

Chaos isn't "happy children dancing". Chaos is vicious children with guns, fighting in Africa before their 11th birthday. Chaos is the escalating competition between more and more nations, for less and less oil.

It's the "minor massacre" in any village in Darfur.

It's the groans of twisting steel, as the supports that hold up our overly-complex society start to buckle. It's the bearing noise, deep down in The Machine™, as the filthy old thing starts to fail... and that failure will lead to a thousand years of darkness.

All Hail Discordia, fuckers.

Chaos is the absence of *rule*. It may *sound* great, because then nobody can tell you what to do... but guess what? Nobody can tell **anybody** what to do, and with the absence of rule, most people aren't very nice. In fact, they're brutal apes that kill for the sheer thrill of it.

All Hail Discordia, fuckers.

Chaos isn't happy children dancing among the wildflowers, or any hippie shit like that. Chaos is hungry children, wondering where the fuck the next grain of rice is coming from.

And if you can't handle that, well then, this century isn't for you.

Or kill me.



written in the spirit by
The Good Reverend Roger

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