

identical down to the last wrinkle, strolled past me and up the escalator. Ten minutes later, they passed by again, only now I was extra sure that I was not imagining things, I'd taken a closer look.

The universe, you see, was clearly having a bit of a laugh. A giant man, two identical women, all within a matter of a day after questioning the very fabric of reality. Was this the almighty's subtle way of responding?

Maybe the smartest man had a point. Or maybe a higher intelligence was just messing with me. The jury, as they say, was still out, maybe for Pizza, probably flattened under a collapsed ceiling somewhere, neatly arranged in slices.

Fast forward to today... the universe didn't leave any more signs, but maybe I should take a break from seeking mental challenges with the universe.

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 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 where 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

A day earlier, I'd been soaking up the world's peculiarities on slice of the pizza they were sitting. (May his pizza'd peers rest in pieces.)

When I stumble upon a documentary about some behemoth of a fellow, a giant among men, presumably because evolution thought it would be hilarious to make someone utterly unable to fit into a standard airplane seat. I mean, you'd think if you were going to design a "super" human, you'd at least make them ergonomically sound for the 21st century. But no.

Then, just to keep things suitably surreal, a program about complete strangers, each sporting the same face. Not twins, mind you, just...doppelgangers scattered across the globe like poorly placed Easter eggs. Apparently, the universe had hit the "copy-paste" button a few too many times. You start to wonder if it's all there in your sky place, and not just some cosmic figment of the smartest man's imagination, give me a sign." You know, I looked skyward and muttered, "Alright, God, if you're really up So, naturally, I did what any self-respecting skeptic would do: chorus line of singing squirrels.

So, the next morning, armed with this barrage of bizarre information, I made my way to the passport office, that monument to hope and international travel. And that's where things got truly...un-normal.

I was killing time in the waiting hall, minding my own business, when a giant of a man, rose from his seat. He was so tall quite the show, a giant, just like the Dutch Giant from YouTube. Less muscular, a little beer belly but the same incredible height.

Now, I'm all for a good coincidence, but it gets better. Shortly after the giant lumbered off, two slender women in their sixties, dally happens to float your ark.

Yep, The old fellah himself. Or herself. Or whatever non-binary the Theory of Everything boils down to... God.

With the fervor of a particularly zealous used-car salesman, that fold a fitted sheet. But no, this paragon of intellect was insisting, implications of quantum entanglement or perhaps the best way to Now, you'd think the smartest man would be discussing the Maybe he just memory palaced the heck out of an IQ test.

man in the world.

And that was just the warm-up. The main event came in the form of an interview with the, shall we say, "allegedly" smartest now driving trucks or selling tacos.

Just a bit rubbish, and how many other you's there are that are pasty" button a few too many times. You start to wonder if it's all you, just...doppelgangers scattered across the globe like poorly placed Easter eggs. Apparently, the universe had hit the "copy-paste" button a few too many times. You start to wonder if it's all there in your sky place, and not just some cosmic figment of the smartest man's imagination, give me a sign." You know, I looked skyward and muttered, "Alright, God, if you're really up So, naturally, I did what any self-respecting skeptic would do: plague with feathers? Did you forget to build the arc big enough?

Where they some sort of divine avian punishment? A biblical birds that had the planet on lockdown for a few million years!"

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 dinosur angry birds! And while you're at it, explain those giant dinosur angry birds!

Now, I'm no theologian, but I've seen enough logical fallacies concocted proved the existence of a higher power.

This chap proceeded toumble some gibberish, a veritable word salad, before declaring that the tenuous connections he'd to recognize one when it throws a theological punch in the face.

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