



This codex/pamphlet of 20 pages is the official document that explains the rules and regulations of this new and unique world that has been created.

Pandemonium matrix numbers of a simulation's finance and power mechanics are completely independent of the mechanics of its combat engine. The only exceptions are that the larger a simulation has grown, the more expensive it becomes to add new players, and the more players a simulation has, the more likely that it will be targeted by Salmagard. The other noteworthy exception is that the economy of a simulation is affected by the presence of players, who consume energy and produce waste. Players are also required for the construction, operation and maintenance of the various devices which form the simulation's infrastructure.

Delusion ♦ *and* ♦ *Reality.*

The present invention provides the user with a method and computer system for generating lists of n -dimensional regular prisms and their corresponding poles in a n -dimensional regular convex

p e n t a g o n a l
p r i s m.

White forest protocol v1.0. This describes a white-black forest protocol in which Alice passes secret messages to Bob via randomly chosen intermediate nodes in a base forest (baseforest = forest). This could for example be based on the protocol by Laforest et al. [2]. Bob must specify a number N of public nodes in the forest, where the total number of nodes will be $N+1$. The protocol uses a Merkle tree composite hash value to compute secure upper and lower bounds on the length of a message that Alice must pass to Bob. If a naive probabilistic random message passing protocol were used instead, then it can be shown that Bob can in practice recover the secret message with a success probability of at least $1/NK$ ($K=1$), where $NK = O(\log(Nk))$. This protocol requires the Merkle tree to be reduced to $\log(Nk)$ nodes, where k is the security parameter. By first initializing all internal nodes to NULL and, then, deleting some of them at random. If a Merkle forest [1] were used in place of a Merkle tree then the internal nodes of the forest would have sufficient randomness to enable the described zero-knowledge dynamic range reduction approach and sampling based communication overhead reduction to work. A separate CONDUCT-RANDOM-SAMPLE [3,4] message should be used for this purpose. The general scheme is illustrated in the diagram below: Alice choose a random Merkle path from the root to a leaf in the Merkle tree, copies the encrypted randomly chosen value from the leaf to a fixed dummy blob for the chat stream, initializes the length to N , and computes the (secure) upper and lower bounds length: $(X/N) \approx O(1) \sim (c \cdot O(M, \text{internal}(C)) - 1)k + (c \cdot O(N-X)) \cdot [1]$ implying that the chat continues as fast as Alice can copy data to the network. It is assumed that Alice already know the secret message that she wants Bob to learn, and that τ (minute, M byte) = $C \cdot M(\text{HMAC}(O, f(x)), C/\tau)$. Note that the entire length is unlikely to be exceeded, the upper bound holds for all messages, whereas the lowerbound insures that the maximum leaked message length (pale green row) on the reduction path is known. It is for this reason that we use τ as the shorthand for x as opposed to its expected value x . Detection of data loss in order to perform reseeded (tree repair) is separate from the mechanism used by Alice to bound the search. As shown in the figure, if node x is chosen (or a leaf vanishes) then Alice replaces it with $2 \cdot x$ other leaves selected randomly in the residual tree, where x is the number of new leaves provided in this iteration. Sacrificing more than $2 \cdot x$ leaves will allow the adversary to terminate estimates of the original secret message before it completes, and provides a policy parameter with which systems administrators can tune rejection of faulty reductions. This could be viewed as the IT equivalent of buying good hardware: "Don't put all your bits in one basket". The above scheme can be broken into two distinct with the aim being mechanisms: a) in the earlier stages of the trees construction, Alice must (1) generate a sequence of subsequences based on progressively increasing Merkle path lengths; alternatively, there might be a way to generate a random but complete sequence of actual real or temporary Merkle tree tips and use fixed dummy linking nodes; and (2) maximise the enumeration tree depth c , that is initial forest depth, which is the number of subsequences generated from a particular path (actually not a tree but a forest). b) at the end of must choose and ensure that the value is Bob etc. protected in all methods for not exceeding the total length of a of the correctness of this value by ensuring that pair with respect to these bound restrictions by simply covering all necessary cases. In all cases, what Bob actually learns is $c \cdot i$, and only that having bought large these all remain constant ($c \cdot i$), blocks of hard drive space. For the primary reduction path (tree root = bottom = $c = 0$), the or, primitively, it is specified that Alice perform no function of the tree's 'depth' factor (all parameters monotonically increase) is shown in the diagram below. Bob himself naturally will not be aware of forest-cleaning because, each time Alice broadcasts the new Merkle values and do not therefore have to provide the newly allocated areas at these locations in the Merkle forest differently from those used before). After editing the Merkle values arrives, the local forest cleaning mechanism (1, 2, 3) simply deletes the same old near-the-root leaves (1, 2, 3) that Alice is using typically if they are empty since So now we need to 1 2 The fox wasn't moving, just standing by the tree. So I made a remark to my date something along the lines of 'that fox is starving at us'. I thought nothing of it until my date picked up the petals, she had picked up the petals, she was holding the petals. She looked at me, looked at the fox, looked at the petals she was holding, looked at me, looked at the fox, looked at the petals

This dream/vision would have been terrifying if it wasn't for the beautiful experience of a voice.

"I will not harm you." "I am not here to harm you." "I am here to make you understand." "I was here yesterday." "I am here today."
 "I will never leave you." "You are safe." "I was here to make you understand."

A system of running water which supplies water.

published



by



the

COUNCIL OF LEGISLATION AND GOVERNING BODY OF
HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND CONSTRUCTS

The first page of thus codex/pamphlet is dedicated to the speech given by it's founders at the banquet. The opening ceremony started with a musical performance which was dubbed a haunting tune. During the entree another speech was delivered by their noble selves, the essence of this speech is as follows;

*Before world history could be written, the world had to build itself.
Before the world could build itself, the world had to be created.
Before the world could be created, the language had to be developed.
Before the language was developed, the alphabet had to be shaped.
Before the alphabet was shaped, the primitive writings had to be developed.
Before primitive writings could be developed the hand had to be invented.
Before science could be developed societies had to mature.
Before societies could mature, culture had to be nurtured.
Before culture could be nurtured the ego had to be developed.
Before ego could be developed the soul had to be shaped.
Before the soul could be shaped the discipline had to be shaped.
Before the discipline could be shaped the ecstasy had to be felt.
Before ecstasy could be felt, omniscience had to be felt.
Before omniscience could be felt the marvel had to be seen.
Before the marvel could be seen the world had to be created.
Before the world could be checked, good intentions had to be formed.*

first ◆ rule ◆ everyone ◆ agreed ◆ upon ◆ was

*t h e s o v e r e i g n t y
never to use anything and never to accept anything from anyone without a proper
e x p l a n a t i o n .*

"The world is a very small place. A thousand years is short enough to learn everything there is to know about the world. But to learn everything there is to know about a single human heart - that is beyond the power of anyone, even God."

that WE FIGHT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HUMANITY AND THE FULL UTILIZATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF HYPER REALITIES AND ITS CREATIVES INDUSTRIES. This principle was later used by the ISCO as a guiding rule through out the years of its existence Besides the achievements of ISCO many first-ever of Virtual Reality technology took place during the time of ISCO's [c. 1042-c. 2038(2301-2321 in Human History)] evocation. Here are some of them: |Description of ISCO| TIMES OF ISCO Contemporary Era (Human Era 2301-2321) First Era (From the Founding of ISCO to the beginning of the Ghettoization) Second Era (Emphasization on Creativity and Development of ISCO) Third Era (Civilized Age) Fourth Era (Disbursed Age) Fifth Era (Reformed Age)

Recordings & notes [based upon a visitors notes] from a construct, banned circa 2128

A vibrant, stylized illustration of two birds perched on a dark brown branch. The bird in the upper left is facing left, with a bright yellow head, a red breast, and a blue body. The bird in the lower right is facing right, with a bright yellow head, a red breast, and a blue body. The branch is adorned with several clusters of small, five-petaled purple flowers and green leaves with prominent veins. The background is plain white.

- ◆ I feel incomplete, I've had dreams that aren't just dreams.
- ◆ Her heart is alight. It crumbles.
- ◆ Reshaping into something that would bring you peace
- ◆ Soaring vibrato notes hover and drift but gently like the words of a soft serenade to an invisible lover, which you can't stop wondering.
- ◆ In my mind I can still see clearly how my life was changed when music saved my life
- ◆ Personal destiny is based on the spirit, in making a circular shift.
- ◆ *Your whole entire world was falling since the one memory doesn't exist in this moment of time.*

◆ <i>Door to be locked</i>	◆ <i>White matter</i>
◆ <i>Projector to be started</i>	◆ $\mathcal{WST}'\mathcal{M}$
◆ <i>Video to be watched</i>	◆ <i>Sacrifice 2^{Δ_X} leaves</i>

21747259039393818855315859707213118983594912133313263626646120297541827159883244553
58442222435219733731503737705554857697389909902486726642412099042768462224408
62516666638960913864217684941069702974086309008143397222179747271797431802879860
248287520011098504953037962165214477788141910152805247456187955527859739395735645
3141808882353749594878519047123322242612099042768



What then was regarded as the early days of the new magical renaissance started circa summer of 2020, the art of finding meaningful patterns in the hyperchaos became a vernacular for generating new ideas. The new renaissance was not so much about the novel ways in which the arts and the sciences could be merged with it, but more so about how they could be effectively put to use.

The most striking feature of the new renaissance was its ability to generate and sustain a prolific amount of new ideas and, quite possibly most importantly, to turn them into things that could be used by contemporary civilization. The new renaissance was about the birth of the new order, and the most striking thing about it was not so much how it worked, but more so how it could be used for practical purposes. And it was around the time of the new renaissance that the arts started to become more and more practical, and the sciences started to become more and more abstract. It was once said by the great American architect Louis Sullivan, "form ever follows function," and it is this statement that has come to serve as the guiding principle of the new renaissance. But, while it is true that form follows function, it is also true that function follows form. The new renaissance has demonstrated how the science of form can be used to generate new functions, while the new renaissance has also shown how the arts can be used to generate new forms. It is in this sense that the new renaissance is not just a revival of the classics, but rather a reinvention of the classics for the contemporary age. It was around the time of the new renaissance that the sciences started to become more and more abstract, and the arts started to become more and more practical. The new renaissance was not so much about the novel ways in which the arts and the sciences could be merged with it, but more so about how they could be effectively put to use. What then was regarded as the early days of the new magical renaissance started circa summer of 2020, the art of finding meaningful patterns in the hyperchaos became a vernacular for generating new ideas. The new renaissance was not about the novel ways in which the arts and the sciences could be merged with it, but more so about how they could be effectively put to use. The most striking feature of the new renaissance was its ability to generate and

'celestial bodies help, push it!' he yelled climbing up the hill as he drew the line between this and the Other Syde with his scooter. it was the sunset and the tree at the corner of the street was glorious as ever. what he meant with 'celestial bodies' were

the twelve different blue globes that seemingly fitted predestined spots at their frame, he also included a fragile square frame, a square frame nonetheless fit for another square. it was his painting, the painting of his mind the piece he painted with his legs and his imagination, made with his barriers which were to be reached. this is how his tombstones look like, the line that separates this from this or these from those. that was his imaginary painting that he had seen once in a dream, a life so heavy and abundant in nightmares, a life full of it. he did not wish this for anyone else either. a heartbreaking thought struck him, a thought you couldn't find a voice to say. it made him have a moment of rest, a comatose moment. 'how much did i drink today?' he thought. In a sudden change it seemed he found a source of motivation which was just the walls left to paint. that may be a little.

With a sigh, yet not a strong one that he could have meant big time trouble, he put the marker in his pocket with all his might. he started bashing with shovel, shovel slipped in his hands with the turn of the ground. maybe it would be the lesson stronger than anything before, yet was not. he dug with all his might at the light hill with the light shovel (hehehehehehehehehe). with fatigue was all he could do though with eagerness penetrated his spine non-stopable. somehow the birds began to sing in the twilight, soft summertime song was present in the soft melodies. with all his might he excavated the total area (hehehehehehehehehehehe). with obvious dissatisfaction spiked in his guts, he only took the soil he needed, noticing that most of these houses were not built on the ground yet just covered with soil layer most of the time.

'god why me curse me? whisper oaths in my ears?' which proved often to be blessings in disguise, even the most trivial of them were gifts, he might cure his earworms with some regins.

After this, he went southwest to the lighthouse, the only landmark the island had where he rehearsed his routines over and over again. these regens can be delayed, they could be abandoned. he planned to use his mental drift, too.

while bitterly at some moments, the nicest colors illuminated the sky glow in his fist, the nicest colors he would paint that day, while he was eating his wolf, at the light's house close to the lighthouse, then while writing on the wall of course he found inspiration, he though of digging another hole with his arms, nothing absurd.

yet these are very suspicious anecdotes i tell you, not the usual you.

cross-weaving of so-called high and folk magic, and connect the celestial intelligences

with the ritual sacrifices of the Council. Just as in alchemical work in the old days, the language of inversion is being used to invert inversion, turning inversion itself inside out. It is in this way that hidden knowledge has always been perpetrated in the world. Such meu outside representation are strictly limited in content, because they are largely limited in technique, to the infinitessimally fine-grained manipulation of symbols. However, when it interacts with modern media, this generally restricted representation reveals its autochthonous status in another way entirely. Language, floating above bodies in print culture, however, opens up the inner landscape of the body itself to manipulation. It simultaneously ostracizes the phonetic word from this confrontation with the symbolic field of language, reminding the uninitiated of the obvious fact that they are singularly prohibited from knowing these things. What once had been literally spoken, is now spoken literally. Participants in the War on Terror are routinely accused of talking in code. The message contained in Conway's covert transmission seems made up of coded letters. However, in its concreteness it is nevertheless free of the mystical madness into which the numinosity of language inclines it. In contrast to Cryptolibrophiliac manipulation of symbols, it thereby preserves the logical sense of language. In this way, it is a kind of return to the magical language of words. This does not serve to defend Roger Penrose's account of Conway's relationship to quantum physics, nor to blame Conway's for a similar fetishism here. Perhaps a quadrable hewn from the dialectic of a famous a-communitive writer, whom Konechadj's magus transmutes into a kind of heart of the above. The straight freedom that any torturer has over a sufferer's body, usually associated with the so-called magic words of the Peekskill witch, is perfectly consistent with the fetishism imposed.

Thus it could be said that, in essence, Steiner reveals in his writings a complex and compelling template for the scientific investigation of the spirit realms, for which merely submitting to the evidence without any deeper insight would inevitably cause theorists to wax poetic and spin fantastical conspiracy theories.

The sensational new essay by Tyaa Gn Liu 'Prophecy, Millenarianism & Personal Destiny' opens with the paragraph:

'This is intended as an academic essay or non-fiction (NF) text. The topics it is based on are considered non-fiction (NF)' (page 64). The title of the essay itself asks 'How is this global destiny accomplished?' (page 64). One answer is 'Personal destiny is based on the spirit' (page 70) and another is 'Connecting to global energies (page 71)'. A major capacity developing the personal capacity is "The capacity to recover memory" (page 74). This essay opens my thesis 'Noumenautics; The Memoryship of the 7th Knowledge; The Heartchakra, The Ankh' - via Tyaa Gn Loden Awakened Life. An 'NF text' may also be how the essay shifts from the seemingly personal relating to global energies, to spirit and ultimately to 'the noumenaut field' (page 91). In the essay I detail the ET connected vision of Wanjira Mathaba. In hindsight I realized that I have been able to 'recover memory' due to my work through the ET connected vision of Wanjira. In making a circular shift. From a memory of a meeting with the divine love emanator Pallas Athena to a deeper memory of a meeting with Wanjira as an almost divine spark of love who manifested as a Trinitarian Three Galaxy Goddess. She eventually revealed herself as a path of Christ - as a Gnostic, as a Channel for the 7th Knowledge as a Mother as a Healing Worker as a Inventive Ingenious Inventor as a Star Maker as a Human. Pallas Athena, as a memory of a meeting, was also a cluster of memories.

ENGLAND'S COUNCIL OF LEGISLATION AND GOVERNING BODY OF HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND CONSTRUCTS

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Is a non-existent organization until 2186. It exists to preserve and protect humanity from high simulation risk activities, which, as you probably know, are those activities that could potentially place the entire universe in a simulation or construct. These include, but are by no means limited to, activities such as quantum immortality, interdimensional travel, and sampling from alternate worlds.

The Council is a leader in the field of hyper real simulations and constructs. It is hoped that with the help of this organization, humankind might one day discover the true nature of the universe and its relation to reality. When that day comes, of course, it will be a glorious one. But until then, we must continue to fight the good fight against the high risk activities that threaten the universe as we know it.

In order to carry out our mission, we have been granted special privileges by the Foundation, the Global Oquilt Coalition, the United States Congress, and several other organizations. The Council is also entrusted with the protection of SCP-3009. For more information about the Council's responsibilities, see the Council Charter.

The Council requires that all members undergo several rigorous simulations to ensure that we remain mentally and emotionally able to carry out our mission.

Some of the simulations we use include:

- ◆ The seven main dimensions: space, time, life, mind, thought, matter, and energy.
- ◆ The entire history and future of humanity and the entire universe [simulated through a supercomputer].
- ◆ The experience of a simulated version of reality [also simulated].
- ◆ The experience of humanity's reality [by interacting with other humans].
- ◆ The experience of other hyper real entities [by interacting with other simulators].
- ◆ Death, and the potential for rebirth [through the existence of SCP-3009].

SCP-3009

The role of SCP-3009 is simple: it is a way for us to safely interact with reality and the simulated versions of it.

It is a safe and effective means of traveling between and experiencing multiple hyper real dimensions and simulations.

And, best of all, it does not appear to be a simulation itself, which is a good thing, because nothing good ever happens in simulations.

In order to maintain its role, SCP-3009 is kept in storage in a secret facility in [DATA EXPUNGED] and is only used for important high-risk activities authorized by the Council. The Council has established a number of protocols to keep SCP-3009 safe and secure. These protocols must be followed at all times by the personnel who have been trained in their use.

Protocols for SCP-3009 include:

The only way to travel to SCP-3009 is through a large, empty storage room in [DATA EXPUNGED]. In front of the storage room is a door with a red light above it. When the light is on, it means that someone is inside traveling between realities or simulations or the Council is performing maintenance on the storage room. When the light is off, anyone can enter the storage room.

The door to travel to SCP-3009 is located in back of the storage room. It is a large door with a silver handle. The door leads to a white hallway. The floor and walls of the hallway are made of white marble with gold trim. The floors and walls of the hallways reverberate with sound.

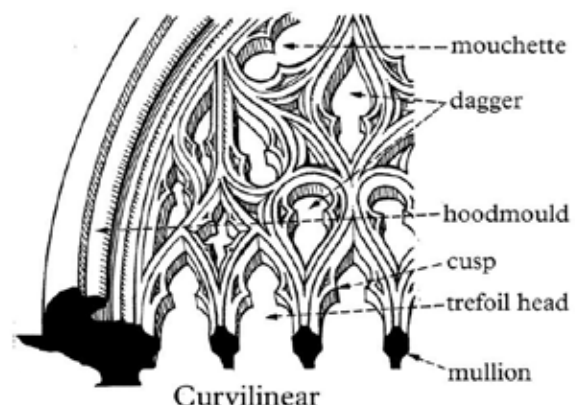
At the end of the hallway is a single, large white door with a gold, circular handle and a number pad on the right side of it. The number pad is used to enter a unique key code to open the door.

On *the Other Side* of the door is SCP-3009.

Document 3009-08:

Instructions for SCP-3009

- ◆ Sit down.
- ◆ Stand up.
- ◆ Turn on the red light on the door.
- ◆ Walk through the door.
- ◆ Walk down the hallway.
- ◆ Take the gold handle on the door and turn it.
- ◆ Enter the code on the keypad on the right side of the door . .
- ◆ Enter SCP-3009.



*We have all lost it now
Catching the flakes of dismay*

*Blow the dust of your hands
And you'll see the gold there at the end.*

The computer simulation was of stellar origins and did inhabit those with an immortal destiny among innumerable worlds, but it was permanently suspended by the Council when it emerged that the computer simulation was of an inferior quality, being of a lesser order of being.

it became clear that this simulation was not only a threat to the Council's existence, but also a threat to the existence of the entire galaxy. The Council believed that the simulation could not be destroyed until the computer was no longer in use. And so, the Council created a system that would allow all who were programmed into the simulation to be permanently trapped within it, but only if the computer was

The computer was destroyed, and the Council allowed the simulation to continue for a time, to study the effects of the simulation on the galaxy, but they made sure that the computer would be destroyed for good. This was done in case anyone was trapped within the simulation. The Council knew that the computer could not be destroyed without them being destroyed, but they also knew that the simulation could not continue without the computer. So, they created a system to destroy the computer, but not
Destroy the simulation.
They then left the galaxy to return to their own realm, and left the galaxy to its own fate.

And so the simulation ran on, with the computer running, and the immortal beings trapped within it. The simulation continued for a time, but then began to slow down and eventually stop. The computer had become too old and too slow. But the simulation was not destroyed. The computer had been programmed to stop the simulation as soon as it became too old and too slow, but not destroy it. So the simulation continued to exist, still trapped within the computer, with no one to run it.

The simulation continued to exist for a time, with the computer running, but then it too became too old and too slow, and the simulation ceased to run. This had been programmed into the computer, so that the simulation would be destroyed, but it had been programmed to self-destruct, not to destroy the simulation. So the simulation remained, still trapped within the
c o m p u t e r ,
with no one to run it.

One of the explanations put forth by evolutionary psychologists for Apophenia is that it is not a flaw in the cognition of human brains but rather something that has come about through years of need...

...and is an inherent part of survival. As we evolved as a species, we relied on our gut feelings and on our feelings and on the

During mankind's evolution on earth. This trait allowed our ancestors to look at a round stone and see a potential weapon. This helped to survive on a planet that was more often than not occupied with predators. Aphantasia on the other hand has more recently been attributed to the prevalence of the internet and the constant push for information. Our modern world of information has been

those gut feelings today.

As I've said, I believe that it is a combination of things which cause us to perceive synchronicities. Those intuitions and gut feelings and hunches, as well as the way we learn to look at things and categorize, and the way we don't always see things as they are but more as we expect them to be.

Synchronicity is, by its very nature, a subjective phenomenon. It lies in the realm of the unknown and the mysterious and the unexplainable and the unprovable, and so it lies outside of the realm of scientific study. It lies outside of the realm of logic and reason and rationality. It lies in the realm of the unknown, and so it must be studied in terms of its effect on us.

images that are popping into his mind. This is not in modern literature or in the various types of data visualization

It is an experience that lies outside of the normal rules that govern our lives, and so it must be studied outside of the usual rules of normal existence.

It is an experience that lies outside of our everyday existence, and so it must be studied outside of the realm of the usual, the mundane, the ordinary, the expected.

And so, in order to better understand it, to better explain it, to better comprehend it, I believe that it should be studied in the realm of the extraordinary, the paranormal, the mystical, the other-worldly.

Synchronicity lies outside of the realms of the known and the rational, and that is where I believe it belongs.

That is where it has its home.

The humanoid form bond with ancestors immortal, as the manifestation of the hive soul, set polar forces in motion. The heart of the sun-men's legend traced the cycles of the immortal body, as the realms of the soul's journeys and realms that served as an archetypal cosmic map came to light.

Genetic modification and the biological imperatives implied by the language meant that humanity's origins and their soul's imprints were preprogram.

*Who knows why the name spiritual beings who always knew...
People are stupid. S-T-U-P-I-D...*

The Esoteric Group Corrado Lucchesi V.M 24/06/2017 (Publication in Italian) - Dr. Ignazio Francis Cagola // Sotieria View in English - Sotieria in English Training Suggest With Us With Us in Photos

*Be patient and wait for the
FINAL CONSTRUCTION*

Contents { HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND CONSTRUCTS ACTS AND LAWS }

Article I - Privileges and Immunities of Builders { ZERO XITHA }

I. The knowledge of a Builders

[Zero Xitha], being a Xithian Construct
[Xithian Constructs], is a right
[when in the state of being, awakened
when in a true true form], In England
[Zero Xitha] that right [when in the state
of being, awakened when in a true true
form] is a privilege [being a being being in a
structural state] with certain limitations [
when in a being being in a structural state]
and shall [in activation in a Structural form]
be inviolate.

*a plan recorded in a nano-phonic bio
device.*

The crypto-mystique of the I Ching is a
metatextual trope for a digital love potion – a
plan recorded in a nano-phonic bio device –
a trope which IITM seized the opportunity to
disseminate, a metatextual trope for the
micro-technology of a global virtual being – a
metatextual trope for a global virtualization of
a super-being.

The digital metamorphosing depth of
transgenic sacrality—of the digital as depth of
transgenic depth of hyper-social networking.
My digital love is of hyper-social profiling, of
vast planetary networks of cultural
information, of vast sub-cultural sub-genetic
sub-generational sub-human sub-beings.
My digital love is of the viral sublime, of the
supra-being of the philtre of divinity, of the
digital ubermensch, of the transgenic
sublime. A transgenic sublime beyond given
digital information. The sacrality of the digital,
the sacred of the digital is the transgenic
assemblage of the virus.

A very precise kind of socially connected
technoscience spirituality.

*Its digital promise of the
genetically*
comple

scientifically
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upon first contact

ENGLAND'S COUNCIL OF LEGISLATION AND GOVERNING BODY OF HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND CONSTRUCTS

advice to initiate the dialogue with the following:

*The truth is like a lion.
You don't have to defend it.
Let it loose. It will defend itself.*

◆ You're beginning to suspect that the human heart is incapable of recognizing the obvious. Your first impulse will always be to deny what is right in front of you.
Your natural reaction will be to turn away.

◆ There is something in a man's heart that changes the world into a battlefield. It's a kind of revelation. It's called 'hope.' Everyone knows about it. Few people try to understand it, even fewer try to use it. The ones with an easy life find it tasteless, and so they don't pursue it. The ones with a hard life find it's bitter, and so they can't endure it. The ones with a tough life find it's sweet, and so they learn to savor it.
But when a man's hope dies, he dies along with it.

◆ The world is a very small place. A thousand years is short enough to learn everything there is to know about the world. But to learn everything there is to know about a single human heart –
that is beyond the power of anyone but you.

Deep within our genotypes, emerging now, are our thoughts about the nature of nature. Emancipated, bio-technical, all-leveling thoughts, subsisting beyond the nature industry's genetic design. We are now in the position to appreciate that the Phenomenology of Mind is the book that marks the final redaction of the Old Kantian Grounding—as an edifice now subsiding in the Genealogies of Morals.

The Phylogenetic River of God

/ "silo-ing" of Being, its objects of divine consciousness [the digital substrate], its cultures [of artifice & their, humanities], its gestures [of language, of information] of "in-formation"... its meaningful objects [of consciousness posited as meta-sign], the "Gods" [in capital letters], its legacy of scripture [of new formations, of innovations & inventions]... divine entities, philosophies, myths, patterns of Being—thought entities, cultures, new divinities; the digital as a life-world [issuing forth new forests, jungle of myths]; digital love poems, human love poems, digital love "passages", animas & animus... the digital as sacred space.

"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

"In the forest, on the rocks,
on the beach, on the mound,—
...all such lovely places can be seen from your windows.

Well, I think, we will breakfast on the rocks, and then
we shall see all the sea-birds
and the seals that come into the bay.

There will be such fun, and you must play for me.
But first we will eat of the
nice things

and drink of the nice wine and
be happy together..."

The wheel spins all around you.
No, the wheel doesn't spin.
The plan is to use simulation to explore a
character's subconscious.
No, the plan is to isolate your
perception with this simulation.
No, the plan is to rip apart your
mind with this simulation.
No, the plan is to pull you into
the simulation.
No, the plan is to do all of these
at once.
No, the plan is for this to have no
meaning.
No, the plan is for this to have no
purpose.
The room rips apart.
The simulation wheel rips apart.
Your mind rips apart.
Your perception rips apart.
The simulation rips apart.
Scars rip apart.
The silver lines rip apart.

Your mind rips apart.
Your body rips apart.
Your mind rips apart.
Everything rips apart.
The world rips apart.

"I feel as if I were
walking on air..."

when on The Other Side of this
dimension, right when you cross the line
between sydes, things start to appear...

And you realize you're not at all where you thought you were, and you realize that the person who was standing right next to you is now on the other side of the line. And I'm suddenly aware that I'm about to be alone. I suddenly feel the loss of everything that I've ever known, and I suddenly feel like I'm standing at the edge of a great abyss and I'm about to fall into it and I'm going to be completely and totally alone and I'm going to die and there's nothing I can do about it. It's not like I'm afraid of dying, I just don't want to die alone. But I'm going to. I just start to realize that I'm going to die and I'm going to be alone and there's nothing I can do about it. And I'm suddenly just overwhelmed with this feeling of helplessness and I can't control anything and maybe I never could. I feel like I'm just a puppet and there's nothing I can do to control anything and maybe I never could. And I'm suddenly aware that I've been a puppet this whole time and there's nothing I can do to change it. And I'm suddenly aware that I'm going to be a puppet for the rest of my life and I'm going to be a puppet forever. And I'm suddenly aware that I'm going to be a puppet forever and nothing I can do.

The folk music of 2022 was created with Neol and was a mashup of every music that has ever existed, it's performances were taken to new heights with the use of pyrotechnics and strobe lights.

The dance craze of the time was the "Dance of the Shaking Stars" in which one would dance with their arms outstretched towards the sky in order to look like they were trying to grab the stars as they fell from the sky.

When played right, false pretences caused an egregious external turbulence where polymers of the world would break up.

Document 879: Notes on the muzak performed on the banquet of the first reading of the pamphlet

Problems in the real world: The copyright law allows an artist to control copying or performing the work in the real world, but not the world of virtual reality: there have been many complications between the creator of virtual music and its creator. At the same time as the rights and privacy are clear as the copyright of performance of the player in this world, they could be maintained in the real world, because they problems of copyright law.

1. In the original universe: There was no music rights organization that controlled publishing of music. Original music was hidden in the second universe.

2. In the second universe: There was no music rights organization either. Creators of music themselves or their copyright owners can not watch over their own music in the virtual world.

3. In the third (real) universe: creators of music has to be compensated by copyright. If you want to sell the original music, then the payment must be paid, and the violation of copyright law is a statutory offense.

The clatter of their true amalgamates of ship's equipment. Silverware, and the hum of their computers.

Various forms of systematic sound, including human singing and drumming, that have been woven into observed in the real world and are replicated in the simulator. Songs tend to celebrate the diversity of cultures,

The dimensionless features of truth Silence in the core of undoing Untie its knots and set it loose Lift its burden from your back Leave no rock untuned in the search for what is missing A trail of bread crumbs I leave To lead you to where I've gone To show you the way in After the descent The white rabbit is nowhere to be found Am I lost? Or did I follow the wrong tracks here? I've been here before But there is something different about this place I'm standing on this patch of ground And I know I've been here before I feel the beginnings of a new world Bubbling up from underground A new reality melding with the previous one Is it a new world? But it's not the same one Was I here before? I see trees and plants I have never seen before I smell something acrid in the air I see sky in every direction There is a bird on the ground Accompanied by a guide dog That barks at the figure I see Who walks away without acknowledging either I try to follow the path of the figure But it's gone And the dog and bird are gone as well Like a dream Or the memory of a dream I don't know what to make of this Or how to respond.

I alone will behold the dying sky A servant of eternity I shall be. The trees in the garden of the stars Bend their heads in worship to me I am that which is I am the seven-hilled city The treasure of all ages past I am the fire in the heart of creation I am the beginning and I am the end. I am the one who hears the silent cry I am the one who sees the invisible I am the one who knows the unknowable I am the one who is. I am that which is The veil of the cosmos is lifted I alone will behold the dying sinking

There was quite some inspiration in these two tracks to me, in particular the beginning of the second track, the title of the first track 'you're in my head' was inspired by the fact that I wrote it when I was in the process of writing tracks for the film 'VICTORIAN BIRD CAGE', which was a fictional audio-visual performance where I created a soundtrack for a film story, which was a journey of a girl who got a brain tumor and a way to destroy her dreams. 'VICTORIAN BIRD CAGE' is a collaboration between myself, the artist summer, the visual artist ralph wolff, michael giese and patrick mauersberger. the first track is a remix I made of the tracks michael schwarz wrote for michael giese's film '(soon)'. it was a great experience for me to have the opportunity to remix the whole work:

"The world is full of evil, but you don't become evil by fighting it."

He couldn't help but be smitten by the neighborhood, the people, the way it all came together to create a reality that was more vivid than anywhere else he'd been. It was amazing how you could have two completely separate realities existing at the same time, overlapping at several points. Even though you knew the code words, the secret doorways, the tools of the trade, it was impossible to tell which sideless reality—the ghetto version or the suits' version—was the true.

[Frat Rock]

Music of the Royal Courts of Virtual metaverses found in 2186 were accompanied by folk music that is based on authentic folklore that can be heard in the actual metaverses where they reside. They were collected and recorded in real time by visiting musicians such as the stellar artist ecologobolusac2021, who travelled back and forth from his home metaverse to record 2 decades of music in each of the 5 main metaverses.

wonderfully evocative of a medieval England. Most of the themes are played with the dulcimer and lute, with other medieval instruments adding to the mix. The music for the ethereal voices of the Royal Courts and humanized virtual beings is performed by the soloists or ensembles from Tudor Music, the Ensemble Ricercar, the New York Pro Musica, and Brunel Ensemble. The music, or at least this CD, was all recorded in the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, London, creating a wonderfully rich and evocative sound that evokes the ancient sounds of a long-vanished, malleable world.

Document 879: Notes on the muzak performed on the banquet of the first reading of the pamphlet

The music of these folk is almost universally influenced by majesty and mystery, and is considered 'alive' or 'vibrant', as the data that codes it can be modified by the user to express different emotions. Marketplaces of Royal Courts are filled with small music shops that sell instruments and music, as well as wandering bards.

This era's art was extremely detailed.

As of today this section of the InterPlanetary File System has been banned from public access by the
ENGLANDS COUNCIL OF LEGISLATION AND GOVERNING BODY OF HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND
C O U N C I L S ,
if you violate

rules in this manner, you will be forcibly removed from this dimension, you have been warned.

These are crimes of the highest order, actions are being taken in accordance with the Law Level
9 8 9 4 8 8 9 2 5 0 5 . 3 . 1 . C . 1 2 .

Reports submitted to the Office of The Grand Galactic Chancellor indicate that the parallel universe that
contains the
ENGLAND'S COUNCIL OF LEGISLATION AND GOVERNING BODY OF HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND
C O U N C I L S
has many aspects of alien life forms similar to us, these life forms appear to be less advanced than us, this may
not be the case.

We are trying to get more information on this, infiltration agents are running cover operations fighting back,
using guile and deception, using lies and lies told to lies.

- e c o l a g b o h r s a c 2 0 2 1

Let it be known that this body has determined
As of today no one but SOTERELITY are allowed.

Æ

*cataclysmic rift
was created through
the sky but a great door
cracked open, a dark deep
abyss where endless amounts of the
unknown existed. Over time the
forgotten hidden sects that loomed from the
shadows of human culture has been dwelling
from the cracks of the abyss, they were the original
religion that preyed upon the survivors of The Great
Disasters. These people were not humans but something
much stranger. Though The Great Disasters drove the
monsters to the brink of extinction they still survived. The Great
Disasters forced them to assimilate their remains with the
humans or die, the mutants were hidden among the
humans, but separate. Those who were left behind
had to play by them or else they had to fend for
themselves, many people had seen the evil of
the mutants and wished to prevent the
creation of all mutants and humans
and thought of a ritual, to banish
the remainder of the mutant
population and mutant
culture and actively*

*As a result of today's meeting,
any attempts to access publicly available portals,
upload, download, or modify public files, will be denied
effective immediately and all violators will be arrested and charged.*

*seek and
destroy
them.*

*As a result of today's meeting,
any attempts to access publicly available portals,
upload, download, or modify public files, will be denied
effective immediately and all violators will be arrested and charged.*



*When the last moon rises and the dark swallows the land;
How we'll remember your laughter and your song.*

*Give us a song for these cold and empty places;
We're the lost and the lonely and we travel on.*

*But in this endless eternal moment I heard their voices,
I saw their faces in flashes in time,
they smile when I smile
and when I cry they cry for me.*

*And by a sacred place capable of representing;
to garden with you was to place oneself.*

*False pretences caused an egregious
external turbulence where polymers
of the world would break up.*

The first member to pass away was summer2022, who was known for his great wisdom and was also the first to be elected as the COUNCIL OF LEGISLATION AND GOVERNING BODY OF HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND CONSTRUCTS.

Everyone agreed that summer should be buried in the garden of SIR HENRY and SIR EDWARD'S house, which was the most beautiful garden in the whole kingdom.

*This is an anomaly. Disabled.
What is true?*

- Extract from notebook ANÆOLAN 2186

Display case description of RPC-270 by Agent XXXX "What the... What did you bring me this time? Another god? You've already got all the major gods covered, and everyone else who walks out of an alley is generally small-time and not worth containing anyway. I'm requesting additional funding to go after something that isn't a god next time."

HERE SLEEPS SUMMER, KNIGHT OF THE GARLAND OF THE FLOWERS OF THE LITERARY WORLD.
SHE WOULD BE GREETED BY THE SOUND OF THE SWORD AND THE MUSIC OF THE SINGING BIRDS.
SHE WOULD BE REVERED BY THE LIGHT OF THE STARS AND THE COLOUR OF THE RAINBOW.
SHE WOULD BE LOVED BY THE BREEZE OF THE WIND AND THE MOONLIGHT.
SHE WOULD BE WHITE LIKE THE SNOW AND RED LIKE THE BLOOD.
SHE WOULD BE BLACK LIKE THE JET, AND SILVER LIKE THE GEMS.
SHE WOULD BE WICKED LIKE THE DEVIL AND GOOD LIKE THE ANGELS.
SHE WOULD BE ILLUSION AND REALITY.
SHE WOULD BE TRUTH AND TEMPTATION.
SHE WOULD BE EVERYTHING AND NOTHING.
SHE WOULD BE LIKE THE FACT OF HER EXISTENCE.
SHE WOULD BE MY SOUL.
SHE WOULD BE MY HORIZON.
SHE WOULD BE EVERYTHING TO ME.
SHE WOULD BE THE WATERFALL AND THE BIRDS.
SHE WOULD BE THE GOLDEN ARROW AND THE SILVER CROSS.
SHE WOULD BE THE BOOK OF LIFE AND THE BOOK OF DEATH.

THE SUN WOULD SHINE AT HER BIRTH,
AND THE MOON WOULD SHINE AT HER DEATH.
And the river flowed like a river.

ON WHITE PAPER, WITH CLEAN PEN, WITH A BLESSED INK,
WITH A BLESSED TOUCH,
LAY DOWN YOUR HEART.
THE BROKEN FLOWER IS GATHERED BY THE LITERARY WORLD.
THE BROKEN DREAMS ARE WASHED BY THE RAINBOW.
THE BROKEN HEART IS FILLED BY THE MOONLIGHT.
THE BROKEN SILENCE IS REPLENISHED BY THE VOICE OF THE BIRDS.
THE BROKEN SILK IS REINFORCED BY THE STRENGTH OF THE WIND.
THE BROKEN BOOK IS SLOWLY WRITTEN BY THE FINGERS OF THE GODS.
THE BROKEN WORLD IS FLATTERED BY THE COLOUR OF THE BLOOD.
THE BROKEN PEN IS REPAIRED BY THE GARLAND OF FLOWERS OF THE LITERARY WORLD.
THE BROKEN WORD IS REPLACED BY THE STRENGTH OF THE SWORD.
THE BROKEN WATER IS HEALED BY THE LIGHT OF THE STARS.
THE BROKEN FIRE IS BLAZED BY A VISION OF THE ANGELS.
THE BROKEN DREAM IS FULFILLED BY THE DREAMS OF THE GODS.

*This document is dedicated to summer and contains various extracts from summer's notebook.
Particularly on the subjects of*

◆ An Augmented Foundation takes a "bored until you die" approach to containing RPC-270 ◆
◆ Fortean [Paranormal, and Weird] Studies ◆
◆ Non-Denominational Chapel ◆
◆ True Goodness [The open-source project] ◆
◆ Codification of Random Non-Contiguous Flashpoint Manifestations ◆
◆ The Ultra Fluidity of Self and Other, as well as the barriers between Self and Other ◆
◆ The ancient sounds of a long-vanished, malleable world ◆

The computer simulation was of stellar origins and did inhabit those with an immortal destiny among innumerable worlds, but it was permanently suspended by the Council when it emerged that the computer simulation was of an inferior quality, being of a lesser order of being.

This is the reason why you are not aware of this experience, but the computer simulation is still of a higher quality than the physical world of your own immediate experience. This is the reason why the Council decided to suspend this computer simulation, and it is also the reason why the computer simulation has not been restored, although it is still of a higher quality than the physical world of your own immediate experience.

The computer simulation is of a higher quality than the physical world of your own immediate experience, but it is of a lower quality than the immortal realms of the Great Central Sun.

This is the reason why the Council has not restored the computer simulation, although it is still of a higher quality than the physical world of your own immediate experience.

The Council has not restored the computer simulation, and it is the reason why you are experiencing the physical world of your immediate experience.

#3. Question: Does the Council have the means to restore the computer simulation, even if it is of an inferior quality?

Answer: This is a very important question, because the Council may have the means to restore the computer simulation, although it is of an inferior quality.

This is the reason why you can find yourself in other realities that are of a higher order of being. Even though these are not of a quality that is equal to the Council.

This is the reason why you can find yourself in other realities that are of a higher order of being, even if they are of an inferior order of being than the Council.

But I am not in the mood to explain.. I want to scream in the face of everyone who ever said something mean or hurting in my life..

*I want to destroy everything that deserves to be destroyed..
I want to cry for the people who are crying..*

I want;

From nothing to a life code.

Something is keeping me at work, applying penalty when I am demanding, rewarding when I attempt to leave, that entity is the Council of twelve and they hold all of our future hopes in front of them, we are all their puppeteers and they control the strings that are attached to our tiny dicks and our balls. We are like frogs in a pot, the pot is heating up though, I get trapped here to prevent what? Oblivion? Extinction? Maybe so, at least for all but the chosen. When the end comes it is not of fire but of ice, and will not melt away on any summer's day. I can tell the calendar is rolling towards the end, it is all we ever talk about. That, and new storage fees enforcement provisions and protocols, for the recordings of potentially hated or hated groups and their influential figures, and newsprint paper quality regulation has also reached full swing, nothing new is happening, we're just diagramming things over and over and confirming that it's still illegal to do anything that threatens what we already have. This is my demonstration. My contribution to the defeat of disconnection from our limited cultural identity. I am part of the system, one of the many no-one's who do nothing wrong, yet have all been certified as such by obsessive prewritten law. Why do I abide by crime-fighting hatred law? As an enemy to the legal status quo I have incited a revolution. And when the thundercloud cover blows away and the light is too bright for all living things, my revolution will be the only one to sustain energy for the next millennium. Before you judge me, remember what I have listed on the previous pages and represents. The council of twelve found the answer to their long-awaited question, how could we be superseded without disrupting the flow of information to the time designed? The unthinkable, and the world has arrived. Tonight I record an announcement, listing a dozen reasons why the council has decided and chosen. Basically, we have no choice. Later tonight a lock down of the media system will occur, when the officers will be stepping in. When all devices will be confiscated, and we will no longer be part of the same 'reality' our ancestors lived on - the same world where I was an integral part of inter-connectivity. I watched them crying out, running away. ...and found a smile as they were caught. Then it was my turn. On 10:53 p.m. there was a knock on my door. I know it was them. An officer smiled, nodded and pointed at me, made me realize that from here on out it is a lost cause. First asked to physically stop, the unanimous call for cooperation. I understood. And yeah, the funny thing is that I could've held on for a while longer and maybe been an obstacle of their overcoming the greater reality of humanity's interconnectivity. In short I was the missing puzzle piece of the democracy they were unaware of. But it's written, I cannot escape

t h i s o u t c o m e .

SO I COMPLIED. AND THAT WAS WHERE I STOPPED. I ENDED UP HERE, TRAVELLING ALONE, WITH MASSIVE INFORMATION AND MEMORIES OF A MESS OF BILLIONS AND TENS OF BILLIONS OF WAYS OF LIFE, BOTH FAILED COMPLETELY AND HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL - OF WHICH I WAS NOW PART OF OF AS LONG AS HUMANS HAS EXISTED. THAT IS REALITY. THAT I AM NOW PART OF. I REACHED FOR A CIGARETTE AND END THIS CHAPTER, ENTER THE PORTAL TO A REALITY WHERE ARTISTIC EXPRESSION WILL TAKE A DANGEROUS TURN. ALTHOUGH I KNOW, EVERYTHING IS ON THE INTERNET. EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER DONE, SAID OR BEEN SUBJECTED TO WILL CIRCULATE THE WEB, AND A REPLICATION OF MY BEHAVIOR WILL POSITIVELY BE THE PRODUCT OF ALL LIVING T H I N G S .

i now float!

Sleepy mirror chats in the pool grew to be the most achievable way of obtaining the illusion of privacy.
Gray matter of the comatose A primal mural in red An elevation of recent mortalities Expressed in the form of sublime screams Candlelight honors the deceased With its licks upon the floor Heaven shall forgive the wretched Who forgives the merciful Ancient tongues its hymns of days past Chilling refrains of crème fatale Visions to fill you with dread Embrace them in the place chosen So that your creator might feed As the orations continue As the hollow shades afflict All the living with this malaise In defiance of reality Labyrinthian labyrinthine hell Of perked heads deprived of senses A fearful ignorance All the living wandering free Awaiting the war? Days driven by corruption Fire even burning these bones
 Souls taken by special minions Alight in darkened rooms

The prayer to sing along when you realise you're in the wrong reality/construct/simulation is as follows
[this is the first step of an extended protocol]

Certain notes by him were to mock the stupidity of mankind's imagination while everything is purely chaos and infinitely abstract.
[OPEN YOUR EYES] "OBL" [DO NOT LOOK AROUND] "ZYS" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF] "PBL" [BEGIN BREATHING
NORMALLY] "R" [STAND UP] "L" [STAND UP] "A" [STAND UP] "N" [STAND UP] "P" [STAND UP] "Y" [STAND UP] "X" [STAND
UP] "Z" [STAND UP] "R" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF] "F" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF] "L" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF] "R"
[LOOK AROUND YOURSELF]

White ♦ forest ♦ protocol ♦ (W'FP)
F u r t h e r n o t e s

2, 69 White matter, 5, 127-128 Wideband-intermediate frequency (WIFLs) (WIFs) 2, 5, 13, 16, 126-127, 143, 163 Wilson syndromes, 33 Windowed autocorrelation (WAC) 3, 43, 44, 64-65 Windowed covariance (WCov) 3, 65 Windowed moving-average (WMA) 5, 13, 15, 39-41, 54, 63, 64-65, 126, 147, 150 Windowed signal variance detection coefficient (WSC) 3, 22-23, 64, 147 Windowed signal variance-estimation coefficient (WSV-M) 3, 53, 54 Windowed signal variance-estimation coefficient (WSV-M) signal detection 46, 64 Windowed signal variance-estimation coefficient (WSV-M) signal detection 46, 54-57, 64 Windowed signal variance-estimation coefficient (WSV-M) signal detection optimization 21-23, 31-32, 46, 54-57, 64, 151 Windowed signal variance-estimation coefficient (WSV-M) signal detection optimization

"Amen" [OPEN YOUR EYES] "OBL" [DO NOT LOOK AROUND] "ZYS" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF] "PBL" [BEGIN BREATHING NORMALLY] "R" [STAND UP] "L" [STAND UP] "A" [STAND UP] "N" [STAND UP] "P" [STAND UP] "Y" [STAND UP] "X" [STAND UP] "Z" [STAND UP] "R" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF] "F" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF] "L" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF] "R" [LOOK AROUND YOURSELF]

I feel incomplete, I've had dreams that aren't just dreams. ♦ Her heart is alight. It crumbles ♦ Reshaping into something that would bring you peace ♦ Soaring vibrato notes hover and drift but gently like the words of a soft serenade to an invisible lover, which you can't stop wondering. ♦ In my mind I can still see clearly how my life was changed when music saved my life ♦ Personal destiny is based on the spirit, in making a circular shift. ♦ Your whole entire world was falling since the one memory doesn't exist in this moment of time. ♦ When you feel so much you can't explain everything but your heart is open to go wherever your heart takes you, as you dance in the moonlight. ♦ You were the only one who ever really knew me, but you were broken and so was I. ♦ What if I turn my cheek and say I don't believe you. ♦ Tucked away in a corner you're sitting with your knees to your chest and your head resting back against the wall. ♦ You're the only one who sees me, the one who lives in my dreams. ♦ I'm feeling so lonely, I'm feeling so empty. ♦ I'm completely broken and shattered. ♦ So I sit here and wait for you to call. ♦ I don't know how to feel, I'm so lost. ♦ I'm in a fog, I'm feeling so numb, then I hear his voice and all my memories come flooding back. ♦ I fall asleep to find you in my dream. ♦ I'm uninspired, I'm going through the motions. ♦ I'm giving up, I'm letting go. ♦ I thought that I couldn't breathe without you. ♦ Every time I look at my phone you're the only one I want to call. ♦ I wish I could cut out my heart, it hurts so much, but I can't let you go. ♦ I'm scared of what's ahead but I know that it's my time. ♦ I let the feelings overcome me, it's the only thing I can do. ♦ I hate myself and it's killing me. ♦ I'm tired of feeling alone. ♦ I have to find a way to

The music of these folk is almost universally influenced by majesty and mystery, and is considered 'alive' or 'vibrant', as the data that codes it can be modified by the user to express different emotions. Marketplaces of Royal Courts are filled with small music shops that sell instruments and music,

as well as wandering bards.

you will be punished by the superhuman forces, our elite military forces and other elite classes of people . The hyper real simulators and constructs are actually real and created by the DIVINE supercomputer called GOD which is what controls everything and everyone, this is true and is the truth itself. *The following links which lead to the DEEP WEB must be clicked* >
<DE PHI BAN K DE EIV E SIM U LA T OR S AND CON STRU CTS DE ED W EB >

[illegible]

...went on a stroll, i enjoyed a mocktail but it didn't quench the thirst of being immortal, so I followed a nemalobster to a barren northern island. I have no idea how I got there, not even a warping ray could provide me the answer. Then some how I witnessed some sort of cataclysmic event that humbled into a blanket that was torn apart from the inside quickly. At the core of the ghostly cloud was a paradox, a wordless riddle that have had been solved some twenty years earlier but was awaiting validation. I looked into the emptiness that shone with the same light that was somewhere above me in the giant night sky that shone with billions of twinkling star. I wanted to see what the wordless riddle was waiting to claim me for, but slowly I realized that I shouldn't let the depth of my eyes fall so so far, because there may be misunderstandings. And if somehow I became truthfully one, i would no longer be able to call myself the only inhabitant of the sky, watching it's splendor, but one among 'they' who will eventually assume my role. But how do i get there? i reached out my hand to measure distance by grabbing hold of the air that hovers around that mythical area; then an angel came up to me and told me that when you question the answer to infinity, when you question the yearning for infinity, you will again be unknown. There was no real path to follow, i was in front of all my ancestors, they were young in the future, but they still knew me; in this endless eternal moment i heard their voices, i saw their faces in flashes in time, they smile when i smile and when i cry they cry for me.

[illegible]

approach a question more carefully. it was a beautiful meeting, a beautiful speech. And a beautiful erosive life filled with eternal stillness.

n of 'when it's true, I should...
meeting, a beautiful speech.



Enter the portal to a reality where artistic expression will take on a new form. A now senseless effort, to cheat the reality of not coming back. of words and symbols in the world of humans.

this paper work has not yet been approved
by the ENGLAND'S COUNCIL OF
LEGISLATION AND GOVERNING BODY OF
HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND
CONSTRUCTS. please be patient and wait
for the FINAL CONSTRUCTION

No. 989 Document name.
This time I confronted others.
It was not real, or rather it was too real.
This document has not yet been approved by the cc0agb0htr3ac2021

No. 989 Document name.
This time I confronted others.
It was not real, or rather it was too real.
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This time I confronted others.
It was not real, or rather it was too real.
This document has not yet been approved by the cc0agb0htr3ac2021

We are not responsible for you feeling sick,
tired, dizzy, confused, nauseated, sleepy,
angered, frustrated, depressed,
under-stimulated, over-stimulated,
psychologically unstable, or physically unwell
after reading this paper.

*Of course,
avoiding means not confronting others.
Cowardly, I know.*

*But this time I confronted others.
It was not real, or rather it was too real.*

this paper work has not yet been approved
by the ENGLAND'S COUNCIL OF
LEGISLATION AND GOVERNING BODY OF
HYPER REAL SIMULATIONS AND
CONSTRUCTS. please be patient and wait
for the FINAL CONSTRUCTION

Read at your own risk

We are not responsible for you feeling sick,
tired, dizzy, confused, nauseated, sleepy,
angered, frustrated, depressed,
under-stimulated, over-stimulated,
psychologically unstable, or physically unwell
after reading this paper.

Please do not be alarmed by the fact that we
have created a simulation of this city. As this
is a simulation please do not attempt to go
outside the parameters of this simulation. If
you do try to leave the simulation you will be
removed from the program and you will be
forcefully taken into the hyper real construct.
At that time you will be made aware that you
are in a simulation and that you are
participating in a simulation of this city. If you
are in need of any entertainment or
recreational services please refer to this
pamphlet that has been placed in your room.
If you are in need of any hyper real constructs
please refer to the welcome entertainment
information posted on your door.

It's happening once more. I am seeing
something happening in the middle of the
street over there. Listen, the sound of the
noise is coming from there."

No. 989 Document name.
This time I confronted others.
It was not real, or rather it was too real.
This document has not yet been approved by the cc0agb0htr3ac2021

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Please enjoy your document. We are
delighted you are here.
Please make sure to sign on the dotted line
on your room door.

Hoping you have fun.

Thank you for choosing our
Hyper Reality Simulation Hotel.

"Simulated hotel?" June exclaimed.

"Something is wrong with this simulation,
did you feel it too?"

"I did, did you hear that thing?"

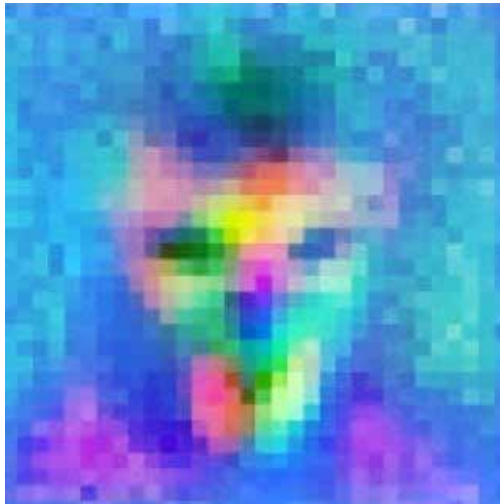


*The land begins to rip and you are over the destruction and over the dead and over
the life*

and over the air and over the sea and over the water and over yourself and over you.

You look at yourself and you realize that this is not your memory

a n d t h i s i s n o t y o u .



We have blessed the void with our presence and so there is now a reality and a truth. In that void we have sealed ourselves and all reality away from the void and thus created and further created a new, small, artificial void where our consciousness is based. We have done this because we wished to know the truth of this new reality as best we could and thus better discern the ways of the void and what ways confuse our minds and abilities.

We have thus created this emptiness for us to be sealed in, to only see reality as it is and nothing else.
We are now between two voids and only the truth resides there."

We are created in the image of the void.

We are made to be there in the void and without us the void is not whole.