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Author: Samuel Chisholm

Chaos and Order

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In the beginning were Dictum and Arioch. Because time had not been invented, they battled for an eternity. One strove to fill the universe with order, the other, to fill it with chaos. When one created something, the other destroyed it. This continued until both grew weary of the struggle. Then they battled in a different way. Each created as much as he could until the universe was filled with creation. They poured their very essence into their works until these became physical manifestations of the gods themselves. Then there were almost two separate universes that were polar opposites. Dictum's on one side and Arioch's on the other.

However, as the physical manifestations of their creators, the realms of both Dictum and Arioch were incomplete and deeply flawed. Dictum's creations were perfectly ordered. There was nothing out of place, a clockwork device of cosmic proportions. It was also dull, lacking in vibrancy, void of any free will or change. Arioch's creation was no less imperfect. In the pure, roiling unpredictability of his realm, things existed for only instants before collapsing on themselves. Living creatures sprang into existence for seconds and then went extinct. There was no relation between cause and effect. It was complete, undiluted randomness.

When the gods looked at each other's creations, they boasted about their creation's superiority. Arioch spoke of the dull, lifelessness of Dictum's works. Dictum belittled the incoherence and lack of solidity in Arioch's worlds. With these boasts ringing in his ears, Arioch stole a small amount of Dictum's essence. He then used the

order to stabilize the structure of his creation. Then Dictum stole from his counterpart, adding some individuality to his works. When the gods realized that the other was also stealing their very identity, they grew enraged and battled again. This time, their struggles rocked all of creation. Now however, each god was trying to take all of creation for himself. Dictum established laws of nature, confined randomness, forced continuity. Arioch upset laws, shattered order, unmade continuity. However, with each alteration to the universe, the gods poured their own essence into that of the other. Then they froze. One last space of the universe remained. The two looked at each other as they both prepared to implement their will on the last portion. Then they struck. Both struggled to encase the disorder with a shell of order. Their powers met, the order formed and they realized that they had become one. They were Chaos. In their struggle, each had stolen a vast amount of the other's very identity, what the other truly represented and had been changed. Order and Randomness had been spread throughout the universe.

Then Chaos looked over creation and was displeased. At first, the blend of randomness and order appeared to be haphazard and random in and of itself. Randomness seemed to be almost everywhere and only directed sparsely and weakly. Then he saw the beauty in what had been wrought and forged. He had expected it to be like a crystal of order with the gas of randomness inside. What was actually created was the quark-gluon plasma chaos, definite volume, indefinite shape. The universe was a fractal in time, a paradox, always changing yet endlessly repeating. Then Chaos again looked upon creation and was pleased.