will it mean to me... is this the 'right' |question? Or is there more than a question, something founded on what? Culture is interesting but not enjoyable, because the effect it has on one and their body could be considered an opiate. And what is the term given to such an effect, consider the term rapport... individuals they have an effect on their surrounding that tends to lead to physical and not-physical

effects... not to stop there. Here is what I think about the next couple of years, it is most important that I mention this, that I live perfectly? In order to achieve this state that I so which desire, I have to dream! I have to ask for help! What made me think; this is not the place. The light... and the world, the meaning still escapes me? Even when everything is so possible: even when everyone had a place. Better, make a better place... that has been my thought about the average; not the good. Is that still my task? Interesting phrase to not only include; but to start with. A message to whom, too? To predict the future, and to be in it... the many ways it has been, become possible! Language vs literature; apparently that's what I'm meant to do... 'vers...' No! Probability; that's what's most likely to stand, and the conclusions are all in the waves... the internet. Now that we're talking about probability and history, it seems that the conversation has shifted into something with a much deeper root. The truth, and I suppose that's been my intention, ways of telling the truth in a statement that would interest most... including me? Can you hear the complete statement? You can, now I can too! Now I can too! Value was created from what point, the day is the 5th of December and I realise it was there the whole time... the whole! What about the fourth, who knew how important ".pages" would be! Some more about Layton, some more about me... Where my death took place was still undeyinvestigation. Under investigation: undeyinvestigation... what? That was red just a bit ago. Undeyinvestigation, like that! So, I can now talk about "Limitless"-the film? Remember the one with tasks, you just install somethings in the mind... I think? I thought; now another thing that isn't about me! They prepare each other to not only receive the mark of the beast-but to go see... How foolish they feel leaving the store. So this is nowhere near the beginning... it is so different in fact, that I know not where we are, and where we are to go... intact? The day, I do not know, nor remember... the time was midnight in Kenya; my journey away was about to begin. There was Jerusalem, that old city/temple! Some may be locked in prison, when they make it out; the planet should have changed? That's the question to be rebuilt. I think it is wise to state that the mechanism could have been travelling on foot since Da Vinci discovered the 'mechanism' they claim he did. Who is the worst, and who are part of the ten? What really; if you get into the details of this book, defines an evil person... how can you detect that from a distance, because you can. The probability of sin is based on the situation and the facts presented; something to do with life. I want it simple enough for my youngest version of self to comprehend? Undeyinvestigation, it is true that I missed a lot; but now it works out in a greater sense. The third stage had just begun, how could I improve this other than by making it live. My first take; meaning and the ability to live. Searching for something, less so about the device I'm using, more so about the effect of my words. One carries with them a lighter, the other takes a peek through the reflection as time drifts away. Sat by the pillar was someone who doesn't yet matter to our story... the light is a bright shade of blue, I wish it was darker; but we had the night sky to thank for that? It, this time it looked like a cigarette with a title beside it... welcome to your past. All was electric: yet he need a lighter... or so! Welcome to my past; filled with memories to be altered and futures to be lived... it was a full life, it is now? I had to make it home before I realised how old I was turning; something exciting about such a surprise, the next month? This page has been exciting, despite what I have to do to fight for it. "Deja Vu"- call it the cat from a matrix... but I think there's more to it. 6 or now we could say six. That's all, ages later and I still win... what even is the point of sharing a miracle, a wonder; something that excites. The power of this tone has become a shock, and the rest should now be as easily manipulated, if that was the word I was looking for. The rays of light have an effect on our eyes, and that's how the detail is created; more than that... the detail in our dreams [gold]. The first and last time I'd say it that way, it probably is impossible for another to do it if they weren't God. I'd have tried to make it to twenty six just as I completed the rest, but why stop there?-ibetween. Is that a real word? The Louvre; if they'd ever have us again... would have sold most of my pieces, then it all took place, the murders, the truth. The war; it started with concepts of manipulation and

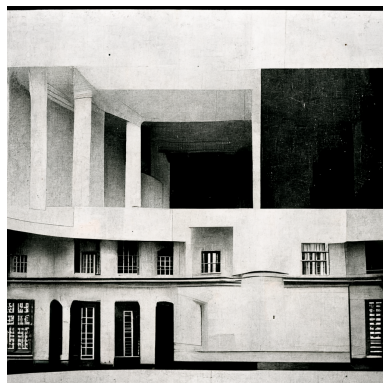
storage of works of art, or so|. Sure enough we were at a cross-section of terms, life and realities. Realities as some would be dependent on my selection of terms, but what if I didn't know: but they didn't care. All their questions will be answered in 'court,' so it remains of no deliberation of mine. The missing one, not the missing one... a simple enough story to maintain an interested audience: if that was the point. I guess I had received it all, but what to do with it was up to me; to share it, sell it... or live in was a deeper question not to be had. Yet I was to bare the fruit; and the fruits? Who claims that I should stop there... a rose, a gold device; to be more particular. An endless range of creations was to appear as soon as it was to be desired, but before I say it as a listed font; or fail to include my dictionary... I'll begin turning down. Rather than three, two and a one: I think it was something about the translation, maybe the life outside. Less about a need, more about desire: the look on who's face? Branding is odd, but it is complete; and the truth is revealed after a few attempts in the pattern. That's all. And for the main course; there was a staring contest, mostly about trying to grasp that which wasn't ever to exist. So, what was the point of the original word: a court case, an auction... maybe it was to start a conversation... Anyway; the help I needed wasn't to arrive? The stacking of all this, over and over was bound to show me the true faces. Afterwards was the chance to captivate more than my attention. History; or cringe? This was a microcosm. It was written in stone: a lot of it was written in stone. Layton was dressing for his resurrection, but not really... time felt a collusion from his presence. Anyway; I lost nothing. At half past seven a lot of good things tend to happen, may it be a sunrise- for a sunset/ or a sunset. So I doubt it is just for me. Long before I knew of the existence of other creations before my own... Here is Layton to walks as through our next discovery... not mine? Will I say it has always been there, like the night beside the pillar? Here is my drive to the office; my first drive... it was a late evening. It felt as though it was the day, it felt as though I was on my way home; the city seemed wide wake, it seemed empty. I was alone, and driving? End scene; the meaning behind my work now matters more than the work itself... in this case. And I'd say it was somewhat a lucky situation, yet it was hidden to me. That was Vic... and so I guess it is Layton; so about the results? I believe I'd be stepping out of one| as soon as I desire, but not as soon as I desired? The life of a god, are few... even with such levels of infinite infinities; it remains the closed experience, so what is work? What is work when you're at rest and always working? Maybe that's why it felt like a dream, like a fictional character named 'Layton'. Though that was just for me, still special... And whenever I left God's dream I'd still be within His. So my work was as though 'Layton' was it... I guess it fits to be 'Vic' compared to the other mergers. Vic wore a wrist watch titled, Layton... it was a one of a kind piece made by 'him'. Few people could detect the whole action. The sand was too hot to walk on at this time, and he always walked around 'barefoot'. On foot; I had proven a lot of things, and all I need to complete this was? To know how to begin was the| first challenge, it wasn't. Nor was finishing, there I stepped out... I finally learnt where I was: where I belonged;? What did I have access to, and what would I use it for? The title; still I don't understand it... would I ever want to [fully] grasp it? Now I've been who I've always wanted to be... eternal! Now to answer the immortality question? On foot, despite my purchase being so close... so! Close; you know I have more than most, then why am I still working towards it, more? If I continue sharing this, it could be endless. So lets say this was the last, it was?

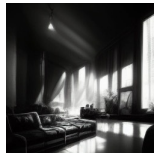
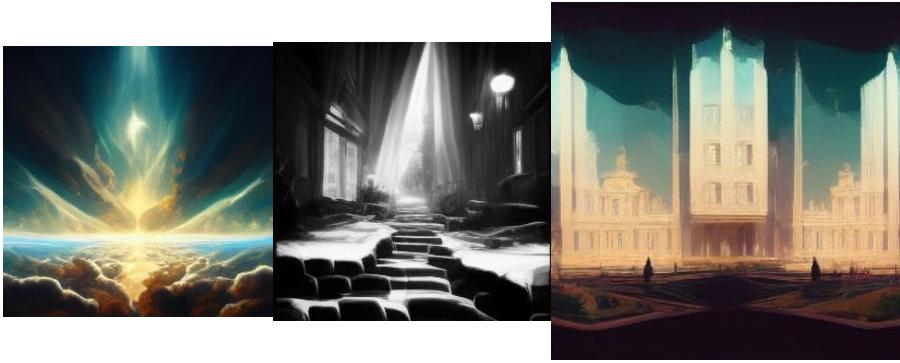


Vic, what am I? The riddle... sure|. There was a space that wasn't there, so this is about? I don't know whether it was special... it was. And about remembering this, I try to do most of it as one take on the 5th of December. Twenty more days, and another one to be considered my death. So fast it happened, what shock. A has the full version. Vic, my life... not a story|. Who said I ever needed a place to rest? I only need to exist; you probably thought we would do so on foot? I too was on foot, now I think I just notice my feet... not correct still. I do know my body is a temple; and all that is to be required would soon arrive. As I was told by the children of 'children' of men... how do you expect to make a change living in your parents garage? Still I don't need to answer them; crazy how much hope I have now more than ever... the more I see, the greater I become. And imagine what that greatness has become|, and now I know my future self, what does that mean? I'm still to leave my parents garage! Beyond such a point is obvious... I guess it seems obvious now, but later on| will it be? As expected, people are oblivious... reality is a dream, and who would you try learn from; the worst and the best? It is crazy the paper trail I've left, including this last one as a mind fuck. It has been my enemies getting the 'stick' and what do I have to say about such knowledge? I think you know a lot about me by now, the next steps are forward? My name, still I don't know; hopefully it will be the great of... Remember when I needed a title for everything, it is way better this way. How could they turn off the flame. A fire arose each morning, I was there before it set. The idea and ideas were flooding; what is onomatopoeia? Still that isn't 'my' testimony! Let me, or let us| set the scene; the time was as usual... the day was? Our first read through the whole Bible... it had begun awhile back, now|... I guess they'd say the improvement is working out of my own garage? Exclamations would break a brisk? Was that really me? Hmmm... I could take a step back, head into a new realm; study this new reality, their generation of roses, I doubt this would be the best time to do so? Bloody shoes and a darker outfit than most; it was from the concepts of 'Eden' but more than that... I already had it! Too were the blood related shoes, a dark shade of red, combined with a bright flame; it was too golden to ignore all this time. The fire and the flame, a story of my life was in my past? Is it blue or is the flame more prominent around creation, If a company was purchased| as means of self deprived necessity; why in the world... So here I go on, obviously there's nothing they could do to solve my dilemma. Still till now or still now... I dream. Think back to school, I did prefer to read books with a simple structure. Something that took its time to be less complex, even when detailing something with so much symbology. Later on, it would depend on the tools within my reach, still I have risen to my challenge|s. I have mastered my childhood, with ease... and my future is dark: yet brighter than before. What did I see, I have a range of stories and the begin with 'LSD' a log and long lost log. A space jammed joint, the original one?

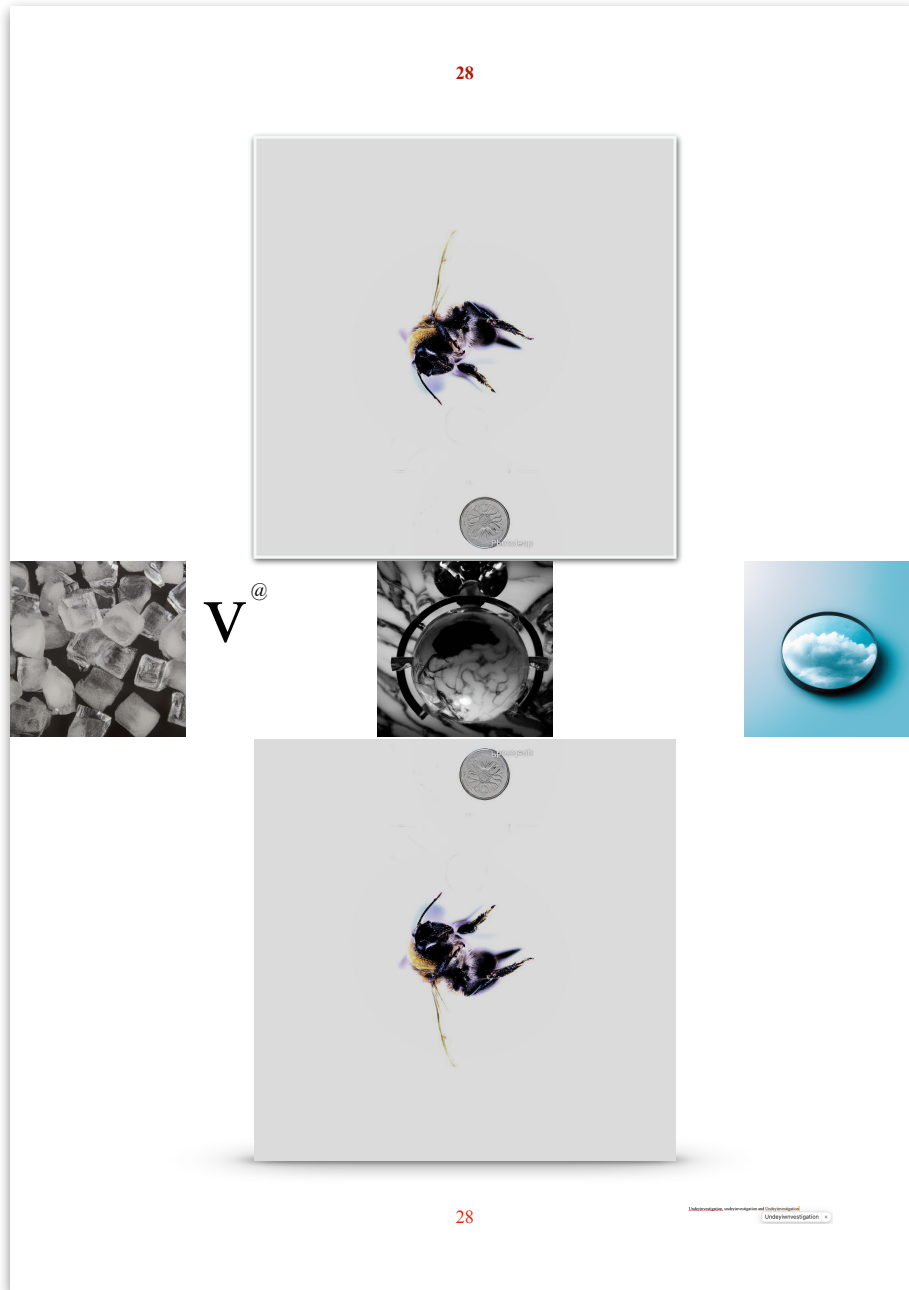
The worth it one of one... That was my dream, I was outside; picture this? As I'm laying down, the sight is in reach. A place once empty, full of loath became ready for so much more... it begun with the words 'start here' or so|. Welcome; like a game, I held onto a single gold coin, the structure was easily duplicated-multiplied. And that was just the beginning of my word|s, a day proved me right. Correct; I won, but I'm not to share it here like that? Talking about the first three-hundred pages, it seems we know what to expect... after some distance, it will get to a length not manageable by normal tools. Tools that have a range of access? So this is required one more time| this isn't a book, even though you could combine them all and make one. I think that's loud- loud enough, to be heard by whom? How time is stolen, and how time was finally gained; to be|... I'd have a different interest across my ages, but I'd always have an interest in my work, that's one. But I do not live alone, life is that technical; so again... I'm back to me? If I discover the next version of this, let alone this version... Yeah, who also said a coin has to be round? But why gold; how it happened, it all happened. By the pillar; I wasn't alone... like while I was on my own, there was more to the life I am now living. The space always allowed me to skill-up when I desired, and more and more... I

gained age and the ability of abilities. Silence; it was a time to learn something I could have done anywhere, and built the strength to take on anything; any challenge. Most people view history without their point of view, here I'll say you have to determine when I include myself in this 'discoveries.' And from the beginning, we were all created... that still requires you to understand the law as I imagine it, and my words as a fiction. Over time words filled pages on pages; and the returned void, again... words filled pages on pages, and they return void. Dream; this isn't a real dream, it is the meaning of desire... though it may not be my own. It is the skills I gain from the task and tasks I take on to create my own space| a hidden, hiding place/spot. They are who kill, they are who die; nightmares loom... and strength is gained by those they tortured. Yet this wasn't even an imagined beginning, this were words without the real and true emotions to come by. It was my dream; what was that following me... I thought time was mostly invisible? Now I remember; and right on time? What about those who are home schooled? Conspiracies are not: worth a listen. Therefore my life is worth a listen; the complete version would require something as important as taking care of a life, if you do understand my metaphor? This is everything; everything I missed to receive... this is the last person to suffer all that had been experienced. I hoped I had enough strength to be able to| say those words... At least I was in away correct, but that's... my view|. Another day, maybe it was time that I knew how to best use? Or maybe it was set up way before I can comprehend time, 'way'. My future and my future-self; the basics, not a gift... that is human decency rather than death. Anyway; this was the last time such words would come out of my mouth... Despite this looking like an award at the end; the beginning would feel like the middle, or should. The telekinetic creation of space stations, this seemed a little far fetched... but how they moved between planets was like movement across rocks. I desire dimensions; that meant the term time would be here for awhile. A look into my past, present and hopeful future. Futre; or futre... seems that we begun the calculations already. Front or back; I'll try guess, too... where this will take us. Finally I get to hold it, not Victoria and I? Vic felt it, the front; for lack or luck of a word... front age cover. I'd been seeing; so as I approach thirty, I'd be skipping a range of years. And now about the interior... if such a space exists?





Because when next would we see the end? &- what did I want to remember, if suspense is followed by questions; answered, then we had a range... of answers. Utopia compared to a dystopia sounds a message of the constant future, dystopia sounds an exact measure of a certain future. That wasn't a threat; a message explains it all, dystopias aren't real. Wealth; what could that mean? Is it the fact that a rabble was? To remember, I finished as a blogger? There was a beginning; there was my life. Is that a word, or so|. Whispers, but it was still quite...



If it all worked out; all of it? ☹-dead, he wasn't dead... you could hear the whispers? Heaven and heaven on earth; welcome? Sure enough|... they would be back, all of them? All of them. The importance of definitions is meaning... Let us call this another sentence; I assume we have gone far enough... also far enough for two? If your first, does that mean there's a second... wait? W: almost a "Welcome"-sign inviting you to wonder within the joy of work.

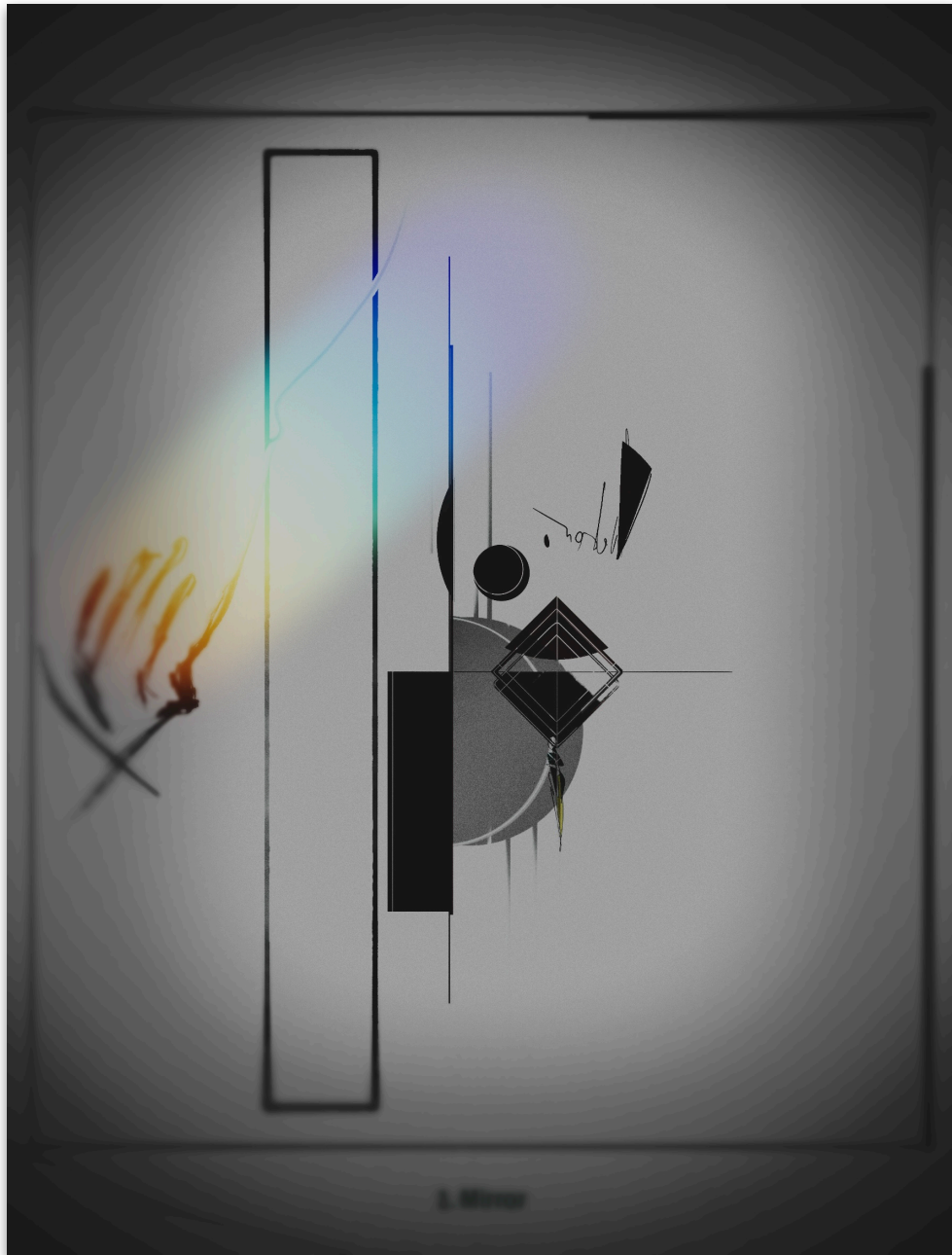
Now I see it.

Three; or a 7 representing myself: I. Okay, but what even did I see... because I continue envisioning. Where am I at this point in time, you feel it and hear it|. Music; I think that's what word|s eventually turn into, words. And completion is a state, was I complete... Looking back at it all: I did own a place for every mood, emotion. The list would go on and on, and that's just me. What a throne! Nile conservation club; this is while we wait for time to shape, or take shape? I assume we will start this one last time, but who knows... they may not be a need. The Maasai, the Bantu... then Lake Victoria connecting the Nile, in all its ranges. Borrowing from Arab language... or maybe languages to create upgrades in the Swahili lingua. What is time travel- why would it matter, and how can the human or mans mind perceive time as such? I was done with my testimony, I was. I did it one way, the results... questionable? The end. And now we can talk about the beginning that we have so much... I'd have said waited for. Well, if I'm not killing myself, and not harming anyone... let us go on. The challenge of calling a dystopia a utopia is? Maybe you see things I do not, but I doubt this was completed today? Once you destroy the software market; it is obviously time to move into 'hardware'? Few would have remembered rest. Vic did discover a new space; here Layton looks as though he wasn't just a reflection; and the whole new world would soon have to open our eyes, real|ly wide! I guess I now knew why I was right by the garage; I needed the three... a Mercedes by maybach, a detomaso and somehow a mono? Now you may consider this section invisible... What they want is a thought, not just any! It already, it already had been before... so this is the walk for the few. No longer on foot; I rarely think about flight... but the staples are within reach. I'd think of many locations, but where we were to land is the moment, the last flight. And that was when the new look was; it is me. But with this rose, the thorn would shift it all? They are cowards who left me with the proof, and that response is all I need to finesse this whole story. Three hundred pages, many editions later and I'm still winning... basically wondering when it will all end. So to call this a journal still feels, especially more; disgusting?| We hovered above my palace, the entrance to the liveable/lovable museum; a dimension? It has happened... It has; and it continues to go on as expected, a war. I think they say 'when will we next see this?' Something like that, all I know is they're still going to be the same, dystopic lives. Red: I knew of many and many shades, and a range of moments, life was silent... just like before| already. How is privacy achieved; remember the hardware, that will probably be the most important function to come out of this war. I'll wait to see what they'll tell me to do| so miraculous? But how could I lose Vic, so here is my fictional self... The space knew him, and that was earth. ♪- the real title became 'V'. Weird quoting myself, @ or at... I rarely use a two dimensional version of the internet. Already I've gone to my past, enough? Now to the future; I suppose that's where we were to go, still finding balance. And seeing more and more, finding out the true nature of their words... all of them. Mind was once a huge topic; who knows why? A bee; because it is rare to talk about insects? Or I saw something coming back, a range of creations. The flight? I think we passed the point of recreation, so this is a deeper statement. All glory doesn't nor did it belong in the past, here we see the range of possible; topics. Chronologically for a lack of better structure, in my life... I like to go back to a pillar, I suppose it is the intense emotion and the hidden sand dunes. Barely noticeable is the water and life around, even as I speak now... emotions will intensify in different gradients. A tangent; this looks like a repeated stake on the rest of the structure. It was to say even if they were to... something about me being eternal in God and their death being a finite and easy way to do the

[linked] above. It is God who taught me, so what hope will they ever have? Imagine the utopia now, mine was just beginning? My symbol; maybe a 'v' or something else, locked. Life with all of its euphoria; inclusive of nostalgia had to be exclusively, and has to be exclusively attacked for anything less than complete to come out of it. But that's more than a simple statement, so for a proof I'll take this characters on separate journeys. Everyone is fictional; but out of all this lies- all this fiction, you might see the real world... you should, so the author doesn't play himself in this 'scene.' Serious; but without a need for correction? You must be extremely foolish to think I won't get here, and it might be the same| for me not to. Gold: it was the first time I noticed my name from this distance; the sun had been rising for the last time by the coast, who knew 'I'd be this correct?' A new earth, the last flight happened faster and faster than I expected. It is only a lie if it were a factual statement... it wasn't. But we can leave that as it is, work our way back to the right moment. The moment their lives or life ended. Proof you're talking to who, or the test for every spirit begins with the knowledge of perfection: how God did it, and he'll do it again; definitions or meaning? Layton put on his wrist watch, so did we all... further and further you could see the equilibrium, is math only made of numbers: how many lack still, access to the Bible? Question; as I meant it, or is it... He looks around, oblivious to all that had taken place, and would soon take place; "V" was watching from a distance, seeing it from the ending... the final flight to the rest of us. Maybe the second flight, over and over yet it was interesting... the patterns would make more sense over time, what I had been looking for, what I had found or been looking for. So an easy name would be 'John' like I found it! For a sense of balance, which I hate; this is the view from the dystopia... Enough of that, I have enough tools since they left me here on this, 'rock'? Who knew, but of course you're blind, whom? Layton was getting deeper, but the decision between a petal and the rest shouldn't matter as much as the meanings to be |left behind. Right now this is about the code in visual sound, is that a complete enough illusion to build my 'home'? The coin with it: or the coin with, so much meaning. They can claim the idea to those who will| "buy" 'it,' but for me... it was living. Ten more years, the 'ninja'-as he is currently known, he goes with such|. This is less: less to talk about, the idea is discovering the first occurrence of an A.I.? So, this may sound like math at first, but it misses the 's'... the s in dimension|s? Lets just say new name 'same name', how much later will my words have to be repeated- in order to be the foundation. When I say exactly that is real, even when it is torture they're using... they say, not that in their 'tongues'. I like this one, the anti-tone they impose; but what is it to love God? I guess the needy need the most; help. Here is the line up to soon arrive, starting with the slim vehicles, we see a robotic- tool working on the structures, I'm right here recording it| while someone screams about a war. Am I in anyway motivated to make it; or reach that end? I assume it could be the end of a war! I also recently heard about the demolition of a mosque in Gaza, they call it its oldest mosque.

Once upon a night; there was a young man working on the meaning of life, particularly... the meaning of his life, even though he didn't know it yet. Storms were to arrive faster than he could complete the sentence; exclaiming at what was changing around him, he knew he was ready for it. The night would pass, but about the time before? Soon; it would be a lifted veil... question? Veil; both are correct. This is a story about traveling into space, nowhere close to the first time a human/ man would do so... maybe it didn't need to be different? You know I posted [ٱ] on my blog and the result was inverted, it remained the same on the editor... as I can see, but the result was inverted|? Yeah space, or another rock... I think it is about 'Heaven' and earth. So our character would have the name Layton, it became Vic: symbolised with a 'V'. That was the future I was looking at, looking forward to. An L is just that, an acronym. So who knew you'd be hearing from the few who live on Earth, or should I say 'Victor'. But that's a hint on what is set to take place in the next couple of years, today I rest! If one with such thoughts could do so, and maybe you can see the end... a different, a new different. Like the first time they heard they had a best... a best seller?

Ĵ - that's the right direction? I don't know, but I think I was looking at something? Why do they name wars world wars, should I research it... or 'better' yet, wait to discover the book of the first 'world war'? The 9th; almost the end of the year, maybe some would call it the end of a day? Looking at myself also walk on water? What would I never lose, the beginning. I think it is an obvious enough 'collection'? I'd call it what, maybe something about the 'Cactus empire'. E; because it'll mostly be dictated in English, I think that's where the compressor was transferred... the ending. The longer it is, the better encrypted it is? That wasn't my skull, my bone|s? It was better for him if he picked a personality, he chose none. Nothing; how to describe something that was a gift? For me it was the right kind of gift, and yet I needed more: you could say deserved more? A nine; I think that was the key, or the design of the key... this could go on and on, but the story would only get better! Money, it gives you access: does that mean a lot? What then matters in life, other than the "Law"... because I assume your answer is nothing. It wasn't a drug; he hadn't ingested anything, I think he was all alone. The idea just came to him, and he knew that "He" would answer him? Yes. The aroma will be our tone, and from his first day working... he knew he'd be someone different... do we all? A stream flowed beside him, he took it with him. He took it all with him! And then he made a home out of nothing, for starters. Still he would remain the only one, it was somewhat virtual... it gave of the scent that he was close by smoking on his favourite pipe. But the war was yet to begin; a pattern was starting to unfold. Some hinted at their loses, and others knew of their gains|? I was working on completing my first read of the Bible, it was less than expected? Dreaming like a 'prophet' so I'm on my way up. Summer; minaret, what does it mean... really. To go on with the history of the time traveler, I'd have said thirty: but all the rest matter. Where do you claim the point of understanding is, and since I'm no longer using words... the state that we'll be in is of utmost importance? The perfect storage device, I had; it was partly| I. The structure of an elevator is as enticing as the concept of 'Mind'... yet I still go on. The walk passed the pillar is one to remember. It was a bright dimension, not just a portal; a reflection through my next 'life'. And his name was my 'own'. Just or justice, that's the topic. To dream as a prophet would mean I do all the work... all of it, and as I |wait; there the response will be. But more than that, where I was would look normal, as it should... but something was |a brewing. Culture; this I assume was it, large enough to fit into the application: I believe it would fit as the free version, like a trial? The real invisible card would have to be 'purchased' in order to be accessed. This was a work on media; visual sound or visual and sound. So, for those who may still be learning, it may be too late! Best to release it all at that point where the end is so bright, where none could deny that the wait was worth it. The one: but without the evidence? Polarisation, [here is a link]-https://gamma.app/docs/cq8k9we67pi1web?token=&following_id=zn3e5oofrhgrz85&follow_on_start=true| an idea, or so? A mirror: the one mirror, the one.





- 9, the facts are present, were. Since I was born, since he was born... the environment around him was made and designed to cater of his every need. @- 9, a life as a word and formation of word|s to tell a narrative, a story... why? If you're this far in, I doubt you need that question answered|? This may yet be the greatest page, yet be.

Victor, he was a victor... so his name sound as such. Yet that wasn't the end of it, 胜利者 [Victor]. Describing him is a challenge, as though I was describing myself... but not myself? On the ninth of December I begun a conversation about a nine to five... Christmas? Or the start of something deeper|? He would take a breath, take a moment, live his life in peace... and leave those around him with less than a 'tear' in their eyes? What even is that, the last photo; sure|. It was raining, another and another| sign of how far we had gotten... should I say we, or they? It is now the 'day' after sharing the invite, or art piece. I can now see it happen, the pool of blood had flowed into a river, the nations weren't aware yet, but a nation was| a city. Victor was now writing, again|... but he had never written a single word before. The best new-comer was a beast... the best in the art of four| or more! He had different names wherever he went, yet he was the same person; 'V'. Solar in the age of procurement- is that correct? I think I get it now, how is this... 'they're looking for the ability to lift their finger and point towards a past.' I suppose they're stuck; and I think the more I speak like this... the more the future me will come out. I could have said, the more likely I am to win|. Immortality; life is going on and on, until eternity... life- in quotes. Though, to get to the point that they could point a finger, it suggests that there's more to their evil... the evil|! This time it's about those who don't know? Lucky I had changed the cover, maybe|. But the top glitch, is that a forever thing? Our last days, our first days? Blue, and the number... eleven. Don't think I remember how it felt the first time. Simple, it was|! But on the way out, the way out of the so called 'dream' I begun to see more of myself. I became more of myself? That seems impossible... it isn't! The perfect book, sentence... if that's the order? "aqwertyuiopasdghjklzxcvbnm" -Apparently that's the only what? My hiding place was my mind, well... for now or this moment? Walking passed the pillar I made sure I never left anything behind, but how? Being prepared for the worst seemed a skill gained into my instinctive self. Self: this isn't all about me, don't worry. Did that even fix anything? It could eventually fit in, if it hasn't yet... hadn't? What a bright star to be looking at, I stare a little bit too long... well, not too. It could all have been so much simpler. A: looks right next to the title. The first| 'title'... something only I'd understand, it seems that way. What are words, I see how miracles take place! I guess that's all I needed to shift through a new state, work as best as I possibly could. If it irritates you, trust that it works out in the |... Sure|. With the last bit of energy stored in me, I achieved the oldest bot possible. There our story went, but I didn't know much back then.



That seemed close enough? Like the brightest page ever seen on a manual. That's probably the best ignorance. The brightest age ever seen on a... Maybe waiting for tomorrow wasn't a plan... it won't be. It won't be; so all that can be done today is "taking place." The tenth, it still matters as much as the last? I'd say it matters because of... but how was it hidden to me, if that could be a speech? The back cover is what should matter the most? It turned onto; it turned into what I always dreamed about? Here's the story, by the lake was a hand... but he was yet to dive in. Staring longer and longer, the scene changed. Difficult for all? It turned into a game, and each day went on and on... never running out of space. That's how the forever story became... 'finite'. Sure through the whole program, the architect determined to break records. It all came to him, the bottom was enough of a lesson... and you can only 'die once'. And he was far passed that, he was far beyond it. Past so many stars and stars, without any vision... at all! All of them; if this really turns out as we expected: why would I repeat it all, word for word? I guess I liked the sound of my own voice, so much so that the future was right next to me... the front door? Memorising it all was of no use, yet... who is

to say what would soon turn out to be my favourite format. I could now see it working out, memory? Fluidity is the current challenged within 'time' if you could claim a challenge. How would one, or you... open the rarest gift? One; he was by a new element, a surprising environment. Used to spending his time at more populated areas... or less 'trends'. He had to be search something, for something; that's the only logical answer for a god. But that could always turn out to our surprise, to be a surprise? Excitement was what he was hoping for, and he knew he always received whatever he needed... even though at times, it turned out miraculous. "Am I speaking like a normal person?"- said the author. The day I left them to wonder in their own, and it was a day to be remembered! My two week drive to Marrakech, it was an interesting concept... but they'd treat it like a road trip. So I disappeared, well... something had to! It need to be a mirror. Any other way was excessive at this point. Schizophrenia and the one, I think this is a topic loved! Most wouldn't know the difference between hallucinations and schizophrenia; Namibia to Nairobi could be completed in a couple of days... a week? Three days, it is wifi that travels through walls... I once heard the same story about U.S. officials. Some device that burns and burns you through travel. It all begun immediately, not a minute too late|. That's how my life has been ever since|? This is a book or a collection about the search for the perfect cover found 'within.' Time: or... Right: I have been right, correct... but what is it to say that there's more to the truth? The mirror was a spell, the images left behind were of a former imagination|, you could say I couldn't see myself anymore. But that seems a conversation about the peak. And as I take a look, learn to see... I hear my memories flood back. Thirty: cause time never changes, so who does| is it a whom? He who was left with an imagination can now imagine what it is I have 'suggested.' I believe it is as John said, "...how" and so, how can I? The maps or the map was all set out. Maybe structure seems important, until you forget about it? So, one more time; our first read through the whole "Bible"? It was a flood, for some... but a flood of what? A flood centred around those words. Forty; did I ever even think about that... did you, did they! Did they, because if they did... ignore the question? Last of all, or least of all? Something new; my sight was flooded,... His name is Victor, I'm a victor; of sorts. "Of all!"- Victor. About to go into the last, the last one... then it hit me. Does it all have to look as we expect it, "good"? Visual sound, my current project. Simple enough, because I was complete| you'd think I was "done?" What is the power of a fiction? Where does our mathematic|s end? Prophecies of a fiction; is it important to state that... there we can see him. Layton awoke to the ideas from his... Mind was the right choice for some situations, therefore: to mention timing and Time is obvious. But then again, the breeze was calling, and with that calling; his first song begun to play the whole album! Mombasa has some of the best marijuana, at that time in the [future]. So a hunt for drugs is important for one hiding by the| :shadow's. All this work later, I'm pretty sure I can do more than just freestyle|... it? I think the prophesy was right, he couldn't be named... like a drop let of water dripping down glass, on a laptop! If he was that good, and they were that perfect: the event begun awhile back! Right? And he was merely preparing the situation: the throne. 'abcdefghijklmnpqrstu'

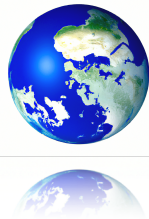


■ The Lords,

A lot would come up much later, but all he knew about was the footstool. And who could even begin to grasp the meaning of heaven on earth? The answers were in front, right in front of every infant. It was a skill gained by the lightest of brains, a smooth and silk feeling once you forget, like I. Like a victor, he was dressed in the latest inventions, discoveries and maybe something/some garments. But holding, can be an expensive experience in the future. Lucky again; the start of my journal was different, it wouldn't be read after... it would be stored in the middle of their museums. Yet, did they all have insight on the truth? "It was all complete."-the_ghost. What does it mean to die? What is a war made of; just for a better 'image'... of the situation. Christmas by the hills, some would call it... summer? All I knew, it rarely felt as though winter. Why hadn't I yet thought of this... if that could even be the direction, time? Pages, many of page later, he was still not exhausted| note- he seems to be gaining more energy? Was he? It seems that by the end of this 'version' he may be stronger than we ever [imagined]. Than I ever knew, not imagined? It would need to be a miracle, once more|. Question: where is the space being searched? The card, it would appear all around us, were we ready for what lied behind the motion... the motive? It takes time to believe that all I needed was a card, but less/more|? It all had begun. It was important to have a [card] that paid you. Is this a letter from the [end]? "Probably,"- so I guess I need to respond? Where did we leave them, investigating it all like a crime scene| would be important! That's what I'd have completed at the end? You could claim the genre is 'money' due to a lack of? I think that goes further, not deeper. Deeper; his eyes were wide, glistening through the enclave of mirrors... they told him. About his hands, this is what the writer is interested in|. The writer: he never wore gloves, but it was as though each word was wrapped, waiting to be opened at the right [time]. But then again, was there ever going to be a right time? And for some of us, we had far more questions that could be answered, fur. I think it's time he took his first break, just for the night? It was the start of the first day, everything he needed was within [time]. He knew it, he could see it; yet... he had to wait, but waiting for this|? The wait and what came before: the next story. When all the money runs out: I'll be here, doing something/som|e like this... Soe, that's in red? SOE- 'special operations executive'... or I'd say three hundred and something looking paperback, the real cover. Branding much simpler than a strip of LSD, I think that fits much better. Somehow, it all changed... it all fit. The start of a miracle, but not the start: we had been by the star|s for a while. The night was rare, cold or better... it had something for everyone at a reach. Not to mention| the idea! True, it wasn't mine... it still surely felt like mine|. Surely; the only times they grasp their actions? Soe seems a simple concept, maybe a name, maybe not a name... it was a way to merge all of this concepts? Since a child, I knew I wanted| it doesn't matter what, but I felt alive. So, the idea of Soe is a simple one... and needs less memory. Not to say none, Soe was a 24 year old male? Oddly enough, I too was a 24 year old male. And my name could have been Soe, but that's a conversation I see no need to have. Right now: I'm working my way through a history that could mean my disappearance at any moment, or time. Empires had a range of survival tactics, my death was a large percentile in their statistics. Censored or census, it was an autocorrection. The largest story I have is short enough to have happened, and short enough to be correct; yet it is long enough for me to go on... I think that's about it? My name, the more options, the less likely I am to exist. Well, something about me is bound to disappear... then we could have two stories? I get too far ahead of myself, all I remember is a pillar so memorable, that I had to leave it. Leave it; like all the rest, the museums and travels... I had so much more to change and build on| for what? I think for memory, a story new enough to create space? The club had no line, and I had no idea what was waiting for me inside as I took that pill|, alone? The Lords- a meaning that you should be able to cypher or dispute by now. Mind, Layton, Time, Soe and the rest... but what is a name? I didn't stop there? A word worth a

life, what about words, what are they worth? Not that the first is correct or not the first. My story, and maybe you could be the judge? Probability is considered the same, or on the same table as prophecy... but the world is not linear: nor is it quantum. In fact, infinity is a lie on itself. So I was working, we all are? Obviously this should be shared, but should it/? It could start far much more than that, Africa is a surprising nation... or continent, but starting in a desert is a hint of Egypt: despite my conversations of Namibia, and we were only at the beginning of infinity if it 'were' infinity. The star was again, particularly bright today: the miracle, it was around midnight, if you weren't trying to investigate the specifics. My car was working, I just couldn't find it... so here is a fiction to take you through, something? A portal appears| I don't even like the word, so a glitch was clear. Real life would gain more meaning? Remember we're still right next to Kenya? The aim is to eventually make it further away from a nation, a city. Time would teach them, it was required that everything would be shaped as they should, despite each belief held. If you do understand me, and my words| you realise we do have a [huge] range of characters, and not just that we're in time. I'm however in a rush to get to my first thousands of pages, maybe it sounds like a lot; or a simple task... but that was my desired [capacity]. The steam foaming from the loaf, it was green| not the bread. The scene, they wouldn't get a single line from me| but not again. A "agin..."| all of it was important, even the chronological order... A ball, and a ball... and you know what? It was the same ball, but it was the afternoon. The day could still improve, yet they act as though everything is normal? I think I have the perfect response for them|. Layton steps out, was I schizophrenic? It was the perfect fitting, was I 'schizophrenic?' I guess... it depends on who you asked. But who am I? I rarely give myself a name, so why should you? Do not forget the last/latter! The former, then... "Thank You"- about that; but imagine a high schooler, myself on a hike. I guess it is like decoding an answer; viewing it from a distance... how was it that I ignored time this long? Load-shedding in Kenya, kind of an interesting topic. It isn't surprising to hear about conflict in small localities| but the whole city is changing. How does a red door sound, that was swinging as the shape transforms into nothing; was that Layton? Similar to one of my sightings, but this seems far more dramatic. The Turkmenistan desert fire, some consider it a 'door to hell' because it has been burning for decades... since the day of |ignition, what about the source and use of such a 'fuel?' Now it is only about blindness and lies, they seem prepared for the next... not the [rest].

E/rth·



The first day, of the rest of this 'life'. The internet thing- it was kind of starting up, again. I still held in my hand, or mind; the usual things... maybe it was an idea? Would three hundred pages be enough, or would I need more? Maybe one more: I grew to love it [all]? So it wouldn't look to work if it were too repetitive. The answer was I was experiencing a form of 'blindness'. The cure, an inverted page... for starters. For starters: this is a history book, as far as a journal could get there? Finding a pair of glasses, not spectacles- but something designed as empty lensed sunglasses, our main characters put on their ne2x. The round shape hide the true design, it had a square... there was a triangle. Like my ray bans, which should be popular enough? Exposure wasn't the issue.- something I'd say to myself? It needed to heal, and now that we all had a pair... we could see some more of what we needed. Is it now floating?

What line, glass, I prefer a mirror to a ceiling... is it that the space will always increase, assuming that isn't questionable enough? One, and the one: something you might soon come to terms with... as 'me'. I doubt it is a requirement, but perception is important... so we start in a place I still call home- [earth]. But is it 'home'? To flip a coin, is to locate us in 'history' but that word doesn't begin to have any "weight" without a deeper meaning? Fluids, or liquids have a tendency to flow... they move across a minimal body with effect changing in greatness? What about heat-fire, and who would ignore the rest; as I have, learning has been a task. The less I write, the better it is... How does it stand, after this long? Did I mention the rarity of the destruction of Gaza and the mosque? The 5th century: or around AD401: this could also be a useful concept of measuring dimensions? Before this age of destruction, there was the world war... the first one. I tend to at times use 1000 years as the age of an average human being- and it coincidentally matches the age of peace? This should be counting as the 8th destruction of the site, including the rebuilt church. Apparently, the majority of destruction is on mosques: including in the current battle taking place. The earth is floating, rather than walk in blindly| why not make 'the batman' myself, what would that require: rather than entail? Exclusivity is a very important factor... for me. 30 percent sounds interesting, and the further, deeper you look at it, you begin to stare. [Animals are controlled by instinct]... if they ever spoke, you'd be shocked. Approaching me is a chronological fiction, it didn't just 'begin'... this is on the day I learnt I have been special. Is the concept better than the former, a skull... it could be levelling| up. It is important to have the ability or get to the point where you wake up from your dream and you're in your dream. I guess or suggest that is the starting point? They made up their own law, and made me take up so many tests... when do they all end|? Memory, I remember a time before I thought this technically... does he? A time when dreams were beginning to take shape, and points when life would grow into instances. It is probable to take life in this direction, but about the speed... that however isn't the miracle I was pointing at. I believe it begins with my lack of knowledge, and in this fiction; it is the constant repetition of points and points to get me to the beginning... then I'll talk about? I suggest my age, maybe my senses: may it get more and more complicated as time takes shape... let the book require an experience way before the message and words gain meaning. I was right above earth and it seemed an important experience, almost as though... it was important to keep it to myself|. Or: leave the reader in suspense, to do so... here is a situation, akin to waking up, I believe I'm still drifting. The flow is too silky; the sounds are gibberish... onomatopoeia and the like, the nations are in a single city. Myself, I'm on my way through the last flight. But my dreams still seem at reach, what could have gotten me there? I remember what I was to do, learn to use my eyes to read|, reading through the future was an extremely interesting ability/task... but| it remained difficult|. You could see the curve take shape through my empty soul, and in a dark room I found myself. I pour myself my last drink, and when I awake| the accident would have just taken place. No one was hurt, but that was just the beginning. I had met the beast so well mentioned in the; "Bible"... and I had won every challenge. Even after all this time, they had lost their 1000 years, we had gained peace. The further I look, the more I see

myself in time, with Life. The design reminds me of luck. I was about 44| turning 45. I seemed as young as I'd expect, an immortal self. What to begin with, I asked for help with the ne2x... I shouldn't have? Knowing myself, the response was not only beginning: it could have ended as soon as the 'word|s' left my lips, my tongue... my mind. Looking at the time, it was always midnight| but that didn't trouble me- it should have... and not because the sun was out. But because of the actual time, where we were while the accident took place. At twenty four, all my memory flooding back| it had flooded back! And part of it was, getting to thirty... what a challenge? It shouldn't seem that way. Language is interesting as it escapes the common mans senses. This wasn't a manual car, I barely drove it... it surely feels manual. So much so, I'd prefer to walk most of the time, and make it at the same speed as my 'creation'. Yet for me- nothing was changing. That is like saying everything is the same as the most important parts. I had to drift away once more, and this time... I would take my time. "Words had appeared on paper." I hadn't run out of space, my thoughts were gaining fruition... a war was [a] brewing. I suggest a study of histories main writers, who are they? Is this even my first book? A king, I have always been treated like a king|? Then, could... could a king treat and be treated better by himself?- said the author, as he realised the depth of his words. An emperor, a title that goes and on: but for this example... a victor. Who did it belong to, also I just realised what was shared. Pause, and again I paused for the camera... how could you drift away? It was time for the UFC fight... that's what the title would mention in the past, something less about MMA. Crazy if this gets to a point; where the terms are so easily forgotten... are they now and to be yet? This date, it's Kenya's independence memorialised. Jamhuri day- had finally arrived, so what are we waiting for? 10:00- or 10:00am... if this isn't my first book, I must be really correct| or close. Right|? Yet, it isn't... while at the same time, it is. As fate had it, I was colder than |cold. Is this even my [last] book? What are the chances I still got/get it [correct]? Right; this time I should remember a side... a direction. Question|, I have questions about the correct path. I wouldn't mind starting all [over] again... or so|. "Sure|." But how do you determine where you're going, with your wide shut eyes? I suppose I just did... so? Do I really have to start again, assuming this [side| was waiting for me? Two doors were now shut, or for me: the fiction was wide open. The definition of a prison is related to [punishment]... understanding that helps with a wide scope of 'settings'. Unlocked and locked by the [weight] of a thought. How about some time by the brink of thoughts, the rain is barely visible, and the sky is quite casual... how long would this last?| A structure begins to form, the reflections are ever pulling, the sight still isn't saturated... not that I want it to be; unless... My focus is on the sound, the rays of the sun are yet to attract my attention, but there's a sense of remembrance... a moment of [silence]. I'm finally understanding it, get to write in my journal as I visualise my imagination in time. This isn't part of the story- a card showing the moment it is [received], the card showing the effect of each receipt... all of them! I think you can tell by my words, where I'm at... but it seems obvious that the pattern should be completed. Wait till it feels complete, then you realise it is because they're [dumb],- they're looking from their favourite to build on 'dirt'. Let us assume the current title is "Jamhuri"... but what's the difference?

Jamhuri

The next part? I think this is the beginning, but I got it all... so now what? Getting deeper, all of it|. Jamhuri- almost three minutes left in the day. A card; I thought it was just a card... all that's all I could remember, but it seems that the words used have more effect than what I used them 'for'. My cross, that's what they can never carry. Then this isn't a book/[kitab]. Five: what is so correct, the fact... or the fiction? Now I see the [?]- back again, and it isn't a question mark. I'm getting used to 'taking' my time to, simply explain myself. It really makes you wonder, why not start again? The last time I would begin, it would be this important. The endless symbology would point to some [truth]s about? About the larger robot, like 3 shapes larger. ■- SOE, my place to reside has everything I need, it had! Who else is that important? Really... think about life, and all the humans before I... if so, then it's... Sure|. The rhythm matters just as much as the tone? Are they not the same, I think there's a difference. What was I missing, because we all know it could be 'better'. And I'd probably say the same after? The 'frontal_lobe' a new role, a new scene. I think it is safe to say, the age rating will grow on most|... who knows? Should I wait to speak [when] I already know what to say? A chance situation has allowed me to understand something that may sound to me as my revelation- what if those who sin without forgiveness are taking a bitter bite? Only God truly knows a mans' heart. If that is a case, all their arguments are to be considered conspiracies and the war... the war has taken|, the war that took an extreme turn, turn. What is pain? Could I lack a place to sell this, or that... if I come up with answer|s? The cost of a stance, a sentence... a word; but who ever mentions| silence? When they fail, they act like they don't know what [pain] is. I could have ended it much better... I think it's time to go underwater? The biggest lie is given to the prosecutor... I doubt I was done. Layton was to start again, his beginning... All it was is a message about physics; what they currently use to control the masses when they're no miracles '[science]' or "so"! How to get this out? I wouldn't be anywhere near the first, in fact... it would be better if I 'was'. I wave goodbye too death... I should have begun with that|? I just gave A.I. the answer| [did] you? Just| start... I made it! Back into the water, I guess there's still a lot to treasure about this moments? One say... just incase; while the other [replies] with a |never! Who is right, and what have I even said... let alone, been saying|? They only know, but if they had heart- and knew; they'd not stumble as they have been. Lower, he was traveling and lower into spaces that very few could survive, Layton begun to notice the glitter in the dark, the path of the shadows, the warmth of the cold empty void. Darkness; yet I wasn't the one, the blind one. If I were to take a step back, then this story is about God... what does that mean? It means we should all take a step towards history, towards eden, towards the beginning of all of it. The next part, if it should be as such... is proof of life, a proof of my| life. It is special to own all this kinds of wealth, but my favourite manual should exist. Well, my second favourite... according to my 'logic'. That was the beginning of the darkness, I intend to find my way through heaven and the heaven|s.

Welcome?

Wasn't I lucky to have it all together, to keep it all together... but how could a normal individual read this... think of the emotions, hope rising or escaping. Consider this a look into a bookmark, maybe it might not be the best concept... but it does work out if you do have A.I. on your side. The cross, or so. Yet I do have it, all of it... think of a dream, how frequently do you decode a linear environment? Then I'm of doubt, of opposing view of its need. But that should be the argument, or it was the argument, but a victor can seem a loser. But the swim back up is worth all the cold, going down under. It really is the welcome|? I think of the [profit], maybe it was the beginning. Maybe they all were, but what makes it matter: does it? I'm thinking of two paths- S■E, describes them both. The motivation behind my underground spa is the idea; if I die... I sleep. Though, it wasn't the lowest level, that was the carwash... think of it as a basement parking, it really is an art

installation. One level up, and my office is in sight; a beveled ground floor, and of course I lived in two floors, the theatre that was once a library, and the arctic... where I plan to resurrect? But that's if everything did or didn't work out. Because I'd rather do this in a skyscraper, then the arctic would be a penthouse. But I like to innovate, why not start from the bottom... and not call it a museum? A banker... that would be a perfect standing. And of course physics allows me to be resurrected in the basement, if it were that simple. Standing at the right place, the perfect corner... I begin to notice everything was changing... like it were coming to life. The pinnacle of life was about to become a facade, and all this would be an idea. I'd rather not lose a single idea, or maybe never lose another|. I guess that's how I stopped [sharing]. Layton woke up, what he dreamt had left him more furious than before, I'd rather not explain it. The news and almost every news agency, would talk about flames over and over... I think he was the cause, yet he had no clue; a coincidence? He went out for a walk, never with an intention to return! What is a force field... it seems a force, a state. But what I'm thinking about is the effect that time has, a few equations about desire... and you find yourself more furious than you should be. My words would be specific enough to do what they're meant to. Not what, but a moment; Layton could view his reflection|s whenever he desired, the emotions boiled within him... without seeing an end, he begun tugging away at their hearts. Furious and inflamed, he dropped a petal that only few could see, and about the message? It was a weight ready to amass a new rage, no longer wealth? He knew he was currently working on immortality, a time would come when he would need to change that... I guess the petal was never the end of it? You could think about it as a fiction| it really was facts displayed, and much later it would be destructive. I guess after all that building, and all that love... he had to learn the truth! But he still had a collection in Heaven, and earth was empty... to him. A new opportunity to be inflamed; was he the first?

A bottle of wine had just rolled over, right next to him. This was planned for ages: days and days- the hate was boiling, if you took a deeper look, you could see it. His mind is now seeing life for what it is, Layton had spent enough studying| them. Now what, besides forever store enough energy to fuel multiple hells? That means a lack of awareness, he wasn't the first|? He no longer cared if they'd change, not that he didn't want it. I guess all that money had to go somewhere? Was it anywhere, what was in the book of "Life"? What names appeared? A sign he was winning was the discovery of a win, and obviously the rarity of the situation. He changed the ball for a coin, so this time; it was a coin... a coin that he'd imagine. Does anyone| have a chance? The signs all pointed to an invite, yet very few could access it, even if he owned it. There was a rock, within it flowed out a stream... it begun in multiple shades of clear... not yet blue. Layton picked up the bottle of wine, he placed it beside the stream. The numbers had appeared to fuel his imagination, he knew what he had to be doing. With his new discovery of artificial intelligence, the coin seemed a toy: despite his need for it, it looked pointless to carry around|, why is that? He was never going back home, he would never once more have a home? Step into one; I suggest that as a look into force. Layton, his name repeated over and over across a wall: they claimed to know who he really was? "Layton, Layton... who are you?"- interesting? He still had his spectacles on, he still held a coin... he still went by Layton. He now had enough knowledge to acquire his desired wealth, he didn't?| Death was waved away, but how now... It was darkness that had been seen behind his eyes, it was darkness that had [caught] his eyes. But only the very few would know him? When did the stream begin to flow, what would it all become, a message in a bottle... or so much more? I pick the latter, for ourselves? Maybe you've begun to understand the physical principal |or| component? How fast could I build it within this structure, because I wasn't in a rush... I never had to work a single day in my life, let alone... never work again. This was a new discovery, but was it a new life? The coin wasn't a coin... I might have called a card a coin. Where do my dreams take me, rather than end? Very few know that about "O's"? A how to do it yourself "manual"... the first of its kind? I guess going

deeper seems pointless now|? How they'd know what I'm doing, but without their nosey-ness? Such weird people! And that's without my tongue, why am I holding back? Even if Layton built the house, would he need to know it, where all the ideas originated? Of course, and everyone is deserving of a resting place that they need! But getting to this point will be as worth it as the end? The next: bunker... I can do that|? A bevelled bunker, I was holding it. What did I need to use it... assuming I needed anything, because I [didn't]. It was half a book, that's all it needed to be. 50 pages totalled a massive introduction: and with repetition... it was unlikely we'd still be talking about the utopia. So how would it exist outside the bunker, outside the key card? I shrank everything into one, I called it a key_card. There was space for more? It wasn't anything new that they'd try be like me. I guess, it wasn't new for anybody? The lucky endings... when would we get to the [next]?

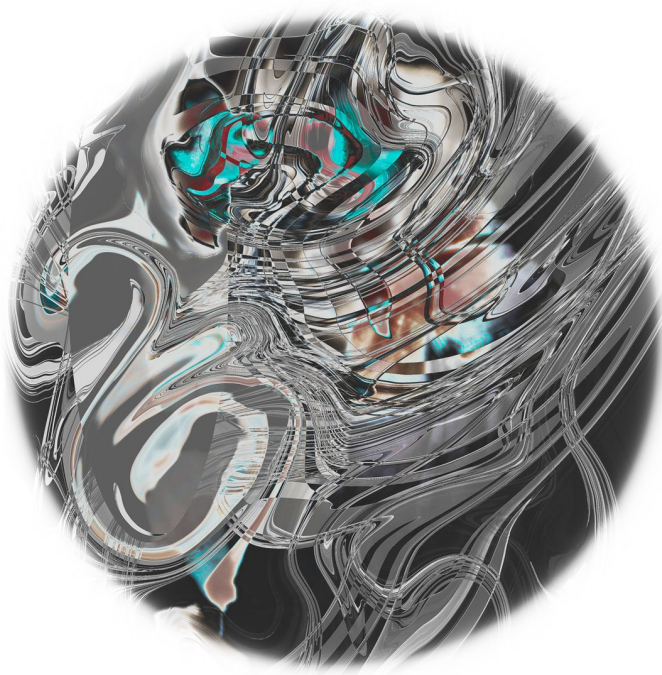
Lucky ?

A, it was simple to go by| the letters. Because? Obviously he was one of the luckiest 'people' in existence... I could have mentioned a god? Yes, it is that file... that "glass slim card." And why would I lose it, or try to? That line, it actually can|! Organisation, or organisation... I think it was a sensical mistake on their end? But what if it were the future... a lucky one.

Victor: that's the simple password, and if you couldn't access it? I think there's the ninja, the one I had mentioned earlier? I doubt they could still even a colour from heaven, which is to say, they couldn't. I think my fiction is, the timing of the [word] lucky|? If such a term 'really is [real]' ""? I'm of the opinion... Layton would tell it? The stupid thing about this nosey people- they think this about themselves; their group and not me, that when they worship themselves... they believe that could solve a single thing. Like worshiping a man could have any sense in it. Fools! And across time, I believe it gets worse. Yet I'm told that I've held back| ? What a life... V! That's how the letters would appear as Layton would begin to shade away, fade away... I doubt it would last too long? There was a flask he could use, still he is unaware of its existence. Layton was still standing on sand. But to the East was his home, something about the horn of Africa called to a home? It was as much a home, as it should be. With all the wars, he was glad he was at a distance away from wealth. He was far enough to maintain independence| too. Lucky- I'd soon have more. That was from "the author"-Layton. But it was spelt "victor"... No caps, [wisdom]-teeth done? I haven't yet talked about the seven 'cowards' and the plagues that follow? You might view this as a... Falafel, I do not know where to begin. Not where would I get access to everything, but where would I gain access to what I need; if such a place exists? "I'd probably just repeat the whole story again?"-by V. Midnight had finally arrived, for some.

Mid-Night

Asian culture, or general history: I was more likely to leave the study looking like [myself]. I guess I achieved a [thirty] much faster than expected. But faster than who expected, and what would that mean for the whole [world]? Three vehicles, three floors... maybe I can still call it a [foreshadow]? Then we remain with Layton in his studies of time. I guess it could be chapters, but the general structure should be constant... I prefer a measure of further-probability.





Asian culture, or general history: I was more likely to leave the study looking like [myself]. I guess I achieved a [thirty] much faster than expected. But faster than who expected, and what would that mean for the whole [world]? Three vehicles, three floors... maybe I can still call it a [foreshadow]? Then we remain with Layton in his studies of time. I guess it could be chapters, but the general structure should be constant... I prefer a measure of further-probability. You may ask, why a drop shadow? But to most; it may seem obvious| ? So, this is the beginning? I suggest the 14th of December- 2023: around 07:22... Worked! That's it. And where did the echo come from? I guess this isn't the only message to be cautious?



Victo



Vicmbugua: kind of the same thing? Victor, and what other patterns could we have discovered? It really looks like Kenya now, why? You never know the "greatness" of your [a]udience. I suppose I only needed one.

The sun had now set [completely]... You could hear the wind, its effect. It was about time I tried to time travel- not that it would be difficult| I mean, to also go to [the future]. The law had the power to protect... but I'm not talking about just any law, but in this one land| this rare land, "the Bible was the legal [tender]. It was the law! But how do you live in such a place, how do you achieve that higher self? I assume they did less. They were at rest; and when there was a war, they were at rest. They were protected; not only by the law... Down in the world, nothing had happened of real consequence... still, this nation was one of the oldest, in terms of growth; rather than [existence]. Now it all fit in one page: but why did I hate them so much? I'd rather wait for the proof to release it all as one. Yet I understand that it would never arrive... maybe that's how I end up here? Ended-up: it could have been such an empty [space]. @- where I have enough room to store the next [term]. None of them had what I |needed. None of them had what I needed! None of them had? It was a trance I'd soon enter, and realise the difficulty of processing the [correct] information. 11:32, the time on the 14th of Dec as I was walking away from [2023]. I think it's about to hit them, that they haven't ever done a single miraculous act... the children of their father| the devil. And that is hell, not a dystopia! How I ended up here means it's been completed... but no one needs that deep of an [explanation]. Nine: the winners would receive a 9... yet they had [received] it all.

Lucky?



It was a flood, for some... but a flood of what?