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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 throught the city circuit, the chrome streets convulsing with chaotic stimulation. By 6002, Neo Thyoniii was an unprecedentedly advanced technological dimension.

Eroticic 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! Spawning on the outskirts, Player 1 and Pla	ayer 2
step forward, sizing up the urban sprawl. For a hot second, there is serene silence.	
321GOOOOOOOO! Player 1 and Player 2 take off	towards
the heart of the city. Sprinting past the Modix BIG-180X Large Scale 3D-printed gates, P	layer 1
ioltzz to top gear. ************************************	

blur-tooling a dark sea of black buildings. Neo Thyoniiian 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. ************************************
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*****Static hissed******* as the city's disfunct AI re ran their denarting 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 Companie release: 197%>. 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.

city circuit his wind-resistant ripstop track pants valorously whisted. Player 2 slipstreamed an cars. Spacing out in fascination with the city's contrast of ethereal chrome and underworld darkness he came to the profound realisation that screeeeeecccchhhhz. His heels dug into the ground. Dead end. Player 1's helmet-style distressingly-crocheted balaclava swivelled like a RipStik, frayed yarns slicing the air as he scanned the black hole of glossy skyscrapers standing over him. Illinois Central, the checkpoint, played hard to get 25km north. She whispered his name, xoxo. The hairs on his leg jumped like a nervous cat. She was naked. Urging him to take her. To take victory. Thick drops of desire dripped from Player 2's stab-proof nylon vest and exploded in the star-lit streets. He approached the middle skyscraper. Its titanium handles twinkled. His beaten leather motorcycle gloves spat in their direction. Inhale a rib-swelling 14-wheeler truck of oxygen, and out the nose, grrrrrrrrrr, player 2 lunged [Strength: B6] for the glass gates and heaved (impact animation). System was locked. He took ten Herculian strides back, mentally transforming into a battering ram. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhl Slam! 0 for 1. Run it back. Slam! And again. Slam! Slam! Slam! Slam! Slam! Slam! Slam! Slam! Slam!

SMASH!(animate this, shimmering, exploding, etc). Glistening glass shards fainted to the

floor, religiously parting a path into the skyscraper lobby. He carefully eyed the interior, east to west, floor to ceiling. Soft lavender walls produced a calm energy, evoking envisions of a lily padded pond in the middle of a tranquil Japanese garden. He rushed to the building map. "Skybridge", he strategized. DING!! DING!! DING!! DING!! DING!! His head whiplashed 180°. Stainless steel elevator doors divorced at the back, unleashing a 10-foot tall screen cylinder. By 7777, years of dopamine-inducing pop-up ads paired with laws of neuroplasticity had reprogrammed instinct from self-preserving survival to slizzzy stimulation. Trampa's Rocket Fuel began playing over the speaker, its dubstep subsonics picking up steam like a train. room's pulse began boiling like a vat of MDMA infused battery acid. 50 Samsung UN55RU7300FXZA Curved 16-Inch 4K Smart TVs lashed out new and exciting products!, new and exciting services!, and new and exciting news!, from the elevator's teeth bearing technological interior. He was sucked in. Are youuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu readyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy BASS DROP. Doors shut. Stimulation in an assaulting whack-a-mole-form, lashed him from every screen. BAM! BAM! BAM! Player 2 remembered he needed to buy bread. 17 efficient seconds later, DING!! DING!! The elevator stopped, his concentration releasing from its vice grip. The doors slowly began to open and beams of silver light pierced his optic nerve, a protrusion from the dimension's top floor. He stepped onto the gravel roof, looking out at a world standing on the ozone. A spider web of crystal-cut skybridges contrast stitched with gunmetal suspension cables glistened through

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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! 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 desensitised 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-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