



Mongoose Distro
PO Box 220069
Brooklyn, NY 11222

CARNAGE

by Morgan Johnston



Neither could stop the oncoming of the Kali Yuga.

Now, here we are.

The stages set for another war.

People are demanding the blood of other people.

Rabble rousers are happy to give it to them.

Countries are armed to the teeth, all glaring at each other, with guns pointed at one another's heads.

There is a great feeling that whatever that has passed must be totally discarded and dismembered, to make way for something closer to the truth, a new world. One that is thoroughly unattached to the fetid doctrines of centuries we've long since forgotten.

I don't think them and I want the same things.

Because I want this all gone, but they only want to hop back on the wheel, and simply make what has long since proven to be useless and harmful, work for them.

I truly want it all gone.

Maybe I'll see it come to fruition.

I doubt it.

New possibilities, new doorways, were opened up in the wake of the great strife. The world was ready for a new dawn, it seemed. A powder keg ready to blow, to sweep aside the pretenses of the civilized world, and bring something far more splendid. I salute that madman who took aim at that archduke, spraying cranial gore everywhere, and so it was. The chips were down. No more rules. It was the state of nature, the object of Hobbesian fear, having regained primacy once again in our lives. But it was not all doom and gloom. Nay, I think it was quite the opposite. Think of it like...dead trees, fallen trees, old, elderly, worn out trees, having long reached their expiration date, being taken away in a captivating inferno, swallowed up by a blaze that, whilst fearsome in the moment, would prove to do more good than bad. T'was a chance to start anew, perhaps. Oh yes, it was. For no one had seen anything like this before, and it was determined to take everyone and everything with into The Pit.

Oh, how glorious it could've been, in the aftermath.

It did show promise, indeed.

Father against father, brother against brother. Kin against kin. A race cannibalizing and eating itself alive. Not to worry, though. These folks were long overdue for a lowering into the grave, and everything they stood for being thrown into it with them. Scores of bodies piling up several feet. Efficiency had made killing a mere triviality. Land destroyed, soaked in blood, flesh, bone, grime, fire, soot, tar, and lorded over by the stench of rot and decay, the stench of bodies baking in the sun, or festering in the cold. Towns and cities, even famous ones, now flattened, leveled, devastated with relentless and savage hatred in the hearts of the various war machines being put to use. Libraries, museums, pubs, clubs homes/manors/estates, art galleries, banks, churches, streets, towers, farms, all of them...gone. Borders meant jack shit. Words were long gone. Now was the time to speak only in lead, artillery, gunpowder, and steel. Morality was skewered in the slaughterhouse. God, family, tradition, blood relations, ideology order, where was it? Certainly not here.

This was the chance, for us dreamers of the dark. The sinister. That which they name as perverse, making mothers clutch their pearls in horror, gasping with eyes wide, and fathers shake their heads, worried for the sanity of his offspring.

Because everything was falling, and it deserve to be pushed down even further, even faster.

What a delight it would've been to see everything gone, all that we loathe, even those who profess to do the exact opposite.

Alas, that was not the case.

I should've known, but, when this great ordeal severed all bonds between fellow humans, seeing it for myself, I could only feel hopeful.

Invisible enemies invaded the mouth and nose, shredding the lungs, and incinerating the skin. Machine gun fire, roaring and full of rage, turned men into Swiss cheese. Tanks crawled alongside comparatively puny riflemen, pilotable cannons turning would-be fortresses and stubborn encampments into ash piles and smoldering wrecks. Portable ordinance, able to be adjusted in terms of the angle they fired at, lobbed shell after shell, cratering the ground and liquefying any nearby souls. Roaring engines, shaped like wooden tubs, with wings like birds, made mincemeat of each other in the air, and us on the ground. Water-bound fortresses the size of several small buildings murdered and pilfered coastlines and rival aquatic castles, with cannons as big as automobiles.

Even our "homes" were not safe. Rats, mosquitoes, maggots, crows, and other pests gnawed at us incessantly, as if we were already dead. Microscopic assassins caught us at our weakest moments, turning the fittest of us into frail husks, unable to even move a measly few feet. Dirt and water turned our skin into our own worst enemies. To drink and eat was to ingest poison, and to not do so, that meant suffering self-cannibalism. And the sights we'd see...we'd surely never forget. The screams. The smells. The noises. The endless number of bodies. The

sources of nutrition, ruining its mechanical devices. I can't say I'm surprised, or even unsympathetic. Humanity needed to be knocked down a peg anyway, I think. And it was...for a moment. Plus, when you strike at the Mother, you're going to have to expect a strike back. It'd be idiotic to think you can just domineer the one who gave birth to you indefinitely.

The Earth was also trying to subtly remind us where we belonged. Where we really belonged.

Everything revolted against humanity. Even humanity itself.

And everything wanted to tear apart what humanity had created. Even humanity itself.

Naturally, the masses were scared by all of this, all of what they saw, and all governments, who are headed by politicians, all of whom are democrats at heart, are, to some extent or another, whether or not they say otherwise, being populist, conserved what was left, and tried to restore what was lost. Pick up the pieces, so the people could live in peace again. They have to placate the whims of the people. Otherwise, they don't survive. And all governments, all politicians, no matter what they say, are egoists, to some degree. A selfless leader is like a vegetarian wolf. It's nonexistent.

So, things were brought back to business as usual.

That didn't last very long, did it?

There were wars in the streets. Bloody battles between those who wanted their nation restored to former glory, frightened by the decay all around them, and those who, to these reactionaries, would only destroy them even further. Which they would, with their leveling materialism, lack of spirituality, and anthropocentric/humanistic approach to life. On the other hand, I'd argue that the nations deserved to be dead, anyway. And, to a degree, there wasn't much of a difference between the two. Another case of petty squabbling. Like youth-driven gang warfare.

This prison we call the West.

The myth of the “brotherhood of man” was shattered. Man is not something which particularly likes itself, as I was shown time and time again. They quarrel over petty differences. I say petty, because while they may show affinity for a culture, or a movement, or a nation/community, they damn sure had no hand in it. They’re much akin to spectators at a sporting event. Cheering on, but not in any way contributing. Sheep tend to look the same, and act the same, even if they look different, and live in a different location. They have a universal behavior. Not to insult actual sheep, that is. I enjoy the presence of lambs and goats and cattle and other bovinds infinitely more than the common man who walks down the street. Farm animals a better sight than some rando. Also, a quick side note, flock being led about by a herdsman, who is just as much of a slave as the slaves themselves. The herdsman is owned just as much by the herd as the herd is by their herdsman. It’s more relevant than you think. Anyway, man is not in a position, or in a mindset, to ever be really accepting of that which is different from itself. Will it ever? I doubt it. Man tends to reject anything that doesn’t conform to its notions of “normal”, of “right” and “wrong”. And, to be quite honest, it shouldn’t. The world would be a dull place of everything was put into one giant melting pot. Internationalism, I don’t have an affinity for it. But don’t mistake this for some sort of pride in something abstract. I’m just saying.

Humanity hates itself. I saw it. I even felt it. Man will be the end of man. Humanity will die by suicide, not by external causes. I’m sure of it. Has anything changed much since the war? No, it hasn’t.

The Earth doesn’t seem to like humanity very much either. During the war, it took every opportunity to kill it. Casting it out into the cold elements and natural wilderness it rejected by setting up monolithic centers to block out the dear Mother. Unleashing plague upon plague, sickness upon sickness, because man was thrown back into Nature (most of the fighting was done out in the more open areas, not as much in cities and whatnot), and was woefully unprepared to live within it. Spoiling its

mangled steel and the butchered infrastructure. How could we forget? Sleep was never going to be the same for any of us again. If we could even sleep at all.

It showed the marks of a true upheaval. An end to all things. The sign of an era that was now nailed into a coffin. All things fetid, dull, hollow, the sham of what we call “existence”, it should’ve stopped here, no?

How could anything live after this? How could we go back to business as usual? The rapture had come. The end times were here. If anyone wanted proof of the apocalypse, then all one had to do was simply look outside, all around you.

I think we had come to realize a lot of things, in this rather short period of time.

The pretenses we upheld, this mystical notion that we were somehow more evolved, all of these were dashed in an instant. We found them to be strikingly fragile. When calls for blood overwhelmed our reason and logic, it suddenly appeared that we weren’t as prim and proper as we’d like to think. Christ was gone, and in his place, Mars reigned supreme. Now we were not so above the world of tooth and claw. All else became error. To think we were better than that, was now a foolish notion. Civilization was a carefully maintained dream, but it was in these moments, we realized that it was a dream we’d have to wake up from. It couldn’t go on for forever. It wouldn’t. It was impossible. The comfort, the security, it was all taken away. By our own hands, ultimately. Who would’ve thought?

I’ll certainly never know what “normalcy” feels like, never again. Petty conversations and debates, laws and rhetoric to back up said laws, manners, social conventions, it was all...window dressing. It wasn’t real. If it was real, then it was as easy to destroy as fine china.

All of it was a hilariously shaky way of keeping the beast at bay.

To think that the cathedral would stay standing for all eternity...that was optimistic boulder dash. It was a house of cards, and all it needed...was one good wind gust to blow it all down.

I was certain it couldn't ever be rebuilt. It'd be about as useful as tying strings around the limbs of a corpse and moving it like a puppet.

Force and valor were the only things that had any meaning. The only guarantor that one could hope to rely on. Freedom is won this way, and freedom is maintained this way. In the realm of absolute freedom, as this happened to be, for me at least, this is all that keeps one alive, and assures any kind of safety. For without the state, you're out in the open. And we all run on instincts at that point.

It would appear that man saw the side of itself that it's always trying to suppress. The ever-present, always-lurking shadow. Man let it out, freed it from its cage, let it dominate. Naturally, the shadow did as the shadow always does. Primal ferocity was unleashed, and devastation followed in its wake. It spread and spread, the shadow blanketing humanity, a chain reaction leading to every people, every tribe, sprouting fangs once again, and a storm disrupted the calm skies that normally permeate the hearts of men. Fires surged within, quelled and tempered for far too long, and the blood of people boiled. Frenzied madness became the order of the day.

I know mine certainly came out. Every time my bayonet went through a man's chest, or I emptied my magazine into an enemy regiment's men, or the sounds of death and destruction came from my own hands, I felt as if I was God himself. I was above all. Nothing was my master. Nothing except myself. The only thing stopping me was my might. I reveled in my cruelty and delighted in my bloodlust. I'm not entirely sure why I even felt the way I did. I had no special hatred for these men, or their homeland. I had no particular attachment to my own kin, or place of birth. Nevertheless, it felt so wonderful to let the carnal, gnashing whirlwind of vitriol stored up deep inside me loose upon everything. That repressed pitch-blackness that was always caged, and when it was

stirred, when it smelled blood, it threw itself against the walls and doors, desperate for release. Man is both God and Devil, and every man has a monster in him. Some just choose to acknowledge it. Even let it out when it demands. Others? They keep it chained up. And usually, it doesn't manage to take over. However, there are times when it does, so pent up.

Mankind had opened a gateway, a nexion, if you will, to dark forces. Forces we likely were not meant to know. Not the lot of us. All of which instilled a collective insanity in the human species. Whether or not that was intentional, I cannot say. A plethora of, to our feeble minds and soft brains, malicious...things...lurked out in the immaterial, where not even space and time manage to penetrate. By this act, this collective force of will to bring the rapture upon Earth, mass murder both ritualized and spontaneous, we not only caught their attention, but we aided them in making this place a lot more sinister. A lot more vicious. Those pagan deities, having always existed, only taking on different forms and different names throughout the ages, yet still being worshipped in their own ways, directly or indirectly, they are...here. It's impossible to describe them. All that can really be said is...we sacrificed many for them, and in turn, we, knowingly or not, began to evolve in a certain direction. Beyond the throes of the past, and the present, and into something that reflected our true nature. Harnessing some of their power (though it did not come without a price, a heavy cost, as you may have inferred) that they bestowed upon the more favorable of us, the establishment, that is to say, the old ways, the exalted paths, the values and the forms they took, which we held, dogmatically, fanatically, to be sacred, while not defeated, sadly, was further marched to its inevitable doom.

The Faustian man was held back, and in all this, I recognized it. I mourned it, for the Faustian man would surely perish once again, back into the arms of a sick, suffocating prison.

The great man had an out, here, and potentially there could've been an out all over, but the general populace wanted to stay in.

Inside this horrid prison.