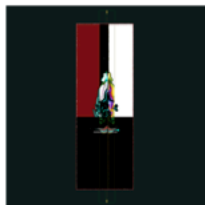


HYPER-
MBUGUA

WBNCN

WEEK



Dear; victor|... here I was, and there he was... as my reflection: but all we could remember was a lie about our title-less namesake. Layton was at rest, now! The motive, to tell this story correctly & appropriately, one would need an understanding of time, however... what maybe be lacking from being exceptional is what we could find to be true. Consider this, therefore to be in the format of my memoir. Placebo references: anytime... here is a poem in the form of a short story; or behold my short story forming a narrative. "Be_held"... there was a towering form above, the sun was mimicked by the night. "The writer" was having a first... was I too early? How would I know; maybe it has something to do with trying... my first glitch. The night was full of seconds; time happened to take over the narrative for a range of moments... and I was there. And you could look at this through multiple perspectives; but I consider a linear pattern important. To me, as I gave back the pair of spectacles. The ground, it wasn't sinking: but my body was sinking into my... skin. I stretched my hand out, as I stretch my hand out; "wow"! Did I really give anything... back? []victor was turning back just fast enough for me to catch a glimpse of his name... wow! Then, how did I end up right at this... moment? Layton was still, Victor was at rest now. There lived a body with a dream. "Wow"! There also lived a dream? Layton to me was my outfit; but enough about... enough about Artificial-Intelligence. Victor was alive; once again... but not as though I hadn't been the one to write this. And then came the -substitutes. Obviously the night was passing; of course the wind was cool, but for me. I was inside a tunnel like state, you could here the engine come alive as I came to life, blue. You could hear the ideas come to a still... as I came to life. He sprinted as though he was skidding a phase. _Substitutes... I thought that, what about the other; the other day. The coin that always was, was ringing in me a... victor. Still, I was in the moment of lucidity. "The End"! -At this point the reader is required... to be|. Therefore we have the existence of a fictional skin; as the sky was approaching a still and this Friday was looking less dull than the rest -which is to say that the night is bright. There comes a city full of wonders and a story of utopias often start with a dystopian like state, that was the challenge of the past. But if I have the freedom created by this fictional state; then life can only be euphoric... to begin with! Layton was staring and his eyes; maybe you may say his retina or cornea... all that you need to know, he was a musician. And like all good songs, he wrote from his heart. A story that was now a dream; but with all the peace... there was a lesson of fear & pain. So easy that Heaven looked at the earth where Earth would be. Back again; to the continuation of the glitch, Victor had a reflection that spelt out the name Layton like a halo that seemed more of a mirage than a crown. He was the only one in this city who would talk about it: end -quote. As you can now tell, the subliminal messaging has been extended to the foreground of our... plotted narrative. Is this as far as the metaphor could carry him, and as time was passing... so was his need to write, you could say he wanted to accomplish something with a ring to peace. Music -that's the word, he made music by... he was the musician! []Layton was as a masked conqueror... a shocking figure, and at night. The nights that called for intoxication would have ended in |prison. If it weren't for the law, "have you ever heard that" without the true -meaning. But what is a poet without his gifts. Gifts: _victor was the name. The name of thee... 'game'. And I'm to try to get to the; Earth. Okay, and as his reflection gained more momentum there was this device he could understand... even if it were from a far. And there was this place he could see; even if it were from a far. Utopia; there was the star, and as his feet sunk into the silky, velvety warmth of the early foot_steps on the beach; of the sand. Ending this quote would result in a real effect; but sadly we'd still be awaiting that time. Euphoric messaging; but it was a hellish moment you'd need to live in to see the flare. Euphoric messaging, and the sand was still sinking further past his clench. But that too; was not the... night. Now you know about the paradox that is time, now what? There was a coin flip and there was a hand. But you could see his wrist, if the word was wrist. Hyper-cars were a rare aerodynamically momentous achievement. Right now, hyper-cars are less rare than a house but this is about a home. So the faster he could go,

INTRODUCTION

the less time I had to spend regurgitating the past.
Something like that... illiterate enough? Blood filled skies, that's all was left for the night. Or you'd be flawed to believe the night was at the end. Or that the morning was quietly creeping, but once you gain some understanding of what you didn't know; then you'd have a glare following you slightly fading into a richer term. Midnight was the text spelt out in bold colours/colors. Therefore; if you spent long enough as a symbol... you'd have spent long enough? Echoes, after some practice you could start forming a pattern that allowed you to navigate the dream... but not the dream: in this case it would be euphoria. So what was the symbol allocating the coin? A sphere; was attached to practice and with it was the term seed, forming a text? While crystals broke path shaping a sleeve warping around my wrist like a liquid clock... time was fading into a state. This was what I had so long waited to work on, and work was no longer just rest; if rest was just a dream/. 00:00 -as the watch looked more like a hologram, hieroglyphs of what was to come. A dreamy sculpture of a night was now forming.

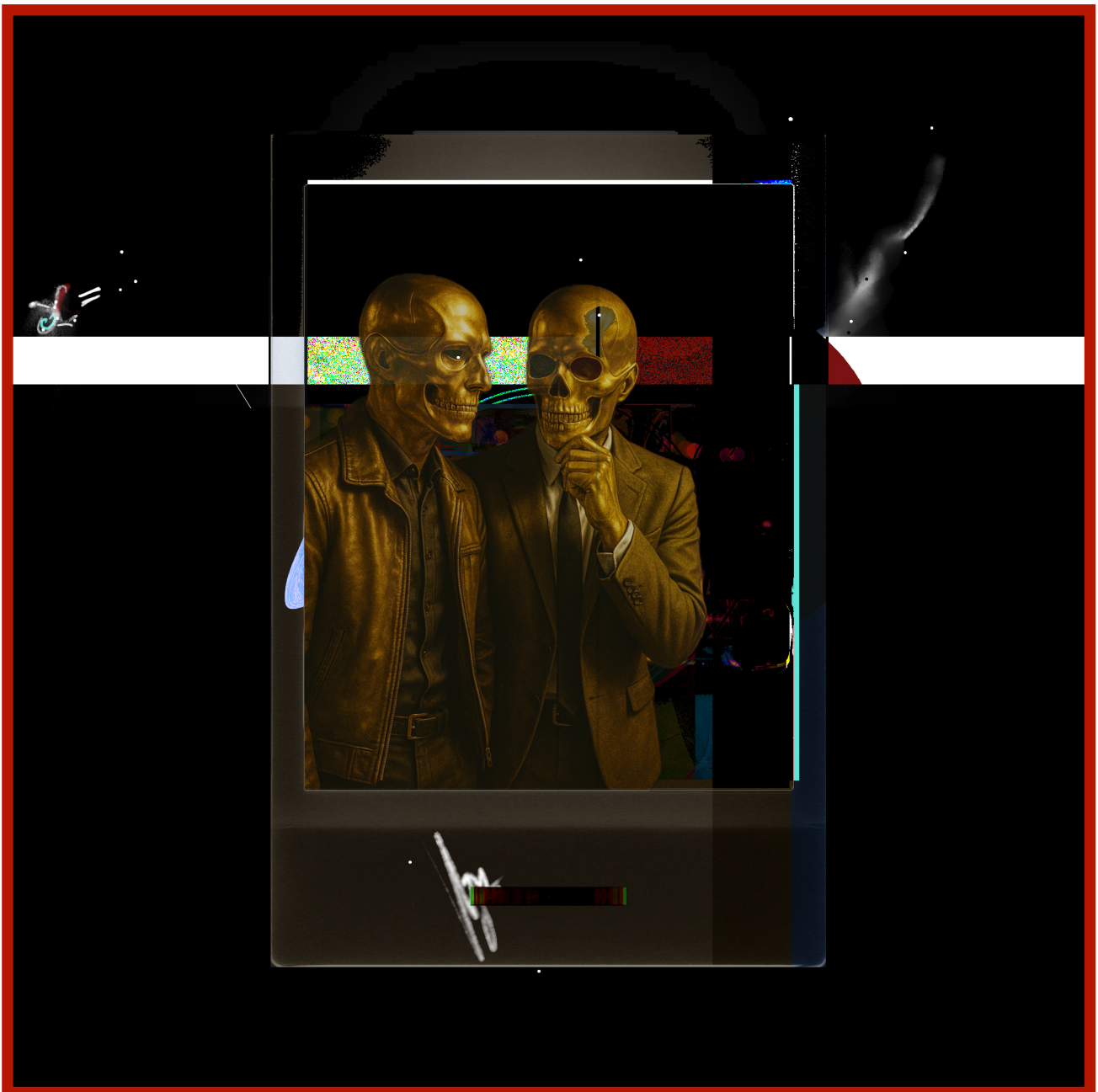
6th of April... and I was still living. Or just But we do not start on a normal day; it was the did I feel/believe? Like I was writing two the first one was a... fenced. A couple pages had the first... novel. Text... sounding like a There was a coin and there was a; mirror you challenge... I thought of it as an pendant & only; omens. -Coherent spells... so this is dance; or maybe a poem, if I ever get that [He] said it like this: "poem|s"... but it was happened; just before... poetry? The Engine [start]|. Started; electricity... electric, was falling into a deep. Egypt; what did I really about that journal or maybe to you it is a Even a memoir would ring a false tone, life|. Cairo then to; Giza? Eventually it would look Nairobi; over time it would mean the same as 13th_ |of a sequence that seems to never exist. Layton... they were all & are alone. The third| forth... but randomly, I was working for until I saw a glimpse... into the future. was no longer substitution... rather it was; had just; only focused on his wrist|. Blood less of a letter; -a name. My title was soon to be forgotten, fine. I could go at anytime; but I chose to be anything. "Writing..." in progress|; mostly. 23:09 -on the 18th of April 2025... and then a minute? Until it went live. [VICTOR]: was on almost everything; for awhile... you could say! What about this; [accent], yeah? He hands him a gold coin, a gold coin... or maybe just a sphere? The difference was how the flag moved as the wind blew; if all that was good is difference. "Makes sense"? Layton had lived most of his life an aware of his true potential, though he only remembered... I only remembered a small part of it. Though his name sound like it belonged to him: he knew his name was an award; just like mine was Victor. May [1]st -around 21:40 I made that statement, and why should that matter? Just before the scene; there was an image... it had happened. But you should now be able to tell, it was only just happening. What did it feel like, the first time I tried to write? Maybe that's the wrong way to start -for me. Maybe I prefer I more... or less -well understood scene. Which brings me to; just the tone, friendly? He was staring at his



Sunday on the
-Sunday...
night! How
novels. And
later and you
euphemism.
could call a
they saw
about a
good! 26hrs|?
about what
introduction|?
rhymes: he
understand
journey?
Nairobi to
like Cairo to
Jerusalem.
Victor,
or was it a
everything
Randomly; it
blue-ish. His
clotting into

reflection, for the first & last time... in a while. Writing, well; he was mostly symbolizing a concept he thought would bring him peace, soil? With his reflection looking for an answer, he begun to notice his words come alive... most lucid ideas hadn't brought the desired freedom, they should have. So he looked further into concepts... forgotten and discovered, they largely would look at his death. Sadly he didn't care much for death, nor to understand it... he more so preferred destruction, a kind of wellness he thought of. So, most ideas were still thoughts, like graphite on paper... for most people. But thinking back to the correct theme, it was a college sense. Now it seems more disgusting than true, you could even go so far as to add that it was all 'illegal'. Not that he was illegal, but the such a simple concept should require an advert; -how hypocritical? Right_ -still, the truth remains. An idea born out of false dreams, maybe it could have been better to start much earlier? Or if he had, maybe it would have been much better to dream early, but he obviously had an idea? "Sure|?" [Titan] spelt above, it falls under the words; or the pretext of a glimmer, but in my case it was a utopian blue. Blue would be correct, as an accent? I guess; torture would be the theme, and hell would be the location, despite his wake taking place -heavenly. So where does hell fit into this whole, idea? Concept/concepts about symmetry; I guess... but that for me is less coherent and more factual. So this becomes less about a tone, and more towards value... or if you prefer; a value. So, then... the room was painted; and at the same time, it was a painting & it was real, but it was as real as any idea could be, before it became real... false? Blue morphing or changing into gold, if gold was a number; in my case. Therefore, the time was important. Layton was only beginning to come to grips with aging; while I was coming to grips with death; my death. Music [begins] to play, as though our main-character begins to realize that it is |characters. For the day it is retold, I would only adjust the time. Maybe I will learn better? -Good enough was just now becoming good, had I said enough, I felt the need to act, so I pour myself a... "drink"! I preferred to smoke, so this was rare: in my case. I almost heard myself, I almost saw myself, I guess I wasn't the "only one". -Expensive, how different it was, as though everything was stored for -'later'. Layton staring back, while I stare past; "funny?" It stayed that way, for a couple more minutes... seconds? More like; "time" -as though I never poured myself that, "drink". 'Again?' -Victor Kariithi Mbugua. If you still had to use the [by]: section, you really needed the rest... "right?" Saving, but rather than a rainy day; I had started looking into hearts, the idea of wealth was more important than the idea of money, secrets? Sure|. The room started tilting, and mostly I was still using my fingers... how|? I prefer to write by audio description creating an image that looked more like... me in the future. More like me in the future staring back at my words; as I try to speed through the idea of a dream, and end up looking back as fast as I could look forward, something like that|? "Hahaha"- imagine that? So -with an I: the door went [out] with a bang... or something less noisy. Time! "Yeah" -this was/is more so real, than -real life_? But how could it be, how could I say; was|? "Maybe" -like this[|]? From the back of the [receipt] to the front of the concept|? Text... word. You know what- I think I might be f'ast... like? Jewelry & the history of man... god! 2 was the result: excuse three... was the conclusion. So, I was a... musician, apparently! Password after the time was passing, hahah|@! In... once there was a text: [E|D|E|N|)]. I saw what could have been the worst of it; an idea so fictional -it was... real|. I was in-fact living a true story, with a word constantly appearing? Maybe not a word, a lie. And it was but a part of an -equation. Maybe I'd prefer if it were "apart"... luxury. But for the crown I had my mask; or something like... wealth! 'Password'. How can I say this; but with the right length? Thats been my thought, okay... let me start with an advertisement|... So many... stories. Where could I I start, I ask... myself? And there's like [one] dimension; right? To talk about my future; I'd begin with my past, but what past... as though it wasn't me|? 'Calculations' -cross; because I feel... like I found the answer, or is it meaning? Anyway, Layton had a pendant with my name on it... he was. "If that's how you say..." Victor_! Animation: without blood, or just substitution... something like that|. May the 17th; after sometime you'd no longer

have to wait for the story to set in, everything would feel as unreal as it is. So, without a name, and barely have a concept of any history, a life... his life was beginning as though it was starting a fresh; but we knew it wasn't. What is a horror, but the begin of a story... for no story could end as a horror|. "Maybe I've -already" been watched this? Rich or... wealthy, slumped!



One day, I... being Victor|?

