

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

slice of the pizza they where sitting. (may his pizza'd peers rest in pieces).

A day earlier, I'd been soaking up the world's peculiarities on YouTube.

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 just a bit rubbish, and how many other 'you's there are that are now driving trucks or selling tacos.

And that was just the warm-up. The main event came in the form of an interview with the, shall we say, "allegedly" smartest man in the world.

Maybe he just memory palaced the hack out of an IQ test.

Now, you'd think the smartest man would be discussing the implications of quantum entanglement or perhaps the best way to fold a fitted sheet. But no, this paragon of intellect was insisting, with the fervor of a particularly zealous used-car salesman, that the Theory of Everything boils down to...God.

Yep. The old fella himself. Or herself. Or whatever 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 tenuous connections he'd 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 dinosaur angry 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?

So, naturally, I did what any self-respecting skeptic would do: I looked skyward and muttered, "Alright, God, if you're really up there in your sky palace, and not just some cosmic figment of the smartest man's imagination, give me a sign." You know, something subtle, like the sky raining down lobster tacos or a 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 he had to duck to leave the waiting hall. You can imagine it was 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,