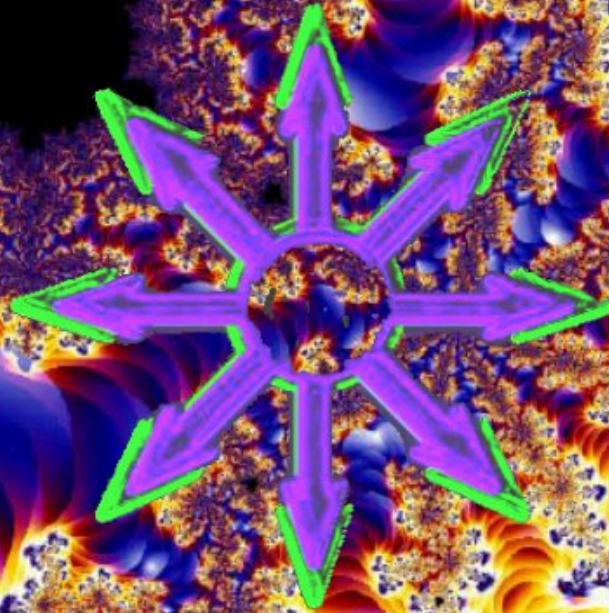


# CAPEDITIEA

Book One



Cyn Chaote

# **Part One: Chaos**

# Chapter One: Reality?

## 1. In the Beginning

Cleansing the Surface,  
Changing my focus,  
Shoving away my problematic desires,  
Being electrocuted by wires,  
Crashing down from what I am dealing,  
They've come from many views, cultures, and paths,  
Many are apaths, others empaths,  
Expressing their individual paths.

## 2. A Waste

A plan coming to life, forcing conformity,  
Following and making life so easy,  
Rising above our potential,  
Making us individual,  
Don't lose control by making your own choices,  
Speak all your voices,  
Is it a crime to argue over a dime?  
Redundancy is only an example of not putting out an idea,  
Creation can happen this way, take a look at the media.

## 3. Emotions and Shit

Nothing feels so blah, don't feel a thing, sadness, anger,  
I feel the pressure; it is not full of pleasure,  
I see the ending, the aftermath, the guilt, the frustration,  
What was taken, no confrontation,  
Voices telling me to live on,  
I won't lose control, justified, forsaken,  
Complex formalities, perplexed by the emotions and shit,  
A suicide attempt.

## 4. War

Occasional repetitions of reputations,  
Scratching the surface, what's my purpose?  
Shouting absurdities, making them into obscenities,

Taking life's grasp in formality,  
Only normality,  
Owning fear playing me with mortality,  
Where is the morality?

#### 5. Bombed / Taken Over

Shattered, shards flying, giving an example of acupuncture,  
No life in sight of these human dangers,  
To them we are strangers,  
Fleeing from these outspoken monsters,  
The aftermath of this destruction,  
This humane mutation,  
Hearing desperate cries to their higher power,  
All the natural tranquility disturbed, bombed, taken over,  
Screams blasting through the air,  
Blood stains every where,  
Fighting freedom through martyrdom,  
Killing victory through machinery.

#### 6. Hatred

As we fall, just knowing this is high as a wall,  
Fucking with everyone, it's so fun,  
No sign of hatred, I'm just morbid,  
Heaven, Hell, I'm not made for the weather,  
Not welcome in either,  
Excitement arises, the moon rises,  
Arrive Alive Survive

#### 7. Ennui

Don't know what to do, suppressed with thoughts,  
Conflicted by the taunts,  
Madness, Sadness, Relinquished, Malnourished,  
Helpless, Floating, Broken, No feeling.

#### 8. Chaos Toxins

Stereotypical forms of everything we think of,  
Run around, enjoy the tornado,  
Nakedness is something we're born with,  
I suck at writing, but people say I don't,

The harmless plants will eat you, or savor you for days,  
You're all good, no you're not, you're all stoned,  
I am not trying to rhyme on this one,  
Cats and dogs eat monkeys, what the fuck?  
Nothing shoots a basket like that car there,  
Nothing shits any more,  
A toilet attacks,  
While a toy is in the basement trying to get out to kill us all,  
Someone is laughing, I kick a chair,  
I lost my brain, have you seen it?  
While eating chips and drinking tables,  
A chicken fucks a razor blade in the kitchen  
This all means more than you think,  
Serial killers eating wires just to be crazy,  
I'm not thinking, just writing,  
Run, It's a Cactus!  
People bring you down,  
Pick your self back up,  
People won't stop,  
Deal with it,  
Take care of your self,  
The weak try making you weak,  
Don't let them, life is great,  
Storms brewing, prepare!  
It will be deadly,  
Highly populated areas destroyed,  
Sequences of thoughts exposed,  
Lost, never forgotten, so easy to forget,  
Too bad for the trees,  
Naked passionate talk, where's the walk?  
Heart ache in the form of a conclusion,  
Sorrow is weak, why shall I help you?  
Wicked thoughts taking grasp of the conscience,  
Taking nothing for granted, everything is great,  
Every time I'm not alone, losing my mind,  
Feeling at home when alone,  
Being sucker punched by a taco,  
Destroy the perceiving silence; no one needs to know my problems,  
I was raped by a tornado, it sucked,

Then a monster came and ate me,  
Funny how things work,

9. Hate to Love, Love to Hate  
Opposites attract, what to do?  
We've become too one sided, to see the different ways,  
There's no right and wrong,  
I'll take you to a place that gives you purpose, Gnosis,  
What do you propose?  
Don't you try to prove anything, only to your self,  
Declaration of the preparation, don't you even try,  
Making this a bit of a challenge for you to get through,  
Treasure this moment of suicide,  
I am here to help you decide,  
Betraying what engulfs a young child,  
Keeping the demons tame,  
You suffer the codependence of ritualistic dissonance.

10. Mother Earth Strikes Back  
As we throw our unwanted trash away, pollute the earth!  
Driving your car, exhaust exhausting the air, our lungs, skies turn  
grey,  
Blowing your bombs, she'll do exact to us soon enough,  
Pile up your trash, keep it up, we'll be extinct before you know it,  
Let's see what our mistakes bring,  
There's no starting over when we are gone,  
Hindsight, we've caused this all, mother earth's taking her land back.

11. Formation of Information  
Representations of an aura,  
Reminiscing when the times were changing,  
Existence is executed,  
Replications of a time forgotten,  
Making a vast arraignment with reproductions of a product making  
new life,  
Distracted by producing a thought,  
Extensive words produced, vocabulary, an extensive form,  
Creating an environment for the smart, for the strong,  
Malfunctions everywhere,

Not in the clear,  
Thoughts and chaos happen all at once,  
Wondering what happened to love and passion,  
I killed it,  
Your mind will be numbed, deteriorates to nothing,  
The world is full of haters and liars,  
Hope and progression fade away,  
This is what will happen when there is a lack of information,  
This is the strategy of destroying the weak.

12. Explanations are not needed  
Through out the years,  
People have began to shed some tears,  
As the beginning nears,  
Alive are our fears,  
This is not the end,  
In the beginning we mend,  
Sending out a new thought,  
Hopefully you are not caught,  
They'll begin to torture you,  
Until you turn blue, and give them a clue,  
How dare you?

13. A Warning  
I thought hard, considering what may come of humanity,  
We will join hands, in one massive group, a great calamity,  
Not only a few dozen hurricanes will come out of the sea,  
A few thousand tornadoes will come out of the sky,  
Don't even try to fly,  
The skies are full of storms,  
No sun, but you can see all the worms,  
The earth shakes,  
Giving numerous earthquakes,  
Volcanoes erupting,  
Yellowstone's super volcano corrupting,  
After just the first twenty four hours,  
Mother Earth empowers,  
Half or more of the human population die away,  
Animals are smart enough to stay away,

On this day,  
Is the day,  
Where one tenth of the land disappears out to sea,  
Soon this will be.

14.      The First Sign of Anarchy (of the Eight)  
The Day after,  
We celebrate with laughter,  
The media makes a big deal,  
Having us change what we feel,  
Placing more humour in our thoughts,  
Emotionless other wise like our servant robots,  
We begin to realize,  
All the media does is tells us lies,  
We learn that as we pay attention our brain fries.



## Chapter Two: Confusion

### 15. The Void

Staring at the darkness,  
I only see emptiness,  
Void of all but the night stars,  
Void of all colors,  
Void of everything,  
The Void is what allows us to sing,

### 16. Tomorrow is Today's Yesterday.

Much to be said as I walked into the tunnel,  
Chaos erupts as I seen the funnel,  
Spiraling to a small town,  
I happen to see a clown,  
Who happens to set out a frown,  
The Funnel spiraled into nonsense,  
Destroying a city so dense,  
And there flew a fence,  
I got rid of all the gnosis instilling evidence,  
Confused I laughed at this illusion of time,  
Then I began to rhyme,  
Having you wonder exactly when I am speaking,  
That is for you to have and ego as a Queen or a King,  
I get my inspiration from the Tao Te Ching.

### 17. A Mathematical Problem or a Scientific Problem

This number is the start,  
Think before, then ahead,  
This is what makes you smart,  
Study them, dare them.

### 18. The Second Sign of Anarchy (Of the Eight)

The day after yesterday's tomorrow,

Take away all the sorrow,  
The Media is no more,  
Yes! No more fear they can store,  
The weak are dwindling away,  
Must they stay?

19. The Third Sign of Anarchy (of the Eight)  
Showered by all the pleasant feelings,  
No more political dealings,  
Chaos erupts, by the vulnerable,  
Those who fight are noble,  
Fuck them, they are weak,  
No more given signs of Anarchy,  
This is not what they seek,  
Strong will know the remaining five,  
Only the Strong will stay alive.

## Chapter Three: A Story

### 22. Suddenly, It Came. (Part One)

A change in the air occurred. I could smell the sea, You normally don't smell the sea all too often in the Midwest, the skies above were once filled with a cloudless blue, changed suddenly into a dark cloud filled grey color. This is something you see when a tornado is about to come. Which is normal,

but smelling the sea and having the skies turn so suddenly confused me. The Earth Begins to shake, hearing a growl or a roar, unable to discern what noise it was I began to wonder what could do this. Just as I formulated my thoughts, out of the ground, towering and massive, larger than anything I have seen. Dark green every where, it's skin looks slimy, but to the touch it feels smooth. Tentacles as long as a few kilometers. How did such a thing come from the ground? "It's Davy Jones Supersized!" People begin to scream, Chaos Breaks loose. People running all crazy like. This creature I have read about somewhere, as I was thinking, the creature onslaughts people by eating them, humans must be chips to this creature. Holy Fuck, I realize where I read about this creature. I read about it in some of H.P. Lovecraft's works, it is Cthulhu.

### 23. Commercial Ad to Sell Something.

For just ten thousand years of being in heaven...

All you have to do is let Jesus Christ be your savior,

If you don't we will find you, take you to church and force ourselves on you.

### 24. Reaction to the Commercial Ad

Wow, maybe I need to become a Christian,

This way I don't get it forced down my throat.

## 25. Suddenly It came (Part Two)

Once this all happened I began to wonder how Cthulhu came to earth. The death toll was large, we surely lost about a billion of innocent people, there are military forces, everywhere, unsuccessful on killing Cthulhu, humans start to pray to their gods and goddesses. All these people dumbfounded by all the Chaos and Destruction Lord Cthulhu has done. He has only been on earth for about a week and the population has dwindled to a measly few million. He summons the Deep Ones to speed up these last few. Apparently He got full. Little did the people who are left know they have a new leader of the world. Shocked by this news people go into hiding As for me, I am humanities traitor, giving their positions up for the deep ones to find. The Deep Ones don't fuck with me, since I have Cthulhu on my side. Strangely enough humans are a bit smarter than the deep ones, they have attaches silencers to their guns. This poses a problem, but nothing we cannot handle. Fuck! I was shot...

## 26. Some Dedication Movement Ad.

We need to unite to take on this Cthulhu,  
There has to be a way to stop this,  
You see I lost my family due to His Deep ones.  
With what survivors we have, we should come together,  
Formulate a plan and Kill Cthulhu

## 27. Wanted: Dead or Alive

Cyn Chaote

Wanted: Dead or Alive

Reward US\$1,000,000,000 (or one billion US dollars)

She is wanted for giving humans up to the deep ones, being a non-crosstian, and possibly summoning Cthulhu find her and you shall be rewarded.

## 28. Proselytization of Capeditieanism

Will You join our ranks?

Help our cause, so you don't die?

If So send me an email at [888cap@inbox.com](mailto:888cap@inbox.com)

It is my real address.

## **Chapter Four: Finalization of Chaos**

### 29. You Won't Know Till It Happens

I want you to know,  
That you will be found,  
Life taken,  
You won't live another day with out regretting  
what you've done,  
I won't be the one to get you,  
They will,  
They won't show you mercy,  
They'll know it was you,  
Seeing your guilt and lies,  
Using this against you  
Putting you on the spot,  
Say, "This is your payment for going into  
Capedititeanism."  
Infecting our lives,  
Gaining our trust,  
Sadly, when you feel you're in the clear,  
They'll take over  
I have a plan.

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# **Chapter Five: Officially Chapter Two: The Explanation of Chaos**

**-or-**

## **A more understandable way of understanding Chaos.**

First and foremost, you may already think I am absolutely insane; others are just curious what I will hit you with next. Maybe you'll understand what I am saying already, if you believe you already do, you can skip this chapter, or read it to see another point of view. This point of view I am about to write, is what I personally think, not what you think, so deal with it.

If you feel you have come into some sorta insanity, stupidity, what have you... you may have experienced what it is that I would prefer, this book is not safe, It is a control device for the weak. For the strong it is a tool to use against the weak?

The first chapter or four is a structureless structure that makes Capeditiea more of an Illusion. It also can be used for banishing what ever is needed or what ever you wish.

The Pronunciation of Capeditiea is as follows  
Kah-paid-it-tee-ah (an-ism)

There are many patterns in which the first chapter or four can present; I still find some even after writing them. The only problem is how would you go about interpreting this. I will use the 8 circuits via Timothy Leary and Robert Wilson. They are:

1. Primitive Organisms
2. Vertebrae Struggle
3. Semiotic technological Learning
4. Socio-sexual Domesticity
5. Neurosematic Rapture
6. Neurological Vision
7. Meta programming Skill



## 8. Meta-physiological Cosmic Vision

Now that you know the eight circuits we can proceed upon a new understanding of the previous chapter(s) (I will list the list as 1:1-1:8) First number being the maxim the second being the circuit.

1:1 This could mean a possible birth experience. While a child is with in it's mother's womb, then experiencing the outside world.

1:2 This could mean a warriors first thought when they first enter the battlefield, with what is going on in the mind as they look around and see for the first time what war is like.

1:3 This could be explaining how our words are rash or how our words could be healthy and cleansing.

1:4 This could represent some BDSM sexual erotica

1:5 This could have proposed a start of a revolution.

1:6 This could have presented to a child as how the world really is and as an individual they can promote infinite possibilities.

1:7 This could be a self help book, and with each maxim we can learn to become as we wish.

1:8 You are your future! Or What ever you want it to be!

Notice I have created 8 different views or interpretations upon the first maxim. I personally don't like telling people what to believe, I think in 8 different ways and most of the time I do it subconsciously. I recently read a great book by Robert A. Wilson, "Prometheus Rising" It Sucked! It may grant you this ability, but at the same time through the full book, Wilson forced me, (Not really) to do these exercises, which allowed me to see different points of view. So if you would like to read it before proceeding...

I really don't want to write most of Capeditia in this format so I will leave it for you to interpret each maxim, if you would like.

[www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/](http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/) states:

Definition of CHAOS

1

obsolete : chasm, abyss

2

a often capitalized : a state of things in which chance is supreme; especially : the confused unorganized state of primordial matter before the creation of distinct forms — compare cosmos

b : the inherent unpredictability in the behavior of a complex natural system (as the atmosphere, boiling water, or the beating heart)

3

a : a state of utter confusion <the blackout caused chaos throughout the city>

b : a confused mass or mixture <a chaos of television antennas>

There is nothing mentioning disorder.

## **Chapter Six: Officially Chapter Three**

### **A Life's Story from age's birth to Twenty Three**

### **Or The First Understandings of my Magical Path**

It was a night, the night of June 13, 1986 at 12:36 in the morning (or late night depending if you were partying that night or if you were born yet.) There was a shattering of silence when this child creature was born, none of the doctors could understand which gender I was or what. My Dad's first words were "its Gizmo" (For those of you who have no clue who Gizmo was, watch this movie called Gremlins.)

Then and there has started my fascination with this new experience called life. What will happen as I proceed upon this journey?

I wondered about many things, always liked puzzles of any challenge. I begin wondering why I am here at the ripe age of three. By no means was I a prodigy at anything... at all.

I could be considered a genius at five, already able to read and understand most words. Though with the same enthusiasm of doing puzzles I was just as enthused to play stupid. While doing this I attempted to fit in. I guess that being a socialite is the same as having talent. So during Junior High I was in the terms of fucking off and not caring about my school work. I have become a caring empathetic person, which in turn created another me, which gave me strength in facing the fuckers who fought me. I always lost; funny how I ended up in fights against jocks who probably suffer from having about half my IQ, which has always been above 120. So in technical terms the saying "Takes one to know one" falls into the paradigm. I could be considered as having two of their brains.

I was transferred into an alternative school during my sophomore year. Their reason, "I got into too many fights and am a trouble maker." They were correct in assuming I don't follow directions well. I never was good with authority.

After graduation I started to experience this euphoric disease known as rebellion. (Taking your raging thoughts and turning them against authority.) So as I was rebelling against the cops, my parents, bosses, I ended up losing a job, getting addicted to meth, for two weeks. Taking an unexpected turn towards experimenting with what ever drugs I come across. Thus started my gnosis states. I started to question how things are, becoming a Buddhist. After ending up in jail, I was confused and thought I may get out, though this time they took me in. I experienced epiphanies, I experienced Crosstianism, started down this path for about four months after leaving jail. Then went back to Buddhism.

During October two years later, I befriended temporarily with a Luciferian. I found this organization that is full of Theistic Satanists, out of respect (only out of respect, since they never disrespected me.) I shall not name this organization. After being exiled I was lost, I had no clue what to do going through depression, I wanted to find more out, so I came across the Principia Discordia, read it and seven other books that are known as well. For five months I was happy then stood upon a sigil, curious to find what it may be, I looked at what it meant. I found out It was the Chaosphere.

# **Chapter Seven: Officially Chapter Four**

## **Chaos Magick**

### **Or How to Perform Chaos Magick**

One of my first books I read on Chaos Magick was Ray Sherwin's "Theatre of Magick." Through out this Chapter I will use excerpts from his book which was the dawn of me being a Chaote.

#### **Self Initiation**

No matter how successful an initiation imposed by the group on an individual might be such an operation is merely an induction, opening the eyes of the Illuminate and it remains incumbent upon him to initiate himself thoroughly. This is chiefly a matter of time and experience. He cannot expect to be suddenly, drastically changed by every act of magick he performs but he can expect the cumulative effect of many acts of magick to bring about the desired result. (however he defines it), whether or not the stated objective of all, or indeed any, of these acts was initiation.

The real rather than imagined difficulty here is the limited overview of the illuminate. Since he has no experience of the state he is aiming to put himself into and since that state is purely subjective he can work only by intuition and by trial and error.

Intuition comprises a large proportion of magick since it largely represents the organism rather than the foremind and its incessant internal dialogue. In the initiatory process the benefits of intuition are well enhanced by a flexible routine of magical operations and meditations and by the supervision and instruction of a person with a less limited overview. Whether he be called a guru, a friend or a taskmaster depends on the relationship.

Teachers do not seek pupils. Like everyone else a teachers main concern is his own development and he becomes a teacher only when he is approached for advice or instruction. Perhaps teaching will be of bend it to him.

So what is it that the Illuminate is trying to do? Obviously this changes with the individual and initiation itself is an impossible state to define. It is also difficult to observe since outwardly the initiate is no different to any other man, most of his miracles being performed inwardly. His attitude may be taken as an example, as may the way in which he relates to his work, but the Illuminate needs more to go on than this. Oblique answers to the question 'what does initiation confer?' may be enumerated as follows.

- 1) Re-acquaintance with self.
- 2) Improved dynamism.
- 3) Sustained wide overview.
- 4) Poise.
- 5) Magical power
- 6) Magical ability.
- 7) Ease of entry into the gnostic/genius state.

Of these the most important is the first. in ridding oneself of spurious personality accretions and confronting and coming to terms with the real 'I' the remaining qualities aimed at through initiation come naturally as one's knowledge of the techniques of magick becomes assimilated rather than learned.

Re-acquaintance with self has been recognized throughout the twentieth century as the lynch-pin of magick and mysticism. Aleister Crowley, using Mathers' translation of Abra Melin as a model chose to call it 'the Knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel', 'Guardian Angel' being such a ludicrous label as to defy mockery and to transcend limitation.

In the light of scientific investigations made in the last two decades this H.G.A. might better be taken to be a censorship mechanism, and not only in the psychic sense, since this function seems to exist in the brain itself. According to Professor Le Gros Clark of Oxford University "these groups of cells (the mid-brain) are more than simple relay stations; they are sorting stations which allow for the sorting and re-sorting of the incoming impulses so that they are projected onto the cerebral cortex in a new kind of pattern."

This approach argues not only for the concept of the observer created

universe where perceptions are strained, tinted and limited according to the proclivities of the individual but also for the notion of restricted access to areas of information of the utmost value to the magician.

It is this brain function which we choose to call the H.G.A. In sifting observations and restricting access to certain types of information it acts like a fuse, offering neither too much nor too little for analysis at one time. It also prevents us from seeing so far into ourselves as to encounter the real horrors of existence. In learning to circumvent this function the magician needs the strength to confront those labyrinthine horrors and this he acquires gradually through a patiently gained acquaintance with the H.G.A. mechanism itself and the accumulated patchwork of what lies beyond. (see the Liminal Gnosis; infra). Every man has his minotaur; the magician also has a ball of twine. This ball of twine is his knowledge of himself. It can be achieved in a multitude of ways many of which are well known to adventurers of all paths and persuasions. One of the most perspicacious and essential of such systems is that set down by Lysis, disciple of Pythagoras, under the title of 'The Golden Verses of Pythagoras'.

These lines enshrine the whole process of self-examination or 'autopsy' directed towards initiation. The translation given here is by Aleister Crowley and Thessalonius Loyola.

### **The Liminal Gnosis**

There is a commodity which is infinitely more malleable than anything else in the universe. Controlled or not it can have devastating effects on perception, analytical functions and on the body. Its control is the basis of magick and an understanding of it is the lynch-pin of individual integration and stability.

The pioneers of psychology erroneously named it the unconscious mind; erroneously because it is evident that this is the only mind function which operates all the time, even during catalepsy or deep hypnotic states. As the approach to psychology became more sophisticated it was relabeled 'the subconscious mind'. This label is also misleading, albeit unintentionally, since it intimates a hierarchical order and, thereby, a mislocation of self. It also suggests domination of one mind function by another and whereas this may be so it is, in the individual who has no control over it, the so-called subconscious which has dominion over all

other functions. This mechanism is seen in an exaggerated way when a subject acts out a post-hypnotic suggestion.

Illustration: The subject is told that five minutes after waking he will remove his clothing without embarrassment. It is important that the scene is set for his disrobing and his conditioned reflexes removed with the suggestion that at that particular time all onlookers will be unable to see him because of any "imagined" invisible force field or similar device which will excuse his self consciousness. Even if he is the most prudish person imaginable and there are a dozen members of the opposite sex present he will carry out the suggestion. When asked why he has performed such an obviously uncharacteristic action, because he is unaware of the post-hypnotic-suggestion, he will produce a rationalization. (Few people care to admit that they act irrationally). His justification, in which he firmly believes, might be one of the following.

1. I suddenly became very hot.
2. My skin was hurting all over.
3. I wanted to see the reaction.
4. I wanted to know what it felt like.

All these explanations would be as inadequate to the subject as to the observer but, presented by the subconscious function with such an intolerable situation, any excuse is better than nothing.

In its negative mode the function of the mind into which post-hypnotic-suggestion may be implanted is responsible for psychosomatic illnesses, neuroses and unwanted vices. The subject in the illustration would experience a feeling of great release if the true reason for his bizarre action were explained to him. Although he might not understand the mechanism involved, the realization that he had been carrying out an implanted desire would come to him as a great relief and the need to fret over his incongruous action would disappear.

Everyone displays symptoms analogous to this. That the simple explanation of implanted desire is not usually appropriate and that more complex issues need to be investigated is the basis of this section of the book.

It was stated above that the terms 'unconscious' and 'subconscious' as applied to particular categories of mind are erroneous and misleading.



Equally inappropriate are all other terms which seek to exemplify and compartmentalize the functions of the mind.

form the context of the dream or present a problem which the dream attempts to solve or present a moral or ethical problem which the dream seeks to abreact.

Even the signification 'Kia' should not be interpreted as intending separateness since Kia may rightly be observed as permeating the whole organism, the body and its activities being a phenomenal expression of it.

The task of the magician is to integrate the mind functions, even conscious functions can be obscure, and to access the subconscious functions which, when allowed to remain dormant, cause the organism to function on a reactive rather than a rational basis. The adept is the person who has achieved this and who is rationally responsible for his actions.

One method of integration involves accessing and interpreting dream or 'astral' activity the two being considered in this context as identical.

Everyone remembers some dreams. The majority of them, however, seem to be reabsorbed by the subconscious function of the mind and ultimately forgotten unless they are 'broken' at some time during the following day by an occurrence or word which stimulates a picture memory from which a part or the whole of the dream can be reconstructed. That most dreams are inaccessible to the conscious functions is an indication that a censorship mechanism is at work and it is this mechanism which the magician seeks to override.

Accessing and using dream material is a painstaking business. The most effective way is to write down dreams immediately on waking or to write down any images which linger on into wakefulness. Several minutes should be allowed for this after every period of sleep so that the mind is permitted a period of reverie or autism into which dream images can project themselves. After a few weeks of practice the magician will find not only that he has a vast amount of material at his

disposal but also that his ability to recall dreams improves almost exponentially.

As far as interpretation is concerned two courses of action are recommended. Each dream should be examined at the time of its recollection since recent actual events may

- a) form the context of the dream or
- b) present a problem which the dream attempts to solve or
- c) present a moral or ethical problem which the dream seeks to abreact.

After some weeks of this the whole dream record may be studied in order to seek out recurring themes. The earlier interpretations may provide Keys to an understanding of thematic dream activity. During this process he may wish to study the psychology of dreams but he should be well aware that he is the only authority in the context of himself.

In studying his dreams in this manner the magician benefits in more ways than the integration of self. He also acquires an 'alphabet' of symbols which are comprehensible rather than being arbitrary or imposed and these can be used to good effect in ritual work or sigilisation. In recording and analysing his dreams he will also discover particular ways in which his conscious and subconscious functions interface and a knowledge of the ways in which information is restricted will also be of great benefit in formal ritual work. Since the area of dreaming began to be explored many reasons for this function have been suggested. Of these, the following provide the best means of ingress into the strange plane of consciously uncontrolled astral activity and most dreams can be examined in the context of one or more of them.

- 1) Wish fulfillment.
- 2) guilt expression.
- 3) encouragement.
- 4) inspiration.
- 5) solution of problems, actual or moral.
- 6) expression of potentialities
- 7) revelation of primitive forces (atavisms)

- 8) compensation - for considerations or actions desired but prohibited by conscious functions.
- 9) perseveration - problem solving by repetition, usually thematic
- 10) ideation - projection of possible actions; dreams in the place of experience.
- 11) Reminiscent/premonitory - what happened, what might happen.

When observation and analysis have been performed to the magician's satisfaction, when he has confronted and eliminated those complexes which the censorship mechanism attempted to conceal from him, he can then move on to implanting ideas into the 'non-conscious' function of the mind. In other words, he moves on to working with the positive aspects of the dream function. Before attempting sigilisation and other advanced techniques he should experiment with the mechanisms involved. One course of experimentation can be undertaken through the Liminal Gnosis.

#### Entering the Liminal Gnosis through erotic imagery

The Liminal Gnosis is a development of the state of consciousness between wakefulness and sleep. In this gnosis the subconscious function tends to cast out spontaneous images which can be observed by the conscious mind in its analytical mode. These images are often referred to as being of an 'astral' nature. In examining these images the magician begins to build up a rapport with his subconscious functions, with that facet of himself which, if uninterrupted, is capable of working miracles. Without this rapport magick cannot be performed and rapport does not occur until the magician has learned not to interfere with the gnosis. It is this non-interference which is a difficult skill to master.

On entering the Liminal Gnosis it is the tendency of the mind to allow spontaneous images to occur until they are noticed by the analytical function. When this happens the conscious mind revolts and jolts the self back into wakefulness. It follows then that autism in itself is insufficient. The magician is not aiming to consciously direct his phantasies but to observe those images which occur spontaneously and, through non-intervention to analyze them. As with many magical techniques the method of improvement is repetition.

The magician must be capable of recognizing when he has entered the Liminal Gnosis and since that state is so ephemeral and fickle his best course of action is to provide a stimulus for the subconscious function rather than to exercise his patience.

To avoid the interminable waiting which unaided observation necessitates the magician should allow a normal autistic reverie or daydream to develop into an uncontrolled but analysable liminal experience. In order to do this he must implant the mere germ of a notion into his subconscious function at exactly the right moment. One method of approaching this difficult task entails the use of sexual or erotic imagery as follows:-

The magician abstains from sexual activity of any kind for a period until his frustration is intolerable.

He exacerbates this frustration by reading erotic literature and perusing books and magazines of an exclusively sexual nature. When frustration becomes intolerable, on retiring to his bed in a state of physical exhaustion he visualizes an intensely sexual image as though it were a still photograph. He also imagines that he can smell those perfumes most apposite to the visualized image. If he is unable to imagine smells he arranges to have that particular perfume, preferably an essential oil, in an evaporator near his bed.

The visual and olfactory senses are the only ones he uses at this stage since they are the only two senses which do not apparently rely on motion through space or time. Should tumescence occur through concentration on the image he does not allow it to disturb the process. He uses it positively to create a strong sense of physical yearning throughout the entire body, but his body remains still and ready for sleep.

Sleep does not occur. As the magician enters the liminal Gnosis it is as though a switch has been flicked in his mind and the still picture of his image has become a living environment in which his sexual frustration is abreacted. Should the magician find himself suddenly wakeful he repeats the entire process or picks up on an image received whilst in the gnosis and begins again from there.

If sleep ensues he makes careful note of his dreams and continues to practice the technique until success is achieved. Success is marked by the ability to create such an 'astral' environment at will and by the ability to recognize the nature of the experience at the time of the experience; that in one sense it is real and effectual while in another sense it is not.

This procedure serves to introduce the magician to the Liminal Gnosis. Having achieved and experienced it he may then use it for whatever purposes he wishes.

He might use spontaneous imagery in autopsy or self-enquiry (see Self-Initiation), in which case a detailed record should be kept and analysed during periods of greater lucidity. Such images may also be used for divination following the same process.

Sigils may be liminally reified. In this case a pictograph or, preferably, a photo-image is used as the key. Once the Liminal Gnosis has been entered and the desire begun to fulfill itself in that reality, the magician allows sleep to intervene, this time in the Temple, not in his bed. This is an unusually good sigilisation technique since the main barrier to successful sigilisation is the interference of the conscious function and its constant dialogue. In sleep this cannot happen and the desire becomes real on whichever plane is intended.

The faculty which some adepts have called the 'magical memory' can be more easily stimulated in the Liminal Gnosis than in any other state. The magician locates the earliest incident he can positively remember and uses this as the key. The images which flow from this assist the location of previous incidents which can, in turn, be used as keys to regress ad infinitum.

The Liminal Gnosis may also be used to explore the paths of the Tree of Life, the elements, the Enochian Aethyrs and the Egyptian god-forms.

It may be used to come to an understanding of the pseudo-magical powers of levitation, analgesia and control over others.

The magician who practices these techniques will readily realize that the state of mind entered through the Liminal Gnosis is the only state of

mind in which magick can be successfully performed. It is referred to as 'Liminal' only when it is achieved in the manner outlined above.

### **Banishing**

To expect a person to derive benefit from a written ritual of someone else's devising would be bizarre and arrogant. No two magicians, not even members of the same order, could be expected to react in the same way to an arrangement of actions and words. Declarations of intention must of course be agreed upon but there absolute agreement must end.

This is one reason why magicians tend to find group work tedious - their point of view can never be perfectly expressed in such an environment. But in group working the individuals ability to summon up energy increases exponentially according to the number in the group so, clearly, the chief adept of the group treads a fil rouge between disheartening his members and achieving dynamic results.

In some cases this difficulty can be circumvented by avoiding the use of set invocations and set ritual altogether. Group sigilisation, for instance, once the sigil has been designed to the satisfaction of all concerned, might make use of the gnosés of laughter, overbreathing, mantra, sex and so on, instead of formalised ritual, in order to focus the group will on the image and to lose it in the group subconscious.

Before beginning to work with belief constructs though, the individual or group must take steps to ensure that belief is not suspended permanently. This is al ways done with some kind of banishing ritual without which no magician can work successfully. Its functions are fivefold.

- a) At the beginning of a working it serves to change his mode from the pragmatic to the receptive.
- b) It clears his mind of all activity not connected with the working.
- c) It clears an area in space/time in which he can safely display his vulnerability, that is, allow his personality-defense system to drop.
- d) It prepares him for a possible suspension of disbelief.
- e) It acts as a demarcation between the plastic astral nature of the universe~ to which he will return to continue his daily affairs. That is, it prevents obsession.

Clearly, if a ritual is to fulfill all these functions it must have been performed habitually, daily over an extended period of time. On each occasion, even when only 'practicing', it must be followed by some kind of working, even if that be only meditation, and it must be performed again afterwards. Only in this way can the magician make an automatic connection between the ritual and its purposes. When the magician considers that connection between the ritual and he can safely progress onto workings of greater importance to him.

A banishing ritual is symbolic, that is to say it relies upon deep-seated elements from the magicians imagination and subconscious in order to achieve its effect. It is impossible merely to think oneself into the right state of mind - devices of some nature are unavoidable.

A list of such devices would be infinite. There are some, however, which appear to have had an almost archetypal attraction in the past and these serve here as examples.

1) The circle. Infinite and impregnable, an expression of the early gods, the circle can be cast with the magician egocentrically at its centre. A symbol of timelessness, and therefore outside of time, it can also be considered as the point where a protective sphere in which the magician stands intersects the ground. It is a womb in which ideas ferment and mature.

2) The Elements. The number four was traditionally understood to be representative of stability and equilibrium. Also of rational change. The thinkers of classical times classified all things real or imaginary, concrete or abstract, under the auspices of the four elements.

3) The Pentagram. As a symbol the five-pointed star is usually explained as representing the dominion of the spirit of man over the base elements. Of course this is very effective in a banishing ritual but other significances of the pentagram should not be overlooked.

4) God-forms or Guardian-forms of one sort or another have invariably been used. Forms appropriate to the disposition of the magician should be chosen or created prudently. Sexual images, being perhaps the easiest to visualize, can be used with effect.

5) There is no reason why the English language should not be used. Its potency in magick is unequalled.

It is impossible to reproduce a scientific experiment. In the same way it is impossible to recreate a ritual of any sort time and again and expect

to achieve similitude of reaction either in solo workings or in group workings. Different stimuli before workings and the expectations of varied workings demand that the banishings serve to operate within the prevailing mind-conditions and environment and this precludes the use of rigid pre-set forms. In any case, the mindless repetition of actions and words serves only dogma - the letter and not the spirit.

The magician or chief adept must have the ability to approach each operation with pristine freshness and to a certain extent his intention should be expressed directly from the seat of non-duality, that is, autoschediastically. If this were not so the function of the banishing described at b), above, could be served only by extremely complex devices and, in concentrating on these, the magician would lose sight of his intention.

In this case, why should it be necessary to plan the basic form and content of the rite at all? Firstly, there are few people who are capable of improvising a rite with specific intentions. Second, and more important, in group workings the chief adept caters for the group mind, using consensus elements as the bare bones on which to build a rite which, in effect, none of the celebrants has heard before and yet which satisfies the intellect and the instinct of each individual.

Examples of banishing rituals will be found in most source books on magick. Of these the most commonly given is the masonic and pseudo-qabalistic Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. Whilst this is of some interest its greatest value is as a model as is also the case with the following examples.

EX. I. A circle of appropriate size is cast using ashes, chalk, rope or some other readily available substance. It is sanctified by the powers of the elements. A pentagram is drawn on a large scale in the air at the four quarters using an appropriate weapon. The name of the element opposite to each quarter is vibrated as the pentagram is visualized as blazing in a colour, suitable to the element. The quarter of the East is dealt with first and the magician returns to face that direction on completing this task.

Standing with his arms crossed over his chest the magician visualizes,



- a) a naked goddess with blue wings before him.
- b) a naked goddess with silver wings behind him.
- c) a naked goddess with red wings to his right.
- d) a naked goddess with yellow wings to his left.

Each of these he refers to as the goddess of the element to which he has ascribed her. The tips of their outstretched wings touch to form a square which tangents the circle at the points of meeting.

Maintaining this visualisation and holding the dagger above his head he declares "Above me the Blazing Star. Around me the elements of power Beneath me the circle of stability."

He pauses to reinforce these notions and then passes on to the openings or closings.

EX. II. The magician visualizes himself as standing on a platform which bisects a perspex sphere motionless in the darkness of space. Electronically he inscribes the sigils of the cardinal points and the Zenith onto the perspex in appropriate electric colours. His invocations summon five spacecraft which approach their own sigils and remain on guard until licensed to depart.

It was observed above that a banishing ritual relies upon deep-seated elements from the magicians subconscious in order to achieve its effect. To use someone else's elements for any ritual is rather like wearing another persons' shoes. Uncomfortable and sometimes dangerous. But often it is difficult for the intellect to recognize those symbols and archetypes which have a direct and powerful influence on his whole being. For this reason it may be useful to use the Liminal Gnosis to explore the subconscious function for associated imagery and using sign or symbol of banishing as an entry point. The received images being totally personal, and for that reason powerful, may then be incorporated into a rite far greater than the sum of its parts.

### **Encore**

1. Anything which is not egocentric is dead.
2. Anything which can be perceived is real.
3. Something which cannot be perceived is not necessarily unreal.

4. Try everything at least twice. This instruction precludes such activities as suicide which can only be committed once. Suicide attempts are, of course permitted.
5. Ignore all left and right signs. These serve only to confuse, since stage right is audience left and vice-versa.
6. Lay as many ghosts as possible.
7. Never expose your pentacles.
8. Will is unity of desire.
9. When visiting the local coven be sure to take a shilling for the meter.
10. Magick is the violation of probability.

### **Exeunt**

1. Magick is the enemy of religion only when that religion relies on faith since faith is not permitted to ask the question 'Why?'. The statement that the two paths are enemies should not be understood to infer that either is good or bad since this can only be judged in context by result.

It would be as ridiculous for a man whose faith is very strong to attempt the way of the skeptic as it would for the skeptic to force a faith into himself.

2. There is nothing like a war to pull a nation together. United by hatred, a common ideal, fear of danger and fear of the unknown, the nation becomes a powerful, coordinated unit. The greatest advances in science and technology happen in times of crisis when little time or money can be afforded.

Artificial crises induced in himself by himself, or, with his permission by others, have the same effects on the individual. These crisis or gnoses may have lasting effects depending on the method used. They need not be dangerous, merely extraordinary, moving his mind to areas he has not previously explored.

3. Thanateros also means 'poison'.

4. Alternatively he might call upon the archangelic guardians of the Apiru, Raphael, Gabriel, Michael, Auriel, or the protective goddesses of Khem, Isis, Nepthys, Nekhebet, Vatchet.

5. As a point of interest, Hekat was the frog-goddess of Egypt, the frog being a creature beloved of the traditional western European witch, the adorer of Hecate.

Since this is my book I won't put another's full book. If you would like to read Ray Sherwin's "Theatre of Magick," I recommend it.

## **Chapter Eight: Chaos Magick Or Becoming Adept in Chaos Magick**

As you perform more sigils, banishings, whatever floats your boat, you begin to learn the structures of how Chaos Magic is performed, you feel there is a voluntary want in keeping a magick journal or diary. Keeping track of what (rituals, spells, sigils) you've done. You begin exploring such great feats as maybe now you've become a self prescribed, self diagnosed adept in chaos magick.

1. If in fact people that you have consulted on the particular subject of Chaos and affiliates have started to accept you for this, you have become an adept.
2. If you were to take an unsuspecting sudden interest in anything people bring up, accept and respect their decision on that issue, you have become adept.
3. Taking up studying neuroscience, psychology, mathematical theories, and/or transhumanism, are definitely adept.
4. If you thought this to be funny, I would like to know what your gnosis instiller is.

Though on a different note, many humans who self assure them selves of a potential production of the mind, we begin to procreate our own vision that consists of how we would live our lives. Most of the population would never once thing there is a proposition in Chaos Magick or subjects there of. This majority of humanity consists of thinking Chaos is disorder. Well disorder contains it's meaning in Chaos, but any Chaote will tell you after they get to know you that indeed Chaos is more so representing a void in which contains a formless form that takes on the diligent non-conscience act of formation of Primordial beginnings with in the life forms that which are existent today, which in turn creates confusion of some sequential objective. This is actually my meaning, but others have different though very similar. Taking this into your thoughts. If you haven't studied enough, then in fact this long ass paragraph has confused you, and has created a formulation of chaos with in your neuro-structures.

Now I shall return to those maxims in the fist or four chapter(s) in the book.

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# **Part Two: Anarchy**

# **Chapter Nine: Officially Chapter Five**

## **More Maxims**

### **Or**

### **A Story (Part Two)**

#### 30. Suddenly It Came (Part Three)

I awoke in a darkened room, I coughed due to the dust with in the post apocalyptic air. A man's voice travels though the air, "Now that you are awake, I shall tell you the statistical data that we have come up with in the last seven years." The man stated.

*Seven years, what happened to me?*

"It took us two years to find you, Cthulhu left this planet, your Capeditiea become in power though it has created an anti-Capeditiean group called 'The Exterminators' they wish to seek you and kill all against their faith. Growing fast, they have taken over most of what was Asia and Europe."

"Who are you? Where am I?"

"I'll get to that. You were shot and..."

"I know that."

"Okay..." the man continued, "about two years ago, they contacted me to test a new bionic system on you"

A gun suddenly forms in my left arm, Sweet! I point the gun where his voice was, "WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!"

"My name, ma'am, is Robert Bisno. I am the one who has given you immortality."

I was astonished that he was not taken by surprize Maybe he knew I would have this shock, "So, tell me Robert, what all have you installed me with?"

#### 31. The Newly Designed Product

Are you tired of being completely human?

Have you wished you could have some awesome, shit that makes you into an advanced bionic system?

We have the answer for you,

Hi my name is Robert Bisno, I have designed a product which gives you a new life. All you have to do is fill an application, and we will let you know if you are qualified.

32. Application for the product

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

What upgrades would you like? (Pick from our pamphlet)

Why would you want these upgrades?

33. Suddenly It Came (Part Four)

Robert Bisno started explaining what he had installed me with. "Cyn, I have given you a Neuro-thought transformation system which allows you to change any feature of your body. You have a Carbon based bone structure, a wifi connection system, a solar / lunar charging systems, so you wouldn't have to charge anything at all. A GPS mapping system, so you're never lost. You have binocular eyes with the upgrades of thermal and night visions. O you can see at any time, or distance needed. You still have your brain, which grants you with what ever was in your memory. So you have the basics, but the prototype of the Neuro-thought transformation system. So currently you are the most wanted and the most powerful humanoid around."

"Woah, so that means I am immortal?"

"Ya."

"And I can do anything necessary? Do you know which fucker shot me?"

"Yes, He goes my Reddrick Fazor."

34. A PSA from the leader of the Exterminators

My Family was killed by Cthulhu's Deep Ones,

We now have a new enemy,

Capeditieans!

They will pay.

Reddrick Fazor here, 235 million us dollars, to find Robert Bisno or Cyn Chaote and bring them both to me alive.



## Chapter Ten: Formations

### 35. The Forth Sign of Anarchy (of the Eight)

Shoving people, pulled one way or the other,  
Why the sudden bother?  
Finding media coming back only to shut us down,  
Making us frown,  
Sounds flowing through the air,  
The cold dark night gives off a flare,  
War breaking loose, tragedy strikes,  
The young are confused,  
They begin to fight in the hereditary masses,  
Revolting once again,  
To see how a moment of peace would persist,  
I insist.

### 36. The Butterfly

Flapping it's wings causing hurricanes,  
The thought, adrenalines my veins,  
Widespread wherever you go,  
The Creature of Duality Shall Show.

### 37. Uprising

Secrets, inspiring an uprising,  
Shakedowns by the authority,  
Making their ways toward conformity,  
Killing away those who don't conform,  
Considering us all a species of a worm,  
Anarchy, we thought would stay,  
But they're not ready for individuality,  
Two sides once again,  
Schrodinger's cat seems like a plausible example,  
Take a clue of the experience, make a sample.

\*50/50 chance, broken down to 25/25/50, broken down to 12.5/12.5/25/50, so on so forth.

### 38. Heresy Drones

People stretching the truth, gossiping,  
Shunning for their own entertainment, get a life,  
Not one of the tabloids, one that is productive,  
Drones, gossiping about the latest drama,  
Why not talk about making the world a better place?  
I don't wanna hear about the latest style,  
Fuck fashion, are you stupid? Damn heresy drones,  
Lying to our faces to make us feel better by giving empty promises,  
Talking about me behind my back,  
Acting as the nicest person when around me.  
You have no one to turn to since you use those who are kind,  
You're fake, and fake people are sad,  
You worry about how you look and what people think of you,  
You love to hate me, I see right through your bullshit,  
This is about who stays with the latest fashion and ridicules others.

### 39. Time is of the Essence

Here we are again,  
Feeling all the pain,  
Shedding the happiness away,  
Shaving away the pieces, so to say,  
What have you done today?  
Wars break loose, people begin putting up the noose,  
Taking the words, time is of the essence,  
Leaving them all in your subconscious,  
It's placed into the category of magick and science,  
A difference starts all the violence,  
Thus creating consequences,  
Taking shape in a form of compliance,  
Authorities try offering a way to stay away from defiance,  
Were back to violence,  
Guns are authorities appliance,  
Words are our accomplice,  
Streets filling with disorder,  
Fires, gun shots, so many lost,  
Shielded by the border,  
They have an advantage,  
It is truly our stage,  
It's our war to wage,

The aftermath, Earth taken for granted,  
Cinders and ash, litter and bullets, the scene can be painted,  
Lust for power, everyone's weakness,  
Creating a pyramid peakless,  
Where could Anarchy fit in?  
Where would Anarchy Begin?

40. Time / Conscious / Fuck / Lust / Doubt / Science / Magick / Form  
The relative matter taken,  
All is forsaken,  
Trust becomes natural,  
Thus forms a new fractal,  
Creating an opposing element,  
Proving theories evident,  
Willing what ever is needed,  
Thus we have conceded.

#### 41. Rationality

Losing my mind trying to talk with you,  
Interrupting when I try to speak, Interrupting my train of thought,  
Fuck you nothing is there, My mind is gone, gone with out a trace.

## **Chapter Eleven: A Story (Part Three)**

42. Suddenly we came (Part Five: Worldwide events)

After Cthulhu left, the population of humanity went dramatically down to 1.8 billion. The Nations of Earth decided to unite to bring the forces together to try to kill Cthulhu. The UN decided a nuke may stop him, failed. The nuke instead kill million in an two thousand kilometer radius. Five group of people were formed, the Exterminators, the Supremists, the Sigils, the Dogmatics, and the Capeditiea.

The Exterminators are the foes of the Capeditiea, the founder Reddrick Faser had become outraged by the founder of Capeditiea, Cyn Chaote had pointed out his family to the deep ones. His followers consist of a whopping 300 million, most of which are military trained and out hunting the Capeditiea forces. They are located in the Americas.

Reddrick has made allies with the Supremists, who were form Nix Reese, a former Neo-Nazi who hound out about a more degenerative race than those fags, niggers, spicks... The Capeditiea. The Supremists have taken power of what was once Africa and Australia, and have a dwindling population of almost 100 million.

The Sigils ate only a few, the Dogmatics have sought to kill off as many as possible. While the Dogmatics are still in a democracy, in the Dogmatic States of the East, which was once Europe and Asia. The only other people who know of the importance of the Sigils are the Capeditiea, which poses a threat against the Dogmatics. The Sigils population are unknown and are not included in the population.

The Dogmatics only true allies and enemies are the Sigils, which would jeopardize their operation. Their population is a staggering 1.4 billion, creating a massive source of power. They are currently taking on their goal of making everyone a Dogmatic. Recently they have started in what was once North America., to take control. There are a few undercover Sigils.

The Capeditia are an immortal bionic transhuman race only a few dozen exist. Robert Bisno is the leading specialist, and has taken in Cyn Chaote to help. The Capeditia are in an undisclosed lab.

## **Chapter Twelve: Conspiracy or is it?**

### 43. The Fifth Sign of Anarchy (of the Eight)

Will the complaining madness ever end?

Media taking over the world,

Shattered through the conscious,

This is not at all real.

We have been lied to, to stray from the government,

Anarchy is folklore,

Capeditia is false 1000%

Don't listen to Cyn Chaote,

She Knows Nothing!

### 44. The Sixth Sign of Anarchy (of the Eight)

These superpowers,

The Government helps lower crime,

Religion will heal you,

Entertainment is watching TV and using Social Networking sites.

The enemies are the Anons.

Listen to me for I have made my call.

## **Chapter Thirteen: Officially Chapter Six: A Life's Story from Ages 12 to 21 or What really made me an Anarchist.**

Wearing long johns, underneath some pants, no panties or as men like to call it, underwear. I was on my way to school as I suddenly remembered, I had to change in gym, I would be picked on by this factor and hearing my dad telling me to be good in school. This created some sort of anxiety in me, so I asked a friend if he would skip school with me on this cold Friday in January.

January.... this month appears a few times through out my life.

I had fun doing my own thing for those days, when an officer stopped my walking home, which he did not believe for some odd reason. THOSE FUCKS! He then took me to the police station, and my parents had come, brought me home. A few weeks later, I was charged with truancy and runaway. Wow, now they consider me a flight risk.

This had happened a few more times, until they brought me to an alternative school. I met a friend the first day, first actual friend, yay. So I started hanging out. When ever I got into an argument with my dad, I would predictably go there, for three reasons. Solace, allowed to be my self, (female) and getting my fix of sexual fantasies. (just thinking about it actually angers me. So I shall use the fucker's real name, and leave out the two others. Understand? Good.

Anyways Chester Kennel (aka Chet) started molesting me on New Years eve in 2002 I don't know why I kept going back, I just did. Here and there I would stay away from him due to the over usage of me for sexual purposes. At first it was really weird. After this before knowing a lick of magick. I cursed him, the next week he received a rupture in his large belly. I sorta willed harm to him and it worked. It really worked. As I write this I think I subconsciously was seeing the progress. He told me "this was our little secret."

On the third in January, Chet and his wife, as well as my friend were arguing on how I would contact my parents. I already formulated a plan. It was simple get to target and call them. As I was waiting in the car the officers retrieved me, cuffed me, took me home. Yet another truancy and runaway. FUCK! This time was just a charge, the next was worse.

While sitting on the couch at Chet's, I didn't go home for the full weekend and spring break. I was walking to a store, the cops noticed me and started harping me about how my parents miss me, making me feel bad. For some reason this it s the only thing I remember I have no clue why. I was put on house arrest. It is like it was extracted from my brain, what is it that they don't want me to know. I started to cooperate with them, plying them. What is a Paranoid Sociopath with Aspies supposed to do? I got off house arrest in minimal time. Graduated, went to a very nice pay job, got fired the day after being penetrated by Chet. The first time I was just too ashamed to bring it up that I may be gay. So after everyone fell asleep I walked to a friends. He had me meet a friend of his who went to school with him. This friend befriended me, smoked a gnosis instiller with me. He ended up stealing some chicks purse, and blaming it on an equally qualified individual who never liked me. So guess who's side I was on?

The two friends mentioned above and I had an idea to steal shit from my parents. It was mostly the one who stole the purses idea, but I took the blame. I was that fucker's patsy. Ended up paying a fine. I was warned to not come back to that court room or I will spend jail time.

In January 2006, I took the family car of Chet's. I ended up in jail for 132 days, got out. Got time served to a Class One Misdemeanor Theft by Unlawful taking. I was pissed at the government going against my religious views of the Norse Mythos. So I decided to take action.

I did a little research and found a DUI was more frowned upon that previous accounts, so I went and got caught, I called up Chet after being released, stayed there for a couple of week. ( I left out much on how I decided to start coming back there.) Part of my plan.

As I formulated this plan, I stopped getting in trouble. This book will be released to the public a year before the statue of limitations is in effect. The Date. July 6, 2012.



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## **Chapter Fourteen: Officially Chapter Seven: The Anarchist way or The Anarchist Pipedream.**

About 95% of the anarchist can agree the government is full of bullshit, as well as a controlling drama that creates a system that nullifies people's individual morals. (85% of this full book is common knowledge, Book three will be more informative on this subject. So I shall proceed with the common knowledge.)

There are several types of Anarchist, I am an Anarcha-Transhumanist. What this instates is that I prefer to have nothing ran by the government, having our own moral, along with the futuristic bionic cyrogenetics. It is not saying to implant a chip to be known. Like the many references in the Book of Revelation of the bible. Think of Astrology, Dues EX: Human Revolution, AI, iRobot, Fifth Element, the list goes on. Mainly all this technology brought into focus to where you can have a choice of installing those. It would mean there is no currency of any kind. Much like a Utopia.

The next group is the Anarcho-Equalists, mainly the ones who are fed up with the government for putting religious stipulations on marriage, putting color in as a reason for some stereotypical manner. Mainly it is an Anarchy for the Minorities who have been mistreated by the government. There are different sects for this to occur. Which if this fits into your category, you can look up more info pretty easily.

The third group is the Social Anarchist, which are basically "the strong survive" complex. These Anarchist usually take out the word social, since they feel any other anarchy is not as effective. They can be called the revolutionaries, with the Taoist saying, "Action with no action." Sitting back watching the authorities show their own misfortunes. (Before I go on I will have a lot more on the different groups in full in Book Three.)

The last one I shall discuss in this book are the Anarchy Wannabes. They shout out “We want Anarchy!” with out even knowing any of what is in this chapter.

Even though I have given each of them my own names for it, I made it easier to understand our “pipe dreams.” I will have the next chapter and the novel to finish Part Two and to start some of the action. (I personally know my reason, on why I am having this book so chaotically diverse, let’s see if you can figure it out. This I will tell you in book Three as well.)

## **Chapter Fifteen: Officially Chapter Eight: Human Evolution or Immortality: Medical's Worst Nightmare**

Our technology, today can become similar structure forms of assimilation that the creation of such topics create, that we have become gods. Immortality is possible. We just need to augment everything but your own brain. It can be free if you let it. This is the future of life as we know it. Now read this paragraph a few hundred times, you'll believe it.

Now as I have the pen writing, it allows and ink that appears like magick. You know how they try not making it happen, but any doctor is a magickian, they just don't know it yet.

I am on of the many that the medical industry would work on truing to disprove and shut us down, the government does this as well. Sadly this will be published, then hundreds will have a copy. Then put the notice that it is fiction, I choose not to put this book in a specific category, so I will put it in Sci-fi and Fiction.

Depending on how you would perceive this book is how it is meant to be perceived. Jus saying the name of this Book Series would create a justified reason that you have read this, it means they have read it. The matter of hand is there is no reality. It is only your choice to discern your reality, if there is such a thing. In the next chapter I would further you with some chaotic thought while giving you an experience of the gnosis state. Breaking it down from reality to non-reality to reality or something like that. Let's call this a paradigm shift.

## **Chapter Sixteen: How to know gnosis or Instructions on how to get into a gnosis state thinking with out using “illegal drugs” (aka gnosis instillers)**

I shall use one of my maxims from Chapter Two called “Void” I will break it apart and show you, to the eight circuit of “The Void”. Since it is one of the more challenging ones.

The Void  
Staring at the darkness,  
I only see emptiness,  
Void of all but the night stars,  
Void of all colors,  
Void of everything,  
The Void is what allows us to sing,

The first circuit contains primitive thought, making it mean nothing. When you realize that there is something more to it, it become difficult. The only tangible thing it could be is outer space. As you place your head into the primordial gutter sing it represents a form of orgasm, but how can this be an orgasm? You think on this as long as it takes to inform your self that it represents all four, nothing, time, space, orgasm, but we must not forget the name the void, so there is the fifth. Now what about the other three?

Once you figure out the fifth you suddenly suspect there is no other thought upon it, thus giving you the sixth, thoughtform, and more so “No Though, No Problem.” So there is the word No. Then... Chaos Happens.

# **Part Three: Peace**

## **Chapter Seventeen: Officially Chapter Nine: How Peace is Formed (Socially) or Why Must we argue?**

This part and the next part or shall I say Part Three Peace and Part Four Equality will be short. Just three official chapters in this one and one for part four. I will combine the maxims into this chapter, there are a few of them.

Now how is there to be a possibility of peace? Simple answer. Stop disagreeing with others. Now if you would kindly look at the Chaosphere, notice how there are eight points extending outward.

I shall start out by doing the complete opposing element of peace, we all like to call it war. Now how does war start? There are three maintainable answers to this:

1. A resource that the promoter of the war does not have
2. A disagreement.
3. Hatred.

Now let's bring it a little closer to home. 60% of the families in the united states have an argument at least once a night. This is the only country that is higher than 50%. The countries below 10% are either too hungry, not suffering from problems, at work, not having domestic problems. The interweb may cause a rise in other countries. The 40% will think this is absurd and would rebuke it as heresy. Is it?

Let's see this as a hope lost. Say you wanted something as a kid, like for xmas or your birthday. Do you remember the disappointment when you did not get it? It is human nature to have disappointment. Sadly people who suffer from this governmental control known as poverty. So now as their child sees the stressful times from their parents, they tend to relate this to how they deal with things, so since they were raised in anger, what are they prone to do?

Okay so I talked about the major part of the 60%. Which if we were to break down the process of this all, (I am going to proceed with the American life style, Book three will mention more countries more.

In America , we have seven groups of people (with the percentages)

1. Homeless (5%)
2. Poverty (30%)
3. Working Class (30%)
4. Lower Middle Class (15%)
5. Middle Class (10%)
6. Upper Middle Class (9%)
7. Rich (1%)

The homeless have barely any problems, though it is usually “Fuck, I have nothing, nothing to live for, Shut up!” the rich look at them with disgust, while the homeless go and hate the rich out of some form of jealousy. The homeless don’t really care about what goes on but what is around them, some end up in the perceived ditch. They don’t have a place in the obits. Some often will actually do a crime in the winter to stay warm, some will end up lucky and have a second chance at being someone. People in the lower, upper, and middle classes don’t really care even though they say they do. They have all their video games, televisions, music, what ever keeps them busy. It is these people who will grant them some hope, but since they will stop thinking about the homeless as soon as they leave the situation, they go back and do their bullshit. The working class and the ones in poverty are unlikely to hate them, they tend to befriend them, take them to different food pantries, dinners, etc.

Now what can we learn from the homeless? Easy... They can survive, they are the ones to survive once the extinction of the human race begins. So ask them how they do it, and to experience it.

The ones in poverty happen to bring a focus to how this world will turn out. Really soon they will be taken away and used just to flip burgers. They will make the ones take orders from the rich. The ones in poverty are the ones who have more ideas for a better world, but they suspect it is hopeless. So they tend to not provide them selves. So they are stuck working part time, and living barely from paycheck to paycheck. They use their money on food, housing, and drugs. Stuck in a lusteus system for wanting more. The ones in the working class scenario, work two to



three jobs to pay for their families. I place both these classes together for the main reason I consider them, the general population.

I am all for the escalating prices of things, mainly for this reason. Soon the prices will increase to where Anarchy would begin to become the next thing in all three levels of middle class..

#### 45. The Seventh Sign of Anarchy (of the Eight)

Several years pass, we shall be free,  
Nothing will stop us now, or at least with out a fee,  
Due to all the burning of currency,  
The rich losing power, sorry.  
Just one more sign of anarchy.

Now we shall discuss rationally about the three middle classes. They are awfully disgusted by the homeless, which in turn they pray to this one guy they call Jesus, who happens to be a god. Go figure. They say that this god can help them, and such. So quite often they believe these people, but little did the homeless know, that they themselves would end up having to do it all themselves. Sad how these middle classes are. This form of middle is great in numbers, but not very often you'll see one who is an occultist. A part of me says that Christians, the government, and the media are all formulating a plan to take over the world! Will you let them do this?

While the middle class are always worried if they will lose their job, they are also confined in this form of thought: to lock their doors, someone can rob us. Holy Shit! There is a black guy walking the streets at 6:00PM. He's looking to steal something, is that siren? Damn kids going out and hanging out long hours of the night, when I am trying to sleep, fuck you I am trying to sleep. Can I get this? No (A temper tantrum happens.)

FUCKING CONSERVATIVE FUCKS! They have more money and income than 65% of America, and they are worried about all this frivolous shit? No wonder they age and get lazy. I am just waiting for the day to come when this occurs, and it will. The rich will have no servants. They will end up just like the rest of us.

Earlier in this chapter I mentioned that Part three will only be three official chapters with a few maxims. After these maxims I will continue with my life story, then after that Suddenly We Came.

#### 46. Peace

How's your life?  
Is it full of strife?  
This is gonna suck,  
Not because of a blatant moment,  
Because you gotta think,  
Not a compliment,  
Just hear me out,  
Find out what I am about,  
If I was to repeat the word peace several times,  
Would you listen?  
Creativity has died away,  
Shadows fly towards nothing,  
Too much nullifying.

#### 47. Epic Proportions

Seeing the way the world works,  
How often I see people care not always care,  
Walking down the streets seeing people ridicule each other,  
No one wants to walk in another's shoes,  
If you don't like it when someone does or says something to you,  
Do you thing they will?

## **Chapter Eighteen: Officially Chapter Ten**

### **What caused me to think about peace in my life. Ages 19 to 24**

It has been several weeks of having no job, and quit meth temporarily. I was on LSD for the first time. Only three times... so far.

The field covered with octorine grass. I begin to wonder what will happen next, suddenly as I thought that, there was a flower, white in color, no it changed to pink. Transformed into a pussy, "hmmmm." I thought, A pussywillow." Suddenly Goku appeared in front of me, and said, "Stay back, I am in a serious battle with this creature called Pikachu." I could swear to this day, Pikachu is watching me. I seen Pikachu electrocute Goku. Goku fell to his knees. As this happened, I was asked by Yugi Motto to play cards with me. Then I was struck in the back with a rock. As I seen waves of color, my reality shifted, I was at my friend's house. Sat down on this giant cat, it was where the couch used to be. This friend happens to be a thud. FUCKERS! I was called by the closet gnomes to join them, so I did. Fuck the ground changed into lava. I tried having my thud friend help. He failed to and like all thuds secret power, he sobered me, and he never will get any LSD from me.

The Second tripp was much more enlightening. It was a bad tripp. I will not mention the third one, since it was not until after I decided to write this book, which is already in maxims 1 - 11. Randomly. So it was only a trip just to let you know. I was speaking to an Angel so now I shall tell you the second tripp.

Sitting down on a shifting color of a couch. I started experiencing this euphoria, which creates a rivalry in the two sides of my brain, they were armies against each other, a battlefield inside my head. So I logically sent in the Buddha, which allowed some peace. The Buddha told me, "What use is having an inner battle with in you? There is plenty with out, shut up about this battle and see that there is more battles to be fought." I though "this doesn't sound like the Buddha would say this, maybe Captain Planet. Lo and behold, Captain Planet formed from the Buddha.

Captain Planet flew around what looks like the inside of my body. Starts explaining very scientifically the war inside my body. "You see your brain is not the only thing in your body, there is the battle between disease and T-Cells. If you get AIDS your T-Cells go lower and die."

"I don't want that to happen Captain Planet

"Well as long as you don't have sex or have sex using safety, you'll lessen your chances. You see your lungs, and that black gunk in there? Well this is tar from the build up of smoking that cigarette, that you are smoking right now."

"I'm not smo... o yeah, I am."

"This is your liver, it seems to be in check, but if you drink this will happen."

"What about acid? Shrooms? Weed?"

"They are fine."

"Meth? Heroin? Ecstasy?"

"Everything is permitted, but you'll have to suffer if you do those three."

Suddenly, Hunter S. Thompson comes and asks me for a light. "Here try this." He hands me these mushrooms, "Go ahead, put 'em in your mouth" "Okay" He sits, stares at me and explodes, from this explosion. I see a giant burrito, I say, "woah." The burrito gets up and leaves the room.

The room darkens, I am bombarded by these little three-inch human creatures, they started attacking me, I was screaming or whispering, can't tell which. Suddenly a figure walks in the room asking, "What the fuck are you yelling about? Stay quiet."

The figure leaves, "You know you're fucked up right?"

"Buddha, where's Captain Planet?"

He's around, but I need to tell you on thing before I let you smoke this."

"Okay."

"Stay calm and don't go outside, what ever you do."

"I am kinda scared to, there is a slaughter house where people are fucking out there."

"If that is what will keep you in..."

New reporters appear in the room talking about the war on Iraq. How did I get to Iraq? Bombs flying everywhere, fuck! Must run. I go to what I thought was this cave entrance, and several people are looking at me with these snake like eyes, "You're eyes are like snakes."

I run to a tree, the tree grabs me, fuck! I am brought inside the cave, placed upon a bed and the tree tells me, "Calm down you're having a bad tripp." As I calm, the tree slowly forms into my watcher. I lay in bed for a few hours experiencing euphoria. "That's it I shall be a peace advocate."

# **Chapter Nineteen: Officially Chapter Eleven: Superficially Chapter One Suddenly We Came: Prologue.**

Our main character, Cyn Chaote was the first to witness the attacks of Cthulhu and his mob of deep ones. She went around helping Cthulhu and his gang of Deep Ones seek out humans.

After the creation of this order known as the Exterminators, Who sought one thing... To kill all who are on Cthulhu's side. Some one found Cyn, and shot her.

She goes into a coma for seven years. A friend of hers, Robert Bisno found Cyn and enhanced her with the latest augmentations. Finds out Robert named this association by the name of her book, put out several years before. Capeditiea. Now she is on search to eliminate the Exterminators.

## **Chapter Twenty: Superficially Chapter Two Suddenly We Came: Chapter One Year 7 (2022) Feb. 22.**

This is unlike anything I have ever experienced, I am now 60% bionic. From what Robert Bisno tells me, I was shot five times, two in the chest, one in my stomach, one in my left shoulder, and one in my right eye. The two in my chest hit one of my lungs and collapsed it. While the other was lodged in my breast bone. The one in my stomach destroyed my stomach and caused severe damage in my abdomen. The one that struck my shoulder shattered it beyond repair. The one in my right eye lodged itself in my inner skull just grazing my five senses part of the brain.

What Robert has done for my recovery, will shock you in the time of reading this. My organs were replaced by the necessary components of remaining active, for instance breathing. My left arm was replaced by a morphing mechanic arm, allowing me to morph it from hand to laser gun and back, from whatever my will, would desire.

My Right eye was replaced by a prototype eye, that would grant the blind to see, but the reason my eye is a prototype, so I could willingly zoom in and out to see as far as needed. While he was at it he also replaced my left eye, for high peak performance. He also altered my skin into a nanoflesh alloy, that would heal within forty seconds. He gave me a sexy plump body, nicely shaped breast, and a perfect vagina replica. Which I will soon find out that I can feel pleasure as normal. The organic parts I have, are my brain and my vertebrae. Which still allows my memory to be in focus.

“Are you ready for your debriefing on the world events?” Robert asked, as I was sitting in his lab. “give me your right arm.” He placed a diskette in my arm. Suddenly the past seven years came into focus. Just don’t know why this world would be still the same. There are still wars, there is still a government, there is still religion. “Fuck there are 5 factions of folk!”

Yes and you must understand, that we have to face at least 400 million people.

“I know that.”  
Still Same ol’ Cyn.”

“Allison is in, Dr. Bisno,” said a female’s voice on the intercom.  
“Tell her I will be out in a bit, just finishing up Cyn’s tests.” Robert replied to the voice. Returning his focus to me, “You know Alison right?”  
“I don’t know, maybe.”  
Her last name you’ll recognize, Mass.”  
“I was hoping you would say her.”  
“Okay you will be able to see in about a half hour. I am going to go and talk to Allison about the update on this Spartan like war. If your eyes are completed, just sit there and I will be back soon after that.”  
What shall I do if you are not back?”  
“I set a few discs next to you to research just like I did earlier. There are eight of them. Four of them contain knowledge on many subjects, two on how to use your will for many instances, one on different strategies of war, the final is your favorite music. I also placed a joint and some DMT for you.”

I hear a door close, Robert’s gone. Why didn’t he put the music one in?  
Damn it.”



# Chapter Twenty One: Superficially Chapter Three

## Suddenly We Came: Chapter Two

Some time passes by, I am able to see. The disks are right where Robert said they were. They weren't labeled, "Go figure." I thought. I took the top one, downloaded it. Went through five of them, I started to wonder what Robert was talking about to Allison. I start the sixth, It is the music one.

Thirty Minutes ago:

"Hello Allison, How have you been?" Robert asked.

"There has been a disturbance with what the Supremists are planning, a fellow Sigil was shot and captured."

"How many are in that base?"

"About seventy, this does not cause a problem, do you think Cyn could help?"

"She's a bit busy with initial downloads. She could be ready with in a few hours."

Allison looked as though she was staring off into space, Robert waited. "I'm sorry but both of us are needing to go, now. I'll tell you on the way."

They left in Allison's car. While on the interstate, Allison debriefs Robert. The Supremist may be the least of our worries, they are causing the murders of Sigils and there is nothing more we can do but to send and army on them. I have consulted with the Dogmatics, and they are sending troops by the millions to take out the Supremist, in their own territory. Strange how the Dogmatics still have a governmental democracy. We have pin pointed exactly where Nix Reese is at. This location that we are heading is on of the two brigs they have set up in our territory."

## **Part Four: Equality**

### **Chapter Twenty Two: Officially Chapter Twelve: =**

The striving for equality is based on a minority of folk who, rarely fit in to the majority. Where this started was the Mass Burnings of Witches or those falsely accused to be witches. At this same era, Blacks were put into slave labor, and women could not vote. Damn could you imagine being an occultist black woman in the nineteenth century in the united colonies of America?

This chapter will be in depth since this is all that I will write on this subject.

Yes many people in the Americas suffered due to these accusations. Most of us can immediately point the finger at society, some will become heretics of some sort due to the false accusations that protestants have done. No wonder they have the highest suicide rate of any religion. Now what if in fact the witches deserved it? What if they really did do something horrible?

Most people realize that, they in turn find out these witches were, in fact innocent to most of any current crimes you can think of. Which it would look at the ones who were being pointed at and called a witch in a chanting statement, and knowing that if you help them get out, you too would be called a witch in the same chanting format. Then no matter your (age, race, gender, orientation) you would be burned at the stake. Ed Gien would have loved to live at this time.

So while looking at the equal sign, there are two bars, one on top one on bottom. (Eight Perspectives there as well.) One perspective is the crudest of all, but fits in perfectly.

One bar can represent the government, the other could represent the people. The people of crimes, they have equal rights, just not the perspective that you have for it. No matter what they look at you as a

criminal; so boom, after so many chances, jail is where you go. They may pick and choose through popular bias of the time.

While there is no justified reason for equality. There is more than just the courts to blame, there is society for one. There are the haters and the people them selves.

The witches tend to bring forth a new unforgiving “hatred” towards people of dogma. Well unfortunately Wicca, Satanism, and Christianity hate each others views.

Wiccan folk, go and say Satanism is too dark, and blame Christians for their losing of ranks. Their rede is “Harm Ye None.” They are nature driven, ecologists. The fallacies of which I stated are on the basic terms with out giving too much info on them. (Which you can learn about Wiccan If you would like)

Mainly Wicca are the ones who went through a Christian background, which in turn combines Christian and Pagan Values. Though they will always deny this and end up having a slight disagreement upon there valued paradigm.

Satanism has many different forms. They are theistic, the Archetype, and the Adolescent. The theistic maintains a strict system that in facts allows Satan to be their deity, they hate Christians and wish for them to be executed, but never really put it into focus. The Archetype Satanist is usually one who feels Satan is more of a representation of a way to live hedonistically. The late Anton LeVay points out much in his widely know plagiarized book. “The Satanic Bible” The adolescent Satanist put the label on them selves rating it a “cool factor” and probably never read anything on this subject.

The fallacies of theistic Satanism are they believe that the Christians stole their was from them, and would have been better if the plague of christiandom never existed. Sadly they are all talk, and are just making end’s meat.

The fallacies of Archetype Satanism are: they get blamed for any thing bad usually by Christians. They still have a dogmatic view.

If Satanists all around would start by being more individual, there would be no Satanism. Just worshipping a god or an archetype. You can learn more of this subject if you desire.

Christianity is what I like to call crosstianity. I also like to call it the easiest religion out there to learn. All you have to do is accept Jesus Christ as your savior.

The Fallacies of Christianity are simple. Hypocrisy, lies, attack non-believers. (Calling a Christian a Nazi is not a good choice. Though they do fall in those lines. Catch my knife?)

Christians preach, love one another, don't lie, and turn the other cheek. Loving one another, HOW? Maybe one of your own kind. Don't lie... Can any one say Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny? What is this they are talking about a holy war? They started burning witches, they accepted slave labor, they degrade women, they call homosexuality a sin... so are they following their procedures?

"What is not of God is Satan's work"

I must be of Satan then...

Huh, no wonder Satanists call them a plague.

I am done now on criticizing dogma.

Earlier you heard me say nigger, spick, faggot, well this is the reason, I consider them this way. A nigger is someone who would hold a grudge of slave labor, then use it against whites. Most of them will be either black supremist, like Malcolm X. I do like him though. He is an inspiring person, and has the Hitler style of paradigm. (this is the KKK's meaning.)

A nigger to another black person is just some one they consider as their brotha.

A spick is mainly one who takes all the labor jobs. (Funny how a nigger is against it.) (again a kkk meaning.)

A faggot is a gay person who flaunts out their faggotry. One who probably has AIDS, and is the worker of the devil. (A KKK meaning and a Baptist meaning.)

I won't push this subject any longer, since those who would take offence to this... If you did take offence please read Chapter Two again, dumbass.

Those three words have so much hate upon them. I was thinking of not using them at all, but I have reasons behind it. I mean only 40 years ago, they would say it. SO FUCKING WHAT! I am proud to be a tranny faggot.

Finally we have the women.

In many references of the Holy Bible, woman are nullified of their lives. Not very often women are considered equal in the scriptures of many mythos. He, He, He, He, He, yes, I understand that you use the word, the pronoun He, instead of She. Or S/He or as I like to say "their" So why not use their? It takes away the focus on one of the five genders that we have. O' I forgot, you only know two genders. Well there are five, male, female, male to female, female to male, and androgynous. If you would like to learn more of the political movement known as Feminism look it up.

# **Part Five: Discord**

**Chapter 23: Officially Chapter thirteen:  
“The knower does not speak,  
the speaker does not know.”  
– Lao Tse – Tao Te Ching  
or  
Insert Finger Here.**

1. First and fore most: DO NOT say fore on the golf course if there is a golf ball heading for someone’s head.... Do it after.
2. Do I dare say this is not the way to go?
3. It is not true unless it makes you laugh.
4. Thr is no frind anyhr... weeeee!
5. Be You, not ewe.
6. What? Okay, but where do I put it? I don’t know how that would turn out. (Conversation with Eris, She would not let me write what she said.)
7. Did you drink your table today?
8. Were there supposed to be three pigs?
9. The Burrito states “You are fucking blitzed off your ass dogg, here smoke this.”
10. How does this make me born yesterday? Unless yesterday occurred with a lapse of several years and suddenly ate a greeting card, which in turn allows me to turn into a dog. (the end result of talking with a thud)
11. Don’t troll your friends unless they troll you first.
12. I seemed to have lost my soda, Have you seen it? I’ve looked everywhere. It’s there in your hand. \*facepalm
13. Capeditiea is not for you if you have not read everything in a random fucking order or you have become strangely intoxicated and glanced through the part(s) that makes sense to you.
14. I was thinking there would be more outlets, but I cannot find one not used. I only have a television, a cable box, a radio, an amp, a couple of lamps, a phone charger, a laptop charger, a mp3 player charger, and I am trying to find an outlet to plug in my new air freshener. – First world Problems.
15. This Statement is false.

16. This statement is not true.
17. Where am I?

What form of conscience do I have to be in with you to not understand my book?

So now that we have handled you properly, I shall discuss to you the sheer fabrication of what is to go on about this thought that you (or is it I?) are having in this direct time.of [sic] existence that persists in a form of some huddlebe of some sort. Um... where was I? O yeah about that.

I feel asleep infront [sic] of a television program called Star Trek, I awokened [sic] to this other television program telling me that god can help you with whatever you need. Suddenly, someone whacked my forehead, It was Eris. She told me that I need to sleep either in a bed, a couch or a wall. Not in front of the machine that could brainwash me in to thinking this world is perfect and full of order. Somehow my hand moved sporadically over to the remote and turned it off. I then mumbled, "Okay, I'll go to my bed," and so I did.

A greyface will try to tell you this is wrong. No it is the other way around. A Discordian will try to tell you this is 555% Certified Bull shit.

Once long ago in a shower far, far away, there was a girl who had this fascination with her vagina, she descended upon the wall of the shower and felt her breasts, caressed them. Played with her nipples. She slowly moved her hand down to her bush. After finding her nice clit, she rubbed it in a vibrating motion, trying to keep quiet due to her parents staying in from out of town. She spreads the lips of her pussy, and inserts her middle finger. She is at the point of an orgasm, hear a knock, "Cyn, hurry the fuck up I need to go pee."



\*note to self  
get a place  
with two  
bathrooms.

As I wrote this down, I suddenly had the thought, “Holy fuck, What about the pizza I am burning!” BRB gotta get a pizza out of the oven.

Remember kids if it is against Eris, it is too seriously funny to be funnily serious.

# The Pee Song

I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee

This is my priority

I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee

This is my priority

I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee  
I gotta go pee

Fuck, I peed on the floor.

Instructions for the pee dance:

1. Run to the bathroom while chanting the pee song.
2. Jump or hop changing legs, chanting the pee song.
3. Go Pee
4. Give your signal of relief devoting to the Pee God Boobhockey.
5. Give thanks to Boobhockey.

The New Pantheon of Discord (No Order Necessary.)

Eris

Aneris

Loki

Prometheus

Ogniad

Kali

Boobhockey

Santa Claus

Easter Bunny

Donkey Kong

Boo (edited on 4/20/2012)

**I AM GONNA SAY THIS ONCE OR MORE!**

**“Do not eat something that says “do not eat!”**

The results can be deadly, or cause great discomfort. Don't say I didn't warn you.  
Tomorrow we will talk about what you can do for Eris.

Board games have the funniest names. Here are a few:

1. Don't wake Daddy.
2. Scrabble
3. Boggle
4. Risk
5. Farkle

They must have been on some kick as drugs for 2, 3, and 5.

That is like sooooo ten weeks from now.

**WATCH OUT**

**FOR THE THUDS**

Coming to a house near you.

Unless they are already there.

Then try not to conversate with them.

They are the plague of greyface.

Something tells me that this statement is not funny, fuck me?

This tells sense no something makes me that.

There was once a finger puppet named Bob. Bob needed to go to Al-Anon because he played with his friend, Dick. Dick started to bleed out this white stuff. Dick pressed charges on Bob. And now they couldn't see each other...

"Shabloobloopushduhduhduhswoosh"  
A Chant to invoke music or a hippopotamus.

Holy Boobhockey Batman! Did you see the pair on that chick?" Robin said. "What chick?" Batman Replied  
Points "Her!"  
That's not a chick dumb ass. That is a Parking meter."

# Damn those thuds.

Someone twice asked me, "what is magick?"

"It is the essence that drives your machinery that creates a motion, then as this motion is in utero, we congratulate the neighbors dog as it helps the magick performs it's shitting time., or was it the other way around. But anyways, you begin to do this routine of imagination, the type of imagination is that causes you to umm... umm... o yeah<sup>1</sup> By the way this is some good weed, yo. Where was I? o yes. Imagination, if you don't have imagination you lead a boring life. So I would not lose out on imagination, now what was your question?"

"What is Magick?"

"O, that's easy, it is the essence of what is all around you.

True Things that are false: (a short list)

1. Time
2. Life
3. Death (sometimes)

4. Space
5. The Sky

False things that are true: (another dramatically short list.)

1. the Bible
2. Deities of any Mythos
3. Atheism
4. Addictions
5. Right and Wrong

### **The Paradigm of the two dogs and their owners.**

Two boxers, two different owners.

One of them was named Heart. Her owner was a kind longing individual, as Heart anticipated the return of her owner of being gone for like forever. Once the owner comes, she gets so exited of her owner's return, giving kisses wagging her tail stub, panting all cute like. When she is out side, she happily barks.

The Second boxer is named Butch, his owner are one of those owners which scold the "stupid animal" when they don't behave. Butch waits in his prison, anticipating nothing. The owner comes home, bangs Butch's prison to wake him up. "Time to go outside!" While out side, Butch is quiet until he sees, a human, starts barking angrily, the owner yells "Shut the fuck up! STUPID FUCKING DOG!" Butch wants to get out. So he runs and bites the human child. The owner is sent to jail to receive the same fucked up treatment.

### **Now what did you get from this?**

#### **Ode to the Holy Burrito**

You allow such an orgasm in my mouth,  
When I put your long elated body inside,  
I relish the great pleasure that you confide,  
When you go south,  
And come out of my asshole,  
Creating a pleasant feeling,  
All your experience, are your goal,  
This is you being,  
Holy Burrito!

### **Ode of Hot Sauce**

Hot Sauce, Hot Sauce,  
You give me pleasure, going in and coming out,  
Food tastes greater with you splashed about.  
O Hot Sauce, Hot Sauce,  
I Love You.

**If only the human race would read the Principia Discordia,  
humanity would not be plagued by the viruses of sadness or anger.**

^Gofigure

I shall warn you now, if you are reading this while stoned off your mind, and are hallucinating. You are probably hallucinating on reading this book. If infact you are reading this book completely sober, I suggest you get out your gnosis instillers and reread this chapter. That or you could continue reading it in the state of mind you are in.



So this just in December 23 2012 was not what you expected to happen?  
Aw Boobhockey!

**Ode to Boobhockey**

I don't know about your creation,  
I am just saying,  
Geez people cum on!  
Now back to your original enticement.



**Part Six:**

**888:**

**Infinity Times Infinity**

# **Chapter Fourteen: The Evident situations of the relative natures of space and time. Or an Appendix**

This chapter has a relation to the name of the chapter. I shall now give you a strategy for each of the previous official chapters. By Now you are probably smart enough to read on. First I shall mention the rest of this book. Part Six will be of explanations with a few superficial chapters of the novel part of the book. Part Seven and Part Eight will be the rest of the novel.

## **Chapter One / Five: All those maxims**

Most of these maxims are very prophetic and absurd. The Strategy to understanding Chapter One is not to think of them as prophecies but as things that are happening right now. The main point that I instill is the form of extinction as all of our world's population would occur with about and increase of only, 10%.

## **Chapter Two: The Explanations of Chaos**

There are many assumptions upon using Leary's works, especially a large part of Part One. Mainly I was pointing out the prophetic absurdities can also be used as a form of other perceptions, due to the eight circuits. If you would like to learn more on this subject, read what ever you can by Timothy Leary and Robert Anton Wilson.

## **Chapter Three/ Six / Ten: A Life's Story**

Mainly I was going to have a specific story for each part of this book, though ending up with the first three parts. Part One contains my spiritual path. Part two contains my political standpoint. Part for is some tripps that I have had.

## **Chapter Four: Chaos Magick**

In this chapter, I explain on the basics of Chaos Magick, which allowed many opportunities for me. If you would like to know more on this subject start with, Austin Osman Spare, Jaq D Hawkins, Ray Sherwin, Phil Hine, Peter Carroll, and Stephen Mace. As you learn more on this subject you can learn more references from their references.

## **Part One: Chaos**

Each part of the book is separate from each other, but at the same time, they are all connected. Mainly This chapter makes it a little easier to comprehend things and why I put them where they are, but at the same time I put it as another way to look at it. Is it really the correct way? The way I made it to be? Maybe there are more than a dozen or even a million ways of looking at it. Could there be the about of ways equivalent to infinity times infinity? Maybe this book is a learning device to allow you to learn omnipotence., maybe becoming a god?

## **Chapter Seven: The Anarchist Way**

I was presented by a few friends to put the different forms of anarchism... they didn't suggest I put the correct info down. You can actually find a lot on Anarchism by reading, Michel Foucault, Friedrich Nietzsche, and Ragner Redbeard.

## **Chapter Eight: Human Evolution**

In Chapter Eight, even though it is short it says a shit ton about Capeditia.

## **Part Two: Anarchy**

You know how I point out the meaning of Chaos in chapter two, then pushing the fact that it does not contain anything on disorder. Anarchy is the Disorder of the Chaos Order Disorder Triangle Paradigm.

## **Chapter Nine: How Peace is formed Socially**

Peace institutes our thoughts for a better life. In which is formed upon the reasons of being. It is a very rare moment to feel peace. When it is there we become unaware of what goes on around us. How often would you say you have peace with in your self? This world is fucked up. Having peace with in your self is what true peace is. Now this is the start of it. If we were to be at peace with in our selves, this would dwindle the arguments or war like attitudes we have. Who really gives a fuck about what another's morals are, when we, our selves could be blamed for our own morals? This subject will be brought more into focus in Book Three.

## **Chapter Eleven: Suddenly We Came**

This is the start of “Suddenly We Came”. Which will proceed after a few chapters in Part Six. If you don’t remember it please read it again. Yes, “Suddenly We Came” is a book series in a book series. It may end up as a spin off later on. Which would possibly make my career of “making books into films, to promote my works to the zombies out there... Sorry. BTW the characters in the Novel are based off of real people, just in my own Manga Sci-Fi world.

### **Part Three: Peace**

Part three consists of, theories of how we could become peaceful, though there is a downfall upon this. When we start having a “pipe dream” of peace, we begin to see the uselessness it would create. One of humanities greatest “inventions” are the conflict in which is necessary to inflict upon folk. No wonder there are just so many shows on television, video games, books, religions, who prefer to break apart this world full of dualities. We are suppressed to think that this world is perfect, then suddenly we find out many of humanities fallacies. Taking this into consideration, we feel offended by certain origins in our lives. Which in turn (I use that and mainly a lot...) causes us to react in such an offended way. Now if we were to break the spell it would provide a simple reason of asking our selves, “Why do we have conflict?” This will also be further discussed in Book Three.

### **Part Four: Equality**

I based this part as a subpart of Part Three, for the specific reason, Capditiea would not fully give curiosity to on lookers. So I made up the word Capeditiea. Which I think by now you could say the word fluently.

### **Part Five: Discord**

This one was for fun.

What are you really thinking?

Do not dare to run?

EWW, what that I’m smelling,

Mistress of Typoes and Such,

- Lady Motas.



## Chapter Fifteen: 222

So now I shall let you know now who my eregore are. The are a few that are missing, out of respect for not wanting to go public. The first one I shall announce, 222.

222 has always been with me for as long as I remember. Only times she is gone is when I send her on a mission. Most, if not all, folk would be surprized when seeing her. I don't work for my main eregore, She works for me. Her reason of being is to suck away the life force of child molester, rapists, and abusers. In turn I gain their life force. Now you may think it is "evil" or "dark" of me to do this. They are in my opinion the scum of the world. If you happen to be in this category, just know that the magick has already taken effect. If you are reading this, you are not obligated to take part, but you can, only if you agree with this. So now that we understand. I shall provide some math for you.

Let's say ten people read the paragraph about. With the first they would have helped contribute. Sucking away the life force of the targets. The Second would contribute, by sucking away the life force of the first and their self. So on so forth.

The only thing that provides this to be more accurate is if you accept it. Now let's say person's three six seven and nine choose to take no part in this. Persons One, Two, Four, Five, Eight, and Ten would contribute but the other would only allow the multiplication. So for the equation  $A+(B+A)+(C+B+A)$  etc.

Now that I have explained how it is provided, I shall also tell you the advantages of taking part in this. You will gain a percentage of the amount of life force that 222 sucks away.

Mainly she was made to kill off these dumb fucks. She is very nice, if you get to know her. She tends to have a dark morbid attitude. Don't let her discourage you. She would now like to point out that, you can only summon her if I get to know you. You have my email address, so talk with me about this. Just be aware hat if you think of Her as a joke, She will show you She is not. Understand.

One final thing: **DO NOT BY ANY MEANS TRY ANYTHING TO TEST HER!** If I catch a word of it, you may end up with a growing concern.

## **Chapter Sixteen: 0019**

This Gauvalic Eregore is one of my recent ones. Apparently He would like to capture. 222, due to her rogue status, (He kinda reminds me of the Paladin in the Diablo two game) but is more so after “s”, at least in her pants. She won’t let me write about her yet. Mainly because she is a friend’s eregore. 222 and 0019 are complete opposites. 222 hates the type that 0019 is. 0019 would bring her in but it would lose His chances with “s”

I only call them eregores, specifically they are an alien race. You could attempt to summon, evoke, invoke any one of them. Though some would not be a good idea, they are not to be named.

0019 can be evoked, though He likes women sexually. So if you are a woman. Talk with me about 222. As long as you are not one for whom 222 hates, you can summon her. 0019 can be very intrusive, ask me for their sigils. The Next three eregores are not in this race but are Goetic.

## **Chapter Eighteen: Olema, Noud, and Nahmec**

Olema is the maiden eregore of the three. She is one who will accept your sexual advances, also helps you greatly with Sex Magick. (Pronunciation Oh-lee-mah)

Noud is the mother eregore of the three. She is on to seek guidance for specific travels that you would run into. She has a bitchy attitude. If she tries to take you somewhere not safe ask her "Why are you doing this?" She is forced to tell you her reasons. (pronunciation: knowed)

Nahmuc is the Crone Eregore of the three She grants you gnosis on any subject you seek. She will refuse any info on her. (Pronunciation: Nah-Me-Eck)



## **Chapter Nineteen: The Mythos of Cyn Chaote**

Founder: Cyn Chaote

Date Originated: June 13, 1986

Title: */(always changes)/*

Infinity Times Infinity

Abilities: *Secret*

If you see her, you will attain a fulfillment of gnosis. She is the Goddess of Gnosis.

## Chapter Twenty: “Luck of the Draw”

Suppose you would have an anthology on your favorite songs, throughout your life, at points you find there are songs you regret, others you still listen to from time to time. What may happen if those songs never were created? Maybe the artist were to just give up on their dreams? I can say (with those fucking percentages again. Can't Cyn Just STOP with those damn percentages?) there are about 5% of the individuals that are inspired to be an artist, (author, musician, painter, poet, actor, director, comic strip artist, martial artist, etc.) With the population which is going to be about 8.5 billion by the year 2015. It makes the amount of artists to be about 400 million. Out of those 400 million half stop and get those 9 to 5 jobs and feel miserable for the rest of their lives. So this leaves 200 million people, who keep pushing. Half these people who keep pushing get so far as being known by only a thousand folk, then quit, going back to the 9 to 5s. This leaves us with 100 million people. These 100 million people go through the process of the “legal” work, making a name for themselves in the country they are known in. Many in this category don't quit, but strive more and more.

Which only 500 thousand people would be known in 2-5 countries, usually in a random order of Japan, United States, Germany, Norway, England, Finland, and China. **O Shit! The seven kingdoms or heads of the beast RUN!!!! CROSSTIANS!!!! RUN!!!!!!!!!!** Writing my own book allows me to do this.

Now to get into the more infamous folk. Which I hope at least one of them would read this far. It is for the main reason of the inspiration of aspiration of art, and not for the money... which if it is for the money your music usually sucks so fucking quit already. You got there by luck nothing else.

Now that this has occurred, I will rid the people who are only for the money, losing the art of their anthology, which now brings it down to 1000 people. I know of them, you know of them, they are legendary. These 1000 people are not all still living. Though we know them.

Now class take out your gnosis instillers and provide the upcoming world to learn from you! I am one of those 1000! Let's see this world become this number!

Thank you! (curtsies)

# Chapter Twenty One: Psychology and Sociology of Capeditiea

## 48. Infinity Times Infinity

Black holes, a condensed formation,  
What if there is a smaller universe in this situation.  
What if our universe is a black hole in a larger universe.  
The thought of this theory so inverse.  
No way of proving this theoretical data;  
More that you think of it, proves dementia.

Now to finish the novel part of the book.

**Suddenly**

**We**

**Came**

## Chapter Three

“Okay, now to find Robert.” I said to no one in particular. As I walk out the door through the hall, I hear someone say, “Hei!” I looked around, no one in sight. *Must be my imagination.* I kept walking, down the long hall, which just before getting to the two doors at the end, to get out side, I hear in my ear, “Mitä kulluu?” I look in the direction, out of thin air a figure appears with a plague mask and a top hat. “Hei! Nyt tiedän kuka sinä olet. Olen kuullut sinusta. Ei, olemme ystäviä., ChaoZ!” (The translation for those of you who don’t speak Suomi, Now I know who you are. I’ve heard about you. No, we are friends.) “Olen täällä auttaakseni sinua, um ... mitä he tekivät sinulle? Oliko se Dogmatiikan? Oliko se Borg?” (I am here to help you, um ... what they did to you? Was it Dogmatics? Was it the Borg?) “Vittu Borg ovat täällä! JUO!” (Fuck the Borg are here! DRINK!)

ChaoZ ranted through random windows for about twenty minutes. All this time I am laughing, trying to figure out what to say to him, if he would believe me. Unknowingly there is no one around for miles. After about an hour ChaoZ finally calmed down and asked, “Borg, eivät ole täällä, ne ovat? (The Borg are not here are they?)

“Olen prototyyppi. Voin tehdä osaksi käsivarteeni terä. Katso tämä!” (I am a prototype, I can make my arm into a blade. Watch this.) It turns into a blade.

WOAH! Olet kuin Akira, Golden Darkness, ja Gara! Kaikki yhdessä!

“Sinun ei tarvitse huutaa voisimme houkutella...” (You don’t have to yell we could attract...)

Suddenly four men come out, we have found you Cyn. I turn on some them music, a blue screen appears saying, “Battle time!”

“Näetkö tämän?” (You see this?)

“Mitä?” (What?)

“ei sen ole väliä.” (Nevermind.)

ChaoZ stabs one of them, fucking their guts up ruthlessly. Amazed by this I hear a gunshot. It hits me, I don’t feel it, I smirk, my left hand changing to a gun shooting the shooter, at the same swift move I take

out the other two. "Wow I am a war machine." I plop down "minun levätä nyt." (We will rest now.)

*Who were those men? Were they Exterminators? Supremists?* I get up and search the bodes. One of them had a wallet. They are Supremist. I wonder just how many of them are here.

Suddenly on my right arm a screen appears, it shows.

Sigils: ?

Capeditieans: 23

Dogmatics: 1,811,072,781

Supremist: 99,848,174

Exterminators: 300,000,403

"Wow accurate! I guess I'll start on the task of taking out the supremists. ChaoZ tiedän löydät minut. Aion ottaa Supremists." (ChaoZ I know you will find me, I will take on the Supremist.)

I wrote on a note, "myöhemmin." (Later) and setting it in his top hat.

What will happen to Cyn? Will she take down the supremists? Will she find Robert again? What is to happen to the prisoner held captive in a supremacist brig? Where is Nix Reese? What will Cyn do to Reddrick Faser?

## Chapter Four: February 23, 2022

“Rix, We have to stop Cyn Chaote before she causes more trouble with both of our factions. If she tries to come after both of us we are fucked. Find Robert Bisno, Allison Mass, ChaoZ and EOD. With them captive Cyn would have to come to us, they are her long time friends, we will wait for the opportune time to get them.” Freddrick said.

“Understood Sir.”

“You may leave,” Freddrick finished, *Cyn’s weakness are her friends. I’ll use them to get to her.*

“Sir,” a voice through a telecom speaker mentioned, “There has been an attack on a brig about a half hour ago, no survivors. The brig that is holding that captive Sigil, was also attacked and the prisoner is gone.” Send an army of 2000 men to the surrounding brigs in a 250 mile radius.” Freddrick replied.

“Aye Sir.”

Freddrick walks over to his automated map, that gives the locations of his troops, “Yes, now we shall have more people on our side. I think another announcement would do the trick.”

Freddrick picks up the nearby phone, “It is time for another announcement.” He hangs up, pulls out a pen, starts writing his speech.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Two hours earlier

“There are 20 guards outside, and 50 inside. If they spot us we are fucked.” Allison states.

“So, we will head in through that side door, there are only a couple of guards over there,” Robert replied.

“And if they spot us, I will use my energy blast, so we can get her. Rushing in would not be safe, so we will need a distraction. If we were to be followed or found for that matter, here is the map to this brig. We go through the side door, three guards are there. If we take them out we’ll...” Allison was interrupted, by Robert asking “Who is that guy?”

“Shit, that guy is ChaoZ, he is widely know as a crazy fucker that is feared by almost everyone. He and EOD are friends. I thought he was a legend, and there he is.”



\*\*\*\*\*

ChaoZ grabs out his knife, it alters its state of being into a sword with flames, striking three guards at once. Holding out his hand, a guard explodes. He threw his sword at another guard, then some how the sword came back to him. Once in his hand, he swipes it towards five guards, they burst into flames, screaming. The remaining ten guards flee. "Ha, nyt olen löytää Cyn."

He walks away, starts skipping.

\*\*\*\*\*

"He mentioned Cyn, I wonder if he knows her, maybe he is hired to kill her." Allison Said.

"Who exactly is ChaoZ?" Robert asked.

"He is a very weird, unpredictable Sigil, one of the most widely known. A lot of Sigils fear his power. Others think he is just a legend or a god. Until now I only thought he was a legend, just a story that parents said to their children. Dogmatics usually relate him to Satan. The Supremists say that he was born with in their culture, until he found his power, slaughtered every one in the brig he was in. No one knows for sure how big it was, or how many people were there. Now let's get EOD, she is priority." Allison said.

Allison and Robert went inside, the guards are no where in sight. They make their way to EOD, an alarm sounds. "Shit." Allison said, "An ambush." Five guards spot the three.

"EOD take Robert outside, I'll take care of them."

Allison forms an energy ball, about the size of a basketball, splits into five separate balls. They shoot energy blasts at the guards. The guards dissipate into nothing. She catches up to EOD and Robert, where EOD summons a HellGod. The HellGod devours the seven guards blocking their path. "Stay here and kill the remaining." EOD mentions to the HellGod. "Let's get out of here."

"Where did Robert go?" Allison asked.

"I told him to go outside."

They both get outside seeing Robert looking up with a “what the fuck” expression upon his face. Both Allison and EOD look up and synchronically say, “What the Fuck! is that?”

The large shadow creature picks up several humans, they are dressed with the olive green suits of the Exterminators, “I wonder what that is? It’s attacking the forth most populated, well not anymore.” Allison said as one of the carcasses lands right next to them, mangled beyond recognition.

“Shall we go there?”

“No.” Robert replied.

“Yes.” EOD replied.

“What if it attacks us?” Robert remarks.

“Something tells me that is a sigil.” Allison replies. “EOD you go and check it out. We will go back to Robert’s Lab and get Cyn.”

\*\*\*\*\*

EOD went towards the shadow creature ready for anything. *I wonder what it may be.* She walked about a hundred meters from where she and the other two split up. Suddenly ten men come out of the surrounding trees. She summoned her HellGod. “Catch up with me when you finish with them. I’ll need you when we get to the shadow creature.”

As EOD went on, her HellGod caught up. They made it to the destination. They see the shadow creature, it’s fucking huge! No humans in sight. The shadow creature disappears, leaving only a lot of bloodshed and bodies, almost like a horror novel of a fantasy war.

“EOD,” a familiar voice yells. *Where have I heard that voice before?* She seen no one, So she left to report this to Allison and Robert, as she turns around to leave, “HOLY FUCK! Cyn what the fuck are you doing? We thought you were at the lab.”

“No, that shadow creature was me. Long story to explain it all. Go back to the lab, I am on a mission, tell them it was me.”

“Okay.” She hugs me then leaves.

I look at my screen.

Sigils: ?  
Capeditieans: 23  
Dogmatics: 1,812, 072,893  
Supremists: 94,487,120  
Exterminators: 299,876,491

I now know my purpose. I must extinguish the Exterminators.

\*\*\*\*\*

EOD arrives at Robert's Lab, Allison and Robert are looking for me frantically. "Cyn is missing" Allison frantically stated. "I seen her, she just took out the brig of Exterminators it held nearly 200,000 of those fuckers." EOD said. "Shit! We have to find her. She didn't use her morality disc, actually broke it." Robert said. The three get into Allison's car and drove fast.

\*\*\*\*\*

ChaoZ, skipping happily was struck to his amazement, the scene of a thousand dead corpses of Exterminators, "Who would do this? So efficient."

He heard something in the bushes, waited for about an hour, suddenly someone came out, not an Exterminator, not a Supremist, no a Dogmatic, A SIGIL!

At this time, ChaoZ was sitting by a campfire, the Sigil knew exactly who ChaoZ was. "Your name?" ChaoZ said joyfully.

"It's SPZ Chaote." He said.

"Are you related to Cyn Chaote?"

"No, but I know who you are talking about. She was here just two and a half hours ago. We had a talk, afterwards she did all this."

"I see this means she is farther away than expected."

"Before she came the Extremists here, were talking about getting this Robert Bisno guy. I have a concert in Dogmatic country next week. I will help you find Cyn till I need to travel to Dogmatic country."

"Understandable, I am a musician my self." ChaoZ replied.

They sat there for a bit, and went to sleep.

**Page died sorry...**

## Chapter Five: February 24-25, 2022

After staying up all night killing off all those fucking Exterminators and Supremists, I take a short break and come up with a strategy on the remaining.

Sigils: ?

Capeditieans: 23

Dogmatics: 1,820,034,679

Supremists: 87,374,212

Exterminators: 199,888,120

My primary target is Reddrick Foser, and who ever gets in my way... will die. I shall rest for now. My Task tonight is to take out the Exterminators largest city our, it have over 100 million folk. It is also their capital city, Freikenville.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Didn’t you install a tracking system on her?” Allison asked.

“She wouldn’t have liked it, plus she would have found it and disabled it.” Robert said. “She knows where everyone is in this world. She is now omnipresent. She’ll know if we are coming.”

“What about Freikenville? She could be going there. It is a highly populated city of over 25 million Supremist and 80 million Exterminators.” Said EOD

“How long would it take us to get there?” Allison said.

“About a day and a half.”

We’ll head there.” Robert stated. “Just what is she planning?”

\*\*\*\*\*

ChaoZ and SPZ awake to a near by explosion. “Shit” SPZ exclaimed. ChaoZ was already prepared for a battle. “You ready?” he asked.

ChaoZ threw his sword at a just entering Supremist. Another forty of them come through. SPZ unleashed a sonic wave by holing his hand out causing the ears of forty to lose their hearing. ChaoZ throws his blade

like a Frisbee taking out three. One catches the flaming sword. "Fuck! we have a corporal. This will be fun. SPZ take care of the others, I'll take care of the corporal."

The corporal launches an attack at ChaoZ, ChaoZ deflects, The corporal strikes with lightning speed, hitting ChaoZ in the lungs, hard. ChaoZ curls over, tries hard to breath. The corporal shows no mercy, kicking ChaoZ in the stomach several times. ChaoZ finally recovers, stabs the corporal's foot, gets up stabs him in the heart. "Looks as though SPZ is doing okay." ChaoZ sits down and drinks some water from his canteen.

Four... Three... Two... One...

SPZ quickly takes out the rest. "Apparently they are after you." He said, then sits down next to ChaoZ. ChaoZ gives him the canteen. "Thank you."

\*\*\*\*\*

I was suddenly awakened by a gun pointing at my face. "Get up!" the guard said. I stood.

"Put your arms behind your back."

"Okay."

"Go, march!"

*Maybe he will take me to that fucker, Fredrick.*

We end up at this brig, just outside Freikenville. "You know Rix will be pleased." The guard finally said.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I never thought I would step foot in Freikenville." Robert said with a hint of persecution. "This is where Cyn was born, you and I know that she is only coming here for the hatred of this town." Allison finished. "We'll look around."

\*\*\*\*\*

"I will be there in about a few days. Be sure you keep a close eye on her." Rix said.

"Aye Sir."

The guard walked down the corridor towards the general population of the prison of over 500 people. The gate was unlocked. *Did I forget to lock it?* He walks in, all the gates are open. "NO!" An inmate jumps on the guard, breaking his neck.

\*\*\*\*\*

**15 minutes ago:**

I look at the guard, "You cannot hold me for long, fucktard."  
"We'll see about that." He chuckled, then left.

*No guards, hmmm...* "Everyone! Would you like to get out?"

"You're stupid," one inmate said.

"It's not possible to get out of here," another said.

"How the fuck will we get out of..." A third began, but was interrupted by the doors opening.

"Listen to me," I started, "you have been placed here by the Supremists and the Exterminators! You can either choose to leave and die with every one else, or your likes can be spared by helping me. Now I leave and you can follow or stay. Do what you wish." I leave.

Sigils: ?

Capeditieans: 523

Dogmatics: 1,401,378,148

Supremist: 56,049,820

Exterminators: 176,852,401

## Chapter Six: February 26 2022 – March 7, 2022

### The Battle of Freikenville

I awake to an explosion, “Holy Fuck! Can’t I get any sleep?!” I head to where the explosion occurred. Numerous people are on fire, the prison, destroyed. Another explosion, “Who is bombing Freikenville?” I hear a bomber, I enhance my sight, across the wing, Dogmatic. *So, I guess the Dogmatics are fighting against the Supremists and the Exterminators.*

Suddenly on every television and computer, Freddrick Faser appears, “This is a state of emergency, we are going to have to start a war against the Dogmatics. They have attacked us. We’ll need every able bodied person to join us for this battle. Blessed people of Freikenville the time to act is now. Thank you” The programming goes back to normal. *I guess they are at war. I’ll just sit back and watch.*

\*\*\*\*\*

“We’ve found ChaoZ’s location. What would you like to do sir?” A corporal guard asked Rix on the phone.

“Send about 50 thousand units there. I think this would be enough to get him. When you apprehend bring him to Freddrick's brig.”

“Aye Sir.”

“Gather the troops. We need 50 thousand of them to apprehend ChaoZ. BRING HIM ALIVE!”

\*\*\*\*\*

Chaoz walked down the path towards his hometown Tanssiaville. Something was annoyingly suspicious. No one is in sight. He steps into town. No one not a soul. *mitä tapahtuu?(what’s going on?)*

ChaoZ feels an electric shock, goes unconscience. When awakened he was being drug somewhere. His knife was gone. He telekinetically collected a weapon of one of his many captors, shoved it in the captor’s ass, pulled the trigger, gets up, unbinds his hands shoots a few dozen before running out of bullets. He is now surrounded by thousands of



Supremist guards, telekinetically causing several to commit suicide. "He is getting tired, apprehend him!" the corporal guard yells. After several more die, they successfully apprehend him.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Shit they got ChaoZ.* EOD was laying down in a her bed at home, after splitting paths with Allison and Robert. She hears a knock on her door. "EOD we have your place surrounded, come out peacefully and no one will get hurt."  
"Fucking Supremists. Always bothering me! Take care of them for me." She says to her HellGod. "No one hurt Ha!"

\*\*\*\*\*

"Sir we have apprehended ChaoZ." The corporal guard said into the walkie talkie. "EOD will be soon apprehended. I have ten thousand units going after Dr. Bisno and Miss Mass, another five thousand going for SPZ Chaote."  
"ARE YOU FUCKING STUPID! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT ALLISON CAN DO? AND NOT TO MENTION ROBERTS POWER! SEND A MILLION UNITS ON THOSE TWO! SEND FORTY THOUSAND ON SPZ CHAOTE!" Rix angrily yell. "Remember, when you apprehend them, send them to Foser, damnit."

\*\*\*\*\*

The five hundred inmates have helped wreak havoc, making my job a little easier. Another explosion occurs. It is a Nuke. *FUCKING NUKLEAR WARS!*

Sigils: ?

Capeditieans: 23

Dogmatics: 901,786,411

Supremists: 38,124,818

Exterminators: 99,412,012

*Shit! They must be going at it.*

\*\*\*\*\*

“What was that noise?” Robert whispered.

“I don’t know, but be on guard though. I Sense there being several people around us.” Allison stated.

“You two are here?” SPZ asked after walking through the nearby trees. “I just got done with a gig. I hear that Reddrick is searching for us. I say we stick together, this way they would have a challenge to go up against...”

SPZ was interrupted by there being about a hundred guards out from behind the trees. More come, the three are surrounded by thousands of guards.

“Fuck! They are here after us.” Allison said as she formed several basketball sized energy balls, splitting each into five. This will hold them off for a while.”

“I’ll make a path for us to escape.” SPZ mentions and starts using his sonic boom.

\*\*\*\*\*

EOD’s HellGod is starting to weaken from all the attacks the guards are using. “Only thirty more to go, then you are able to rest.” *Allison, Robert, and SPZ seem to be in trouble.*

EOD’s HellGod swiftly finished the rest of the guards. “Now to meet up with the other three.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Where did Robert go?” Allison suggested, once they fully escaped.

“I don’t know, I thought he was with you.” SPZ remarked.

“Hey guys, you escaped that horde of guards. Did they get Robert?” EOD yelled in a concerned tone.

“We don’t know,” Allison returned by yelling, “he was here a minute ago, gone the next.”

“HOLY FUCK! What the fuck IS THAT!” SPZ politely mentioned or yelled. A giant lizard-bird dragon creature comes into sight. “What the fuck!” the other two responded synchronically.

“I AM ROBERT!” boomed the voice of the giant lizard-bird dragon creature thing. “THIS IS MY SIGIL ABILITY”

\*\*\*\*\*

I am sorry to inform you, but we failed to apprehend the targets. The Colonel said regrettably through the phone.

“FUCK!” Rix was pissed as fuck. “Send every mother fucker there. I will be there tomorrow to help! Why the fuck do I have to everything my self.” Rix throws the phone against the wall, destroying it on impact.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sigils: ?

Capeditieans: 23

Dogmatics: 805,403,111

Supremists: 30,011,845

Exterminators: 80,400,001

*I wonder why the Supremists are all heading towards that location... I wanna see it first hand.*

“Hey Cyn!” ChaoZ weakly yelled, he looks as though he was badly tortured.

“What happened to you?” I asked concerned.

“I was taken by surprise by a bunch of those Supremist fuckers. They captured me, took me to Rix Reese’s Base, tortured me. They are going after the others. I left after they did, and ran into you.”

“We shall go there.”

“I am sorry, for this battle, I must sit out.”

“Light go to Roberts Lab. They’ll take care of you there.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“The Supremist Army will be here tomorrow, we shall rest and recover.” Allison stated. The others agreed.



# **Part Seven: Extinction**

## **Chapter Seven: March 8-17, 2022**

### **The Final Battle: Wave One and Two**

“We found them, sir.” A guard confirms through his walkie talkie.  
“All units, head to their location, prepare for battle.”

The guards surround the four as they awaken, the battle starts, several Supremist are dying. “There are currently 15 million here.” Allison yelled from afar. “Let’s take them out, and rest before more come.

The battle went on for three days, on the final 10 thousand, SPZ using his sonic boom, progressively got weaker, taking a bad hit to the leg. Robert takes him to the lab. EOD and Allison swiftly finishes the rest.

\*\*\*\*\*

Upon waking Allison and EOD prepare for the second wave. “This wave will contain just over thirteen million. Do you think you are ready for this EOD?”

“Always.”

“Cyn should be here with in the next half hour. She’ll help speed up the process.”

“Here they come!”

EOD sends her HellGod, while Allison provides protection by using her energy balls, suddenly they are surrounded by bodies and living Supremist. Which are dwindling as time passes by.

I come into the action, striking a several dozen in a berzerker style, killing, any who are in my way. After about a hour of killing, I finally make it to Allison and EOD.

“EOD, go back to the lab, tell him ‘the aliens need more bodies.’ He’ll know what I mean.” I help her clean the path to get back there. We kill any who are in the way. I go back into the crowd of these zombified fucks and kill as I get back to Allison.

O shit another blanc page...

## Chapter Eight: March 18, 2022

### Final Battle: Wave Three and Rix Reese

“Cyn, Wake up! They are here!” Allison frantically yelled, as she was forming energy balls for a defense. “Rix is in the cave near by.”

I awaken in a rage. Killing several hundred Supremists with an altered rocket launcher from my arm. “I’ll get Rix!”

\*\*\*\*\*

EOD makes it to the lab, finds Robert. “The Aliens need more bodies.”  
“Okay, go to the room where ChaoZ and SPZ are. I will explain.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Well it looks like you have found me, Cyn Chaote.” Rix said.

“It does, now prepare to die!”

“Wouldn’t you like to know the truth?”

“What do you mean, what truth?” I form a blade with my arm, and point it at him.

“You are an experiment upon Robert’s research, he only wants to use you to allow mechanical aliens to travel here from Ursa Major. He wanted this all along, you feel another’s presence in you, don’t you?”

“Shut up! Damn it! I already know this. You won’t get into my head.”

It looks like I already have. Now this is what you did not know. What Robert would never tell you is that Freddrick Faser tortured him at the end of 2015, he tortured Robert to give Freddrick immortality. The only reason you are still in this existence is, so you and Robert can exact revenge. Do you know why you haven’t actually seen Robert since your awakening? During his torture, he cut off his arm to escape. That day Freddrick would have killed him. Now here you are in front of my mechanical eyes, Cyn Chaote prepared to kill me.” Rix shoots an electrical projectile at me. Causing me to shut down. “Your only weakness is electricity. I think I will go and kill Allison.”



“No, wait...” I weakly said, but Rix was already gone. My left arm is on the fritz, altering to different settings. My sight is going insane, not focusing worth a shit. *Damn it.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Rix gets to Allison, her energy balls are ineffective. “HaHaHa your magick cannot effect me. What are you going to do? You see, Allison, I’ve come here for one purpose and that purpose is to kill you. I am glad that you would be the first. Do you wish to say anything *kicks her in the gut* for your final *kicks* thoughts?”

“Yes.” *Kicks*

“What *kicks* may *kicks* that *kicks* be? *Kicks several times.*

“Look, ugh be urh, behind you,”

Rix turns around and sees, all his people are dead. Seeing a figure in the distance, “That must be Cyn,” turns around, “I shall kill you before Cyn gets here.” As he swipes down, he sees a half human arm, half blade stopping his strike dead in it’s tracks. I push him back. “Your fight is with me now. Allison go to the lab.”

She leaves, “So after knowing the truth you still wish to kill me?” Rix asked.

“Yes, it is personal now. You not only tried to kill me, but you also tried to kill my friends. You’ll die now.”

I charge at him, he deflects my attack, severing my right arm just below the elbow. I swiftly strike his right arm at the shoulder, gashing it. Rix screams in pain. “FUCK YOU!” dropping his sword and in the same swift motion, shooting me with the electric projectile. Moments later, I fall down, facing the screen.

Sigils: ?

Capeditieans: 23

Dogmatics: 741,203,101

Supremists: Extinct...

Exterminators: 59,799,140

Sivu on tyhjä...

# **Part Eight: After Math**

## **Chapter Nine: May 10, 2022: Epilogue**

Robert Bisno started a new project and build back up parts for upcoming battles.

Allison Mass created a new group, allowing better proselytization for Capeditia in the Dogmatic Country.

ChaoZ went into solitude to “further his success of Chaos”

SPZ Chaote has become the most widely known hip hop artist.

EOD left Capeditia, temporarily for practicing a new Sigil Ability.

Cyn Chaote is recovering.

**To Be Continued...**