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tupid fool Fat, stinking, bastard. Thinks he knows something of Chaos? Why I bet he believes he s some sort of expert. Well the truth struck him as I sunk my knife in his belly. He whimpered and cried, and I laughed. He moans even now, There. On the floor in a spreading pool of his blood. His sadness makes me chuckle.

Fo, what's this book about? I paged through it. Miserable book, it is; badly written, fraught with inconsistencies and lies. No good for amyone. But, since Thave nothing to do until this "writer" dies, I might as well tell you something about what half-truths and ramblings one might find.

It seems this is a book about Chaos, as you could probably tell already. Why would anyone want to read about Chaos when one can simply live it, I'll never understand. Fuch foolishness. I suppose it's to be expected from people who actually believe Ramar is a God.

The book has four parts. Of course, mortals like neat categories. They like to define things; put their house in order, so to speak.

Port J: The Enemy Within

This section clearly reveals this writer's ignorance. He meanders from one subject to the next, all in some failed attempt to noil down how Chaos has infiltrated the Empire. What silliness! I should stab him once more for good measure. He goes on and on about how people get mutations; but, I ll tell you from experience, you get mutations because it's the way of things, not because you sat in a field where some Daemon defecated. Oh, and then he talks about mutations. The lists! It goes on and on but doesn't even scratch the surface of Tchar's touch. I must say his comments on the Cults are na...ve, but charming. I love how he dances around what the Flagnesh Cults really do behind closed doors. Th, and look at all those relies! I think I ll cut off one of his fingers to take his mind off things.

Part II: Phadows of Chaos

When I first flipped through this section, I laughed and laughed. How little you mortals understand the Begstmen. Don't you know? They're you! Your little delusions and explanations are entertaining, but don't you think it's time to embrace your nature and bow down before the proper Gods? Looking through the rest, it's all nonsense really. There's a smattering of information about what Chaos Joawn really are and some effort to paint the "Enemies of Chaos" as heroes. Bah!

Part: TII: Chaos Wastes

The pretension! Wait just one minute... he's mooning. He won't be silent. I'll cut out his tongue...

Ah, where was P. Yes. Chaos Wastes. He describes the Norsemen, tries to shed some light on the Kurgan and the Flung, even spends a little time with the Chaos Dwarfs. He's wrong of course. All wrong. And it shows in his megare writing style. He does redeem himself a little when he speaks of Chao's Champions. Again, he's largely missing the point, but it's clear it was at this point that he started to slide in his teliefs. The weapons are interesting, if incomplete. If allowed to go on, he might tell me what a sword is. His arrogance

defies telief Thankfully, this section is brief. Part N: Realm of Chaos

If all the sections, this is clearly the least important as he obviously knows nothing about Chaos and its servants. If you ve suffered this for, you're clearly mad. He starts with some mention of the Dark Gods, all cast in the most unfavourable light, and then has the hubris to talk about some of the most important holy sites whose existences are only whispered about. For that, I shall take his nose.

Agah, there's not much left of him now. Joon. Jo, where was J? Ah, magic. He only includes a handful of lesser spells. Bah. Doesn't he realise that this is where true power lies? A survey of unimportant Daemons and Greater Daemons wrops the whole thing up. That's it. Nothing else. As I said, this is clearly a wasted effort. Nothing at all of use. Wait. He s finally dying. I must act quick and steal his soul as it escapes. Poor thing. At least now, at the end, he understands that Thave told him only lies, for it is my way...