

One thousand years have passed: the look of war had not toil on him. No toll too, since he is the one from the 20th century. All this time was to make sure, he or I begun work on a dark page? That's how I view the age of software development. No one really knowing a thing, more so... denying they know anything. Which was expected: of a society that cared nothing but for itself, global warming was a front. Yet the person is from 2024. Value, is it shredded or is it created? I know a few things, but what we all know is [money]... I like gold! Untitled writer: that's what they call me. They hate me so much, they'd never use my real name. Photography came so simply for me: and eventually they took images in extensive manner & manners. I like the idea of a book, scrolls but better yet- is it to write with your finger? Here I 'pause' ... with her? "I've written of a few characters & and I like a few." But the concepts of fine works: biographies, artisans gifting; and the like resonated with 'me'. "With me?"- Victor. Here we have there names, but they hide behind titles: I guess you have to age into some knowledge? And I was aging, Victor Kariithi Mbugua. What am I writing, what are we reading then? The title took minimal effort given my situation or situations, I prefer something 'unique' like a trend? Above the cloud there lies or "lay" a form of work I couldn't yet come into grips with... real life? Gold dripped of the cover: you could only imagine it- really. But about my entrance: given what is required of a live novel- or project [I couldn't tell if I had even arrived]? Lets say it was written before I mentioned "Untitled Writer" as it was always meant to be... I do know it gets better. What even is a live project: do you expect an exceptional narrative? The scene was, silent- silent enough for the noise from the other- 'room' to begin painting the wall clear, I guess that's the imagined future? Talking to ourselves probably feels old? I do not "remember". The location was like time: but more like the chance in the storage of good & evil. We start at a part rhyming with infinity. Fury, that's the word|. A story about buddy, fury or some other meaning of a name. The event that started before it started: is a story I can "never" match, but I can complement it: more like memorialise it? The glass 'ceiling' from the other end... side. It was for me, an entrance: do you understand the meaning? Pop! Is it teleporting or time travel: I just did that!? The second image or story, got better? Expected, because... I just did that? I wasn't too far from the unlock, was I? Three would be a cool name plate: but I went with Victor. That's the title to the bot, robot or Layton, Mind & tIME. But it is: Time. Theta: something about owning a news agency works in a court room. Something about owning a news agency... didn't work!? Here was this masked 'mirror' dark as his skin, mine. There words were really; really killing them| here... My name is, always changing. The internet of beats, it sounds just as it sounds. I mean, it feels just as it sounds? Electronic everything, even me!? It sounded, sounds... something like the Ne2x. Then, was it to be... after Sabbath? Monaco, should have had an R? A space for gods, but I didn't make shi##t. Then I got a date to get out: of prison.

Untitled One: really this is the second... excuse my repetition? Wrath & fury; I didn't know much about it nor them... but soon he would learn? You could see my story of the four edges was also to be timeless... a masterpiece, a timepiece even, if you understand the stretch of time travel. There is multiple ways to say 15:68- including fifteen sixty eight. Similar to six hundred and sixty six, like a two population conclusion/calculation. But before, before it begun: I went up to Heaven... it looks like a cloud. Like the prism I 'drove'. Just as they looked by, on! Just breath|e right. They were all hidden? Really it was a demo, we lived| in. The first version, it usually is a little darker? What is better than having a 3D printer? Here me out, someone building it for you... but who, or is it whom? The story about the first forms of the untitled project are not consecutive, nor are they proportioned. My future then, I'd want to read about it: even though I wouldn't. The difficulty in the task of rest & work. In my version of events -I find my self respectfully silent. Layton begun as a made up or fictional story, but my word grew into a story... no longer fitting to call Ne2x the same. There was a title, after all. Just to close the door, and only that for I'm not God but a god. The first version of the law has with it a form that can be understood: given that we can understand it, some functions are expected from man. That is my response only needs to be accompanied by the good. Therefore, I can do anything: absolutely anything.

Untitled  
Writer