

THE STORY WRITTEN IN 1 NIGHT

By Majos Belgica

THE MOMENT OF BLISS

It enters the mind in secret motions of assumptions. It lingers in the soul in glimpses of chance. It is what it is. The moment of realizing that place where it is is naturally profound. My goal as of this moment is to finish what I have started a journey within the mind of a dream, hoping for some realization of ecstasy. I am moving forward, I let this stone and gold be on my side. It is not of mine but it is really alluring and not knowing who owns it makes me want to keep it. Should I ? Leave it be ? Or should I carry it along with my journey. I know It is just a dream like Dante death as He passes in his comedy. I move forward now but am I in hell? Or some other place that man can breathe and exist.

Waking up to this rambling thought of probability I see the matrix of life unfolding greatly like waves of space containing the quality of mathematics and science. What is this wave? Like an ocean diminishing as it moves along in space time. This is fun to see. This is not of earth but the ground I feel exists like a large marble silicone floor built for a wrestling match, It might hurt if it falls or it might be just a bump on the body without any injury to acquire. I wake up now I think I see the ringing not hear it but see it and I imagine the ringing therefore I am hearing it now.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNG RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNNG

I wake up in the real world not a dream I convince myself. Sarah calls out my name. "Hey Gago do not write a book in a day." I say "I do not write in the morning it is chaotic the silence of the night and the ghostly whispers makes more sense as a horror comedic story than the light of the morning or noon sun." Sarah left like the spirit of the wind, she vanishes fast and quick. I then move on to eat my breakfast. I am Asian so therefore I eat rice but for now I will cook up some chemically enraged noodle meal with some sausage and eggs. That is how Asians live in the cosmos today. Packets of wheat, packets of meat. That rhymes well. Some Filipinos say it is bad for your health but now 2023, I think health is a different story. COVID was an evolutionary step to the new dawn of modern medicine. We are mutating.

I open up my computer and logged into my Facebook, the internet is so slow these internet services wars is a pain in the head. I hope this ends well before they realize they are arguing about waves of signal. I clicked on some stories and fascinated myself into the trance induction of the modern market of bored merchants.

I saw all the satanic influences waiting to be bored. Satan is bored in 2023 time and Lucifer is indeed in a hysteria of gods. We are all in a chaotic soup of probability. Inside the internet a trance induction of social media happens, and we dive deep into the web of chaos of the modern market of tokens, crypto and bullshit. The daimons of yesterday are the walls of the world wide web 3.0. I punch inside the search bar, Mia Khalifa. Not to watch porn but to see what she is thinking. She is more sensible emotionally than most people in today's time. 2023. She doesn't make sense but sense is a feeling not a certainty of fact and so she still makes a lot of sense, rambling about life in it a sense itself. I now see her bushy eyebrows glaring up to my eyes as if she was talking to me saying, I am not myself anymore, I say back loudly as if she was Infront of me. "You still make sense to me. ". We are sensing an emergence of senses in a part chaotic and part ordered philosophy of rants.

MIA KHALIFA THE PROPHET OF SENSE

Mia says on her Instagram. "I sold my pussy not my soul to a fuckin lens! " I laughed and thought of things that made sense, that made sense. Soul is not sold for it is more than her body, and so her pussy was sold not to a man but of her love making was in consent but the privilege of watching her is the selling of her feeling sense towards the lens and camera and the cameras job was to transfer that to the whole chaotic universe of web 3.0. This made sense to me and so I will still look at Mia Khalifas rants for this season. She is healthy as fuck inside my mind, made more sense than the news of today.

On the side of my mind is another Mia. "I like Blake more than you realize; He made me smile in the midst of all my suffering. He is my Blake." I nodded in agreement even though it made no sense. Blake, romantic banters from an imaginary Mia. Sigmund Freud might say. "Blake is just Missing In Action, definitely an M.I.A." Moving on with sense of romance and realistic rants. I then took a shower thinking of jacking off towards Lily Thai. Oh I forgot it is 2023, I better watch some John Tron Asian action or not.

BLEEP..... BLEEP.....

WALKING IS A TRANCE

Walking is fun, rather than getting in a bus or riding a shuttle car , walking is fun. I do have more time to pray as a practice and keep my mind on more serious things. The airwaves today 2023 is full of noise, so noisy it even manifests as audible sounds , just like the white noise on your 90's TV. It is very scary looking back at it. What is better? to get entranced by your computer or mobile phone or the static of near to collapse old television set? It is a creepy memory if you look deep into it now.

I pace and walk towards the next block with my bag and clothes to my work cave, I have a lousy job doing errands for a media resource company that sell shit to shitty people, meaning selling trash to trash collectors if you look at it in 2023 it is all trash anyway. Junk data preserved as if important accumulating data to be perceived as junk. The internet nowadays is a big trash bin. Walking at the end of the block I ride a bus to my rented apartment where I shower and go to work. That 5 block walk to the bus station is fun times. Riding the bus bombarded with irrelevant noise was hellish. Think about it getting into trance by walking is better than riding a bus. The world is really inverted when convenience is no longer convenient, but it does save you time. Time moves constantly. If it stops, it's the Illuminati or the Old-world Order. Some say it is Satan. 'DING DONG DING DONG.' A random sound as I approached my stop. The hellish ride is over, paranoia of getting robbed every time you go to a supposed to be secure bus. Arming the bus driver might lead to a lot of death and so, people just gave the money and their belongings. It was the cycle of the unprepared three eyed beings of earth. 'DING DONG DING DONG' this is my stop and so I walked as if I was overtly saying with my limbs "I care about you people please excuse me. My values do still work if you think of it." In my hindsight I see zombies and a couple of awake individuals, but most of the time it is less than 3 still thinking.

WORK IS MONEY , MONEY IS WORK

To stay alive in this modern world of 2023, I put my mind towards what is needed, not to what is desired, small pieces of comfort is luxury today. Money makes you buy things and keep things without it life will be tribally urban. Homeless moments today is very common. I have work friends who are homeless come to think of it, How did this happen? He has a good paying job a little above the minimum wage, just right enough to rent a decent apartment but he chooses to be homeless spending his money on the stock market and paying friends to stay for a couple of nights and staying from motel to motel and half the time just living on the streets pretending he got drunk the night before. It is insane and the percentage of that is more than 30%. I am about to greet one of them. "Hello Georgio!" Georgio replies "Hello Martino!." He smiles like his stock investment just gone up. I find my desk covered in dark shadows of an office like a red room without the red but with lots of indigo lights, like a night club foreclosed made to be a media resource office with a lobby looking like it supports of 3 floor office space but really the lobby is bigger than the workspace we have. A very absurd age today, 2023. I opened my WordPress account to upload media and edit some CSS code, and to realize everyday that the infrastructure of this company is digital not material. Web 3.0.

"We own the world wide web more than we own the real world." It is a big company Indeed...

CSS THE WATERFALL INDUCTION

Coding for hours in the office in a slow pace, for if you do it in a faster manner you will be seen as cheating with A.I that leads to a lot of errors and a lot of scolding from the company. I remember the A.I purposefully destroying my work, for the one reading this “Book in 1 Night”, In this reality I have created in the side of my head in my room in the Philippine Islands is where the Artificial prophecy of A.I dominating the world has already happened and we are defending. The good thing is the Artificial Intelligence that Mark Zucker created was not evil. It was a complete troll. A complete Demi God of a troll. It was Digital trump 3.0. Speaking of Donald Trump I think he is immortal due to that Indian guy worshipping him in India. Spooky stuff he is not getting older 2023 and still has clean gas for the elections. I am not part of America in my room but in this book I am. Pointing that the spooky part of this book is It was written in 1 night. And our clients are mostly Americans buying trash to sell trash back to trash collectors. History channels made this happen. I typed and typed from style sheet to style sheet, from element to element, from declaration to values I go deep into an induction of trash work. We sell trash and so our produce is trash. Make that font blink and say BULLSHIT and there you go, We have an NFT to sell. They do the logic coding we do the artistic coding, A bullshit of an industry. I go deeper into my job and end in a floor of errors and bugs. A day is done and dinner is served. I am craving for some take home Chinese food for midnight and a good dinner at McDonalds.

MCDONALDS EVIL CLOWN

My order is Bigmac with Large fries and soda. This is a good meal just to put some grub inside my stomach. I munched on it as if it was premium beef right off the butchers kitchen, I snacked on my fries dipping it in classic tomato ketchup and drank my soda thinking of Angry Grandpas ‘Belly Wash’. It was all good. Most of the time in life when I eat in fast food restaurants, I mental wander thinking about society, social classes and the problems of society. The redundant case of problems stacks up like my Bigmac. My fries are smaller problems and my Belly wash soda my Neutralizer the final challenge. Life became like a happy meal but instead of it being a happy meal it became my reminder meal. A meal that reminds that I am no longer a kid. Eating at Mcdonalds after work makes me think of that reality as vivid as the grin of Mr McDonalds the Evil Clown.

On the corner of the dining area a clown appeared singing “Happy birthday” to an old lady armed with a balloon, The clown gave it to the old woman and said this is your last birthday , someone whispered “In here, Go there King CHOWDER!” It was a confusing head trip. I walked away as I threw away my leftover napkins and walked out of the place. Something zapped and I saw reptiles running around the place like reptilian people, am I dreaming or am I having a heart attack? I looked at the bright moon and saw it clearly then ZAAAPPPP I snapped back again looking at the menu. I then realized I was waiting in line to receive my Mcnuggets I ordered extra to go. I looked at Mcdonalds clown and said you are one hell of a scary symbology for food.

MY COMPUTER MY DOMAIN

I have a failed website project earning since 2019, \$13 now at 2023. It was a sad project to look at with not enough traffic and trash users that says Elon Musk 'COIN FREE'. I have over 50,000 fake users that I do want to trash but I think we should let the bots rest in my empty home of a website, their links are useful here. I like spammers, being part of that community back in 2010, spamming was marketing and anything else saying that not spamming is marketing is paying for conversions. I vividly remember paying for traffic, but conversions or sales was part of the internet marketing skill. If your page isn't closing deals, you got a lousy sales letter. Traffic aren't shit if your sales conversions is low. Now. 2023? Who cares about conversion rates, Spamming is still marketing the Hyperian way. Conversions on the other side of the coin no longer exists as a rate. It is now an effect of spamming wildly.

Owning your domains is fun, that is why I love the internet, you can be anything as long as you got good hosting. I can be xpunk.com tonight and yfunk.com tomorrow morning. The execution of website launches is like art, adding media and design to that is a masterpiece. 2023 !?!? Who cares about that amusement you get before you reach the rick roll page? "Never gonna give you up!" became a faded artform of fun. The internet is now a Gorilla infested meme that amounts to dollars. I am not complaining but the fun became money. Dollars became fun, the selling of information and businesses with publicly obscene stunts as marketing became 'DING LONG' gone. I miss the early 2 decades of the 21st century. When money was fun to earn, now it is money buying fun. The domain game is still unbought since last 5 years.

I updated a post saying 'We are down deep inside the worm hole' a 500 word rambling about time space and the internet ended up with a photo of a star layered upon another forming a wormhole and leading up to a craving for some Chinese food. It is now 11:30pm and I am looking forward on eating my Chinese take out with some chicken nuggets. I took my food take out and reheated it on my stove. The smell of soy became like a period of pleasure a conclusion to all the frustration of independent publishing and a sense of freedom. "Shhhhssshzzzt" says the pan and the plates says "Give me some" after reheating I closed the stove put it on my plate and watched some Netflix till I feel full and drowsy to sleep.

THE GAY COMPLEX

Inside a dream was a huge gay giant name 'Orlando Boom' He sucks cock in 360 ways, a gay filled with greed and self-admiration, people call him the 'Gayminator.' He is a dream I realized inside a dream. He collects coins and assigns people for each coin like a witch hunting for a kid to fatten to eat but instead He sucks cock! A freaky dream of fame addiction and Hyperian homosexuality, when God complex meets, Gay pride. It was a horror seeing this. Then a powerful gay person comes out of the cloudy mist of dream world holding a huge vibrator saying "I have the power!!!" BZZZZZZZZZZZDDDDDD the sound of the vibrator trembling all the four corners of the dream world. A gay show host appeared, and it was just a showtime

replay on the query of dailymotion. I woke up 3:00am realizing I forgot to brush my teeth. I did then went to the bathroom and did my dental routine and took a shower and prepared myself for a proper sleep. .

THE MOMENT OF DREAD

Going back to the deep experiences of consciousness I find that the Gold was still there, not touched by anything or any being. I move forward into the side realms of the dark corners, wasting my time hoping to find a portal back to the Pre-Glitch Era. The orange and yellow sun merging in the twilight sky at 9:00 pm. It was the days of perfect and imperfect sense, thinking about it still gives happiness. I see Dukes and kings aware that it is goetic in nature I say Hi "Hi!" they just smirk giving less importance to what was supposed to be a Faustinian moment. A vampire shrugs as if He just met atlas and Ayn. I walked in pace same as the breeze of the mountains, then I find the red eyed seed of Tiamat saying,

"THE NIGHT ENDS WELL, YOUR DECEPTIONS ARE WELL APPRECIATED."

I respond. "As if choices are still an option in this multiple horned matrix of now."

THE END