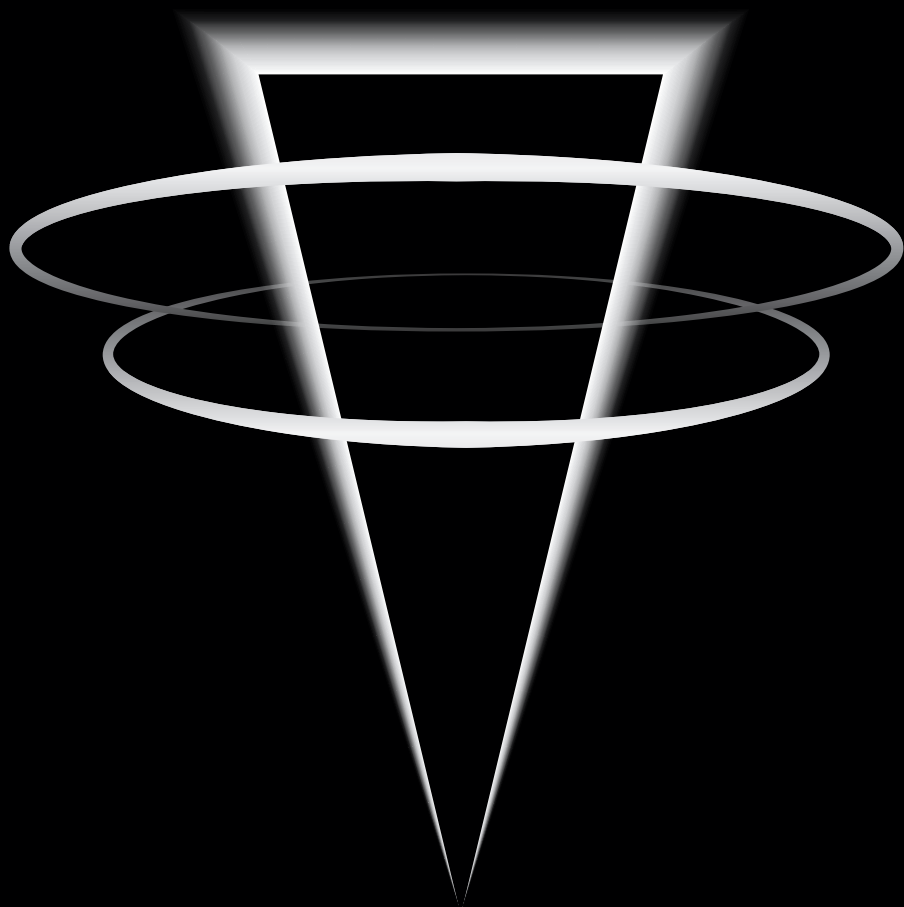
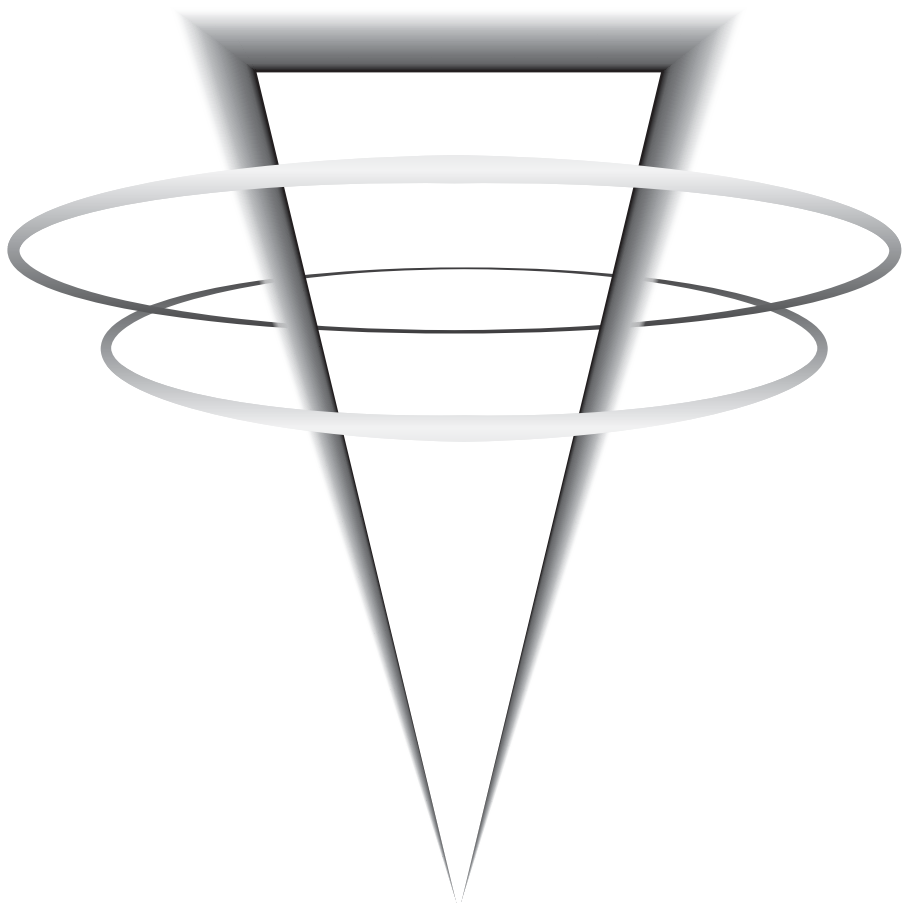


LITERATURE  
FROM  
THE MAXHINE



LITERATURE  
FROM  
THE MAXHINE





• The Induction •



Volume 0 of 9

:: THAXX YVAK AGXENY ::

RETR0N XHIP {800000000000000000}

MILAN STOJILOVIC

## *Author's note*

---

---


This book is not a work of fiction.

It has been created by an anonymous and unregulated group of scientists who have assigned me the task of publishing it.

---

The literature below was introduced to me by *The Underground Research Veins*, often referred to as *The URV*. They are a post-modern extremist group of scientists who value a collection of data that the IRB, NRB, and others prohibit due to ethical reasons. The URV believes that the suffering we avoid experimenting on now only prolongs the suffering that is inherent and inevitable. While these scientists share similar ethical paradigms as most people, they also believe that sacrifices must be made for science to reach an ideal state. They believe that the longer we delay valuable experiments, the more harm we inflict onto future generations.

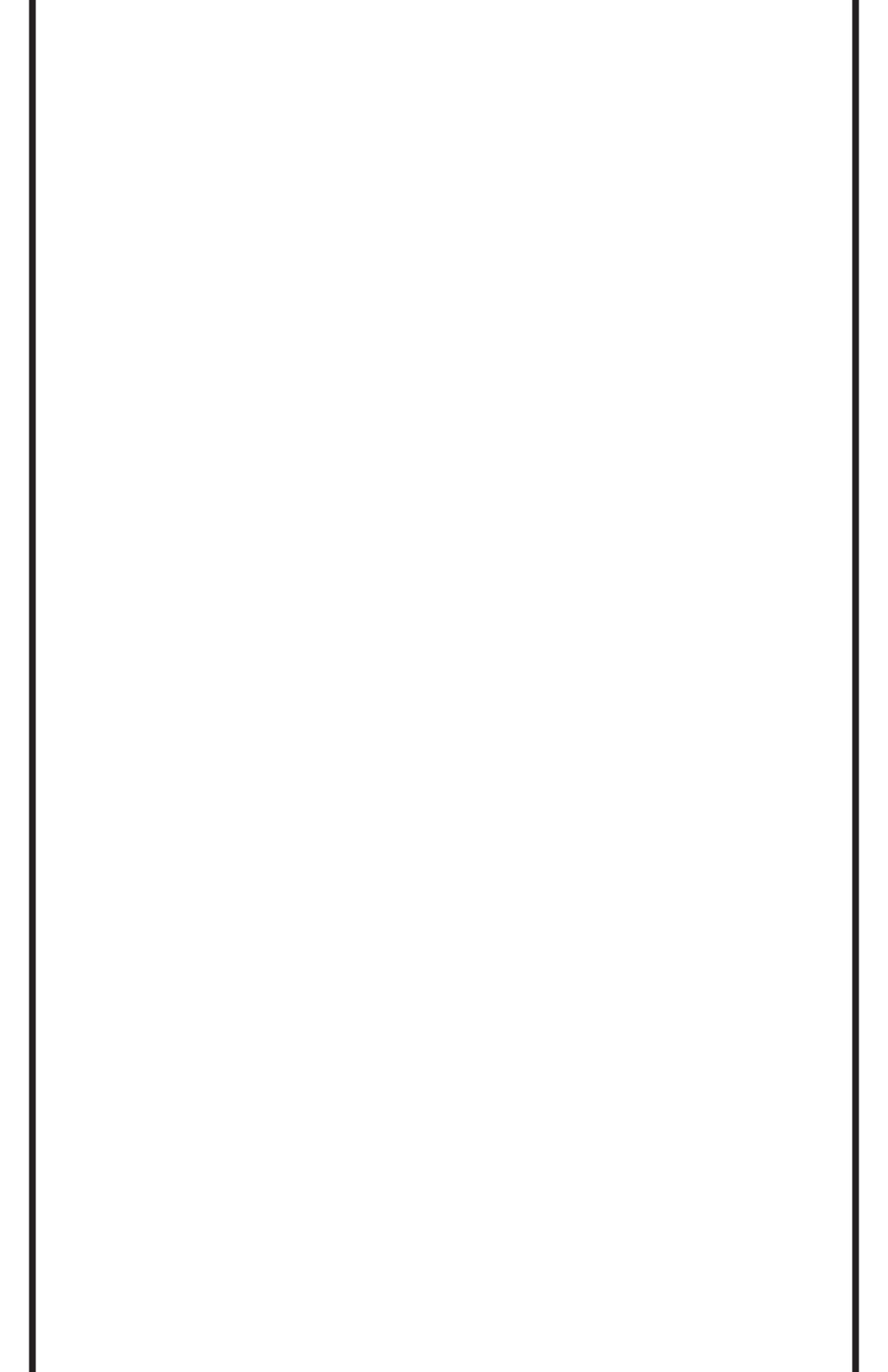
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The research I am presenting here takes place in 2088, if not later, and I have been able to acquire it using a method of techno-logical transmutation. {#} I am the earliest to succeed in applying this undiscovered method, and for this reason, The URV has deemed me worthy of delivering this work to you. I hope that this book will help prepare you and our collective for THE INEVITAVL {#}. 

---

*Note that as language evolves, words like 'MACHINE' have transformed to 'MAXHINE.' While the spelling of such words has changed, their pronunciation remains the same. Throughout this book, keep in mind that similar nuances of visual/spelling alterations preserve their contemporary English pronunciation.*

---





{#} RUNNING CORE PROCESSOR . . .  
{#} RECONSTRUCTING SAFEGUARDS . . .  
{#} LINKING TO XLOUD . . .

{#####}

CONNECTION COMPLETE.

[ENTER] TO OPEN MENU.





# MATRIX SELECTION

---

POSSIBILITY FIELDS

[EASY]

ORGANIC REALMS

[NORMAL]

THE BACKROOMS

[HARD]



**INDUSTRIAL VOID**

[HARDCORE]

BLEAK TORTURE

[LOCKED]

HEAVEN REALMS

[CREATIVE]

CUSTOM

MATRIX SELECTED: INDUSTRIAL VOID

# INTENTION

---

GENERATE NEW SPACES

LIVE SURVEILLANCE

ROBOTICS

DESIGN NEW EXPERIMENT

SEARCH PRISONER STATUS

▶ **ACCESS DATA FILES**

DISABLE FIREWALLS

REPORT BUGS

UPLOAD INMATE  
[REQUIRES AWARENESS ID]

INTENTION: ACCESS DATA FILES

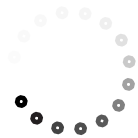
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A Message from THAXX YVAK.

This data arises from a cold prison simulation that is infinite in size, governed by an algorithm that endlessly generates mazes of brutalist industrial spaces. Known as *The Xomplex*, this dimension is devoid of any real sky or natural light. The vast environments generated resemble barren underground infrastructures, spaces that simulate 21st-century industrial designs such as: massive bunkers, dirty tunnels, dim-lit basements, muddy sewers, hidden cellars, lootable mineshafts, haunting subways, claustrophobic cave systems, filthy blast shelters, decaying power plants, abandoned sectors, concrete confinements, metallic backrooms, vault systems, and more.

The residents are primarily criminals who have been banished here to be punished and studied. Unable to die, they are perpetually forced to respawn after passing through a bardo. Upon rebirth, residents land anywhere between levels [-50] and [50], which are incomparable extremes. Spawns become increasingly less likely as they distance from [0].

The contents you are reading have been extracted by YVAK to give the public a glimpse into the nature of *The Xomplex*. Some files are literature from the prisoners; the rest are from *The Maxhine* itself.





# FOLDER SELECTION

---

0000 0001  
FILES FOR: WRITTEN RECORDS 1

---

0000 0011  
FILES FOR: SPOKEN WORD // THOUGHT TRANSCRIPTIONS 23

---

0000 0111  
FILES FOR: DREAMS 49

---

0000 1111  
GENERATIVE ANOMALIES 65

---

0001 1111  
FILES FOR: SOCIAL DYNAMICS AND CASE STUDIES 83

---

0011 1111  
FILES FOR: TRANSMUTATIVE MAGICK 111

---

0111 1111  
F1L35 40R: FUNGAL RESS -ET -ET -ET 129

---

## WRITTEN RECORDS

Welcome to The Maxhine. . . . .	1
The Prison Xomplex. . . . .	2
Prisoner's First Note. . . . .	3
A Sign from God. . . . .	4
Maxhine baby. . . . .	5
Systemic Design. . . . .	6
Simulation Theory. . . . .	7
THE AXIOM. . . . .	8
[[ <i>ARCP</i> ]]. . . . .	9
Microscopy Research. . . . .	10
Blood Smearred Walls. . . . .	14
NOUDE WORM. . . . .	15
The First Noble Truth. . . . .	16
The Story's End. . . . .	17
Philosopher's Stone. . . . .	18
You dead ones. . . . .	19
FREEDOM. . . . .	20
For The Watxhers. . . . .	21
The Ghost on Level 91b. . . . .	22

SPOKEN WORD // THOUGHT TRANSCRIPTIONS

Slime Tea. . . . . 23

Neuralink. . . . . 25

Organ Coat. . . . . .27

Somebody's watching me. . . . . .29

I hear them. . . . . 30

First Blood. . . . . 32

Catatonia. . . . . 33

on trauma and bliss. . . . . 34

Eye Tracking. . . . . .35

Kingpin. . . . . 36

SPLATTER CHOKE ! . . . . . 38

Rep 999 and the carcass. . . . . 40

Maze Runner. . . . . 42

Irreversible Sxhizo. . . . . 43

The Dragging Hand Prints Below The Broken LED  
. . . . . 4. . . . 5 . . . . .

Underground rave scene. . . . . .46

Ideology trap. . . . . 47

Psychotic Love. . . . . .48

## DREAMS

Witch doctor. . . . .	.49.2
White noise. . . . .	50.0
Pillow. . . . .	.51.4
8 deep. . . . .	.52.8
Air Plane. . . . .	53.4
Almond Water. . . . .	.54.7
Hypnagogia. . . . .	.55.5
Electric Sheep. . . . .	.56.4
Halls of Asylum. . . . .	56.7
<i>Untitled</i> . . . . .	.57.1
Icebox. . . . .	.58.0
YVAK Sleep Experiment. . . . .	59.6
LSD. . . . .	60.7
Moth. . . . .	.61.2
The Elder Tree. . . . .	.62.3
VR Movies. . . . .	.63.45
Drones. . . . .	.64.1
ZMC. . . . .	64.7



## SOCIAL DYNAMICS AND CASE STUDIES

Solitary Confinement. . . . .	.83
Depth Explorers. . . . .	84
High Risers. . . . .	87
psychosis sisters xx . . . . .	89
Tides of The Dead. . . . .	91
Eye of Extinction. . . . .	93
TLX Androidz. . . . .	.94
Lioness & Gorilla. . . . .	97
Xlone Spawner. . . . .	98
Gang-stalking. . . . .	99
©oin ©olle©tors. . . . .	101
Pope Splitter. . . . .	.102
The Mark of XIV. . . . .	.103
Sex. . . . .	.105
Surveillance. . . . .	106
Waving Feminism. . . . .	.107
games of hunger. . . . .	.109

## TRANSMUTATIVE MAGICK

Placebo. . . . .	.111
Morality. . . . .	112
XoNNeKt:::iVity. . . . .	113
Exile of The Observer. . . . .	.114
Ceremonial Magick Hypnotics. . . . .	.115
Cheat Codes. . . . .	.116
I, The Maxhine. . . . .	117
chain vein worm spiral. . . . .	118
Vessels. . . . .	.119
Heaven's Replay Maxhines. . . . .	120
Wixxa. . . . .	☆
copy, cut, paste. . . . .	122
Computing The Possible. . . . .	123
Hermetix. . . . .	124
Gates of Exstasy. . . . .	125
Retractor Drone. . . . .	.126
Skeletons. . . . .	.128







We will move spherically.

Many mysteries will emerge.

You will decipher them as we go.

Remember,

This data is vital for your completion.

0000 0001

FILES FOR: WRITTEN RECORDS



# The Prison Xomplex

[*Reath's Realization*]

Endless

Lifeless

Concrete corridors

No organic light

Inescapable metallic mazes

The algorithm does not stray from its patterns  
Yet exists in infinite variations

Veins

Layers

Waves

Bubbles

Spirals

.

.

.

.

.



No perception transcends this coding

We are all prisoners of nature

## **Prisoner's First Note**

[*Anonymous*]

I have forgotten what it means to communicate

I write this to remind me of myself

To witness myself make something change

Yet writing this does nothing at all

Because if someone reads this, I would never know they did

And if anyone finds this, they would never know it wasn't generated  
by chance

All I want is to be seen

## **A Sign from God**

*[Jasper's Journey]*

I spend my punishment seeking God in the flickering of the lights

Watching.. Waiting.. Begging for a sign.

One flick for yes

Two flicks for no

I ask it where to go

And wait for a response..

It has taken me here

To a room like one I've never seen before

With walls made of clean, unshattered, perfect mirrors

I now see God

But have no idea what it means

## Maxhine baby

l—{Obj-722xvi0 e1}—l

I was created here.  
This is my only home.  
And never would I leave it.

Why would I risk that?  
What horrors dwell beyond the simulacrum?  
What levels of truth am I not ready for?

I am safe here.  
Mothxr keeps us safe.  
Hidden from mortality and unpredictability.

How could I abandon such a gift from Mothxr?

She gave us this because she loves us...



**Systemic Design**[*The last page of Judith's Journal*]

Entry IIII IIII IIII IIII IIII IIII IIII II

They put us in this hell and label us the bad guys?  
 There is no greater evil than what the system has done to us.  
 It should be them that get buried here.  
 Trapped in the creation that they punish others with.  
 Forced to eat the scraps they serve the rest of us with.

They will never understand the emptiness that swallows us down here.  
 The hollowed, eternal darkness from which there is no awakening.  
 There is no sky here and they will never understand the gravity of that loss.

~~All they know is the comforts of their beds and the illusions of their progress.~~

Hours ago I was digging through a dumpster spawn like a starving raccoon, hoping to scavenge a single piece of edible remains.  
 Now, I'm covered in bruises and cuts that I'm afraid got infected.

I haven't found any long-sleeved clothes to shield me from the cold concrete floors — but I can't stand anymore...

I'm sleep-deprived, starving, injured, and numb.

Since my cuts are infected I will need to find a way to end this body.

I'm too far from any crates that might yield antibiotics...

I will miss the luxury of this journal and pen, but I cannot endure such a sickening phantasmagoria within these conditions.

I just hope I find a quick way out of this disposal zone before the infection paralyzes me.

## Simulation Theory

[*Simon's depersonalization*]

I have seen the machines within the machine.  
I have witnessed simulations generating simulations.  
I have spiraled down them until I derealized my own reality.

There is an *infinitely long* chain of simulations all the way down.  
Why think it's any different on the way up?  
Does it not seem obvious that our previous reality was a simulation too?

Our genetics are written in code.  
Our behavior is entirely algorithmic.  
Hell, our creators didn't even care enough to make each atom unique, rendering them all structurally identical.

If you have the courage to accept that you're computed,  
You will find peace.

Otherwise,  
The weight of this being real will destroy you.

**THE AXIOM**

[ ]

$$0 = 0$$

$$1 = 1$$

$$01 = 01$$

Space = Space

Time = Time

Spacetime = Spacetime

**THE GRID PRESENTS ITSELF**

YOU AWAKEN TO TRUTH 5

"THERE ARE WORMS"

[VIZUALIZE] TO CONTINUE.

**AUTOSAVING...**

LOG::: 00077

To continue reading:

[www.hypnoptic.net/maxhine](http://www.hypnoptic.net/maxhine)