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LAPEDITICA

BOOK TWO

Capeditiea: Book Two

Part One: Create and Procreate

Chapter One: Thoughts Exposed

Well...

As I come back to reality for a limited time only, I wrote a few interesting things down. These things were greatly qualified for this book. Originally I had no idea that this book would start out like this, so I went along with it. Unlike Book One, this book Book Two will have five parts. This book will be a shit ton longer and have a shit ton more information in it. Sorry for the short book readers out there. I want to make this into the main book for using against the authority. Which if one would be caught, I will have a list for which you can or cannot do "legally." (Part Two: Everyone Does It) Which I will explain as logically as I can on how it is our freedom.

There are many differences between Book One and Book Two. The five big differences are

1. The length of the book.
2. There will be more fact.
3. There will be social experiments that you can try on folk.
4. A Manual to being a great leader for your sect of the Capeditiean Cult.
5. A guide on doing the unlawful acts.

Now I will explain in great detail, each of the five parts. This way you or I won't be confused later. In Part One: Create And Procreate I shall perform the building blocks to the remainder of the book. Chapter One will insist much of what I am explaining at this given moment. Chapter Two will give advice as to how to start obtaining what ever you need, and with practice have it almost immediately. There will be several different ways of doing this. A few are in fact "unlawful" ones, unless for two reasons,

1. You have this Holy Book
2. The Capeditiean Cult has at least 100,000 members. I will explain the legality upon these issues later on in Part Two: Everyone Does It. In Parts Three: They Initiate and Four: Ending, I shall resume the novel series of Capeditiea. I have heard rumors that since the extinction of the Supremists, there's a new faction, who are called the Extremists, which broke from the Dogmatics and seek to destroy the Capeditiean Lab. This is only a rumor, so please don't take my word on it. There will be several more characters will be added. Allison, EOD, and SPZ will not appear. Part Five: Altruism will contain several of those maxims. So as you could probably tell with the exception of Part One. (Why did I write the previous sentence? Rhetorical question.) Chapter Three will be the Introduction of the Novel, Chapter Four will teach you the different forms of magick that I use, mainly so I can clear up what I really do use magickally, since I have an obvious grandeur... apparently. Chapter Two can be related to this as well. Finally we have Chapter Five, which will contain most of the guidelines for being a member of the Capeditiean Cult.

Chapter Two: Getting What You Want, When You Want

"If your God want's me dead, use a wand to kill me. Don't use a gun or strap a bomb to you, or run a plane into a building. If it is your God that wants me dead, the wand will work." - Robert Bisno

Several days from now, after reading this book, you'll experience a form of enlightenment. This enlightenment will grant you gnosis. You'll know what to do in every situation. You'll know what to say in any conversation. The only thing that will not be known is "How did the Goddess do it?" If in fact that she did, maybe it was only you who did this. However this happened, you seen this coming. Perhaps some thought jumps into you head, or perhaps a deity tell you what to say. I don't care what your excuse may be, there is really no telling on how you achieved this gnosis, but evidently it is there.

A long time ago so many folk were contemplating on what our morals should be. As they were forming this, they found that it is not okay to kill, unless it is to help win a war. It is not okay to steal, unless it is to pay taxes. What do taxes really pay for? People have no real say on how the taxes they paid for are spent. One may say, "Well, they say they will fix the parks and school system. With this money that you spent to get these things so the government officials would win the popularity contest called an election, what would you have spent for all those wasted dollars? And I thought Lying was immoral.

As this persists, we will put into focus on how they force

you to obey their evil plans. There are several other ideas upon control. Some include, subliminal messages, fear, schools, raising prices, and emotions. With the subliminal messages, how do we know they are there? Which music, movies, or video games would allow this to happen?

Subliminal messages can be put in any thing that emits sound waves electronically. Your children's toys, "favorite" television shows, and now since the uprising of promoting music through the shows, we know of at least one, and as time passes we will know of more. For a while the only thing we had to rot our brains was the radio, which was something that had one or more channels depending on your area. Some places are impoverished, so they had none of this mind control activity. Anyways the radio, transmitted some man's voice, which also would transmit governmental subsounds to nullify the populus. This way they would have a better chance to take control. This then gave rise to the television, which also started out with only a few channels. Mostly designated programs that advances us to the fear. One of these programs, first was an innocent program, then the government decided to come in, and say "Let these people know about the crime in their area, this way they are informed" The news succumbed to their demands. So this provided a mass degenerative process, creating fear. Giving the rise of supremacy, which gave us the reasons to hate niggers, spicks, and fags.

During the 1960's, the world began to experiment with hallucinogens, which provided the rise of the counter cultures. Which then gave a wider variety upon the masses. This way folk would accept more diverse

notions. Now, what did supremacist America do? They would inject falsified information through our schooling, teaching young children that it is bad to do drugs. Which then created the worst detention facility, the Mental Asylum. The growth in popularity of the mental asylum was mainly during this time. Which gave birth to the two infamous questions, "Do you hear voices in your head?" and "Do you see things that are not there?" This was a persistent course, if you answered yes to either of these questions, high or not... you were considered crazy. So they provided you with these medications, only prescribed if they say you needed it. At first they placed some additives upon these psyche drugs, to lower your libido, to nullify your sensual mind, and created the forcible nature of not wanting to be "crazy." After a specific time, usually after a month, you would have decreased thoughts of partaking the counterculture or even having the drugs. With all these opiates given, they have found several side effects, some were long lasting. So they found more drugs and made it less "harmful" for the side effects. Now that they have gotten into your mind, they progress by saying that you have a specific diagnosis which is rarely accurate.

In the 1970's, when the counter culture died down efficiently, the government, the church, and the schools came to the agreement to provide teachings upon the students, lying to them by sufficiently giving a source of stories, for an example. "Allison was a Straight A student, then she was invited to a party. There was alcohol and marijuana there. She started doing them. She ended up failing all her classes, and dropping out of school." They would then show a movie, that started to partake the advantages of the gays and Satanism.

So they provided the students with a story that matched this. As this occurred this gave rise to the anti-gay movements. Which if you were gay or Satanic, or even a gay Satanic you would have to watch over your shoulder every where you went.

During the 1980's they would promote the "Satanic Panic" and tell lies upon what Satanism is really about. Some examples include, "Satanism will turn you gay," or "Come to Christ, he will forgive you for the sins you have done, even if they are homo." or "Timmy was curious as to what Satanism was, so he studied their ways, turned gay, and started doing drugs." Which provided more folk to go into church.

During the 1990's, we are introduced to a new form of subliminal messaging, through boy bands. While they were providing the popular culture with the latest fashions, our neurotransmitters are fucked. Simply, we are told what to wear, told how to act, told who is cool, and who is not. The popular items would be expensive, saying that it is necessary to pay several hundreds of dollars to stay with the latest trend. Soon after the turn of the century these boy bands are said they are not cool, but hip hop is cool, which is the next formation.

EXERSIZE ONE:

Imagine having this world full of the bullshit, we would never have a choice of our own, we would submit to the government, to the church, to the medical industry, to the rich. Think for a moment, what would happen if the Capeditien Cult was the next counter culture movement? If there was never another counter culture movement? How would they change us, when I have touched base upon everything that they can use against us? This would literally be the end of their control, but with the end of their control, how would this all turn out?

How does any of this information add up to getting what you would like? (answer this and you actually have the answer.) Mainly we are involved in this environment, which will persist upon our children, their children, so on and forever more, unless we would do something about it now. I am telling you this information mainly because my desire is to stop this insanity. I have found a way to get through to the masses. The way is using the enemy to gain access upon the mass conscious. Which will then progress towards the main factors of the relationship of their ways. Provided with all this information I will have to focus upon the nature of becoming popular. And boom, I will have an advanced relationship with the population of earth. Which then, our paths would spill upon the lands, and the government, the churches, and schooling will just be another aeon in the herstory of humanity. We would then have a sense of individual structure. Where every one will have a choice upon anything they wish to do through out this world that they live in. I know for a fact this will not happen over night. It may actually end up not happening while I am still alive, or you for this matter. One thing is for certain, I have jotted this down, for the factors that we as an alliance against them, we can be victorious. Who gives a fuck if it was me, or if it was you? It needs to be done, enough of this hiding bullshit. We may be in the darkness, but they will win before we know it. Then how would we spread the truth of this matter? Feeling for only your self at this time is not of the essential matter at this moment, the chance to strike is now. This world will know of me as Lady Motas! You will know me as Cyn Chaote. The people of the future will know me as the Gnosis Goddess. The people of the past have known me as I AM! Fuck Yehweh! Hail Lucifer! Hail Choronzon! Hail Eris! Hail

Lilith! Hail Ba'alzebub! Hail Set! Hail Agares! I have now given you my pantheon, my actual pantheon! THE TIME IS NOW! Now that I had my grandeur paragraph, which may not be the last one, we can resume the process.

Chapter Three: Introduction of "They Initiate"

The unexpected happened... what exactly happened?

Several months after the extinction of the Supremists, Robert Bisno, started a new group of militant individuals, who were reinforced with bioengineered parts making them into super soldiers. No one who is currently conscience could tell exactly where EOD went off to for solitude. SPZ Chaote became infamous shaping the popular culture. Allison Mass is now the leader of the Extremists. Funny how this turned out. ChaoZ went into Exterminator territory and is picking off their remaining members, during his times of rest he would come and visit Cyn Chaote who is in the ICU of the Capeditiean Lab. Robert augmented Cyn with a new feature when she awakens, she can control the military of the Capeditiean Military, sweet. Sadly, Cyn is in a comatose state. Meanwhile, "The Triple Time ConTrolls" or the TTC became severely bored, and decided to fuck inside of Cyn's mind. They literally fuck... which then creates a time shift in the mind of their victim.

The TTC are Fenwick Rysen, Dr. Aldous, and Lady Tick-Tock, No one is sure who's side they are on, they are never really a good choice to be on their bad side. Cyn was unfortunate enough to strike their bad side. She is not sure how or why, but it must have been a great reason to fuck inside her head. So now Cyn is trapped, at least till the TTC are done fucking, which who knows how long that would fucking take. For now, Cyn is stuck back or forth in the year 1523CE. Pay no mind that she is in a comatose state, her body is physically or at least mentally there in 1523CE. This will prove interesting due to the facts that she is from the

future, as well as being bionic, and shit, she ends up getting those "what the fuck is that?" looks from random spectators. I'm pretty sure you have seen those specific looks at least once in your life as well.

Robert notices that things are changing in a very strange manner, during this (time?) and takes notes upon the significant changes or at least the things that seem to be misplaced, like the group known as the Extremists, who just so happens to be started back in the 1600's with out the screen that was once Cyn's right arm augment, placed upon the groups of people. The Screen States now:

Capeditieans and Allies: 23,888

Extremists: 15,840,666

Exterminators: 9,048,411

Dogmatics: 52,418,713

This is totalling 77,331,578 for the population of earth.

Chapter Four: Magick

In this chapter I will cover several forms of magick, mainly ones that I personally practice. These forms are what have worked for me. The only reason I would place these forms of magick in this book, is mainly because several folk "say" I don't gnoe shit. so I shall give you the forms I practice. I dare anyone to try to get to my level. Yes, I have a grandeur. This would give off my personality upon the structure of how I would teach... I would rather do.

Instilling your Gnosis States

Gnosis (know-sis) is the latin word for knowledge. If by fact you are reading this, by now you don't need for me to tell you this, several other books give a great description of what it is. But many of them only give you the different kinds. I don't think there are many that have a breakdown of the different states of gnosis. What does a gnosis state feel like? You will gnoe, when it is there. So, this is what I shall do.

Since one of the best gnosis states are through gnosis instillers or drugs, like LSD, cannabis, meth, DMT and many others. This would provide you with some instant gnosis on any subject. This form of gnosis can help you with several things, like writing a book, essay, artical or preparing for a test, exam, or a ritual formation. I will give you what I have gained by doing these gnosis instillers. With Cannabis, it has provided me with the empathic views upon any source of the media industry. I ended up writing a few chapters upon this state of gnosis, the great thing with this is that, most would misunderstand their reasonings unless you were high on cannabis. For meth, I could really say that it has given me more of a focusing gnosis state where, my

adhd would go bye bye, I could spend hours charging a sigil, or building kia, or scrying. Shooting up is probably the quickest way of getting to a gnosis state, and also one of the most addictive, this includes shooting heroin, snorting coke, and smoking crack. I would not recommend anyone to shoot up if they have a weak will or kia. The interesting thing with meth, is you can shoot it up, snort it, eat it, and smoke it. (Wow you don't learn this in school.) when ever you shoot up meth or heroin, besure to hit the veins on the inside of your arm. Other wise it will burn like fuck and be a waste of gnosis.

Now what if you were to not have the money or the want to include gnosis instillers as your main way of obtaining gnosis? Mainly, pain or an orgasm can provide you with a quick gnosis. Meaning it is great for using divination. Go ahead ask your self a pondering question, then hit your leg hard... I will wait. What were your results? This may actually take some practice. An orgasm could provide you with a relieving sensation. Where if you were to either be withdrawling or have a headache or you have way too much kia, an orgasm could help.

Self deprivation is personally my favorite forms of obtaining gnosis. Crosstians call it fasting, others call it refusing to eat, to do drugs, to self indulge, to breathe. Mainly, make it to where you are just beyond the point of breaking. This would give you a shit ton of gnosis ongoing and everlasting until you start eating again or indulge. The drawbacks is that you will have to break your self first, every time. The results are astonishing. Little did crosstians gnoe, it was this, that actually caused me to see their bull shit.

This infamous death posture, known through out herstory as the one form to awaken your innate spirit sleeping within, to invoke your greatest truth, to subdue the lies everyone, everything else has given you. I originally learned about it through Taoism. Then after finding Chaos Magick, I find that Austin Osman Spare did it as well. Which then I would spend about 3 hours a day to doing just this. Just like the Self Deprivation, the Death Posture can provide you with a prolonged state of gnosis, but unlike self deprivation, it only lasts as long as you stay in the position and a while after. I would say the death posture is the closest thing to the gnosis state you get while on drugs, and you can become dependant on the death posture, at least I have. Meditating and patience are simple ways of obtaining gnosis. the hard part (only at first) is to be patient. There are several books upon meditation, so try a few out.

Kia

Kia, Chi, Qi, Life Force, Energy, or what ever you like to call it, is the basic essence upon which you live. When you are born, you begin with very little. During your toddler years, you begin to raise it slightly. As you grow older, depending upon the life's path that you're on, it can lower to an easily influential force. Which I like to call the weak. On the other hand, there is the ones who have developed more as they age. These folk tend to have a stronger will, a more adaptable persona, some may even be able to perform advanced magick. Now this would reflect upon their upbringings, when they are forced to nullify and oppress their own ways, by which their family, friends, teachers would persist in, one would have either the weak will just as those who persist in shoving their own views down their child's

throats, or their child could end up rebelling and learning the ways of advanced humanity. What is really funny is while those who oppress say that our life styles are primitive and such, certain cultures, (I.E. Sumerian, Egyptian, Mayan, etc.) are primitive, then go and ask "How did they do that? Even today we don't have that technology." *facepalm.

Anyways after recovering from my facepalm moment, I shall resume. Limiting your self to other peoples standards, will cause you to miss out on so much. The Chinese say their are 7 chakras, while the Anime Naruto adds an eighth. So why not add more? While these cultures limit their followers and shit, I say Become limitless. There is nothing to stop you but you, Others may indeed try to keep you down, or support you. We shall take another anime/manga into consideration, Akira. When they found Tetsuo and did experiments and gave him the awakening, He did not limit his power, though he went and faced off with humanity. Watch it, a really great lesson upon limitless power. Yes, I have noticed while I exert way too much kia, I get migranes like crazy. So, in the end one must have a certain limit, only their own limit upon the use of your kia. No one really knows your body but your self. When I first started using meditation, mainly the death posture. I only did about 20 minutes or so then fell asleep. After practicing upon the form of which you would build your kia, you would extend your duration of meditation periods. I prefer to do an hour for 3 days of the week, a half hour for 3 days a week, then 3 hours for the final day, usually wednesdays, mainly because I have more of a quiet time. If you can beat your own limits and attempt the 3 hours, go ahead, I wanna get up to a 24 hour period or more.

The reasons I build my kia up so much are: I have folk asking me to charge their sigils, with their problems, with much other things, on top of this, I have my own problems, my own magick, and my own shit I gotta take care of. So building kia would strengthen your will, your emotional status, and speed up the time it takes for results. While most would persist in many of life's ventures, I prefer to stay put, and build my kia. Remember it does speed up results. I can obtain results anywhere from instant to a couple of days, usually depends upon how much I really want it. Now to let you know what I do magickally.

Gnoeing the Future

Today you have no idea on what may or not happen in the next five seconds. The list could go on for any possible outcome, correct? As we keep coming up with possibilities (synchronicities?) we find that maybe it is impossible to read the future. I mean what would happen if each time this was read, a car smashes into a building. Which building? What color of car, building? Who was driving, if anyone? Is there a more simple way to narrow this down? As this would persist, even if you were able to go five seconds into the future with this technique, you can still impress your friends, family, and your fleeing cat, which is fleeing to avoid taking a bath. In theory, cats are automatically four seconds behind and four seconds ahead of time as well as the other seven seconds in between. I guess this is the authentic reason to which cats (in theory) have nine lives. It is way more simple than that. Only one second is necessary. The things we come up with, would occur in a multi-dimensional occurrence, or to put it into plain english, it would happen somewhere else whether

it be in this realm or another. One could control, change, alter, shift the future or at this current moment the present. One could persist a vast change, just as it would be perceived.

Scrying

Scrying is probably the easiest one to see results in. In the process, you create a world of your own. Creating the world is the hard part. Several books say not to give off any hints of your personal world, I can see why. You may see why soon enough. Your main focus is creating the world. First you shall create your own room, this room would be your main area to do other rituals, other forms of magick. I use it mainly to build my kia. I don't like doing circle magick, when necessary I would do it. So creating your room, you may place anything needed for any thing as well as create it when ever you need something for what ever purpose. The room could take some time to create. The main purpose for the room is to give you a space that grants you some alone time. To start you may need to focus fully upon creating the room, as you progress you can provide your self by just closing your eyes and envisioning the room through your mind's eye. After about several years of practice, you can do other activities with eyes open to be there.

The next step in scrying, you build your self image. I will use the Matrix as a very reasonable example. When Neo was unplugged, he asked Morpheus why he doesn't look the same as in the Matrix. Morpheus replied "It is your perceived self image." So mainly, you could be a male to female tranny, and have a perceived self image as a female, where you would still have the biophysical body of a male, or you could be an ugly fucker, (not saying you are.) which would give you a

new image of being a sexy fuck. (Wow, who would have guessed someone would use fuck in their instructions...)

After creating your self image, you may provide your self with an outer world, this could take years to create. Mainly let your subconscious build it. When satisfied with the world you will have a place to scry. Do not give out anything upon how your world looks upon any other sentient being. They can use this to get into your defences and fuck you over.

Everlasting Protection

While most occultist say that putting your sigil, or your name in an enclosed space, whether it be a triangle, a square, a penticle, a pentagram, or any random shape, it is not a good idea... well for me, I have found there is a benefit to doing this. One benefit is that you can focus more upon your kia, as well as not having to worry of other's negative energies or spells. This can provide you with an everlasting spell as long as the original is hidden or copied via by a camera. The only time I really recieve any negative energies are when I want to have them, or when I use too much kia. Basically enclosing your sigil, or your name, will provide a vast amout of kia, and have to constantly build it. This is the only downside. With what I use for the protection are mainly several servitors, and a few deities. I prefer to not name them, I wish not to lose their access and loyalty. I actually have three mentioned, they are my servitors, in Book One. I won't say their names. I am sure you can guess which ones.

Sigil Magick

Sigil Magick has been around for several millenia,

Sumarians used it, Egyptians used it, Pagans use it, Goetics use it, Enochians use it, OOs use it. Most of the people today that use it, are occultists. Chaos Magickians use their own, thanks to Austin Osman Spare. Now how would one make their own sigil? Simple. Make an intent like, "I wish for this to happen." which there are two ways of doing this. I prefer the first way, which is take all the double letters out of the intent, it would become this, "IWHFRAEN." The other way is to take away all the vowels so it would be, "WHFRN." With this you can arrange them to make a vibrating word, then assemble a pictograph, almost like the other sigils or symbol you have used. With this, you basically vibrate the word, out loud or telepathically, and stare at the picture. You may blow smoke from whatever gnosis instiller you may use. It usually will give you a specific sign saying that it is in effect.

Hypersigils

Hypersigils are a very complex design upon two or more sigils. Mainly they are powered by the more eyes that see it. The five books of Capeditiea are a Hypersigil. Grant Morrison's *The New Gods* or *The Invisibles* are also Hypersigils. There are less complex Hypersigils that can be done, I have seen one that doesn't look anything but a bunch of cats upon a notebook paper. The creator of it knows who I am talking about. Mainly the focus of a Sigil or a Hypersigil are forget the intent, let it into your subconscious, charge it, then await the results. It is as simple as that. Only thing you really need is the results and patience for them to come.

Musick Magick

There is not much in books that mention this, this is

actually a very controversial subject in magick. Several disagreements upon how it can be done. Well the way I mainly focus upon it, is to invoke a deity, and let them take care of how it would sound. As well as how the magick is used. So with my Lady Motas musick magick, I have used several 00s in Altering Reality. But with this, you may have an issue of an evidential manner. So basically, combining Music Magick, Hypersigil, Xeper, and Elemental Magick, this would persist the influential manner of speaking. My words are my own, but the music is theirs. They are helping Alter Reality, which is the main structure of the words I have used.

Chaos Magick

Ever wonder how Chaos Magick was? Take one culture, change a few things you, your self disagrees with, grab some other cultures, mix them in, suddenly you have your own formulation of a systemless system. So basically you can have your own magick, your own style, your own background. My background is mainly Buddhist, Catholic, Taoist, Chaosism, Atheism, Anarchism, Discordianism, Enochian, Goetic, Setian, Satanic, Luciferian. No specific order. If you have studied enough of each you can see that these together would make Capeditieanism. :D This I think is the first time I have used Capeditieanism, there is the second! :D Yay.

Xeper or Keffer

So Xeper pronounced Keffer is basically translated to "I have come to be." This form of magick is more of a lifestyle. Which provides you to strive for god/dess hood. While Luciferians also practice Xeper for other reasons than that of Setians, or Satanists, I prefer to achieve it to become a goddess for the future times.

Nothing like Jesus, but more like Seth. Which I can say, back in one of my past lives, way back in Sumerian times or Mayan times. At least the culture seemed like I was in Sumer. I was to be a sacrifice for the passage of the death river. This only occurred to those of certain skills, mainly to come back to this realm and begin where they left off. Almost like the Buddhist reincarnation. But with this, we would not only remember our past lives, we would have to go through several trials upon the structure. So many humans have attempted to do this, and failed. Mathematically there are only one out of a thousand souls who do this, subconsciously or consciously, so on this earth there are about 720 thousand folk who do this. This number will shrink down to zero within a few centuries. The reason being some of us are faster than the others upon the realization of becoming a god/dess. Where only the ones who are from the Sumerian Culture, who were sacrificed would keep returning only to remind those who are deciding to create their destiny. Now many Setians, Satanists, and Luciferians can say the same thing, but how many of you can remember the past life in Sumer? I have talked with a few of you... strangely all of you have wondered how long we have known each other. Nowadays, this world would be wiped clean of the occult if it was not for us. Some of us decide to keep coming back for the instances of not letting those who are needing help, to receive it. So after receiving this information, would you resume your Xeper or start it, or would you prefer to keep living your life and not caring about what happens to our future? Not many humans will strive to achieve this. I personally don't care where you are at in life, I just know, by the time one would fully understand Capeditia, they would have finally achieved god/dess hood. This is how you would learn

why I am the gnosis goddess, I am.

Grey Magick

When I was in grade school, I cannot remember the year. Before going into magick, before even having any idea what slang terms meant. Living a sheltered life, no way of getting information and shit. During a class called science, I was looking ahead through the text book, I seen a picture of a kid, this kid looked several years older than what he really was. To this day, I have been trying to figure something out about this ailment. The thing is, when I asked the teacher if they can give me more information upon this subject, the teacher said, "I am sorry but I don't know anything about it." So as my curiosity persisted, I provided an obsession, with this the teachers decided that there was something wrong with me. While I grew through my years, this image of a child who looked 80 years old was in my mind. I have no idea to this day on why or how. When I began learning the occult at the age of 12, I was studying Celtic Magick. Some of their main ways of dealing with things provided with trees. One day I got into a fight with two younger classmates, they beat me up. I ended up going to a nearby tree to gather the energy. I knew nothing of keeping quiet to the popular culture. This created a problem when I was brought into the principals office. When the other two mentioned that I was talking about the tree giving me energy to kill them, I denied it. What is peculiar, the one that spoke up about it, broke his arm later that week. Their punishment; three nights of detention. My punishment; three days of in-school suspension. On the third day, they both ended up in in-school suspension. He had a broken arm, the other one dared not to fuck with me. While the one with the broken arm would not stop. After a while of this, he

finally stopped. This was when I started to take meds. The reason I started to take meds was, I rebelled against the system. I hated the schooling system for holding me back from my own curiosities. I would only have hints and such. So I acted out. Being picked on, talked about with negative criticism, and having a painful reality in front of my eyes. I began to recluse from humanity. This gave psychologists a reason to put me on pills. They started me on Risperdol, which gave me a drowsy feeling, and a more submissive behavior. This was the beginning, during this time I felt the energy being sucked out of me. They were saying, that I don't have typical thoughts and diagnosed me with schyzotypal. In return they switched my meds to Effexor. I began to have a dead mind, I lost a shit ton of interest in everything, and stuck to school. When they found out that I could see the spirits and such, they put me on the most evil drug out there, Abilify. It was at this time when my kia was shot down to barely anything. My curiosity was killed. I started to break free from this and stopped taking it. Which then, I was beginning to look back into the occult, as well as much of the other things that caused my curiosity to strike. After not taking it for seven years, I have just recently gained the kia that I had back at age 12. So now, I plan on proceeding with a more tangeble goal.

I wish for psychology, schools, and pharmesudical drugs to be wiped clean from the face of the earth. What good do those psyche meds do? Simply to take your money, to give you more and more pills. While you are focused upon this, I shall tell you what happened to me, soon after I took the meds. I was talking with the friend yes the one I mentioned in Book One, when I was talking about the three acid trips. This one was

interesting, due to the factors that I ended up in an asylum. Which this programmed me to take the pills for some time, but once you break their curse, you have to stay calm, the drugs will fuck you up long term. So you would need to keep not taking them in order to provide the benefits to occur. You may actually have your natural curiosity back.

Exersize Two

Pick a subject any subject. Anything that interests you. Study it for about a month or however long until you feel you have a good understanding of it. Next pick something that that particular subject is against. See how those two relate. With this take another study on something very simular, but more advanced in the essence of the first two subjects. Study this. While you study more on this subject. boom. You have advanced your self that much more.

Exersize Three

If you were to have any form of magick to perfect or master, which would it be? What is your purpose of it? Is it a logical one? How so? Are there others who practice this magick? Did you make this magick up? Does it work for you?

Exersize Four

Make up your own form of Magick. Whether it is combining a few other forms or making it 100% original. Give it a name, perform the task. Write the results. You may do this several times until you have a few that work well enough for you.

The exersizes above are mainly the simple essence of a Chaote. While another human would persist that it would not work. I dare them to try your magick. If you give me it, I will attempt it, just to see if it works for me. I will tell you, if it works for me or not, only after I attempt it twice. If I wouldn't respond, that means I am waiting for the results. Some forms of magick will take longer. I do have a diverse background, due to practicing

exercise four for several years. The ones I perform still today are listed in a previous chapter.

Chapter Five: The Capeditiean Cult

When the Capeditiean Cult rises, this world will have less need for any currency, for the latest fashion, it would be more or less an individualized disorganization. Mainly the cult is an alliance of individuals who are seeking the same things mentioned through out the Five Holy Books and others who wish to participate upon the Capeditiean Bible. I wonder will will be the Jesus... who would be Satan... I guess I could be Mosas... makes sense though, because I happen to play with words and call my self Lady Motas. So beat that Yehweh, I shall beat your zombies and create a group of an intelligent species that would definately make you look just as I would look like now! In a few millinea I hope they don't end up being the damn fucking shit assfucks you have made humans into be. You fucking suck Yehweh! You fucking suck Cyn Chaote! Shut the fuck up now Cyn or you shall taste my fucking something. We are not a religion, and definately we are not fucking hypocritical about it! Like how those Satanists are... by going and telling you "NO! You cannot make up your own magick! Magick is not spelled with a k, unless it is real magick. So don't put the k at the end of Magick! Fuck you Cyn and your Capeditiean Cult!" Will it consist of an orgy? We won't go and stay quiet about shit, we will fuck up some shit and sit back and relax upon the epic parts of the battle between Satanist and Crosstians. Maybe smoke some cannabis and laugh, about how redickulous they really are.

A conversation between a Satanist, a Crosstian, and Cyn

Satanist: Fuck God

Cyn: which one?

Satanist: The one that, that fucktard worships.

Cyn: Which god do you worship?

Crosstian: The one and only Jesus Christ.

Cyn: never heard of him, is he a Mexican?

Crosstian: No, he died to take our sins.

Cyn: So what is gonna do when he takes me?

Crosstian: He is going to save you.

Cyn: :O From what?

Crosstian: Your sins

Cyn: He is gonna save me from my self?

Crosstian: Would you like Jesus Christ to save you?

Cyn: Um... let me ask this other person, (to Satanist) is this a good idea?

Satanist: No, don't give into their lies.

Cyn: Why not? Maybe I can learn to lie. What can your religion teach me?

Satanist: How to be an individual.

Cyn: Am I that already? What else can I learn?

Satanist: Any thing you wish.

Cyn: Is it true I can have cookies?

Satanist: No.

Cyn: So you lie too!

Satanist: You're overreacting. Do what you want, dumb ass.

Cyn: okay. :D So will you join with me to their group of folk?

Satanist: No

Cyn: Okay, (to the Crosstian) Hey, would you like to become a Satanist with me?

Crosstian: No

Cyn: Why not?

Crosstian: The Devil is bad news.

Cyn: Who are you to say that he is?

Crosstian: Because God tells me so.

Cyn: (to the Satanist) Do you get this guy? I cannot tell whether he is stupid or if I have become stupid. Wanna take over?

Later that day, The Satanist killed the Crosstian's beliefs, and Cyn killed the Satanists Beliefs. The Crosstian is now a Satanist, and the Satanist is a Crosstian. Dafuq just happen? Cyn is still a Discordian Chaote Capeditiean Luciferian Crosstian Satanist Setian Atheist. Who wins? Whines? Let's have some wine.

A conversation between a Dog and Cyn

Dog: Bark Bark Bark

Cyn: Yes, I know, those humans were just as crazy as I am. How did you guess?

Dog: (sniffs Cyn's hand)

Cyn: I am not contagious, am I?

Dog: (licks Cyn's hand)

Cyn: No, I won't do that.

Dog: (keeps licking)

Cyn: So you are saying that if I set up a cult I can rule the world?

Dog: (looks up and cocks her head.)

Cyn: No, that is a great idea. What shall I call it?

Dog: Capeditiea

About twenty minutes later, Cyn finally realizes that the dog talked. This caused her to go insane. She decided it was probably a great idea to do the turkey curse upon her self in the mirror. She laughed her stare ick kali.

And now the Capeditiean Cult Manefesto...

So, this is a disorganization, which selects upon the mass media. You will find that the mainstream runs into a sudden sinkhole, colliding with the underground. Meanwhile, the underground surfaces just to catch some air, but retreats due to the sun being out. People begin dancing like in a flash mob, or the musicals. The key word for this utopia...

CAEDITIEA!

Rules (some are omitted)

2. You can stay or leave, if you stay. Add more.
3. Do not try to cause drama, we have a disorganized group to handle you, properly.
5. The five rankings:
 1. Goddess
 2. Buddha
 3. Messiah
 4. Pope / Mome
 5. Non-Capeditieans

The Capeditiean Cult is not and will not be liable to make anyone do anything they don't want to do. If we poke fun at you, play along. Serves us all a great time.

The Capeditiean Cult will acknowledge that if you have a tattoo of the Cult (Ask the Goddess or the buddhas or anyone really, to receive the tattoo.) If you have this tattoo you can legally do Gnosis Instillers. But first the Goddess or anyone can do the legal shit to provide it do happen.

If infact the goddess' expiration date occurs. The

Goddess will then become an archetype.

NOW THE FAQS!

Just what is the Capeditiean Cult?

Mainly it is a concept, within the concept of religion.

While you are busy asking the question, you could have read Capeditiea. You can obtain the books at...

Wix.com/888cap/nikitachaote

Is it a joke?

Yes. No. Maybe. I don't know.

Who can join?

Anyone really. You can cum... and go as you please.

Add everyone. I am sure if they like the Cult more people would know.

Is this some kind of roleplaying?

Yes. No. Maybe. I don't know.

How old do you have to be?

All ages... different age groups have different activities.

What type of Cult is this? Who do we worship?

This cult is a cult that is totally free, to each their own.

NO BULLSHIT! We can worship who we wish. No one should or would be persecuted for who they worship, their lifestyle, their lack of belief. No Matter what we accept you.

Part Two: Everybody Does It

Chapter Six: Destroy Currency

Law

How would one be above or below the law? How can one get away with what ever they try getting you on? Would it be to out wit them? Would it be to not do anything? At first, I figured it would be very easy to be above the law, but found I was below the law. I did some thinking, maybe I could outwit them. Nope, they are so stuck up in their ways of the law. I went to San Francisco in the Summer of 2012. What happened was, I first went to Los Angeles to see Robert Bisno. We talked and done some magick. I found out from him that I am an excellent scryer. After his roommate sorta kicked me out, I was shocked. Mainly, because I had to walk about 4 miles to get to the bus depot. Ends up I became lost in Los Angeles... I was sorta fucked up, thanks to a Gnosis Instiller. I was awake and kept walking. Felt no pain. I finally came to this Bart Station. Which I talked with this one guy who worked for their company. He gave me a ride to the bus depot. I ended up going to San Francisco. When I got to San Francisco, I should have gone North of the Bus Depot, I would have been on Market Street, which I found this out just as I was about to come back to Omaha. Fucking Omaha. Anyways, I ended up going south and walked down the bay. I seemed like a Tourist. LMAO! I got lost several times. Finally, Fenwick Rysen called me... after walking about 3 miles... as we talked I ended up at the address 555 at some street. he told me to walk another 2 miles to get to Castro Street. So I ended up getting up to 18th and Castro, my feet hurt. Walking about 10 miles in flip flops was not a great idea. I should have known... I felt dead. Upon waiting for Fenwick to come pick me up. I almost fell down the hill a few times. It was great.

While looking for work and shit, Fenwick and Dr. Aldous gave me a pink mini laptop to use. So at the time I had a nook, and a mini laptop to look for work and type up a resume. Sadly the day I started to type up this book, I was charging both my nook and the mini laptop, I went out for a cigarette. came back and Holy fuck they were both missing. What did I end up doing, I called Fenwick and was all like "Hey, I have some terrible news... you know that laptop you let me use, well, um... yeah someone took both my nook and your minilaptop." I expected him to go on an outrage that was pointed to no one in particular. Turns out he instead said, "I was expecting that. Just do a sigil for the safe return." So I did.

I went into a shocked state of mind, so what did I do afterwards, I ended up getting depressed, I willed to get fucked up. Turns out only a block away from where they were taken at the Center at Octavia and Market. This guy randomly asks me, "Hey you wanna get high?" So we walked randomly, suprizingly he was a war vet... which I personally could think he was crazy. But he made sense upon my getting high. Then after walking a shit ton. I ended back up at the center. This ocured to me, that there was nothing there for me. That morning I really needed to pee, and this one guy asked me if I wanted to smoke some weed. We did. It was this guy that inspired me to do this. Test the government. This way I don't feel like a hypocrite. So I ended up taking the long way to golden gate park. If I would have known I could have taken Haight Street, I probably would have been there sooner. About Ten blocks away I really needed to take a shit. So I went to every store along the way to use the public bathroom. No one did. Suddenly this nice couple, who owns a dry cleaning business let me use their bathroom. It was probably the most awkward shit I have ever taken from that time. It was the shit that was like the

diarrhea styled but not exactly diarrhea. It was like the shit, that you would look at and be all like... "Why does this look like pudding?" I flushed. I went down and thanked them. I asked them directions to Golden Gate Park. They gave me the directions. I was on my way.

I ended up at Golden Gate Park in the time of 20 minutes. I was offered to get some cannabis from a few people, and a few others asked me if I have any. Turns out I was finally asked by this one guy, who said he was a messenger of God. So I listened to him. During this time he gave me the rest of the joint. He was pleasant. He asked me finally after twenty minutes if I had found my purpose, I told him, "Yes, I have an idea on how to stop cancer, to create a world full of love." He smiled, "So you are the one?" "Yes." I had a temporary worshiper. Later that night, I was cold, I mean it was moist out, all I had was a pair of blue jeans, a black t-shirt, and a grey hoodie. As I was trying to sleep, some guy with a shopping cart full of his collection of things. (Most would discriminately say it is junk. I was able to see the purpose of it all.) He and I were instant friends. Turns out we spent about a week together. On our last day he had shown me an area, by the A tunnel (or whatever it is called.) There was something significant here, I could feel it. After taking the injection of Meth, I was up. This was a dawn of my new awakening. I needed to be there at that given moment. That morning, he told me to look around the tunnel. There was sigils through out the area. Apparently, I placed the sigil of the Cult on the wall next to four other names. I felt as though I was in another dimension. He wanted to show me another spot, this I went for. I got there, suddenly to my left a tree, which looks like it could be a foot was there. At that entrance I was questioned (telepathically) "Are you ready to see the truth?" I kept on walking. Suddenly, just behind the foot tree, I seen this tree that was like a death tree, this tree I dare not

touch. Further down the path, I seen another tree, this third tree was the mother of the wooded area. She was a beautiful redwood. This tree, this tree, had information of all my past. "How?" I wondered. The mother tree, looks out towards 17 other trees. They have specific names that I have given them, and will not disclose them. To the mother's back is a huge tree, which the only way you may obtain access if you have died. This tree's branches, look just like the protection sigil that is around the original sigil of my own. There is a natural canopy down the hill. It was at this moment when I became aware of my dopamine charge. (I will discuss more on Dopamine Receptors and how they can rise in book four.)

After this I went back to where I thought that guy was, he disappeared. I was taken in by this other guy, which only thing left for me was to start to take from stores. I was caught twice. The first time, I was given a warning and banned from Whole Foods Supermarkets in all the Bay Area. **FUCK YOU FOLK OF WHOLE FOODS! YOU WILL BECOME EXTINCT!** Anyways I traveled a lot with this guy, who I was really inlove with. He was the only male who has treated me good sexually. He never forced him self on me. He understood my spiritual focuses. As well as took good care of me. I miss him. But I probably fucked that over by leaving him to come back to Omaha. Basically, I had a migraine and was unable to help him go receipting, (I will teach you the ways of these things I have learned. Which if enough of us do these things, the government will die away. Currency will die away. Collective Morality will die away.) I ended up sleeping at Beuno Vista Park. Some guy was trying to fondle me, twice. So I went down the hill, and started thinking where to go. I went back down to market street, and looked for him. No where to be found. I figured to go to Castro Valley. Maybe we would have a better chance of meeting. I was there a few days, hungry as fuck, I went

into a Lucky's with two others. The folk at the Lucky's found out I took their 14\$ steak. They called the authority. I was placed in handcuffs. They took me to Dublin to the county jail. Which then I was given a court date. this overwhelmed me. So I decided come back to omaha, and type up this book you are reading. This way I can have the oppritunity of finishing book two before I will spend more time paying off the fine. Them fuckers.

A Strategy to defeat the system.

Mainly the ways the authority would recieve the information upon this, would be pish posh bullshit. mainly how would one out wit them with out being sent to jail for taking (not stealing) a steak? Or how would one prevent the subtle relapses of going into a corporate business and taking what they would make in a moment of one person going into line and purchasing these over priced items of necessity? More importantly, would they even have a heart if they would be eligible towards the corporate businesses also known as stores, what if you would be in that exact position. I would say, I dare any one of you workers to let us get away with not going hungry or having some entertainment upon which we take from the business that should pay you more I mean they make in one week what you make in one year. Even with that you are in a simular structure of a hierarchy of the establishment saying, "Be good, do good, and after a few years of working FOR us, we will promote you to manager, you will get one full dollar raise. Amazing isn't it?"

So what would you do worker? Would you follow their orders and grant the ones who are unable to make enough to feed them selves or their families? Would you want their death on your consious just because you have refused them food? I mean they get more product every month or less. This would mean you have an unlimited supply of food to give them. So

why not? I can think of a few reasons on why not personally. Mainly this would promote wave after wave of humans, going into stores and taking items of any sorts. (For those who do not know... never take from Ma and Pa stores, they don't seek corporate espionage. Take from the Supermarkets, the nationwide grocery stores, malls.) Mainly, the more this book goes into popular cultureism, it will create a great chaos. Strangely enough, this book as well as all my other works are 100% free to take as you wish. I hate having you spend money, I hate the existence of this unequal deficit. If you think about it, one would be inclined to buy more things. There are several things you can do to actually provide your self with this. I think I mentioned it in Book One. You can get books, games, shows, movies, and music all for free online, look for torrent websites. As long as you don't sell them to others, it is one hundred percent legal. Mainly because there are stores that buy your cd's and there are many songs that can be downloaded beyond that. So they give up on trying to catch us upon keeping it for our selves. With this logic, in larger cities the authority shrugs their shoulders upon seeing cannabis in your possession. Other drugs not so much. Mainly because they would rather catch murderers and rapists. You know the scumbag of the earth. So now if we were to use this inflation strategy would it work? Yes. The only back drop is that so many humans rely on being supported by these businesses, they would go against it. Which they are the weak. They will not last long in this new world.

The Baited Hooks in selling shit.

Get this for 10\$ and receive double the offer. But wait! there's more! We will throw in Cyn Chaote's Capeditea Book One for free. A 70\$ value for only 10\$. Who really is to say it is all 70\$? It only costs them about 70 cents... (i could not find the cent symbol upon my keyboard sorry.) Usually they

make the cents into dollars, maybe for that same reason. Other than that, they would still make money. Which then they would expect you not to know this, so they plan on taking your money. Wanna know what the most expensive thing to make is? The building that makes the products, mainly they wanna pay that off, but they also have the expences and everything. Which is why it is the most expensive thing to make. Go to the previous paragraph, think of the products being made as the workers, and the Building as the corperate business. (Same difference.) Mainly you think of it as that way, but the corporate business is actually paying the money.

So, with that 10\$, .70 cents goes to the components of the product. Another .40 cents for the electricity for that workstation for that day. .10 cents each to each worker who helped fabricate it. The rest is mainly royalties upon the product. So they would be making what ever royalties. So while the ones who spend their sweat on making these products, are being paid anywhere from .1-.5% of the the price of the product sometimes less. Now how do these folk live who spend their sweat? In poverty, living from paycheck to paycheck. Their children are not spoiled, they usually become aggravated upon the system. Now how do the ones live who have the rights to the product? The life of the rich and famous, (obviously) their most applicable work out is walking from their bedroom to their front door. Unless they run on the treadmill, or lift weights. Their children have never experienced the down sides of life. So they become self centered and consequently, about 99% of the time they are the ones who are stuck up. So who really benefits with money? The rich are lowlifes, the poor are aggravated, the middle class are stuck buying all this shit. So who really wins?

spend it on gnosis instillers, or on tcg cards. Before the arrival of obtaining music, video games, movies, and books becoming free, I would spend several hundreds upon them. So, why would I waste my money, when I could just wait about 20 minutes per album to download. Or wait for the movie to come on dvd then download it soon afterwards. Or get a free emulator of whatever system and get whatever games I wish for it, all i have to have is a laptop or a desktop with about 2gb of ram. So with all the money I saved upon the purchase of the laptop is actually only about 1% of what I can spend just to fill up the 750gb hard memory. A video game it self is anywhere from 4gb to 20gb. An album is anywhere from 30mb to 200mb. There is a total of 1028mb in 1gb. so do the math. A movie ranges from 400mb to 2gbs. Half hour tv shows, range from, 300mb to 800mb per episode. A book is anywhere from 1mb to 70mb. If you were to fill the laptop with a shit ton of books you would be saving about 3,500\$ at least. Do the rest if you feel like it. As you do each you would actually see the potential of keeping the money in their pockets, and promoting your thoughts a lot easier.

But it takes money to make the products. A CD costs the musician a total of 1.50\$ in bulk. They can go and sell it for two dollars for the hard copy, then have a profit of .50 cents per CD. What if they just put it online and such, people have mp3 players correct? Not always, but if they have a way of listening to music, they can decide to use a friends computer and get the cd, and spend about 20\$ upon 100 black cds, to enjoy the music. Though it costs to record it... NO! you can do that your self. This actually is pretty easy. There are websites that will explain the process of recording your own music for the cost of a laptop or desktop, a recording device, and a program. There are several free programs that you can use or get. Fuck paying 150\$, am I left? Being a

musician is easy, you just have to learn to play the instrument you wish to master in, whether it is the voice, songwriting, guitar, drums, bass, electronic beats, any of the classic instruments. So would the musician really be that greedy to fuck other people into spending 15\$ on one album by saling out and sounding like shit? Since the rise of the interweb, I can properly say, let the fucktards who know nothing about being upbeat about shit, and go out and make millions on their cd, we can download their music. So what about the great ideas of seeking a large mansion and having a shit ton of money? They tend to go lethargic on us, in return their infectious shit will enter our brainwaves and fuck our magickal stand points. So would you want to end up like that musician? Would you rather get your point out with more significant meaning? or would you want to get out an album that people would probably skip through the tracks they don't like. Which on a CD that fucks up the chances of listening to it all. Where mp3s, the general population will have more of a chance of always having it. This way word of mouth is more expected. I mean how many times have you asked who an artist of any kind was upon hearing their song,

Exersize Seven

How often do you discover new music? If we were to be stuck in a simple structure of music. Rock, Country, Rap, Hip Hop, Classical, Electronic, Metal, and Techno. I left out the not so popular things. Listen to each genre that i have listed. Listen to several artists of each. What makes them so great? Now check out other varieties of music. Creating more of a diverse selection. Don't follow other peoples advice on how they sound, how do they sound to you? Do they sound catchy, upbeat, depressive, hateful, takes the words out of your mouth? Would you perform that type of music? Does it speak to you in a certain way like, "Hey, I could have written that."

The difference between the "under underground" music is that several folk can have a low amount of audience, not spend their time proposing a cost to their fans, and fucking

putting out great music in the process. During this time, I felt it was a great idea to mention again, I will have way more albums out than any musician, in 8 years all for free. So, who is gonna try to beat me?

While it costs money to make a book, hard copy. The author of the book spent around 1 to 30 years just studying their subject. They invest their time, and their imagination to provide you with an old school style of entertainment. One thing that made me laugh and hate this writer was, that he preached that if you are good at something, do it for free there is much more enjoyment in it. I think he was a wiccan... fucking hypocrites. I spent 12\$ for that book then I read that, and began to laugh so fucking hard... one would think I was on cannabis. Let's just say authors of the world, do not what ever you do, don't be a hypocrite. When you give your imagination out for free, when you give out your time for free, because you enjoy writing. DO IT! I don't drink, but I will get high with you, if you would like. I may actually take your ideas, only if you seek a profit. If it is All rites reversed. It is a win / win. Fuck, All Rights Reserved. (yes, you can use shit from my shit, which will provide you with what ever. Why should I keep this information all to myself? You may actually take Capeditiea and place the title on your book. The funny thing is. Yes, this is the same principals as the Anons. I am just attacking the people who can help this world. Giving the ones with the ability to speak up and shit. This will provide any one to grant the ability to advance this world to the technology, to the provisions of the great efforts of what ever one wishes to seek, and have a variety of ideas of learning, have a choice who to listen to. And not being told what to do.

Video games have a distinct proposition, when one would come out, they are brought into these corporate businesses,

which will cost you 60\$, so while you are pulling in the money for these corporations, which you could make more money, by making computer games, and selling the game for 20\$ just make it into freeware. fuck spending money upon the structure of the corporate flow. When you developed the game, why would you wanna have folk waste money on your game, that you spent several months to years to build? Why would you seek to see it be a hit, when the buyers are rich snobby kids who would obtain it by begging their mom and dad to give them the money for this latest game you put out? Lately since the last 3 years of the the gaming industry, I think there are only 3 games I enjoyed playing. Mainly because when I started playing was when the first playstation was coming out. True gamers remember the games they played over and over, nowadays the games are fucking bullshit. Yes. Make something that would grant us some thinking. Not going around and shooting random people. Those are good to let out the aggression, but they have no point to them. Which is the point, if you were a discordian. But since there is too much bullshit upon these games that causes the casual gamers to not like playing it again, then really why would you spend your money on creating the game. Seek the fulfillment by actually creating a game that is thought full. Even if it has no point.

I can bet that my first book was only fully read once by who ever has read it. That was on purpose. This book is the same, but you would reference to it. Honestly, I can say, yes, I rushed through it. Yes, I had to use a friends computer. So how would I have obtained so much gnosis? There I go again with my grandeur.

Exersize Eight

When you create something you can do what you wish. The more authentic to your own beliefs are the more people will like it.

Basically, when it is authentic you can actually provide more of a heartfelt way of portrayal, which in the end people would like it way more. What if we were to have monotonous voices, all our cars were the same color, make and model. What if we were to become predictable? Where would the diversity go?

Strangely, movie stars are the largest cost for making the movie. Well, also strangely, these actors and actresses get paid a shit ton of money to live the lifestyle of the rich and famous. So why would you accept a job for 2 million bucks? You have a shit ton of money that other people don't have, travel through the areas that are full of folk in poverty. See how they live? I still live at my parents. Anything I do for the entertainment business is actually for free. If I was to ever act... which I doubt, I like to keep the image of having no image. This way in a few years, when Capeditiea Book Three somehow becomes a movie... I would see this craze... but people would not give me that second glance, unless they were my friends. This way I don't have to deal with the papanazi... paparazzi? papa rot see? While you are doing movies and shit, and you have an image of being a real badass or what ever you play in your movies, they see you. This way you are currently taken back upon the infrastructure and have to go into hiding. What kind of life style is that? I mean really, how were you before you were just a fucking image, a fucking name, a fucking sale point? You probably had the same ambition as what I have now to get Capeditiea out and about. Or the ambition to be on top of the music industry or have the best seller, or have that oscar, or have that game of the year title or the image of who you are not! Which do you prefer? Who are you to help this cause? Will you.

I AM THE ONE VOICE PEOPLE
HAVE WANTED! I AM THE ONE
WHO WILL START THIS ALL! I
AM! but I don't want to be. Mainly
because there are several things
that could have been done before
this moment. So While you are
there trying to figure out shit on
how to fucking take over this
world. I have. My Will is done.
Fucking grandeur... I hate it, but it
occurs and gives me confidence.
:D So that is what I do.

Necessities

Water and food are needed to keep us alive. Going at this is an easy one, but as these are the most thriving business formations, it makes it challenging, only a little bit. Why would you wanna really go and select food and pay currency to stay alive? It is like asking you if you would like to play Russian Roulette. Mainly, we would persist this environment, pollute the earth with these wrappers, these styrofoam plates and shit. While we are polluting the earth, while we are all spending about 400\$ per month average to stay alive. The businesses are gaining about a 3 million dollar profit per year. Shit, that would mean they can get a shit ton of food and a bigger house. Holy fuck, this would mean there is more of the natural resources being over taken by these buildings to spread and kill us. Making money a necessity more than food or water. Then Throwing the "Please Recycle." Strangely enough if we keep this bullshit up for a few more decades we would have to spend over a 1000\$ per month due to the bullshit of building all those stores they sale their products in. Now as you go and eat something from a fast food resteraunt, you may see that it is cheap, only a dollar for a hamburger, but there is a value meal, and you can supersize it with just an extra .30 cents or what ever it is. Suddenly they ring it up and boom, you pay about 7\$ for one meal. Then you have the state of mind of holy shit 7\$, I could have gotten that at the grocer and had one that tasted just as good or better with a 12 pack of soda. Though one who would think this would neglete the actual value of your life.

Exersize Nine

How do you value your life? Would you really put a price on it? Why or Why not? Could you say the same for a homeless person, or a rapist, a murderer, a priest? Who would you say is worth more to

you? What are your best qualities? Why should you exist? This may actually give you an answer beyond what you have expected.

So why do businesses make us pay for Food and Water? Would we really have to waste our money upon these resources that are required to live? Mainly one would think well they watch out for our well being. If this was true, why are their hungry folk every where who have to spend money, or take from these fucked up businesses? Simple. Because when we desire to live life, and when we are hungry at the same time, we would have a challenge on actually being active, our actions are not the best, we are more aggrivated, we are worn out. Shit so this would mean, that they are sadistic fuckers. Them fucks. Why the fuck do you have to do this to humanity corporate business folk? Do you really think that it is pleasurable and shit to go and make us pay money just to stay alive, and have us as your test subjects? Your lab rats? Well this lab rat has become smart and decided to go for you instead of the cheese. Then do tests upon you, while you are being put into our position. This would give you enough of a business sculpture.

So as I have figured out how do create this instance, while these people are running around like ants, and causing crime and shit, we shall cause them to be placed under arrest for taking our products at our businesses, causing them to have a fear of taking our profits. Little do these people know, we are making them feel that they don't have enough money, which in turn the magick happens. This will be a great population control upon the population. This will make us benefit and shit, we would never have to worry about anything. We just sit back and chill.

While we don't specifically need shelter, some of us do, preferably to protect us from the cold or hot weather, storms,

hurricanes, tornadoes, o my. We go and spend a certain amount to get a place to live, depending on the location it is flux of the price. Only thing you really are paying for is the security and to call a location of earth your own. Property is stealing. Just to let you know. Mainly I can think of several reasons why you would need to pay and own a place, one of them is yes the security. If you would think of this for a moment, what if you would have no ownership of a place, after the currency goes away, would people really come in and take something of yours? Would they just move in? And you are suddenly full of humans in the place. Fuck... that would be cramped. It would not happen though, soon after the fall of corporate businesses, we would have lead away from flocking. So sheeple would be no more. While you would be staying somewhere, you would have just as much right to leave, just as they have. No arguements would occur, mainly because you would be sharing this area. If one doesn't like it they can provide their own lifestyle. With out being ridiculed or any thing. Funny I say this, because being ridiculed is my magickal instiller. I like proving those voices in my head that I can do it. As well as showing the actions of having all this happen. Anyways, while we have to spend money on shelter, we are focused upon the nature of having to pay for our security.

Exersize Ten

Ever wanted to travel somewhere, but had to deal with saving money and being as patient as possible, to get enough money to go on the trip? You get there and find that you spend about several hundred bucks just for a place to stay for the time you are there. Not only that the food prices are higher at the resteraunts, and the culture is so different from what you are from. What if you were to be interested in anthropology? or you love to travel? What if you would be accepted to stay somewhere by living so nicely for however you would like. What if you prefer to sew? What if you are a great cook? What do you

seek when you do the things you love? Do you seek money? Do you seek their pleasure of eating your food that you have made, or them sporting the clothing you have fabricate? or seeing an amazing site? or learning about a new culture? What do you really full heartedly seek? Can you see what I mean yet?

But then what about the gas for our cars? the buses? What about the Oil? We tend to go to war for these items, so these humans who take gas, oil, and their vehicles for granted can drive to and from work, and can provide a lazy way of living. While they are succumbed to paying 3 to 7\$ per gallon of gas, same with the pints of oil. I wonder what would happen if every oil rig in the sea was to just randomly explode. I can see it happening, several oil rigs being blown, our water supplies are polluted. Out side will become radioactive, making humanity go into a post apocalyptical stage. Suddenly, there are people going into a panic and fighting each other. Explosions occur. Fucking World War 3 occurs but this will be in every country, but with in it. It would be like a culture of mobsters, gangsters, goths, punks, and biohuman assassins. (Sounds a little like the Novel. Ey?)

Mainly, would you really think that we should just give our money to support war? Peacegoers, you are a bunch of hypocrites for using transportation, especially if you would have a car. Wars are for gas, oil, and ownership of land, o and we cannot forget, money... fucking money. Environmentalists, same goes for you. I would like to see the planet rust. At the rate we are going, yes it will happen more and more. While you sit back and watch your televisions, what ever programs may interest you or what they tell you that should interest you, I shall be thinking of new ways of winning against the currency war. Now this is how I can provide so much information upon the structure.

I love to learn, to be creative, I love to travel, to see more

places, to experience new things. That is me. Not really you. So if you like to do something, do it. Why must they hold you back? Destroy all the currency and see the victory of living your life so greatly.

Chapter Seven: Latest Trends

Dude, you have gotta get this new phone, it has all these apps and shit, dawg it is the shit. Here check this shit out. It has this, this, this and that. O and check this out, my background has a moving picture of this naked chick. Woah I gotta get me one of those, how much is it? 300\$. What the fuck really that much. O but it is worth it. You can also get other things on it. There is so much things you can do with it. Holy fuck! I want one, I am gonna go ask my mom for this thing. Okay. Mom, can I get this? No. Why not? Everybody in school has it. I said no. MAHHHHHHHHHM! Please! Please! Please! - Heresy Drone Syndrome.

Next time an item comes out please, see the lines. Look at all those heresy drones, all those sheeple, standing in line just to get the new overpriced product just because it is so popular. Little do those heresy drones know, they are giving a small group of people money, they are wasting their money, they are losing out on living life. These Heresy Drones are an infection, just like a virus in the system, procreating a value of the latest trend, granting them to pick on and outcast those who don't have the product. Which will be progressively worse. Why would you spend 300\$ on a product that you can get the same thing for 50\$ or free? Mainly these heresy drones get this product for the name, which while using this product or obtaining it, they are being brainwashed by those who create the product. I wonder how much the gnosis goddess can really overpower these companies. So I shall force my self to get sued. This way, I can create a justified reason to kill these current companies. They are all taking our money... this is the list of these "name brand" products that you gotta watch out for:

Technology
Apple
Facebook

Cricket
Boost
Android
Sprint
Cox
Dish
Microsoft
Direct TV
and many more

Businesses
Walmart
Target
Kmart
Shopko
Safeway
Lucky
Bakers
Mcdonalds
Burger King
Subway
and many more

If you work for any of these companies, I wonder what would happen if you were to spread this book around. I wonder how many of you would quit your jobs that you probably despise but have to pay for bills and shit, so you would have to keep working in order to provide for your self. I wonder what would happen if so many of you would quit. How much Disorder would happen? The people who go to these places and purchase these products would all be distraught, probably take more shit from the businesses, then suddenly they would have to shut down a few of their buildings to keep money in their ways. After this, the general population would seek to provide in some other way, so they would flock to the next closest business. Fucking Sheeple still going at it. So we would need to devise a plan on how to get their flocking ways, to break away. How would we do this?

Exersize Eleven

Are you tired of working that dead end job? Have you taken the advice upon the last chapter? How much money do you spend now compared to before the practice? Do you matter (in the best of meanings) upon the job or tasks you are given

at your work place? If you are not paid enough, if you feel that you should be doing something better, if you feel there is a greater purpose upon which you are supposed to do, what is it? Why not quit? if more folk were to destroy currency and give currency a value of just a paper with ink and numbers on it, would this create more destruction to society? Would you still have a miserable life? What do you really want to do? Who do you want to be? How does this effect where you're at now?

The real threat for all this process is that we are attacking the 1%. The 1% that controls this world. Why do we need to listen to this 1%? Fuck em all up the ass with a soldering iron. These 1% have about double the money than that of the 99%, so why would we need money, if they control this world? We are greater in number, this means we can overpower them, and were all to take away the 1% what would be of value for currency? I can feel that I may be assassinated really soon. Fuckers. Well this is to my assassinator... who paid you to come and kill me? did you do it because you have failed to read this before killing me? I suggest that you read this all before killing me, because I am sure you would prefer to kill them. Do you know why this is? Well because I am a sociopath and have a shit ton of members upon this Cult. I am well respected. I will you to come out to the folk of my Cult. I wonder what they would do... perhaps a torture contest. ooooo that sounds so much fun. too bad that I won't be able to parttake in this venture, because that sounds so much fun. Hey may be I will be there and haunt your fucking ass, perhaps while you are fucking. This way you can never ever have a pleasurable moment, just don't take gnosis instillers because you will see me in front of your eyes. Perhaps I will be holding your severed head or something more interesting. I could possess you and fuck with your mind like I am doing right

now. To where you should have read this before killing me with that sniper rifle that you hide away in your closet. While your wife and two kids would never know what you do. Maybe you can tell your daughter Desareh, (I think that is how you spell her name.) anyways, you can tell her why I was killed, because she IS one of us. And it was you who killed me, so then your daughter, will hate you for life, and your younger daughter will end up going to school and finding out that she becomes an easy target, which was because the kids found out about you. So now what are you to do? Will you still kill me, or would you kill your contractor just by asking to make me disappear? This is the choice you really have, do you understand this Laurence? (again with the spelling?)

Now that I have scared my worshipers, if I have any, yes I will be shot. I have predicted it. The reason is because I have caused a great controversy over just these two chapters, I know for a fact that the guys name is not Laurence, and I am only half sure the name of his daughter is Desareh, but if these fucks were to read this and pick out a guy named Frank or a chick, I will be not very suprized. The same will go for anyone who kill me off in 2015. I may actually endup in a coma. But hey, at least I will have a safe zone to be safe from future assassins. How serious am I really?

Who would you listen to, someone who is boring and seeks only your lifestyle. While you are being lied to, and having a fashion that everyone else has, why? Why would you want to be like every one else? If you were to be like everyone else, this world would be really boring, you would not have any originality, this world would be so fucked. So one sided, so one pointed, so simular, so alike. If you would think of it as this, who would you pick on if everyone was the same? I

know I would not be who I was if I wasn't picked on for being a sissy boy. Interesting the only reason of me being a sissy was, well I am a male to female transsexual. And by no means do I act like those popular girls at all. I am who I am. Yes, I am. Who gives a fuck what others think, who gives a fuck what style of clothes you were? Only the ones who wish to be the same as every one else. I don't give a fuck what you call your self, what you label your self. I would have to write a book to label my self. basically, by the time I finish that book, I would end up having to keep on writing it until the end of time. I always change my views, I always change my ways, my morals, my standards. There is no way that anyone can keep up with me, unless you are by my side all the time, and that would not be a great idea... because I prefer to be left alone, I have a reclusive personality. If you were to think of a brown recluse, I won't fuck with you if you don't fuck with me. I will be nice and not bite you, if you are nice. If you tempt me to fuck you up, I will do it magickally instead. You just will never know how so. Any ways, back to the intent of this chapter, before I go too far into grandeur... I must keep in control of my grandeur shit. I can lose friends that way. (Little does she know, I replaced her name with this word. I only wish to seek happiness for her. She only warned me about having a grandeur. But lately it has been getting out of hand for my well being. Which by the time I have gotten this part of me fixed. The magick of this book has taken shape.) Am I evil? Several people say no, I am

beginning not to believe them. **THIS IS**
WHAT HAPPENS

WHEN I TAKE
DISCORDIANISM
FROM MY LIFE!
OR WORSE WHEN
I BECOME A
RECLUSE FOR
TOO LONG I
START THINKING
OF DESTROYING
THE WORLD!
HIDKSH

Chapter Eight: Final Thoughts

Exersize Twelve

Why would someone like me really matter? Now ask your self that. "Why do I matter?" What have you done with in this life that would grant you some sorta say so? What would you need to do to fullfill your legacy, to fullfull your destiny, to fullfill your enlightenment?

Dopamine

Low Levels and its effects

The lower the level of dopamine you have, the lower your self esteem will be. Which the lower your self esteem is, the higher the chances of you being a zombified sheep. How often do you see those who work at fast food resturaunts or corporate businesses look so fucking hot that you would ask them out upon their checking you out at the cashier? So think of this formula...

$$L+D-T=W$$

Life plus dopamine minus time equals self worth.

So the longer you stay in a situation that will lower your dopamine levels, you might as well just kill your self. Because you feel there is nothing to life, so their for you have no self worth. One thing to change that is having a valued friend, or a reletive to maintain your sanity. Well, some of us have gone so far down, you don't have friends or relitives to have support. FUCK THEM! You are still here, make one change with your life, whether it is finding that god, taking a shower, eating something, starting up cannabis, create your own cult with followers or members. Who gives a fuck, it is you with no self esteem that can have the highest dopamine levels. Most humans today, will just

say shit to keep it down. Well I say fuck their eyes out, kill them, kill them dead in your head... please not in real life. You just doing that will raise your dopamine levels enough to start living again.

Exersize Thirteen

Provide your self with a new thing to do. Any thing that will give you a reward in the end.

Higher Levels of Dopamine

The amount of dopamine one would have, is accurate with how they live their lives, how they see them selves, and how they can influence others. The general public has a pretty average level of Dopamine, which will grant them to be social, to be healthy. While most would be consistant in doing what needs to be done, but have time for them selves to have some enjoyment. The ones who have a higher amount could produce what most call the "High on Life" sequence, or the Adreniline Rush, or having not so "typical" thoughts or ideas. Any Gnosis Instiller will grant you the access of having a higher than average dopamine level. Cannabis and Salvia for most people, has a tendency to give you the pleasurable feeling of liking things more, and just like having high dopamine levels, lazyness. Yes with too high of dopamine levels, you become lazy as fuck. Meth is a little different. You will provide your self with a very sexual feeling, get horny in other words. Meth is a painkiller, which will grant you the pleasure of not having much pain. Shrooms and LSD can raise your levels to a staggering amount, where you can see shit, and if you're in control with your thoughts, you can control your environment quite easily. I haven't had much experience in Cocaine, Crack, MDMA, Heroin. I know there are more, I just don't feel like listing them, there are a few that I wanna keep under the radar, due to their beneficial properties, Which I will explain more on every Gnosis Instiller in greater detail in Book Four.

And now The Novel

Part Three: They Initiate

Capeditieans and Allies: 23,888

Extremists: 15,840,666

Exterminators: 9,048,411

Dogmatics: 52,418,713

This is totalling 77,331,578 for the population of earth.

Chapter Nine: Sea Moon

It was not long after Cyn was put into a coma, When Sea Moon was to come around. Sea was a polite girl, petite. She had found the Capeditiean Lab, there was nothing much to the outside of the lab. It looked aged and had seen a shit ton of things. Sea opens the front door, interesting it went from a busted up outside, and became something else. Something very extra-terrestrial. Silently, Sea walked, as if there was some sorta sensor that would have a crazy person fly out and start yelling random absurdities. Nothing, she crept closer to the front desk, no one was there. "Hello?" she questioned to anyone who was in earshot. She sees a sign behind the front desk, it says, "If there is no one here, find us." She wondered if she could trust the sign, most places have people here protecting their secret facilities. Especially if the Lab is in an undisclosed lab. Suddenly she made a descision, "Yes I will travel into the depths of the lab." She walks down the hallway, there was a room with an open door, she enters cautiously.

There was some guy sleeping in a chair. He was very interesting, a top hat, some sort of long hair or animal upon the top of his head, he also wore the strangest of clothing, rags sewn together, which was something wonderful. He was sleeping, suddenly he opened one eye. "AHHHHH!" Sea left the room. "Hey, wait." he yelled calmly,(in finnish) Sea stopped and turned around, he finishes with "who are you?"

"I am Sea, who are you?"

"ChaoZ, with a capital Z, nice to meet you." he then kisses her hand, chiveralisly.

This some what flattered Sea. "So what brings you here to the Capeditiean Lab?"

"I am looking for Cyn, she said that she would be there."

"She is," he smiles, "But she is not."

"What do you mean?"

"She went into a coma a few months ago, and we are not sure when she will come out of the coma."

"That sucks, I needed to talk with her about something."

"Anything I could do to help?"

"She did mention that anyone at the lab could help. But you see, I would prefer to talk with her about this."

"Would you like to meet the one's in charge of the Lab while she is in the coma?"

"I guess so."

"Okay," he smiles, "Follow me. I will first show you where Cyn is, this way you can see her when ever. I see her when I take a break."

"A break from what?"

"My duty for now is to take out the Exterminators."

They both ended up at Cyn's bedside, "what happened to her arm?" Sea asked.

"It was severed during the epic battle between her and Rix Reese. Now come, we shall go talk with Robert."

ChaoZ knocked on Robert's door, "mwahahhahahah!" they heard just before Robert says, "Come in." ChaoZ walked in just like not hearing Robert laugh maniacally, kinda a normal thing since the arrival of his Alien love. He figured out how to do it, with the example of Cyn being in a coma. So he decided to try his experiment, it worked. While this occurred, his love comes out of the bedroom to greet the new guest. Sea is completely confused about what is going on. Why is this chick naked greeting me, and what is that sigil on her chest. Robert asks, "What brings you here to the Lab?" Robert is currently sitting nude using a pillow to cover his penis, maybe even a hard on. He notices Sea looking almost awkwardly upon the tall nude woman, "This is 004."

"Hello, 004."

"Hello."

"Eh," Sea starts, "Robert, I was personally asked by Cyn to come here and talk with her. What I don't understand is that she is in the coma. Things are changing, there is just so much going on, that I have no idea upon how or what is really going on. I seen the city, Fillmore, fully dissappear. I mean this town had almost 40 thousand people in it. Have you heard about this?"

"Yes," Robert replied. "I shall explain, she is in the coma, and is currently being tested by the Triple Time Controlls." Sea had the expression that she has heard of them, but a kinda suprized, kinda worried expression. "Have you heard of them?"

"Yes. In matter of fact, they owe me a favor. I can wait till later on to ask them. So how long do you think Cyn will be in her coma?"

"None of us are sure. Others are awaiting. Some are guarding her, like ChaoZ here, since ChaoZ has been working on killing every exterminator. He has his own ambitions upon this manner. You may ask him if you would like."

"How many people do you have here?"

"It ranges from 158 to 222 people. Why?"

"I was wondering if I could help out around here, being as how Cyn is still in her coma. I could help around here and provide support for those who need it."

"Sounds... good, but now 004 is wanting to fuck me again. ChaoZ will you take her to Haz? Get her aquanted upon a few folk."

"Let's head this way, this will be a drive." ChaoZ mentions, "We have to go into Exterminator territory, can you do any thing magickally?"

"You will be suprized upon what I can do." She smiles joyfully.

"Do you know any spanish Sea?"

"Yes, just enough to get by though."

"Okay, so we are safe."

ChaoZ and Sea both get to where Haz is at. "What is that symbol by the door?" Sea questioned, "I seen it upon the doors at the lab as well."

"You remember 004 correct? That sigil between her boobs, the sigil above every door is 888's who is Cyn's component."

"Does Haz have any of their folk, that he could be fucking?"

"No worries, Haz is completely gay, he has a man."

Sea facepalms, wonders whether or not, the people at the two Labs are full of fucking people. Literally too. They walked in through the front doors. Holy shit this is a mad house.

Monkeys are dancing on tables, a horse is playing a card game with a turkey, and what is a tub doing on the ceiling?

"When I am in need of assistance of any kind, I come here,"

ChaoZ said, which then rings the bell with a crazy speed, like he has got parkisons.

"Don't make me shove that bell up your ass." A voice from behind the door states.

"You would like to see the hippo cum in my ass... wouldn't you?"

Sea is looking confused as fuck.

"Why no that is absurd, it would be the horse that is currently behind you." Coincidentally there is a horse behind ChaoZ.

"Holy shit, you said you wouldn't get that horse attracted to me, now it is licking my hair, making it a mess."

As Sea was looking at this voice the full time, trying to figure out who it may be. Haz walks out, he has a hot pink lab coat, for no real reason at all. You would think he was running a vet. No in fact he is not. He is wearing an oversized sombrero. "Who is this girl?" Sea couldn't help but to laugh at this guy.

Chapter Ten: Haz

"This girl..." Sea states, "is Sea Moon. And you are?"

"I am Haz at your service. I run this sect of the Capeditiean Lab. I also have much experience in initiating folk to our labs. Robert has leant me this job. I like it. So what brings you here?"

"I wanted to see Cyn about something, but I just found out she is in a coma. I don't know what to do, or what is going on."

"Maybe I can help you, Robert has been preoccupied by his alien girl friend. So I have become the councilor as well."

"Well, I have been curious about this weird feeling, it seems, that everything around me has been changing. When I find an answer, several question show up. For some odd reason I think something very negative will be happening. Just yesterday, I was walking, during this time, someone was walking their dog. Suddenly they disappeared. This has happened for the past year. The town I am from has dropped in population dramatically. Several of the people their have suddenly vanished."

"Interesting, a year huh?"

"Yes, since last March."

"Hmmmmm, that is about the same time Cyn went into her coma. I think she may have something to do with this. We shall go and talk with Robert, interrupt him with his sexcapades. He was taking notes upon these changes, maybe you two could compare."

Meanwhile in 1523, Cyn is on the verge of perfecting the art of fitting in with the locals. The folk in the town of Bonneville, are kind and have taken a liking to her, even though she is probably an alien or some kind of angel they were not sure yet, but they were sure that she was kind to them. She was valiant in taking out the crosstian plague around the town of Bonneville. She taught the folk of Bonneville this addictive

game called cribbage. It seems that she has forgotten something, but what in the fuck can it be? She cannot remember anything much of her life before entering the town. Little did she know that she was being fucked with by the Triple Time Controlls, which are amusingly watching Cyn as she is trying to figure out what is going on.

That night, Cyn was visited by a cat at the door, it was a Calico and Siamese mixed breed, it has very beautiful vibrant yellow-brown eyes. He begins to purr and rub against Cyn's leg, Cyn gives the cat some soup. The cat immediately goes down on the food, like he has not once eaten in his life. This cat was never here before, the very first time in the town. This cat gives off a very familiar aura, almost human. Cyn cannot put her finger on it, but he doesn't seem to be a danger or doesn't necessarily have anything negative radiating from him. Cyn lays back down. Sleeping, Cyn dreams of this guy with shoulder length grayish brown hair, who is wearing a trench coat and fluffy cat slippers. Suddenly this guy runs off while stripping, she then awakes to the cat nudging her left arm, seeking milk.

"CYN!" yells one of the townsfolk, "The king's men are here looking for you."

"Can I have you do me a favor?" Cyn asks.

"Anything ma'am."

"Two favors?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"For the first favor, please don't call me ma'am,"

"Okay m... err um Cyn." He smiles, "and the other?"

"The other is to take care of this cat while I am gone. I am going peacefully, but I will be back."

"What are you gonna do?"

"You will know if I am successful or not, before I get back here."

Back in 2023, “Holy Shit!” Sea screamed, “It is happening again.”

“We should go and see Robert, if there are any dramatic changes we will know as well. Okay, let’s take my invisible jet.”

“You have one of those?” Sea asked, amazed.

“No,” Haz laughed, “I want one though.”

Sea facepalms.

“But I do have this!” The garage opens and there is a Dune Buggy, pink, purple, and green camouflaged, with a golden apple that has the word, “Kallisti” upon the hood. “It’s been a while since I have driven this, so if I suck, please tell me.”

They both hop in, the first thing Sea notices is the manual shifter thing, it is in the shape of a cock. “I call him Manual.”

They arrive at the other Capeditiean Lab, walk in, get to Robert’s section. Haz knock on Robert’s door like some one fleeing from the zombie apocalypse or something, screaming “HELP! HELP! OH MY GOD HELP! ZOMBIES ARE ATTACKING!” Robert opens the door, Haz jumps in, breathing heavily. Sea just walks in calmly with the expression of ‘what the fuck did I just get into?’ Robert asks, “What is the emergency?”

“Well, Sea has noticed a change.” Haz mentions still breathing heavily.

“You too?” Robert asks looking at Sea.

“Yes, I have noticed it for almost the past year.”

“I have written some of the changes down, we should probably compare our notes.

“That sounds good.”

“Is this what you wanted to talk to Cyn about?”

“Yes, well, most of the reason.” All four of them begin researching the notes and data that was with in there hands. So far... sequential.

In 1523, Cyn is just about to enter the town of Bonneville after defeating the king and his guards. The cat jumps out of the near by bushes and looks pissed. Cyn mentions, "You know I can kill you, but why would you try attacking me? I have only given you kindness." Upon hearing this, the cat calmly walks away with what looks like an accomplished smile. "Strange" Cyn thought, then proceeded to her home. Laying down, she begins to wonder about the advanced technology upon her body. "No one else in town has it. Nor have I seen anyone have in that I have killed. So how did I get this?" She was interrupted by that cat. "Meow." "Why should I give you food, after wanting to attack me?" The cat comes up and rubs upon Cyn's legs. "Okay, I will give you some food."

That night, as Cyn's dreaming, the same guy in the trench coat with fluffy cat slippers, running while taking off the trench coat, which then turns into a cat, the Calico-Siamese mixed cat! This werecat comes up to Cyn's door, and meows, she arrives at the door, and the cat is there. Cyn wakes up with a sudden amazement. Looking for the cat frantically, the cat is no where to be seen. "Just who is this cat really?" Cyn's interrupted by that townsfolk guy stating, "Cyn, I am sorry to bother you," looking around the home that appears to be in utter disorder. "The Extremist Regime are coming to this location. They are looking for you. It is said that there are about 20,000 coming."

In 2023, Robert grabs Cyn's infamous right arm and looks upon the screen:

Capeditieans and Allies: 23,888

Extremists: 14,640,657

Exterminators: 9,048,411

Dogmatics: 49,468,076

“Just how is Cyn Changing herstory?”

“They are only a legend,” Haz brings up, “but the Triple Time Controlls are able to bring someone through time, via a coma. If this is true, in theory, she will awaken soon after she has passed their tests.”

“So this would mean that she could kill off future generations? Also have the ability to change the future, for an example have the Extremists to begin their horrid ventures?” Sea asks.

“Yes, and once she succeeds the five tests of the TTCs, she will awaken out of her coma, in theory. Apparently when dealing with the TTCs you are unable to remember any thing of any other time, for instance, she will not be able to remember you or me or even Sea, upon these five tests. Basically you are initially playing their game. They will determine whether or not you are able to complete the tasks, but this is only a legend from the early 1500’s to keep children from acting out. It was rewritten by this one chick named, Nikita Chaote in 2012. Which is strange because Cyn is in this legend as well...”

Haz grabs out this book titled, “Capeditiea: Book Two by Nikita Chaote” turning to chapter eleven titled, “The Legend of the Heroin against the army of thousands.” Haz begins to read aloud...

Chapter Eleven: The Legend of the Heroine against the army of thousands

Over four hundred years ago, there was once a female warrior, she had many names, ranging from, The Harlot or Sin to the Savior of Bonneville. God must have sent her, or perhaps Satan. All we know is Bonneville was a thriving small town, it was leading in the medical field. Every nation wanted to take Bonneville for their own. This always put Bonneville at risk for attack from neighboring countries and cities.

One day, something strange occurred in Bonneville, it was the day that changed everything. A stranger suddenly entered into town, this stranger had some magickal devices that allowed her left hand to become a sword. When asked by the locals, she always said she couldn't remember anything before arriving. It was on that day, which changed herstory. There was an epic battle, between her and the surrounding nation of France. This caused a bunch of fright from the people of Bonneville. She was escorted by the French to meet up with the king. Suddenly, she caused a war against the town of Bonneville and France. This created the Extremist Regime, which they would go to the extremes to take what they wanted. They ended up having a large army, the size of 20,000.

It was on that faithful day, when the warrior goddess helped defend the town. This caused the remaining members of the Extremist Regime to retreat. After a few months of going into hiding, the Extremist Regime went to random cities to corrupt the people, forming their corrupt governmental ways. They teamed up with the Dogmatics. The warrior goddess, would go into a drastic battle, and face the Regime, she nearly defeated all of them, but they would still live on for a few centuries

Chapter Twelve: Dosh

"That's pish posh, I think Nikita could have made it all up. Show me proof." Robert stated.

"Okay I will send Dosh back to 1523, Dosh is the only other person, I know who is able to time travel. He will tell us if this is just a legend or not." Haz states.

"And how would I know that he's just not pulling my leg?"

"Easy, ask him to bring something back. I'll get him, in the meantime talk with Sea."

Haz runs out of the room in a strange panick. Sea could not help but to laugh.

"Discordians are so annoying." Robert sighs, then facepalms. "So you said you need more help?"

"Yes, I would much like it if I could stay here and help out."

"Okay, which lab would you like to stay at? Haz's or mine?"

"Um... Can I do both?"

"Yes you may. I can show you where your home is here, if you would like."

Robert takes Sea to her new home, it is very nice, two bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen.

"There are only a few rules upon living here, no taking things without permission of the owner, unless it is a community thing, like the stuff in the storage room, which contains clothing electronics lights, and hygiene products. You can take any of those into your home, which then provides that they are yours. Take only what you require. Respect another's area, if they would invite you in, go ahead. If there is a misunderstanding between two folk, don't try to stop them or anything, the two would handle it them selves. If you are in requirement of anything that is not in the storage room, by all means ask around, see if someone else has it, see if you would make a trade or help by doing something

for them. Any questions?" Robert inquires.

"Not at this time." Sea says.

"Okay, you are always welcome at my home, if I don't answer, I am either out or busy." Robert starts to blush. Get comfortable here, we'll discuss more later. I have some business to attend to." He heads towards his room.

Haz runs out of gas, so he decides the best option was to run like a maniac for the last 7 kilometers. After about 3 kilometers, he sees a woman getting gang raped by ten Exterminators. The girls boyfriend appears dead. "HEY! LEAVE HER ALONE, YOU EXTERMINATOR BASTARDS!" Haz yells, which got their attention.

"What did you say?" one says while pulling up his pants.

"Ten against one is not very good odds. So I shall grant you the same odds you gave this girl." Suddenly a herd of one hundred oxen appear from a neighboring farm, stampeding then stopping right behind Haz. "How about a hundred to ten, bitches?"

This sorta frightens the Exterminators. Suddenly the oxen are raping the Exterminators. "No, no, no. I told you to fuck them up, not rape them." Haz facepalms. The oxen took notice, then swiftly killed the Exterminators. "Much better, now go home."

The girl squabbles towards Haz, and presses her naked breasts upon his chest, "What can I do to repay you, I will do anything." She says in a very promiscuous tone.

I am sorry, girl, but I am gay. no worries on repaying me. It is my thirdary job."

He goes into a hero-like pose. then starts running like a maniac. Stops again, only a kilometer from the lab, "ChaoZ what are you doing here? Are you out taking out the Exterminators?"

"I am but their army is outside of your lab, destroying it."

"Why wasn't I told this?"

"Your cell phone is off."

Haz facepalms, "We shall fuck them up."

"Now you're talking."

"How many are there?"

"About 30,000." ChaoZ says smiling.

Upon hearing this, Haz opens his mouth with surprise, after recovering, "Okay, let's destroy them."

Suddenly the oxen from before, a few dozen wasps, a couple hundred scorpions, a couple gorillas, and seven tigers show up. "I'll stay back here, those guys will fight along side of you. I have a bone to pick with this monkey, he's beating me four to one in chess. I gotta catch up."

Chaos looks dumbfounded, then goes off into battle.

Sea finishes her set up, she got herself a laptop, some nice clothes, a couch, and a nice supply of some food from the community garden.. She heads back to Roberts, knocks on the door. "Robert?" she concernly asks. "One moment," Robert yells, then has a sigh of relief. Sea hears footsteps coming towards the door, the door opens, it is 004. "Are you always nude 004?" Sea asks politely. "Yes, Robert and I just had sexual intercourse. He is in the other room, cleaning up. I haven't quite understood the concept of why humans wear clothing."

"Haz, should be coming at any moment, correct?" Sea asks no one in particular.

"I would call him, but his cell phone is off." They hear a knock at the door, it opens and just outside of the door, a guy in a trench coat and fluffy cat slippers enters.

"Sir, you cannot... o wait it's you!" Robert joyfully says.

"Do you two know each other?" Sea asks.

"Yes, Dosh is my name." Dosh states. "And to answer your question, yes Cyn is in the year 1523, being fucked with by the Triple Time Controlls. Here is my proof Robert." He pulls

out a sword that was used by the king. "I already know this wouldn't be enough, so i also came to the future and retrieved this." He pulls out the infamous right arm of Cyn. "Go ahead look in your drawer.the date on here is July 17, 2047, and look at the list."

Capeditieans and Allies: 888,001

Anti-Capeditieans: 20,010,100

"Is this some kind of joke?" Robert asked, skeptical?"

"You designed this technology, so you tell me."

Haz and ChaoZ defeated the 30,000 Exterminators. They walk into the lab, sit down and have some coffee. "Shit I need to find Dosh, and tell him to meet up with Robert." Haz sporadically said after taking a sip of coffee. He goes to the intercom mic. "DOSH! (mic screech) We need you."

"So did you win against the monkey?" ChaoZ asked.

"I don't wanna talk about it, okay." Haz sadly replied.

"So... you lost?"

"Dosh, hey, can you do me a favor?"

"Yes, but what's in it for me?"

"We three will drink coffee together." Haz smiles.

"Haz and his small payments. You have always been the cheapskate. I will do it though." Dosh says, then sticks his tongue out.

"Can you go to the town of Bonneville, back in 1523 meet up with Cyn. See if the legend in Chapter 11 of Capeditiea: Book Two is a legend or herstory."

"By the way, i prefer tea, so set up the kettle."

"Will you do what you did with me, when i was skeptikal upon your Time Travel abilities to Robert?"

"I shall be back before the tea is done." Dosh walks out of sight, and disappears. Moments later, Dosh walks in through the front doors, "Is the tea ready?"

"Your just in time, ChaoZ replies with a smile.

Chapter Thirteen: The tale of the One who saved the town of Levinheim

Once only a few hundred years ago, there was a miserable town, the townsfolk were taxed by these corrupt men, only a couple dozen. Which have instilled fear among the town of Levinheim. Whenever the townfolks saw the men, they would attempt to hide away their valuables, the townsfolk were given an example. Each time they don't pay, they would be beheaded in front of everyone. Then one day, this one armed warrior girl comes into town, not knowing what is going on. Suddenly she realized what was going on, and was confronted by eleven of these men, her hand turned into a sword like magic and beheaded the men. Like they were nothing. The End... or is it?

Part Four: Ending

Chapter Fourteen: The Epic Battle of 2047 (Part One)

Three days pass, CYN is being worshiped by the townsfolk of Livenheim. At this time, the scout of the town, comes running towards Cyn steaming, "They are coming!" Once he was close enough to Cyn, breathing heavily, "The other thirteen, men are about a half hour away. The leader has some sorta gun that can electrocute you, it is almost like magic but worse."

"Thank you for telling me this." Cyn responds. "Have everyone hide. No one shall come and help me, it may cause more bloodshed than needed."

Twelve men arrive. "We are here to collect the taxes for our leader." one says.

"Who may that be?" Cyn asked determined.

"He is General Reideka., Leader of the Extremist Regeme."

"Well he better come and meet me face to face, other wise you may be the one to die by my blade." Cyn's hand changes into a blade.

"Just who do you think you..." one guy says just as he is interrupted by Cyn's blade stuck in his gut. All the other men dead, "are?"

"I am Cyn, I don't know how I got here, or why I am here, but I will kill your leader as well." The guy falls dead to join his brethren.

Cyn, hears a slow clapping from behind her, "Congrats Cyn, you have kill all of my men. I am the last Extremist sanding. This will be fun." Reideka takes off his coat, unsheathes his sward and a taxer.

"How the fuck did you get one of those?"

"Such a shame, a pretty girl like you using those harsh words, Sadly, I am going to have to kill you."

"I won't let you hurt anyone else!"

The battle went on for a while, suddenly Cyn is caught by surprise with the electric current of the taser. "How noble of you, I thought those three were lying when they said I needed this. But it worked and you're on the ground, unable to move. Tell me Cyn, what would you do if I cut off your legs?" Just as he raised his sword, he tumbles to the ground, "How?"

"What those three didn't tell you is that it only last 23 seconds. Perhaps they didn't know, or perhaps you're supposed to die?"

Suddenly Cyn blacks out, awakens just outside of what seems to be a lab. It has the symbol of what is on each of her limbs. She enters with great caution, upon entering, she feels that it is very familiar, cautiously walking up to the front desk she hears. "O My Eris! Is it really you, Cyn? I thought you were in a coma." The guy says joyfully, "I was in a coma? Who are you and how do you know me?" "I am Haz, you told me, a few months before you decide to summon Cthulhu. Then you were shot, Robert saved you, and installed all this on you. And yes you were in a coma." I was just about to visit Robert to fuck with him. Wanna come with?"

"Sure maybe I can get my memory back fully."

"Okay, I just filled up the dune buggy about a week ago. Twenty four years ago I ran out of gas, Since the departure of Cthulhu gas is hard to come by these days. It was the time I was about to get Dosh to see if you were in 1523."

"Who's Dosh, apparently I was also in 1723."

"He is a time traveler, there are three others known as the Triple Time Controls."

"Do you know what happened to my right arm?"

"Yes, Robert has it."

Damn that dick taking my arm, he is probably using it to masturbate..."

"I don't know ask him."

"Okay., What year is it?"

"2047."

"Holy fuck I have been in a coma for over 300 years! That means I am 555 years old."

"Close enough, let's talk with Robert. Okay we're here."

Just before they were opening the doors, Dosh appears

"Cyn I must tell you this."

"Hey Dosh." Haz states.

"YOU'RE DOSH!" WHY DIDN'T YOU TALK WITH ME SOONER?"

"Well it is against the rules of time travel. You may not talk with your affiliates directly in a past time. Anyways, I have come to tell you this, you are manipulated by the Triple Time Controls. They will put you through five tests. I have come to warn you of this upcoming battle. The Capeditieans will be out numbered by the Anti Capeditieans, four hundred thousand to twelve million. The allies of Capeditiea will not partake in this war, they would have been helpful. This battle will make Capeditieans extinct. The only way to stop this is to kill Reddrick Faser's son, James Faser. If you succeed in killing James Faser,"

"So we have to make sure James Faser is dead."

"Yes."

"Um, is there something else that you are not telling us? Like is there anyone else we need to worry about?" Haz asks.

"Yes if you, ChaoZ or Sea were to die in this battle, then scene would have no chance of killing james.

"Thank you... Dosh have you thought of changing your outfit?"

"I don't know, and looks who's talking, miss nudist."

"He's got a point their Cyn. You are nude." Haz as a matter of faculty states.

"Don't make me eat that soup of yours DOsh, Haz did you know that he can change into a cat?"

"Yes."

Cyn facepalms.

"Dosh did you know that Haz was gay?"

"Yes, and for your information, we both are gay."

"Fuck, is there any way to get under your skins?"

"Nope." they both synchronistically said.

"Why don't you two date?"

"We both have boyfriends."

"Shall we go inside?"

They head inside, they are introduced by Sea. "Welcome how are you Haz, Dosh,..." after about a split second, Sea realizes who is standing in front of her. "CYN! YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR COMA!" "Um..." Cyn says but Sea is gone before she could say another word.

Sea runs to Roberts home, "Cyn came out of the coma." Instantly Robert opens the door, almost running over Sea, and gets into Cyn's room. ChaoZ is in a chair sleeping. "CHAOZ!" Robert yells. ChaoZ jumps up and yells all crazy like, "Where they at? Let me at them!" It's always amusing to watch ChaoZ wake up like this. "Have you seen Cyn move recently?" Robert asks.

"Nope."

"Damn it, I was sleeping and shit." Roberts continues mumbling towards the front room. "Hey Dosh, Hey Haz, Hey Cyn." Robert says out loud, then progresses with his mumbling, "did I take some LSD recently? CYN!" Wait I was just in the room where you looked as dead as a doorknob..." he turns around, then begins to mumble again, "I must be hallucinating." Suddenly he sees in big carved lettering on the wall behind Haz and Dosh, "Hey, I went to find James Faser. - Cyn" Looking half amused and half agitated, Haz points out, "Did she even look down? there is paper and pen

right there..."

We should follow here, Sea states"

"I agree, she will need our help," ChaoZ agrees.

"I'm prepared." Haz says.

"Fuck war! I am gonna go fuck 004." Robert calmly said.

"Are you aware that that rhymed? Robert? Cyn may need that prototype chip, so you will have to come."

"I'll cum alright, in 004.

"Are you sure you're not a Discordian?"

"Sea, here, take this, give it to Cyn, you are probably the best bet to give this to Cyn, and having her believe it."

"Okay."

"Let's go." ChaoZ says with excitement.

"Are you gonna come along Dosh?" Sea asks.

"No, I don't really like war."

The three head outside, but are confronted by hundreds of Anti Capeditiean warriors. "You two go ahead, I'll take care of this lab. Maybe you shall check your lab Haz. They may try to take yours over as well." ChaoZ said, then Sea snaps her fingers, an enemy falls dead instantly, just before slashing ChaoZ in half.

"SO THAT IS WHAT YOU CAN DO? ChaoZ yells, "THAT IS FUCKING SWEET!"

"Yes, but I can only do it when someone else is in danger. Plus it takes away a shit ton of kia." Sea mentions.

"Let's get going. We don't need them to attack the other lab as well."

"Right, let's go."

Meanwhile, several kilometers away, "What I wanna know, where is James Faser?" You can either tell me, or get you toes cut off. I am feeling generous today, so I will start with only one toe. You will have ten chance before I move to your feet, what good will you be with you feet? Or perhaps you

won't tell me anything, and you would end up being just a body with a head. So will you tell me where James is?" Cyn says as she presses her blade against the guys small toe. Fear fills the guys face, and says, "Okay, okay, He is up north about 20 kilometers." Cyn looks surprised, "I will set you free if you are speaking the truth. Don' worry about escaping, I have placed a small nuke upon you, if you try to get lose, KABOOM! did you just pee your pants?" the guy shockingly replies, "yes." Cyn facepalms, then says under her breath "where does he get his men?" then speaks up, "Now, you better be telling the truth, because you don't really wanna know what would happen if I were to return..."

Haz and Sea, reach the other lab, "NOOOOOOOOO!" Haz screams.

"What's wrong?"

"They wrote faggot on the wall there."

"What? you painted that there last week." Sea looking suspiciously confused, "but if you look over there, you animals are prepared for battle."

Haz runs inside, screams in the intercom mic, "ATTENTION ALL CAPEDITIEANS BE AWARE WE MAY HAVE VISITORS and not friendly ones, SEA AND I SHALL HEAD TOWARDS THE BATTLE!" After finishing this task Haz runs outside, turns around heads back in, then yells through the mic, "PREPARE FOR BATTLE!"

Haz returns outside, and sees that the animals are raping the horde of Anti-Capeditieans. "Uh, Sea... please tell me that you can tell the difference between fucking them up and raping them?" Sea looks at Haz like he was some sort of pervert or something. "They could misinterpret it very easily, Haz. Maybe you could use the word slaughter or something." Haz looks at Sea with a slight amusement, "Naw, I like to confuse the factors. While these animals do

their thing, we will go and find Cyn." "Right"

Cyn reaches the outskirts of James' base. Good thing he spoke the truth, I'm kinda getting tired of killing folk for some odd reason." She looks around, sees that there are about a thousand guys. "There's no telling what would happen if I would get spotted." Cyn says to no one in particular. Cyn waits and for the first time, for a long time, comes up with a plan. She runs out, gets on the roof, runs towards the main barrack where James is. "Fuck! Gunfire1" Now you see why I don't come up with a plan." Yelling at herself.

Haz and Sea reach the base, "Is that gunfire?" Sea asks, and with determination in his voice Haz says, "Yes." Sea snaps her fingers, not even a second later, the gun fire stops. "We must find Cyn." Sea says with an equally determined voice. Cyn enters the barracks and sees James escaping, "FUCK! He got away. Now I gotta torture that guy again. "CYN!" Sea yells, in search of her, Cyn heads outside.

Chapter Fifteen: The Epic Battle of 2047 (Part Two)

"Here, put this in your left arm," Sea says.

"What is it?" Cyn asks.

"It will allow you to command the Robotic Army of Capeditiea, made by Robert." Sea smiles.

"Sweet." Cyn places the chip upon her arm. "Woah. They will help us."

"ChaoZ is currently defending Robert's lab, while my animals are defending my lab," Haz points out.

"Okay you shall go and help them Haz. Sea wanna come with me?"

"Sure."

“Yay! Two chicks shall win this war.”

“I never thought you were a feminist.” Haz states.

“I’m not, I just like it when women can fuck shit up. I also get turned on by it.”

“But I thought you were straight.” Sea states with an awkward expression.

“Not straight, nor lesbian, nor bisexual. I am asexual, but don’t mind the occasional fuck.”

“Now is not the time to talk about sex, we have to take care of the matter at hand.” Haz finishes.

“Okay, let’s smoke some cannabis before we do. What ever happens, happens.”

“Okay,” Both Sea and Haz said at the same time.

They each lit up a joint, taking a big hit. Haz was coughing a lung. Sea was laughing herstarically. Cyn is apparently talking to a nearby tree. Haz finally recovers and notices Cyn talking to a tree, interested in the conversation he listens in. “You know what I mean? I have been trying really hard not to die, yo. What do you think?” Cyn waits for the answer, suddenly she yells, “ WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY? YOU ARE GONNA WALK AWAY AFTER KILLING US!” Sea jumps, and Haz begins to wonder what the fuck is Cyn going about... what did she smoke?

Hours later...

“Okay we shall get going.” Cyn states.

Haz heads back to the labs. Sea and Cyn head towards, the direction of where they seen the helicopter go. Haz sees his lab is in complete ruins, and is surrounded by a slaughter house of animals and humans, then decides he should go to Robert’s lab. ChaoZ just finished killing off the horde of Anti-Capeditieans, which included the help of The Robot Army of Capeditiea, Made by Robert. Sadly, several thousand have died. ChaoZ runs in and yells through the intercom.

“ROBERT STOP FUCKING FUCKING AND FUCKING GET OUT HERE! I HAVE TO TALK WITH YOU!” From the urgency of ChaoZ’s voice, Robert decides to check Cyn’s Infamous Right Arm:

Capeditieans and Allies: 851,002

Anti-Capeditieans: 6,009,515

After seeing this Robert takes Cyn’s Infamous Right Arm, and head to ChaoZ, “What’s going on?” Suddenly a numourous amount of Nuclear explosions occur. “What the fuck?” Robert says in response to the explosions, then looks at the arm again:

Capeditieans: 6

Anti-Capeditieans: 2,003,212

“This is not good, if Cyn doesn’t take out James we are all fucked., Capeditiea will be no more.”

Haz walks in and Robert asks, “What just happened?”

Several explosions from the sounds of it, Sea and Cyn are currently looking for James, what is the status of the population?”

“It is currently our six to their one point eight million.”

“Yeah we’re fucked.”

“I think I’ll go kamikaze on them.” ChaoZ says as he is running out.

“Wait for us!” Haz yells, then says to Robert, “You’re coming along whether you like it or not.“

“Fine” Robert kisses 004, then runs out side. Haz and ChaoZ are fucking the Anti Capeditieans up. Robert transforms into the large lizard creature and begins doing the same.

“After we take these guys out, we’ll go to Sea and Cyn to help them.”

Sea and Cyn are suddenly confronted by about 200 thousand Anti-Capeditieans, women and children included. They both hid while they passed. “I think the others are in for

a surprise. I am pretty sure they can handle them.” Cyn whispers.

ChaoZ, Robert and Haz finish off the Anti-Capediteians.
“ChaoZ behind you!” Haz exclaims, and before ChaoZ had time to react, he was stabbed, in response Haz shot the guy. ChaoZ says with his dying words, “Win this War. Hail Eris.”
“We will.”

After taking a few moments to mourn, they notice another wave of folk. Robert rushes in and starts eating some of the wave. Haz gathers a shit ton of animals from all over the world. “We’ll have back up coming. After about 15 minutes of battle, Robert and Haz took out about half of the fleet.

Suddenly the skies fill with many birds and insects. The battle ends quickly. “You stay here with some of the animals, I shall catch up with Cyn and Sea.” Haz mentions. Robert walks inside his lab. “Come leave with me dear. It is urgent that you come.” 004 says,

“Okay, but you will have to explain.”

“I will, just come, there is no time to explain.”

“Let me grab something, then we’ll go.” Robert runs and gets Cyn’s Infamous Right Arm, looks at it:

Capeditieans: 5

Anti Capeditieans: 943,004

004 and Robert get on the ship and take off. Robert looks at the screen once again:

Capeditieans: 3

Anti Capeditieans: 555,007

“How?”

“Cyn took the time back in 2022 to invoke an Enochian entity, Choronzon to help when things are not in favor. Remember when you told me about Cyn being a shadow creature?”

“Yes.”

“That creature she invoked was none other than Choronzon.

“Oh god.”

“So why did we leave earth?”

“The best way to explain this is by showing you. I was compelled to read that book that Sea and Haz were talking about 24 years ago, so I read it. Here read this page.”

Robert reads it. “Holy fuck that is happening now.”

“Yes, and if you read on, you can see what happens.”

“I am starting to question Dosh’s ability, is he dead?”

“No just at a past time. Read on it will explain every thing.”

Back on Earth, Haz catches up to Sea and Cyn, “Hey you two. What are we facing?”

“About 500 thousand give or take a few thousand. You should see Sea’s ability Haz, it is more deadly than I thought, and you brought your animals too. Sweet! We can destroy them all!” Cyn runs into battle taking out folk as she passes them. “I’ll find James, you two take care of the rest.” Haz and Sea prepare, just before they head into battle, another explosion. “What’s with these explosions?” Sea asks.

Cyn enters into a long hallway room, about seventy meters wide and about 5 kilometers long. At the end sits, James Faser, he notices Cyn and commands the 57 thousand to kill. Haz, Sea, and the dwindling number of animals are slowly dwindling the numbers of Anti-Capediteians. “HAZ HELP!” Sea screams as she is being taken by James. As Haz is interrupted by two of the men who jumped off the helicopter one says, “Prepare to die.” Haz sends a pack of wolves upon each of them, but those fucks slaughtered them. The two walk up to Haz and start fist fighting, suddenly Haz is surrounded by a hundred others just waiting to see if they are needed or not. “A Fag like you would go great on our wall.”

Cyn quickly takes out the 57 thousand, runs through the door, through the long hallway, out another door, "Fuck the Helicopter is gone. I'll go and help Sea and Haz." Cyn makes it to Haz, but where is Sea? She takes out about fifty of the guys surrounding Haz, and sees that Haz is in trouble. Then, suddenly confronted by the other guy. "I knew you would come." The guy says.

"Yeah, well, you'll die." Then strikes the guy, severing his left arm, with his right, hits her hard, knocking her back a few meters into a few of the spectators killing one due to the blade "accidentally" piercing the guys heart. Suddenly three polar bears arrive and attack the remaining guys. The two remaining bears, prowl toward the guy holding Haz captive. Suddenly the guy lets go of Haz and kills one of them, while the other bites his hand off, in the same moment the guy grabs a pocket knife and slashes Haz's throat, the guy dies. Cyn takes out the other guy, then notices, that Haz is dying. She walks up to him, grows her sword as she passes the guy creating a new hole in his face. "Cyn, James took Sea." "May you rest well." Then heads in the direction of Sea.

Robert looks at Cyn's Infamous Right Arm:

Capeditieans: 2

Anti-Capeditieans: 4

"Shit this means Cyn is going to get what she wanted after all."

"Yes. Keep reading, you'll see what is really happening."

Robert resumed to read and astonishment filled his eyes.

Cyn arrived at the Anti-Capeditiean Headquarters. Once at the front door, she's confronted by the three men. "Are you ready to die bitch?" one says.

"Not yet are you?"

"Not planning on it." He swings an axe, misses. Blood runs

out of his mouth, Cyn then stops dead in her tracks. Sea sees the two other guys kicking Cyn, she then snaps her fingers. James notices, and injects her with a poison. "I can't have you doing this before I kill Cyn." Sea passes out. After recovering Cyn runs to where James and Sea are at. "What did you do to her?"

"I only injected her with a poison, and with out an antidote she will die within the next three minutes. I wouldn't try striking me, due to the emitter I have on, thanks to those three, every time you touch me, it will send a jolt upon you and render you immobile. Don't try to shoot me, due to the emitter as well, it will deflect it. So you have no way of killing me. I can wait till Sea dies so I don't die, or I can kill you now!" James bursts in and attacks Cyn, she falls. "Let's begin to dismantle you." He takes off one eye, looking at it, then throwing it down. As Cyn tries to get back up, he kicks her. Once down, he takes off her left arm. "Hmmm, I see how this works now. Thank you. I own this world! Fuck You Cyn! Now you'll die..." James says breathing heavily. "You'll die by my hands." Suddenly James falls, "I don't think s..." Sea says as her last words. Cyn blacks out.

Chapter Sixteen: The Unveiling of the Truth

Cyn wakes up to find she is in an unfamiliar room. She smells clove cigarettes, hearing the cackling upon when someone takes a drag. “Do you think she understands what she has, will, and have done?” a female voice approaches, followed by a males voice stating, “Only time will tell.” Cyn becomes fully cognitive, and is tied to the bed. “Ah, you’re awake,” another male said. “Sorry to put you in restraints you attacked Robert . This fine lady is Lady Tick Tock.” The Lady waved who was a beautiful curvy woman. “This handsome man is Dr. Aldeus.” The Man who is wearing glasses, with a goatee and wearing some 1940’s tuxedo, waves. “And I am, Fenwick Rysen.” The Long hair hippie looking guy who is wearing some sort of nineteen century attire, and a straw hat. “What we have done, was put you through four tests, so far as you already know your first four, the time sets were 2022-2023, 1523, 1723, and 2047. With the last test you ended up killing off humanity. Sadly, you know now that there is only one way to stop this, but you must figure it out. What I shall give you is a hint of when you will be for this final test. This test will decide the future of humanity what are you to do?”

Part Five: Altruism

Chapter Seventeen: Altruism

1. Something Forgotten

After the process,
I must profess, confess,
Several lies that I have said,
Are really the truth.
Several truths that I have said,
Are really full of lies.
Is this your subsequential youth?
Is this how everyone relies?

2. Where will They Come from

Building strategic assemblies
In our minds we seek the answers
Gnosis Instillers give each of us new abilities
Doing what we have dreamed,
In what form matters
Pondering through every possible outcome,
People through out the multiverse
Enlightened, nothing is worse
Rightous, though as it have seemed.

3. Echos in the Rift

Herstory, repeating, defeating,
War, impressing, oppressing,
Humans, fighting, flighting,
Death is only a small price,
especially for war,
Humans treated like mice,
during the time of the core.

4. Don't take my Leg

Pegged upon your angry rage,
Just wait till I turn the page,
I will you the cage,
You won't step in,
I push you within,
Lock you in,
Throw the key inside,
I dare you to come outside,
See what will happen,
I will shove this pen,
in your eye,
and watch as you die.

5. The Garden

Looking upon the garden,
Hungry, Shall I take?
I don't look presentable,
They may mistake,
Me as a bunny,
then make,
me run away,
by attempting to shove a broom up my ass.

6. The Garden (Their Perspective)

Looking upon my garden,
Seeing nothing has been harmed. good.
I see a russeling of the tomato leaves,
who the fuck?
was I supposed to make this rhyme?
I grab my shotgun, and a broom,
I go up to this giant mutated bunny,
Shit, this thing is huge,
So I use my broom to shove it away,
This gave the giant mutated bunny a stur,
the bunny is running, I grab my shot gun,

"Shoot IT MARV!" I hear my 400 pound wife say,
"We can have dinner,"
Boom.

7. The Garden (From my carcusses perspective.)

I lay there, they take me inside,
He prepares me in the stove,
His wife's eyes look hungry,
She swallows me in one bite,
Fuck!

8. Converting You

Serving elegant meals,
They reel you in with making a few deals,
You suffer through a few thrills,
Fuck! Now you are one of them,
You have let them win.

9. The Asylum

Kicking Screaming, Those in the White Coats,
You must watch out for, a straightjacket, now your fucked,
Trapped in this white room, look, just a bed,
Looking through that small window, don't make a fuss,
Rocking back and forth from those dangerous drugs,
They fucked your mind up with them,
Lowering dopamine levels to keep you at bay,
Don't try to destroy them from the inside,
They'll inject this kia draining poison,
Subdue you, Lie to you,
If you're pretty, they'll fuck you,
Three days in,
You're slightly twitching,
Screaming on the inside,
Wishing to break out,

but there's no escape,
You're fucked in the Asylum

10. No Remorse

Coming here,
Bringing your misery, your tragedy, Fuck You,
Coming here,
Shoving your sorrow down our thoughts, Damn You,
Coming here, Cuming here, Thank You

11. The War or Accept Peace

Lost in the pain.
Succumb to my Evil Reign,
Defeat the weak with in,
Let's live to see this victory,
Earth will be ours,
2015 Earth's final hours,
The rise of our kind,
Will be decided through our collective mind,
fighting us will destroy you,
accepting diversity will prove future life,
Join us or Die,
Black Lion will be glad if you try to fight,
but you won't last the night,
The beginning and the end,
would prefer you not to.

12. Advanced Thought

Some poems rhyme,
Some will flip on the dime,
Legs of a chair,
Can be great weapons,
this is a great example,
of how things are.

13. Cyn Chaote

Some say she is antichrist,
Some say she is an undercover agent for them,
Some say she is fucking stupid,
Some say she is a liar
Some say she has a grandeur,
Some say she is a fake,
Some say she is a man,
Some say she has no life,
Some say she is an alien,
Cyn says, Believe what you wish.