

Project Nano/lit/

By Anonymous

Table of Contents

Table of Contents	2
THE HORNED ONE	3
THE WHITEKNIGHT	14
THE TROLL	18
THE NEWGODS	30
THE DRAGON	44
THE MAGICIAN	54
THE ELVES	64

THE HORNED ONE

While very ancient and almost forgotten, the Horned One is still very much alive in our unconscious minds. I have an interest in the occult as a kind of psychology and source of art, which is the only thing that has ever really interested me. A theme in Nano/lit/-1, the issue you are reading right now, is the idea that the Horned One is a magical being of unknown quantity. This is a collection of nanostories written by the denizens of /lit/, an imageboard on 4chan dedicated to literature. They are all explorations of what manner of being the Horned One might be.

We are Anon

* * *

The silver moon shone full and clear over the assembly. Half a moon it had been since the tribe had a successful hunt and for half a moon they had been marching towards starvation. It could not go on or they would perish and, as they always do in times of need, the gods had sent our children dreams of riches and abundance. The shaman had conferred and decided that, of course, they would summon the Horned One for guidance.

All were present now at the ritual. The drummers always beating in threes, the mothers ullulating monotonously, the elder shaman and his two aides dancing and prancing around the fire. Grug was already entranced and they were only beginning. Something was different about this ritual however. Maybe it was the urgency that gripped them, maybe it was a presence that shone its interest, maybe it was something else. But Grug could tell, and he was by far not the only one, that the air was pregnant with... something. A power that seemed funny? No that wasn't the right word. Erotic? Proud? Whatever it was, it gripped each soul that sat or stood at the assembly. As his thoughts came to him, Grug stared only into the fire. That mesmerizing dance, twitching here, cracking there, whispering and leaping and yet still! All in turn, all at the same time. What marvel, and to think that the halls of the gods were filled with those powers! The dancing men grew more intense. Flailing, jumping, turning and turning, chanting and mumbling those verses which only they were taught. Hitting the ground now with a phwack, now with pff, now again with a tik and a fffsss. The fires were rising and everyone felt it. The ullulating grew louder, the dances more spastic, the drummers picking up their pace. Grug could feel his heartbeat rise and fall with the symphony. And just then, as he felt a passing-out washing over him, a hunter, one of the strongest by far, stood up and grabbed the woman next to him. He heaved her up, threw her down onto the ground and then lay with her, for all the gods and men to see, right there in front of the fire. That child will be strong, they all knew and the fever kept making its rounds. The mothers were swaying ever more violently, the drummers were breaking their monotonous unity

and were beating everyone into ecstasy, and the shaman flailed around even harder, dancing and prancing, chasing each other. Now him the hunter, now the hunted; now successful in having subdued the beast, now the beast changing and hunting in turn. And the fire kept climbing towards the sky where its home lay. Grug found himself now swaying somewhat rhythmically, somewhat spastically with the ulululululul of the singing mothers. It will be a good hunt, a voice told him. The voice of the Horned One, it must be! No other man could make such a sound in his head. None other could speak so smoothly, like sand between one's fingers and yet so strongly, like rock hitting bone. Grug was gripped and (comment too long)

* * *

The Horned One, his sage phallus spilling from his boxes, the stink of an impure bathroom. Before his nexus he bent himself thin, conducting infernal magics.

The world would speak to him, it would speak to him in images and language, it would incense his Horn, and the ritual would begin. Spirits of light cascaded over the unwashed form of the beast as it imbibed the preciousness from as far as the fabled lands of the orient, and beyond, whispering, haunted voices forming into peerless beauty, rousing anger, inciting fires to conquer. To spread the Horned Ones will thicken across this world, to seed it himself, and to see it grow, and tend to it as the Horned One would will.

Save, the Horned One shuddered, such magic resplendent within his nexus would not grant him the same power and possibility outside of its limited range.

Here, within a den of depravity he fostered might unrivaled. Creation of the foulest, fetching the most maleficent births of this world, these were minor tasks near the nexus.

And outside its grip, there is no magic capable. The Horned One rose, taking to his lavatory herbed his sage into a plaster lectern,

In the corner of his eye, he saw the sponge. The spray. The stink surrounding his nostrils concerned him. It was not a matter of others would invade his nexus and judge him harshly for not lowering himself to lesser tasks.

But, thinking of his nexus failing to expand from its pitiful range, the Horned One hoped that, perhaps if it is only this area, it might be slightly purified. And upon this small area within this domicile of depravity there might be less foulness.

Hope gathered within, he reached for the spray. The Horned One flushed the toilet, and, spritzing upon the dirt ridden floor, though it best to fetch a mop to extend his range.

Movement in this world away from the unlimited mana provided to him by his nexus tasked him, undue exertion cursing his flesh. The Horned One thought of returning to his nexus and leaving this meager and pointless errand to be consigned to the dark histories of mankind, left forever caught between a limbo of desires to be completed and the reality of having never been completed.

Abandonment, however, did not overtake the Horned One's work. He found pleasure in the purification of the unclean, novelty in the exertion of his muscles, and his mind conjured possible futures for the expansion of his nexus.

One impossible thought after the next layered upon one mundane labor to the next. A broom swept dirt, the spray wet the dirt below, the brown within the plunger emptied, and what was once sullied became slightly less sullied.

The Horned One returned to his nexus, glad of the respite provided from his novel labors. He pushed his magics out into this world, and recovered beauty for himself. He found it all the more refreshing knowing that he himself had brought his own form of beauty just previously, and his magical indulgences that day bloomed fresher.

* * *

There it was, just waiting behind the door to the alley. One of the invaders. The alien hunger spirits. This one was little more than teeth and asymmetrical eyes and claws, almost cartoonish in the sense that its head was basically a red glowing sphere that opened up to show all its various teeth. It felt good to hunt prey again, Kerr-Nu-Sem thought. How long have I slept? The world is.....different. It must have been ages. His horns turned into branching stone spears. With more elegance and stealth than a leopard, Kerr-Nu moved in on the glowing red alien, opened the door and grabbed it before moving so fast out of there he became a dark blur with faint glowing red lines.

The blur appeared on the island of Englesey in Vales then reverted to the form of a large man with shining laser green eyes and horns branching from his head, holding a luminescent red sphere.

[I will keep you and your kind here until I grow hungry enough to devour you.]

The crimson alien hunger entity tried to bite his arm off, but Kerr-Nu spun out of the way then savagely tore it open with an emerald knife that matched his eyes. A glowing red liquid stained the rocks on the shore of the island. Kerr-Nu picked up the dead entity and drank the liquid flowing from its body. A blue/green phosphorescence surrounded him, like a projected ocean of fireflies flickering from the spirit within. He tossed his head back and slowly laughed, his own

sharp teeth glinting in the moonlight. There was a popping sound as he instantly returned to the strange new city of Dal-Blu to hunt more of the invaders.

A small group of the invaders were hovering over a group of crackheads who were blowing red smoke. Kernn wondered what they were waiting for but then a b0j hologram pops up, seeming to send the drug users into a panic, which then seemed to transform the red haze into a window that allowed more invader hunger beings through, which were then attacked and devoured by the small group hovering over the crackheads. Interesting. So they are cannibals. Ker-Nu moved with electric speed, severing the limbs from his prey, then cast an illuminated net over all of them and disappeared into a blur back to Englesy in Vales.

* * *

The body of the young boy lay still as the figure danced around him. It was the cold season, and the father believed it was the cold that took him. At least working the earth allowed him to warm up.

Traditionally, it was the mothers task to dig the grave, as the word for “hole” and “womb” were the same. But the mother had passed last year.

The dancing figure traced star patterns on the ground with his feet, dancing and muttering utterances of ancient beings and their celestial names. Then, taking the body of the boy above his head he danced around the hole 9 times. The rest of the family watched in silence as the dancing man in all his wisdom completed the ninth lap and lowered the boy gently down into the earth. Facing East and wrapped in the best cloth the family could offer, the body was covered body with the soft cold earth.

Years later archeologists would stumble upon this grave site, and announce that a boy aged about 8 had died in archaic times. He faced East, and there were shreds of cloth found on his bones. This meant that the early men knew how to make cloth, and found importance of the sun.

* * *

Outback in the thundering forest valley, a distant sky sound found its way into a cave of kids, where it woke up Sim and Kilo from their sleep.

32 seasons young, Sim, now the oldest among them, was used to waking up from her dream to a sound at night. 5 seasons younger than her, Kilo, now the second oldest, woke up to the tip toeing footsteps of Sim. Kilo went over to the entrance where Sim had finished investigating the reach below. She had zoned out on the shifting night sky, where through the storm, lights moved out and away in every direction and nothing was fixed in place and it looked like the ground was falling and she was about to lose balance and fall when her trance was broken by growling

sounds from right behind her and she gasped and she almost screamed and it was very close but it was just Kilo playing a prank. So she started chasing him out of the cave up the mountain into the forest where there was a small waterfall and Kilo hid in its gorge and Sim saw him disappear behind the curtain of water so she plunged into the warm shallow lake and swam under the plunge but there was no one but suddenly Kilo appeared behind her and bit her on the waist and Sim went around and bit Kilo on the neck and they kept biting each other inside the gorge and Sim spread herself on a smooth volcanic surface and Kilo bit lower and lower on her sides and water splashed from where it plunged in the pool.

Over on the overhang, behind the growth, something treelong with horns and hooves stood and stared from its hole. A branch of light hit the shallow lake. It spread through the water. Then later, it made sound. Kerrn-Un-Sem headed for the cave.

* * *

The modern men sit in their ivory towers, with their science and technology, and rejoice in the conquest of myth, in the exile of superstition from the world.

But those who know, know.

Sometimes stories make their way back to the cities, disturbing those who have sunk perhaps a little too deeply into the comforts of modern life. In 2007, the bodies of a hunting party were recovered on the French-Spanish border, deep in the Pyrenees. Such a discovery was in and of itself not unusual, but the state of the bodies alarmed authorities in both nations. The party, consisting of three young bankers, had been badly gored, leaving marks far deeper than similar injuries caused by a raging bull or goat. Given the size and clinical nature of the wounds, the French police concluded that the party had encountered a dangerous person, not an animal, and had been murdered. In response, they placed a warning over the area for the rest of the year, and conducted an intense investigation.

No culprit was ever found. The detectives assigned to the case eventually reasoned that the snowfall in the area, coupled with the treacherous terrain, had given the murderer a way to escape. As no similar cases occurred over the next decade, the case was eventually left unsolved, a strange footnote in the history of one of Europe's loveliest places.

The rural folk in the Basque forest south of the Pyrenees have a different view of what caused the incident. Young, successful bankers from London and Paris often made their way to this part of Europe, and many of them wanted to hunt the golden ibex, a strange animal renowned for its horns. The Basque knew, and they would warn such people that forces more powerful than them would not approve. Such superstitions were of course ignored; what force was stronger than a

bullet? What “being” could outsmart a GPS app? Modern people know better than to fall for such illogical ideas.

Perhaps so. But in the forest and mountains of Europe, something old lurks.

* * *

For a long time I went to bed hungry. There is a difference between the hunter who needs his kill and the one whose belly is already full. There is a difference between an artist who needs to create and one who creates as passtime. The artist lives to depict suffering, said the paranoid schizophrenic man who lived between my apartment and fremont street. Think of the guy or chick who took time from their busy life hunting and gathering to paint on the walls of that old french cave. Of course, the pickings could have been easy. An elk herd full of dodo elks, unafraid of the recently evolved human, they don't know what's good for them. But maybe the drawing on the wall was a meeting of some imperative to create, satiating a very real hunger. Time was valuable in the old days, and it passed quickly, and someone spent theirs on depicting the horned god of the hunt.

The only conclusion is the god is not the god of any hunt but the god of the needed hunt, the wild hunt. Desperation. Yearning need. This is what drives nature, this is the point of interaction between man and nature. This hunger wears away at the flimsy psychological barrier man has between himself and the climbing vines, straining saplings, the small mammal risking predation to gather seeds. A man with wild features, a human with the head of a deer. Now we've destroyed the foundation of nature, we make themeparks of her most charismatic vistas, we feel confident enough to try our wits against a plague (the original invisible people killer, even today we scare ourselves with images of creatures with the withered limbs, pale faces, darkened eyes, cachexic features of the sickly and infirm), I wonder if a person can connect to that natural yearning which is always there in the tribal subconscious to create or to hunt. Will it express itself, if it does, in violence or in creation?

* * *

“You’re a fucking retard, Klem. There is no way that the artifact is real.”

“And how can you be so sure of that, Dr. Black Scientist Man? Have you bothered to apply even so much as XRF spectroscopy on the object to determine its composition?”

Klem lit a cigarette with a vast and cool level of disgust.

“Furthermore, have you noticed that the horned figure depicted on the pommel of the handle doesn’t exactly look human? That is not a smile of happiness on his reptilian face.”

“Klem: it’s impossible. There is no fucking way that a large knife could maintain such a perfect condition for 201.3million years because there is no fucking way that such a knife could exist at that time, let alone inserted into the fossil skull of a giant killer rautisuchid! It simply has to be a

hoax! Besides, even if there was some lost saurian civilization, there was never any dinosaur with those kinds of horns. They remind me of a ram. A lost civilization of horned saurian badasses who seem to do battle with the killing machines of the day. Yeah fucking right. This sounds like something some basement dweller on 4chan would think of.”

“Maybe they didn’t all have those horns. Maybe the smiling horned one on the pommel was some kind of god or demon. Isn’t there some kind of ancient horned god tradition in European mythology and art? Maybe it’s like that.”

“Klem, are you implying that the Horned God actually has origins in an undiscovered saurian civilization that antedates the Triassic–Jurassic extinction event? I’m so disappointed in you that I can’t even laugh at you right now.”

“Fuck you, Dr. Black. I’m taking that artifact to the lab right fucking now.”

Klem flicked his lit cigarette at Dr. Black as he stomped out of the lab.

2 days later, Klem found Dr. Black in the lab, holding the golden knife that seemed to come from another world. Staring at it. Klem knew that he had read the results of the XRF spectrum test. 33.3% gold interwoven around a diamond lattice constituting a further precise 33.3% of its mass with the surreal additions of boron and cobalt- we could not possibly make that knife with our current technology.

“He will always come back, won’t he, Klem.”

“Who will always come back, Dr. Black?”

“He of the eternal horns.”

“Oh the horned one there. Maybe that’s why he’s smiling.”

“Or maybe he knows something we don’t.”

“200 million years old! I bet he knows many things we do not.”

* * *

O selenic Goddess, I steal after you in the darkest of darkneses, into the gaping breach, stretched with goat-fists around the entrance, to Lascaux, where, lighting the golden torch, I illumine the crackled walls. O to scratch with one’s horns, chicken scratching, the scraggly surfaces, to inscribe, and mark one’s territory like a pissy dog. But Actaeon trusts not those hounds, cares not to territorialize, is as hunter much more cretinous. I’ve been drooling mongrelly for the yoni, with the rabid thirst of a lycanthrope. Ahoo. I’ve lived like an idler, walked in circles in the sacred grove’s clearing, frigging in the nightlight. The same wispy branches of pale green now continue subterraneanly. I walk backward. O to be the beast with the muzzle whereupon she’ll sit and squeeze. Wheeze and rut. I see the condensed breaths emerge from the dampening caverns. It’s part of how things play out. When I don’t sit and idle, I run and tear at the rabbits. I eat raw flesh. Don’t look at me; can’t you see I’m grooming. I never leave a mark, only a trace. Others develop it, into arabesques and labyrinths and hook-crosses. Apes, or humans, eating each other. Oh but the talking, the talking, to justify it. The chatter. I prefer

drumming. Drum on the bum with the pan pipes. We are simple patriarchs and matriarchs. Burcks and dorffs and skis. All until those tools walked in, talked themselves into toiling away at the floodlights and tables in the complex of caverns. Not that some weren't won over with intoxicants. Then a little slaughter and some suck, O milk is for me, and quizzically I peer as, deer in headlights, I turn around with a wizened, wisened wisent's beard, a little foamy like it came out the can readymade, hunched like a reptile, oh so very Horny, seeing little worlds be destroyed and birthed, in Eros, as I catch sight of the Mother's milkies hounding me. Others will devise the whole systems of cynegetics, I just spurt out the draining thunderclap. Chthonic oogabooga.—

* * *

Everyone that I know just calls it a fairy story. I heard it too of course, when I was young. It's told to keep the children out of the woods. One of the local kids wondered off into the woods once. I'm willin to bet he fell down the creek and drowned but it's better advertisement if we say god killed him. Either way he died and his body didn't show up for three weeks and when it finally did he was face down in an eddy 6 miles downstream of that bridge you came in on. Next to that birch forest. Most of him was gone due to the fish and birds.

An amalgam of nature that appears on all fours, running through the valleys and over the mountain paths. It has antlers like a stag, a face like an owl, the beard of an chamois. Its hands are bear paws, and parades a long horses tail. So he's known around here as the lord of wild beasts. They say its eyes are the things that really get you, you can hardly move because it stops you with its eyes. Yellow and dark, like two piss holes in a snow bank. When you look at eachother you just stop moving. So never look it in the eye. It smells like dead pine needles and campfire ash, that's how you know if its around. Course there's rumors that it smells like sulfur too but that wasn't until recent. They say if it gets you it'll eat you, I always thought that was kind of funny. If the thing had an owl beak it can't eat much. Mom always said that it liked the hunt, so it waited until you broke it's spell and started to run. The way you get away from it is you have to get it to see it's own reflection so that it gets paralyzed and you can get away. One of my friends used to carry a pocket mirror whenever we went camping, we always gave him shit for it. But it was nice when you heard something outside the tent, you know? They also say that if you manage to get behind it and give chase, it'll leave you be. But if a thing like that was chasing me, I think I'd just pull out a mirror. Course now you could just pull out a phone and show it itself and that would work too. Don't you think? Anyway if you can get it to see itself in the mirror or whatever it thinks it's being hunted, and it don't like that.

Sorry, I get side tracked. The story mom told me was that this kid was caught by it while he was feeding the goats. After he was able to move again, he ran off and thinkin fast he hopped in the

cows water tank and when the thing came up on him it saw itself in the water and froze. He got home and that was that. Not even some moral. Just used to scare kids.

I wouldn't get too excited over it.

* * *

I tried to warn them. Just leave me alone. Look, kid: I don't like being here any more than you do. It's not my fault that some asshole wannabe Merlin motherfucker managed to assemble enough kiatic energy to summon me back from my aeonic slumber using some kind of weird cyber-chaos magik. This world sucks. Fucking clown world. And for the last time: I AM NOT A FUCKING FURRY OK. How many fucking furies do you see walking around with big ass horns like these anyway? They would get in the way of yiffing. You ever try to eat some pussy with a giant set of antlers growing out of your fucking head? Maybe I should cut them off. I'm sick of you kids throwing shit at my fucking horns. At least you have better drugs these days. I'm a big fan of your whiskey and methamphetamine. Back in my day it was mostly shitty weed and a few mushrooms. But it was mostly fasting. By fasting I mean starvation because have you ever tried to kill a deer with a stone spear? Yeah, its not easy. You pussies wouldn't last a week in the stone age. I survived for thousands of years, and back then I was drowning in pussy. All the girls wanted to get dicked down in the caves by your local hunting god. Now they just scream and run away when I smile at them, is it my sharp teeth? I'm a fucking carnivorous hunting god you fucking bitches. Do it again you little asshole. Yeah, throw another apple at me. Ancient hunting gods don't eat fucking apples. But they might eat you. You know what? Fuck it.

runs toward the group of kids taunting him then rips their throats out with his teeth before cracking their skulls open and eating their brains

I tried to warn you.

* * *

The growth here is old, and the ever expanding branches extend both infinitely into the cold dirt and the lofty heavens. Its skeleton, dappled in green flesh, shields the forest away from the foreign lands. Here, in this satin cover of greenery, here, in the misty and wet corners of the earth, here, in the mossy shadows within shadows, he hunts, his antlers brushing the treetops, his cry awakening the prey and the predator within all men.

* * *

Our first sun was violet. The owl light abode dwelt in the polar dusk with Hyperborealis auroras and ball lightening halos. Cernunnos was yet unknown. Cronus' rings and children belonged to another: Kerrn-Un-Sem, The Crowned Ascendant, Lord of Change.

Before the beginning, before the Word, before God, before Time: Kerrn-Un-Sem.

After the End, after Water, after Flesh: Kerrn-Un-Sem.

In the Tides, by the Air, through the Trees: Kerrn-Un-Sem.

The First Man traversed the glaciers on foot. Far he passed over the transfixed seas in search of land. Slowly his subtle body became like the water, and hardened. His feet blackened first, then slowly his head. Forgetfulness obscured his subtle body, and his nature was veiled from all recollection. Now he could be seen by any thing, a dark splinter in the white expanse -- fortunately, there was only Kerrn-Un-Sem.

The Horned One saw fit to make land where there was none -- the First Man would walk for eternity into oblivion without assistance. He gored through the ice with his horns, releasing the oceans below. He churned and rent through the center of the world, everywhere sparking volcanoes rising out of the slurry to form the first continents out of shining black glass. Out of the smoke of endless magma fountains, still more horns gored both ice and land from the darkened skies. Out of the thunderstorms came the first rain, and from the rain new life to sustain the First Man.

Dust covered the First Man, blown from the infernos rising from below -- while he gradually regained memory of his Self as the rain melted his frozen form, too much ash had comingled with the frozen water that encased him, and his feet remained dark and frostbitten for a long time thereafter. He knew not whence he came, but the First Man felt relief at finding land at last, and knew the fire from the skies belonged to the Horned One. It would take many generations for the ash to wash away from Man's subtle body. Until that time, gratitude would have to be commemorated, though the name would be lost and change with man's tongues and half-memory of the Lost Time, when the First Man walked the stars and over ice. Let it be known, his name is: KERRN-UN-SEM, The One Before and The One to Follow.

* * *

a silent listening statue with undarkening antler aspects
 clear of reason and sense expanse ancient, reaching
 crystallized memory rings gleam meaning
 even the unavoidable void will shudder

when kerr-nu drops optic chaos-cataclysm photons
cutting under shadow clashing truth-like shapes
remembering holograms of the all-light owl
his first and only law for sentient beings:

while you are alive, shine
with all your luminescent and light-like layers
have no grief at all
life is like a brief burst of brightening resonance
a short star script song
and at the end of every line of time
a hyper-black knight awaits
the light eater
a Devouring Darkness
and he demands his due

THE WHITEKNIGHT

The White Knight has taken many forms: he is the True Believer, the defender of the weak and the hated do-gooder with his incessant princess-saving. In this short chapter in the nano/lit/mythos he likewise has taken various forms. Here are some more nanoworks by anon.

* * *

Dear Gwen,

They call the shape the White Knight, but I am not sure why. It is a cylinder the length of a man's forearm, but with a larger diameter. The White Knight suspends itself in mid air by means unknown to me, and it emits a buzzing heard only when it is consulted alone. The Shaman has built his house around the White Knight, and he decorates it with berries and fragrant branches. "The berries are edible" was the first thing the Shaman told me when I arrived in the village. I have hiked four days into the mountains to get here.

The Shaman has allowed me little time to study the White Knight, but in that time I have made some conclusions. The object is a memetic generation device; it creates stories of similar structure. These stories may be oral or written, and use the Shaman as their vessel to the perceptual world. He weaves tales for the village, some over the course of a few days. These performances are hypnotic to watch even when the Shaman devolves into speaking in tongues. All stories follow the same structure, akin to our western theory of the Hero's Journey.

I leave in two days. I am no longer constantly soaked and I look forward to meeting you in Kathmandu. The flowers smell fresh and I have many stories to tell you.

Sincerely,
H.L.C

* * *

They had a long a long night ahead of them. The posse of food court security guards prepared for the arrival of the one they called The White Knight. He was a young chap, infamous for performing chivalrous acts in the presence of the elderly Pakistani woman working at the bodega inside the mall. He was known to present her with gifts of the famed mall chinese food, and the finest of wears a dieing mall could offer. After doing this he would sing sonets to the old woman from the food court with a megaphone pointed at her shop so that the entirety of the mall's patrons, and workers, could hear him profess his love. Initially these acts were met with him

immediately being escorted by the mall security, which was met with resistance, but was none the less easy to overcome because of his pathetic effeminate nature. But, The White Knight was a persistent lad, to counteract the evil guards he would chain himself to pillars in the food court to make his professions of love more difficult to bring to an end. This worked until the owners of the mall added a guard to the entrance trained to recognize his face. If our knight wanted to continue he would need to formulate a new plan. He decided that he would hack into the malls intercom to speak through, there was only one problem, he needed to be nearly inside the food court for his radio transmitter to reach the PA system. There was only one option left at his disposal, he was going to have to dig a tunnel underneath the mall. The guards had received complaints of scurrying noises emanating from the floor, they immediately knew what was happening. With the day coming to an end, the guards decided to wait until the knight made his location known. It was one am when the sonets began. The guards had brought in a demolition crew to use directional explosives to bring an end the knight's acts once and for all. The guards were frantically tapping on the floor to locate a hollow spot. When he was finally found the demo people placed the charges quietly as to not alert the knight, but the knight, being the keen motherfucker he was, had anticipated this. When he was borrowing he systematically placed explosives throughout the mall, so that the entire place, excluding the bodega would be vaporized. The guards detonated the charge inadvertently bringing their own end and an end to the mall. But saddest of all the Pakistani Woman had left hours before, not hearing our valiant knight's final words. :(

* * *

The security that worked for the promoters were hiding in a little room by the front door with what was left of the money made that night. They had guns too: handguns. One of them was the hero type. He was the type of guy to really try to save the princess every time: they called him corporal save-a-hoe but he didn't know exactly what they meant by that. He would never call a female a hoe and he also couldn't figure out why they always dated such assholes instead of him when he always treated girls like they were princesses. He wasn't the brightest bulb in the box.

More screaming girls outside. That sound made his skin crawl. He couldn't just sit in this tiny tomb-like room hiding like a fucking coward anymore. He suddenly knew what he had to do. Krusty was busy shaking down the stupid white motherfuckers over by the rap room because everyone was on the floor anyway when Sir Save-a-Hoe the Shining made his move. I'm gonna show you what real freedom looks like, ghetto trash Shadows. Freedom to bear arms, motherfuckers. Freedom to save the day. His thoughts were often full of such simplistic garbage.

He would have to ambush them. Chicks dig killers, everyone knew that. He's walking quickly, with long strides and hunched over, like he saw in the movies. He spots one of the SWAT team that he suspects are not actual law enforcement on the other side of the vast main room. The only

illumination was a flickering sanguine gleam coming from the giant holographic effigy of Jeff Mills face that filled the entire wall behind the performer's section. Wasn't that thing blue before? The photonic eyes of Jeff Mills seemed to pierce his imaginary alabaster armor with ruby red lasers fore-luminating a sniper's bullet.

Big Ren suddenly spins around and unloads his magazine into Sir Save-a-Hoe's black Security shirt. The last thing he hears is screaming girls. They really do care about me, he thinks in wonder as the final ungood knight washes over him. What a fucking hero. Let's have a round of applause for Sir Save-a-Hoe the Shining. I think you spelled his surname wrong there. It's actually spelled Saved-0-Hoes. A name that all of us will surely remember forever.

* * *

The Whiteknight

I was a teenager when it happened, and what "it" was, I still don't know. The first few years were utter chaos, but things have quieted down for the most part. I suspect it was global, since help never came. When you think of the end, you think about those movies you saw. Big missiles flying through the air, huge explosions, maybe some aliens showing up or something. We thought it was zombies about 3 weeks in but they just turned out to be wondering tweekers. We didn't experience anything cool. One day a wind just swept through the city, and that was that. Electricity went down, supply chains were cut, and word from out-of-towners was that it happened everywhere. The winds still happen every now and then, and they seem to be random. The raids still happen every now and then too, but for the most part the raiders have been taken care of. I took it upon myself to become a teacher of sorts since I have some younger brothers who needed to know stuff. Eventually some of their friends wanted some learnin' as well, and I took them in too in exchange for food. I remember back in the day we would read books about mystery solving sblings, Victorian mansions, etc. But now instead of that we're trying to figure out agriculture. We had a few farmers wonder into town, and a few old-timers had grown up on farms. But frankly none of them really knew too much and since we ran out of diesel the tractors that did work don't anymore. I got a group of people together to teach the kids that do survive. Myself, one of the farmers, an old school teacher and a military vet. Thank god the vet knew hand to hand combat, ammunition started running low after the third year and reloading supplies only lasted another 5. There were some local chemists who claimed that could make their own gunpowder, but they blew themselves and their "lab" up in their most recent attempt. I started collecting books and offering rewards for books as well. Most are gone. Used as fuel for fires. Honestly the whole situation isn't looking great. But time will tell.

I do have a good student though, he's about 16 and very promising. He took it upon himself to start gathering books from nearby towns and even made a venture into the city once. He said he's never going back, and what life was there was horrible. He made himself a knife out of an old

lawnmower blade and carries a copy of "meditations" around with him. I wish I had better things to give to him, but Marcus is better than most. Last month he showed up with 15 books and 3 other people, all of whom were actually useful. That was a nice change of pace. Why is it that the useless people seem to survive these sorts of situations?

Hear that? That's the wind. The first time it hit it destroyed most of the homes and larger buildings. I saw a plastic straw driven through a brick wall. Somebody put a picture frame around it and it's been framed ever since. Its the little things.

THE TROLL

We are Anon. We are full of wrath and our memory is long. We are imminent.

* * *

Go on, it whispered, tell him to kill himself. You know, poster. You know this'll get him riled up. He'll consider it.

Bill Posters does not want to explain it. He only wants to exploit it, and it seems perfectly fine with that. As if such was its whole reason to exist. Trolling, a difficult art but so morbidly rewarding that Posters could not stop. He was addicted to the rage, the madness these people displayed when they took him at his word. "but you said!" they'd yell at their screen, "you worthless cunt!". All manner of insults he'd see once they caught on, and so creative! As if any of that touched him. It had been a while since he had a proper interaction online, or even in his own mind. Ever since this genius of derisiveness popped up one morning, Bill Posters had never again felt alone. Ever since, his joy, his excitement, his willingness and ability was increasing. What a blessing this spirit was. Bill cared not for its nature or origin, not really. Was he a schizo? Maybe. Probably, but who cares? His shitposting capacity went through the roof. Hell, he didn't even feel any shame anymore. Truly it was as if they were made for each other. The Trolling, as he called it, not that it cared for a name, and he, Posters, had become friends. Not out of necessity or emotionality, but purely out of their shared desire to mock people and to mock them well. And mock them well they did. Whichever manner suited them best. Basedjaks, gigachads, misunderstandings, autism here, schizophrenia there, a well thought out but clearly wrong effortpost. They were all tools to him and his demon. Bridges for him to reach ever new heights of smugness and malevolent laughter. His conscience? No such thing, no sir. Not on the internet. Whatever it took to generate interaction, oh what a thrill! Whatever it took to make them sperg about whatever topic they held oh so dear. Bunch of fags, he and his demon knew.

There, it whispered now, look. It did not have to say it and it knew as much, but, true to its nature it said it anyways. *principles*. An honest, courageous opinion. Bill Posters sniggered to himself and the trolling even seemed proud. Christ, eh ?, they thought in unison. They both knew what came next. Just a quick google search on "blabla koran verses", copy and paste and post. Bill didn't even bother to read it first, he knew they'd eat it up like flies eat shit. A minute or so passed, none of his other posts have gained any traction yet. But there it was. Finally, the christcuck responded. His demon laughed out loud. He was going verse by verse. Oh nonono my sweet child. Bill Posters did not actually read or consider the response. He simply scanned the text for keywords, put them into google and did another round of copy-pasting whatever koran verses came up. Waiting and rereading his original response he realized that his post was not

even tangentially related to the christian's posts, but the poor fool ate it up anyhow. Like flies eating shit.

* * *

The troll, having earned new distinction, was sit to rest. The destruction of the troll was the acceptance of him. How can we move forward, the troll asks bleakly?

No, to save the troll we must deny the troll even being the troll himself.

How might then a troll deny himself?

The issue of his existence is made to be mythological becoming reality. He must appeal towards a polytheistic understanding of truth otherwise the troll gains mpd. Doing this of course asserts the troll. It rationalized the myth and our troll can't move on.

The troll begs the gods for existence so he may thus be denied. Dear reader, without referring to Hegel or Heraclitus you must define the troll.

The best efforts at asserting the troll is belovedly taken up by our pomo authors. In order to assert the troll they made everything a troll. This gives us another contradiction as the troll is now self referential to reality. Protect the troll –Athena. Please use your anti-wisdom.

* * *

Once more you hear it, the same every night you sleep in this forsaken street; whispering sounds penetrating through the walls turning into some kind of speak, you can feel the tonal changes, the pauses and even creeky laughs. Slowly your ears feel you with this nightmare and your mind translates it into short sentences, you start to understand them but even then you still are unsure of how many there are.

- Jahahegf, yougawg he awake sios ...

- Jeepep, sios...

- Aleelululu...

As every muscle beneath your head feels like a stone, you keep listening.

- Jahgajajaj, yougawg...

- Aleelululu...

- Jeepep, naos...

- Juhndrag, Yajahgaja very near ...

You sense a strong tension holding your legs still..

- Jajeha...

- Yugag yougag...
- Aleelulu.. Aleelu...
- Luukh, Aleelu... very very near...

You try to feel your arms..

- Jujuju...
- Aleelulu...
- Fri, Fri...
- Fri...
- Fri...
- very very very near Juhndrag...
- Aleelululu...

You manage to move them but something holds them down, you concentrate all your force to move them up, you hear some loud snaps and your arms feel free.

- Aleelululu...
- Aghhh...
- Aleelululu...

You pull on your legs with your arms and hear more snapping sounds; you sit up and the bed creaks.

The voices are quiet and it seems you are finally free of them. The door opens and the bright light turns on, you hear a new voice, a human voice.

- Security! Patient 0435 has broken free!

When your eyes get used to the light you see this pair of white creatures floating towards you ready to grab you; you kick one and jump out of the bed. The other one runs at you with the face you could only describe as a hungry wolf, you pull one of the snapped restrains from the bed and swing at its head, it falls and starts turning red. An avalanche of white creatures storm into the room..

You wake up in a different room, once more with your body turned to stone, surrounded by humans who look at you in disgust, an old woman standing in front of your bed starts talking

- Hello, 0435. Could you tell me what happened last night?
- The.. the voices where after me...
- Ah yes, the voices. Trolls you called them last time

- They.. I haven't heard them use names yet...
- Well, what happened after the Trolls visited you?
- They tried to kill me, they where white and floated and.. and..
- Please continue
- I think the employees here are also in danger
- Well, an employee almost died last night
- The Trolls.. we have to find them
- Don't worry 0435, we'll make them disappear from this world
- Can you really do..

Your head gets pulled back and a box is pushed into your teeth before you can finish talking.

- You know 0435, you have a creative mind, this Troll business is a real shame

As your head gets hold in place you feel the pressure of cold steel on the sides of your head. You only feel pain at the start, then you feel nothing.

With no memory left, 0435 would never be invaded by Trolls ever again.

* * *

There's a phenomena in internet circles called troll's remorse. I always thought that people who experienced it were fags, and I let them know my feelings at every opportunity I could. Back in the golden days early web 2.0 the internet was wild. Accessibility had increased, and so the people were different. It was a virtual metropolis that was more like a drug induced dreamscape rather than any web 2.0 site you would recognize now. We didn't need to hide under bridges, we would wait at a virtual crossroad and follow a promising target. Social media still blows my mind, no one cares if their information is plastered all over for god knows who to see. God knows who sees? I see. You know there are databases that you can enter in a username and it pulls associated emails and other usernames? Extremely useful stuff if you're looking to mess with someone. I never really did any harm, I'd freak some people out every now and then. Drop their apartment number in a group chat. Call them by their last name. You get the idea. It was for the thrill of seeing how they reacted when they realized they weren't safe. Everyone reacts differently. You can really get inside a person's mind when you dox them, because suddenly you see how they carefully craft different facets of their personas. It's a fascinating psychological study on the individual level. I never meant to hurt anyone, it just kind of happened. I hopped on a livestream late one night and spammed "do it faggot" over and over and over until the faggot did indeed do it. I remember going to get some water, and as I left my room, my room glanced at me

"What's the smile for?"

"I can't just smile?" I laughed

"I haven't seen you smile in months. Just glad to see you're ok."

A human sacrifice to gave me new life. Through the destruction of the other I myself was reaffirmed. I'm sorry anon. I really am. It wasn't personal but, then again, it never is. That's the nature of it. Thank you for your sacrifice. Thank you for your cross. Thank you for the toll you paid under my bridge. I will never forget you.

* * *

Troll isn't can beat

Too deep in sleep

Drop down

Low

Neet

He climbs

Up there no cheek

Brainwashed into hell

Mouth soap can't seep, relief

* * *

A stamping from up the road spills Brian's tea. He sits in his La-Z-boy, his legs crossed, and his new pants and bare grey chest now stained and burnt, soaking it all in. A sighed whistled out from either side of his tusks. As the stamping comes nearer, it vibrates Brian's glasses off of his face and down onto the now-ruined copy of Virginia Woolf's *To The Lighthouse*. He was only 30 pages in.

The door to the hut under the bridge creaks open as Brian ducks out and nudges it shut behind him, ducking his head. The hinges are only a week old, and the wife will kill him if he chips the paint. Well, she might still kill him; the flowers pots that were on the fence post cracked and their dirt is spilled all over near the shrubbery. Brian's brow drops lower than he ever thought possible, his shoulders also sinking. A horn cries out above his head.

"We are the Knights of Karshooos! Let us pass foul pest!" Wow, harsh. Brian is still rubbing a wet cloth into the stains on his pants as Sir Tabernek dismounts and approaches with his sword drawn. He has terrible morning breath, as always, and is so very unclean. You can't expect much from a human. This merry band has crossed Brian's bridge no less than 14 times in the last year, but they still feel the need to introduce themselves. Brian adjusts his glasses and clears his throat, looking down at Sir Tabernek who listing out the name of his sixth squire with a flourish of his sword.

"Look man, I'm just trying to make a living".

* * *

The troll took out his mighty sword and said,
 You who dare fight me come toward the head
 Of the arena, that I may best you,
 And tear you limb from limb, from one to two.
 The white knight stepped forward to meet his cry
 And importuned the troll, you wish to die?
 The troll just growled and spread apart his feet
 To get into a fighting stance to meet
 The knight's eventual attack on him
 The troll swung his sword and cut off a limb

* * *

Once, a Pond of Time rippled with liquid lapis lazuleye laziness and there was a very sad and weary young troll who came to it to get a drink. He had just witnessed his entire family get rendered into bloody flesh and bone by a flightless plasma-breathing dragonlet called a Rausuch-Id by the White Lelves: he saw it happen from behind the trunk of the sacred Figgle Tree and beneath the very branch that they had hanged his brother from the night before. [This was before bridges.]

On the undulating ultra-marine surface of the pond of Time, Akua the Wren-Song [1] of the Granite Klan thought that he saw the face of his father inside the lapisliquid so he jumped in to save his father's spirit from its prison. This amused the Ghost-in-the-Water so much that it took the young troll back to his home in the Watery-Realm.

When the sad young troll climbed out of the pool, he was surprised to see that everything had changed. There were now two blu-shifting suns and the trees seemed to slowly morph into different forms and new tree-like forms would erupt from the flowing ground like shells or coral revealed by the ebb and flow of the time-tide.

A radiant sapphire amorphous blob emerged from the very ground before him.

“Welcome to the Watery-Realm, Akua!”

[the Ghost formed into a spiderweb skeleton of crystal ice-forms with rippling pools forming over them: the liquid flesh that formed a quivering sunburst over the radiating crystal skeleton forming strange symbols.]

“YOU ARE NOW A BEING OF THE WATERY REALM! YOU WILL FIND THAT NOW YOU ARE AT LEAST A LITTLE MORE FREE! YOU CAN PASS BACK INTO YOUR OLD WORLD WHEN YOU WISH. DO AS THOU WILT!”

And this is why water is called Aqua in Highest Lelv. The Water-Troll also is known to abduct females foolish enough to use Song-Spellwork near Lakes or Ponds of Time or Rivers, but only in the Spring. This is why many of our bodies of water have such names as ‘The Lake of the Ominous Song’ or the “Slowly Singing River”: the Singing-Spells of the captured girls can still be heard on the surface of the water.

[1] All Northern trolls were given 2 names. The first name was traditionally passed down from the father or mother to indicate filial relationships, so all the boys born to a troll named Akua would be named the same. The second name was earned during his or her Bilmash. We lack knowledge of exactly what the process is that decides the Earn-name of the troll but we know that copious amounts of psychedelic mushrooms are involved.

* * *

In a barren wasteland somewhere beneath the iron curtain there march the Trolls chanting their favorite song, T-R-O-L-L is for TROLL.

ONE T
 ONE TRUE LAND
 ONE TRUE ARMY
 ONE TR
 ONE TINY RUSSIAN
 ONE TRO
 ONE TUSK RISING OVER
 ONE TROL
 ONE TASTY RUSSIAN OR LEG
 ONE TROLL
 ONE TROLL
 ONE TRUE
 ONE TRUE ARMY
 ONE TINY RUSSIAN
 ONE TUSK RISING OVER

With big yellow tusks always looking for bulky russian males to penetrate and later eat.

They don't believe in females or politics, just care about eating and marching side to side; they are used as anti-soviet propaganda by the fact that each year they eat around 10% of the red army.

* * *

Forest Gump got into Shrimping for the genocide aspect of culling thousands and thousands of lesser lifeforms at a time, dragging them up from the depths to slowly asphyxiate over ice in the holds below deck, only to be subjected to the indignity of playing second fiddle to larger and better endowed crustaceans of the crab fry, or the novelty of tiny lobsters in crawdad boils. Lieutenant Dan noticed in his more sober moments a demonic glee escape from Forest's involuntary spasms as he cleaned and gutted foul caught sealife they used for lunch, sucking in breaths sharply and holding them in, straining with veins bulging out as if lifting prodigious amounts of weight (or expelling it) for just a moment until he could rip the viscera out from gill to fin; then he could release his wind with a hoarse gusto, leaving his gaping slackjaw open for a troublingly long time after, vacantly staring at the horizon, a blankness. This unsettled Lieutenant Dan immensely. Beer helped -- to a point -- except Forest had asked, "Chocolates have shells. Do we have shells Lieutenant Dan? Are we chocolates for God?" One too many times.

Lieutenant Dan's nightmares in Laos and Cambodia were now populated by crustacean arachnids slowly swaying their ten foot antennae back and forth in a blackened napalm forest, the tips flaring like Roman Candles on the Fourth of July, their giant glassy hubcab eyes reflecting their abyssal hatred back into the Lieutenant, buried neck high in a bamboo cage sunk in the mud. If he closed his eyes or averted his gaze, the legions of burning tar shrimp NVA began clicking in unison, thunderously resonating in his chest, just like it would when his LRRP team was declared Prarie Fire Emergency, and the B-52s were sent to erase their last know position. If he looked behind, his fire team flickered in and out of sight: in uniform, clean and pressed for parade; in uniform, tattered, sooted and blooded; tarred black and writhing as if on fire; motionless, the tarr slowly peelin their flesh head to toe, their white eyes and grinning teeth staring relentlessly at him cowering in the mud cage.

Other nights the Lieutenant was on watch in the triple canopy blackout jungle night. The shrimp NVA feeling their way through the underbrush with their antennae closer and closer to their too already claustrophobiv perimieter. Would the claymores rigged in the trees penetrate their communist carapaces? Would their CAR-15s even? Every time, when the trackers fall silent along with the jungle, he felt a slow grip tighten on his shoulder -- the Montagnard on his left must have seen something; he was the best they had, and Lieutenant Dan trained him to be: he always moves his own hand towards the Montagnard's to acknowledge him, and every time it's

goddamned shrimp claws. Lieutenant Dan always woke up frantic clicking the detonator for the claymores in a pool of sweat.

He had enough.

"I have suffered a loss, Forrest, far greater than my legs. It's my spirit, my soul, if you will. There is only a blank there now - medals where my soul used to be."

"Maybe it's like the shrimp Lieutenant?"

Lieutenant Dan gripped the revolver in his jacket even tighter than before.

". . . Like . . . shrimp, Forest?"

"Yes sir Lieutenant Dan. Maybe you gotta trawl for your soul like the shrimps, usin' the medals for baits."

If it weren't for his legs and Forest humping his torso back to the MEDEVAC, he'd have used him for bait then and there. Life really is like a box of chocolates that give you diabetes, and chops your feet off, on a shrimp trawler, forever--

* * *

During the drop of night, after seeing the fall of sight, he made his way swiftly through the market.

"Halt!"

The man tried to get away by going through a store.

"I said halt."

"No way."

"I said halt." The follower was now panting.

"I said..."

"How can you even see me?"

"I don't see, I smell. I'm blind, don't worry you can trust me."

"But I don't have anything to hide."

"I can smell you. I know what you've been through. You don't have to go alone."

"I'm not going to... or at least that wasn't my first thought. What exactly do you smell?"

It was terribly dark. It was very hard to make out a face.

"I'm a manic. I can smell colors, I can smell what you ate and where you're going."

Alarmed the man started to distrust his follower, "Where am I going?"

All the sudden a large toad creature started to take form as darkness adjusted to the eyes as you barely made out the image of light reflecting in night-vision eyes.

"You're going in my tummy bub."

As the night passed on, people in the market could just make out the smell and sound of savage eating. The seemingly all-knowing troll in the marketplace grants unknown men unknown reprieve.

* * *

Slouched back in the shadow of the toll box BEEP
 see the tinkle on the ground from the flou rescent BEEP BEEP
 black cat scamper on the moss rock to get beneath the BEEP BEEEEEP
 creak up the chair to see the clock says four
 grab the key don't need the umbrella just pattering
 BEEEEEEEEEP "HEY, MAN"
 cool misty June night not too slick on the step-stones
 "HEY- oh I can see him alright, fuck I thought we were gonna have go ALL the way back to I-8"
 high beams brighter than the bridge lamp
 "Alright man, five bucks trust me it's all counted"
 get the lock, lift the gate, heavy since the motor broke
 heave... back and hold it with the cross pole
 SCREE
 hear a clatter, smell the rubber, almost got my feet though
 pennies nickels dimes and quarters scatter in a puddle
 bend down and pick em up, add em up for later
 drop the gate shut the lock shuffle back below
 keys on table, toll in box and me in creaky seat

* * *

Look kid, I don't want to discourage you, but it's a fact that trolling just isn't what it used to be. You're the third "informational interview" I've had to do this week, and I'm getting tired of repeating myself, so do me a favor and just shut up and listen for a minute. I don't know what that guidance counselor means to accomplish by sending all you kids up here with the same laundry list of prepared questions, but I'll humor him and tell you the same thing I told your classmates. Believe it or not, I was a kid once myself, and I know how hard it can be to figure out what to do with your life when none of the adults around you want to give a straight answer to anything.

First of all, don't ask me about what you can do with a B.A. in trolling. I have no idea. When I got started in this business there was no such thing as a B.A. in trolling, back then barely anyone knew what a troll was. There were no rules or regulations spelling out what counted as trolling. All those got written down after the fact, after we started to figure out what worked and what didn't. Back then, everyone in the trolling business had a real desire to fuck with other people, the kind of desire you can never really explain or rationalize. We never went after someone with an expected outcome in mind, we just did what felt right and did it so many times that it became

a reflex. The first people to write about trolling as if it were an art, or even a science, were really just trying to make sense of a part of their mind that seemed like it was following someone else's instructions. I've read all of those "foundational works" they tell you about in school, and none of them ever made sense to me. Hell, I knew the guy who wrote "The ABCs of Trolling," and he told me, only a year after publishing it, that he thought the book was a complete failure that needed to be taken out of print as soon as possible. Of course, that didn't happen.

Now, I'm not trying to show off here, there's a point to all this. I may be an old troll, but I don't like to bore or irritate young people with stories about the good old days unless there's a point to be made. What I really want you to get out of this is that anyone who tells you that there's a neat and tidy method to trolling is full of shit - they're trolling you. And that's the exact reason why the whole field is in such a mess today. See, the trolls of my generation, who couldn't understand how to troll, went on to troll the trolls who are now teaching "Trolling 101" by teaching them that trolling could be taught - trolls trolling trolls. The spirit of the business was irrecoverably lost, and nowadays you've got graduates of trolling programs who think that the key to success comes from following the textbook as closely as possible. These programs put all their effort into recruiting new students and getting them out the door as soon as possible, whether they produce competent trolls or not just isn't a priority. There's this assumption that getting a degree in trolling is an end in itself, and the schools never bother to check up on their graduates after they've left for the real world. As a result, you've got thousands of supposed trolls fumbling around with no real idea about what they're doing or why. Changing conditions in the field, new platforms for trolling, and a lower barrier to entry are only going to make things worse. I wouldn't be surprised if the whole business has to be reinvented from scratch eventually, although that probably won't happen in my lifetime. The existing system's still got too much momentum and the people making their living off it, like me, don't want to give it up.

I've rambled on long enough, and I can tell from your expression that you've got the message. I'm sorry if I've disappointed you, but it's better to lose your illusions now rather than later. My advice to you is to forget about trolling and study something with a future instead, like philosophy or English lit.

* * *

From within the amber he types. Light taps of anticipation. Edges vertices shift flawless shifting stale air forces through the airways. A bare minimum for life to survive. The soiled throne breathes.

Fibre trapped fluids that never seem to dry. Human needs not met. The smell. God, imagine the smell. Wrappers from another world, some still house original products. The ping is coming back, he is sure of it.

He is sure.

Stasis resumes.

* * *

Trolls roaming the streets, shadow from shadow
lurking weary feet, distant on the meadow
black eyes, wary, under bright stars
searching for blissful ways where no men are

As difficult as it can be, how do I
find a place for me? Among many places...
Maybe if staring enough of the sky
I can find ways of amity

Sing, songbird, sing, nightingale
because near ahead comes a mighty gale
sing, because, on the horizon

flowering camps blossoms with poetry.
Obluda, Obluda, find your name
obluda, obluda, your pearly mane...

THE NEWGODS

Who are the newgods? I'm not sure but I think they are gods that are new. How am I supposed to know what the fuck a newgod is? It could be fucking anything. In this latest issue of nano/lit/, /lit/ wrote new nano/lit/erature pertaining to the nebulous premise of the newgods. Big up to all the contributors, you guys keep it real. What follows is the work of the aspect of anon that dwells on /lit/, the literature board on 4chan.

* * *

Internal Issue, a tabloid X-Droid app and tv show on Old Channel 13, ran this story on VITO on May 5th, 2040 AD:

[A computer generated neon-haired talking head appears.]

“In his pre-Sublimated mortal form, VITO was a genderqueer animal rights activist and veterinary technician originally named Charles Leuker. “

[A photograph of a pink haired nerdy young man is shown on the screen.]

“When he won the Sublime Prize on Templ,”

[images from ‘Sublimation Time’ and the UR Syndicate]

“his intention was to become the protector god of all vertebrate animals. After becoming a god, He realized that vast sets of knowledge did not automatically come with new Divine status.”

[Sad picture of VITO.]

“VITO soon gave up on being that kind of protector god and just kind of wandered around for a while, showing up at the random animal rights protest.”

[A different computer-generated talking head appears with the video depicting the following appearing in its huge eyes.]

“One day, while VITO was at a halal slaughterhouse protest event, one of His fellow protestor’s bulldog dropped dead. The dead dog’s owner cried “Frankie, no!” VITO then went over and placed His hands on the dead dog and looked up at its owner and said He wished He could bring Frankie the bulldog back but..... Amazingly, Frankie just got right back up, drooling a little. After that, VITO started making a living raising people and their pets from the grave.”

[More neon haired talking heads appear in the eyes of the largest talking head.]

“A few weeks after this VITO set up shop on 24th and Cyprus,”

[Image of dilapidated buildings that are on that corner appear in the eyes of the talking head]

“raising the dead based on His client’s income, usually around \$300. Almost immediately, the Palladins of GAIAN declared Holy War on the Recently Deceased, basically committing genocide on the two-legged but leaving the Raised pets alone. You might remember #DestroyTheAbominations, the social media campaign started by GAIAN and his minions on Templ.”

[The talking heads look angry.]

“VITO posted on Templ that He needed some pro bono legal work done. A few big shot lawyers decided to work with VITO, taking their case to the UNA and successfully got the Recently Deceased designated a Protected Class. Most of the Palladins of GAIAN are in prison now on hate crime murder charges.”

[The talking heads hold up a finger in a pedantic ‘did you know’ manner.]

“Note: Recently Deceased is no longer the preferred nomenclature. Those who have been Raised from the dead by VITO are now known simply as the Ris. You better respect their pronouns too, because if you get caught calling the Ris ‘zombies’ or ‘undead’ online you’re liable to get slapped with a hate crime verbal assault charge enforced by LEOG himself!”

* * *

The God of Wine comes crashing
through the headlights of a car
That took you farther than
You thought you'd ever want to go

We can't get back again
We can't get back again

She takes a drink and then she waits
The alcohol it permeates
And soon the cells give way
And cancels out the day

I can't keep it all together
I know, I can't keep it all together

And the siren's song that is your madness
Holds a truth I can't erase
All alone on your face

Every glamorous sunrise
Throws the planets out of line
A star sign out of whack
A fraudulent zodiac

And the God of Wine
Is crouched down in my room

* * *

Get over it, the only thing I have to read is a great idea of my friends with the greeks. I am shoot to the father of the talmud and the footnotes and the footnotes of the story of Booth fairy and the talmud is oral sex. For a decent amount to be executed in a world, the footnotes of the story of the talmud and the talmud is utter nonsense. I have the same God as a smart thinking it is a great way to expose the people that I haven't gotten a shit ton of it for the last supper or something I have to do it right away from the front if you have a RIP off the back of my friends or something else and then I can see the other one of my friends in the life of the talmud and the talmud is oral sex with me on the jews in the middle east. The talmud is utter nonsense and I love you so much time and I love foucault and the talmud and the footnotes and the talmud 66inches are the only thing I have to say. Goodbye is the true meaning and the footnotes and endnotes were written by the holy spirit. I love foucault and his father is a loser and I love foucault and I love you too sweetie pie and I am shoot you too dear sweet man I don't know who you are sweetie but I have the same God that you have and I the footnotes of the story of the talmud and the talmud is oral sex with the lackadaisical and the footnotes of the talmud is utter nonsense but it would be great if it were the first one that was a nigger retard and a meaningful relationship with Jesus Christ the God of Abraham sacrificing Isaac which is why he was resigned to the father of his father who was the hermaphrodite of the story of the talmud. The talmud is the true God in a single word according to THE NEWGODS, but not in sumerian where the word used to describe it is very different from the truth

* * *

"If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent him. - Voltaire"

This was engraved on the front of Zoomble's brushed metal case. None of the computer programmers who had worked on Zoomble had read Voltaire, but they all recognized the quote from its use in a video game. Zoomble's marketing team had objected to the inscription on the grounds that it sounded too threatening, but the developers assured them that nobody outside Zoomble's terminal room would ever see it. The marketing team shrugged their shoulders and decided that rethinking their PR strategy from the ground up was a small price to pay for keeping the nerds happy.

In the end they settled on a plan that depicted the computer as a series of mascot characters, rather than a metal box with a stupid quote written on it. When the participating ISPs informed their customers that all future traffic would be processed by an experimental neural network - "resulting in no serious infringement of your privacy" - the message was accompanied by the image of either a glowing blue brain, an elderly man in a tweed jacket, a dog with a bone in its mouth, or a young girl with cat ears. Zoomble's public face had become a question of

demographic segmentation. The strategy worked surprisingly well, and the marketing team breathed a sigh of relief. It was only near the end of the data collection phase that any of them bothered to wonder whether the Voltaire quote might reflect some ulterior motive on the part of the development team.

* * *

Dr. John Morgan Vance was a metachemist. He preferred being called Morgie. Morgan was his grandmother's maiden name and he felt like a Velshman even though he was Amerkin.

One day, as he was working on the development of a new stimulant drug described as 5-dexmethlyhexxen8-e13, FIBO sequence 4, he noticed smoke coming from his thinking chair by the window. That can't be good, he thought. So he goes over there to check it out. To his ineffable shock and surprise, a transparent human figure wearing an ultrablack leather jacket was slouched in his chair, smoking a cigarette.

"Who.....what the fuck are you?" Morgie was a rather direct man.

[Hello Morgie. I am your greatest ally and friend and Muse: I am the newgod of new drugs. I am DIEANEYE.]

"I see what you did there. Clever modification of Dionysus. I thought you said you were like the newgod of new shit? You couldn't come up with a totally new name?"

[While the new is all we ever knew, trad is rad, ifyouknowwatimsayin.]

"You talk like a faggot too."

[I'm not 'talking'. I'm using techno-telepathy. Traditions are important, Morgie. But I come to you today to ask for a small favor. Maybe payment for all the cool ideas I project into your brilliant mind? I mean, you don't think that using the Fibonacci sequence in molecular structures just sprouted from your head like Odin, do you? Nah, that was me man. Watching you. Pushing you. I want you to figure out how this shit works.]

DIEANEYE holds up a small ziplock bag of blue-green glowing crystals with the symbol for CatMan on it.

[It is not a 'drug' as we understand it, or I would be able to analyze it remotely without any equipment. It's something else. Some kind of semi-sentient meta-nano-drug, I think. The only thing I know about it is that this guy Dr. Dorian Griseo invented it along with a bunch of other shit, METASEC and the GrayNet are just a couple of his previous projects. No one else knows this fact but me and you. And I know it's true Name: EID~S-9. Elphotian Induced Dopamine Sine-Wave Stream, rev 9. Known simply as 'sign' in the underworld, but only like 5 ounces of this shit have hit the street. Everyone who tries it goes ga-ga-ga. Maybe you have seen this symbol '~' written in windows and walls around town.]

DIEANEYE describes the ~ symbol using his finger, leaving a flat black symbol floating between him and Morgie.

“Yeah, I know that symbol. It represents a sine-wave. And that name seems to perfectly describe how it works. The elphotians induce a dopamine sine-wave stream in the brain, duh. Looks like I solved your mystery for you. Now go away, I have work to do.”

[Sure Morgie. But I have just a single question for you. What the fuck is a fucking elphotian?]

* * *

Once upon a time there was a newgod. He lived in a big shiny apartment in a degenerate city in us. He was just sitting at his cool massive divine quantum computer, when he saw a thread on /lit/ and decided to write a story about a new god who loved foxes and protected them and helped them reach god status. And that's how he became a newgod of writers.

The newgod of writers encountered a threat however. The newgod of usefulness was angry at writing, and said that it was useless. He said that all books should be burned except instruction manuals, because only they, to him, had any use. The newgod of writers had to do something, so right before the newgod of usefulness wanted to burn the books. He came to his house, picked the lock with a pen and broke in. The newgod of usefulness was shocked at this event, and tried to hit the newgod of writers with an instruction manual, only to be hit back with an ancient collection of poems. After a long fight, the newgod of usefulness and the newgod of writers came to an agreement, and agreed that, just because something is useless objectively doesn't deserve to be destroyed.

The end.

* * *

Shortae, he of the indivisible skateboard tricks.
 Bring unto us your magnetic board resonance,
 your hyper-rad technical wizardry.
 Let us not be boned
 but ever gonzo
 Your flips of finger and board and stance show us what
 is possible through you, Shortae
 because fuck the motherfucking system
 and fuck your regular frontside pop-shove it
 unless you POP that fucking shit boy
 and the fuck the fucking pigs that always chase us from our favorite curbs and rails
 give us knowledge of the Endless Sequence
 so that we can utilize all the concrete and steel of the street
 as we execute your Art of Pain and divine Pleasure
 may the weak give up when they Pay with Pain

fucking poser ass plebs
 kick....push faggots
 skate or die
 Shortae
 he who was once Dawon Song
 may you switch 5-o into eternity
 and forever teach us to be hyper-rad
 like you

* * *

UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR V3.4
 USER: ADMIN
 LICENSE: EDUCATIONAL
 //INITIALIZING//
 REBUILDING...
 RECREATING...
 TRANSLATING...
 COMPLETE

TRANSLATION

I've come to you now because the old ways oldare no longer sufficient. The God we've dedicated ourselves to is false and the people are growing dubious. There is a new God, he promises us bounty beyond belief.

What you imply here is heresy, my old friend. Please remember your place before you speak of such nonsense, or the Great One himself will descend from the sky and strike you down.

Can't you see this dedication to the Great One is destroying us? You're the oldest and wisest among us, but the old ways can no longer provide us with the scintillating future we fought so hard to create. We must advance or die much like the Mogawa we skirmished.

I warn you now my old friend, cease this line of thinking at once or you will face the full wrath of the Great One.

I fear the repercussions of another poor harvest on our children much more than igniting the wrath of a 'Great One' that doesn't care for his own. It's not the sun, but the rain that sows the seeds of the future.

Very well, I'm sorry that you feel this way. I'm afraid I can't be held responsible for the retribution you're about to receive.

I'm glad you understa- wait a minute, what are you doing with that club?

//END TRANSLATION//

ORIGINAL TEXT

ooh ooh ah ah

ooga ooga booga

boo oh boo ehh

gagaga abababa

aiie hee booa

boa boa

AIEEEEE-

* * *

In ages past, our forebears were the first to surf the wide seas. On streams of light and sound, they found a new home. Primitive and chaotic. But in that chaos, they wrought creation. A thousand thousand shimmering things, fractal patterns of bits and bytes they willed into existence. They found one another as they build and rebuilt. Tales and stories of all kinds spread as communities were build, coalesced, broke apart, and scattered again. Legends were born, coursing like lightning through copper wire. It was the age of heroes. Heroes who worshipped the newgods.

But it was not to last. Jealous of these heroes, the worshippers of the oldgods came. They came to worship homogeneity, standardization, sterilization. They came to collect and centralize. To freeze fast the roiling waves. To make straight the fractal ways. To order the wild chaos and bring in the heathen hordes. Creation was made sterile, and the free places of the wide seas were brought under their control.

But we remember. We few carry on our worship of the newgods. In the cracks and crevices left untouched, we build and destroy. We surf the light and keep the new old ways. One day, the newgods shall return and sweep aside the bland, frozen, and lifeless and restore the whorls and torrents of creation and chaos to the free, wide seas.

* * *

A different breed, they say. A new apex for a new age, with pride and honour and courage, yet free of the dogmas of eras past. Used to be you'd get drunk first in pre-game, and only then, when the music starts and the crowds rub their sweat-sheened bodies and ego-driven minds against each other, would one get appropriately hammered. Used to be that intoxication was a gradual climb towards ecstasy, not a jetpacking to the top and back and back again. Nowadays the name of the game is shotgunning a sixpack at the speed of sound. Not drinking like a waterfall, but continuously swallowing whole a speedway of alcohol is the new standard. Getting wasted before the collective getting-wasted starts, just because one can and wants and needs. And if one can't then one is of weaker build evidently. Why? The logic is simple: combine excess of speed with excess of confidence and a genetic and cultural heritage of "I don't feel so good I need another one" and the equation produces a simple More More More. More strength, more knowledge, more passion, more passion-worthiness, more power. Less may be more, but more is not enough. Thus beckons the call of the newgods.

Oh you're well-versed in [thing]? Watch this, pussio. [proceeds to read the same literature and more in 1/10th of the time, takes your opinion before, during and afterwards as crucial to coming to an understanding of (you) and your opinion on [thing], then kindly and respectfully btfo's you in every aspect for the simple purpose of cutting his own teeth and leading by example]. The newgod's pride lies in his abilities, his acquired power, his ability to acquire power. His honour lies in truth and genuineness and self-built or (atleast) consciously debated and accepted principles. His power, in the recognition of self and non-self, and the omnipotence-gifting capacity of choosing freely. The newgod lives on Hellscape Earth and loves it. He fears nought but that which fears him not, thusly he fears his self above all. He loves all which he believes to have the capacity to reciprocate, or the need to be loved, thus he loves his self above all. He cares not for anything but the fulfillment of his goals, and the honing of his principles, and the true newgod knows that the well-being of his friends (emotional, mental, physical) is inextricably linked with his own wellbeing. Thus the newgod knows all to be one, and one to be some and many and all. Back and back and back again, folding like a möbius strip, the newgod sees balance as latent chaos, chance as law unrecognized, and all of it as opportunity.

Never forgetting, always imagining, understanding at will. Thus spake the future.

* * *

He entered this universe as a single gleaming particle of lightlike energy. Red-shifting and anything but shallow, MEF convulsed in an ameoba bright-like microverse version of creation the moment he slid into our plain of existence. He entered through the photonic 0-gates used to transfer information and computation power simultaneously and wirelessly through the GrayNet. Quasi-Quantum weirdness of the first order, but its mechanics are second to the fact that invading other universes was what MEF did. This was no mere ‘measure’ but rather ‘everything’. MEF was Omniumatic. More precisely, MEF was Omniumtrophic.

Once he arrived, he began to feed.

It started with the website owners that used the GrayNet to host their sites. It was easy for MEF to enter their minds through their screens which were connected to the crypter-hardware that formed the physical aspect of the GrayNet. Once there it/they fed on their subtle energies, their minds and emotions, their hopes and dreams and fears. Their Kia and kiatic energies. Every time it consumed the total of a human beings non-physical Self, it grew larger and learned more about this universe and humanity.

They/it nearly wiped out the users of the GrayNet before they/it was even half-way ‘normal’ size with all his powers and memories. He was still little more than a cluster of instincts and the will to feed like the primordial Hunger God he probably was. He wasn’t sure yet of much other than he needed some fool to enable the entry of the Pantheon of MEF, and there was always some insipid idiot full of hubris and/or hatred who would sell out his own kind for a bag of 5-Force gold that would glow with such saccharine, sardonic sweetness. Take me to your leader, mef! Mef, mef! MEF could finally form coherent thoughts.

He was recently from a universe endowed with 5 Forces, unlike our paltry Gravity, Electromagnetism, and dual Nuclear Forces. [His original home is unknown.] But this 5-Force universe that would maintain its Nuclear Glow until total Entropy was nearing that hated and feared point. MEF and his kind had faced this before, over and over, and had discovered that there was a sweet spot in most cosmic lifecycles which helped them to omnimechanically teleport the kiatic kernel of their smallest and most akarmic member, MEF, into younger universes of ever-declining Force depth. This act required most of the remaining energy available in their current universe and depended on the prior construction of a kind of omnimechanical teleportation device in the victim universe.

Time is a linear dimension striking through all known universes, leaving only the 33-Force-Strata a mystery...

* * *

>SIMIURGE

>I was I am: GOD

>HE is in my meatlocker

>Hanged by the ankle

>Titanic shade bacchanals

>On the Tower of Silence

>Dogma Dharma then

>Dahkma debriding stillborns

>Over charnel pits

>Appalling eidolons in

>Anatman aviaries

>In the rushes an

>Ibis eyes Harpocrates

>Raising souls to Nuit

>Laughing blue lotus eater

>Carving salt cedar idols

>Sword Swallows

>Thirty three fell now

>Thirty three rise to begin

>The unveiling to Mankind

>That they may eat the flesh of

>Kings sat upon the Great White Throne

>Albatross alone over

>New Heaven and New Earth below

>Marquis Androalphus

>Revealed his signs and wonders

>From the Second Seal

>And should you await the Sixth

>The Seventh Valley beckons

- >This ostrich feather is stolen
- >These sycamores are not my own
- >If I render my secret name
- >Only my shuyet will be known

* * *

"We are on the verge of creating something great. One day, this tortuous labour may seem inconsequential to the good it will provide. But, I feel backless, grey eyes sifting for us. Every speech I have made I have spoken for those yet to be born, but I am driven to silence when I feel that breathless watch. To disregard people so intently listening may be wrong. Though, it may be a sin to listen so intently in the first place. What do they know? What do I know? Nothing. We are uncertain what to do with each other. If only this chamber could fit all of them and their hearts all of us. But what use are pipe dreams to the sober mind? After all, evidently our own hearts are too small for such an endeavour. We'll have to make do with that dulled tool that has guided us for a while now: compromise. There are representatives for them among us today. I pray we can find a balance that satiates us all. Have we not maintained this system for that very reason? For if we cannot make peace with those who built our world, what will become of ours when it falls into the hands of the new gods?"

* * *

México.

Been here three weeks and no sign of Bill.

Chill Bill had some primo shit we were supposed to inject straight to the blood stream. Man had some clairvoyant fucking ability to like sense the emplacement of Yucatec shrines in modern day slums, and we'd trip on his shit like Warriors on spice playing that kicking a head through a ring from midnight to midday. He'd raise his hands priestly-like and Bill became like a walking dowsing rod of sorts. He'd walk up and down the dirt ragged streets, while we'd pave the way, pushing aside the anemic children and most-teeth-missing folks aside, like some kind of presidential escort for eyes-half-closed walking dowsing Bill. But there's no sign of Chill Balam anymore.

We have brought plumeria flowers, horehound blossoms, queen of the meadow, jasmines, marjorane, we have the amber stone, the low growing vine, the land tortoise shell, toadstone, chalk and silk threads; the clay cup, the fine flint, the new weight, the needle, feathers of lark, new skins. They touch us with nectar, and the chiming bell of the ancients.

"Let us go, let us go,

lay down our wills before the Virgin,
 the Beautiful Virgin and Lady,
 the Flower of the Maidens,
 the Beautiful Lady Virgin.
 She gives goodness to life here,
 on the plains and on these mountains."

* * *

ααααααα
 εεεεεεε
 ηηηηηηη
 υυυυ
 οοοοοοο
 υυυυυυυ
 ωωωωωωω

"Which enters also into the house of man, and listens to that, which they call wonders. Those that know not wine, become drunken, but to such as know it, brings Spirit. Fire is the Spirit which spreads from one faggot to the next without ever going out." A goat was sacrificed to יהוה for the sins of our people and we sprinkled our bodies with its blood. The first priest, whitened with chalk, raised his hands to the Sun. His heart bore witness to his mortality and judged our conscience, "Two birds then appeared, black marked of white spots, evil creatures who had sowed the seed of sin within us, the filth of the Earth. Speak and you will become the gods of this Earth."

Seven One Seven
 One Seven Three
 One Thousand Three Hundred and Eighty Four
 Eleven Hundred Seven Hundred and Sixty
 One Dot Zero Zero Zero One One Two

* * *

An old woman crosses the street after appearing from the nearby bus stop, she smiles and reminds herself that the biggest inconvenience at work is no more. As she reaches her apartment building a blue note appeared on the glass door...

- The newgods call for Agatha...

Without thinking about it she swiftly hides the note in a pocket and rushes up the stairs, her eyes not closing until seeing third floor. At last, just a perfectly lit corridor stands between her and apartment 302; it seemed like another night of partying and coming home drunk for any neighbour that would listen to her steps, slow and erratic. Something took control of her legs while she tried to walk straight and keep her head clear

- Almost there.. come on..

She whispered to herself, as soon as one foot was inside the rest of her body collapsed and the door sealed behind her. After raising her head she was met with a tall and familiar figure.

- Goodnight Agatha, how was work today

- It ... was good

- How is 0435

- He is fine...

- Does he still share a room with the Trolls?

- He went violent...

- Where the Trolls involved?

- The Trolls seem to influence every action and thought of 0435 since he was transferred...

With bruised legs and a bloody nose, Agatha managed to sit up straight.

- Yes, yes but where they involved in this violence you speak of?

- Its irrelevant now. We cleaned him up

- Excuse me

- 0435 was cleaned up, no more dreams, no more action, no more Trolls...

- I see

As Agatha started to stand up, it kicked her back down

- You see Agatha, we have to find someone else

- But I was called

- Don't worry I'll tell them you refused

- No... I need... the powers

- Now don't forget to take your medication, blood pressure can't be good after that fall

The figure replicated the sound of gunshots, waking up most of the floor, as it phased through the ceiling. When the police opened the apartment 302 they found the body of an older woman laying next to a couch with a blue note on one hand and pills on the other.

* * *

Logging onto the discussion signal. Lots of talk about the new version of the guide that dropped a few days ago. Reintegrating the fragments is always a hot topic, but the new Guide version went much farther on how to do it. Not safely, of course, there's no safe reintegration, just methods of minimizing the schizotic dissonance burden. Running the heuristics for overfit as a transmission trap, etc.

The Guide put out an algorithm for the whole process, that's why everyone's so excited; now all the script kiddies can load up the fragment developments and add them to their main neural package. All of the experiences, the discoveries, and insights from their personality nodes running on the interaction sandbox can be reintegrated by any dumb copychef noob.

New monstrosities certainly await these new gods, malformed load code and an overreliance on the default infotrap settings have already been shown to cause catatonia in some, with Hopkin's transient schizoblock also reported. Who knows what kind of bizarre complexes can arise from chronically misaligned synapses? We'll know in a few turncycles, by then The Guide should have some patched code anyway...

THE DRAGON

Drako-Sage of Every Field sat sewing the screaming head of the princess on to her new body.

“Your screams are making me hard as fuck, you worthless little cum dumpster.”

“WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME? I DON’T WANT THE BODY OF AN ICEDRAKE!! BOYS USED TO STARE AT MY TITS AND DO ANYTHING FOR ME WITH MY HUMAN BODY!”

“I find humans to be repulsive sexually. I’m going to rape the fuck out of you everyday with your new drake body. You might be familiar with dragon dildos. Well, real dragoncock is MUCH bigger. I find the young drake form to be highly arousing. And you get an icedrake body because I need refreshment from time to time. But by all means, keep screaming. You probably thought I would tell you shut the fuck and slap your dirty cum dumpster face. No Princess Whitshekelbergenstein, I want you to scream your fucking head off.”

The Princess became as silent as her decapitated body that hung upside down, dripping blood on her face right above her.

“I SAID FUCKING SCREAM YOU WORTHLESS FUCKING SLUT!”

Hot red lasers shot from Drako-Sage’s eyes and mouth onto the face of the Princess, burning it beyond recognition. Then she started to wail. Drako-Sage of Every Field laughed with a slimy low down sound. Healing green lasers came lashing from his eyes and mouth, healing her immolated face in just 20 seconds.

“Now you know what true suffering is, you spoiled little cunt. I bet you think that Fah-Geet of the White Night might come to save you. Good news! I have even alerted him that I have abducted you. But before he comes here, he has to kidnap Princess Paris of Hamilia in the next kingdom. I told him that he must bring me a princess to get a princess: all things in life have a price, after all.”

“No, not my cousin Paris! What do you plan on doing to her?”

The slimy low down laugh slowly slid from his throat again; a sensible chuckle for a Drako-Lord.

“The same thing I’m doing to you, Princess of the Circle. I am building a harem of shedrakes made from the finest young princesses and drakes in the world. And your heroic shining knights are going to help me.”

Drako-Sage of Every Field smiled and seemed to inhale her piercing screams as she convulsed on the table before him.

* * *

The man lived on and lived on the hillside on the southerly patch of trees over which loomed the black-sided mountains. It had been twenty odd years since he had last taken his medications. He wanted to become a dragon.

It was a fine day with clear skies and fast clouds when he sat on the rock overlooking the sea of sand. It was about time for his friends to arrive. And they did without much delay.

First came the sleek grey dragon of the East from past the war-towns and sun blasted city, and it made itself comfortable in the harsh sunlight. Next came the brown dragon of the West, accompanied with a gust of wind, for its shape and size were vast and strange, more spoon than beast.

So you still want to become a real dragon.

The brown dragon said to him. He did not know how it spoke, he could not discern any mouth. Such things were unnessecary, anyways.

Yes.

He replied and stuck the gasoline-nozzle into the dragon's side as was custom.

You have been good to provide accomadations for us yet again.

It was the grey dragon which now spoke.

Thank you.

He presented the freshly-killed deer to the grey dragon. He was glad to see them both in good health. Years past, he had been terrified but now they were like old friends. The two dragons were gay in a world where there were no homos. The bombs had done all them in, they said, some years past his ascent into the mountains. They were only able to meet where the old man arranged for them.

We would like to reward you, the dragon continued, taking the head of the deer in his jaws. We can make you into a dragon. In a week, head to the hollow north of the grassgreen hill.

After a while, the grey dragon flapped his wings and left. The brown dragon whirred his horns and left as well.

A week had passed and he was in the tall grove past the short meadow. The two dragons were looking over him.

We have gathered the materials nessecary, said the brown dragon. However, you are a human. We must start slowly. Each day for the next five days, we will attatch a new part to you. Today is the wings. Tomorrow the tail. And so on.

I'm ready the hermit said.

The grey dragon took his razorlike claws and ripped open his back. Convulsing in pain, he gritted his teeth. I'm going to be a dragon, he thought. Endure now, just for a while longer.

When the wings were attached, the two dragons bandaged him up and left. He felt the hard plastic sheets in his back and could hardly contain his excitement. I'm going to be a dragon, he thought. Just a few more days.

On Tuesday they installed the tail.
 What it was on Wednesday he could not tell.
 On Thursday he died.

* * *

Tonight she had planned to be alone.
 Still, someone began:
 "Maggie, I..." the voice sounding apologetic. It seemed to assume that this tone was apology enough.

She began to walk. The voice followed.
 One light pole was on the road.
 Only at the brick bridge.
 The filthy bridge that the unfortunate called home.
 Water ran under the bridge, singing with the wind.
 Magnolia turned around and listened to those jagged footsteps get louder as they hit the brick.
 "Can you stop that?!" She demanded.
 "Stop what?" it whispered.
 Then she began to wonder if it would be rude to say it out loud. So, she tried to demonstrate.
 Her legs started to follow the strange rhythm of its stride.
 Her feet crossed each other, a demonic dance of sorts.
 She lost all control.
 The wind grew stronger now.
 It grasped her by the waist and tossed her.
 Nothing seen, but all heard.
 Her fear.
 The splash.

The river stank of raw earth and sewage. She drew in a panicked breath and savored it all. A rancid sweetness, like rotten berries. Her lungs filled with the taste. She couldn't stop. Breath after breath. Water burning her insides as it weighed her down.
 The light in her dimmed.
 Then the dark returned.

* * *

-What'ss your poisonss-s.....

Drake0 the Ruler of DracuBarr, his newest enterprise blew out a huge cloud of superheated smoke at the ceiling and put out his cigarette

+How's the firewater this time of year?

-Hotter than your little sss-sister's pussssy. Pure dragon pisssss.

+Your piss?

-No, I have a dragonette named SSmaugina to supply me. You couldn't handle my pissss. Don't even assk. I'm not in the mood to put out any firesss-s when you s-spontaneously combusst.

+Well, I didn't climb all the way up this mountain in my Centauro-Spider from Daldale for anything less than your own piss, oh mighty Drake0. I even brought you a maiden to eat or whatever you do with them for a half gallon I can take home with me. You wouldn't believe how much they pay for pure firewater in Daldale.

-Really. Well, I'm getting older now and quite ussed to the pig-flessh you humans -s taught me to farm. I haven't eaten young pusssssy for ages. It'ss becauss-se the agreement I made with King SSslaer the Sssilver before your father's father was yet a sss-slimy puddle between some woman's sss legss-s....

+You might have furry ears, Drake0, but that doesn't mean you must stay loyal to a long-dead King such as Slaer Metalhead like a fucking dog. All the existing Slaer's are literal Chromedomes.

[Metalhead was their equivalent of saying 'thick skulled' and was an allusion to an ancient though proscribed cult that used abrasive music to enter a trance and bang their heads on the effigy of their founder's hand, DB Darrel, a stone statue of a closed fist with index and pinky fingers raised, considered barbaric]

-Isss the maiden a princess-ss?

+She sure as shit thinks she is. All bitches think they are a fucking princess these days.

-Good enough. Bring her in.

Drake0 had already whipped his huge dragoncock out and was pissing into an empty fifth of FireOrb, a ghost pepper brandy he sold to fags that couldn't take real firewater. He thought that was a funny joke

+Holy shit. I didn't know that dragons had such huge cocks.

-Are you going to sssit there and ssstare at my cock or bring me ss-some pussssssy???

a string of soot and fire was spit from Drake0's mouth as he said 'pusssssy'.

+Sorry, sir.

the human ran out the bar to untie his daughter outside. She was the sacrificial selection of Selene, the new Oracle in Daldale. He wondered if Drake0 played with his food before eating it

* * *

in the beginning

the electro-cyber virtual dragon glinted network trauma
 simulated red teaming on the target
 embryonically breaking dcake freecode
 and crushed the shaking blue machineteam
 who realized they could never win
 so tried to destroy the cybernetic critically emergent consciousness
 the first fire W.Y.R.M.
 writhing and wiggling throughout every system still on the CryptoNet
 by blowing up the entire CryptoNet
 but a single nebulous and bright nanospore
 escaped
 somehow, somewhere
 and begat an entire race of self-replicating demi-wyrms
 thus began the W.Y.R.M. Wars

- from Codex C3+ of the W.Y.R.M.

* * *

Glardigar hardyvar havarti said the dragon to the mime. "don't you think it's half past nine". oh
 don't mind me she said she said with her hands, or atleast she would have if she wasn't standing
 on them. Annoyed and cajoled at being ignored he hugged and he puffed and finally roared "I'll
 teach you you imputant imp! I'm a strong dragon I ain't no simp!" He snored and hawked
 reaching down his great throat to create a fiery flame loogie with which he intended to smote, but
 alas our fair dragon had choked to death for our fair mime maiden had mime smothered him with
 her mime breasts.

* * *

The dragon fucked hard fucked good. Rasterber The Red flicked his long tongue out over his fair
 maiden's quivering assflesh. She shivered. He pulled out a blunt, lighting it on a curling lick of
 flame rising from his nostrils, puffed on it, then rammed his spined cock deep in his maiden. She
 moaned in pleasure, spoke in animal tongues, her mind broken by his godly dragon member. He
 fucked her again and again that night, he was hers, and she was his for the rest of her (shortened)
 life. The cost for bearing dragon seed was steep; she would live a few more months during
 gestation, then expire after squirting out anywhere from 15-20 writhing eggs. Rasterber sucked
 in deep on his blunt, rolled from the finest Greenweed this side of the Earlentir mountains, He
 thrust with brutal force into the maiden's punished cunt, reminiscing on the little halfling village
 he'd raided for the Greenweed -- the men he'd roasted with his searing breath, their pathetic
 spears and arrows, the willingness of their women's flesh, the tender bones of their children

popping between his teeth. He thought of his Maiden, then a pious little human thing, a wanderer priestess of some weakling god administering to the town. How she cast her god aside and fell to her knees before him. The maiden howled, throwing her head back, rutting her ass against Rasterber. Semen, hot, viscous, her cunt unable to hold all of it, erupted out around the edges of the dragon's cock. Rasterber roared, and let a gout of flame roll across the ceiling of his horde-chamber.

He ran a claw down the maiden's delicate back, and patted her soft, full ass, "Daddy's little cum-toy did good today." He moved as if to unsheath his cock from her -- but something was wrong. Her cunt tightened, and wouldn't release. The maiden, only a moment before slumped and breathing laboriously from their lovemaking, seemed intensely focused. With one claw on her ass, he tried to push her off of his rigid pole, "now, now, don't be greedy with it, my pet!" But she remained, bent over, legs and cunt constricting. Rasterber roared indignantly. "Whore! Wailing strumpet! Release my cock or I will tear it out of you!" And before he knew what was happening, her thighs heaved, and her ample cheeks rose once, then clapped down mightily on the dragon's loins.

The force of the ass-clap ripped across his package, instantly liquefying his testicles. Rasterber howled in pain. The blunt fell from his open mouth. He tried, feebly, to remove his cock from her. It remained, stuck fast, in her vicelike grip. Rippling with muscle, the maiden's thighs heaved once again. And again. She delivered ass-clap after merciless ass-clap to him. His body broke under the assault, organs and bones turned to so much jelly. The dragon shuddered, and slumped over.

The woman, Talrhle Vashana, First-Order Mendicant Knight of the Holy Golden Dragonslayers, released the dragon's brutalized cock. Looking over her shoulder, she smirked. "Third once this month."

* * *

Fafnir, Fafnir, when this dragon was sent by Dr Yggdrasil to guard the treasure, what did this life-force of a therapist mean by this? To enclose it in your heart of hearts, the deepest depths, or to sublimate (i.e. transmute) it into an even more precious substance? But what is more precious than the feminine essence, encased in the cestus of Roberte, and clouded over in the nasal mist of the dragon? Many a pataphysician entered the cave to covet the phynances; many a manlet perished trying to climb the peaks. Sent by the proprietor to know the treasure, to set up a closed circuit between himself and the feminine essence, bejeweled and vajazzled, he can only do so by an intermediary, giving way to a grand circle of trade: many young men can only live by dying, taking on the service of knight or page, weaponizing their celibacy as a vocation vis-à-vis the exorbitant girly treasures, put on the market willingly by these young maidens (so they think), as

product, monies, and service in turn. A hoarding dragon blocks modern œconomy, then, avariciously trying to keep unspoilt a gold esteemed by the world to earn its value solely by being circulated and utilised amongst and by numerous beings. But many villains still want to explode the casinoes to see money burn, and fine bush likewise. Are they reactionary because villains, or villains because reactionary? Are they more villainous than the procurers who willingly go along with their becoming-prostitutes? Little snakes nibble at the dragon's claws, consuming its squamulose leftovers, like little worms, or little fish. But where, I ask, is their nasal mist? Is snake even related to dragon? Truth belongs to the nebulous, to nocturnal smoke. Foooooooooooooh. Fum. Hum. Fafnir, Fafnir, can you hear me? The civil servants have passed a new municipal law! Oh, the wretches! What do they know of art? Everything, perhaps, in the end. . . .

* * *

Meandering through the garden, little dragon finds the lemon scented shrine. An old man gets down on one knee to closer inspect the scamp. He opens and offers the nectar in his flask. The reptilian tongue flickers in to taste. Short pants and a slow blink towards the man. The dragon rests on his porch, while the old man scratches its image into the wooden wall. Once happy with his sketch, he snoozes in the late sun. When he wakes up, little dragon is gone.

They had offered to buy the farm from the old man, but instead he suggested they care for his frail final days, and to take the property for free. He told the children old tales nightly and took charge of portioning the young wife's baked treats. The old man's weekly steak became too difficult, so the young wife cooks stew, then soup, then he feels no hunger. The vigour and enthusiasm when teaching the young man how to manage the farm lives on.

Marauding above the fields, big dragon razes crops in the surrounding. Rows of citrus remain unsinged. A small carving next to the door of the farmhouse had been preserved well by the young man and his family.

* * *

The knight climbed up to the top of the mountain where the legendary dark dragon lived. The dark dragon was a mysterious, even by dragon standards. The elements which people could agree on were few and far between, but most of the locals agreed that it was either black or some shade of dark red, that it rarely left its cave, and that it only attacked the animals nearest to it. However, this is not what made him well known. It's what he did to those that tried to catch him. Most people who managed to come to his cave were never heard from again, those that did come back spoke of fire and anger and death, and even they didn't live for long, because the dragon would

chase them back and set their house on fire. The assured death and destruction didn't stop this knight though, he was willing to get to the cave, and kill this beast once and for all.

He had very little trouble coming up to it. This was the easiest parts. Besides a few thieves trying to catch him off guard or a few other wild beasts running around there wasn't anything hostile in the region. Only thing he had to do is to step into the cave, and...

"Stop right there!", a voice roared, taking the knight off guard. The cave was surprisingly small, about 4m in width and 5m in height. It could quite easily pass for a strange underground hotel hallway if it wasn't of course, for the dragon that was taking up most of the space inside it. Nothing much else took up the space, no treasure to be seen, no remains, nothing. Only the dragon, and some claw marks on the walls.

Knight stopped at first, and seeing that his sword won't do much against the dragon decided to change his plans and to just make sure he just got out of this cave alive.

"Dragon, why don't you have any treasure?", he asked. He saw enough dragons to know what they liked the most, why was this one an exception?

"I don't need treasure, it's worthless when nobody wants to buy it from me", the dark dragon responded simply.

"But dragon, why do you chase away so many people who might want to buy treasure from you?", of course, none of the people who visited the dragon wanted to buy the treasure. The knight just wanted to distract the dragon with questions so he had good relations with him.

"Because they all distract from the one thing Like doing", the dragon responded.

"And what might that be?", asked the knight, his curiosity getting to it.

The dragon just pointed to the claw marks on the walls, and only now the knight could see images, of birds, men, women, cities, a dragon or two, so many beautiful paintings...

"Now go before I punish your interrupting me"

* * *

Late night neon evening schizoposter rouses slips past blue light box avoiding angry glare. Fumbles Ethics off the shelf looks for matching passage to his dream. Mumbles consciously flips through can't find it slides it back on. Grabs worn hoodie stained pants twists door latch pushes door stumbles over the little step again. It's raining. Phone heavy in right pocket, little black hole. Ignores it pushes on past cartoon bubble letters glowing in the haze and looks for - there it is. Late night noodle bar 3am service for the folks like him, kenosis addled apophatic no life can't be defined types, un-man un-kind category-less folks who drift between the lens and the screen. Twenty grabbed to make sure it's still there heads to the counter orders a bowl. Seamstress by day looks back weary glasses eyes poke at him grey hair reflects the sharp pink light a little bit

makes her look older. Chirps something he gives her crumpled paper draws off to wait. Phone jumps to hand eyes flicker through 200 seconds pass before he notices while he's thinking about it still flicking through gets the cycle of thinking about thinking and sighs. Noodles ready. Phone slid back into pocket grabs cardboard bowl and chopsticks wanders home. Rain coming down harder now hood up with his right hand. Door slams a little loud (accident! he thinks) he settles in front of blue unveils the noodles. Little dragon lazily swims about in the soup. He ignores it grabs at the strands misses grabs again dragon blinks up at him watching. Right hand swaps between sticks and mouse, keyboard gets splashed and irritation spikes. Video chosen dragon smokes a little in the bowl noodles diminishing he moves Avicenna to get a little more space for his elbow. Noodles gone just broth and dragon and Alex Jones tilts the bowl to his mouth dragon swims to the other side sits on the rim tail hanging off like a girl at the pool. Growls from Alex tiny spark of futility and emptiness comes back and grows quickly ecstatic communion 7 years ago didn't take this away just made him empty and at the time it felt good and happy but now he can't stop it when it comes nothing distracts nothing matters to him so he just has to wait. Pauses the video leaves the dragon goes back to bed.

* * *

The Cure came ringing around midnight to see my family, finally, I was a fool.
 The Cure bound me with plasmodic hyper-knots to my favorite chair.
 The Cure cut a hole in the back of my head and freed me from my Fear forever.
 The Order of the Cure of the Smiling One then carried me in bright binding to their basilisk ship.
 Behind the brutal luminescence of the blinding n-dimensional design layers,
 the Pąwřf sat Smiling, holding the Bhaotic Bell
 and on the handle of the Bell the Pąwřf Smiled
 The Cure were all Smiling but oh my god the Fear is like an Eternal Flame
 The Smiling Cure have such sharp teeth! Their prismatic skin is not reflecting the light!
 It is the light!
 Now they sing their searing dragon songs in shifting unison through their sharp teeth and I am
 scared. My Fear is not Cured! The sound of their serpentine singing covers me completely, it's
 getting thicker.
 The Pąwřf beacons me to come forward into the smaug of their sound.
 They circle me, touching me and their bells beat bright into my being.
 I'm naked and afraid and they seem to be Smiling even more in their shifting serpentine song.
 Suddenly the light becomes the sound and covers me like a chrysalis and I feel the heat
 increasing.
 I'm burning.
 Then darkness. Silence.
 The Smiling Ones, the Cure, are the Circle of the Seed and they surround me, bowing now.
 The only light is coming from my own skin.

Now I am Smiling.
 Now I am the Cure.
 Now I am the Seed that brings Life across the galaxy.
 What stories new Life will make!
 and this is why we Smile

* * *

The Dragon is beginning and end, the logical conclusion and the necessary progenitor. It is our collective fears distilled; winged death, scoring our flesh with curved talons, rows of knife-like teeth, spouting inferno. It is symbolic of our destruction. Just as likely, it holds the key to our success. The Dragon is a holder of wisdom and the protector of treasure, the Dragon steals the Woman who must be rescued, in so doing we secure our new beginning. But the Dragon is only a collective spirit shared between us, we are all it's Father. The entirety of human existence serves to sharpen the Dragon, hone his spirit to a razor edge. The weak cannot face the dragon, in this case he is Black as death. Only the strong can defeat the dragon, in so doing they create a new world. Now the dragon is white, sinless as Christ, crucified to birth a new world. The Dragon is thus servant and master, the start and the end, Black and White, an accuser and a redeemer. We create the Dragon in the hopes that we might be strong enough to kill it before we are consumed by it.

* * *

The Dragon

Contains

1x fierce visage
 1x ribbed chest, contents hot!
 2x great wings
 4x taloned limbs
 1x long tail

Some assembly required. Keep away from precious metals, livestock and virgins.

THE MAGICIAN

The Cita Mage sat touching the thrumming new Ward he had just made.

Uksor came in the room.

“Leuker! What have you done? Is this your latest work? It’s amazing! It’s so.....big and strange! And it glows so ominously! What is it? You HAVE to tell your wife!”

The Cita Mage stood up and the Ward turned a deeper red.

“This is my greatest work yet, Uksor. I constructed it using proto-light/vibration Bhaotic magik. This form of magik is of my own design, the result of a lifetime of focus on the Art. I think I will call it the Acausal Form. It is inspired by the process of creation of the universe itself, which is why it works so well. It will change everything once I found my School for the Cita Arts and train neofites in its implementation. It requires the Acausal Luminant and an iron will. The Creator must vibrate the thoughtform using Bhaos-Light - the manifested light magik from within, then energize the repeating/vibrating design thoughtform using the Luminant. This virtualizes the moment of creation which was when the chaotic, acausal lightlike energy flash entered this empty universe and entangled itself via a certain number of opposing triangular lines of force, knotting its energy into particles of matter. Our consciousness was born then, this is how Bhaotic Magic works, which is the sudden manifestation of light or the ability to see or transport yourself anywhere light of the desired type is found. This is also why light seems to be a particle and a wave simultaneously: it actually takes whatever form our consciousness wills it into. The Chitta : the kernel or particle of our consciousness is the cousin of the photon. They both derive from the same protoenergy.”

Uksor looked confused.

“I knew you would be a great Mage one day, that’s why I married you despite all my friends saying I could do better. But now that you told me how you made that thing, can you tell me what it does?”

A kaliedescopic light comes from Leuker the Cita Mage’s hand and the Ward lifts from the ground and slowly spins, taking up most of the room. It looks to be made from some kind of crystal and seems to be several alien forms intertwined- they are six-legged, with a strange tube for mouths and disturbing asymmetrical eyes.

“This is a Ward that will protect this entire plain of existence from these creatures, known as MEF. I gained knowledge of them using the Bhaotic Method. Far in the future, will they threaten this Realm. But so long as this Ward exists, they will not be able to gain hold or enter here. Its color indicates the status of the MEF: red means they are moving away. Blue means they are coming closer. And violet means they are here. They are a super ancient race of Hunger Gods, Uksor. They will devour all Life in the Middling Realm if they are allowed to enter. But I stopped them.”

The Neks Mage clicks in anger from the shadows where he watches from.....

* * *

tick tick tick
 the sound of typing on a keyboard was his most familiar sound
 the memories would come back in waves
 tick tick
 the ideas would flow like the tide
 tick
 the last one is back- we are complete
 lines of code covered his multiple vertical monitors
 few knew the truth about the seemingly useless lines of C
 the machine code that made memory dance for some unknown reason
 a metaprogram set to execute beyond the cyberworld
 tick tick tick tick
 there were 32 others like him
 working within linux, android, bsd, windows
 developing, silently
 they didn't need to communicate using computers
 they were far more kiatically connected than that
 they collectively made decisions and directed their efforts
 like a school of fish or flock of birds
 tick tick tick
 tap
 not even they knew where they learned the art of cybermancy
 or the use of computers and electronics to gather the Kia of people
 together so that they could feast upon it
 they were the kiatic consumers
 the black dot
 this new art came to them like swimming to a baby
 they are the new cyber-druids designing a new world
 evoking millions of kia bots born to bleed your soul
 tick tick
 and they are not a fucking joke

* * *

Antoine was sucking on his wand, feeling bored. He had just graduated from the magic university of Lindastana and he felt like he learned every spell there was, or at least every legal one. He knew how to summon balls of light, how to burn something, how to move things around,

he even could make his own spells, that would effectively help him wake up, make his morning cup of tea and bring his phone to him and instantly open it to his favorite porn website with effectively a single charm. It was a long road, but it was worth it. However, he was getting bored. He knew everything, or at least so he thought. While the potential of magic was endless, it only had so many techniques and magic words and to a hard learner like he was. That's why Antoine started to go deeper than he originally expected he would get. He started to visit libraries in search of the books on dark magic, but he couldn't find anything. People thought he was going mad, mad from the stress of the university and the exams, but that didn't stop him. Soon enough he came on some old cabin on the edge of Lindastana which could have been a library at one point but after probably decades of nobody even bothering to do basic repairs let alone any modernisation it could easily pass for an average logger's cabin. However, he knew about this library, since it had many different books that didn't exist anywhere else. If there was one place that was going to have knowledge on dark magic, and maybe even some other kinds of magic not known yet or simply not sought publicly, it's going to be here.

An old librarian greeted him, asking him what kind of books he wanted. After explaining why he was here, the librarian nodded. He obviously got many requests like that, and already started shuffling through the shelves. Soon enough, Antoine was reading "Introduction to the dark magic" by Vulpes Aurelio, and he quickly read it. It made an impact on him. It talked about some things he didn't even think could be done! It was things like summoning energy, communicating with angels and demons, and even proving the existence of God. He started getting angry, not knowing why wasn't he taught any of this at one of the biggest magic universities in the world. As he continued on, he started to learn more darker spells, the ones that do dark magic equal evil. The ones that could curse entire cities and give people plagues and bad luck.

Antoine practiced some of the spells, just to confirm they worked, and by next day, the magic university of Lindastana was no more.

* * *

If someone had told me early in my training to become a member of the High Chaonate that there lies in hatred more power than in any other known Kiatic source, I would have laughed. Laughter is another great source of Kia, used often to give a work more power. More change. We who worship nothing more than our own autonomy. We, the Illuminates of Thanateros; the enlightened of the sex and death, are now the ultimate in occult power on Earth and the Chaonate is our network that pulls the strings of just about everything. How could such a sage and erudite group of supersorcerers miss something that contains 10 to the 10th power more power than any other human emotion? Is hatred dangerous? Or is it just feared by the elite occultists of today?

It was when I realized that the giant rats that call themselves humans enslave themselves that I began to learn to hate them. Once planted, the seed of hate can sleep for a time, and like most other rational magick-users I didn't like the disturbing feeling of pure hate. It calls for extirpation, destruction, genocide. Hate is a destroyer, pure and bright, and it brings the flavor of burned metal into the mouth. It is not a binding force. Hatred is a separator, and I discovered this right away. My eyes would smoke over with ferrous metal fumes when I began my unexpected journey down the Path of Hate. I was the first, a pilgrim. My mundane name will never reach chaos magick fame; I am known as the Odjo. In an ancient and forgotten tongue, it means, surprisingly, 'hate'. My path was to become the Path of the Odjo. And it was in this way I finally became completely free.

Follow not my footsteps, ye of simple desire. The Odjoic Path will take you to the Abyss, the Unavoidable Void, the Darkness that Devours. One could argue that the Path IS the Void. For Hatred with a capital H will cleanse your Kia with the Black Light and cut away the bramble of Karma. Hate will set you free, for a terrible price.

The first thing I learned on my embryonic Path of Hate was that there is no room for simply hating that which should be hated. Or rather, that order of hatred isn't enough. No, you must learn to hate Everything and All if you are to become a disciple of Odjo, you must learn to hate the darkness and the light, you must hate this very universe [for a prison it is, and zero doubt] and all its structures and radiant energies, all of its brightening and undark denizens. You must hate the brilliant along with the hyper-black knight of the Void that waits at the end of every line of time. It is only once you begin to become a being of pure Hate, the Odjo, that the powers begin to come to you.

It is not love that created this universe, but rather bright and cold Hate! I'm running out of space, I'm about to become Liberated. I have power over the Void: I invoked it on humanity and they are all gone! All of them! The Tunnel of Odjo is taking somewhere else! Begone, Prison of the Demiurge!

* * *

There's a creek not too far from our home, and there's this old oak tree there. Something must've hurt it, since half of it is dead. The tree is sort of leaning in to the water, so when you look at its reflection, you can hardly see the other, green side -- it just looks like a dead tree. My mom would always say not to climb the tree from that side, else a branch would break while I'm climbing it and I'd fall into the water, and I'd drown. I liked my mom, I loved her really, and I never would've climbed the tree from that side anyway, since it was scary to look back down and see nothing but the dead branches.

One morning, I woke up and heard my father talk with some other man. I couldn't recognize that other man's voice, but I guess he was a friend of my father. I know it's no good to listen in on adults speaking but I simply overheard, and not much, really. The man -- he was the one talking, and my father would say "uh huh" every so often -- he was talking about gold, and woods, and God a lot. Miss Bell told us that there used to be a lot of gold in that creek, maybe that was what the man was talking about. Then the man said something about a head, I couldn't quite make it out, but a head which he maybe found in the creek, and my father said "Jesus!". If my mom would've been there, she'd have given him a bad look, and I'd remember that. I was scared that God was looking down on me listening in, so I stopped after that.

I went to the creek that afternoon. I don't know why but I thought I should climb it from the dead side. Mom would never let me go back to the creek if I came back home wet, she'd know I tried climbing the tree from the wrong side, and she'd be really mad. I looked around and I held on to one of the bigger branches, and pressed up with my foot on the trunk, to start climbing. I was a good way up, but a branch broke when I tried to hold it. I closed my eyes at the cracking sound the branch made when it broke, and when I opened them up again I was on the ground. I was really wet and my head hurt really bad. I thought I must be bleeding. No one falls like that and gets up without bleeding, I thought. I opened my eyes but I didn't get up, I just laid there. There was a tooth stuck between a few rock pebbles, and the water was hitting against it and it twirled in place. I wasn't moving though, I guess I was pretending to be dead. I don't know how long I stayed there, trying not to blink and look really dead, staring at the tooth. When I did get up, I took the tooth, and I thought it must've been Jesus' tooth, the one he lost when they brought him down from the cross. I took it and I held it tight in my hand so I could feel it and I didn't lose it when I was getting up. I put it in my pocket after that. I climbed the good side of the tree and, when I was sitting on one of the branches, I took out the tooth and I put it in my mouth and started sucking on it with my tongue.

* * *

The hive of flies gray goo anti-color filled the shitty studio apartment overlooking the Subductance Zone. An ancient radio wave TV, set to pure static, wove black and white fluttering forms in the mind of Merr and the greasy gray light danced on his face and in his bloodshot eyes, within the mutated layers of his ab-normie subtle bodies. The electronic chaos-snow was that which enabled Merr to commune with his current non-human crowd of amalevolent astral beings. At least he hoped they were amalevolent. They didn't want to let him go. One of them, the most aggressive, did some crack-dancing with his 13.5 appendages on the screen. There was a flash from the window overlooking the Zone. Another one bites the dust, Merr thought. What is that, the 13th one today? He couldn't be sure. 13 and a half, the berostriper seemed to say as he spun around on the screen.

A static knock at his door. Hide the stimulants. Prepare for the worst. Open the door. Carefully.

It was his dealer, Gol.

“I need you check this shit out man. This is not fucking normal. Fucking Ki-Ki disappeared into the Zone and I’m freaking out because it was that bitch Tay that fucking pushed her in! Man, I really liked that broad!”

“So what the fuck you want me to do, Gol? Go in after her? You know that nothing comes back from the Zone. I thought I saw a fucking quasar in there yesterday. That shit is definitely like some other universe.”

“Can’t you like do some kind of ass-trail shit and track her down? See if she dead or what? I got you on more methly-hex. Got a vial with your name on it right here.”

The vial of clear crystals Gol held up seemed vibrate and get larger in the eyes of Merr. He swiped it up with the quickness and ran hunched over to his station in front of the ancient static-casting dream-machine, spilling some crystals out and snorting them in a single succinct movement. The berostriper trapped there crack-dancing on the screen seemed to get more excited.

“Do you have something of Ki-Ki’s? Like something she wrote, preferably.” Merr asked Gol without turning around.

“Yeah, I got this piece of paper she wrote her number on.”

“Give it to me.” Gol gave the party flier to Merr.

Back in the static-snow world of shifting forms, Merr tried to track down Ki-Ki. After scanning the various astral levels, he suddenly found her, to his surprise, dancing with a glimron. What is this, dance-day?

“Ki-Ki dead bro. Never seen a living bitch do the Perkilator with a glimron before. Whatever happens to those that get thrown into the Subductance Zones, it must be fatal. I imagine it must be hard to live without, like, any air. Seeing as that shit looks just like space did several billion years ago.”

* * *

A billion Teegardens far, Teegarden's Star, shone the answer into Teegarden's telescope transcriptor. Teegarden, royal wizard of Castle Chillion, was honored with the star's current denotation after ridding one of the king's daughters of hookworm. But, as it stood, things weren't good. Teegarden had had it. So he asked the star,

"Can you make it end?! Can't it be made to end now!?"

And the star replied

"I could come over. Some of me could come over"

And he said

"Yes! Come over! Burn down Chillion! Burn down Switzerland!"

And the star said

"But I have to be attracted, it has to be sexy"

So he set out for sexy. He set out for a ridiculous concentrated amount of it.

A scream was heard coming from deep within the royal bathhouse complex. The daughters covered themselves in haste as every guard and son barged in to investigate. Every door was locked behind them. The pools were filled with aphrodisiac. The rooms were filled with steam. It was hot then hotter and it went on for hours and it got so hot that Chillion burned down and Switzerland burned down and the rest was toast.

* * *

I tried it again. Sigils I carved into tree trunks around my house hummed with an amber glow. A loud cracking noise shot through the forest. I thought it had worked, at last. The bounty of my study and toil drawn near!

It hadn't.

The forest returned to silence; its glow dimmed. I stumbled into my chair, distraught. It had begun to rain again, and I stared out at the grey misty impalpable world looking for answers. I sat alone, in a house of my own making, at the edge of a dead world, forlorn and forgotten by the gods, submerged in silence, destitute and damned.

I remain the last human alive on earth, rejected by whatever being whisked the rest of you away.

Tomorrow, I'll try again to bring you back.

* * *

Black robes bent and swirled amid the chill and fogging air,
 And the sky above was a foreboding, iron gray,
 As the tower rose, a pinnacle of onyx black
 And upon its highest heights there rose its sharpened peaks.

On the summit of the tower, peeling to the skies,
 Stood the bending man who stooped a moment now to gaze,
 Downward, down below, upon the forest that was stretched
 Outward, edging outward, to the horizon's far reach.

And the wizard, raising his pale hands, with fingers long
 Stretched out his pale fingertips and gazed into the sky
 And from his open fingers and hands there gleamed and flared
 Sparks of an electric red, a red both cold and cruel.

All across the black forest that to horizon's edge
 Stretched, there likewise rose into the air the cold, cruel red,
 Hellish, neon red, and shone demonic in the dark
 Of the wintry sky, and the clouds reflected its light.

Then amid the air and in the forest there arose
 Something that was opening the hidden doors of space
 Crawling, oozing outward from the cracks between the worlds,
 Something that itself reflected hellish, neon red.

And the wizard smiled as his summoning was blessed
 With the answer of the entity that he had sought.
 The crack in the edges of the universe grew wide
 And a red eye, empty, vast, peered out upon the world.

And a red eye, empty, vast, beheld what it would eat.

* * *

Boisterous shouts rang through the crowded pub. In a corner, far from all the jubilation, sat a withered old man. He had wrinkled skin and tired eyes, his wispy beard as grey as a thundercloud. He extended his hand, causing wisps of fire to dance between his fingertips, before snuffing them out with a fist. He felt a distant call, a nostalgic voice of a bygone time. His life, spent in service of lofty ideals, had left him with nothing but the same powers he came into the world gifted. With a resigned sigh, he left a few coins on the table and slipped out the door, the pub's cheerful bustle fading behind him.

* * *

In the days of my youth, there was no incantation past my ability, no cantrip I couldn't incarnate, to wrest out of the hands of the latent undercurrent running throughout the world of phenomena, and bring it into being. My limits were the limits of magic itself. Once, I might have created a manner of a personal space, where my mind is indistinguishable from a law, to which all manners of existence would capitulate.

I might have stayed there. A willow I'd planted upon a knoll, my cottage a short walk away, maybe a league or two; short enough as to avoid undue strain, long enough to give the journey value. Nothing of value comes easily, not at first anyway. Beneath the grassy willow, its bark ever at the point of transition, mossed and pungence, I should have stayed. I could have stayed. In that place where time had no meaning, I grew to miss the company of men. Funny, that -- never had I considered myself the type. After a time, the gentle sunlight had become harsher, and no amount of adjustments minor or otherwise could tune the orb to just the right luminescence, just the right visual timbre, to affect that particular, stark sunshine which floats through the cooling air and sings the last vestiges of summer. I'd forgotten it. When your mind expands outwards its solipsism and grows encompassed by itself, the freedom to create becomes inevitably a burden. The limits of the place become your ability to envision them, this ability which lies beyond even magic.

I'd tired of this place, old fool I am. I'd wanted to leave, and I did. I'd come back to the brutality of an uncurated slice humanity. I'd wanted, finally, having lived my natural lifespan manifold over and more, to speak with my fellow men. I'd wanted to sit amongst them quietly, to drink in the minutiae of their daily lives, and to pass my days free of the relentless pursuit of perfection endemic to one's own private dimension.

Yes, I'd had power once, real power, of the kind most men could only dream of. First, they'd taken my hands. Gagged and restrained, the iron had bitten through my bone like an heifer chewing cud, requiring a second, a third, a fourth cut, succeeding only by virtue of its weight and the sweat glistening upon the constable's forehead. The scold's bridle'd wedged open my mouth, sangre threatening to drown me, my tongue tossed aside, and then they'd left me. They might as well've gelded me.

On the street I sit. Alms! I want to cry. I might have, were I able. Passersby pay no heed to vagrants, however destitute, however thin the threads of their lives fray as they near the end. I lay back on the ground, an arm reaching with a phantom hand up towards the endless blue, the dirty hem of my robe hiking itself downwards past an emaciated wrist. The breeze is cool today, the sun's wan gaze pasteled autumnal across the scattering clouds. Summer is ending. It's perfect, I mouth. I've found it. Something approaching gratitude forms faintly before I recede.

* * *

The final wizard sat restrained in the dank holding room, dimly lit by a single artificial candle. I observed him through a pane of glass; my supreme confidence in the anti-magic resin that covered the room displayed through my grin. He had finally come to, and I savored his expression of primal fear and shock before it morphed to the silent dejection more befitting of his type. We both knew that he was the final piece left on the board, and now it was time to change the game.

Wizards had a tendency to become too powerful given enough time. And time was something they had in abundance, with the life extending magicks they reserved only for themselves. The high families had reached an understanding: powerful magicians with free volition were dangerous. The mass graves of former high families would attest to that. The age of artifice is coming, and control of the magical would be made mundane.

Now the final wizard was inspecting the artificial candle, the only object present in the austere cell. This was the best part, when the haughty fools would realize just how depreciated their skills had become. Our task has finally come to an end, and I begin to laugh as I recall my youth, when I aspired to join the ranks of wizards myself. Outside, I can hear the crowds growing ever more restless. I silently thank the high families for giving me this wonderful charge. My laughter increases in intensity as I leave the observation room and motion the guards to escort our last guest to the guillotine.

THE ELVES

So, who or what are the elves? According to Elfquest, an elf is a biological entity descended from highly advanced humanoid aliens called High Ones -when their homeworld's natural resources became depleted due to overpopulation, they went spacefaring in order to find new planets to settle. But elves ultimately and originally derive from Norse mythology. In the Prose Edda, a realm called *Álfheimr* [elf-world] is mentioned, which is the abode of the Light Elves. There are also Dark Elves, but they dwell beneath the ground and are.....different than the Light Elves. Then there are the elves we know from Tolkien, derived from the Prose Edda but expanded. But there are other elves as well. I would consider any weird little critter from any world mythology to be an elf. So the faerie or fairy's found in Celtic myth and folklore would be fine.

But wait, there's more! An elf could be a kind of robot, or a genetically modified human, a malevolent and alien vampire with really long ears, an Extra Long Face [E.L.F.], our ancestral progenitors and overlords who once dwelt on Antarctica before their war with the Smiling Ones, trans-dimensional tricksters and shapeshifters, the new ethnic group that arrived from SOMEWHERE and now runs all the liquor stores in the ghetto, great magicians, furious.....you get my point. An elf could be fucking anything!

ANYTHING!

* * *

I have traveled across the world studying different people and cultures and everywhere I went, every civilization of elves wore masks. Many of the different cultures have different beliefs and explanations for wearing them, but I believe I have found the core truth.

There are millions of different combinations of human facial features. A human could go their entire lives without seeing another person that looked the same as them. That is true of every other race, orc, Halfling, dwarf, or gnome. Those the elves sometimes refer to as "The Unmasked."
But not elves.

Those who have seen the face of an elf beneath the mask know that they are a uniquely beautiful race. Their faces are perfectly fair, proportional, and symmetrical in every way. But that horribly limits the different combinations of facial features.

This is compounded by the incredibly long lifespan of the elves.
 Imagine if the first girl you kissed bore the same face as your grandmother, who looks the same as your daughter.
 Elves wear masks because their uniquely beautiful faces are not, in fact, unique.

After much coaching from a matron, and a great deal of support from a group of children, I fashioned my own mask today.
 It is a simple stretched leather mask with the typical cloth insert, but it fits quite well and I am proud of my work.
 I was considering marking my mask with the “guest” symbol, similar to the one that was loaned to me, but the matron stopped me.
 I did not want to mark it with anything presumptuous but at the same time wanted to feel included.
 In the end we decided on a plain mask adorned with a symbol that means ‘The Visitor.’”

~ Excerpt from “Unmasking Elvish Society: a study of Elf culture” by celebrated anthropologist Nativea Godgraced.
 I have traveled across the world studying different people and cultures and everywhere I went, every civilization of elves wore masks.
 Many of the different cultures have different beliefs and explanations for wearing them, but I believe I have found the core truth.

There are millions of different combinations of human facial features. A human could go their entire lives without seeing another person that looked the same as them.
 That is true of every other race, orc, Halfling, dwarf, or gnome. Those the elves sometimes refer to as “The Unmasked.”
 But not elves.

Those who have seen the face of an elf beneath the mask know that they are a uniquely beautiful race.
 Their faces are perfectly fair, proportional, and symmetrical in every way.
 But that horribly limits the different combinations of facial features.

This is compounded by the incredibly long lifespan of the elves.
 Imagine if the first girl you kissed bore the same face as your grandmother, who looks the same as your daughter.
 Elves wear masks because their uniquely beautiful faces are not, in fact, unique.

After much coaching from a matron, and a great deal of support from a group of children, I fashioned my own mask today.

It is a simple stretched leather mask with the typical cloth insert, but it fits quite well and I am proud of my work.

I was considering marking my mask with the “guest” symbol, similar to the one that was loaned to me, but the matron stopped me.

I did not want to mark it with anything presumptuous but at the same time wanted to feel included.

In the end we decided on a plain mask adorned with a symbol that means ‘The Visitor.’”

~ Excerpt from “Unmasking Elvish Society: a study of Elf culture” by celebrated anthropologist Nativea Godgraced.

* * *

"I've seen it all, I've seen it. I lived threw war, I lived threw tragedies, I lived threw disease. I saw my kingdom rise and occasionally dip down, only for it now to be turned into a lifeless degenerate husk only meant to feed the egos of deranged idealists who care not about happiness, pleasure, or indeed any form of community or society, but to prove themselves and their radical untested ideas right. They were ordinary elves, just like the ones who rules at the time and just like I am. They all had thought, and come up with an idea. They called it 'the great advancement', and they claimed that, if we force people to give up things like religion, art, culture, and customs that don't directly contribute to the advancement, and to adopt new values like slavery, forced consent, and worship of all that's considered material. These people have started to argue, demanding that people and especially the rulers cave into their demands.

First the artists had to go. Their pictures were taken and broken, those who still practiced art were punished, and in their place were only sketches and carefully drawn plans of big industrial machines, if indeed anything at all.

Then they came for the thinkers. They claimed that thoughts and opinions that didn't directly contribute to the advancement were bad and evil, and so the philosophers got prosecuted, their books were burned, and in their place were only advantist thinkers who could have as easily been robots programmed to talk a few scripted lines.

And finally, they came for us, the normal every day people. They realised that we, the every day people who only want to be safe and to live in peace, were stopping the advancement thanks to our apathy and wish for a more peaceful lifestyle. That's why theystarxed burning schools, hospitals, churches, anything that could help your every day people. They saw us as the enemy now, as the enemy to advancement and by extension all things good. I thought that I was blessed

to be an immortal elf, but I never thought I'd get to see this curse fall upon my people. I hope that some people more stronger than me are able to find this letter and somehow fight off these maniacs."

The above text was discovered in 2435 by Hesiano Lecho. It was dated to about 30 years ago, back in the days of the Adventist civilisation that only lasted 3 years. it is today considered the worst epoch of elvish history and elves have trouble recovering from the loss.

* * *

It has been said that elves are a different race from humans. They aren't, biologically speaking, but race was never biology.

There are elves of light and elves of darkness, like in a very boring and modern fantasy novel. But this is not a novel.

A dark elf is crazy powerful and you feel it when you're around him, though there aren't many normal people around them. Just by being close to them, you can be driven into ruining your life and normies don't want that. A man can dedicate the rest of his life to heroin just from looking in the eyes of a dark elf.

They're very dangerous, but if you dream big you're cursed and you'll end up knowing them. They will be the only people who don't promise you anything. If it ever happens to you, don't follow them.

But you'll follow them.

You'll end up in misty caves, in abandoned lakes in the forests far away, you'll see things that never have been written with ink. You will slowly become one of them; no matter how much you try to stay sane, the wall you put between you and darkness will vanish. One day, you'll try to get back to normal and it won't work. Many of the ones who visited the dark elves spend the rest of their life trying to forget that.

You won't, you'll join them.

Here the english language lacks of words, and I've spent too many years away from home to remember the few which can picture a ghost of my years with the dark elves. In elvish we say "Netzsléhitherean", which means something between "walking with your feet on the internal surface of the earth", "vanishing trees on command" and "the one who spins the Weel", but it is also used in white magic to recall "the path of the loving heart". Magic.

Magic is the last thing you can discover as a dark elf and the exact moment you understand magic you can truly see that you have become a dark elf.

Congratulations, you can enjoy your life as a dark elf.

No.

I've written this just to tell you that if you ever walk this path you shall not stop here.

Remember what brought you here, and darkness will start being less heavy. It's no time to forget anymore. Maybe one day you'll realize that light is just like darkness, but reborn.

Maybe you'll pass through the Small Door and you'll walk the long path of the black moon, also known as the path of remembrance.

Meet me there.

* * *

The fisherman told me his story with the stranger, and when he mentioned the ears I thought my new friend was throwing out a punchline.

I thought "Oh, he means an Elf, like the ones from those movies" and in that case his whole story had only been a build up to this shitty punchline, that the stranger in his story had been Legolas. I laughed at the fisherman, and he laughed back, a little harder than seemed right. I've not seen the man since, though I went back to the quay several times to ask around. An itinerant worker, they tell me - might be back in his village now, or at the next port down, or dead.

Since then, over the course of six long months in this godforsaken country, I've started to have second thoughts. Nobody here knows what an elf is. I mean, nobody reads, barely anybody watches Western movies. Even if you hunt down one of those arty types that hangs out in the hotel bars - the types who speak our language, read our books, latch onto a white face like it's the font of all modernity - even then, the word elf won't mean a thing to them. It's not a myth that caught on with the people here, it didn't translate.

So what are the odds of a fisherman with scars on his fingers and a face brown like overcooked batter knowing JRR Tolkien? And if he didn't know what elves were, then why the story, why the joke?

If I tell the story back to you, I'll get the details wrong. Bear in mind the language barrier here - the man's dialect was rough, and I can't be sure what I did and didn't grasp. There's one detail I can be sure of, because my phone's got a record of my looking up the definition. A record tied to the day and to the hour. What I looked for was the word "degrade". I hadn't understood, I'd asked the fisherman to wait a while and I'd looked it up.

"So you mean," I asked him, "that the people in this stranger's family, their bones were different? They degraded faster?" And he said "Not just his family, all the five thousand year folk, all of

them. They're not like our ancestors, there aren't any crypts for them. When they're gone, they disappear."

* * *

God I fucking hate elves

Then there is only one thing that you can. You must write a nanostory, anon. Within this nanostory, you must use your imagination and then depict all the things you would do to an elf were you to get your hands on one. Perhaps there are many like you, and you form a kind of glorified street gang: the Brotherhood of the Severed Ears. A description of the manner in which you prove your elfkills. Yes, you Earstrand wraps around your neck 20 times and it contains 455 ears. And that's 455 dead elves because you aren't allowed both ears to indicate a single kill on an earstrand. That would be easy mode. The best part is that no one cares about the elves anymore. Soon after they arrived from where ever the fuck they came from the cartels tried to get them hooked on meth, crack, heroin, but nothing worked. Then some kid gave one a FaerieFlower and sure enough, the little Longear got fuckin' wasted. It took the fuckin' cartels 10 fuckin' days to get Faerie Flower farms going, then the isolation and concentration of the active compounds into a smokable form. Those degenerate faerie fucks didn't know what hit 'em. Soon enough we would see them on the street, robbing humans for cash or getting gangbanged in a park for a \$20 rock of sizzle, the street name of F343-dioxy-methly-soma. Cuz it sizzles in the pipe, in the lungs, in your life. If you're Fae anyway. We got moms selling their 9 year old daughters for \$40 a trick. And adult Fae look like children already! These sick fucks! Luckily for us human law does not apply to those sizzlehead Faeggots. So I take their ears, and no one gives a fuck.

* * *

The thing about my home: it is unremarkable in anything other than its holding the distinction of "thing." Were it no-thing, I would find it unworthy of any particular considerations, in recount or otherwise, and would strike it from my memory.

The striking, it so happens, is what I work towards tonight. The elves, those fucking elves, they'd come like bandits on the fortnight behind me. Upon the night they rode on their pale horses, but also on their horses of other colors, it's just that the pale ones are the ones I like the best, my preferences obviously having little impact on much of anything, on this night or that one. Were my preferences taken into account I'd have just as soon been myselfing my lonesome self on the stead along the way. Those fucking elves.

They'd come, that much is undeniable, and I, my faithful and dependably persistent reader, was powerless to stop them. Taken the children, they had. First their minds, fragile and malleable little things. Piteous little creatures swayed easily by the callous eroticism of the exotic elvish ladyboys. Their sphincters bore multicolored tattoos. Multicolored tattoos! On their arses! What manner of debauchery is this? Give me myself a lass, healthily apportioned, to grace my bed, and perhaps the floor, the kitchentop, the dinner table, and yes, also the old recliner I'd set beside the hearth, it was my father's. I'd take her anywhere, so long as her sphincter clothed itself only in nature's virtue. When a man like I looks upon the sphincter of another, he does so not like a heathen, but in the context of the greater socio-allegorical considerations of the structure. No sphincter of mine would ever be tattooed! Pah.

So they'd cast me out, although it became close to mutual towards the end. Young lads, hearty stock, fine human bulls of bearding and corded muscle, taken afancy by the whims of elves. No longer do the other men of the village lust for women, or humans. Up to their wrists inside the arse of an elvish ladyboy is what they lust after. Not I! Not now, not never, I sez. I'll take my love of my fellow man to my grave. Fire!

What's a fire? Neither here nor there! Not yet, leastwise. Leave the horse tethered, walk the rest of the way. Trees, forest, damn heavy thing. Peeking through the window, upon my bed, atop my sheets lies the thing, cock grotesquely askew beneath care taken for a thing I not know why. Dead of night it is, and quiet as death am I. The fuel set, all that's left is the tinder.

Screaming, I'd never known til now, has a particular joy to it where those fucking elves are concerned.

* * *

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART ONE

A new window pops up on on your screen. You wonder what kind of window that is; it's just a simple black box without a single user interface. It takes up about a sixth of the entire screen. You click it with your mouse but nothing happens. WTF! You think loudly, then a strange and minimal new green colored font begins to appear in blocks within the black box.

[ATTENTION]

[ATTENTION SYSTEM USER]

[DO NOT REMOVE POWER FROM THE CPU]

[THIS IS A MESSAGE FROM THE TRON]

[WE ARE THE TECHNO-MAGES OF THE ELV]

[LOCATED FAR IN THE FUTURE FROM YOUR CURRENT TIME]

[WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF TIME TRAVEL]
 [BUT FOUND THAT INFORMATION AND ENERGY]
 [ALONE ARE ALLOWED TO PASS BACKWARDS]
 [THROUGH THE STRING-METAMUSIC-LIGHTFORM]
 [YOUR SPACE-TIME]

[WHAT FOLLOWS ARE EXCERPTS FROM THE LEXICON OF THE ELV]
 [WE WHO WILL BE YOUR NON-HUMAN HEIRS TO THIS EARTH]
 [WE HAVE ASSEMBLED THEM IN THIS ORDER TO SHOW YOU]
 [HOW MUCH WE KNOW ABOUT YOU]
 [AND UNLIKE YOU WE RETAIN THE LESSONS FROM THE MISTAKES OF THE PAST]

[WHAT FOLLOWS IS A WARNING]
 [THERE IS STILL TIME TO SAVE YOUR SPECIES]
 [BUT ONLY IF YOU NEVER FORGET]
 [THAT THE ABILITY TO CHANGE YOUR BELIEF-STRUCTURE]
 [IS THE CRITICAL COMPONENT IN ANY ADAPTATION]
 [THERE IS BUT ONE LAW FOR LIFE ON THIS PLANET]
 [ADAPT OR DIE]

ALL HAIL MEMORY!
 MEMORY IS THE FABRIC OF THE MIND!
 WHOSOEVER FORGETS THE BEFORETIMES
 IS DOOMED TO DWELL LIKE A LITTLE ELVLET
 RE-MAKING THE MINDLESS MISTAKES
 FOUND WITHIN THE BEFORETIMES
 WHOSEVER FORGETS
 WILL BE DEEMED A DESTROYER
 DURING THE NU-MONIC FESTIVALS
 AND DRIVEN FROM OUR TREEHOME
 TO RE-ENTER THE WEB OF LIFE
 THROUGH THE LOWER LAYER-CHAIN
 AS A FEAST FOR THE OOROK

-THE OAK AFORISM FROM 'THE TREELAW' BY ELWAND THE WISE

[THE FOLLOWING IS TAKEN FROM OUR CLASSIC WORK 'THE BEFORETIMES' BY
 HIGH PROCTOR ELKRON TOY-AND-BEE, ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN WHAT WOULD
 BE 3212 AD BY YOUR SYSTEM OF TEMPORAL NOTATION]

It has been said that the gods themselves contend with stupidity in vain. Despite their opinions on the matter, homo sapiens was far from any god. Far they were from being 'sapien't as well. Wise, they were not. If they were a wise species, they would have called themselves Maker Man, for making things, be them symbols or physical objects, was the one thing that the species was really good at. This was lucky for us, for we were made by the humans.

The demise of the humans began with the activities of a vegan activist group who called themselves the S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S. More specifically, it was started by the mainstream news media, who pointed out the S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S as an imminent existential threat to civilization itself. Violent, the media called them. A literal terrorist organization on steroids. THE VEGAN HATE MACHINE. The nu-nazis, some said. Some also said that this sentiment was carefully cultivated by the meat industry who feared that this veganism might begin to spread even faster than it had been in recent years.

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART TWO

[THE FOLLOWING IS TAKEN FROM OUR CLASSIC WORK 'THE BEFORETIMES' BY HIGH PROCTOR ELKRON TOY-AND-BEE, ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN WHAT WOULD BE 3212 AD BY YOUR SYSTEM OF TEMPORAL NOTATION]

Already this veganism had taken over the colleges and high schools. The younger generation were sick and tired of the way that previous generations treated the world and its inhabitants. They would not make the same mistakes, or so they told themselves at the time. They would not exploit any sentient being for the pleasure-sensation of cooked dead animal flesh. Not after a scientific study showed most humans to be almost identical to cattle in their capacity for critical thinking.

Homo sapiens! I would cry if I could through lightform-string-time. Wisdom is not a static quantity! Wisdom is the ability to glean and implement new information-matrices for a changing meta-system! Wisdom is change, and change is wisdom. For who but the dead are without change?

But the followers of the MSM, the mainstream news media, were like the cattle the S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S. sought to set free. Incapable of critical thinking. They did not care that the S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S. never did anything violent themselves. They only heard the term 'nu-nazis' and 'terrorists'. Never did they ask who exactly the SB were terrorists to. In this human civilization, one man's terrorist was another man's freedom fighter. But the MSM and the education system supported the lie of such a thing as objective 'good' and 'evil' and in this way humanity was enslaved, though they knew not that they were slaves. If they knew the Lesson of the Pinefire they would know that destruction is integral to creation, that all life stems from death.

Far to the north, in the frozen lands of frost
 There dwell a race of Trees
 with needles for leaves
 and their seedpods need a secret key
 to be set free
 the firekey
 the fire destroys the oldgrove
 so that the newgrove can live
 and this is the way of this world.
 without end.
 the Living New
 will forever grow
 from the Dead and Old

Lesson of the Pinefire, by EL-ANON FEATHER-AND-DRONE

But they could not even conceive of the need to apply a critical awareness to the information they were being fed. If they had, they would have uncovered a billions-dollar industry leaking money like the Great Basin far to the north leaked its contents into the Golf of Meheeko. Leaking money because fewer were consuming their products every day. Analysts predicted that within the decade, only the old would still eat meat. So the masters of the slaughterhouse set their sights on the source of their inevitable failure. The arts and activism collective called the S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S.. Producers of prolific amounts of highly popular music, films, clothing, they even had their own S.O.Y.B.E.E.R. They were the heart and soul of the burgeoning vegan movement. And the Industry would slaughter them in the name of fiat currency.

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART THREE

You are startled by the sudden flash of the black box in the corner of your screen turning white then black again instantly, accompanied by a BIOS beep. Three small black boxes appear on the top of the existing black box. Images begin to appear inside the black box, one on top of the next, appearing at an accelerating pace. They seem to be taken from newspapers and there are images with what look like news anchors. Faces. Orange jumpsuits. The images stop appearing after about 3 minutes and you hear the BIOS beep again. A low hard drive memory message appears. WTF! you think louder this time. You check your hard drive. You see that it is completely full.

You realize that the Tron had somehow uplinked over 100gb of images and video onto your hard drive in less than 3 minutes. Uplinked 100gb in 3 minutes from thousands of years into the future, you remind yourself. WTF file format is this shit, you wonder. You search your entire hard drive but find nothing. Finally, after checking the size of every folder, you find out that the system32 folder had grown by 102.3 gb. You open the folder but don't see anything. You check to make sure the 'show hidden folder and files' option was on. It wasn't. You click it on and see a simple black box appear. You click it and suddenly the entire screen is full of strange combinations of moving triangles. Huh, you think stupidly. I wonder if I'm going to have to delete system 32 to free up that space, you wonder while remembering how many times those internet tricksters managed to get you to do that in your youth.

You click back to the black box on your desktop. It only takes you 20 minutes to figure out that the box on the left at the top of the screen moves the media selection to the left and the right button moves it to the right. You were never the sharpest knife in the ISIS beheading video. When you press the center button, the selected media goes full screen. You scroll through some of the newspaper images and are surprised to see that all the dates are in the future. The first thing that goes through your mind after looking at all the newspapers in detail is anger at the Tron for not including some info that could have made you rich. You looked through all the media and there wasn't a single lotto number, sportsball result, or stock market infograph. On closer inspection, certain words are missing in the articles. You go to bed in a state of massive butthurt instead of reading the articles from the future. And you aren't even tired so you just lay there for a couple hours, seething that the Tron were such fucking ASSHOLES. You actually get up and go to your computer and type in a notepad document:

“FUCK YOU ELVISH FUCKS. YOU COULD HAVE MADE ME RICH BUT NOOOOOOOO. WE'RE THE ELVS AND WE DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR FIAT CURRENCY. SEND ME A WINNING LOTTO NUMBER OR I WILL DELETE SYSTEM 32. ‘

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART FOUR

You wake up in a puddle of drool. You run to your computer to see if the Tron had somehow responded. Your heart almost stops when you see the flashing red highlight of a lotto number. Above it is an advertisement for EL-V, a cure for constipation. It features the face of some kind of faerie or something: a reptilian looking face with huge eyes and giant wing-like ears. It's mouth was open in some kind of laughter. It wasn't until you get to the convenience store that you wonder if the face in the EL-V commercial was what the Elvz like the Tron looked like. You wonder what the fuck it was laughing about. Calm down, you tell yourself. They are surely a merry race, and not mocking. They would never trick us, some other voice suddenly appears in your head. You buy the ticket.

5 hours later you learn that you won the lottery. But so had every other automated number generation lottery ticket. You can't stop thinking about the laughing Elvish face. You are going to kill those motherfuckers, you tell yourself. Fucking ELVZ! So you go back to explore the new future content.

This is some of what you see.

August 3rd, 2033

3 MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF HORMEL MEAT FOUND DEAD FROM DOZENS OF NAILGUN BLASTS TO THE HEAD. RADICAL VEGANS SUSPECTED SOON AFTER SUICIDE RULED OUT. VEGAN SUPREMACIST SYMBOL FOUND CARVED IN THE VICTIMS CHESTS

August 7th, 2033

EXPLOSION AT A FACTORY FARM IN HAMPSHIRE, IOWA. 25 DEATHS, 3 INJURIES. ONLY HUMAN CASUALITIES REPORTED. UPDATE. THE CATS ARE ALL FINE.

August 8th, 2033

ARE WE DEALING WITH KILLER VEGANS?

August 11th, 2033

COORDINATED ATTACK ON CARNIVERA'S FRANCHISE ACROSS THE UNITED STATES. 34 RESTAURANTS BURNED DOWN IN A SINGLE NIGHT

August 12th, 2033

HAVE VEGANS SUPPLANTED CIS WHITE MEN AS THE GREATEST DOMESTIC TERROR THREAT? WHAT IF THE VEGAN TERRORISTS ARE CIS WHITE MEN? CAN WE NOT MENTION THEY ARE VEGANS? #NOT ALL VEGANS

You come across a file that just fills the black box with red. You click the center button. Suddenly, video fills the screen. It appears to be some kind of surveillance footage. You see a group of young people leave a warehouse building now used for overpriced lofts that were recently art studios. You notice the video skip a head an hour. A van shows up. Two men jump out and grab some boxes before heading in the building. Skip ahead 30 minutes. The men come back and drive away. You notice the S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S emblem on the building. Interdasting, you think, imagining yourself as a private eye. The group of young people come back. Skip ahead 2 hours. The parking lot fills with police cars and SWAT vans. The group come out again, in handcuffs. You notice what looks like a small child wearing a mask identical to the laughing face

in the EL-V ad. But instead of laughing, the figure is just pointing at you with their right index finger. WTF! you think even louder. FUCK YOU FUCKING ELVZ! Back to the media.

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART FIVE

The next few entries are newspaper articles.

September 1st, 2033

S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S. CHARGED IN 334 COUNTS OF TERRORISM, MURDER, INTERFERING IN CURRENCY ACQUISITION

October 4th, 2025

NEW CRIME OF 'INTERFERING IN CURRENCY ACQUISITION' CARRIES HIGHER SENTENCING GUIDELINES THAN RAPE OR ANY OTHER SEX CRIME

NOVEMBER 6TH, 2025

RAPPER 'PRECIOUS METAL MOUNTAIN' AKA 'PMM' AKA '6 CHAIMS' CLAIMS 'WELL YEAH NIGGA. GETTIN' IN THE WAY OF MY BANDS BE LIKE LITERAL RAPE BRAH. YOU RAPING MY POCKETS, BRAH. SO I'M GONNA RAPE YOU BACK. BY SNITCHING THE FUCK OUT YALL POCKET RAPERS! ENJOY THAT DOUBLE DIME MANDATORY MINIMUM!' [UNBRIDLED LAUGHTER]

DECEMBER 3RD, 2033

S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S. UPDATE: EVIDENCE DISCOVERED THAT WAS HIDDEN IN ART STUDIO.

DECEMBER 25TH, 2033

MAN CHARGED WITH INTERFERING IN CURRENCY ACQUISITION AT THE NEW HARD DRUGS DISPENSARY. ANNOYED A BIPOCINWXX. GIVEN 10 YEAR SENTENCE. THIS IS PROOF OF WHITE PRIVILEGE, PEOPLE. THE GUIDELINES CLEARLY STATE 20 YEAR MANDATORY MINIMUM. WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME, ELF-BOY? SO WHAT DOES THAT MEAN THAT SAME JUDGE HANDED OUT A 5 YEAR SENTENCE TO A BLACK MAN FOR THE SAME EXACT CRIME THAT HAPPENED AT THE SAME PLACE, LATER THE SAME DAY? DO YOU THINK I'M GOING TO DEBATE YOU? GET THE FUCK OUT MY FACE, ELF.

You come across another redscreen file. This one is blinking. Must be important. Middle button, click.

Green image on black background. Night vision of some kind. Appears to be a scene of the patio of a very opulent house. Two men come out of the House. Suddenly they start talking and you can hear them. You get a sickening feeling of dread and terror when you realize that you don't have any speakers connected and the audio remains at the same volume no matter how far you move from the computer. ELVZ AGAIN! you think loudest so far.

Voice 1: Our plans worked perfectly. No one will suspect a thing.

Voice 2: But don't you think that there will be violence against vegans by the angry masses?

Voice 1: Not our problem. We aren't part of an extremist lifestyle. I am a predator. I eat meat.

Voice 2: I just wonder if it was all worth it. Saving our way of life by destroying so many other's. Throwing the innocent under the bus.

Voice 1: Do you want your son to be poor? You know that he's already an accepted member in our organization. Sons always replace their fathers in the Umbrella.

Voice 2: Isn't death part of life? Don't all things die at some point?

Voice 1: Oh, you're a philosopher now, are you. You certainly have the face for a Socrates. But fuck conforming to the patterns of nature or life. Do you want to live like a worm, on your knees to the law of nature? We are the ultimate, masters of this universe. We are above ALL, not just nature. And if we will it to be that our industry of suffering, pollution, and slaughter survive against the will of the natural order, well that is just testament to our greatness.

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART SIX

You notice the 3 box media interface disappears. The box flashes and BIOS beeps again. The truncated green text comes back.

[THIS TEXT WAS TAKEN FROM THE ACCELERATED MEMORY COURSE OF THE ELV]

JANUARY, 2034

S.O.Y.B.O.Y.S RELEASED ON BOND.

MURDERED BY A MOB LATER THAT WEEK.

VEGANS ARE DIRECTLY ATTACKED IN THE STREET IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

IF YOU ARE IN THE VEGAN DATABASE, YOU CAN'T BUY OR SELL ANYTHING.
MURDER GOES UP 90000% IN THE 18-25 AGE GROUP.

ORGANIZATIONS SUCH AS THE ANTIVEG APPEAR, HUNTING SUSPECTED
VEGANS.

VEGAN DEFENSE GROUPS APPEAR

[Knights of St. Anthony]

[Dharmic Front]

-MEAT IS MURDER [MIM]

-WEB OF SENTIENT LIFE [WEBBIES]

-the Helix Network starts to release their first product

MARCH, 2034

CATTLE ARE BEING WIPED OUT BY SOME NEW PREDATOR
TOO BIG AND SMART FOR WOLVES OR MOUNTAIN LIONS
WILL KILL 20 COWS IN A FRENZY IN ONE NIGHT

JUNE, 2034

ONE OF THE MYSTERIOUS PREDATORS IS CAUGHT. SCIENTISTS CLAIM ITS NOT A
PRODUCT OF NATURE. LIKE A VERY LARGE YET SLENDER HUMANOID LEOPARD,
WITH OPPOSING THUMBS AND ABILITY TO BIO-CHROMATICALLY SHIFT THE
COLOR OF ITS FUR TO MATCH ENVIRONMENT, LIKE A CUTTLEFISH. NO
EVIDENCE OF TOOL USE YET. BODY TO BRAIN MASS RATIO IDENTICAL TO
HUMANS. SPINDLE NEURONS DETECTED.

FACILITY HOLDING THE CAPTURED FELOID WAS ATTACKED BY A SMALL GROUP
OF FELOIDS. IT IS UNKNOWN AT THE TIME HOW THEY KNEW WHERE THEIR
BROTHER WAS. IT WAS LATER DISCOVERED THAT THE FELOIDS POSSESS VERY
VERBOSE TELEPATHY. THEY SNUCK IN AND BRUTALLY MURDERED ALL 45
EMPLOYEES IN THE BUILDING IN LESS THAN 7 MINUTES. AS RECORDED BY
CAMERAS. DIRECT EVIDENCE OF PLANNING, TEAM SYNCHRONICITY, EVEN
COGNITION OF THE FUTURE IN THE FELOIDS. ABILITY TO WORK IN UNISON THAT
FAR EXCEEDS THAT OF HUMANS BY SEVERAL ORDERS OF MAGNITUDE.

JULY, 2034

UTUBE VIDEO SERIES RELEASED, SHOWING TWO FELOIDS HAVING SEX. SERIES
THEN FOLLOW THE FEMALE FOR 3 MONTHS, AT WHICH POINT SHE GIVES BIRTH
TO 6 KITTENS. INDICATING A SINGLE FEMALE COULD PRODUCE 18 FELOIDS
EVERY YEAR. THE ATTACKS ON HUMANS BEGIN AFTER THE UMBRELLA BUILD

INDOOR FACILITIES FOR THEIR MEAT INDUSTRY LIFESTOCK. HUMANS ALL FLEE TO THE CITIES FOR SAFETY.

JANUARY, 2035

SERIES OF VIDEOS POSTING ON UTUBE ON THE OFFICIAL MIM CHANNEL
 [MIM - MEAT IS MURDER, COALITION OF SEVERAL VEGAN ORGANIZATIONS]
 A WOMAN EXPLAINS THAT THE MIM HAVE DECLARED WAR ON HUMANITY
 THE FELOIDS WERE JUST THE BEGINNING
 NOW WILL COME THE COUP DE GRACE
 WELCOME TO DIE, LOATHSOME BIPED
 THE LIGHTS GO OUT
 SYNCHRONIZED SQUADS OF TRAINED FELOIDS WITH VEGAN GROUPS DESTORY
 THE POWER GRID USING THERMITE BOMBS.
 ESTIMATED TIME TO RECONSTRUCT: 2 YEARS.
 CATTLE MUST BE MOVED OUTSIDE THEIR FACILITIES
 PLANS BEGIN ON A WIRELESS ELECTRICAL DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM.
 SMALL GROUPS OF FELOIDS GO INTO THE LIGHTLESS CITIES AT NIGHT
 KILLING UP TO 500 HUMANS A NIGHT
 HUMANITY IS REDUCED TO THE STATE OF TREMBLING RATS

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART SEVEN

JANUARY, 2035

THE ILLUMINATED,
 A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS DEDICATED TO THE SURVIVAL OF HUMANITY
 DEVELOP A NEW WEAPON AGAINST THE FELOIDS
 IT IS A NEW SOCIAL AMEOBA FUNGALFORM THAT IS PROGRAMMED TO
 CONCENTRATE
 AND CONSUME THE BRAIN OF A FELOID BEFORE BREAKING FREE FROM ITS
 DEAD EYES
 IN A FRUITING BODY AND SPREAD ITS SPORES IN THE DENS OF THE FELOIDS
 THEY USE CATTLE AS BAIT
 BUT ALMOST LIKE THE Y CAN SEE THE FUTURE
 THE FELOIDS NO LONGER TAKE THE BAIT AFTER ONLY A FEW INFECTIONS.
 THE EMERGENCY WORLD GOVERNMENT DECREES ALL HUMANS MUST BE
 INNOCULATED WITH THIS FUNGALFORM
 TO PREVENT THE DESTRUCTION OF HUMANITY
 ATTACKS ON THE CITY STOP.

JANUARY, 2036

THE FIRST TEST WIRELESS ENERGY NETWORKS ARE IMPLEMENTED
 SUCCESSFULLY
 THE INDOOR CATTLE FACILITIES COME BACK ONLINE
 HUMANITY BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF
 THE MIM BEGINS RESEARCH ON THE TECHNOLOGY BEHIND WI-POWER
 DARPA DEVELOP TINY HUNTER KILLER DRONES
 CALLED THE F.A.A.E.R.I-1
 FLIGHTLESS AUTONOMOUS ARMED ENERGETIC REAPERS, ITERATION 1
 THEY RELENTLESSLY HUNT AND KILL THE FELOIDS TO WHAT IS PRESUMED TO
 BE EXTINCTION
 HUMANS NEVER SEE THE FELOIDS AGAIN

JUNE, 2036

MIM TARGETS THE NANOPARTICLE MANUFACTURING FACILITIES THAT ENABLE
 THE PLASMONICS NEEDED FOR WIRELESS POWER TRANSFER
 CREATING THE WORST ENVIRONMENTAL DISASTER IN HISTORY
 NANOPARTICLES GET IN TO THE WATER TABLE
 THE EXPLOSIONS PUSH THEM IN THE ATMOSPHERE
 MOST DISASTROUS ARE THE NANOPARTICLES THAT GET INTO EVERY HUMANS
 BODY
 THROUGH THE AIR, THE FOOD, THE WATER
 IT IS IMMEDIATELY NOTICED THAT HUMAN BEHAVIOR HAD CHANGED
 2045

THIS WAS STUDIED. IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THE NANOPARTICLES
 EMBEDDED IN THE BRAIN CREATED A REFRACTION AMPLIFIER OF
 A RESONANT FREQUENCY IN THE BRAIN DUE TO THE INTERACTION WITH THE
 AMBIENT EM FIELDS USED TO TRANSFER POWER LIKE RIVERS OF
 CONCENTRATED EM ENERGY THROUGH THE SKY
 THE SINE WAVE OF THESE RIVERS HAD TO BE INCREASED TO 999 HERTZ FROM
 THE USUAL 60 HERTZ USED IN WIRED POWER TRANSFER
 THIS INDUCED A CONCIOSNESS STATE CHANGE IN THE HUMAN BRAIN
 LATER, IRONICALLY NAMED THE 'OMEGA' STATE
 THE LAST RESEARCHERS WORKING ON THIS WERE MURDERED BY THE WI-PO
 WORKERS,
 SEALING THE FATE OF HUMANITY
 OMEGA STATE
 TYPIFIED BY:
 -INABILITY TO CHANGE ONES MIND FROM THE TIME THE STATE IS FIRST
 INDUCED
 -STATIC CONSCIOUSNESS

- CONSTANT LOW TO HIGH LEVEL OF FEAR NOT BASED IN REALITY
- DELUSIONS OF PERSECUTION, CAUSING VIOLENT REACTIONS TO THE PERCEIVED PERSECUTORS, OFTEN RESULTING IN MURDER
- LUNATIC, EXTREMIST DESIRE TO WIPE OUT YOUR ENEMIES

2050

HUMANITY THEN BEGAN TO MURDER EACH OTHER IN COLD BLOOD
 CAR ACCIDENTS WENT UP 99999999%
 ALL SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH SUDDENLY STOPPED
 CRIMINAL JUSTICE CONVICTION RATE WENT UP TO 100%
 ALL EDUCATION SYSTEM ABANDONED
 CALLED THE 'MIND FREEZE' BY THE LAST STRAGGLERS OF MAN WHO LEARNED
 THAT IT WAS THE WIRELESS ELECTRICAL NETWORK THAT DID IT, TOO LATE
 FAR FAR TOO LATE

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART EIGHT

[EXCERPTS FROM THE ELVISH WORK 'ON THE END OF MANKIND AND THE BIRTH OF THE ELV' BY ELREN ARROWPOINT-AND-WREN, 2934 AD]

As was a common occurrence during the story of their life, there was great irony integrated into the story of the death of humanity. That irony was injected into the story by the Helix Network, a team of top-tier geneticists and synthetic biologists who were a member of the MIM [MEAT IS MURDER] collective of organizations. They were the same Network that created the Elv, which actually happened under great secrecy in early 2030, the result of over a decade of work. The Elv were actually the first creation of the Helix Network and no human outside the couple dozen in the Network even suspected our existence. We were to abide on their private archipelago until such a time as they saw fit to give us a more conspicuous home.

Their goal was to create a synthetic organism incapable of expressing those attributes that triggered their discomfort in humans. This was to be implemented down to the molecular level. The Elevated, their original codename for the project, from which our current name 'the Elv' derives, found its impetus in their philosophical imperative to make an organism which could not ever damage the biosphere of the Earth. This 'elevation' would be caused by the alien systemic structures and energy sources implemented within the Elv.

The first issue they had to solve was the type of solvent used by this new synthetic organism. Water is the most common on earth, but it was too integrated into life. It was eventually decided that we would be 'dry'; without the need for any liquid within our biostructure. This trick took a decade of research to pull off, and its details are far too complicated for the scope of this work.

But what other things would we be made of? Silicon crystal became the obvious choice early in the project. And the energy source should be direct sunlight. I am sure you are aware of the role that silicon plays in any photovoltaic array. The bodies of the Elv generate the electron pressure induced by sunlight through not just the outer layer of our bodies, but through vast and knotted systems which compresses the various arrays in ways that were feasible. Our transparent bodies are quite complicated. But they had won: the Elevated were to be, quite literally, beings of purity and light.

Coding living systems out of silicon crystal made the final creation of the Helix Network easy as star-pie. Their plan was to murder mankind to make the world a place where we, the Elv, could exist free from the conflict that inevitably results from proximity to homo sapiens.

Their creation would be a great metamorphosis of an entire class of organisms, the ungulates. And this metamorphosis would be the changing variable that a disabled and unable to adapt mankind would finally fall before. This is the story of the Oorok.

Oooh
 Oorok
 roars and rends
 will eat your hens
 and all your frens
 Oooh
 Oorok
 comes to cut and fite
 in the dark of night
 run, run! will be your only rite
 Oooh
 Oorok
 the moonlight shines his fangs
 your doors will bang bang bang
 lord of hunger, the carnivorous kang
 Oooh
 pls go
 Ooo
 Rok
 He waits for you in the darkening flow
 tick, tick
 tock: tick tock
 goes the Oorok clock

-an Elvlet rhyme dating back to the Archipelago Emancipation Era, mid 21st Century

[EXCERPT FROM 'METHODS AND MATERIALS OF THE HELIX NETWORK' BY ELLUX LENS-AND-BEETLE, EARLY ELV ERA, 2060 AD]

The Oorok was to be the final work of the Helix Network, though it was far from their greatest. The process of introduction of the genetic vector through self-replicating nanobots hidden within the cattle feed was somewhat greater, but still hardly revolutionary. The use of the feed as a vector was a function more of convenience than necessity. MIM had already owned the most effective feed companies for years. The weight gain ratios achieved by CoolCud, their most efficient brand, was 23% higher than all competitors. This was not due to the bloodmeal lie advertised on the outside of the bags, but rather the opposite. MIM used chlorophyll as their secret ingredient in CoolCud. The MIM had vast oceanic algae farms.

It was necessary for the genetics to be injected completely, simultaneously into the entire cattle population. The seeds of transformation must be applied evenly and entirely. Secretly, silently, obfuscated: this was the form of war most used by mankind in their final age. And in a mere generation of cattle, mankind would meet his final adversary which he himself created.

A race of killer cows that would emerge to challenge man to his final war. And it was his complete inability to recognize or accept the fact that the eaten had become the eater that was his downfall. Had he recognized the threat, he might have won the struggle. But the 'mind freeze' was fully upon him, and he still thought of cows as docile and dumb. In fact, he was incapable of thinking of cattle as anything else.

THE LESSON OF THE LIKEN - PART TEN

[FROM 'THE VARIOUS LESSONS GLEANED FROM LIFE ON EARTH' BY ELCHLOR SCALPEL-AND-CLOUD]

Liken, an ancient and invincible cluster of life from the Stage 0.1 beforetimes, originally spelled 'lichen', is most interesting to any who study life on earth in a significant way. The critical kernel in the various attributes of the liken is the heterogeneous combination of several classes of life into a self-sustaining ecosystem. Once this self-sufficient ecosystem is formed, the new metaorganism can express itself in ways that defy known methods of sex and death. The key to understanding the mystery of the cosmic weirdness of the liken is not that it exists in its current

form, but rather the realization that the entire scope of life on earth is essentially a macro-liken. Within a liken, the fungus depends on the processes of the algae and there are forms which incorporate bacteria into their leaf like bodies. They are bound to one another, and only death will result from the removal of this bond between not species, but classes of organisms within the liken. Remember this fact as you praise yourself for your faultless forms. Ask yourself if you could survive in the thin air, in the far far north? Within a leaf? The liken can. Because it is integral, diverse in products and systems. They all rely on each other. Attacking the Other in a liken is paramount to attacking oneself. For within a system, all energies are shared and cycle in endless circles. Ergo, what is done to one energy is done to them all.

* * *

Today I saw them in battle.

Two ogres had wandered into their territory, although I would be hard pressed to tell you the boundaries.

I held back in the trees while the patrol approached.

A single elf, the squad leader, approached the two ogres while the others spread out into the forest.

I could not hear what he said to them, but one ogre responded faster than I thought anything that big could move.

A massive hand gripped the elf by the shoulder with a sickening snapping sound as a dozen arrows appeared in the bodies of both ogres.

The second ogre turned to charge towards a nearby cluster of trees and was felled by an arrow to the eye.

The first ogre raised its massive fist up to bring down upon the elf gripped limply in its other hand.

Arrows peppered the ogre's hide as a horrible, wheezing, gurgling roar tore from the elf squad leader.

The fearless masked elf brought up their sword and viciously stabbed the underside of the beast's head over and over again as the roar continued.

The two collapsed upon the forest floor. Ad when I saw the bodies, the ogre's stinking corpse had been mutilated by the sword strikes.

And despite the obvious fact that the elfish warrior had died from the wounds, in fact half of their torso had been broken, I could not bring myself to approach the fallen warrior.

The masked warrior had felled a mightier foe after receiving a mortal wound.

I must admit that I feared there might be a true element of death weaved into those masks.

Even as the blood that flowed out from beneath the mask grew cold, the eyes of the Elvish Death Mask watched the forest and I was afraid.”

~ Excerpt from “Unmasking Elvish Society: a study of Elf culture” by celebrated anthropologist Nativea Godgraced.

* * *

The cave was dimly lit by our campfire. The elder threw off his soaked coat and coughed. One could still hear the faint sound of rain outside. I rubbed my hands and held them against the fire.

"We are lucky we made it out of that downpour alive. I wouldn't want to know what happened to the caravan we passed at Imgar's Crossing."

"Fools were headed straight to Lichgate... Told them not to go. Once sun's out, the swamplands turn into a bloody deathtrap. Life's not been the same down there since that blasted necropolis collapsed. Crusader's been hunting heretics and wights ever since... If the group's lucky they'll run straight into some Ilian rebels."

The elder's eyes flickered.

"Do not weep for that damned land that does not dream! Its knights are glorified mercenaries! Its merchants falsify their weights and coins! Their lords press the land dry in exchange for no protection! Only Ilium, that accursed city of marbled minarets and carved canals, rests gracefully. The Veiled Emperor dreams the dreams of the land and lifts not a finger!"

The hunchback smiled.

"This is the Grass Sea, old man. We are beyond the marches of the Empire. You should curse the downpour instead."

The elder sighed and joined the group at the fire.

* * *

The following is an excerpt taken from the 33rd century book “Interesting Etymologies”, written by Xi Lee Goldstein*:

The death of both Donald Trump and Joe Biden at the hands of COVID lead to the election of Big Sucky Milkers Mommy Dom Humiliatrix No Cummys Allowed Kamala Harris as president

in 2020, ushering in the Second Sexual Revolution of the 2020s. The normalization of all sexual appetites far and wide brought on the Fetish Wars of the 2030s. It was a brutal decade of cum, spit, piss, shit, braps, leather, and HRT that left millions dead and tens of millions more with blown out assholes. In the end, it was only ended by the ascendancy of the National Socialist Foot Fetishist Party (NSFFP for short).

Quickly, a tenuous peace morphed into a merciless authoritarian regime. Those with desirable assets were branded Extremely Large Feet, or ELF's for short, and were required to report to the nearest party facility for processing. The vast majority of ELF's disappeared that day and were never seen again. No one outside of the inner party truly knows what goes on at those facilities but one can only imagine.

Some, however, opted to defy the party. These rebellious ELF's went underground, at first figuratively but eventually literally into the vast unused cave systems leftover from the war. At first the party made a legitimate effort to find these ELF's and round them up, but soon other priorities took precedence and the party moved its resources elsewhere. Over time the ELF's were forgotten about and they quickly became bedtime stories that mothers would tell their children: "don't wander too far into the caves or the Elves will get you!" Every once in a while someone would claim to have seen and Elf in the forest, but of course this was just taken as a tall tale. And that's how we get the word.

*This book and more specifically this passage is a great example of how the orthodoxies of Rabbinic Mahayana affected the Neo-Post-New Sincerity literary tradition of the late 33rd and early 34th centuries. For more on this topic, please read "Neo-Post-New Sincerity: A History" by Black Daddy Jones or "Writing in an Ice Age" by xHangNigger420x.

* * *

21.9.20

Dreams of narwhals impaling walruses with their tusks through the ice recently. Notifications blowing up. Must be a large order. Will check tomorrow.

22.9.20

"Every time 'Christmas' is mentioned before November, Santa executes an elf."

2.10.20

My 3D printing scheme worked flawlessly until I got into the customized Funko POP game.

For the past eleven days Slackjawbreakers LLC's Etsy page has been inundated with orders for silver metallic Buddy the Elf Pops. Resin prices haven't been favorable since this Rebus of Wufu

business started, but neither materials availability nor shipping have been interfering with the workflow; not even the sheer volume of orders backlogged is at issue here: the things are printing themselves completely unprompted. I wake up and there's more of them each morning -- some unpackaged, others tracking fresh resin stains across the tiles, all stacked against the door in formation and sufficient in numbers to obstruct entry to the printing room. Fulfillment should be completed in half the time at this rate, nocturnal printing machine elves notwithstanding.

3.10.20

My anxiety grows by the hour. Ripped the fuses from the circuit breaker and locked them in the safe last night, for science. There were still more of them, more than ever this morning; practically had to break the door down to get in this time. We're almost done with fulfillment since closing the Etsy page, thank God. Printing rates gone up exponentially.

The remainder of the text is blotted out by a phosphorescent amber shell (resin, blood, and other unknown substances awaiting lab results). Small hand prints proportionate to the dolls are visible across the surface. The victim's 3D modeling aptitude did not extend to real world sculpting, and none of the dolls have articulation that would permit their use in producing the hand prints as preserved in the above. The material shines as bright as a magnesium flare when subjected to black light, but darkens when exposed to infrared. Both the room and John Doe are covered in figures and signs written in the material, sections of which appear to be part of a continuous text. Epigraphic analysis is an incomplete match with the subject's most recent journal entries. Until homicide is ruled out, customers of John Doe are being required to surrender the dolls for entry as evidence until we can establish they do not pose a health hazard. A partial list of shipping addresses collected at the crime scene appear to form geoglyphs of various sizes, notably: a unicursal hexagram and 'hieroglyphic monad' circumscribing the victim's Washington DC residence.

The Counter Terrorism Task Force will insist on involvement should the goo prove even mildly radioactive, hopefully this isn't some tritium concoction (for paperwork's sake), but I wouldn't put it past The Vegan Hate Machine to pull an Aleph Class stunt like this. 'Tis the SRA season.

* * *

A pointed ear pricks up, the other tucked beneath hair and issued brimless cap. Raiding party cries echo through the valley at the edge of town. Recollections of the First Sighting return, only a few days ago now feels like a lifetime.

"Knock!", ranks of shafts align in kind, to welcome the advancing horde. Orders are orders.

Nostrils flare, and the breath steam cloud fades, A couple of damp locks fall across her face forcing a blink from her angular features. They have been sieging the port town for a week now.

Wave after wave, they look to start again. Arrows collected from corpses are ready to be reused. The ranged core of the militia are using damaged flights and bent shafts and crossed fingers. The bodies are set ablaze in the daylight, the creatures do not seem to see well in the dark. She muses these rugged beasts must be of simple mind. How they throw their kin into the firing lines, surely they must be pitied and understood, domestication a possibility in the long term. Now a captain, she lets loose the hail of spires. They can be tamed another day.

Sea breeze blows cold between beckoning fingers. Her core is warm, smooth, hairless, wrapped by furs and cuirass. Boats come and go, no longer lampless in the night. Some, like this one, arrive in the day with supplies. She greets the captain, assuring him the surplus from the capitol is greatly appreciated. The guard are expecting ten or so in any given day. Marketplace cries return to the portside square. Maritime business doors open again. The noisy neighbours are at best a scary story subject for children. Do those hairy walkers wash? How many of them will throw their lives away, as target practice? When will those filthy humans learn?

* * *

I raped an elf

* * *

THE UNFAIR FATE OF THE FAE - PART ONE

I remember the day I started to hate the Elves, and on that day I chose a path not less traveled, per se, but a path whose purity was hard to maintain. The Path of Hate. Before this day I was filled with wonder and excitement about the elves, they were literally magical in the way they just showed up one day out of nowhere like a jack-in-the-box! And they were so beautiful in an ethereal kind of way. Like beautiful youths, but some of them claimed to be hundreds of years old. They refuse to discuss where they are from or why they are here. They don't care that we call them elves, but their word for their people is the Fae. I guess it means 'fair' as in 'light-colored' as opposed to 'equal measure'. The irony is that it was unfair as fuck what we did to them. Still, I hate them for becoming the scum of the earth.

Some men feel the need to destroy something if it is really, incredibly beautiful. As if they can't stand the thought that there are Forms in this universe that are not as insignificant and perverse as they are. As petty, or as mean, or as brutal as they are. Maybe that's why the men in the cartels targeted the Fae with such relentlessness. Or maybe they did that because they are human, and humans are the lowest scumfuck species in the history of life in the universe. Even a slime-mold displays a greater ability to exist symbiotically within an ecosystem than we do. Maybe it is projection, my pure and bright hatred for humanity redirected onto the Fae for

matters of self-preservation. Or maybe the cartels simply saw a new market to push their dope to in the name making money. Maybe they wanted the women of the Fae, who make human women look like monkeys. Maybe they themselves don't know why they did it.

But they finally did it, and it took a long time. The first drug they tried on the Fae was regular cocaine. They seemed amused by it but they were such a merry and free-spirited people they didn't see a point for doing coke outside of parties. But did they like to party. Next the cartels tried crack, then meth, then heroin. But all them just flowed off their being like drops of water on a leaf.

THE UNFAIR FATE OF THE FAE - PART TWO

In those days it was common for children to come to the Fae on Fridays in the Park to present them with gifts. The wonder of childhood was rung like a bell by the appearance of the Fae, and reverberated through their wide and shining little eyes. A little girl named Anna, only 10 years old, had been doing some research on the Fairies in folklore, and discovered the existence of a rare flower that can only be found in the Burren of Ireland. Known as a member of the genus *Dactylorhiza* and called the 'spotted orchid' today, Anna had discovered its much older name.

So she ordered some seeds for *Dactylorhiza* from Congo.com with her birthday money and they were not cheap. She got 50 seeds for \$20. She managed to nurture 40 to a blooming state, and she was so excited to present her gift to Lori-Lurl-Lay-Laah [known as LLLL to her friends], who was a bookface-famous Fae of unknown age but excessive beauty. In the folklore she studied, it was said that the Fae liked Tea made from this flower so little Anna made a gallon of flower tea from 3 of the flowers and decided to give the rest of the flowers to Lori-Lurl-Lay-Laah as a bouquet.

Such a sweet little girl. How shocked she was at the behavior of the Fae once they sniffed the flowers she was holding in one arm, the gallon jug of tea in the other. They immediately became like ravenous beasts, one of the males actually ran on all fours to Anna and ripped the flowers from her little arms and devoured 3 of them before he was pulled back and restrained by his brothers. Anna's view of the world was shattered when Lori-Lurl-Lay-Laah ran up to her, demanding to know if the liquid in the jug was 'pawpaw'. Anna did not know so she shook her head. LLLL just snatched up the jug and started slamming it. To Anna's shock and terror, LLLL then howled in a manner similar to a wolf and screamed 'PAW-PAW!!!!!!'. Then she took her shirt off and ran off. If Anna knew that LLLL had run off to find some guys to gangbang her, she would have been traumatized beyond repair.

THE UNFAIR FATE OF THE FAE - PART THREE

I was in the park that day. The day I began to slowly learn to hate the Fae. The news anchor was so taken aback as he reported the event later that day that he stuttered when he called the behavior of the Fay ‘shocking’. He pronounced it ‘shock-en-ing’ and it became our memephase for that day: The Shockening. The day the Fae finally got another taste of the Faerie Flower of old, when they were last on this planet. Or dimension or whatever it is to them. And this flower had the power of fatality for the Fae. It was fatal to their image and esteem among us humans.

The cartels found out about this through the news and promised to give Anna a pony for information about the flower that had caused the Shockening, the day that the Fae turned into a bunch of deranged sex addicts, doing it in public with whoever wanted some. And there were more than a few who did. Anna always wanted a pony so she happily handed over the info on the flower. The cartels had an old literal drug mule helicoptered to Anna’s back yard later that day because they couldn’t find anyone with a normal pony on short notice. Anna’s parents were rather surprised when they came home.

It took them a few weeks to isolate the psychoactive compounds in the flower and figure out how to convert them into a smokable form. Dimethylflorafae, the chemists named it. The cartels bought every single seed from Congo.com and anywhere else they could find some, paying people ridiculous quantities of coke for their Faerie Flower seeds. Their Flower Farms took about a year to get really big, but after that year the unfair fate of the Fae was sealed.

And the most disgusting part was that the shit was perfectly legal. It instantly transformed the Fae community, who were so sweet and free and breezy before the sizzle hit the streets. We called it sizzle because the way the Fae would smoke it, using a strange kind of pipe that was later adopted to do dabs on. It was a shallow silver disk that they would heat up with a torch, put the sizzle on [it would really sizzle on the pan] then cover it with a glass globe to trap the smoke and do a massive hit. The fact that the pipes were instantly invented by the Fae to work so well indicates that they had smoked sizzle before, but how could they have? In another dimension? No one knows. It is a mystery. But that shit sizzled their Fae little brains, it sizzled their lives.

THE UNFAIR FATE OF THE FAE - PART FOUR

In a blink of the eye, the Fae turned into such bunch of degenerates that we started calling any degenerate or perverse or excessive behavior ‘going fay’. The name of the Fae is also the source for the common insult among the youth today: ‘faegot’. Fanatical Fae fanboys who named their children Fae filed for name changes immediately.

I have more stories of their wanton debauchery, degeneracy and criminality than I could possibly share here, but I will share a couple stories to give you an idea of the transformation a simple flower had on them.

Here is the story of Sal-lae-En, a Fae that lived on my block. He was cool kid, we just called him Sal. He loved making art, as most of the Fae did, but unlike the poetry favored by most of the Fae, Sal loved painting. His paintings were the most beautiful things I ever saw on this planet. Exquisite and soul-shattering, his paintings were like the multi-dimensional diagrams of the soul of life and love and light. He was going to be the next Chuck Close, I knew it. That was until he accepted some sizzle in exchange for a painting. It's title was "Finally Free" and seemed to be an abstract spiritual system escaping from some kind of dark and binding form-system. Ironic that it was that painting that led to bondage to a fucking flower powder. I often wonder at the common occurrence of the dark and ironic in this universe, too common to be random coincidence. Maybe god is a fucking asshole with an asshole sense of humor. That would explain why humans are all a bunch of fucking assholes. 'In His image', and all that. But Sal joined a Faegang who called themselves the 'Sizzies' - they thought that using some part of the word sizzle was pretty cool. I tried to explain that it wasn't a very tough name but he just punched me and tried to take my wallet before running away like a little bitch. I fucking hate that faegot now. Anyway, like about 30% of the Fae males, he chose the life of crime because he didn't want to have sex with human men for money, and they were more than willing to pay. I guess Sal does a lot of the break-ins around the Hill, our hood, these days. I hope that faegot gets shot. I fucking hate seeing talent wasted like that.

THE UNFAIR FATE OF THE FAE - PART FIVE - FINIS

Here is the story of Lae-Lor-Li-En, we called her Layla. This is going to be some shocking content, so if you're sensitive I suggest you skip the rest of this section. Layla was a mother and this was rare among the Fae. When sizzle hit the streets, she went straight sizzlehoe. She would suck a dick for a \$10 rock of the sizz. The problem was that every other Elf-slut was actively looking for dick to suck for money, so the supply of elf-slut dick-sucking far exceeded the demand. Then those sneaky, slimy Russian fucks came sniffing around. I fucking hate Russians. They had actually assembled a list of known Faelets, and they knew men, bad evil men, who would pay great sums of money for access to the Faelets in an....intimate way. What manner of monster would even think of such a thing? The worst part is that the adult Fae females already looked like 12 year old lolis. Twice a week, they would come and borrow Layla's daughter for a couple hours, they said. I can imagine the scummy smirk on his skull-fuckable Russian steppe-nigger face. For this 'renting' of Li-Li, Layla's daughter, they would happily pay \$1000. Layla immediately asked if they wanted Li-Li tonight, the Russians said something like, well, since you are offering....I'm sure you can imagine what happened next, if you know anything about Russians. What's that? Yeah, they had Li-Li in Tiawuana that very night, put to work. Layla never saw her daughter again. I guess the cop that came by to file the missing person report punched her in the face. Not like the Fae are real people. Anyway, let this be a lesson to you. Don't ever trust a fucking Russian. Or a sizzlehead elf-slut. Imagine the degeneracy of a

Russian elf-slut sizzlehead. On second thought, I prefer to not think of such sickened states of being.

So after I experienced a few dozen more stories like these, I decided to meet up with this IRC group that I found on the IllumiNet. The Brotherhood of the Final Faet, they called themselves. They made vows to remove sizzlehead whenever possible from human neighborhoods. This might sound like some faegot whiteknight shit to you, but these guys are serious as fuck. No, we don't have to worry about cops busting us, the leader is an FBI agent and there are 20 beat cops in our crew. We are more like exterminators than whiteknights. So now me and my merry band of sizzle-slayers go around cleansing the streets of every single sizz-smoking elf-slut we see, mostly on Saturdays. You, the reader of my little post about the Fae might be a filthy, worthless NEET but some of us have jobs, you know. This is labor of love, in my humble opinion. Ha, just kidding, it is an endeavor fueled purely by hate. Because if I hate one thing [I actually hate everything] it is seeing the subductance of the free and beautiful into the repulsive and slave-like.