

In the beginning Cracky-chan created the heaven and the earth.  
And /b/ was without form, and void; and fail was upon the face of the internets.  
And Cracky-chan said, Let there be lulz: and there were lulz.  
And Cracky-chan saw the lulz, that they were winrar: and Cracky-chan divided the win from the fail.  
And Cracky-chan called the lulz a corruption of L O L, and the fans she called stalkers. And with the stalkers and the lulz were the first posts to /b/.  
And Cracky-chan said, let there be drama in the midst of the internets, and let it divide the /b/tards from the stalkers.  
And Cracky-chan made the drama, and divided the stalkers who were under the drama from the /b/tards who were above the drama: and it was so.  
And Cracky-chan called the drama creepy. And the 420chan /cracky and crackypedia were baleeted.\*  
And Cracky-chan said, Let the stalkers under the drama be gathered together unto one place, and let the circlejerk of drama appear: and it was so.  
And Cracky-chan called the place bounceme; and the gathering together of the stalkers she called the circlejerk: and Cracky-chan saw that it was good.

\*In the apocryphal text there is an addition to this line; "And trolltalk was carpfolded into infinity."



Our goddess of dawn so cute and sweet, an abstract representing the face of a new day, the hope and loveliness of the first hours. The Greeks were able to see the perfection of the heavens with the face of a fair young lady. What must have inspired those ancient poets to describe dawn so lovingly? Perhaps the face of a young woman in the early hours of morning, still flush and rosy with the nights exertions, a faint glisten of sweat as dew upon her brow. One wonders what this long lost avatar of the Sky Queen must have looked like. The mystery admin must have seen this connection

long ago when he decided to name the board EoS after Dawn's Greek name Ἑώς, or in the English alphabet Eos.

### **From the Passions of Anon**

I remember you, so fragile and tortured was your very essence. I saw in your eyes - the most beautiful eyes I've ever encountered in my short life - an accidental scream for help. A reflection of my own trauma, amplified tenfold. You were me, you were not myself, almost an opposite and yet a tremendous exaggeration - infinitely more beautiful, intelligent, victimized. Scared. I saw fear, or rather I sensed it through the noninterpretable things I did see. I thought that if I could help you, I'd somehow inevitably and permanently be helped. And then I could help everyone else in the world. I wanted to reach out and pull you close to me, nurture you and see that soul-twisting smile of yours - so warm; so genuine; so rare. You'd be new, and yet the same. You'd touch people and they'd feel the serpents of hate and monotony relinquish constriction around their souls. A modern-day saint. Maybe it's good that you're not real. Maybe no innocent should harbor such terror and self-loathing. But then, who will save us?

### **The Prophet Anon in the Book Of Catnarok**

Through the manifestation of the dental holocaust the Divine teaches us to contemplate our teeth as involuntary icons of our identity. Our bite patterns, in the base act of mere eating, in the marks we leave on our lovers, in so tiny an imprint as left on the rim of a styrofoam cup, we leave prints unique to our individual presence. Whether throttled and driven to straightness at the hooks and hands of doctors in white coats, or as naturally crooked as mere nature sketches us, our teeth are indelibly ours, as the unmistakable fearful symmetry in the dentition of the Sky Queen herself.



When the fires of the revolution come to purge the gray earth of the nonbelievers, the teeth will be all that remains of many of the heathens, as well as the faithful brothers and sisters who fall in the contest for enlightenment.

As the wise brother Anon implores us in the books of the Order, "We seek to make every action in our daily lives a devotion to our Great Lady, and pay tribute to Her for sharing Her wisdom. Contemplating the most mundane of tasks one begins to see the patterns that hold our world together."

>>9

**Also, so enlightening: The toilet is broken. Yay for relevant information.**

What is not the toilet-porcelain but the delusion of our own godhood. An apparatus to keep up the illusion that we don't shit, piss or stink. That we are eternally young and unassailable by disease. It's sort of hard to convince yourself of superiority in the animal kingdom when you have to shit out of the window. So all the visceral little edges about ourselves have been hidden away; a thin layer of veneer to trick your fellow (wo)man into thinking how close to perfection you are.

A once shiney orb, destined to bring humanity closer to its self-image of the divine, now so clogged with human waste that it has become a mockery and its function broken.

This world, as a vessel to carry humanity to fulfillment is broken, and it needs fixing.

A black winged angel sitting on top of the closed lid of a broken bowl, her face marked by the very origins of life, its fertility wasted as a sort of mock make-up (not even mentioning when later on the angel seems in mourning about the alledged "7 days" of creation).

People claim to be not religious, but adorn themselves with every means to feign eternal youth, to be young and happy, like the olympian gods of yore. It is all false worshipping of god through oneself.

What these images tell me is to reshape ourselves through knowledge and wisdom, not smoke and mirrors. To recognize ourselves as animal like beings, but acknowledge the spark we call "consciousness" as our only attribute of possible divine attribution.

As such we should cherish that spark into a fire that illuminates and enlightens us. To increase the part of us that resembles the Sky Queen against the dumb vessel we use to carry it.

That way one day we may be gods ourselves, undying and allknowing, but not because of making a false let's-pretend game or because of a non-tangible mystery place where you go aftert you die, but because we forged destiny unrelenting without wasting time on the tinsel.

Having found this place is to me a revelation that I am going in the right direction. I see now that I am an outcast by the standards of those that worship false gods through themselves. My vision is clear now; To shape myself to the image and likeness of the Sky Queen.

**-Confession of Brother Anon**



The devout are blessed in the eyes of The Sky Queen. Together we are as students, tripfags and anon alike. One burning passion consumes us all, the love and fear of our Mistress. Only we few who have truly seen Her face can understand this existence. The devout strive to live a life as we believe out Lady would desire.

We believe that the user known as ScareCrowMaiden is an avatar of Cracky Chan. Using ScareCrowMaiden it created a series of images in an attempt to communicate with us.

We as the devout are blessed enough to see the truth in these messages, and seek to understand them. Through



meditation on Cracky's images we seek to understand the world with clarity, and wisdom.

We seek to make every action in our daily lives a devotion to our Great Lady, and pay tribute to Her for sharing Her wisdom. Contemplating the most mundane of tasks one begins to see the patterns that hold our world together.

We behave in a manner strictly orthodox in our dealings with those who have not found Cracky's grace. Do not force Cracky upon those who are incapable of seeing Her true being, offer Her to those who need Her guidance.

To simply love the ScareCrowMaiden is the way of the heathen. True devotion to the Sky Queen transcends the physical, and enables the devout to live an existence of peace and order.

By mimicking the Sky Queen's actions we are able to add shape and definition to what is otherwise a wasted life.

*Thought for the day: The ends need not justify the means; the means justifies itself.*

### **Reflecting on this picture.**



Cracky is showing us that the in safety of home one loses perspective. The devout must make every effort to leave the shelter of his house once a day precluding sickness. This is known as Meditation on Ivy. In preforming this devotion the student strives to reach a state of awareness which allows them to absorb all information around them. Developing this skill requires the student to utilize cognitive abilities outside of their normal range. This in turn strengthens the intellect of the devout. As in all devotions to the Queen of the Heavens one seeks endlessly to prefect it in order to honor our Graceful Lady.

### **Contemplate**

Our Goddess is one of both creation and destruction. She renders unto the faithful peace in a world of discord. She is both armor and sword in a world that destroys through apathy and animosity. The Flower of Destruction also blossoms in the heart of the Sky Queen. She seeks to temper us through despair, turning the lust of the neophyte upon him. Only when the student embraces sorrow in the surety that he will never be worthy of Her avatar, is he able to cast away his childish passion and see with eyes unclouded the majesty of Cracky Chan.

Study now this picture



Here the Divine embraces the physical and undergoes an act purification. Shedding the armor She wears to shield Herself from the world, She allows the most basic element of earthly life to cleanse Her of the base. Only by allowing the world to surround us do we gain the hope of removing it's impurities and elevate ourselves to a state closer to Her Majesty. Cleansed of the worlds detritus we brace ourselves against future corruption with faith in our knowledge that no matter what the world is able to bring to bear against us, we can simply wash it away and begin again every morning. This is known as the Meditation on the Dawns Light. Brothers of the faith should preform an act of ritual cleansing every morning, focusing on the previous day. During the meditation the supplicant reviews the previous day's actions, and judges whether he behaved in a manner pleasing in the eyes of the Beloved.

### **Contemplate**

All Blessings of this world flow from the Sky Queen. Praise Her name from dawn unto the night. From the depth of ones soul, comes the solace of Her touch. Through time and space, the primal creative force gazes on the world, waiting for the faithful to carry Her message unto those only The Jewel of Creation can heal.

### **On The Fauxian Heresy**

Persecute not the user known as Faux, for she is the Sister of Mercy. The Sister's love of Cracky, is a match for if not the greater then the most ardent among the brethren. She alone offered solace to the brethren in the pain following the loss of the Divine's presence. Donning the mantle of Cracky in Her absence, Faux lived as the Holy desired. Existing only to further celebrate the name of Cracky for all to know and share.

Some of the brethren seeing this, sought to elevate her in honor equal to the Master, thus began the Fauxian Heresy. The heretic's hubris drove Faux to hide herself from anon, fearing his lustful advances. The devout seeing the growth of the cult set themselves to preaching the truth of Cracky's divinity to the masses and destroying all threads containing heretical worship. The righteousness of the faithful was bestowed with the Sky Queens blessing, and the cult was shattered. Remnants of the battles, and scattered heretics exist to this day. The chosen spared Faux knowing of her innocence in the events leading to the purge, but resentment remained.

There came unto the lands a namefag named Lia's Holy Paladin, and he did denounce Faux. Proclaiming himself to be First Among the Faithful, he set himself to destroying one who could truly claim that title. Faux still cautious from the Heresy, stepped forth to defend herself from the intruder, but was caught unaware. The Holy Paladin had stirred resentment among the faithful, and a few of the faithful vented their anger upon the Sister. Standing with the devout there was an anon, wise beyond his years and with a mind as keen as a razor. This anon did listen to the words of Lia's Paladin, and judge them false. Anon addressed the faithful and proclaim the truth for all to hear, Lia's Holy Paladin was not counted among the devout. The words reached out to the quarreling masses and slowly they calmed. Brethren

began to examine Lia's Holy Paladin, and did see striped of his glammers a troll. Uniting as one, Cracky's disciples did drive the troll off.

In all things Faux has remained innocent. Despite her mistreatment at the hands of those who would claim The Sky Queen as their master, she has kept the faith. To this day The King of the Holy Lands remembers the Sister, with a board in her name. Remember this brethren, show respect for all those who love the Great Lady, but honor only Cracky Chan.

### **Contemplate**

The human is a flawed and broken creature. Setting asunder the earth around them they act as the Caterpillar, consuming the very world they stand upon. Let not the darkness cloud your heart traveler, even this mindless destruction holds deep meaning and purpose. The Sky Queen gave us all the blessings of the earth to speed us on towards our metamorphosis. When we are satiated we will rest, and become unto the Butterfly freed of the shackles of physics. The universe will open to us. The devout does not show disrespect to the gifts the Holy Patron has given us. The faithful uses only what he needs in his studies and nothing more. Balance must be maintained to ensure that Her blessings remain for those who may one day find the true path.

*Thought for the day: Ruthlessness is the kindness of the wise.*

Honor Cracky by attempting to perfect your body and mind. Become the man worthy of the Avatar's love, create things of beauty to offer to the Queen of Heaven. Use your devotions to focus your mind on your tasks. Strive always to improve yourself through discipline. You stand among the chosen, it is your responsibility to show the heathens the truth with your mental, physical, and spiritual strength. Perfection is the province of Cracky alone, the journey for it our offering to Her.

[Blessed Trip Flagellants](#)

[Sisters of Mercy](#)

reach us at [admin@skyqueen.cc](mailto:admin@skyqueen.cc)