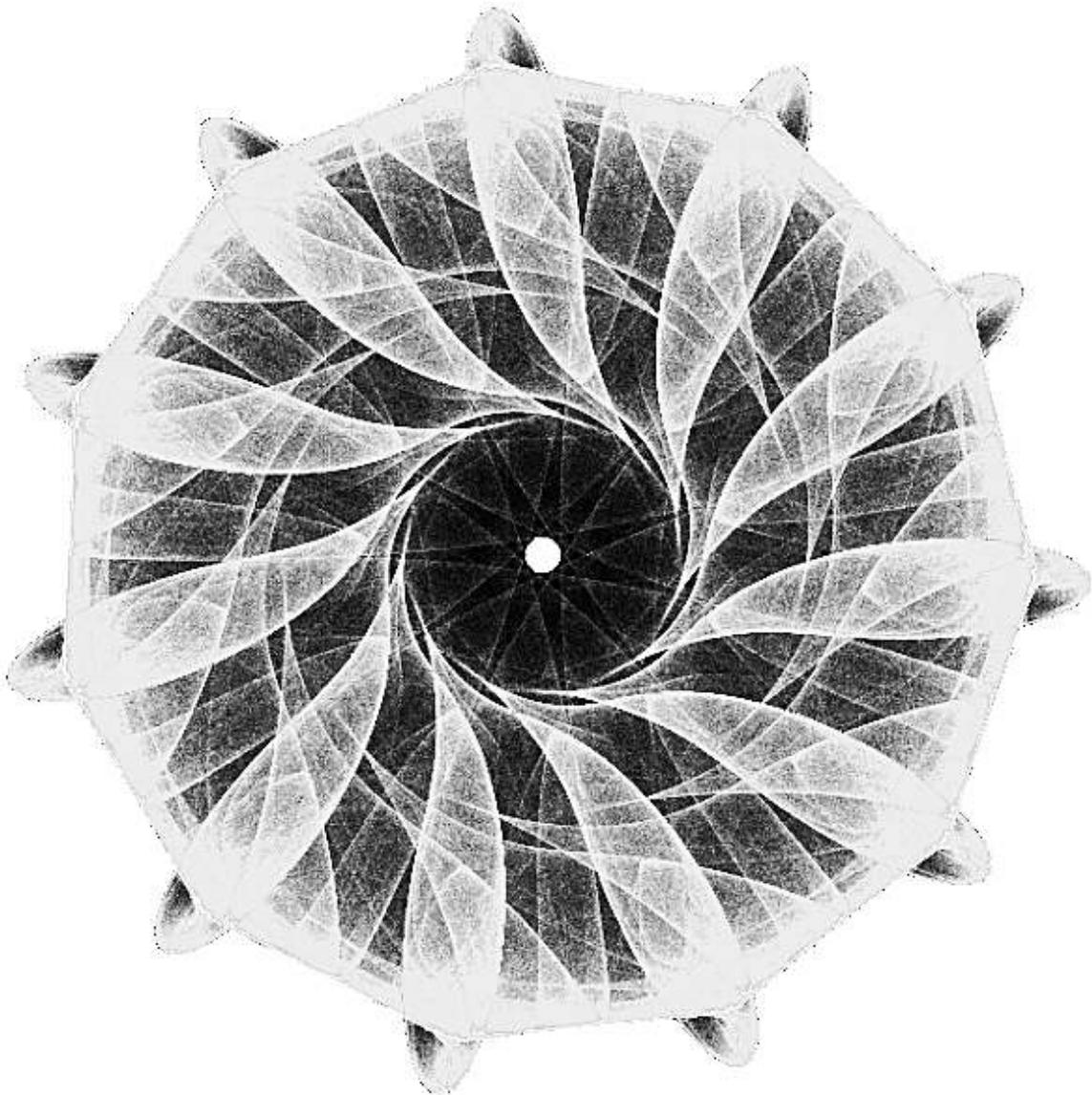


K H A O S



P R O V I D E S

# BLACK TRIGAG

By She Demon Wolf (-5°)



*Tisath Rehor Iesah Gorf Awethteh Gowah.*

*Tessymn Rusoith Iloen Gsorr Aruecois Gaysk.*

*Tryommeh Raie Ihieses Gyofeem Aperom Gyilr.*

**I AM THE BLACK TRIGAG.**

I originated in a different star system; I am the Demon-God of the Black Triangle Aliens. Already for thousands of years have I and my minions influenced your pathetic human culture – you can see it *everywhere* you lay your dumbfounded, pitiful eyes on.

Recently my existence was brought to light by a drunken, pothead magician from the Domus Kaotica (what did you expect?) Now I've been fully unleashed into the consciousness of all mankind, and I can finally set about being an even bigger asshole than I already was, and of course, creating my reign of pain, despair, utter misery, and ridiculously high gas prices – *just* the way I like it. I am the reason Emo exists. I invented the Oreo Pizza. You can blame *me* for Dick Cheney. In fact, I'm the reason everything shitty, horrible, disgusting and bad exists. You can blame it all on me, honestly! I'm still going to violate your weak mammalian lobes no matter *what* you say or do! Now go ahead and slit your wrists.

# LORFF!

I am the other side of the invisible coin. I am not dark. I am not light. I am Trigag, and I speak of the secrets no one wanted to know. In these truths lie all that you fear and hate. In these lies grow all the false hope and hopelessness. I am the Black Trigag, and I am here to show you nature at its worst.

The worst comes to the best and the best turns to worse. All lies, within perception. The poisoned meat is not meat, but the flesh of the soul and the mind, and I am that which you fear. I am the memory of pain. I am the anger that courses through your heart. I am your demons, but I am also the way in which you will be saved.

Understand! You cannot reach the gate if you do not know yourself. You shall be struck down. Your mind will be obliterated by your very actions. You will fall, a skeletal reminder of those who would not face the within. Your soul will be but a ruin, those hidden things that brought you terror and anguish will become your only truth and self. I guard the Abyss. I know your soul. I know you. I know all. I see all. I am all. You cannot hide from yourself. The Abyss is hungry. Come on in.

These mysteries are those most mysterious of all. Most dangerous. The grudge you hold, your obsessions, your self-hate and suicide wish. Kill all or none, and if none will be killed, you will be dragged back in. The Abyss will feed on you. I will feed on you – the worst and the better.

I am the fire that burns you. I am the smoke that chokes you. Know yourself and overcome. Know yourself and the Abyss will become your ally – through the Abyss, onto the Gate, and into Infinity.

Know thy self, or know eternal torture.

**ALL OVER ONE.  
NONE OVER ONE.  
ABYSS UNTO ME.**



# THE TRIGAGIAL WARNING by Frater Alysrose



- 1: In the end Trigag devoured the heaven and the earth.
- 2: And the earth was digested, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the sky. And his awful tail latched upon the gut of all creation.
- 3: And Trigag said, Let there be LORFF: and there was LORFF.
- 4: And Trigag saw the Lorff, that it was good: and Trigag divided the Lorff from the Lorffless.
- 5: And Trigag called the day Night, and the darkness he called Nothing. And the evening and the morning never came.
- 6: And Trigag said, Let all the children of man be amidst the waters, and let them sink so that I may have soup.
- 7: And Trigag made the soup, and divided the children which were under the soup from the children which were above the soup: and it was so, for He desired orphans most of all, who never sink.
- 8: And Trigag called the soup Delicious. And the evening and the morning still never came.

9: And Trigag said, Let the men and women who are also delicious be gathered together unto one place, and let the great cage appear: and it was so.

10: And Trigag called the great cage Earth; and the gathering together of the soups called he Seas: and Trigag saw that it was appetizing.

11: And Trigag said, Let the earth bring forth slaves, the bondage mask yielding tight zipper, and the cracking whip yielding marks after its kind, whose lashing is in itself, upon my earth: and it was so.

12: And his earth brought forth slavery, and bondage, and the whip, whose lashing was in itself, after its kind: and Trigag saw that it was good.

13: And the evening and the morning still never came...

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Is this really what we want? *FOOLS!* Realize & bring doom upon your own selves before the Black Trigag *rapes* you in every direction out towards *infinity!*

With his mighty whooping LORFF he undoes the belts of both Jesus and Satan, shoves a Big Mac up Buddha's ass, dumps arsenic in the burning pipe of "Bob", and gives Mohammed a forced sex-change operation. Lo, is there no hope for mankind before the *Great Caging* is upon us?!

*NO, THERE'S NOT.*

Oh! Coat thyself in BBQ Sauce! Wash thy hairs with rich spices! Engorge! Engorge! Already has the influence of Trigag from his infernal cosmic abode reached us, already do we bloat! Look around you! We're practically *begging* for his lower intestines!



Figure A: Two meat pies bent to the will of Trigag.



Yea Verily! Best hope you bring him gas, for there is naught else you may do! On the day of his arrival, load up on preposterous amounts of LSD – perhaps in his stupor, Trigag will stub his horrible tail on a *supernova!*

*Listen carefully.* Stare up at the night sky; do you not hear a menacing **LORFF** in the vastness of space? The very **LORFF** that had echoed off stars billions of years ago, brought a fiery death to the dinosaurs, tainted our earthly DNA, and had raised a crop of much tastier, intelligent (*only intelligent beings know what slavery & suffering is!*) sugary morsels, being spoon fed growth formula from Popular Culture – *an instrument of his very own design!*

First Law of the Universe: TRIGAG HUNGRY.

*His terrible cosmic voyage had begun and is almost complete!*



Figure B: A Black Triangle UFO sent to earth by Trigag to do god knows what.

It is only by receiving the preventative psychic technologies manufactured by the Domus Kaotica that we may *even have a chance* at living a life by the graces of an un-raped soul. Do not become Trigaged! *THERE MAY BE A BETTER WAY!*

By adorning his blasphemous totems upon oneself, we have discovered that the Black Triangle Aliens will ignore your theta waves whilst you sleep, instead of lay eggs in them. DON'T BE A SCHMUCK! This geometrical technology is the height of Trigagian Science, 200x more effective than the thickest tinfoil hat, and works throughout the various planes of existence. Being smarter than your average potheads, we have managed to contain its ultra-dimensional frequencies upon cotton, no less. Your satisfaction is guaranteed! **BUY NOW** – lest you stand naked before his eye, unprotected from his bowels, and unprepared for his Lorff.



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**2012**

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