

AN INTRODUCTION TO:
and frankly, a history of the
REPUBLIC of THORONIA

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REPUBLIC OF THORONIA, Denver, Colorado.
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The Introduction:

Hello and welcome to the Republic of Thoronia. What you have in your hands is the first installment of pamphlets that will detail the teachings and history of our great and heavenly lord, King Thor. For those that are frightened of this, I offer you one consoling message: The light of the good King Thor is everlasting, eternal and most of all, very very bright. Brightness, in times such as these is key, as many of you may have found that being in the dark is both terrifying and lonely. King Thor is with you in your darkest moments and always willing to bring light to you at the most frightening of times. All of you please, sit and bask in his heaven-like glory and prepare yourself for eternal love and peace.

The History:

Before nothing was nothing or all was all, King Thor sat contemplating things with nothing on but a scarf, a pair of old shoes and boxers with his own likeness upon them. He had a tote bag in his hand. Inside of this tote bag King Thor kept his thoughts and creations. The tote, which he'd received free while attending a benefit for himself that he himself hosted was colorless, but capable of holding a massive amount of things. Massive, I'm afraid to say, being a term that hardly exemplifies the amount of things that this tote could tote.

Inside of this tote was the world, the galaxy, the universe, the dinosaurs, the dolphins, the us. It held everything that we, as human beings now know to be important or in existence. The world that King Thor held inside of his tote as he toted about the nothing is the world that we now live upon. It's startling, sure. It's frightening, maybe. But, this isn't the kind of frightening that should scare small children because the world that we live in is and always was the same and is and always was in the tote of the good King Thor.

The good King Thor's head carried us all for a time. But once the head became too large, the mass of it was placed inside of the tote. The good King gave us these words to clear up the process:

And upon thee sat my head, from my head I remove the world

that I have created and place in my tote. The tote that I have created to hold my head or what was in it. Still with me, but not in my head, not in my head, but still with me. Since I may be the only one to remember such an event I shall place a man from my tote that was once in my head in charge of conveying this message to the masses. The message will be about my removal of the message from my head to the tote to the man. The message will go like this: Dear sir, I am King Thor, the one who has created you. I have created a galaxy and universe and dinosaurs and dolphins along with you. I have placed, as I'm sure you've already noticed, the dolphins in charge. You may refer to me as King Thor, or the good King Thor, but you may not ever see me. Except for right now, that is. Although, I am likely too bright for you to see anything but a silhouette. That is okay. Silhouettes are more haunting and are better on top of mantels than a picture of myself with a tote. That is all; please carry on living inside of my tote that I created to take you out of my head. That is the message that I have to my people, the first message, the genesis. But the creation story takes place even further back in time.

1.

Three o'clock in the afternoon (GKT: I had created time already, but the first few years of it I spent removing and adding it, as well as lengthening and shortening it before finally giving up and settling on 24 hours per day).

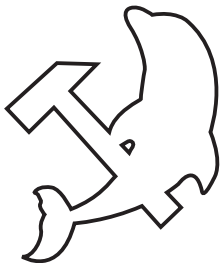
I am growing bored. Alone. What is that you say? Oh yes. Nothing to say to anyone.

I must make something to keep myself company. Perhaps my head can take care of that.

So I created machines with souls. The first attempts were simple, four limbed creatures that look like modern day human beings. They were created in the vision of myself.

Then I created the Earth, and the stars to light it with. They weren't bright enough and made little sense, so I created the universe - the galaxy - the sun. Then I put the four limbed human creatures on the Earth. They begun, immediately to fight and fuck. I created the Dinosaur to eat them, but accidentally dropped a rock on the Earth and killed them.

So I created the dolphins to rule them.



2.

The first interactions with men were not good.

I am King Thor, your creator.

So I've been wearing the tarp with the initials KT for you all these years?

It is the law.

The law, King Thor, is nothing here.

It is.

The law.

The law does make you loved.

Then we shall destroy the law.

But with no law we have no order.

Then we shall have law.

The law shall be that all live in peace and harmony. With one another and the dolphins will watch. To keep eyes upon you and convey to me what has happened. You shall all be equal, and will and must remember that fact.

Indeed good King Thor. So then the initials are quite unnecessary?

No. Keep the initials. Remind the world of me although I may not always be seen.

3.

Losing the King.

The first step to losing the King is to lose him, decisively.

Upon losing the King, seek to find him. It is much the case that the good King may have wandered off to the restroom or forgotten his tote while shopping.

Keep vigilance and never give up. The king will always be watching.

The good King continued on and with your help, we'll soon be able to spread the word on these lost and forgotten writings. The life which you've been living has been without the guiding principles of the good King Thor. This is our fault not his. His teaching, in essence, preach the understandingness of individuals, equality, trust and guides to the ethereal planes of Technicolor dreams. For those lost we've found you because you were never truly lost from the all-encompassing love of the good King Thor. Please, learn to be kind to your kind and watch closely for the return of the light in the complete black that is the Republic of Thoronia. We will rise again and destroy the dystopian, antediluvian world that erupted without the knowledge of the keen and great tote.