

# Why Your Government Is Best And All Others Are For Brainwashed Freaks Who Would Believe You Only If They Weren't Brainwashed



by Marc Hecht

VOLUME THREE  
OF  
THE COLLECTED WISDOM OF THE GROUND APES

## There Is No Time

LTFB.

You will have noticed that this pamphlet begins with a shortened version of our glorious Four Words. You are an astute reader. We commend you for your powers of pure observation. It is an important thing to note, as in situations less chaotic, it is a grave insult to the reader, the writer, and the Slaughterers of Beasts Raised From Birth For The Purposes Of Someday Being The Primary Component Of Feasts (SOBRFBFTPOSBTPCOF) to shorten the four words.

But the situation is not less chaotic as this one. In fact, it is just as chaotic as this one.

There is very little time in which to write and subsequently read this guide. Sacrifices must be made, just as we sacrifice the BRFBFTPOSBTPCOF. The first of these sacrifices is the acronymization of our Four Words. We have no time to waste. There, simply, is no time.

As you well know, "LTFB" above stands for "Let The Feast Begin," the traditional opening to all tales spun by Ground Ape minds and the small orifice on the back used for spinning webs, tails, and tales. These wondrous Four Words are key to the beginning of any tale or packet of 100% absolutely true and quadruple-checked facts. So, you must understand that they would only be shortened in

situations that absolutely and quadruple-definitely call for it. This is just such an occasion.

Luckily, we have saved this time, and this time will be invested into the further writing (and, in the future, reading) of this collection of information. We hope that you will both forgive and thank us for the near-impossible sacrifice we have made in shortening these Four Words for the sake of time. It was done, as previously said, purely to save time, and for this we are grateful, as it has indeed saved us several nano-turns-of-the-moon.

With all that being said, we can move on to the content of this regiment distributed pamphlet, as we have saved ourselves the amount of time necessary in which to properly address said topic, which will be introduced and described below in the primary bulk of this piece which, as you know, can and will be referred to as the *content*.

Important information that you already know will be reiterated for the sake of clarity and to create a continuity of time in your brain.

We have lost the initial battle against the foolish and maimed-looking hairless freak Humans, but now we prepare for the Final Battle. The initial battle is, of course, far less important than the Final Battle, as the last decides the victor, except in rare cases in which, when declaring war, both parties have agreed to play with backwards rules. We, however, are playing with *forwards rules*.

Human bodies have been covered, specific to the most efficient ways in which to maim and destroy them. We have conquered the creatures of earth,



wind, and fire, forcing them into our battle retinues. With a deep understanding of Human religion and its many heresies, we have implemented several clandestine plans that have found rousing success. We have perverted their cultures, crippled their so-called *moral societies*, and destroyed the faith of the populace. It is time for the final preparation, which the sub-class Under Council, three steps below the Wise And Omnipotent Great Council, which is one step below The Willists, is calling the *Final Preparation*.

Our agents poise themselves in every corner of the globe, which must be shaped like a cube rather than a globe, as otherwise the saying “corner of the globe” would be nonsensical. The agents await further instruction. This pamphlet is a preamble and reference guide for said further instruction.

One of the many important tasks that lays belly-up on the horizon, awaiting our vicious and effective belly rubs, is the toppling of every last Human government on the face of our home, which the Humans refer to as a “planet.” Planets are large orbs in nothingness that contain things that are, by definition, the opposite of nothingness, being *things*. The Great Toad would laugh at this hypothesis. His belly once contained existence in its entirety. As we know, The Great Toad’s belly is at all times full, though it never hinders his ability to consume. Therefore, it is never empty. Therefore, it never contains nothing. So if the world is contained in nothingness, which must have at one point been inside the belly of The Great Toad, then according to the Humans, the belly once contained nothing. Do you see?

You, our elite agents, have each been assigned a nation to topple. Herein, you will find a description of each type of government that you will possibly have been assigned, in both their structural and economic forms. It is important that we truly understand the nations we mean to destroy, so as to best know how to do so. As we are very short on time indeed, we will give recommendations on the ideal way in which to topple your specific target government, and the short, brutal method that may be necessary in such chaotic times as this.

We have organized this pamphlet into three main sections. The first concerns the different structures of Human governments, covering how leaders are chosen, how they organize these leaders, and who, ultimately, wields ultimate power with ultimate might.

The second section describes the economic structure of Human governments, which is relevant inasmuch as targeting enemies economically is an efficient and powerful way in which to reduce them to viscous gels in the mud upon which we will soon trample.

The final section is a review of our own government, which is fun to read about no matter how little time you have. Glorious, wondrous, magnanimous, and obviously correct things are fun to read about. This we have known since the Great Dawn.

Now get to it. We really have very little time, and have wasted far too much as it is. There just were not enough sentences that would have been intelligible as undescribed or annotated acronyms. Our finest scientists are working on the

project. Please monitor your brains for *vibes* that indicate we might be getting close. If you feel such a *vibe*, pass a hastily written letter to the nearest rat. It will reach us, war or no war. Some things in life must remain constant if we are to retain morale. Life goes on.

**PART I**

**Just What Is It That  
They Are Doing Over There?**

## Casting Votes Into The Sea

Humans are social creatures, inasmuch as they deign to fraternize with other Humans. This we know to be a great sin, for spending time with a Human can lead to feelings of warmth or affection for said Human, in much the same way one would come to regard an injured kitty cat as a friend after months of nursing it back to health following a horrific incident involving a train engine. Normally, the cat would be dinner. But Humans carry on. They revel in the warmth and affection, holding their compassion and empathy for other Uprights as the ultimate good in the Universe, prized emotions which one is expected to experience, for which there are no prizes.

We do not feel empathy for our compatriots in such a way. Ground Apes indeed fraternize, but in Human terms our friendships end at the stage known as *acquaintanceship*, wherein one will recognize another and react accordingly, but never put him/her above oneself. Our families are comprised of several GrApes bound together by blood, who do their best to spill that blood so that our kin will be strong enough to some day claw their own children with vicious might, and so on, until the sun finally sets on our magnificent Toad.

Human friendship, rather than becoming violent when family is involved, amplifies. They *care* for their kin, protecting them from the harsh winters and many bees native to their regions. They take this principle of familial empathy and organize their societies around extending and extrapolating these feelings to all other Humans, forming communal bonds in which compassion guides Humanity

to a brighter future. That is, if you take their word for it. We know the destruction that lies in the wake of this path.

This context is necessary to introduce our first topic of discussion. For Humans are unable to trust without broadened empathy. They cannot blindly put their faith into leaders. They must have a say. *For, they insist, whom can I really trust but myself? My opinion has a place, and I need to know that those who govern shall respect my wishes, and take me into account at all times.* The previous two sentences were cheap facsimiles of Human speech, and we hope that they disgust you to read as much as they disgusted us to write. This trust, which is seen as a virtue in the Human societies that adopt the following described form of government, is of key importance to our understanding. Lucky for us, trust is easy to manipulate.

*Democracy.* That is the subject of this section. From the latin *Demo*, meaning a group of musicians who wear plastic ziggurats as hats, and the greek *cracy*, which means *crazy*, *Democracy* has come to mean something very different from its ancient etymology.

It is a system in which every person has a say. This is why trust is paramount. Yes, the feeble and selfish Uprights wrongly trust themselves to make correct decisions in the face of their deep misunderstanding of both their world and themselves, but how can they trust their neighbors to do the same? As Humans are deeply aware of the flaws in their compatriots but entirely unaware of those same flaws in themselves, a system of trust must be devised. Or rather, trust



in something greater. This necessary faith is channeled, through the incredible power of mental gymnastics (in which their brains perform incredible leaps at heights incomprehensible), into *the right to self-determination*.

Humans under democratic rule believe that each and every man has the right to decide how and when he is governed, and with how large of a stick. For if they were to deny this right to their neighbor, how would they justify it for themselves? In this way, the seemingly altruistic and compassionate system is pure illusion. The Humans allow their brains to leap so much that they can no longer see that their principles are entirely selfish.

What can your neighbor take from you if you each follow the prime directives delivered by our vomiting snake patrols? You have no rights to deny your neighbor, and vice-versa. In democracy, you must trust your neighbor less, as for democracy to exist, you must believe that your neighbor is waiting for the chance to disrupt your life and deny you the right, which you have imagined, to decide your own destiny.

Under democracy, the primary function of man is to *vote*. Voting is a process in which each landed Human with more than several children selects either a person to lead or a course of action. When all eligible Humans have casted their votes, they are tallied, and the decision with the most votes is declared the victor.

What this leads to, ultimately, is petty squabbling. We will give a detailed account of a recent election undertaken in the Human province of Cubek. Several

men wished to rid the village common of cattle, for they were eating the finest of the grass blades, which this faction believed were reserved for the local foxes, who demand grass as tribute. A second faction insisted that the cows needed these blades, as they had become used to the luxury, and would soon revolt if denied their right. So the landed men gathered on the common and voted. The first faction won. The cows did indeed revolt, and all men of the town were slaughtered.

Were the Humans under the wise rule of our Councils, they would have known the correct course of action, which is to slaughter the cattle and burn the grass, laughing in the faces of the local foxes all the while.

This illustrates the prime Humanity of democracy. Democracy reveals that Humanity, for all intents and purposes, despises calls to the *Greater Good*, which obviously must be greater than the Good that Humans seek, for it begins with the word *Greater*. As they love themselves whilst hating their neighbors, whom they have convinced themselves that they love, they are destined to make decisions that negatively affect their community.

The physical act of voting takes many forms, the most rudimentary of which is hand raising. We know this to be an aggressive gesture, and thusly have slaughtered many a rat that has attempted to unionize. As Human societies grow, it becomes difficult to gather them all in one place, and more difficult still to retain the arm placement for the length of time it would take their *grand inquisitors* to count the many hairless devil hands. This is an increasingly common problem.

Humans have spread across the world like sewage from a burst ravine pipe and bred like Maimed Apes.

Humans have devised systems to overcome this obstacle. They place colored gems in a wooden box, each color denoting a different choice. They create devices called *rube goldberg machines*, into which they input their vote, and are rewarded with a breakfast produced in a comically complex manner. The most recent addition to their processes is ritualistic slaughter. Several tribes of Humans representing one side in an argument will gather in the town square and attack each other with sharpened bits of metal. At the end of the battle, the side with the most dead is declared the victor.

Democracy has many different heads of state, who are elected via voting and afterwards make most of the decisions, as Humans are lazy and unable to make minute decisions for themselves, rather opting to put all trust into a grand leader whom they believe best represents their personalities. This being is called a president or a prime minister. The only other major head of state is the official pet, selected by the most grueling, months long campaign season, in which several dogs and cats are slowly vetted, voted on, and petted. The victor gets to live with the president and receive many presidential belly rubs. The Humans have many folktales of young boys disguising themselves as puppies in order to receive said belly rubs and the promise of future power, for if the president is to die in office, the official pet gains his responsibilities until such time as a new election can be organized.

Destruction of the democratic system can be carried out in many ways. For those that hold their elections via slaughter, you must discover the primary source of disagreement in the community and call an election. Thinning the herd via the voting process, you will be left with only the strongest Humans, who are all very angry that they lost the election regardless that they were the most effective fighters. Then, it is a simple matter of repeating the process, on and on and on, until only one Human remains, who can either be domesticated or slaughtered.

For all other systems, things will be trickier. You must sway the general public to our cause, that being the complete dissolution of the government and the destruction of the president's innards with the mighty claws of a Ground Ape. Begin by infiltrating the government on a small scale, running GrApes disguised as Humans for petty offices, until such time as there are enough of us in office to form a governmental faction. Then, using our newly established national support base, run a Human who has been controlled with the power of brain stomping as a candidate for the presidency, for he will be weak willed and bend easily to our commands. This man will then, if all goes well, remove the electoral process and implement autocratic rule, with his glorious Ground Ape masters as the supreme leaders. From there, it will be easy work implementing the legislation necessary to round up enough Humans for the slaughter pits, in which they will fight the Giant Spider. The Giant Spider is a Human controlled creature used to coronate new presidents. In ceremony, it places the bejeweled crown of office onto the elected

man's head, which has been split into eight sections via ax following the election, one for each arm of the spider.

As we have very little time, the above is impossible. Instead, we recommend that you hit the president with a very large stick. This will ensure his death, leaving the Humans leaderless, and therefore primed for destruction.

## Seeking The Impossible Tyrant

We turn now to the wisest of Human inventions. It is possible that you have interpreted the previous sentence as a compliment of the ingenuity of the Human species, in that the sentence implies that they are capable of wisdom and invention. For this, you shall receive the Penitence of the Musk, wherein you are taped to a ladder and forced to smell that *Smell of the Ancients*.

What we mean by “the wisest of Human inventions” is as follows: the system of Totalitarianism works on paper, and would elevate the Uprights into the class of Wise Beasts were they capable of putting it into practice. The following section will prove so, as we are wise, and prove many things via the magic of writing. For example, Professor Jangles once proved the deliciousness of the durian fruit by releasing his seminal treatise *They Are Delicious*, in which he repeats the title phrase sixteen thousand and four times. Halfway in, you will find yourself disagreeing with the Professor. By the two-thirds mark, you will hate the Professor and all he stands for, including the deliciousness of the durian fruit. At the end, you will hate yourself for not coming to agree with Professor Jangles sooner.

Totalitarianism is a system in which a single Human wields all executive power. He drafts legislation, settles petty and grand disputes, and decrees all that comes to him on basis of whim. Were a totalitarian to decide the every person in his domain, from that day on, must speak with a lisp, it would be done. And has been done. From the Human years 1436 to 1588, every adult male in the Kingdom of Ireland spoke with a lisp, though they were able to retain the “s” sound in words



such as *sibilance* and *Sassoon*, wherein the sound is repeated. They were only required to lisp on one sound per word, though an exception was made in the case of the word *salisbury steak*, in which all “s” sounds were to be lisped.

As laid out in the above section dealing with democracy, the will of the people is often flawed and contradictory. For this reason, it is far wiser to hand all power to a single man who has been deemed worthy of the job. In this way, no delusions will be reinforced. This man acts for himself. As the state of the nation is integral to his own success, the man will make decisions that better the state in the name of his own cause. At least, this is how it would work if every single Human were not a fool.

Human philosophers have long searched the world for what they have arrogantly named after themselves: a *Philosopher King*. This person would be the perfect combination of thoughtful and powerful, putting the state above himself in all matters, and keenly observing the nature of Humanity, so as to best combat its flaws, which are manifold. As a Human can never be wise, it of course follows that no such Philosopher King can exist. Still, the Humans searched for millennia, using a complex test on children meant to identify possible candidates.

Children with golden hair were taken from their parents on the first anniversary of their births. Brought to a wolf-infested mountain, the children were left to fend for themselves. Those who survived the year were given the *Test of the Waters*, in which they were drowned. Those who continued to live were then given a six hundred question multiple-choice test on Human philosophy and science.

This test was never given, as no children survived the *Test of the Waters*. Humans are easy to drown, and rarely survive being drowned to death. Please use this information to your advantage whenever it is convenient.

If the Humans were wise, which they can not be, for they are cursed by the Great Snake with parasitic mind enzymes that feast on wisdom, they would know where to look for their Philosopher King. We of course know that the only place in which such a King may be found is within a Ground Ape ravine. Oddly enough, in the days of Tree Speak, before the Great Descent, we used a very similar system. A Philosopher King, or in the ancient parlance of the *Tree Ground Apes*, a *pretty rad dude*, must be the son of pig farmers who has pretensions to greatness as a court jester. Only those who meld the humility of the lowly sow minder and the satiric edge of the jester can attain all attributes necessary for perfect tyranny.

There is no process to Kingship. The King's will guides all. All in all, Totalitarianism is pretty simple. What is not simple is the Kingly selection process. In some places, Kings are selected hereditarily. Thus, the King's sons stalk each other predatorily. The oldest living male child is selected as the *heir*, to rule after his father's death, which he often has a hand in. Squabbles over succession are inevitable. Brother fights brother, son fights father, father laughs playfully at son's attempts to fight him. It is, in technical terms, a mess.

And what of the times when a King fails to produce a son? We know not of such times, as GrApe sperm splits in gestation, resulting in both a son and daughter every time. But the Humans know no such technology and only have a

single child per copulation session. In the case that a King leaves no male heir, the eldest male relative will take the imaginary child's place. If no males are available, a *female* will do so. Think of it. A female, running a nation? A nation run by *Humans? A female Human?* By the Great Toad, it is a frightful thought.

There are many different types of Kings, though they are all generally the same. The word "King" has fallen out of fashion as of late, as has the Word King, King of Words. Kings now choose lesser titles for themselves. Despots, Dear Leaders, Supreme Leaders, Banana Men; this is just a sample. The last example is a special case, in that the title can only exist in a *Banana Republic*, which is a tyrannical state in which whoever can eat the most bananas is crowned King, or the *Grand Banana Man*.

Often, a King will surround himself with other elevated men known collectively as the *Nobility*. The *Noblemen* control certain portions of the realm that the King is either too lazy or too busy eating bananas to deal with. These Noblemen struggle for power amongst themselves, hoping some day to be close enough to the King to rub his gargantuan belly. If they do so, they are named the King's closest advisor for a year. But the King is fast for his weight, and will parry at the last moment, just before the belly rub can be accomplished.

The common people of a Totalitarian society are called *serfs* and *peasants*. They live lives similar to the common people under any other Human institution of government, only they feel more secure in their livelihoods and less secure in their neighbors, who could probably hit them with a very large stick and get away

with it. The Noblemen and Kings rarely trifle in the petty disputes of the serfs, and when pressed for advice, recommend that the damaged person acquire a very large stick of his own and carry out retribution. Sometimes they slay the damaged person. It depends on their mood.

The ideal way in which to destroy a Totalitarian society is to gain control of the office of King. This will take decades of maneuvering, positioning oneself first as a foreign dignitary, then gaining favor with the despot. You will be invited to join the court as a *courtier*. From there, one will have access to important men, all of whom are treacherous. Defeat their treachery with treachery of your own, and soon you will find yourself appointed to some powerful office. The status given with such an office allows a Ground Ape to make more powerful marriage alliances. Marry your heir off to the daughter of a powerful Nobleman, and advise your heir to marry his first daughter to the heir of the King. From there, your dynasty is a simple civil war away from pressing the claim of your family to the throne. If your family is incapable of not looking like Ground Apes, which we all are, complete all of the above using a Human sympathetic to our cause. You may have to brainwash a Human to make him sympathetic to our cause. Once he is King, we will rule the land with him as our wonderful puppet, though we need never touch the gigantic hole where his legs should be.

The only danger in this tactic is the self-awareness of our Human puppet. If he were to realize that, as King, he has the power to destroy us and rule for himself, we would, of course, be destroyed. For this reason, your sympathetic

Human must be implanted with a kill switch, which is long stick set into the brain stem that can kill a man with a simple tug. Once this man is dead, his first-born son will be King. And, of course, you have trained this son from birth to be obedient.

There is certainly not enough time for this politicking, so try hitting the King with a very large stick.

## Counting Councils

Councils are great. Let's just get that out of the way. Just because Humans have also had Councils does not mean that Councils are not great. We love Councils. You love Councils. Do not fear this section simply because of your preconceived notion that everything in this pamphlet is a vitriolic attack on its subject. Your preconceived notion is correct, as all preconceived notions are. However, it does not carry over to the righteous concepts of Councils, which are great. Especially Great Councils. Those are especially great.

No, what we hate are *Human Councils*. Councils are used incorrectly by the Uprights. They believe that collective governance will lead to wiser council from their Councils. The math proceeds thusly:

Man + Man + Man + Man + Man = Five Men

Wise + Wise + Wise + Wise + Wise = Five Times The Wisdom

Ergo,

Wise Man \* 5 = Fives Times The Power Of Governance

The flaw is obvious. Men cannot be wise. Beyond that, men are incapable of any collaborative effort. There is an old anecdote that describes the situation. Get two Ground Apes in a room and you get one opinion. Put two Humans in a room, you get five idiotic, bloodthirsty plans for genocide that all contradict each other.

One nation created a council composed entirely of children, and another of dogs. One even made a council out of several bowls of the slimy fluid left behind



by showering after weeks tending to the slime mines. As you can see, the Humans have yet to fully suss out the true purpose of a Council.

In Human society, it is long standing tradition that each Council should have at least one Horse as a member. These dignitaries are to represent the Horse minority population in matters of state. This often leads to long, drawn out arguments, during which the Human councilors argue that the Horse is disproportionately advocating its own species' self-interest whilst ignoring the practical needs of state. The Horse will respond by saying that Horses are badly represented by the Human state and have their needs met rarely. The Humans riposte with the statistical fact that the Horse community's biggest problems are internal, with Horse-on-Horse crime being the leading cause of Horse death. The Horse argues that this is a result of countless centuries of institutionalized oppression. The Humans do not care. The Horse says that their Human Privilege blinds them to the inequalities inherent in their culture. The Humans say no such privilege exists, and that the horse must stop eating the grass in their Council Room, as it was very expensive.

As Councils wear elaborate costumes during meetings, their destruction is a simple matter of procuring said costume and attending a meeting. In this case, the shortcut path to dissolving the government is the ideal path. Go to a Council meeting dressed as a councilor after having beaten a councilor with a very large stick and stealing his clothes. Once inside, hold the Council hostage with the same large stick. If you have misplaced or been forced to abandon your large stick, find a

new one and use that one instead. If you have planned correctly, it is at this point that the Council chambers will be flooded with Ground Ape agents, who will take the other councilors' clothing, beat a few with several large sticks, and proclaim themselves the new Prime Council. From there, you are a simple conversation away from dissolving the Council entirely. Here is how that conversation will go, as all Ground Apes are predictable to the minds of Ground Apes.

Council Member: "Motion to dissolve Council and kill Humans."

All others in unison: "Yes."

## Anarchy in the Upright Kingdoms

It all comes back to trust. This ineffable concept guides Humanity through its darkest epochs, including now, the future, the past, and the Mega-Past.

Humans have deluded themselves to such an extent that, in certain cases, they trust each other enough to eschew all-powerful governments entirely. This form of stateless society is known as *Anarchy*.

The *Anarchists* predicate their ideology on the idea that Humans need no distant body to guide their lives, as local organization and intra-communal communication can ensure their survival and prosperity. This, obviously, is false.

With no state, who shall organize The Hunt?

In Anarchy, each tiny Human development governs itself, often through a direct form of democracy in which the community makes all decisions. National, Racial, Ethnic, and Species differences, theoretically, would be dissolved. All that is left are several entities, living in peace and harmony amongst the flowerbeds.

Flowers are crucial to Anarchy, as it is a very *rosey* governmental system.

Anarchists model their organizations and personal dispositions off of the properties of the rose. This is why Humans consider Anarchists the most beautiful of all Humans. They cover themselves in red paint and stick thorns into their skin. At community dinners, which are mandatory, they are alternately sweet and prickly in manner.

The complete isolation of these small communities eventually leads to the breakdown of inter-communal relations. One community will decide upon their

fate with no interest in the wishes of neighboring tribes. Consider the following example.

Community A decides that the river is for waste removal. This river flows at the banks of their small farming village. From that day forward, all Human excretions are carried away from the village, downstream, never to be seen again. Little do these Humans know or care that the river also flows by Community B, who now see and smell the excretions of Community A. Their children, who once bathed in that river, return home brown, or if they were already brown, browner. Due to the fact that Community B has no say in the decisions of Community A, an envoy will be sent to convince Community A of their folly. Community A has no reason to care, and will run this envoy out of town, browner than he ever was before.

This continues, endless, extrapolating infinitely until, finally, all Humans are dead.

The principle can be seen in action via a group of our own. Remember now the Ground Apes from the River Beyond The Jungle Beyond The Fields Beyond The Water Of Salt. Due to the many treacherous locales, particularly the forbidden Jungle, in between the plains and these apes, they fell into near total isolation. With no contact from the outside world and no envoys from our Councils to guide them, they soon fell to total depravity. They rose in the early afternoon, stoned virtuous men to death using their wives as stones, and lay with snakes as one would lay with rabbit.

This led to their inevitable deaths by beating with very large sticks.

It should be obvious that there is no need to attack and Anarchist government. None currently exist, and were one to, it would quickly snuff itself out. In fact, if time were not scarce, we would recommend a large-scale propaganda campaign designed to propagate Anarchy.

But there is no time. You may burn your Anarchy propaganda now. It was a waste of time to have you make it in the first place. For this we do not apologize, for we do not apologize.

Please apologize to us now.

## **PART II**

**What The Hell  
Are They Even Thinking?**



## Capital Idea, Dead Human

Have you ever heard of money?

This is not a rhetorical question. We are gathering data on the knowledge level of our troops. For the sake of ease, we will make the question multiple choice. Your answers may be: A) Yes B) No or C) Is that some type of fruit? I believe it is some type of fruit. Please tell me if it is some sort of fruit, and if your answer is yes, please tell me where it is that I can find some. I have been looking for new fruit experiences.

Do not read further before answering. We want true and honest results. Staple your answer to the leg of an antelope now. On a separate piece of paper, write "Secondary Less-Grand Under Council." Feed this slip to the antelope, who will take it as instructions on where to find us.

Money is an abstract representation of value made physical. Slips of paper, metals smashed into circular disks, sexual favors; money takes many forms. Due to the Humans' propensity for trade, in which they exchange goods and services with each other in return for other goods and services, they have developed money as a go-between for these transactions. We have no need for money, for whatever we have we build with our mighty talons or take from lesser species. This is why you will find that most of your hats do not fit. If you will remember, you acquired those hats by looting the homes of hat wearing forest creatures that you slaughtered for their hats.

As property is intrinsic to the role of government, we must now take the time to discuss how that property is organized and distributed. Money is an integral part of the *Capitalistic System*, which is the subject of this section.

*Capitalism* is a form of economic policy in which money decides the value of all things. This may seem backwards, as money is an abstraction of the inherent value of property. We know that a ravine is very valuable. We know that a Human life is worthless. These values are immutable. But in Capitalism, the value of a Human life will expand and contract based on several factors. If there are very few Humans around, the value will increase. This is nonsensical, as a lack of Humans is valuable in and of itself. They ignore this truth.

Consider the mollusk. There are many mollusks. This we know. On the rare occasions when our mighty ravines breach the sea, we find countless mollusks waiting, poised to strike. We harvest and use them to build tiny structures for our amusement and eat away the rot on the fur of our Elders. In a Capitalistic society, these mollusks would be *Capital*, that is, the means of production. The Capital in this sense is the relationship between the mollusk and the result of the use of the mollusk.

In Capitalism, this relationship can be owned. The mollusks, rather than being property of the world and used by all until they are shriveled and dying, are closely guarded property in and of themselves, rather than a mere means to property. The number of mollusks available to be owned, the demand of the public

for use of the owners' mollusks, and the effectiveness with which said mollusks chew away decaying GrApe fur control the value of the mollusk

The people who own Capital the demigods of Capitalistic societies known as *Small Business Owners*. All obstacles, Human or otherwise, are slain in religious sacrifice to these people, and nothing can stop their parasitic feeding on society at large. They take the means of production, the Capital, and guard it closely, issuing bits of its productive powers to satiate the hordes of unwashed masses, collecting money and other value marking items, such as large cars or the tender movements of a female's lower back.

This value is decided by what is known as the *Free Market*. In such a market, no restrictions are made on the dealings of *Small Business Owners*, who act as aristocracy. You will often find them wearing crowns of thorns, each thorn whittled into a shape representing the currency under which they operate.

*Currency* is a type of money, be it created by a nation specifically for use in that nation, or sex acts created by a nation specifically for use in that nation. This currency can itself rise and fall in value depending on the actions of the Free Market. But just what is the Free Market?

There is a building in the Human settlement of New York called the New York Stock Exchange (NYSE). The name of this building refers to the trading of *stocks*, which are wooden posts used to torture Humans. It would do us well to acquire some of these stocks, particularly the ones made by the Apple Corporation, for those are particularly valuable. Underneath the NYSE is an underground

monument to the deity known as the Free Market, represented on Earth in a corporeal body composed of several thousands of spider webs tied together to create a visage similar to but not identical to a Human heart. The Small Business Owners, who also act as priests of the Free Market, will descend the vinyl spiral stairs to the den of the economic God and give sacrifice, often in the form of beads stolen from serfs. The Free Market will then spew out a manuscript filled with binary code, which must be deciphered by the Humans' greatest numerologists. The code reveals itself to represent the value of all items, properties, and lives for that day, until the following day, when all value will be revised once more.

The Capitalistic society breeds many interesting Human creatures, like the Small Business Owner and the Rattlesnake Salesman, who roams from town to town, selling snakes at bargain prices and absconding with the village's cutest daughters. These beings exist in other Human societies, but are less central to their development and stability. There is only one group that cannot exist outside the confines of Capitalism, and that is the *Punk*.

Punks exist to stratify Capitalistic society. They are chaos creating organisms whose sole purpose is to criticize what they term *The System* through any means necessary. Their primary tactics are the wearing of suits made of the hide of a horse, spray painting slogans such as "Down With This Whole Thing" on the walls of underpasses and thoroughfares, and the composition and performance of *Punk Rock*.

Punk Rock is a form of music performed by the Humans in order to impart some message or emotion. This confuses Ground Apes for a multitude of reasons. For one, we do not have a concept of “music” in the same way the Humans do. Our only contact with the word is in the phrase “music to my ears,” which refers to the act of beating a Prairie Dog with a large stick owned by one’s ancestors. Human music is an act in which several sounds come together to form a larger sound, like dirt coming together to form a dirt mound, or rabbits folding their legs back and standing atop each other to form a marshmallow man. Our phrase “music to my ears” once had a similar connotation, in that it originally referred to the sound a Prairie Dog makes when beaten with a large stick owned by one’s ancestors, but this meaning died out long ago, and now the phrase refers exclusively to the act itself.

These sounds, in punk rock, are structured in such a way to imply that Capitalism is *stupid*. A cast iron pot will be hit with several money coins, indicating anger with the depth of money’s value. A Human will scream sentences about his cow’s trading value over noises created by a skeleton striking his own rib cage (this is called a *Xylophone*).

All we know of Human music is anecdotal, as we have never come in contact with it except for that one time. A nitrate print of the Human music called *Andalusian Dog* was discovered in the ancient ruins of a slain Human colony on the plains. It is said that this print, when rubbed against a piece of flint, creates what the Humans term music. We never undertook to find out if this was true. At

any rate, the cinematography was sub par. We are glad to have burned the print, and we are glad that this “Salvador Dali” person was put to death for beating a man with his own son.

The ideal way in which to destroy a Capitalistic society is to flood the market. First, bring a lot of water to the NYSE and literally flood the spider webs composing the Free Market. Then turn your attention to the more abstract form that the market takes.

You will need a printing press. Print so much money that you can create a bed large enough to fit your entire clan comfortably. Enter a Human colony disguised as an Upright, or failing this, brainwash a Human using the techniques handed down by the Ancients. Spend the money wastefully and quickly on whatever you can find. Popular choices are jet skis, gold waterproof watches, and children kidnapped from less fortunate areas. Once the money is spent, the market will be oversupplied with currency. Society will plunge into a worthless chasm of desperados, roaming the highways in search of Small Business Owners to rob. They will eventually take over, and destroy whatever stability remains.

The short way: locate a rich man. This will be easy, as he will be wearing a shirt that says in large font “I am a rich man and you shall bend your will to the power of my money, which denotes abstract values of trading items.” Use the rich man’s skin to fashion a disguise. Position yourself as this man. Declare yourself leader. Dissolve everything in acid.

## Let's Give Everybody Everything

We have spoken at length about the Human inability to work for the Greater Good, but of course there are times during which they delude themselves into ignoring this Human defect. Humans perform altruism and charity in a purely performative sense, believing that these act and attributes are virtuous, but being genetically incapable of doing or having them genuinely. It is one of the many ways in which they are inferior.

When a Human believes in a Human ability to work for the Greater Good, he is known as a *Communist*. A group of Humans who are each what are termed a Communist, together, are known as *Communists*. They believe in *Communism*, an ideology that strives for the Greater Good and ignores Human nature in the name of *Communism*.

Those Humans who strive for the Greater Good but admit their comical inability to actually do so correctly are called *Socialists*. They tend to be unhappy.

Rather than actually committing good deeds, the Humans have abstracted charity into an ideology of systems that is meant to tell the future, much like a soothsayer would do, only worse, as the Communists do not apply hibiscus oil to incense before gazing into their destinies. Communists believe in the utter destruction of the class system. To them, the perfect society is one lacking any hierarchy.

But who shall plan The Hunt?

Our own class system has worked wonders, in that we have constructed many wonders using it. Humans at the bottom; other species next; Ground Apes; Better Ground Apes; Even Better Ground Apes; Ground Ape Councilors; Willists. Can you not see the advantage?

Communists believe that all Humans are born equal. In this sense they are correct, as all Humans are born equally terrible. However, they also believe that all Humans should be treated equally, ignoring the demands of fate and luck, who demand that, sometimes, an equally terrible Human should have a better life than another equally terrible Human. This is just. Luck is just.

A Communistic government is said to arise from a Capitalistic one. The workers, the very bottom of the hierarchy, are meant to revolt in the face of brutal oppression. If the Humans would only adopt another species as their workforce, this would all be moot. We, in our mighty wisdom, use the species known as the Maimed Apes for our workers. They are Ground Apes who have been maimed at birth, making them another species. They are those with shriveled hands, or a single leg, or an eye that looks slightly further to the left than the other in the pair. They are subjugated to our will, and as they know no other life outside of service, they are happy. It is better than being left atop a mountain, which is the fate faced by the Profoundly Maimed Apes. Instead, the Humans oppress their own, causing revolutions to ferment right under their disgustingly large eyes.

Communism leads to the removal of all that is good in the world. That is, all that Humans hold as good. Communists do not believe these things necessary.



They are mere distraction from the Greater Good. Ironically, the Greater Good is meant to add good things, rather than be a goal beyond the good things. As nothing Humans have is actually good, this really is not much of a loss. If this form of government were enacted in a Ground Ape society, we would lose quite a bit. For example, the Maimed Apes would no longer dance for our amusement.

Communist countries tend to be very anti-social. They sneer bloody sneers at governments that are not Communistic, as though they are better. They act as though a Capitalist society once came over for dinner and sneezed into the Communist society's mother's mouth while she was telling the story of her deceased brother. In short, they are rude.

The common Communist is a university student who is extremely racist. These people believe that, if they were to succeed in setting up a Utopian Communist society, that all class systems would be abolished, including those that unfairly segregate the races. But these students tend to be extremely wealthy and of a single race. Knowing that they know better than the poor people of other races, they force their ideology upon them, under duress, with a very large machine that tears limbs and genitals from non-believers. In this way, they are decently righteous.

The condescension of the common Communist, high in the hierarchy, to the under classes is a point of contention. An analogous situation in our society would be that of Hironimouth Jumples, son of the famous Councilor Jumples. Jumples the Younger, born into extreme wealth and comfort, believed that the

Maimed Apes deserved the right to self-determination. He never once asked the Maimed Apes what they deserved or wanted. In the dead of night, Jumpsles the Younger snuck into the gilded cages of the Maimed Apes and freed two of the sanitation workers. Once outside, he gave a long and prolix speech about liberation. The Maimed Apes immediately gored him, feasting on his entrails with great lust.

It is very easy to destroy Communist societies. Simply suggest that you should have more than your neighbor. Once they have condemned your selfishness, declare that you are the most selfless of all, and that your neighbor should have more than you. This will cause endless confusion, making it easy to smash the stunned and silent Humans with very large sticks.

## **Part III**

### **A Civics Lesson**

## Glory Be To The Willists

As promised, we will now give a brief review of our own governmental system, as it is one very much worth reviewing. We have very little time, so we cannot describe in full the power of the Juniper Berry or the role of the Swamp Hogs in matters of state. Instead we will focus on the ultimate power of society, the Willists.

We all know what willow trees are. With any luck you were born near one, as being born near a willow tree confers great luck upon the child, as well as great responsibility to be named later. If you were born near a willow tree, chances are you had the luck to be born near a willow tree. This carries as true over the course of several lives in the system of reincarnation, in which we do not believe.

Willow trees are special. Imbued with the power of the Great Toad in small amounts, the tree has properties that harness wisdom and grace from the sky itself. You may have noticed, when young, that several of your contemporaries in the child ravines were taken in the dead of night by Maimed Apes, who when questioned about their motives, were merely able to grunt, as Maimed Apes are deprived of speech via the tearing of the vocal chords using our bare hands. What you probably didn't notice is that all of the taken pups were born with a mark that looked like a very large "X" on the forearm. This is the mark of the Will. Those with this mark are taken from the Young Pits, and away from their parents permanently, for a higher purpose.

They are taken to the Willow Forest, the ultimate capital of our government. No other place in our realm has this density of willow trees, which are necessary for the Willists to carry out their work. Termites are native to the Willow Forest, and chew small holes in the bottom of each tree. The special pups are placed in these holes.

If a pup exits the hole at any point, they are deemed as being not worthy of Willism and are abandoned on a mountaintop. The pups that remain in their trees are fed, twice daily, a special blend of nutrient berry paste and bark from a neighboring tree, for it is sin to eat from one's own tree. Eating from one's own tree results in immediate disqualification in the long road to becoming a Willist.

As the years pass by, the pups will grow and come to fill their holes, becoming permanently stuck in the roots of the willow trees. If a pup grows so much that they are unable to move at all, they have been deemed worthy of being a Willist. If they, after six years, are able to leave the tree, they are given the Axing, and become Maimed Apes, though they are afforded special privileges and called Maimed Apes Who Are Given Special Privileges.

Once the holes are filled and the pups immobile, they are given a test. This test is a presentation of three items: a snake, a large orb rubbed with the paste of several berries so that it is colored to look like the known world, and a large stick. They are to choose one item. Those that choose the stick are Willists.

Those that choose the snake get to keep it.

Please do not tell potential Willists about this. They are unable to see this pamphlet, as they are currently stuck in trees. If you present this pamphlet to them, we will know, as each copy has been marked with a secret symbol indicating its owner. For this reason we know that you, the person currently reading, are a Ground Ape twenty-eight years in age with a scar running along your southern tuft (Note that this is not actually how this works and you probably do not resemble the above description).

The Willists make all of our decisions. The willow tree itself hands their wise proclamations to them, and their word is law. A series of scribes notes their proclamations, which are given in screams at all times of day, constantly, terrifyingly. The scribes then take these new laws to the Grand Councils of each region, who alter them as necessary for them to make sense in the context of the region. They are then distributed to the Under Councils, who alter them further through the power of prayer.

There are many types of Council, as you know. The Grand Councils, the Great Councils, the Under Councils, the Over Councils, the Death Councils, the Life Councils, the Leisure Councils; the list goes on and on. It should be clear to you the purpose of each council, particularly the Death Council, whose job it is to kill death and free Ground Apes from the oppressive hands of mortality. All work of the Death Council is, for the moment, suspended until the winter frosts thaw.

Each Council gains its powers and decrees from the Council above it in the hierarchy. The Under Councils report to the Over Councils, who report to the Life

Councils, and so on. The Willists' proclamations resonate through each, influencing the decisions and laws that shall be laid for each section of Ground Ape territory.

This all, of course, depends upon the individual Ground Ape. This is why our primary civic duty is *Willing Subjugation*. The individual submits himself, of his own accord, to the will of the Willists, the will of the Councils who serve the will of the Willists, and the will of the will of the Councils who serve the will of the Willists. Failure to submit, willingly, carries harsh punishments. These are not incentives to submit, as submission must be completely voluntary. Were the punishments enacted simply because one does not willingly submit, then the submission would not be truly willing. Therefore, it is mere coincidence that all those who fail to ascribe to *Willing Subjugation* are subsequently tortured, left on a mountain, and if retrieved, transformed into Maimed Apes.

The secondary civic duty is one you should be very familiar with, as you do it every few minutes. *Report*. You must report those that do not live righteous lives for the will of the Willists. You must report those that do wrong, that wrongly do, that are wrong in how they do things. You must even report yourself in your own wrongdoing. Only then can the Willists look upon you with pride during your bi-annual visits to the Willow Forest, wherein you will be judged as Wise or Wicked, and punished accordingly. If you are judged as Wise, you will be hit with a smaller stick. You can guess what happens to the Wicked, and have probably experienced it, as nobody is judged as Wise.

We have less time than previously believed. You know the rest. Take a few seconds to meditate on the massive tomes of GrApe law that have been excluded from this section.



## Afterword

To quote a Human expression, *fucking finally*.

We can only quote Human expressions in particular cases. As the Final Assault is about to begin, Human subjugation is imminent. Cultural appropriation is part of this subjugation, and as such, we shall now begin to steal their idioms and fashions.

Now that you have completed this pamphlet, it is time to check your orders and find out which type of government you will be tasked with toppling. Once this is done, reread the pertinent section in full and prepare for conquest. But remember, we have very little time, so read it quickly.

Those Apes of pure heart who can traverse the skyways will soon drop you from the sky. Once landing softly on a crushed Human, you will proceed to carry out your orders. The Final Assault has begun. The real one, not that first one which was called the Final Assault, but we knew all along was the Second To Last, Or Penultimate Assault that resulted in failure. This failure was part of our plan. Do not ask why. You do not need to know why.

Once the governments of the Human world have been destroyed and their armies smashed with our retinues of wild beasts, we will place the few living Humans into pens to be either liquefied or sold as pets.

Our time has finally come.

Do not fear the Final Assault. You will survive. But you may not survive, so please fear the Final Assault. However, you should not let this fear interrupt your

duties, as fear is a very powerful emotion capable of distracting even the stoutest of Ground Apes.

Prepare to feast on the innards of the Humans. You shall drink the viscous mucus from their intestines and gain the courage of their naivety when you swallow their hearts whole. Prepare to mow down swaths of Humans in one fell swoop, using the very large sticks that have been issued to you in your service package. Prepare to use all the knowledge you have gained in these four pamphlets to carry out the Great And Glorious plan. Prepare to usher in the time of prophecy, when Ground Ape rules the world, and Human is naught but dust between the fur of our feet. We shall kill them in their streets, in their homes, in their state departments and senates. Their brains will be used for impromptu games of catch as their children watch, terrified, wondering if they will be next.

We shall drink the marrow from their bones and grind their eyes into paste.

These are your orders. The day of reckoning is finally at hand. No longer shall we hide in the plains, waiting for the day of prophecy to come. Today, we take it for ourselves. We force prophecy into being.

Move out.

The feast has ended. Do not worry, in all likelihood there will be more feasts