

START

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(Loading Screen) *

NEO THYONIII

ENTER

Pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew! Shots from digitized dracos

Team-Rocket-blasted-off through the city circuit, the chrome streets convulsing with chaotic stimulation. By 6002, Neo Thyoniii was an unprecedentedly advanced technological dimension.

Erotic efficiency. Neck grab. Rushing streets and pulsing commerce. Hair grab.

Hyperstimulation at every wall. Arched back. Civilization hit a splitting climax. It was too much.

Too fast. Hope's battery fried. Society short circuited. By 7777, Neo Thyoniii was a mechanical shell. The Nuketown of the future. Lawless skirmishes and experimenting ecto-dimensions

turned it into a 1 ride theme park: a malfunctioning roller coaster. Forwards. Backwards.

Sideways. Seats locked. Please tuck your jewellery, and keep your hands inside your vehicle at all times.

Pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew! Spawning on the outskirts, Player 1 and Player 2 step forward, sizing up the urban sprawl. For a hot second, there is serene silence.

3.....2.....1.....GOOOOOOOO! Player 1 and Player 2 take off towards the heart of the city. Sprinting past the Modix BIG-180X Large Scale 3D-printed gates, Player 1 joltzz to top gear, ~~FAST FORWARDING~~ through the mainframe <Speed: 97>, athletically

blur-tooling a dark sea of black buildings. Neo Thyoniian architecture was unlike anything before it. Its introverted colourlessness self-deprecated attention in a dimension of ceaseless night. Lacquered-steel skyscrapers knelt to colour-bursting LCD billboards—the kingpins of the city economy. *****

****Static hissed***** as the city's disfunct AI re-ran their departing broadcast*****

Good morning, We are Neo Analytica. The world as we know it is over... the story begins with a small glitch. A city-wide informational ultrasound on humankind. We created a frolicking program that explored the fruitful fields of personal data in the city's cloud. Identifying instagram stories, Tik Tok reels, and slot machines as the cities most effective data receptors, it langchain'd the source code and futurized. The result led to nobel prize research, an ai with a perfected "variable reinforcement schedule". As attachment increased data multiplied as the alrogithm bag-over-head-abduct concentration from bus rides to dinners (Busby,

2018). The program oil-drilled into the universal core. Studying vices, irresistibility, and weaknesses. We IV dripped data into its teeth.

One 52nd floor boardroom, 12 computer science nerds, 12 keyboards that light up in halogen, red bull, vyvanse, adderall, a bit of dexedrine when the formers ran out, carry the 2, don't forget BEDMAS, smash the equal button and.... poof. God's algorithm was born. The hardest collab to date, Statistics x Psychology: "Formulaic Seduction". Really sexy fucking shit. Streams of 4-D holographic stimulation were downloaded into billboards interface-wide, penetrating your senses at unexpected turns.

The result? A+++++. Its dopamine-driven feedback loops were unprecedented <Dopamine release: ↑97%>. Like a prodigy child, its potential

was seen as ceilingless. 1 instagram-story-blink later, and we, unsurprisingly, secured the bag from the city. Human-quantifying algorithms were implemented to rewire the dimension in the name of advancing to the next great era of history: Optimization. Transportation was transformed, think German efficiency x a trillion. Seamless no-wait-time subways; bus drivers desperately chasing punctual purism.

That last part is when optimization transcended to approach. To belief.

Numbers were absolute truths. And Neo Thyoniii, a dimension aspiring for absolute perfection, put that on God.

shadowy clouds. Thyoniion urban planners had designed downtown life to operate on the ground and in the air. Chkkkkrrccchhhhhhhhhh!!! The bridge began mechanically disintegrating, shards from imploding crystal planks falling into the abyss below. Fuck. Player 1 searched for a fire escape-- bankrupt. The Getaway Depression of 7777. He slammed on the gas pedal, his mind speeding down his mental racetrack, pursuing his next move. 0 to 100 in under 3 seconds. Lamborghini Veneno vroom vroom. Seeing the ledge <Distance: 50ft>, his mind skrrrrrrrrrrted through the finish line —jump. Player 2 jogs to the edge. The square toe of his cloud white crocodile-embossed patent leather loafer peeked over the concrete canyon. Inhale courage.... Exhale fear.... Anaesthetise the mind. the world went silent. Player 2 drops off the ledge

landing in

swaggy parkour-style summersault, he rolls to his feet resuming his mission towards Illinois Central <23km away>.

Crossing the arts district, Player 1 kept his head and eyes cautiously low. Ting! His ears erected, followed by the screeching of his internal alarm. A predatory hertz <Hz: 29> of a hidden billboard's hyper-pop hum subtly encroached his area. Danger lay somewhere ahead. The ground made a mechanical hidden ten-foot tall **metal fence** sprouted out the ground (animation) blocking his path. Private property. Player 1 takes a deep breath and activates his veiny/steroid/577lb deadlift/legendary strength. Bending the bottom of the steel structure like a pipe-cleaner <Strength: 99>, he drops to the deck, crawling underneath. Sliding under the fence his eyes ascend for a

millisecond. ZAP! Player 1 is beamed by rays of iridescent and comprehensively informative

content <Product awareness: ↑93%, sales ↑77%>

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

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LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

The billboard's dimension-transcending power paralyzed player, plot, and reader alike. "Keep going, keep going, keep going, keep going" his withering conscience counter struck. His resilient inner angel is a crazy hype man. You are a different animal and the same beast it cow prodded. Mental momentum began to fizz inside of him, mixed in the protective double-cupped Rick Owens single-lens Shield Glasses, Player 2 inconceivably desensitized his vision from the magnetic billboard, for the slightest of seconds, but just enough long enough to jolt to his feet and dash around the corner. Safe.

Pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew-pew! **SPOTTED:** player 2. The two players stopped in their tracks upon unexpected eye-contact, entering a showdown. Their twinning squinted stares summon a Pokémon-inspired screen-slicing battle graphic. Player 1 jumped to a quick lead (acceleration: 93), Player 2 raced after him (acceleration: 82). Illinois Central stood 100m from them both. Player 1 began widening the gap between them. With algorithmically defined superior stats: strength, speed, smarts-- he looked like a lock. Player 2 dug into the unquantifiable~ the depths of his personal saga. He harnessed the tear-shedding motivation of a 2020 Kobe Bryant tribute video, the never-forgotten anger of an unfair christmas, the fire-burning pain of an unpursued love, and, incredibly, began to overcome Player 1's ~~FAST FORWARD~~ speed with a statistically unforeseeable teleportation-like speed. A crowd somewhere roared. He shot his right hand towards Illinois Central. POW! GAME OVER. CHECKPOINT.

Individuality had outmanoeuvred arithmetic. Another point was added to the galaxy's seminal excel spreadsheet.

Individuality: 1 | Algorithm: 767,799,576

References:

1) Busby, M. (2018, May 8). *Social Media Copies Gambling Methods 'To Create Psychological Cravings'*. The Guardian