

ENGLISH IS CHAOS, CHAOS IS DEAD

English is dead; I made sure of that last Tuesday. As far as I know, I was the only person alive who still understood, spoke, or read English. The younger generation was taken away, taught only my new language. And the older generation, I no longer had any use for. But let me get this straight - I'm not evil. I'm not evil, I'm just right. Evil is always a matter of opinion anyway. Is a rich man a thief or philanthropist? Neither, if those words are both nonexistent. And that's why I'm right.

On Wednesday, I led the book burnings. I do love a good bonfire. But mine, of course, was nothing so chaotic as ones in the past. I couldn't allow for error. One can't allow for errors when erasing a language. If there's one thing you should know about me, it's that I hate chaos. That would be top on my profile if dating apps still existed. I suppose that's why I've done all of this. To take out the chaos, the disorder in life. People were skeptical at first, but all you had to do was look at a newspaper. Life was war until I came along.

Speaking of war, I am a proud survivor of high school, likely just as you are. I'm quite a normal person, just with a better routine. In school, I was known as the one with all the calendars. People would come to me for homework, for tutoring, for advice. Yet I wasn't the cleverest at our school, I simply had discipline. I stacked my life together until it was together, and I held it together with a grip accustomed to clinging onto sanity and the idea of graduation. I suppose I've had a lot of practice with this 'iron fist' nonsense. I encourage planning of time among all my subjects. In fact, I did it for them. Not me, as such, but my workers. They effectively are extensions of me; the masses that form my body, walking so I may simply think. I am nothing, if not efficient. All of this is to say, Thursday is national calendaring day.

Friday, I allowed for simple relaxation. For myself, of course, not my subjects. Relaxation leads to thought. Of course, thought no longer truly exists now that English is dead. People are so quick to proclaim the power of thought. It's that one infuriating statement they all say that they all spit out at their last. "You cannot take away my beliefs, my ideas, my morals. You cannot take away my love, my thoughts, they are my humanity and that you cannot destroy. You can take my life, but you will not take my spirit." Idiots. One thinks in a language, and if I remove the language, what does one think in? Emotions? Of course, this would not last long if I truly removed all language. Humans would simply return to caves and begin the whole process

again, through grunting and trial and error. How I hate trial and error. So, instead, it is the straightforward matter of replacement. Replace the complicated and disordered tangles of English with a structured web. Much smaller, much simpler. If there is no word for intellectual freedom, for political freedom, how can one even think such a thing should exist?

A path to complete harmony.

The best day of the year: my birthday! Obviously. If I relied on a true old-type calendar, it would have fallen on the Friday, but I was not about to provide a day off work. Routine is what this nation relies on, and so it followed that my birthday officially fell on a Saturday. For months preparations had been taking place. Banners, parades, processions, speeches, all meticulously ordered and put together. Nothing in English, of course. That would allow for profundity. Profundity allows for resistance, and resistance allows for chaos. Conformity and order, my people, the rest will follow.

When I was growing up, improving language was seen as expanding language. Providing new words for new concepts, just new, new, new. Some days I thought I was the only one who could see that we were going to 'new' ourselves right into anarchy. Improving a language isn't expanding it; it's shrinking it, cutting it down into a perfect, succinct creation where dissent is impossible because the concept doesn't even exist. Each Sunday I like to disguise myself in order to wander around in public spaces shouting, "free speech!" Each Sunday, I count how many reports of deranged behaviour there are. (This particular day there numbered over 50.) Of course, no one knows what 'free speech' means. They simply see a crazed person shouting gibberish in the street, and I simply entertain myself with the success of my creation. It was a lovely end to the week.

On Monday, I was murdered. "Long live the English language," she said, the last words I ever heard. Naturally, I had prepared for this too.