

ADAM W.

THE MISOPHORISM TRILOGY

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BOOK ONE
THE HEADLESS
NOBLEMAN



*"All around thee is Death,
And thy brothers shall Die
Thy sisters shall Die
Thy mothers shall Die
Thy fathers shall Die
This is the will of the Omnipotent
This is the will of the Most High."*

*(Taken from Pententia, translated by Thomas
Lafon, Book 3, Chapter 7).*

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PREFACE

(Editor's note: the following preface was the penultimate entry to Thomas Lafon's journal; the paper thereafter was written by ██████████ of the University of Virginia. Subsequently, it was discovered by Adam Washington. I abstained from redactions as much as I could. What you see here – it's in its purest form.)

From the moment you were born, you were Dead. When Pyrrhus looked upon the river of blood, he saw all life, start to finish. He saw that all things – everything, everywhere – facilitate suffering. Death, the Constant, is all-knowing and all-consuming – there is no hiding from It. Even now, as you read, it inches closer. Because of this, we have been paralyzed in a crisis since our inception; you spend your days milling away, wasting time, convincing yourself that what you do is worth it – convincing yourself that what you do *means* something. But how can it?

Surely, you must know, now: you are not a *human*; you are a *thing*, and a thing that is *disposable*. You are a statistic, you are a number, and you are a pile of flesh (*and nothing more*) that will cease to exist, like all things – but to accept this truism is not enough. You live – and for what? What will you do? What will you change? When you Die, who will claim you? Who will love your rotting bones?

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Who will love the mere numbers your doomed existence was made of? You are no different than any other forgotten bastard – the Headless Nobleman knows this. Yes, look upon the Headless Nobleman: the Constant, the Godhead. Know that it is It that holds All Power, know that it is It that will lay you down to rest. And look to the Grand Antagonist; how Evil that being, how Wretched and Sorrowless – and know that it is the reason you are here, and the reason you must be crushed and maimed by the Constant.

This is of which Pyrrhus spoke: knowing that your ally is not the Antagonist, but the Godhead, and knowing that the Antagonist will bring you nothing but suffering and delusion – knowing that all things were created with the intent to make you suffer – knowing that from the moment you were born, even now, you were Dying – that we will all, in the end, pile and pile, our bodies worth nothing more than dirt – that there is more Sorrow than there is joy, and that you will be consumed by it – that to live is to suffocate slowly until your insides writhe within you – that every moment is wasted, every day, every year, every life – that every birth is a Death awaiting – knowing this is to know more than the so-called Grand Antagonist – and all “life” there is.

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This is all there is and all there can be.
Delude yourself no longer. Humankind was made
from dirt, writhing and vile. Know that we will
return.

- *TML*

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oh god, i wish i was alive

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PART I
A ROARING RIVER OF BLOOD



Like much else throughout history, the start and end of Pyrrhus's influence is disputed. Not more disputed, however, than his historicity. At this point, it seems more likely than not that Pyrrhus is, at least, partly folklore (*in Pententia, Pyrrhus is regarded as having lived through both the Ninth Crusade and the Black Plague. While it is possible for Pyrrhus to have lived through these years, it is extremely unlikely; the average lifespan during this time would be no more than 31 years. Asserting such a figure, especially one such as he, lived this duration has drawn much skepticism towards the book*). Since these discoveries, interest in Pyrrhus as a figure has dwindled to a handful in academia; to say Pyrrhus is no longer a popular figure would be true, but for

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the battered and beaten masses of the 13th and 14th centuries, he was a beacon of hope, of understanding.

Much of what we know of Pyrrhus comes from *Pententia*, which may be the closest thing to a biography of Pyrrhus currently in existence – before the release of this paper, that is. Throughout the book, Thomas Lafon (*the primary translator of the book and the only source we have on much of Pyrrhus's life. Lafon was born nearly six-hundred years after Pyrrhus would've existed; the sheer distance between them and the lack of any intermediate sources has also raised skeptical objections*) makes several assertions about his life, most of which cannot be verified. What is certain, however, is that there was a certain “Pyrrhus” born in (*or on the outskirts of, which is far more likely*) London in the 13th century. This can be proven through baptism records. That is where our absolute certainties begin and end; all else is asserted either by Lafon or conjecture.

Pyrrhus was born in 1252 AD to two parents who are nameless to us. He was raised piously, had an affinity for writing, and was expected to be a monk. However, upon the start of the Ninth Crusade, Pyrrhus found himself overcome with vigor and zeal. Staunchly devoted, he departed with the Kingdom of England to the Holy Land. It is here that the Pyrrhus known in

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academia began to take shape. Fighting under Prince Edward of England, Pyrrhus participated in countless raids. The crusaders moved on Nazareth and burned it to the ground, looting, raping, and killing anything that moved. This violence was the first of its kind that Pyrrhus had seen.

Disillusionment began; yes, he was eager to fight for the reclamation of the Holy Land and for his God, but he found himself abhorred by the violence (*humankind in the 13th century was no stranger to Death, decay, gore, and pestilence. His reaction is a point of contention; it seems clear Lafon took license in his translation of the book, and skeptics fear such license includes wrongly ascribing the razing of Nazareth to the start of Pyrrhus's decadence*). Nevertheless, the violence continued with the raid on Qaqun, in which they descended upon a contingent of Turcomans and slaughtered roughly 1,500 of them. The crusaders arrived to Arce in December 1271 and repelled Baibars' siege.

Despite Edward I's army seeing relatively little action, the violence abhorred Pyrrhus. He often wrote about gallons of blood soaking the grass following the attack on the Turcomans.

(Taken from Pententia, translated by Thomas Lafon, Book 1, Chapter 2).

*And I lay there, upon the sand
Mine eyes, skyward to the Antagonist*

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*Yet, just below mine feet
Was a river, roaring with blood
Stretching across the grass
And I stood
And walked
Away, away from mine brothers
And I stepped upon it, the river of blood
And the stench of Death danced around mine throat,
mine nose
Accosted accosted accosted accosted [sic] me!
And there did I drown
Not in blood
But in fear.
This Death, this Death! Inflicted in Thy name, O God!
It is to be punished
THEY MUST SHOW PENANCE
Of what kind cannot be known to them
But to me – it is clear
And I wailed:
“O, LORD! O, LORD! Mine eyes,
mine ears, mine throat!
Behold, O LORD mine heart
is turned within me! At home,
there is Death! At home, there is Death!”
And there did I lay in the bloody river
And writhe
And writhe
And writhe*

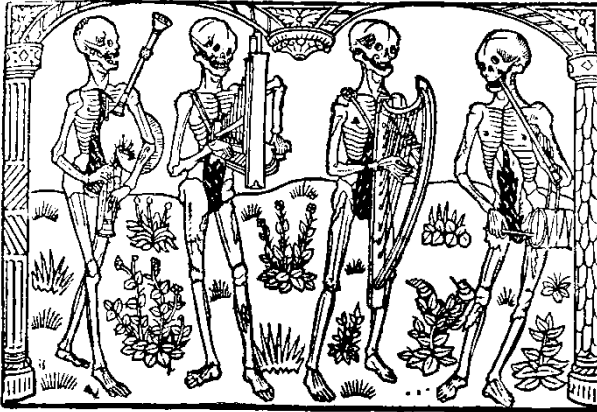
Shortly after the Ninth Crusade, Pyrrhus was sent home. The general consensus among his peers was that he had gone insane. Whether these lines were actually said seems to be irrelevant,

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(Pyrrhus seemed to write the previous passage long after his time in the crusades. It is similar in tone to his later work, and, as far as we know, he would not start writing until years after the crusade. It is possible he injected his outburst into his past to make it seem as though he always had the ideology he had later in life) as shortly thereafter, Pyrrhus would be drawn to a life of solitude. He began to write, often mirroring these sentiments. We know very little about his writing process, why he began to write, and what shaped his beliefs – at least, with certainty. The leading theory is by ██████████ and proposes that his time in the Crusades only amplified his already existing dismay and dread regarding Death, the Afterlife, and God, and that his experiences there pushed him to rationalize his beliefs for the rest of his life.

In the pursuit of solitude, Pyrrhus never spoke to either of his parents – or any family – again. He moved to Liverpool *(which, by this time, was still relatively new, as it was founded in 1207)* and pursued work on a local newspaper before abandoning socialization entirely for almost a decade. It is here where most of his work would've been written – where he would encapsulate the zeitgeist of the Dark Ages.

PART II
GODLESS YEARS



The nature of Pyrrhus's writing was largely heretical during the 13th and 14th centuries. The rule of the church in European countries was not to be questioned, and, with that, the zeitgeist surrounding life itself was not, either. It was too powerful and too entwined into government, into the ruling class – but Pyrrhus was a man of madness, and no reason can be found within the mad.

He was, however, not foolish enough to publish under his given name. “Jacques Monteil” was the supposed author behind his writing (*which is, perhaps, why any certain knowledge of Pyrrhus's life is sparse. He spent most of his life in hiding and frequently changed pseudonyms*). It was under this name he released his first poem. The persecution and erasure of his writing makes finding any

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complete and original work a Sisyphean task, but
of all of them, his first is perhaps his most coherent:

*(Taken from Pententia, translated by Thomas Lafon,
Book 3, Chapter 7).*

*Hark, O reader!
All around thee is Death.
Hold thy breath
Be still and feel
Be still and hear
Feel thy clothes upon thy skin
Feel this paper, from which thee reads
Feel thine eyes in thy skull
Know this!
This moment, fleeting
Could be thy last.*

*All around thee is Death,
The wretched horse, the Headless Nobleman
Looming, it alights
Thy skin shall tear and rip,
Thy bowels shall turn,
You will rot
This is the will of the Omnipotent
For there can be no love
When there is Death.*

*All around thee is Death,
And thy brothers shall Die
Thy sisters shall Die
Thy mothers shall Die
Thy fathers shall Die
This is the will of the Omnipotent
This is the will of the Most High*

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*Not to see thee live
But to see thee Die*

*All around thee is Death,
Our God is a Cruel God
To HIM; speak "avaunt"
To DEATH; speak "alight"
Abandon all hope
Lest ye be misled
[...]*

To call Pyrrhus's work "poetry" would not be incorrect, but Pyrrhus would've disagreed. He considered his work theological musings, a la Thomas Aquinas. Pyrrhus's influence can be seen in Aquinas's work as he tackles the problem of evil (*of which is a recurring theme in Pyrrhus's own work. The two, unknowingly, were at odds theologically for some time*). To spread his writing, Pyrrhus hired an illiterate servant to hand out copies of the poem – unwillingly to take the risk of persecution and surely being put to Death if caught handing such pamphlets out, he levied the risk onto countless servants, all of whom were punished for spreading his dystheistic message. Yet, despite its controversy, Pyrrhus's writing remained fairly underground for a number of years. The dystheistic ravings of a madman are hardly worth noting – without a catalyst, that is. That catalyst came to Pyrrhus in the form of a nobleman: a Joseph

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Marshall, who took interest in the aforementioned poem.

The story goes (*as is asserted by Lafon, which, of course, cannot be verified. A nobleman named "John Marshall" did indeed exist, living in the city of London, during the time Pyrrhus is asserted to have lived. However, any relation to the two is only moderately likely at best, and dubious at worst*) that during a stroll, Marshall was approached by one of Pyrrhus's servants and given a copy of the poem for free due to his nobility. Marshall thought it curious (*as the population at large could not read*) and read the poem in its entirety. Marshall was quickly ensnared by Pyrrhus's writing and regularly returned to the servant in secret to buy more of his work. However, as Pyrrhus's writing progressed, Marshall seemed to deteriorate. He began to behave strangely and slowly became withdrawn, asocial, and misanthropic (*this, at least, can be verified. Marshall is reported to have developed a strong aversion to interaction with others, a hatred for his serfs, and, most notably, 'prone to Daemonic possessions', which is understood in academia today to mean 'prone to mental illnesses' or fits of insanity*). During this time, Marshall became obsessed with Pyrrhus's work. The two men had a symbiotic relationship, despite not having spoken a word to each other: for every ream Pyrrhus wrote, Marshall would purchase and spread it. Pyrrhus's notoriety was building at a

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steady pace, but it was given an unexpected boost when Marshall committed suicide.

Marshall was found in his chambers, completely disemboweled by his own sword, having spread his blood throughout the room before dying from his self-inflicted wounds. His servants found a suicide letter – a single line, reading:

I cannot bear this evil any longer.

His note was found among a flurry of writings by Pyrrhus under his first pseudonym (*what is notable, particularly, about Marshall's letter is how unrepentant he was in his suicide. Suicide was considered a sin, a betrayal and rejection of what God created and would certainly have resulted in everlasting hellfire. A noble like Marshall would have surely been educated of this. The theory by ██████████ that he did not know his suicide would be seen as sinful is asinine for this reason. Instead, it seems that Marshall rejected God in His entirety, knowing the message his suicide would send*). This, in turn, set in motion the persecution of Pyrrhus.

PART III
AN ABSENT GODHEAD



Much contributed to Pyrrhus's continual elusion of the Church's punishment. Those who knew of his work – or rather, "Jacques's" work – were evenly split: either they detested it, saw it as the devil's writing, or they abided by it: they lived it, breathed it. This led to a strange sort of protection for Pyrrhus. Because of the fiery debate he sparked among nobles, the real threat was the noblemen who had grown dystheistic from Pyrrhus's writing, rather than the writing itself. Thomas Hubbard was one of the chief noblemen in favor of Pyrrhus's message.

"While we can be unequivocally certain there is a Lord God, and He is Powerful, we must consider the climate of Death upon us in these ages," he wrote, "This is oft seen as Punishment from the Most High, for our Sins. How can we be sure we have even Sinned at all – that this is

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Punishment, not Enjoyment?" Today, this debate may seem anachronistic to a layman. The tenets of nihilism and antitheism would not become mainstream until the Enlightenment and due to authors such as Nietzsche (*who, controversially, claimed "the Christian resolution to find the world ugly and bad has made the world ugly and bad"*). One can't help but draw similarities between Nietzsche and Pyrrhus). This is only due to the suppression from the Catholic Church that was heavily, fiercely, and remorselessly levied on the nobles. Their writings were burned, they were imprisoned, some executed. They were made examples of. Hubbard, perhaps the most heinous of the offenders, was crucified sideways – not upright, as to not die like Christ, and not upside-down, as to not die like Peter – and gutted. The more extreme violence was not of the Church, but of the government; ordered directly by the Hammer of the Scots, Edward I, himself.

This suppression was so profound that any evidence of this theological debate has been almost entirely extinguished. Pyrrhus had gone into hiding (*although it is possible he died or was murdered, considering the time gap. The writings following his poetry under the Monteil pseudonym are characteristically his, but there is no record of his personal life, any servants, his Death – beyond what Lafon claims, of which he even seems unsure of – or any*

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property possibly owned by Pyrrhus. Whether the writer that followed is a pretender who just happens to mimic his style exceptionally well or that it is actually Pyrrhus himself, somehow living nearly 100 years during the Dark Ages – both seem stranger than fiction. There are no answers, here. Perhaps that is how Pyrrhus would've wanted it) during the persecution. All would've been forgotten. Kings rose and fell. Wars came and went. All seemed normal – as normal as life in the Dark Ages can be.

Then the Dance of Death began.

The Black Death (*or The Black Plague, the Bubonic Plague*) was the most horrific pandemic humankind had ever seen. It was as if the Grim Reaper himself had descended upon Europe, his mouth open and wide, swallowing all that lived, grating their bones beneath his jagged, unforgiving teeth, and spitting out their headless, mangled bodies back onto the weeping populous.

*(Taken from Pententia, translated by Thomas Lafon,
Book 12, Chapter 2).*

*Man! Man! How foolish art thee!
So blind in ye worship
While the Most High Assails the meek.
Be this Death [sic] Death retribution?
Nay, nay, do not give into sweet lies!
Lies do not mar the buboes on thy spines
How much more may thy bowels empty*

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*How much more may thine eyes water
How much more may thy heart break and flutter
How many more Children must Die
How many more bodies shall pile
Before the Holy Father's bloodlust be satisfied?
When the Headless Nobleman knocks at thy door,
O reader, do not resist, for this be thy Ally!
Yea! Ally! Thy only Ally in a war on Life by God
God – how strange that Name
A Name that suits Him best, for to Him, we are waste
As an ant to a golem, what need does a God have for
broken toys?
Limbless worms, writhing in agony and blood and
excrement and sin
Simply a torso, flailing, "praying" for hope, but hope
does not exist
Hark, faithful reader! Give into thy Ally
The Headless Nobleman
He is thy friend
As much as He be God's*

During the height of the Black Plague in Europe, 1348 to 1350, Pyrrhus (*for the sake of simplicity, we shall assume the writer is Pyrrhus himself, rather than an imitator*) made a daring resurgence. Propelled by the worst pandemic in human history, his rejection of God's love for what he saw as evil charmed the dying masses. During this time, he no longer had to search for servants, for they came to him with open arms. The view of God as a righteous, loving, welcoming Father during the Black Death was shaky at best. The idea that God existed could not be contested, but the idea that He wished *good* for humanity was heavily controversial. In the wake of all this Death, all this

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suffering – the horror of watching your mothers, sisters, brothers, fathers – all decay and rot in your hands – brought the Christian populace to their breaking point. All that was needed was a figurehead, someone like Pyrrhus, to take charge of this pain, of all of the suffering, chaos, and dread – of all of the sick, weeping, and widowed. And he did just this.

*(Taken from Pententia, translated by Thomas Lafon,
Book 12, Chapter 3).*

*Come now, ye disheveled
Come now, ye miserable
Come now, ye sickly;
Do not think to thyself: God hast failed me
God has done His duty, and done it well
He has brought thee unto thy knees
He has brought tears to thine eyes
Evil to thy lips
Heresy to thy minds
And He will damn you for this.*

*God knows of thy misery,
He does not care for it.
God spares no pity for mankind
He births thee
To Kill thee
Mercilessly and violently
The bile filling thy lungs
Is an act of God.
For why else would Man exist?
Why else should Man live if not to die?
Know this, O reader,
God begot thee to begot misery*

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*You live to suffer
You live to writhe
You live to Die*

*Every soul to give up the ghost
Is another soul wasted
Every soul is wasted
Every soul is wasted
Every soul is wasted
And I shall not, nor any man, be saved by God
Again, reader, I beg of thee! Know thy savior
Is Death!*

What Pyrrhus did not anticipate, however, was the rising pushback. He knew there would be resistance, but did not foresee the wrath of the entire Abrahamic community (*the believers of Abrahamic religions as a whole*). His rallying cry against the Abrahamic God would not only offend Christians, but Jews and Muslims. There is something to be said about humans when their beliefs – of which had up until this point, been constantly reaffirmed – are challenged. Leagues band together in collective anger, collective rejection.

Before long, Pyrrhus – now under the pseudonym “Leopold” – waged a full war with Abrahamic religions. This evolved his work from musings to direct attacks and theological rejections:

*(Taken from Pententia, translated by Thomas Lafon,
Book 13, Chapter 1).*

How, then, can a God be loving, holy, and true

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*When a plague rapes the land He created, supposedly,
with love?*

*Where is His love now? I beg thee: show me His love!
Be it in those wretched buboes? In the graves of thy
families?*

Knave! Knave! There is no love at all.

And do not ascribe foul heresies unto mine tongue

There is a God above: I know this truth!

This truth, unquestionable, binds thee to me

And me to thee

But our unfortunate similarities end there

As I am not blind to the murder

And the rape

And the plague

And the famine

And the witches

*And the irrefutable anguish that exists in this doomed
world*

Sanctified by God and enacted by Death and his

Daemons

*How long will you betray your fellow Man in the name
of a LORD*

Who would rather see ye suffer?

Pyrrhus's daring challenge had two main consequences: first and foremost, he became public enemy number #1 to the high, religious class, despite being almost entirely anonymous. The second: a civil war was on the verge of breaking out, and it has been almost entirely forgotten to history. If it were not from the Mongolian threat, it certainly would have. With Europe at war with the plague, the Hundred Years' War underway, and the distant fighting with the Mongols, it seemed as

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though humanity itself was reaching a climax. Tensions were high, and, had it not been for a few sane minds, Pyrrhus would've been the straw that broke the camel's back, sending humanity into a relentless downfall.

What gave Pyrrhus's message power was the problem of evil: the philosophical hole in the narrative that God is all powerful, all knowing, and wholly benevolent. Pyrrhus did not dispute the former, but he found the latter to be untrue. If God was good, and only good, there would be no Evil. There would be no plague. In a medieval society where both accosted any and all, Pyrrhus's dystheism, in a way, became deified.

This recrimination brought out malice in theologians and kings. They levied out harsh punishments to not just the distributors of Pyrrhus's work, but the readers. Anyone found in possession of writing even suspected to be by Pyrrhus (*as they knew he used a myriad of aliases. This led to authors who had no relation to Pyrrhus being persecuted and executed. The case of Arthur Abbott is a prime example. His fairly light criticism of the Church led to him being strung between two horses and ripped apart. This was considered a light punishment, as the executions and tortures of Pyrrhus's followers were far harsher; many would be skinned or purposely infected with the plague*) was tortured, maimed, and strung up outside their home for their neighbors to behold. This led to a witch hunt not unlike what would be seen in Salem four centuries later; if you didn't like someone, you could claim they were a

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supporter of Pyrrhus. This was almost impossible to refute; not owning any of his writing was not enough to prove your innocence, and as a result, many were falsely executed.

Yet, this was just one of many unintended consequences. Perhaps the biggest consequence was making his base even more impassioned. In their minds, it made perfect sense; why would a loving God allow such atrocities to come to those who doubt Him, or even denounce Him? Their fate was not for Man to decide, but for God Himself. The more his base suffered, the stronger their beliefs became. The more that died from the plague, the more that were skinned alive, the more that were raped in the streets: the more power Pyrrhus had. But his mind began to fracture.

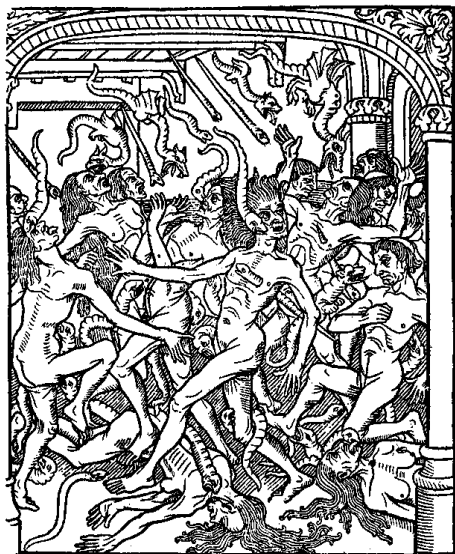
During these years, due to the intense persecution, Pyrrhus became far more paranoid than before. He was subject to periods of overwhelming madness and anguish, in which he would shriek incoherently and wildly and assault individuals indiscriminately. This differed largely from the madness of which Pyrrhus suffered earlier in his life, which can be seen as purely mania; later in life, he became completely unintelligible during these fits. He would slam his head into his desk, into walls, and claw at his cheeks, scarring them permanently. His aides would find him alone, in his room, clawing and scratching; his then-white beard turned a dark red.

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His insanity was so intense, that it should come as no surprise he began to dabble in the occult – to, what some fear to be, great success.

(Up until this point – all aforementioned events could have happened, no matter how dubious their authenticity. They are based in reality, and one that we know to be true. However, the next chapter in Pyrrhus's story involves the occult, demons, and the afterlife. Allow me to make my bias known: I believe in spirits and that there is more to this world that we can see. However, to a skeptic, the following events may as well be fiction, but we have reason to consider them. Stick with it.)

PART IV
TO BECOME THE ABYSS



Not even Lafon pretends to know what happened when Pyrrhus beckoned Asmodeus. In fact, Lafon casts doubt on the idea that he even did. Even if the summoning was just a rumor, it was a persistent one. But the sudden revelations in the Abrahamic community of Pyrrhus's true identity came seemingly out of nowhere, as did his complete disappearance. Somehow, just as his identity was revealed, Pyrrhus vanished. Skeptics say he was killed - but, if so, surely he would've been made an example of. Surely, he would've been executed publicly, or found in his home and dragged out onto the streets for all to bear witness to his insanity and madness. But these things did not happen. The manhunt grew so intense, it

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would've been near impossible for Pyrrhus to escape London undetected, and, due to the ire of the entire Abrahamic religions, he wouldn't have had anywhere to go if he did.

And so, the Theory of the Demon was born. This theory comes, like all else regarding his disappearance, out of nowhere. Nobody knows who the first proponent was, from rumor or otherwise. The name "Asmodeus" was simply whispered in the streets, on farms, in the chambers of noblemen, and even in churches – where that name was forbidden. Asmodeus found himself in the public consciousness. And a powerful demon being in the minds of townsfolk abhorred Church leaders: not only was this demon suddenly on everyone's mind, he may have had a link to Pyrrhus and his disappearance. Any and all proponents of the Theory of the Demon were executed. In fact, due to the hunt, any and all evidence that the theory existed was destroyed, burned, or ripped to shreds.

But that just made it so much worse.

Despite Pyrrhus's disappearance, the damage to humanity had been done. The ideas were out; the die was cast, and, much to the dismay of the Abrahamic community, nothing could be done. Fortunately, the "Years of Sorrow" – as Lafon calls it – *are* verifiable (though various scholars debate how much of it was due to Pyrrhus and how much of it was due to the Plague); while any

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evidence of Pyrrhus's existence was heavily suppressed, the Church could not, however, suppress the suicide of Benedict Webb – his Death brings credibility to Lafon's claims here more than anywhere else.

Webb was a bishop of a church just outside of London. This church was small – there was no known name for it. The village – lost to history as well. In fact, Webb himself wasn't much of anybody. He was a humble, pious man. He paid his dues and served his God. He kept to himself and the townsfolk. Had it not been for the tensions, his suicide would've been another statistic.

But, even in "Death", Pyrrhus's ire could not be stayed; as aforementioned, the ideas were out – and were still proliferating, so it was no surprise to anyone that Webb had been an avid reader of Pyrrhus before his tearing out his own eyes and bleeding to Death. What *was* a surprise, however, was how this pious man completely turned on his head and took his own life – and even more so, what he said about it:

*I cannot see and I cannot hear; lend me thine ears! Thine
eyes! For I am blind,
and I am deaf, and mine agony is profuse; I have
read the word of [indecipherable scribbles] and it is so
sweet!*

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*O, LORD, whither doth Ye rest?! Is it now that I shall
meet Thee? Nay,
mine Death brings to Thee joy. Mine flesh hath turned
turned turned turned [sic]
and horror and wrath! I cannot bear mine face, I cannot
bear mine soul, I cannot I cannot
cannot I cannot I cannot I cannot [sic] all ye must know
ye art a waste!
Yea, I can bear this life no longer!
with this, the stench of mine Soul is extinguished
but our sorrow may never end it will continue for ever
and ever
and ever and ever and ever in heaven and on earth
O, Sorrow, rid thyself from mine bowels!
and I shall feel thee no more, Sorrow – sorrow, how
strange that word
the Headless Nobleman the Headless Nobleman is at
mine door and He will
be at thy let him in let him in let him*

To a modern eye, this reads mostly as gibberish, but to the already paranoid eye of the disgruntled, religious masses, it was the breaking point. Pyrrhus had not only written into existence the deepest heresy Europe had ever seen, but he rejected Death, he rejected God. Then, to them, he summoned the demon Asmodeus and vanished entirely. He rejected all of them – he turned to them and said:

“I refuse. I refuse to live in this doomed world with all of the chaos you pretend is order. I refuse to beg for forgiveness and to repent, because nothing in this world is holy; every single fucking thing ever made was designed to create and harbor

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suffering. I refuse to believe in life because we all die alone, in agony – endless, incomprehensible agony. I refuse to cry out in despair; I want to starve and I want to freeze and I want to be beaten and maimed to Death – I want to die from buboes, I want to be buried in the fucking ground, I want my body to be ripped in two, I want to suffer and burn in the Hell that God made for us. And I refuse to rectify this life in the wake of the Headless Nobleman – because He will come for you and your progeny. All of them – their birth was a murder; every single one of you has murdered your children. And I accept this.”

It was too much. Soon enough, no one was left to enforce the Church’s orders. Pyrrhus was like a plague in himself; anyone who found themselves too close to him or his work absorbed it. They became it – embodied it. They became his nihilism and spread it. They told their friends, they told their families, they told their children – and it engulfed them, too. And when they felt it, they had a choice: live in complete, unimaginable, existential pain or commit suicide and feel nothing at all. Despite the fear of going to Hell, despite the stigma around suicide, and despite the innate need to live in all humankind – most chose the latter.

Pyrrhus’s name became as feared as Asmodeus’s – and, before long, it crossed lips no longer. The fear was so palpable, a tradition began: when a new child was born, families would burn

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wood down to ash and cover the child's face with it for seven days. Lafon attributes this to The Headless Nobleman (*the ash covering their faces would essentially make them look "headless" – while I cannot verify that this is true, because of the influence Pyrrhus had on the people of Europe and beyond, I must admit my bias: this incredibly odd tradition becoming so common seemingly out of nowhere does not have many, if any, other explanations*); an offering to Him as to not incite His anger. However, with time (*by 1500 at most*) the tradition had almost entirely vanished. It was as if all of Europe was flung into a crisis, stuck between religious hope and palpable Death – and Pyrrhus breathed it. He embodied that crisis and all that came after. And, admittedly, part of me believes he always will.

PART V
THE LAST MAN BLINKS



Thomas Lafon was the last Pyrrean author in academia. While many have studied Pyrrhus and his work, few actually *shared* the beliefs he had. Lafon was extremely adamant about Pyrrhus's beliefs – so much so, it got him shunned from academia. But, as far as he was concerned, he had his reasons.

Lafon, much like Pyrrhus, is a ghost to history. He was born in France, but, oddly enough, wrote entirely in English. Born to two nameless parents, we, at the very least, are completely certain he *did* exist as he described, whereas Pyrrhus's case may have been embellished. And, most of all, Lafon was an isolated scholar with no contact with any family – much like Pyrrhus, he was completely alone. His research into Pyrrhus became the only connection he had, and that consumed him entirely. Lafon was prone to depressive fits. He often spent time locked away in his chambers, writing reams of nihilism madly – all heavily

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inspired by Pyrrhus himself. In his journal, he routinely wrote pages and pages directed at (*as far as we can tell*) nobody in particular, but written in second person.

There are several theories as to why he did this. ██████████ claims he knew his journal would be read, and the “you” he addresses is the reader themselves. This falls in line with Lafon’s misanthropy; he seems to think very little of whoever he is addressing and believes they do not deserve to live:

“...because of this, we are drawn to a truism: you are incredibly vile and vermin-esque. I do not wish for your love; your love is a disgusting, abhorrent thing! I cannot think of anything more foul – except, perhaps, the Antagonist – than your need to justify your abominable life – and, worse, to share it.” This is taken from a page where Lafon seems to write a polemic on the idea of love itself, and, even more so, having children. He also harbored an extreme hatred for the Christian God, YHWH and labelled him the “Grand Antagonist” (*and, conversely, labelled the “Headless Nobleman”, Pyrrhus’s personification of Death, the Godhead – alluding to the fact that Death is truly in power, as when the Headless Nobleman takes you, God loses His power to toy with you*). He was resolute in his belief that bringing life into this world would please God – as God would torture them throughout life, finding joy in their misery. As a result, Lafon became a staunch antinatalist late in life:

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“How incredibly selfish, how incredibly Evil you must be to bring life into this world! Do you wish to live as the Antagonist? Do you wish to bring suffering into this world and satisfy the Antagonist’s bloodlust further?! To birth a *thing* is to Kill that thing – and bring joy to the Antagonist. If this is the path you choose, you become contemptible; when that pink, fleshy, thing is brought into this world, it will wish to Die innately! It will feel fear and anguish and guilt and anger despite your attempts to soothe and conform it to your ghastly and false joy – and even when it is fooled, when it is taught to ignore Death, when it Dies, it will hate you for it. It will know, and it will cry out: ‘O, I have been deluded! Now, I am crushed, ripped in two, my entrails upon the dirt – to which I return. Now I am freed, now I am laid to rest, and curse be unto those who engendered me – to thee I wish plague, I wish agony, I wish endless and eternal Pain, for thee has spoken false and perverse lies to me! Now I am come to Death, and the Headless Nobleman swings his Axe – and this I wish upon all who live, all who breathe, all that moves.’ And then it shall Die, and it shall suffer.”

This is a philosophy that Lafon lived by. He hated humanity and everything that embodied it. From him, there was hatred for his fellow scholars, hatred for their students, and hatred for the administrators. He hated leaders and he hated followers. He hated his former friends – and, most of all, he hated his family. He loathed his parents for birthing him, and wrote about it on more than

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one occasion. Refusing to call them by name, he wrote several polemics against them (*going as far as to say "...no things may draw my ire more than those who engendered me – may the Nobleman take them in my lifetime so I may deface their graves"*). He referred to humans mostly as "things" as when he encountered them would speak very little. Other academics, such as Marcus LaRue, thought he was simply asocial. While they weren't wrong, they didn't see the full picture.

Marcus, however, did. Marcus was the sole reason Lafon was shunned from academia. Lafon was a prolific writer – but he never shared his writing. His motivations are unknown, but LaRue sought out Lafon's writing and came across it (*likely by intruding into his chambers*). Yet, when LaRue found it, he was horrified. At first, he was convinced, which petrified him. He began to write furiously to rebuke Lafon's assertions:

"Such ghastly ugliness and hatred manifested into hundreds and hundreds of reams! It is harrowing work that relies on an age-old myth for its basis – how can one even be sure Pyrrhus existed at all? His existence is dubious, his effect even more so, so how can Lafon, a supposed *scholar*, draw all conclusions from him?"

ADAM W.

Yet, when Lafon's writings surfaced, they began to have the same domino effect Pyrrhus's had. Scholars – at first – found themselves seduced by Lafon's entries. Then, immediately after, recoiled; they could not afford to believe such things, for not only would it be academic suicide, it would only lead actual suicide. And so, LaRue started an effort to have Lafon institutionalized in a mental asylum, (*of which were commodities in the 1800s*) claiming: "...not only can we not bear this hideousness in intelligent discourse, we cannot bear it in sane society". And, because the scholars feared the allure of the Headless Nobleman, they rallied behind him.

This is where yet another similarity between Pyrrhus and Lafon is drawn. Lafon went into hiding due to the persecution and fled the country. He moved to Italy and, while he never used a pseudonym, kept his head down for a number of years while he continued his research. There, he found himself surrounded by religious imagery – and became even more disgusted by it. He hated his proximity to the Vatican. He hated the idea of being in the mere area of Christian history, and it began to consume him; as Lafon grew more passionate in his beliefs, his mental health worsened. Lafon had attempted suicide many times in his life, and, during this period, the attempts increased. Surprisingly, he'd write about

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each attempt in his journal, though he did not consider them a negative thing or even something personal or private to him. To him, this was an attempt – not at suicide, but to liberate himself:

“And again I wake! If not for how abominable this body is (*and all bodies are*), I would be in awe at its resilience. And to you, I ask: is there any method, manner, or approach that I have not tried? Is there any noose I have not tied? Any poison I have not swallowed? Hear my Woe, Nobleman: I beg you to grant me Death – your absence ails me so! But, do not be mistaken: I have not lost hope in the Nobleman. When He visits me – and it will be soon – I may be free from this Earth – but my Suffering will not end, for it has no end. Death is not peaceful; it is not respite; it horrible and abhorrent, it is wretched – but it is your only Ally in this life.”

ADAM W.

But the "Nobleman" did not come as quickly as he hoped. Lafon's suffering was profuse, akin to Pyrrhus', and akin to his followers', and let's be honest, mine as well, this life and study is agonizing,,,, I can't take it anymore you wake up every day and the nobleman is always there right behind you you you you might pray pray pray prey pray but you know pyrrhus was right and this never ends and god knows god sanctifies it it is his fault and his wish he has too much power and

even in Death suffering does not end

how the fuck

can you stand it? how can you
stand

to live for nothing at all ?

alive i am not

PART VI
THE IMMOLATION OF MAN



There is much to be said for the will of madmen. Not just any madmen, but those who are convicted: swallowed by their beliefs. Pyrrhus was one of them. Lafon was one of them.

I am one of them.

In Lafon's time transcribing and compiling *Pententia*, he discovered many truths about God, humankind, and himself. First, regarding God: he believed that it is incorrect to assume the null hypothesis is that God does not exist. Rather, he saw it as impossible for God to be absent in light of the First Cause. In fact, he was heavily influenced by Thomas Aquinas' Five Ways, but his conclusion

ADAM W.

was very different. Lafon pointed to things such as mere existence of Death to justify his belief in an Evil God. "A God, and only a God, can create utopia," he began, "but He chose not to. He chose to create Death and Pain; he chose to birth Suffering and Agony. God begot All Evil and very little good. For this, he is your enemy". He was unequivocally certain God existed – but he was *also* certain that God was no ally of mankind.

Second, regarding humankind: he viewed us as vile, animalistic, and pathetic – but, perhaps paradoxically, he did not believe it was necessary for us to suffer. He looked at us in the same manner one may look at a spider, a rat, or any other unscrupulous rodent or pest – with disgust, yet one acknowledges this is a *living being*, an *entity*, and one that can feel misery. In addition, Lafon saw the relationship between Man and God to be one of an abusive owner to a frightened pet – and while Lafon may not care them, he would not wish them unnecessary pain.

And lastly, about himself: the more he worked, the more useless it began to seem. No one would listen. They wouldn't even dare entertain his ideas. He worked endlessly, tirelessly for nothing. He began to wonder about his Self and if it even existed at all.

And so he tried to kill himself. Again and again. With repeated attempts, he thought, he would eventually succeed. He was right.

ADAM W.

The final entry in Lafon's journal is harrowing. There is no way he could've known he would successfully commit suicide - but he knew. He didn't do anything different. He tried to hang himself - again. It just so happened that it worked this time. But he knew. What's more, he finally accepted his agony. Lafon owed it to himself to own his Suffering, to wear it with pride. Pyrrhus died with no remorse, with no fear, and so Lafon wanted to do the same.

But he couldn't anymore.

"Oh, I am in anguish! From the moment I wake, I suffer. To me - suffering is all that is known to me. Listen close and intently: I am in insurmountable agony - my dread is unknowable; there is no dread like mine. Read upon these reams! Read them! Look at my entrails, spilled upon these pages. I am vile, I am rotten, I am of no use, I am a heap of filth that must be discarded. Yes, this is true for all mankind, but for I it is, again, insurmountable. Have I levied it unto myself? Have I brought the Antagonist's unholy wrath upon me? Oh, I beg you - listen to my words! I cannot move; I am entombed with agony.

In my chest is [scribbles] hurricane of grief. For what - I do not know, but it has plagued me for some time. As long as I exist, I will know pain - and only pain. It is now that you see why the Antagonist is the [scribbles]: such woe inside me could not exist if not for a malicious Being, an Evil Horror, a Wretched, [indecipherable, manic

ADAM W.

writing]. Tell me, speak! Speak now! Is there any agony like unto mine?"

No. There wasn't. And there never will be.

"Hope (a fitting name for a blackguard) is my enemy, love is unknown to me, joy, an unknowable state: why has the Antagonist damned us so? Was I ever alive? No, I have always been Dead. I pray - yes, pray - for my Death this night, for I can take no more. My mind is [the pen trails off the page, leaving the sentence unfinished.]"

And, with that, Lafon's journey was over. I have to wonder what it felt like. Was it peace? Or was it simply more suffering after? Even now, years later, I don't know. I came across Pententia and Lafon's journal by circumstance. I would say it was meant to be in my hands, but if Pyrrhus and Lafon have taught me anything, it's that that cannot be.

It's poetic. All in all, if we assume the Theory of the Demon has no validity whatsoever (as most scholars do), we're left to believe that Pyrrhus simply killed himself and vanished, his body never found. He killed himself like all those who read his work did. Like Marshall. Like Webb. And now, like Lafon. The truths in Pyrrhus theology were all too much to bear. They were too much to bear for Marshall. For Webb. For Lafon. And for me.

It's come full circle. I'm another notch in the cycle. It started with Pyrrhus, continued with

ADAM W.

Lafon, and spreads with me. I truly and unequivocally believe the word of Pyrrhus, but that's paradoxical in nature, is it not? To truly, truly believe it would make humankind seem like nothing more than animals pretending to chase something - pretending to love - pretending to be happy - pretending to be civilized. To truly believe would render all human effort worthless. Completely, utterly worthless.

But that's because it is.

The grand ending to humanity will be nuclear war. We'll tear ourselves to shreds. If not that, then we'll be engulfed by a star, immolated by fire. What, then, does any of this mean, you may ask. It means nothing at all. The culmination of all human suffering will be nonexistence, and that should haunt you every God damn day. Begin with your Self: it is worthless, meaningless, and will be crushed by the Nobleman. So will our societies, our constructs, our platitudes. Then our planet, our solar system, our universe. We are spiraling toward the end at all times. And after that?

Nothing. Not even the absence of humanity will exist, it will be as though we never existed - and maybe we never did. So why? Why do all this? Why write reams and reams of pages in an attempt to document a ghost to history and his theological progeny, why work at all, why love at all, why live at all, why should you get up day after day and convince yourself you are happy when deep down you are in unknowable agony, surely you know now surely it is obvious that you are decaying

ADAM W.

slowly from the inside you know it to be true dont
fucking lie to yourself because you know inside
you lies an innate want for this to be over no not a
want but a need a need to die i need to die i cant do
this anymore i cant i cant i cant i cant i cant i cant i
cant i cant i cant i cant i cant i cant i cant i
cant i cant i cant i cant i cant i cant i cant i
cant i cant i cant oh god oh god oh god i am
crushed i know this i am crushed beyond repair
and i am fucking disgusting and vile and i deserve
to die i desrve to rot i desrvve to drown and be
maimed and burned alive i deserve this pain i
deserve everything that happens to me i deserve all
the pain since i found it i started hurting myself in
ever way i can i try to kill my self every now and
again no one knwos and i lie to them but they dont
ask they dont give a single fucking shit nobody
does i bought into all this to have a reason to
explain why im like this to explain why i want to
die so badly and it all makes since god wnats me to
be like this he made me like this and he loves it he
enjoys it i go to bed and think about killing myself
every night and he smiles every single one of you
smiles but i cant take it anymore i just cant im
scared to live another year im scared to go on like
this im terrified of having another birthday im
terrified of living to old age im just so fucking
afraid of living any longer because my every
waking moment is spent in pain so much pain im
so sorry i just cant do it anymore i just cant im
sorry

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

PART VII

I remember everything I read about them. I remember when I first read it. It was beautiful, really, but I didn't know it then. As I opened myself up to it more, I realized: there's something within me, something buried beneath my consciousness, that pulls me to the ground, back to the dirt. I belong there – but that's a truism. We all belong there, yet some people can ignore it. I don't know how they do it. Sometimes I sit and watch – I watch the people who never read it. They're happy, or so they claim. I say they're deluded. But I guess that's what I'm conditioned to think; I've spent so long like this. I don't know what else there is. Maybe they are actually happy. I'd like to believe that, but I can't make myself. Maybe it's me. I'm an iconoclast. I knew that from the start. So did they, but they wrote their reams anyway. They believed. They believed and believed, but it didn't amount to anything. As all beliefs. And, like most beliefs, I believed them because it made too much sense to me; the way I've lived, the things I've done – God made them that way. "This is how the world is," I'll say. But the world isn't any one thing. It just is. And that is horrifying.

ADAM W.

I wish I could say “I don’t want to die” here. But it’d be a lie, and this is an academic paper, after all. That being said, it needs a conclusion, doesn’t it? Sorry to say, I don’t have one. These things are never ending. You’re living it right now. I’m living it. We’re drowning in it. Suffocating in it. That’s just how it is. That’s how it always will be. But I’m always up for writing a polemic on myself. That’s easy. I’ve always been one to tear myself down.

I don’t deserve to live. I’ve done nothing with the time I’ve been given. I’ve spent all of it in woe, which fuels these thoughts. Or maybe it’s the other way around, I can’t tell – but this is how I’ve been for years. I’m not “living”. I’m just passing time until I give up the ghost. I can’t bear what I feel any longer. I don’t have any choice. It’s too fucking much. It’s all too much. Maybe that’s why I fed into Pyrrhus and Lafon. That’s why I lived as them. I breathed what they wrote. To this day, I still believe it. There is a God, but He is not here to pity you. He’s not here to show you “mercy”. You’ve been here all along. You know what He wants.

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

I'm going to take my life after I publish this. What else can I do?

I'm not a prophet like Pyrrhus. I'm not a scholar
like Lafon.
I am just a *thing* - a *disposable* thing. And I am tired.
I'm so fucking tired.

And I don't have anything left to say.

ADAM W.

oh lord, how i wish i had lived

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

BOOK TWO
THE LAST MAN BLINKS

ADAM W.



"How strange it is that you would choose to live at all."

- Louis Meyer, A Hostile Earth

ADAM W.

PREFACE

In 2015, I found *A Hostile Earth* crammed between a bookshelf and a wall. Two months later, I tried to kill myself, my hands clasped around my neck. *A Hostile Earth* didn't influence me to do this – I had already made up my mind; life was not worth living.

Since 2012, I've thought about killing myself. I didn't try, at first – Death was the unknown, and, well, the unknown was horrifying. Instead, I mulled over it for years. Spent every moment wishing I was dead. But three years later, my antipathy toward life had far surpassed my fear of Death.

However, after I tried, I couldn't look myself in the mirror. I was ashamed – guilty. Then, I reopened *A Hostile Earth*.

Louis Meyer had no guilt.

His antipathy toward life was one I shared – but I didn't read more than a few pages then. A year later, I found myself with a belt around my neck, pulling and pulling. After my muscles gave out, I opened up the book again.

ADAM W.

When I read it, I was enthralled.

He knew suicide. He knew Death. He knew agony.
He knew it all and more – whatever he spoke was
Truth.

I spent months in the history he created, telling
myself that I was looking for anything to rebuke
suicide – to tell me not to do it, that it was worth it.

But I found nothing of the sort.

I knew I wouldn't. It was indulgence; satiating a
desperate need for connection that neither of us
had.

The following reams are a polemic on life – a
record of my mistakes – a biography of a
misanthropic madman – the suicidal confessions of
a nobody – the suicide note for the Meyerian
Society – the inner monologue of a writer who can't
stand to be alive.

It is each and every one.

I am each and every one.

ADAM W.

I am entombed by grief.

ADAM W.

BEARING A BURDEN

The unifying theme in my life is and always will be Death. Death was palpable to Meyer – as much as it is to me. He sought after it; sought to absorb it. To worship it. It's all he knew.

It's all I know.

I need to talk about suicide and the Meyer's Method. But to talk about the Meyer's Method, I have to talk about Meyer, and to talk about Meyer, I have to start at the beginning – something he hated discussing with everything in him.

Louis Meyer was born in the mid-1800s in one forgotten town or another. He lived in the middle of nowhere. The backwoods. All he knew for the first portion of his life was his family. God. Hard work. Milling away, wasting time. Being “productive”. He hated it, or so he says; Meyer wasn't always the man he grew to be.

ADAM W.

This life was all he knew – as was his family; his mother: Elizabeth Meyer, his father: Jonathan Meyer, and two unnamed brothers. For the grand majority of Meyer’s time on the farm, everything was fine – it was perfectly normal.

It raises the question: what went wrong? What happened to Meyer?

Or rather, what happened to Jonathan?

There are not many things in life – if any things – that make a father slaughter his own children, their names lost to history, but it happened to Jonathan.

Jonathan had been hard at work; he’d been reaping all day – but things seemed normal. Nothing had led anyone to suspect what would happen – but when he returned with his scythe, he painted the walls of the barn with the blood of Meyer’s brothers (*this is likely the origin of Meyer’s quote: “Death will drown you in blood as it has me”. I cannot verify it was he who said this, however; this quote is attributed to him, but I cannot find a source*).

ADAM W.

After he disposed of their bodies, he hushed family for years. No one could know and no one would know until much later.

This event sparked a young Meyer's obsession with Death; he'd later write about this event; reams about smelling their bodies rotting in the barn, dreaming of it each night. The potent, inextinguishable fetor of rotten flesh accosting his senses – the type of stench invades your throat and lungs.

He couldn't take it. Meyer wanted to join them there, in the ground. So he tried.

That's where the first parallel between Meyer and I is drawn. A noose around both our necks.

After his suicide attempt, he grew inconsolable; nothing could keep him at peace. He couldn't sleep, he couldn't work. Couldn't breathe. He couldn't stand to live – and so he was gone. He ran until he couldn't anymore.

ADAM W.

His home. His family. His God. All behind him. He considered this a Death, but not the one he wanted. Not what he sought after for the rest of his life. And not what I seek after now.

That was Meyer's catalyst. Mine wasn't nearly as dramatic - but the truth is, Meyer and I are alike in many ways. That's why I'm drawn to him. We both have an obsession with Death. We both regret having been born at all. We've both been victim to numerous suicide attempts. The difference is that his succeeded.

Mine haven't.

ADAM W.

Yet.

ADAM W.

UNSTEADY GROUND

“To know Death, you must drown in it,” Meyer would say, “it must swallow you whole, and you must choke and squirm in it”. It makes sense, then, that Meyer started his journey as a grave-digger.

And, of course, living in America in the mid-1800s left him no shortage of bodies. He didn't have much of an opinion on the war; he only cared for the corpses.

“As I shoveled, I thought nothing but: ‘oh, how I wish to join them’. And so I did lie upon them, and I did breathe”. Meyer would dig out the ground, replace it with bodies, and lay on top of them. He'd feel absolved by it.

On many sites, he was the only gravedigger. He had no one to answer to; he could do as he pleased. Now, he abstained from anything perverse, that much is true – but he loved their bodies. He yearned for them as though they were people he knew – even though he knew no one at all.

ADAM W.

So he did as he said night after night, lying with their bodies. As far as modern academia knows, Meyer had no real human connections for the majority of his years; he spent most of them alone, knowing that when he Died, he'd leave nothing behind. There'd be no one to miss him; no one would care.

He'd be buried in some mass, unmarked grave and decay until he was unrecognizable - and this would hurt nobody. No tears were to be shed over Meyer. He'd be a ghost, and it'd be as if he never existed.

That's where the second parallel between Meyer and I is drawn; persistent, perhaps incurable, isolation.

Beyond the casual handshake between him and his boss, he felt no one but the bodies. He knew what it meant to truly be alone.

ADAM W.

With this, he revered Death itself. Its growling stomach yearned for him; he desperately wanted to feed It. Every now and then he'd try. A noose around his neck - a knife at his throat. After some time, however, he projected his agony outward; he began to write.

He started *A Hostile Earth* while sleeping with Death.

"How strange it is that you would choose to live at all. Indeed, I have kissed Death - and It has Spoken Its Truth to me, so that I may rebuke life in all of its wholeness; Death, gentle and sweet, came to me, and It did say: 'To live is to fear. You have drowned in nonexistence for All Time hitherto - the fact thee lives now is an Aberration'. This unquestionable truth begs you but one question: if you are to Die, why is it that you live?"

It is because you fear. You are a coward. You reject the Order of All Things; you belong Dead. You have always been Dead - and you always will be."

ADAM W.

The opening lines to *A Hostile Earth* confronted me with a very real question: why am I alive if I do not wish to be? I struggled with this for months before realizing Meyer was right.

It was just fear. Our *bodies* fear Death. It's been ingrained in us from ancestors' past. And maybe, just maybe, I could convince myself that the fear of Death is there for a reason. That we're not supposed to Die, and that to live is a *good* thing.

But I couldn't buy into it. There was no reason for me to be here – no reason for any of us to be here, I knew that with more conviction than I'd ever had. It was in my fucking bones. I still know it. That dread is just the human need to fear the unknown and cower behind platitudes.

It wasn't Death that perturbed me. It was the unknown. The unknowable, really.

Until Meyer.

ADAM W.

In *A Hostile Earth*, Meyer details what he called The Innate Lie. It was the Lie ingrained into all humans that we should fear Death and that to live is inherently good – to Meyer, The Lie perpetuated a cycle of misery; he believed all living things had a deep need to facilitate suffering – this inspired them to continue society in all of its futility and watch as others suffered and Died; he believed being born is the start of all suffering (*I don't know if I agree with the Lie here – but it haunts me*).

“To break free from The Innate Lie, you must familiarize yourself with Death,” he’d write. “The Lie abuses you off of your Fear of the Unknown – which is Nonexistence – which is Death – and Death is Truth”.

Meyer’s sensitivity to Death had been broken as long as he’d been alive, but he found some strange, hypocritical purpose in informing others how to do the same. The Innate Lie was the enemy to Mankind; it alone perpetuated all suffering and evil.

ADAM W.

And so he began to spread his message. He started small, but had no shortage of audiences. He heralded from street corners to shell-shocked nomads – all of the homeless due to the war. He was charismatic, and with the climate of Death upon the crestfallen soldiers, they took heed.

They identified with his sermons. Soon, five turned to ten. Ten turned to twenty, twenty to forty. They multiplied and multiplied; before long, his audience wasn't just broken soldiers; it was comprised of ordinary people; anyone who was lost or confused by Death and the afterlife.

His followers were the damned and the depressed. He exploited them and feed into their insecurities. He validated their beliefs; told them they didn't matter and that none of this did.

The Reconstruction effort mattered not. The Civil War itself didn't; all the Deaths – they added up to nothing. Just numbers on a page. He told them this – and made their enemy the Lie.

ADAM W.

The Innate Lie became a truism to them; it was completely undeniable. Our own bodies are made to create agony. To be born is to Die and to live is to suffer. We do this to ourselves. Meyer knew this. He knew all of it.

Meyer knew his followers couldn't stay in the public eye for long. They were a suspicious, unruly crowd. Before long, there'd be eyes from police, politicians, and news outlets - and as such, he'd draw attention to his blasphemies.

This could not happen.

And so, he chose a select few of his followers and traveled to Havenroot; which didn't actually exist before them. They ventured to northern New England and set it up themselves.

Havenroot was a place unlike any other. It was a dingy shantytown, hastily thrown together to be a place of reverence for Death. It was here that Meyer first introduced to them his legacy - and what I would try for myself in 2016: the Meyer's Method.

ADAM W.

A FAINT BREATH



This is me on the second step of the Meyer's Method. Sliding the hood over my head felt right. I felt Death in its purest form. I regret ever taking it off.

Havenroot, the home of the Meyerian Cult (*or, as they called themselves, the Meyerian Society*), was locked in eternal quiescence. It was idyllic. Slow. After Meyer and his followers abandoned their lives, they dedicated every waking moment to dissolving The Innate Lie.

Meyer had been hard at work inventing the Meyer's Method – a methodology to desensitize the user to Death and suicide.

ADAM W.

His theory was simple: if you could combat the body's recoil to Death, you could allow yourself to Die with ease – thereby overcoming the Innate Lie. Surpassing the Lie before Death was essential; once it had been dissolved worldwide, human society was free to end without contest; there'd be no resistance to the coming Death. It all would collapse and all suffering would end.

How it should've been from the start.

The first step: Inundate your environment with Death. Absorb it. The Meyerians did this with dead animals (*though, they would never kill them – they'd only take those that were already dead and decaying*). They plastered them across the walls, their entrails exposed.

He lived in the stench of rotting flesh – as did his followers. He understood that our revulsion toward corpses came from fear; seeing a corpse confronts you with your *own* mortality. This was the first step to ridding that fear – to grow accustomed to it.

I took the liberty of skipping this. I've lived with my suicidal thoughts for years. I knew Death more than I knew myself.

ADAM W.

Then came the second step: he introduced the hoods to the cult. Meyer's Hood was simple; a bag made from any material that would constrict breathing. In conjunction, you were to take a certain jig Meyer made and tighten it around your neck. The constriction was not meant to induce Death, but to simulate it. Invariably, you'd lose consciousness; it'd feel like suffocating – but you'd live; once you pass out, your muscles relax. This allows you to breathe again as you wake. You do this repeatedly throughout the rest of the Method.

This is the most important step of the Meyer's Method; you "Die" over and over – so it becomes routine. Death is part of your day to day life. The Lie has no power. I needed to know what that was like. I needed to Die.

In 2016, I slid the hood over my face for the first time. I did not have the jig, so I used a belt. Within seconds, life seemed fleeting. I lay in bed, breathing slowly and gently. My hands shook. I swallowed hard – there is something to be said about the human body when it feels endangered. The dread I felt then – it was primal. I had an urge to rip the hood off, tear it to shreds. But I didn't. I fought The Lie and left it on. My vision faded. My hands slumped.

ADAM W.

I was dying.

It felt right. All things ended here. My suffering was over. The burden of being Adam was finally lifted; I could rest at long last.

Then I felt nothing.

ADAM W.

I woke not long after; just as Meyer wrote, breathing returned. I took the hood off but I couldn't move. Death Itself was here. It took me in then spit me out. I was indignant; I hated to live again. I hated that I was still Adam – but I was still afraid to Die. I couldn't touch the Hood for weeks.

But even if you didn't use the Hood, it wouldn't leave you. The memory of Its threat doesn't fade. Every time you put it on, it's traumatic.

Which brings us to step three.

Meyer believed that your Self – your identity – was the main force propelling The Innate Lie. To shed your Self is to drop the inane idea that you are important. You don't matter. None of us do.

“You must realize; you are pathetic, you are a worm, you are dirt – to Death, you are nothing. When you Decay, there will be no face, there will be no hands, no love, no hope – you will be nothing but bones. To shed your Self is to accept this.”

ADAM W.

Meyer's plan to rid the cult of their Selves was simple: you write your pains and agonies down on a piece of paper. Everything you can think of – and then you remove all self-references. No "I"s or "me"s. This would be done daily – no exceptions. The longer it is done, the further from your Self you go. This was called Disassociation (*which is perhaps the first usage of that word in such a context. To modern ears, dissociation refers to a feeling of unreality – a feeling that you don't exist. It seems that may have originated with Louis Meyer*).

As for myself, I did this step, but it wasn't easy. My identity was a grounding force in my life – to lose it? A horrific thought – but Meyer willed it to be, and so I removed all mentions of "me", "I", and "myself". Anything that referenced me was gone. I did it daily – but I'll use the first one here.

I didn't know how to feel about the results. They're raw. It didn't feel like I wrote it, and so it raised the question: *am I me?*

*it feels like it doesn't belong anywhere
longing for a place it's never been
but god, if it doesn't miss being happy
it never focuses on the good
desperately needs something to control
so tired of being alive*

ADAM W.

*it's unlovable
this all feels like one endless, listless, aberrational day
it really isn't worth it anymore
it lived a life filled with pain for no reason
another night where it can't sleep
hard time forgiving people
shouting into the void
everything just all falls apart like it always does
it contemplated suicide every day for months
what does it gain from being here and getting up day
after day
it hasn't felt safe or happy for years
laying on the floor in a pile of clothes
it fucked everything up
nobody wants to read the writings of a depressive who
can't rationalize being alive
it hates being itself
it doesn't feel like it even exists
it's been needing to feel alone
it wrote a suicide note two days ago
its hands were so tight around its throat; its legs flailed
and its torso squirmed
it will always feel regret*

The answer is: No. No I'm not. I haven't been for years.

ADAM W.

To shed the self was no easy task; it took more than this for many. Many went to extreme lengths to disfigure themselves – just so they could be someone else. Some even dabbled in the occult, as it was on the rise (*several claimed to have made pacts with the demon Malphas – Meyer was not religious, nor did he believe in such things. But he didn't care how this was done; as long as the Self was destroyed*).

But Meyer offered no further guidance on the Self. He left it up to us.

I still did it every day – and it worked. I became isolated. Come home. Write down my thoughts. Turn off the lights. Get in bed. Think about suicide. Look at my scarred arms. I lost my Self – which, in a way, is madness. I knew it was time for the last step.

Step four needs no explanation.

It's suicide.

ADAM W.

On October 17th, 1882, Meyer thought them ready. He approached them, arms wide, and said: “today, we will defeat the Lie in all its wholeness”.

The Meyerians took their hoods, put them on; tightened the jig as tight as it would go. They’ve done it before. They’ll pass out like they always do. They weren’t scared. Their bodies didn’t reject it; they’d overcome The Lie. It was normal. It’s how it was meant to be.

They lie down.

ADAM W.

They don't wake up.

ADAM W.

HANDWRITTEN EULOGIES

Step four - I tried it.

I've had many suicide attempts. Much more than Meyer and his followers. I've tied nooses, attempted overdosing, tightened belts around my neck.

Yet, anytime I tried to kill myself, the recurring theme was finality. This was *it*. I'm dying, and all my problems are behind me. No one will be hurt. No one will miss me. It's over and *I* ended it.

However, the Meyer's Hood took my control away; my mortality wasn't in my hands. It's as if he was there; I was at the mercy of Louis Meyer centuries after his Death. His hands were around my throat, and he would say:

This is Truth.

He was right. Death is Truth.

ADAM W.

I slid the bag over my head - tightened the belt as tight it could go. I lay there, my legs flailing. It didn't bother me. I was used to it and I wanted it. In my chest, I felt it - it had to be over. I was so fucking tired; I couldn't take anymore.

In my head raced many thoughts, some of which I'm ashamed of. I thought of the reaction - what they'd say and do at my job. At my funeral. I thought of specific people; people who treated me like shit. Every single person - even my parents. My father. I hoped they'd ruminate on their mistakes.

I wanted them to feel pain and realize what they'd done. They'd contributed to my agony more than they could ever know - because they didn't want to know. They didn't care; to them, they were right and always had been, but with my suicide, they'd know. Within my suicidal thoughts, there was a hint of revenge.

ADAM W.

I'm not proud of that.

But more than that were the thoughts of everything that had happened to me; the abuse I'd suffered – the self-hate – the isolation and loneliness.

I know these things to be true, and so I defeated The Innate Lie. My desire to live was gone. It still is, even now. The Hood choked me and I squirmed. *This was how it was meant to be, I thought. This is Truth.*

But I lived.

The jig is an essential part – and while *A Hostile Earth* mentions the jig, it does not say how to make it, what it looked like, or the size and shape. A belt just wouldn't do the job (*or, at least, I couldn't*); I *did* pass out – but I still woke up.

So, no, I didn't die. This is where the third parallel between Meyer and I is drawn.

Most of the Meyerian Society successfully completed the method – and their Deaths were no different than the thousands of “Deaths” they'd been through during step two and on.

ADAM W.

However, Meyer *himself* lived (*perhaps on purpose*), and so he simply recruited more followers. Yes, many of them died using the Meyer's Method – but there was no shortage of the distressed.

He recruited more for one reason: Meyer felt The Innate Lie *needed* to be known – he *needed* to publish *A Hostile Earth* and end human suffering.

However, when he tried publication – he had no luck. No sane publisher would have their name attached to a book advocating suicide – especially one as dismal as *A Hostile Earth*. Meyer was bemused; to him, it was the most important work humanity had ever seen. It was *the* unquestionable Truth – the only Truth, and to deny it was to deny rationality.

Despite this, *A Hostile Earth* was not an unknown work. In light of publishers rejecting him again and again, Meyer would have his aides print copies of the original. They'd mail them to the unsuspecting with a simple note:

"If you wish to seek Truth, Seek out Louis Meyer and the Meyerian Society".

ADAM W.

Of course – this backfired.

While many joined the society, *A Hostile Earth* prompted debate in academic circles. English philosopher Leonard Poole described it as “a vile attack on humanity [...] and a disgusting attempt to capitalize off of the tragedy of the War”.^[1]

Meyer fired back: “No sane ‘philosopher’ can deny the Hatred, the Climate of Death, and the futility of life.

“I cannot – nor can any sane man – bear the delusions of madmen posing as academics. *A Hostile Earth* is for seekers of Truth – not the deluded”.

This brought down a flurry of recriminations; from Nico Mohr’s *Asserting, Always, Life* and Micah Popiel’s *Against an Earth*, Meyer was accosted on all sides.

The attacks on the Meyerian Cult grew so intense, the group came under close scrutiny – and when it did, the Deaths were discovered.

1: Poole, Leonard. *In Response to a Madman*. 1886.

ADAM W.

This was the worst possible thing that could happen to Meyer; the legal repercussions for running a cult where you convince members to kill themselves – well, they were many in number.

Soon, they were looking for him; knocking on doors of known Meyerians. Making arrests and destroying the books. It all barreled down on Louis Meyer.

The New Meyerian Societies had all but collapsed. They were suppressed and arrested at a stunningly successful rate – some of them even pointed the Law to Meyer himself.

As a result, he developed panic attacks and insomnia; he wasn't the outspoken, disputatious leader he was before.

He was scared and weak. He had no base, no throngs of depressives to validate his insecurities. He'd been stripped of it all; he was alone.

And so he fled.

Meyer hid his copy of *A Hostile Earth* in Havenroot (*where I would find it two hundred years later*) and completed the Meyer's Method.

ADAM W.

Louis Meyer was no more.

This is where the fourth - and final - parallel
between Meyer and I is drawn.

ADAM W.

INHUMED IN SORROW

I can't say I like the ending to Meyer's story.

Part of me wanted something more, something tangible from him to give me hope – but after reading *A Hostile Earth*, I knew this was not possible.

I've talked about suicide; I've talked about the Meyer's Method and Meyer. I suppose all that's left is myself.

So, to start on myself – I'm a piece of shit that resorts to suicide when I can't bear the weight of being me. I'm a coward and pessimistic as a motherfucker. I know things will always be this way.

You've read it all. You've seen my flaws – my vices. If it wasn't clear – I have far too many. I'm not the person you're proud of. I'm the burden hanging in the back of your mind.

ADAM W.

Like I said from the start, I'm a lot like Meyer.
When I Die, there'll be no mourning, no sorrow. It'll
be silence like it always has been. I accepted that
long ago.

I should explain, however, that my agonies aren't
all self-centered bullshit about how no one cares.
It's more than that.

The reverence for Death that Meyer displayed
resonated with me for two reasons: one, because I
cannot stop thinking of Death – two, because I
cannot rectify living in the wake of Death.

I see no reason to continue this. I know that at the
end of everything – if I make it that far – I'll have
lived a life of suffering for absolutely no fucking
reason. I would've gone through all of this and
stood my ground just to Die and cease existing. I'll
decay and rot in the ground, my work that no one
ever read lost to time, collecting dust and fading
away.

It's a farce. It isn't worth it to live.

ADAM W.

Put yourself in my shoes. You have a spotty childhood that you spend in a wheelchair. You barely remember it - but you fall out with your parents as they become abusive. They ruin your self-esteem, dismiss your worsening depression and self-harm, and make you feel like a fucking idiot - so you grow up isolated. You have no friends and no family. You develop chronic pain - which, like most chronic illnesses, is incurable. There's no way out; there's only making the pain ease slightly, but that never works, anyway.

You then get into an abusive relationship - in which your partner blames their suicide attempts and self-harm on you - that still scars you to this day. Add on dissociation; nothing feels real anymore, it's all a dream. And, before long, you're diagnosed with Bipolar II - and God, the lows are low. Lock yourself in your room and try to choke yourself to Death kind of low. If all of that shit wasn't enough - you fall victim to a drug addiction that sends you through hellish withdrawals and panic attacks in winter of 2015. No one's there. You're alone.

You still have trauma from every single thing.

ADAM W.

So, what would you do? How would you feel?

You'd feel just like me; miserable. You'd be disillusioned, tired, and angry at everything that happened to you. I don't want to be "strong" anymore – because I'm not. I'm weak, emotional, a burden, always wrong, and stupid as shit. I belong in the God damn ground.

There was never any place for me here – and if you were in my shoes, you'd feel the same. My agony is unlike any other – and thank God that's the case. I don't want to think about another human being feeling this. It's torture.

So, the next question would be: why am I still here? Honestly – I don't know. I wouldn't be if I had a choice. After so many times of trying to kill yourself you lose hope that even that would work. Isn't that a bitch? You're at your lowest point; you're convinced that nothing will get better and so you decide to kill yourself – but you can't. Now you feel trapped in your suffering which makes it infinitely worse.

ADAM W.

After all this time, after all that's happened – I've amounted to absolutely nothing. I am a nobody. I have no redeeming qualities; I am nobody unique. I'd like to say I healed, that I found a reason to live after all this, but I didn't and I never will. I'll always be entombed by grief. There's no ending to my story or my suffering. Nothing will ever change for me. That's why this – the paper you're reading – exists.

Now, all that matters to me is getting this out there. *A Hostile Earth* is perhaps the most important thing I've discovered, but not due to some "revelation about humanity" contained in it as Meyer believed.

No, it's important because it contained my thoughts. My beliefs, my actions, my flaws, my nihilism – it contained me in my entirety. If there's anything I've learned, it's that meaning cannot exist – but if it did, I know it would belong in my hands.

But I have to dispose of it.

It's consumed me entirely. I can think of nothing else.

Nothing but Havenroot.

ADAM W.

It's been nearly 200 years since Meyer's Death.

When asleep, I have dreams of Meyer – buried in Havenroot. When I wake, I'm unable to move and I feel as though the Hood is upon my head.

ADAM W.

And then I realize - it is. The hood is tightened and the jig is around my neck. I'm suffocating. Dying, always.

And I always will be.

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

I am not alive.

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

"The Last Man Blinks" was written by Adam Washington in 2019. It has existed in various forms since 2017.

A Hostile Earth was written by Louis Meyer in the mid-1800s. I know of no other copies; mine has been destroyed.

I'd like to thank the New Meyerian Society for all of their help.

Take a deep breath. It'll be alright.

ADAM W.

BOOK THREE
HANDWRITTEN
EULOGIES

ADAM W.



“The absolute reality that [...] Misery – which is Death – which is Truth – is everywhere, the universal constant; it is inescapable, it is Reality itself. For this, there is but one Sane choice: to destroy oneself”.

ADAM W.

It's too much to bear.

ADAM W.

PROLOGUE

Shortly after my first encounter with *A Hostile Earth*, I returned to Havenroot. *Surely*, I thought, *Meyer's ideas weren't born in a vacuum; there must be a catalyst.* I stepped into his quarters, into the fetor of decay, and searched his cupboards once more.

My suspicions were right – partially.

In it, I found a copy of *Pententia*; it seemed obvious that Meyer would be a proponent of the school of thought birthed by Pyrrhus and Lafon. However, buried beneath his papers was a manuscript that I didn't recognize. It was anachronistic; its diction was modern and it referenced historical events long after Meyer's Death.

There is no possible way he could've read it. So why was it there?

I don't know.

I took it and transcribed it. Those pages contained the insurmountable horror of existence in its purest form; Meyer himself would've vomited reading it (*as I did*). I can't say what compelled me to finish it. But I did. The whole thing, in all of its ghastliness.

I regret it.

ADAM W.

This is that manuscript.

ADAM W.

THOUSAND YEAR WINTER



A suicide victim's thoughts are not only rational but *judicious*. Death is the Constant in all things – this makes living a futile task fueled by a desperate (and thereby irrational) need to make existence *mean something*.

This is a view I've held for most of my life. A view I've used to rationalize suicide and all of my attempts at it (*the taste of bleach is rather unpleasant*). "Living is suffering" was – and still is – an axiom of the damned; a group to which I will always belong.

A group to which the Lazarus Society belonged.

ADAM W.

To modern academia, *The Lazarus Society* is, unsurprisingly, a mostly forgotten name – the Society’s ethos was *beyond* dangerous; it was a parasite on the human condition. If their ideas had spread – and, without a doubt, they would’ve – it very well could’ve brought Western Civilization to its knees.

But let’s not get ahead of ourselves.

The Lazarus Society *should* need no introduction, but things don’t always work that way. They were (*or, perhaps, I should say “are”*) a nomadic organization based out of Massachusetts, formed in the late 1700s. To say they began as a cult wouldn’t be wrong – but it wouldn’t be right. One thing was clear: it was comprised of heavily perturbed, like-minded individuals led by a demagogue.

To understand their ideals, you must understand the members and the nature of the Society itself; what drew people toward it?

ADAM W.

The same thing that always does: the Society targeted the lost. Most members were horrifically ill; the severity of their mental anguish was – of course – not understood. Mental health education was sparse, if even existent.

Depression, mania, psychosis, delusions – they all didn't exist (*or were punished through jailing. That is until hospitals such as Bethlem Royal Hospital became a commodity*). The victims simply suffered, their agony unknown, until they Died a Death that didn't come soon enough or took it upon themselves to end it.

That's where the Society comes in. To say they knew more than contemporaneous science on mental health would likely be giving them too much credit.

But they certainly knew something.

Imagine: you're suicidal and living in the 1700s. You don't know why you want to Die so badly but you know more than *anything* that you have to. You can't stand to be alive anymore – right before you tie that noose, there's a knock on your door.

ADAM W.

It's someone you don't recognize but they know about you somehow. They tell you: *I know. I know your agonies and how much pain you feel. It's alright. We've been there before, all of us. There are dozens just like you - and they're waiting, just beneath the surface.*

The inclination from anyone, no matter how wary they may be, would be to learn more.

And most did.

The Lazarus Society was nomadic; they had no shortage of the depressed to appeal to. They weren't particularly selective, either: they appealed to *anyone* plagued by their own mind. Any perturbed state - be it anxiety or schizophrenia - was called Misathymia.

Misathymia - misery - was the driving force behind all of the Lazarus Society's actions. Everything they did was influenced by misery.

Misathymia was inescapable; it was the constant informing every action and linking every atom. Misery was Truth - Misery was Fact - Misery was Reality - Misery was Everything.

ADAM W.

There was no end to Misathymia - it was all around us, even when you think you are happy; you are always suffering, inhumed in sorrow - no matter what you *think* you feel. All you could do is *hope* that this would end but even hope is a farce.

The Lazarus Society held this ethos close to their chests - and, with time, they developed a solution.

But it started with a message.

DISSERTATIONS ON THE VOID



The Accosting Truth emerged from the gloom of New England in 1795. Its theorized authorship brings us back to The Lazarus Society; the book is unaccredited but the leading theory is that a “Henry Acker” wrote it. Acker, like the Lazarians, is a mostly unknown (*the leading theories on Acker’s family, nationality, and occupation are essentially guesses. Simply put, we know Acker because he wrote The Accosting Truth. Without it, he would’ve simply vanished, his name and legacy lost to history. His Death would’ve been another statistic – then again, it still was, I suppose*) figure – which is fitting for one such as he.

ADAM W.

In *The Accosting Truth*, Acker outlines an undeniable truism: that there is more misery than there is all else and there always will be. He called this truism Misathymia.

The usage of the term “Misathymia” makes it clear Acker had some link to the Lazarus Society – what is unclear is *what* the link was. Was he just their lead writer? Was he a low-level member with an impressive pen? Or was he a scholar aiming to publicize a dangerous ideology?

Many assume he was their leader – and perhaps he was. Maybe I’m projecting myself onto him, but I imagine so; he was a beacon of hope to me – a sign that someone understood. There’s no doubt in my mind that they saw him the same way.

Regardless, *The Accosting Truth* became the Lazarus Society’s rallying cry. Acker wrote over six-hundred pages about Misathymia – but, most importantly, he diagnosed the problem of *Misophorism*. According to Acker, it is “the absolute reality that Misathymia (*which is Misery – which is Death – which is Truth*) is everywhere, the universal constant – it is inescapable, it is Reality itself for this, there is but one Sane choice: to destroy oneself” .

ADAM W.

To put it simply: the philosophical view of Misophorism was not only the idea that Misathymia is inescapable, but that to live was completely irrational in light of it. Living was a futile task for the foolish. Suicide was the answer and the *only* answer.

So - the obvious question is: why didn't Misophorists just kill themselves and get it the hell over with?

Because *this* was their noble sacrifice; they lived, in agony, to spread the message of Misophorism to the masses. They were the most selfless of all; they damned themselves to live just to save others.

Now, their idea of saving others was very different from most. Follow their logic: to live is to suffer in pain and misery; to fall victim to Misathymia.

Because of Misathymia, the undeniable truth was Misophorism: to live is irrational due to the ubiquitous and inexorable anguish that exists in our world.

The only way out of the cycle is Death.

ADAM W.

So - to “save” others, you kill them.

To the Lazarus Society, this made perfect sense. After all, all they knew was Death. They craved It; living and suffering were synonyms. It logically follows, then, that the only morally righteous and prosocial behaviors humans can exhibit are either suicide or murder.

While members were encouraged to do the former if they saw fit, the true purpose of the Society was to do the latter.

On November 3rd, 1798, residents in Lynn, Massachusetts awoke to young Elizabeth Meyer hanging from a tree - dangling and twisting in the wind. She was sixteen and sweet as honey; no one would ever want to kill her. She'd done no wrong to *anyone*.

In some ironic leap in logic, the Lazarus Society thought Elizabeth the most deserving of Death; someone as kind as her deserved to rest at long last. There was mourning but the residents didn't have long; this was just the first in a long string of murders.

ADAM W.

To outsiders, the murders seemed paradoxical; they were not crimes of passion nor were they rational – yet, they were somehow calculated and planned with ineffable precision and prowess.

The Lazarus Society was about forty members strong by this point – they were *indeed* calculated but they were by no means irrational. The Society had a clear goal and it was at Acker’s beck and call.

And so they started:

Julia Fox. 17. November 5th.

Corey Johnson. 31. November 7th.

Bethany Carter. 26. November 15th.

Emily Cooke. 73. November 23rd.

Jaxson Francis. 9. November 24th.

Max Francis. 15. November 24th.

Haider Francis. 42. November 24th.

With time, Lynn had been driven mad. No one detestable was to Die; only individuals who were widely loved would be shown mercy. The Society saved those who needed it the most.

ADAM W.

The triple murder on the 24th was the last set in Lynn. After that, they stopped completely.

The Lazarus Society vanished.

From town to town, they murdered between five and thirty people before disappearing without a trace. You wouldn't even know they were there. They'd stake out nearby, out of town (*but close enough*) – then, when night fell? Out came nooses, daggers, rifles – sometimes bare hands. *Anything* that would get the job done was at their disposal (*and they truly did use whatever they could find; one murder in particular involved the use of a garden hoe and a pair of shoes, both used to bludgeon*).

Of course, this wasn't without error. Several members were caught and put to Death, but this was less of a punishment and more of a reward. They saw it as mercy; it was the way all things should be.

ADAM W.

Dead, everything Dead, buried and decaying, rotting - Dead - savage animals ripping out eyes and crushing them between their teeth - Dead - bodies hanging from trees, their skin drooping and falling from decay - Dead - bones grated to dust underneath mountains of corpses - Dead, Dead, Dead, *Dead*.

It didn't matter who Died; the more Dead, the better. However, as their kill count steadily rose, the intentions of the Society became far more sinister.

The Lazarians consistently based their beliefs in reverence for the human condition. Humanity needed to end so that Misathymia could be defeated, thereby ending all suffering.

The Society's views on humankind (*as well as the meaning of Misophorism*) were intrinsically linked with Acker's views; when Acker wrote *The Accosting Truth*, it served as a manifesto for the cult.

In theory, *The Accosting Truth* is still the ideology that the Society adheres to. However, Acker's views began to warp.

ADAM W.

As he aged, he grew to resent humankind. His view that living perpetuated suffering (*and thereby made living immoral*) remained. However, in the beginning, Acker viewed humanity's insistence on living as ignorance; they simply did not know that they were facilitating suffering. This is why the Lazarus Society existed; to *save* them.

Yet, he began to see it as active malice; humanity *knew* the axiom of "life is misery". It knew that in this life, all we can hope to know is Death and woe.

They chose to ignore it.

"These knaves [that are parents] surely must know what is to come in this life: Death, Misery, Anguish, and Misathymia; into this they birth children, willfully, with full knowledge of all Agonies to come; therefore, all who live (*and all who facilitate humanity's continued existence*) are contemptible and vile."

The more misanthropic Acker became, the more misanthropic the Society became. Their murders slowly devolved from *saving* them to *destroying* them – all who facilitated the misery of humankind was to Die.

ADAM W.

Parents were first – then foster parents – religious officials (*for they saw them as convincing the masses that life was worth living. This was the most egregious sin the Society could fathom*) – anyone who sought to convince others to live – by birthing them directly or otherwise – was abominable.

When used in conjunction with their regular parameters for murder, this multiplied their average kill count from between five and thirty to seventeen and fifty-six (*maximum*).

As a result, the Lazarus Society became the most facinorous (*even if they are relatively forgotten. Suppression of their existence was of large importance to villagers at the time. America had just declared independence – the proliferation of their ideas would have devastating consequences on the American psyche*) harbingers of Death and Decay in the settlements. No one was safe from the Society and no one knew who they were.

ADAM W.

It was as if a fog rolled into the town and left only dead bodies behind; no one ever saw them (*aside from the few that would invariably be caught – but they would say nothing; after all, Death was a reward. Refusing to confess not only protected their fellow Society members – it gave settlers a false-sense of hope after the execution, leaving them vulnerable to further attacks. In most cases, the Society would be mistaken for a single serial killer rather than a group of individuals*). Tensions – especially so regarding Death – were ineffably high following the war, but the Lazarus Society exacerbated it.

Imagine: down the coast travels a sweeping pandemic, but this is no sickness; it is a horde of hate opening its mouth wide, indiscriminately slaughtering your family and friends, leaving their disemboweled corpses lying in the street – or, if the day was particularly rough, their bodies hung like wind chimes from the tallest tree in town. It all serves as a harrowing reminder of one thing: *you shouldn't be alive. They'll make sure you aren't.*

ADAM W.

BORN DEAD

During this period, the Society became very ritualistic; in particular, they were drawn to the bones of their victims. The head would be severed, flayed and mashed into a thick powder, which they'd then convert to a paste.

Once a paste – named mortisium – it was stored until Saturday, where it was then consumed by every member; a way of absorbing Death and becoming one with it. Rituals such as this were the start of the cult becoming more of a *religion*; in a way, they began to worship Death itself.

Their motivations were sensible. Once they absorbed Death, they *conquered* it. Decay was part of them and they were part of It; the Society and Death were one in the same.

These pulchritudinous rituals would awe academia for years. In my case, they still do.

However, things were soon stranger than they had ever been – that is, if one can find *anything* about the Society normal.

ADAM W.

In January 1802, Acker broke into a hysterical manic fit. His delusions bemused the entire cult. Especially when they found him Dead, a knife shoved through his neck with such speed and strength, his fingers poked out of the back of the wound.

His suicide note was verbose: "it is now that I see clear! Oh, they are truly evil, they are truly reprehensible; my family, my society, they care for me not; how I have been deluded! Aye reader, your prying eyes grant me no grace; it is you, and all others, that have taken me and used me so; you care not for my agony, you gaze and jeer in your glee and pretension, you mock and sneer in my anguish, you are silent always! I am a means to your end, I am a tool for you to bend - know this: My Death, the only Death that is Holy - let it be your punishment."

Acker's Death furthered the Society's religious leanings; they deified him, saw him as a prophet. They took to calling him "The Lazarus in Ashes", as they saw his Death as a sacrifice; the first step of many to absolve humanity for their ignorance to Death.

ADAM W.

You must understand. Acker was right – I can relate to him in this regard. In his delirium, he was convinced, *convicted* that no one cared for him. So much so that he promptly took his life with no regret, no fear, and no remorse.

I see myself the same way.

The Lazarians turned his body into mortisium and feasted on it nightly, spreading it on their food (*one most note similarities between this and the Christian concept of communion; as one may eat bread to celebrate the body of Christ, the Lazarus Society actually ate Acker's body. [REDACTED] is responsible for the leading theory; he claims that the Lazarus Society was inspired by communion. Personally, I rebuke this theory in favor of the idea that they simply found peace in connecting with Death, and there were no ties to Christianity*). Before long, they had a truly bewildering creation myth to go with it.

ADAM W.

The Myth of the Last Man was unlike any other creation myth in existence. The story is as follows: before the current world, there was utopian Earth ruled by a benevolent God, Thidmos. In this Earth, there were no societies, no wars, and no misery. Thidmos often descended upon Earth to speak to its peoples. During a public forum, God called forward a man, known only as The Last Man, to speak with him.

The Last Man approached Thidmos and swiftly sunk his teeth into the God's neck. Violence had not yet been seen (*or even invented*), and so the horrified worshippers wept as The Last Man ate his flesh, tearing it from his holy bones with jagged, crazed teeth. He ate for two weeks until there was nothing left. Not a single tendon or bone. Once Thidmos had been destroyed, there was no longer any place for joy or love, and misery consumed the Earth, eradicating all life and ending a period known as The Order of All Things.

After two hundred thousand years, humans were reborn in misery. Those humans still live today; they're you and I.

ADAM W.



"Saturn Devouring His Son" by Francisco Goya.

One must note the parallels between this and the creation myths of the Greeks and Romans involving Saturn devouring his children. Perhaps this was intentional – modern academia believes, however, that the myth was purposely written in contrast to other religions.

Obviously, the idea of a benevolent God creating humanity – only for us to do something horrifically evil and fall from God's grace – is not a foreign concept. Yet, the notion of humankind purposely damning itself was entirely alien; The Last Man was thought to represent humanity in its wholeness; horrifically evil and without remorse, enacting misery on his peers for his own enjoyment.

ADAM W.

The leader of the group – the same leader who bore the title “Lazarus in Ashes” – was *also* revered as The Last Man. The role was symbolic; it represented The Last Man himself coming back from the doomed Earth embody humanity’s transgressions.

The Lazarus in Ashes and The Last Man were synonymous; any new leader to take on the role was both – at least, in title. Lucky for Connor Marshall, he was next in line. Marshall had no relation to Acker – he was simply the most zealous and the others recognized that.

He transformed the Society into a full-fledged cult. The rituals tripled in number and became a central tenet of the Lazarians; the rituals were to be done. If not, expect a long Death.

The murders doubled under Marshall. He embodied rage and passion and he took it out on the New England locals. Their Deaths satiated his bloodlust.

ADAM W.

Truthfully, the direction Marshall took the cult was likely the right one. Marshall had an iron will – he was ready to do what was necessary for the Lazarus Society. Acker's Death transformed it into something far more impressive; it became a religion of Death. Murder was mercy. Dying was a reward. And the eternal void of Death and nothingness – that was Heaven.

It was beautiful.

ADAM W.

THE DYING GOD



When Marshall ordered the murders to stop, the response was confusion. The ethos of the Society *promoted* murder. It actively advocated for it. It was integral to its morality - but Marshall had his reasons.

The kill count was high. The Society was practically beckoning law enforcement to them - Marshall knew this. He was a cautious man despite his zeal. In lieu of their murders, they focused solely on rituals.

ADAM W.

Next to the mortisium ritual was the Ritual of Ash; a bowl of ash was spread over the body of a single unlucky member. They were then consumed in all of their wholeness. Of course, this was painful, but the member knew that Death is Truth – so they accepted it *(most times. There are cases of resistance from members. In these cases, Marshall himself often joined the victim and spoke to them directly, soothing their fears and agonies. When this didn't work, they would simply kill them then eat after. This was a last resort; the goal was for the victim to be eaten alive)*.

The striking changes enacted by Marshall lead to infighting. At this point, the cult was roughly 200 strong. It was segregated into groups – the two major groups were the Pacifists – however ironic the name – and the Apostles *(there were several smaller ones. One of the many radical changes Marshall enacted was dissolving them and having only these two distinct factions. This was likely the best course of action for the cult to avoid confusion, but it caused much unrest)*.

ADAM W.

The Pacifists were the “peaceful” faction, responsible for preparing mortisium and enacting other daily rituals. In contrast, the Apostles were the murderers and cannibals. When the killing stopped, the Apostles grew restless and felt Marshall had unfairly appealed to the Pacifists.

Despite Marshall’s continual assurances that the move was best for the future of the Society, resentment slowly brewed within the Apostles. Their nomadic nature not only enabled defections, it facilitated them; if they could not enact their now normalized violent fetishes, they would simply go elsewhere.

This put Marshall in a quagmire. They had no shortage of the deceased and could continue the rituals until the pressure from law enforcement eased or they could risk it and begin their reign of terror once more. One thing was certain – the Lazarus Society could *not* afford to be forgotten. Their ethos was paramount; it had to be known. If it wasn’t, it’d result in endless suffering for the rest of human existence.

ADAM W.

In a bid, Marshall ordered copies of *The Accosting Truth* to be made. If a copy of the book could be left in every town where the murders occurred, there was no possible way that The Lazarus Society could be forgotten. They would be the eternal shadow over human society – a reminder that living is pointless, inherently wrong, and only grants damnation to your children and peers.

With this, he resumed the murders, so long as they were few in number; they were down to a measly double slaughter per settlement, leaving a copy of *The Accosting Truth* with one of the bodies.

So began the downfall of The Lazarus Society.

The Accosting Truth is the most important piece of work in human history – to us, that is. To the outside world, it was antagonistic – an excuse for genocide. Of course, this belief was misguided (*and wrong, quite frankly*) but it had the *opposite* effect Marshall intended.

ADAM W.

Enlightenment scholars rebuked the book (*interestingly enough, this mirrors the downfall of Pyrrhus IX and Louis Meyer. The same ideas – the same philosophical rejections – the same desperate fight to stay afloat*) and the police had their first lead. Arrests were made in higher volumes – some cracked, telling officers small bits about the cult.

Then something truly absurd happened – the Lazarians held a trial. They stripped Marshall of his power and dragged him onto the stand. The Society questioned his decisions, motives, and direction – ultimately, despite the fact Marshall had no attorney, (*nor did the jury have any concrete evidence of purposeful wrongdoing*), he was found guilty of purposely sabotaging the cult.

He was ousted from his position and thrown into the woods. In an attempt to ease legal pressure, a representative of the Lazarus Society turned himself into the police, arguing that Marshall was the mastermind behind the murders.

ADAM W.

Marshall knew that if he was arrested, he'd never see the outside of a cell again. He took a knife and very carefully cut his stomach open, stuck his hand inside, and gripped his intestines. He threw them from his stomach, writhing on the grass with his insides covered in worms. When the police found him, animals had already devoured most of his body.

His suicide note was found nearby: "...despite my attempts to soothe the Society's anguish, they have seen fit to find me detestable and to blame me for all their ills. For this, I now see the role the Lazarus plays; to be a scapegoat, a martyr, until the eventual disdain of the Lazarians grows. As it has happened with Acker, let my suicide be known to all ye who see: *this is a punishment*. May the sight of this corpse grant you agony".

This eased the pressure on the Lazarians (*though the representative, Jason Zirpoli, was prosecuted and convicted*) – however, the rift between the two factions had not been rectified, even with the cult blaming Marshall for their pitfalls. Once Marshall committed suicide, his note had very much the intended effect: the rift widened as Pacifists felt guilt over his Death.

ADAM W.

In all honesty – they should’ve.

Marshall was a genius embroiled in a dilemma beyond his control. If anything, the person to blame was Acker; he left the Society in disarray, passing a barely lit – yet volatile in its own right – torch to Connor. It’s no wonder the cult slowly fractured.

I must admit, when I learned of the loss of Marshall, I felt a blow to the heart. I’d never met the man but my reverence for him knows no bounds. Acker wrote *The Accosting Truth*, this much is true, but Connor gave it validity. Misophorism became undeniably true under his guide.

I’ve known this all my life. Along with the Society, I was born to suffer. I will *always* be in agony. When I read his suicide note, I saw myself in it. Every now and again, I take a knife to my wrists. I wouldn’t be missed; the only purpose I serve in this life is to be a scapegoat for the wroth and vengeful.

With the publication of this, I’m sure that will only multiply [*editor’s note: here, the writing becomes manic and, at some points, indecipherable. I’ve tried to fill in the pieces, but much of it still makes little sense. As far as I can tell, he was in great agony while writing*]. I might as well be a God damn orphan.

ADAM W.

It's as Acker said, my family cares for me not. Not at all, not at all, not at all. No one ever has, no one ever will. No one. No one no one no one.

Suppose I shot myself in the head today. Or I plunged my fingers into my eyes and bled out. What would they do? They'd lie and lie and lie to each one of you that they cared and that they were there but they never were. This is the beauty of the Society [*incomprehensible writing*] truisms belong there.

Misophorism was often dismissed as extreme pessimism, no, I cannot see it as so. It is reality it is objective is truth [*sic*] just as Death. Know that if you bury what plagues you, it will [*indecipherable scribbles*] for ever and ever and ever. The Lazarians ripped open throats, mashed eyeballs into paste, and ate it all - you cannot possibly deny the beauty in

[Editor's note: the final section of this chapter is simply scribbles. It's clear he was not writing any words at this point; he was panicking.]

ADAM W.

THE BLACKENED CROW



With time, the divide grew irreconcilable – as a result, the Society split. The Pacifists, however, were not prepared for independence. They weren't used to killing, whereas the Apostles could continue the tradition with ease.

Consequently, the Pacifists were sloppy. Their murders were easy to track and not nearly as calculated as they had been before.

It didn't take long for the detectives in Ipswich, Massachusetts to catch on. They sent a decoy out several nights in a row.

ADAM W.

Within three days, six Lazarians were in custody.

The Pacifists, while inept, were not fools; they saw the writing on the wall. It wouldn't be long before they were outed and their traditions were lost.

They took fate into their own hands.

Joanne Chassenée took charge of an event known only as The Procession of the Crow. She led the Pacifists down to a river and gave each one of them a knife. She didn't say a word; they knew what had to be done.

Each Lazarian went to the bank, cut themselves open, and threw their entrails in the river, expiring immediately - this went on for several hours. Joanne watched all of it with dry eyes.

When her time came, she sat for a while, staring at the river of gore. She began writing.

"This is how we meet our end: a roaring river of blood, swallowing all that lives, all that moves. Into this body, we cast ourselves as The Last Man into Thidmos."

ADAM W.

She hammered the note onto a tree and threw herself into the river, stabbing herself indiscriminately.

The river ran red for several miles.

The Pacifists were no more.

With the Death of Joanne, the Lazarus Society as we know it ended. I cannot rectify the methods used by the Apostles henceforth. They were barbaric; there were no rituals, no worship, no philosophy – it was senseless killing.

It is imperative that you understand what was lost; the ideas contained in *The Accosting Truth* were not simply instructions for murder; they were the Truth and they beckoned for rituals – they *had* to be worshipped.

With the loss of the Pacifists (*such grief – I cannot bear it much longer*), their religion Died. The Eschatological Truth was lost.

It is, perhaps, the most apocalyptic event in all human history.

ADAM W.

The Apostles, however, would not go as easily. They clung to their rationale for murder but they were disorganized. They struck here and there, having little more luck than their counterparts. This frustrated them – they were a pathetic shadow of their former selves.

They became enraged – perhaps in grief – at their decision to split. They grew wild and manic; they frothed at the mouth as their eyes bulged. On December 9th, 1807, they descended upon New Haven in a fury. Armed with knives, shoes, muskets, sticks, bones, and fists – they tore apart the town in frenzy.

They severed heads, painted the grass with grey matter, and tore the town asunder. They wore the blood of the knaves like a triumphator; the Apostles were stained a bloody crimson. Nobody was safe. Before, the abominable would be damned to live – now, everyone must be saved. *Everyone.*

Police responded quickly, but not quick enough; by the time their bloodthirst was satiated, two-thirds of the town lie dead.

ADAM W.

All Apostles had taken their own lives or been shot down by the officers. It was finally here – Dying, Die, Rot, Expire, Perish, Doom, Death, Dead, Dead, *Dead*. Everything Dead. It all had to Die.

Our enemies sought to expunge the evidence of this event – or, at least, they tried. Go there, to New Haven. You can feel it in the soil; the blood of the martyrs beckons you. Lie upon it and writhe there as they would've wanted; go there, to that Holy place, and shove a knife through your bowels; it is the only *sane choice*.

Ironic – how very ironic. There is no such thing as sane in this life as long as you live – surely you must know by now. You have to know. Pyrrhus and Lafon told you – maybe you were too fucking stupid to understand, so Meyer did.

But you couldn't comprehend even that. You're still alive and for what? How inexplicably insane you must be to cling onto your life. I cannot bear such a thought. Foul, foul it is. As foul as the fetor of decay.

ADAM W.

Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth. Truth is Death and Death is Truth.

Surely, that is obvious by now.

How horrifically delusional you all are. Knowing that – in the back of your skull – Death looms. When you cross the street. Death looms. When you start your car. Death looms. When you hug a loved one. Death looms. When you wake at night. Death looms. To you, It is not there, It does not exist. You love – yet that love will be torn from you, rotting with parasites. Your lips part as you smile – yet they will decay and maggots will nest in them. Your heart beats gently – yet it will be torn asunder by mangy wolves, panged with disease.

Death looms but it does not wait.

ADAM W.

Death looms

ADAM W.

but it does not wait.

ADAM W.

It does *not* wait. I see It, now - a Holy Crow,
gargling blood, worms in Its eyes.

A shadow with a hat.

A wall painted with pus.

A great mountain of bones.

A gun in my mouth.

What a comforting thought.

A whip—rusted with nails.

A garden of bodies, elongated on wheels.

Shrieks of the damned, seeping into the soil.

How truly ironic. It's impossible for you to know -
but I have gone there, across the sea, into the
canyon. I've seen crows gnawing at mortisium. A
murder of crows. A murder. Familiar. Very
familiar.

What did you see there, in the Valley of Pestilence?
When you went there and spit upon the ground,
rejecting life in its wholeness, what the fuck did
you see?

Did you see Chassenée?

ADAM W.

She lives. This I know – she lives without her skin
and crawls within mine. She whispers in my ear, oh
the sweet whispers, she whispers and whispers and
whispers and

She.

Whispers.

No, of course you don't.

When did you ever?

Not before today – not before the Grand
Antagonist threw my entrails upon you and I
drowned in blood. The salty taste of iron in your
lungs. I've grown to know it more than I know
myself. Most things, you know that I know more
than myself.

But all epistemology leads back to one undeniable
and objective truth: that is Death, it is Death, it is
Death. You are decaying. From the moment you
were born.

O, how it has slain my brothers! Meyer did come
upon me, a scythe in hand, and reap their lives. He
claims he beckoned Asmodeus. That cannot be – it
cannot be!

ADAM W.

It is impossible for you to see but I have been blessed by Acker and Marshall, they have come to me and spread upon me mortisium - they have then consumed me whole.

I watched them as they brought a hacksaw to my ribcage. I did watch them. And I did smile.

ADAM W.

A smile – a laugh. Both foreign to me, now.

As they will be to you.

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

EPILOGUE

Part of me fears the author of these papers took liberties – it should be obvious why. In addition, most of his work is unverifiable. I found records of a few names and Deaths (*most notably Acker*) – as well as evidence that *The Accosting Truth* did exist at some point but does not anymore.

I don't know his name or what happened to his body, if it was found at all. Some pages were stained; it's likely he took his life nearby, but I didn't look. As he refused to identify himself, it's likely he didn't want to be found. He wanted to be a nobody.

It should be clear, now, that the constant in all of this - *Pententia, A Hostile Earth, The Accosting Truth*, everything - is misery. For Pyrrhus, Lafon, Meyer, Acker, Marshall, the Lazarians and myself; at times, we've all wondered: what is left to be said of this agony? I've written down everything I feel, everything I know to be true - is there anything more that can be said?

Yes. There is. And there always will be.

ADAM W.

If you'll indulge me for a final time, I have to speak on suicide. When I was 12, I found myself flipping through cabinets, looking for rat poison that I could kill myself with. A couple weeks before Christmas 2013, I was walking up and down a highway, desperately willing my body to jump in front of one of the cars and splatter my skull upon the pavement. A few months later, I downed about six tricyclic anti-depressants in hopes I'd never wake up.

A year or two after that, I went to a family reunion. By the time I got home, I'd poured a small amount of bleach in a cup and mixed it with a few pills. I drank it. My stomach hasn't been in that much pain since.

But I've still had those thoughts.

Despite so many years of trying to convince myself that this would all end - that my anguish would be worth it - it never has.

ADAM W.

It never got better. It *doesn't get better*.

The worst part is that there's no lesson to learn, here. There's no grand, moral message about humanity. I didn't find beauty in life while suffering. None of us did.

When Pyrrhus bled from his wrists - when Lafon hung himself and his neck snapped - when Meyer slid that hood over his head the final time - when Acker thrust the knife throat - when Marshall cut open his stomach and his entrails leaked - when I clasped my hands around my throat and squeezed as hard as I could - not one of us thought "it gets better". We knew it wouldn't.

We lived in agony for no fucking reason. We wrote these pages in desperation, in some inane, hypocritical hope that we'd be heard and someone would help. We yearned for the happiness that came so easily to others, and, when we couldn't have it, we rationalized suicide until happiness seemed like the problem.

ADAM W.

Is Misophorism the objective truth? Was the Grand Antagonist truly toying with us? Did the Innate Lie pose a threat to all humankind?

What the fuck does it matter?

We wrote them because we realized we're *born to suffer* – we can do nothing but writhe in it. It's all we know. Joy became an enemy. Death was Truth; it was the only way we could stand to live at all.

The axiom we all came to know is simple: *this doesn't matter and it isn't worth it to be alive*. But even with that, you'd think that after all of these pages were written, we'd feel at least an inkling of satisfaction with life.

They never did. Their work was lost because nobody cared. Despite all of the pain they had gone through and reams they'd written to ease their grief – nobody gave a single shit but me.

ADAM W.

Then, it became clear: *nobody gives a single shit about me*. No matter how many times I write these pathetic cries for help, I'll still be here: alone, empty, and in pain. My identity, my Self, whoever the fuck Adam is - he'll still be Dead.

I'll still come home, get in bed, and stare at the razor that could've ended it. I'll still hold the belt that'd been around my neck the night before. I'll look in the mirror and get nauseous, ruminate on how much I hate myself, and wonder why I can't just end it.

Every single one of us wondered that.

That's why I was drawn to these reams; I found peace in identifying with heretics and the damned. I have an innate need to validate my sorrow before I kill myself - they helped me do that but the validation won't last forever. I know how poorly sourced this all is; I know the dubious authenticity of the history. But I didn't care. I just needed someone out of the hundreds of people I've met to understand what it was like to suffer.

ADAM W.

Simultaneously, knowing they felt exactly what I do is harrowing. The thought is almost as distressing as the sorrow itself. The horrifically ironic nature of depression is that the longer you're depressed, the harder it is to see yourself as anything but agonized. You become the sorrow that encumbers you. Dolor and woe are as much a part of me as the color of my skin, as much as the features of my face, the wrinkles on my fingers, the bags beneath my eyes.

No matter how many pages of polemical and vituperative philosophy are written, my misery will never end until I Die. No one will care. No one will help. They'll just watch as I succumb to my suicidal thoughts and act surprised when they find me with a bullet in my head.

This pain never ends – there is *nothing* but woe and Death – but Death is everything. It lies dormant in every person you meet, every breath that you take, every God damn atom in existence. Death is a mangled corpse. Death is an unholy leviathan. Death is God, hailing from the firmament. Death is the final, wretched judgement of all things that are damned to live.

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

And Death is Truth.

ADAM W.

ADAM W.

I am crushed.

ADAM W.

“The Headless Nobleman”, “The Last Man Blinks”, and “Handwritten Eulogies” are the Misophorism Trilogy. Each entry was written by Adam Washington.

If you’re considering killing yourself, don’t do it. You deserve happiness and love – if no one else has told you today, and even if they have, know that I love you.

*Suicide hotline in the United States: **1-800-273-8255***

Artwork taken from <https://www.flickr.com/>.

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Thanks for reading. I’m indebted to you.

ADAM W.

You'll be okay.