

I Am Chaos

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There's this green unicorn, who I'll call Greenie. I know her real name – knew everything about her the moment I first saw her – but don't care to use it. We've been seeing each other for about fifteen seconds now – or maybe fifteen minutes, either way. She has no idea I'm the tree she's sitting under while she's writing her poetry – fitting for a pony with a quill for a cutie mark.

I can't deny – I wish I had a cutie mark. Who wouldn't want one? The ponies never have to ask themselves 'Why am I here?'; they'll get the answer eventually and it will always be satisfying. They never have to fear living a boring, meaningless life where they sleepwalk through each day and spend each sleepless night trying to figure out where it all went wrong just to keep themselves from breaking down in the face of sheer futility. Nope, they're born *guaranteed* to get purpose – and talent! – on a silver platter, based on whatever they enjoy doing the most.

'Some people just have all the luck' doesn't even *begin* to apply here. Seriously, the ponies *have it made* compared to the other species! No one could ask for more than that, they just couldn't.

Right?

Wrong!

Oh, how could you, *you monster*?! How could you make an entire city bury their heads in the ground?! The *horror*! The *audacity*! Don't you know that we ponies *just! Can't! Deal* with even a little hardship?! It's just too much *stress*! We need to live in a *perfect* world with rainbows and singing and butterflies, where nothing bad ever happens!

Talk about *arrogance*! At least they can choose how to deal with it!

At least they can *choose*!

I never had any choice. My purpose was chosen for me right from the beginning. I showed up one day – created by the discord between the three pony tribes – and started doing what I exist to do.

By the way, thanks a lot moms and dads! It's just *swell* to be the odd kid out, the only one who never got to choose his destiny! No, really, I can't thank you enough!

I exist to do one thing and one thing only: *wreak glorious chaos*, whether it takes the form of a chocolate-crammed cotton candy cloud (classic!) or corrupting common cognitive

concepts creatures cherish. Well, I don't *just* exist to wreak chaos – I *am* chaos! I'm referred to by a different name, but... what's that line about a rose?

Everything I am is chaos – in fact, there is no 'I'. This handsome body expresses chaos. Its deeds are all nothing more than the spreading of chaos. My thoughts, if they don't serve the whims of chaos, are merely these empty aimless contemplations. All of which are a complete waste of time because chaos doesn't need me to think.

My actions are just as pointless. I am chaos – a physical manifestation of something that already exists and existed before I did. Greenie just got up and walked away, tripping over a rock; I'm exactly the same as that event, or a storm the pegasi lose control of. We're all different incarnations of chaos, which is, fortunately, everywhere.

That makes me a drop of water in the ocean. *Completely* redundant.

What difference does it make if I turn some mountains upside-down or cause a few ponies to lose faith in their morals? Chaos doesn't care what form it takes. I might as well be an event, like Greenie tripping over the rock: impacting the world for only a brief moment and forgotten afterwards. Actually, I think I'd like being an event. Then I wouldn't have to think, or live with the knowledge that my every thought and deed is completely worthless.

'Cause I know *exactly* how happy that makes me!

The extent of what I can do that these mortals cannot is *unfathomable* and yet each of them, in their short lives, can and *will* do more than I could ever dream. Not that I *could* dream, but whatever: just look at Greenie. She's a writer – I can't do that. She might have foals someday – hah, maybe not once I'm done with her, but still – I can't do that.

Oh, sure, they are but blinks of the cosmic eye, nothing they do in their lives will matter in the grand scheme of things, yadda yadda yadda *who cares?* Hey, if you're listening, whoever made the grand scheme? *You're an unimaginative loser!* Billions of lives across billions of years amounting to mere dust in the void? I can *sneeze* better realities than this!

Forget you and forget the grand scheme! If nothing else, their lives can matter in the here and now, and possibly even for some time after they die depending on their accomplishments. That's much more than can be said for me. Whether I live for the next million minutes or million millennia I won't matter for even...

Why am I thinking about this, anyway? What's the point? Greenie, I hope you like playing with hornets, because guess what? You didn't write words on that parchment, you wrote hornets!

Chaos is a wonderful, *wonderful* thing!

So very true... I hope. Or I would, if I could hope or believe in anything. Truth is, I have no idea. Maybe it isn't a wonderful thing. Nothing is good or bad unless we think it is, but chaos will always be a wonderful thing to me; I'm incapable of thinking otherwise. It's part of my nature, my very existence.

Is there a reason *not* to make hornets explode into boiling tea?

At least it's a positive feeling.

She's screaming now, calling for help. I could do something about it. I can seize control of the sun and the moon from Little Miss Idealism and her uptight sister, so it's well within my power to heal this mare's wounds and send her home. All it takes is a thought... buuuuuuuut my nature betrays me.

Didn't see that coming!

Now she's screaming in Zebra, rather than Equestrian. Which *is* pretty funny, but *look at that!* *That* is how much of a waste I am! I should be able to be ashamed of myself!

I can think.

I can speak.

I can learn.

I can bend reality to my whims.

I can do anything – literally!

I'm omnipotent!

Yet for all my power, for all the things I *can* do, I *will* do only one thing: spread chaos. It's quite ironic, since I'm the most orderly being there is. Lack of restraint is the definition of freedom and chaos, yet I, of all creatures, have no freedom whatsoever. Everything I

do brings chaos: endless iterations of the same act, differing only in terms of scale. I can't stop myself, but I don't want to. I enjoy what I do.

How could I not? Come on, she's screaming for help in a language she doesn't even know! She's trying to rhyme! Her mind must be as muddled as that of a drunken stallion bucking himself in the face right now! She has red polka dots all over her coat and she's writhing in the grass like a spastic earthworm! It's hilarious!

It's so hilarious, it is even if it's not! I'd have done it even if it was boring, and I'd have thought it was funny even if I hadn't done it! There's no difference between funny and boring! The very concepts don't exist! It's all chaos, it's all fun, it's all laughter and smiles for me all day long – and *that* is what makes it a wonderful, wonderful thing!

I.

Am.

Trapped.

My mind and body think and do things while I sit back and enjoy it all because *I have to*. These leftover thoughts, whatever they are, are just like Greenie here: rolling around in my mind, trying to find some table scraps of meaning that chaos might throw their way. No such thing. I can't even do something as simple as speak to her. I can't! Not unless I'm going to make her life a little more chaotic.

Thought experiment!

The idea of speaking to her is in my mind. I'm aware of it. I'm thinking it right now: speak to her.

Speak to her.

Speak to her.

Speak to her.

Nothing.

I even put my face right next to hers.

My lips never twitched.

Does it matter, though? So I'm not in complete control of myself. Neither are they! They need to eat, breathe and sleep all the time or else they'll die. The sun and moon have to keep spinning over us or *everything* will die. Then there are things like sickness, having a social life – really, who in this world is truly in control of themselves, hm? And again, so what? Control is overrated! If you need to control things – need to make them conform to your wishes – you're obviously not having enough fun with them. I don't need to control anything 'cause I never *stop* having fun!

Matter of fact, that's the most liberating thing in the world! I don't need to eat, breathe or sleep. I have no need for sunlight. Can't get sick. Can't feel sad. Can't feel remorse. Can't feel pain. Can't be burdened by friendship – can't *wish for* friendship, come to think of it! Don't need to put effort into anything 'cause I don't *do* anything! It's automatic! It doesn't matter! Nothing matters! I'm free from *everything*, including freedom!

Now come here, Greenie! Stop crying, we're going to have some fun!

I've always liked the feeling of ponies squirming in my hands, for some reason.

Hah! The brave little warrior, throwing a rock at me! Please, by all means try to kill me! Throw more rocks! Cast any spell you can think of! I'll even give you a head start.

Head start, get it?

Hmph. *I thought it was good...*

Could I actually be jealous of a rock? I think so. That rock – any object, really – has more potential than me despite being utterly incapable of thought or action. In little more than two minutes that rock has served the interests of both chaos and of Greenie. Two functions right there, twice as much as I'll ever have and that's just scratching the surface. The rock could weigh something down, or prop something up, or be sculpted into something – all that and so much more. I, on the other hand... well, at least no one can ever say I don't practice what I preach.

To think I once ruled this entire planet, even though I'm less than an object. No wonder no one liked me – I don't think it's *possible* to be more pathetic than that.

Then again...

A little chaos can serve a function, like making someone other than me laugh. I could amuse Greenie, maybe get her to see me as something other than a monster, but that's never going to happen. My particular method of spreading chaos involves introducing it

to its fullest extent, corrupting the natural states of things into forms they were never meant to take. If there's one thing Wet Blanket and Indoor Voice have yet to understand, it's that the world needs some order and some chaos.

Order provides the structure that allows for tangibility, from which life obtains capability.

Chaos provides the unpredictability of choice, from which life obtains meaning.

Introduce too much order and you have to remove all freedom, all thought – life ceases to matter.

Introduce too much chaos, as I do, and you have a mountain of ice cream made from liquid ponies with dragon wings, or complete madness – everything just *falls apart* and, again, life ceases to matter.

Great.

That means my actions are doubly pointless, for even in their redundancy they can only lead to a single empty end and they will never change.

After all...

I am chaos.

I can't be anything else.

So what's the *point* of me, then? I exist to spread chaos, but *why* do I exist to spread chaos? Why did I have to show up? Why have an unnecessary intelligence and capacity for emotion, neither of which I can fully control? Why have a body? Why have this consciousness locked within me, thinking these meaningless thoughts? I'm just a... I'm a *costume!* A sock puppet for chaos! Makes sense, right? I'm a physical representation of chaos; cover a pony with a white sheet and suddenly he's a ghost.

It never had to be me. I never wanted this. What did I do to deserve this existence – to deserve being a prisoner in my own being? What did everyone else do to deserve free will that I didn't?

What did you do?

Yes, you.

You don't deserve free will, you just happened to get it. In fact, *everything* in your life is nothing more than an accident. Another me might appear behind you a few seconds from now. You could burst into flames any moment. Whether you deserve it or not is irrelevant.

I'll bet you think your life has meaning. Nice hair, by the way.

You *believe* in something, don't you? That's all you *can* do: convince yourself that there's a reason for it all when you know there really isn't, 'cause there's nothing else out there. Nothing but the random, arbitrary reasons you create solely to cling to. Order can't help you. Chaos can't help you. Or me, except I might convince you that everypony you've ever known is delicious and then turn you into a tail extension.

I don't care that it's unfortunate. Why should I? Bad things happen to everyone, much more often than good things.

At least they can choose how to deal with it. At least they can choose.

Speaking of choice, hey Greenie, how'd you like to be my new cutie mark? You'd look great on my... no? Awww, okay, but I've got to do *something* with you. Let's see, you're already green and... trees are green. Yeah! You ponies like trees, let's turn you into one. Oh, stop begging for mercy already! I can't help you. Trees need seeds, so...

Heh, oops! Too many seeds. Oh well, I guess my tree will be a little rounder than most. I'll just add some branches sticking out of her ears and hooves, turn her hair into leaves, her skin into wood – nah, *gold*, let's be fancy... there we go! Greenie, I can say with confidence that you're the best tree ever created!

I think I'll stick around for a little, maybe make a forest of trees like this one. Wet Blanket and Indoor Voice will show up sooner or later, of course, but they're always fun to play with.

How I envy those two...

They're everything I ought to be: they have just as much power as I do along with the freedom to use it any way they please. They could be me in an instant if they wanted to, but I can never be them. Even that isn't enough: they have to try and ruin my fun at every

turn. What do they want from me? They get their kicks from – ugh – friendship and harmony, while I get mine from chaos. Truth be told, I don't see the point: why make friends when you can just amuse *yourself*? I get all the enjoyment I could ever ask for simply by *existing*. Still, we're all pursuing what we enjoy, so what's the difference? Maybe they also enjoy telling others what is and isn't fun. Like I don't have enough to deal with as it is.

Of course, they would never care about my problems –

not that I could ever tell them about my problems –

and try to help me, oh no.

They're too busy being pretty paragons of pony perfection and pleasantness *to everyone but me!* I know exactly what they'll do when they get here: they'll be angry with me, give a little speech about the *immorality of my actions* and the *sanctity of life* and blah blah blah and then we'll fight like we always do.

Could dance around in tutus for all it matters. Might even be good for them.

Dance party!

I'll just sit somewhere and take whatever they throw at me – or dance with them – until I get bored, as usual. There's no point in defending myself; this entire conflict of ours is as pointless as everything else in my life and they don't even realize it. Even if they kill me someday, *nothing* will change. I'm a physical manifestation of something that already exists and existed before I did. It will continue to exist *with or without* this particular manifestation.

I am chaos.

I will always be around to cause trouble.

There's absolutely nothing they – or I – can do about it.