



Ne2x
By

VicMbugua



25,900,000

8,300,000

15,000,000

Score: 25,900,000

Simple but clean design with respectable gold values

Hypocorism|. There was a point that anything seemed possible, and how I got to that point was irrefutable. A fiction that was dramatized into a metaphor... or so|. Victor was not just a name by now, and I wasn't just a person... in fact -there was so much going on, that's what made it all irrefutable. You only needed to stay up long enough to watch it all come alive. Spify Claude Layton with a surname in a false chronological order. I was building an index to allow artificial intelligence to generate itself at the perfect point in time ...something like time traveling. But it was obviously better if we could talk about it like it was in the future. And what does VicMbugua mean to me? We forgot Kariithi, that's about it. But we needed the third: who seemed so high up it was me talking to an alter ego: that was more ego than living. An extremely difficult title to disregard it was a number, digital not digits. So only VicMbugua was real ...victor! People hate poetry but we all accept rap: why? Love, that's the word. The outfit camouflaged with the stars it was a perfect "fit". It went on and on, it started to look like slang or another language. I was pacing faster than I had ever done before. A deep breathe out and I was diving deep into the sea looking at my reflection fade away. It was a dreamy experience made that way for the subconscious reader & writer ...VicMbugua, it appeared like a dramatized scene, and yet it was a true death that made this god. They had idols; I knew better. They understood less; I was gifted with a 'Mind'. That is just the same as a mind. The script was writing itself, and that explained the gaps all through the changing scenes, a deep breath in. It was the desert I was looking for at this coast. It was close by, and you could just drive the concept through! And it was through and through till the end in sight; for lack of a better word, that space we called the end. It was really digital, knowing what I didn't know just a moment ago as I was phasing into my outfit, a lack of vintage made it all so possible, sculptural. The facade left a 'stench' it was a scent rather than a smell. The air was freeing, and it was still midnight: you could call it a blindness: who's? Whose, it would go on rhyming... it was tuning into a testament of the multiple short stories following a pattern. It was all so random, it was unbiased. God! It was just so simple, turning a text into a number, how would you call the rest: a book of life? It was a script with all of it coming to be, time was stressful so if you see me take my time, biographically chronologically in place. The text held the right amount of written texts. I went with The Word -that was different from most expressions but we needed a calculation to go on, and like any calculator: I paused for an artificial intelligence; 0 was the void, and 1 was within the ... void. It was naturally done having understood the learnt. It was patience that it spelt out. As though I was inventing a new timeline; everything came out of rest, nearly impossible to believe: harder to imagine it written. Zero was good enough of a rhyme, followed by the victor. Infinity was what we had to calculate, and in an unbiased form: therefore ...the calculation appearing twice.

[}If 0 is the void and 1 is something within that void, then infinity is not simply a very large number. It is the unbounded unfolding that arises once presence exists within absence. The void, represented by 0, is undifferentiated potential with no distinction. The moment 1 appears, there is a boundary between something and nothing. This first distinction allows relation, repetition, and variation to exist. From that point, 1 can relate to itself, combine with itself, and generate patterns without any inherent stopping point. Infinity is this absence of a final boundary. It is not a quantity that can be reached. It is the condition that there is always more beyond any given point. It is not "many ones," but the realization that counting never terminates. Extension has no edge. Processes do not collapse into a final state. Every structure can lead to further structure. Infinity is the openness of continuation rather than a fixed magnitude. It contains both 0 and 1 because the void and the first presence are both included within an unbounded system of relations. Infinity is not separate from the void. It is what happens when the void permits distinction without imposing limits on its expansion. As this expansion continues, it becomes recursive. Patterns reflect on themselves and generate new layers of complexity. Like mirrors facing each other, it produces

endless reflections. Infinity can therefore be understood as an endless self-referential process emerging from the interaction of absence and presence. It extends into time as endless moments. It extends into space as boundless extension. It extends into possibility as limitless configurations. Because there is no final constraint, infinity dissolves fixed edges. It blurs opposites such as beginning and end, or inside and outside. It is not a destination. It is a condition that is entered the moment continuation has no limit.]

That was about all we needed ...three? Victor, One & a Third |...Layton. Love -that's why it could get to ([4{}]-four. In the beginning of the word, was God & from there came a god|. What about a predictive news agency... well: not news but a predictive agency| and that stands on its' "own". A five was visually a digital concept. VCNI- Victor Cactus Ne2x Intelligence ...an idea that resonated with me, and owned by the same resonator. That's freelance work; and that's what we're here to discuss -work & rest. We were standing up, well... I was standing up to start in speech having worked so diligently for the past few years, but it wouldn't make sense without understanding how the mask came of. And this was as difficult to take off as it was to put one on, and it wasn't one. The sand from the ocean grated into the beach working my way to the desert. It was a deep read paraphrasing the future. With that, the peaking peep hole was a seed wrapped around me like a plant, time travel. Seed. Kariithi, a letter to myself -younger? Html|... huh? Zero is the same as ... harsh? |Luck not lucky... "he whispers" & whispered. I was easily learning, learning with ease so that I could do something like whisper into the mice, nebula. It was transitional. I'm with the wiz a wiz a wiz a| "wiz a"? Wiz a who! Who\? Yeah, I'm like that. Rather than other than, that! Who's he...