

It all started innocently enough, with a challenge. I approached the machine and punched in the confirmation code 623876. You need to register 20 minutes before the appointment starts! said the machine. Ok, the machine did not say the number is wrong, that's a win. Five minutes later, success, the appointment bouncer machine, prints 623876 on a piece of paper. "Challenge accepted," I muttered, channeling my inner ego. "No need for paper;"	I've already committed those digits to my memory the first time. Got to stay one step ahead of the machines, you know." My number is... Sex to be like heavenly sex. Because that's how I roll, when I rhyme the numbers. The number 6 sounds similar to Sex, and the number 2 could be the word to, when rhyming a sentence. And the number 3 sounds sounds like be. Number 7 could be rhymed as heaven. So there you have it. Sex to be like heavenly sex.. 6 2 3 8 7 6. Thanks to the smartest man in the world, I'd	mastered the art of rhyming numbers into sentences, then those sentences into vivid mental images, and store them in a memory palace! A mental playground for remembering.	Some Greek dude coined the phrase, memory palace. He was organising a meeting, the kind were there are so many people that they need this memory genius to organise it. The dude was just doing his thing when suddenly the ceiling collapsed and instantly flatten all attendees, into some sort	of human pizza. But he was able to remember who was killed, but also in which slice of the pizza they where sitting. (may his pizza'd peers rest in pieces).
1	2	3	4	5
8	7	9	10	11
"Super", human, you'd at least make them ergonomically sound for the 21st century. But tenuous connections had concocted proved the existence of a higher power. Naturally, being the sort of godless heathen that gets their kicks from questioning everything, my first thought was: "Prove it, mate! And while you're at it, explain those giant dinosuar nuggy birds that had the planet on lockdown for a few million years!" Were they some sort of divine avian punishment? A biblical plague with feathers? Did you forget to build the arc big enough?	was insisting, with the fervor of a particularly zealous used-car salesman, that the Theory of Everything boils down to...God. And that was just the warm-up. The main event came in the form of an interview with the old fella himself. Or, here's the world, shall we say, "allegedly" smartest man in the universe had just sold the interviewer driving trucks or selling tacos.	many other you's there are that are now what ever non-binary deity happens to float your ark. Now, I'm no theologian, but I've seen enough logical fallacies to recognise one when it throws a theological punch in the face. This chap proceeded to mumble some gibberish, a veritable word salad, before declaring that the planet had the best way to fold discussions the implications of quantum entanglement or perhaps the best way to fold a fritted sheet. But no, this paragon of intellect apparently, the universe had hit the "Copy-globe like poorly placed Easter eggs. Just...doppelgangers scattered across the globe, just to keep things suitably surreal, no. There, just to make sure they're not twins, mind you, program about complete strangers, each sports the same face. Not twins, mind you, just to keep things suitably surreal, no.	9	10
9	10	11	12	13
16	15	14	13	12