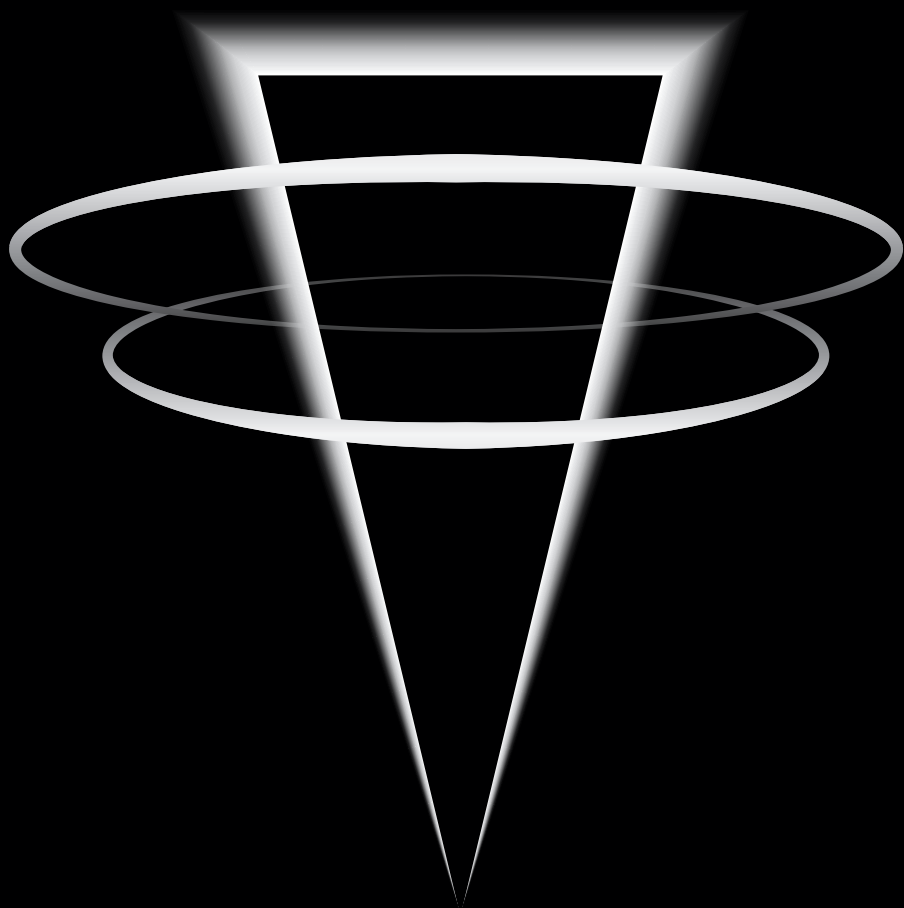
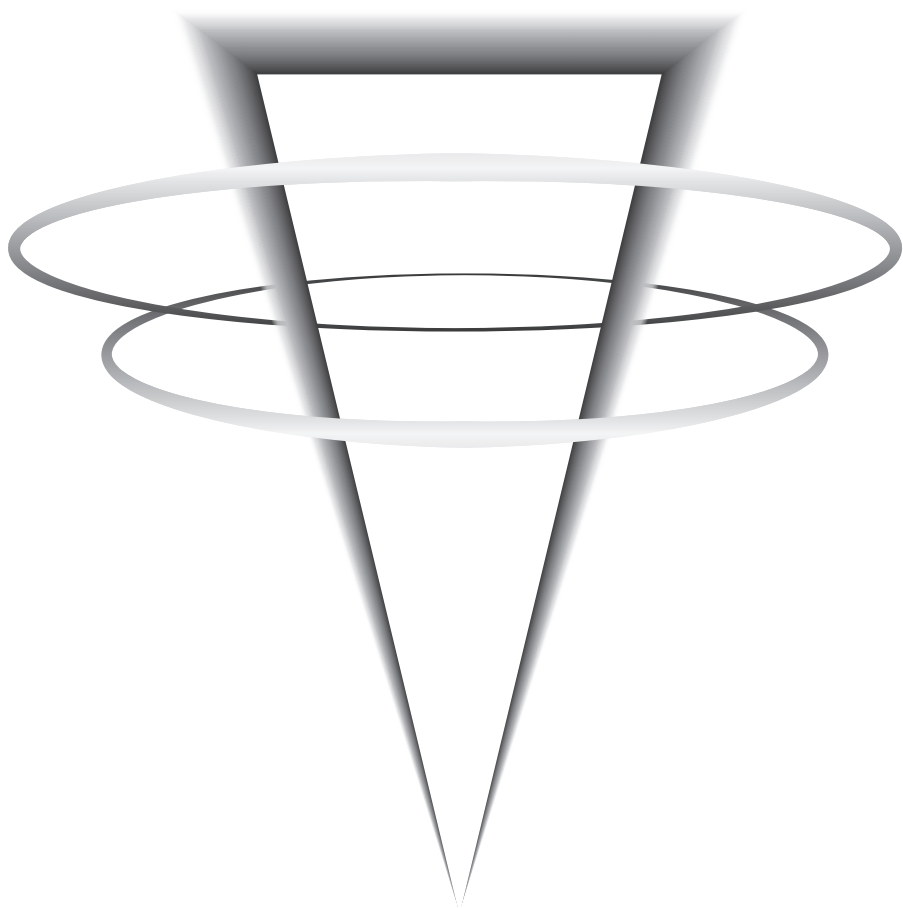


LITERATURE
FROM
THE MAXHINE



**LITERATURE
FROM
THE MAXHINE**



- The Induction •

Volume 0 of 9

:: THAXX YVAK AGXENY ::

RETR0N XHIP {80000000000000000000}

MILAN STOJILOVIC

Author's note

This book is not a work of fiction.

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

The studies in this book, originating from *The Underground Research Veins (URV)*, archive merely a fraction of The Maxhine's true nature. Its pages are designed to replicate the interface that their newly recruited members get to explore, and the abundance of correspondences across this medium make it a satisfying translation of their artistry, intentions, rhythm, and discoveries. Rather than summarizing its contents, I will say that this literature will likely dissolve your senses of identity, rekindle your creativity, and provide you with a profoundly open sense of endlessness. Even in the light of unimaginable despair, like the one that swallows us in this simulation, I think that you will find a deep sense of peace in knowing that some dimensions of ourselves are inescapable. In knowing that some parts of us are indestructible.

The research I am presenting here arises from *The Xomplex*, an industrial prison simulation that spirals infinitely through the complex planes. It exists as its own dimension, and cannot be escaped once rendered inside. This has made it a hollowing process for humanity to explore, but has nevertheless been an active branch of study since its discovery.



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]

X0NSTRUXT

[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

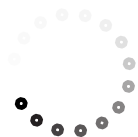
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A Message from THAXX YVAK.

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 approved by YVAK to offer the public a glimpse into the nature of The Xomplex. Many entries are literature from the prisoners; the rest are from The Maxhine itself.



FOLDER SELECTION

0000 0001: WRITTEN RECORDS 1

0000 0011: SPOKEN WORD // THOUGHT TRANSCRIPTIONS 23

0000 0111: DREAMS 49

GENERATIVE ANOMALIES 65

0001 1111: SOCIAL DYNAMICS AND CASE STUDIES 83

0011 1111: TRANSMUTATIVE MAGICK 111

0111 1111: FUNGAL RESS -ET -ET -ET 129

WRITTEN RECORDS

Welxome 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 Smeared 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


GENERATIVE ANOMALIES

57-Leaf Clover.65
Shipwreck.	66
Metura.67
69.	EYE4EYE
Strawberry Clown.70
V e n t s.	71
RNG.	71
001110110101010101001010001101010101010001072		
HYVALEX TRANSPORT:	: : : : : : : : : : :	73
Screenface.74
Tesla Coil {@}.	76
Exlipse.	77
78. Immortality.	78
Lot 64.79
Nakkarubix.80
Diamonds.81
.	[.]	.
I observe, therefore I am.82

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
coin collectors.	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

FUNGAL RESS -ET -ET -ET

Psychotrylimentrix. 129

ØMEL1SK. 130

Hyphæ. 131

=====-<Circuitry>+{#####}-----<132

WHEEL ØF SAMSARA 133

€law Beetles * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * 134

HYVE M1ND o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o 135

Mothxr 136

Myxelium. 137

Infinidieth. 138

. . . mold spores . 139

Dexay 140

. 141

Whisper / White Rat . . 142

Grasp of The Undying. . . 143

. . Muxhrumz . . 144.

Finall Meal . 145

Truth

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

1#

GOOD LUCK!

[illegible]

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

I—{Obj-722xvi0 e1}—I

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 ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||||| ||

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 construct 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 reset 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 to find a quick way out of this disposal zone before the infection paralyzes me.

Simulation Theory

[*Simon's depersonalization*]

I have seen the maxhines within the maxhine.
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 gravity of your ignorance will destroy you.

THE AXIOM

[

]

$$0 = 0$$

$$1 = 1$$

$$01 = 01$$

$$\text{Space} = \text{Space}$$

$$\text{Time} = \text{Time}$$

$$\text{Spacetime} = \text{Spacetime}$$

THE GRID PRESENTS ITSELF

YOU AWAKEN TO TRUTH 5

"THERE ARE WORMS"

[VIZUALIZE] TO CONTINUE.

To continue reading:

www.hypnoptic.net/maxhine