

# Other Tales of the Button

Histories and Ideologies of Various Button Factions

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Published by the Church of the Button

First Edition published August 20 2024

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# Introduction

## Preface

Alongside the publication of “The Chronicles of the Church of the Button” a great deal of material was found that was interesting but could not fit into the chronicles of the Church, both because it wasn’t written by members of the Church of the Button but also because a vast majority of this material is heretical. Despite this, there is immense value in recording these texts for the historical record.

These excerpts come from both reddit posts and reddit wikis from the various subreddits that were home to the many factions of the Button. They provide a different perspective on the events from the Button’s creation on April 1st, 2015, to the death of the Button on June 5th that same year, and beyond. In the matter of writing down beliefs and history, not all factions were created equal. Some wrote extensive writings and detailed histories while others left barely a scrawl. Some even less, or worse, deleted and gone forever.

## Other Tales of the Button

### Team 60s

#### “History of The Button”

By kuh12345 published on April 27th, 2015

On April 1st The Button revealed itself to the users of Reddit. In addition to The Button there is also a timer. The timer counts down from 60 seconds. The Button presented us with the important task of pressing. When The Button is pressed the timer is reset to 60 seconds. However The Button can only be pressed once. This task of pressing was a great honor and many users wisely decided to click The Button. These users were rewarded with a colored flair.

In addition the colored flairs include the number of the timer when they pressed. The Button gave us a choice of pressing or not pressing. However The Button requires that we press and not pressing is blasphemy. The users who refused to press have a gray flair that say “non-pressers”. While a great deal of these non-presser’s simply wait to press to obtain a certain color flair, there are those who simply refuse to press The Button. They are known collectively as the Followers of the Shade. These users are misled and defy The Button by refusing to press.

All the pressers who obey the wishes of The Button will be rewarded. But only the 60s are chosen. Shortly after The Button revealed itself, a prophet was born, thebutton. He enlightened us with the

knowledge that we the 60s were the chosen ones. He is famously declared “Only 60s may be saved. All others are lost”. In the early days of the button there was tension between the 60s and the lower numbered purples especially the 59s. However today the purist view is no longer prominent among the 60s community. Eventually the 60s organized and became a cohesive group, eventually forming a democratic government.

Conflict arose when the Sun Guardians changed their downvote button to purple. Some purples questioned if it was an act of war. The conflict was resolved, however some claim that the lingering yellow anger towards purples from this event led to the first official war of the pressers.

On April 17th Team 60s joined forces with the Violet hand and declared war on the Sun Guardians in response to the Illemonati planning an offensive against the purple subreddits. However peace was quickly made when the Chief Minuteman thechattys show negotiated with YOU\_INSPIRE\_US (the Illemonati leader).

## Destructionists

“The Destructionists - We will bring about the button's end”

By cosmic\_potato published on April 4th, 2015

We are the **Destructionists** and our sole purpose is to see the timer reach zero and the button destroyed, and we don't care how. The destruction of the button is inevitable, but we would bring it about as soon as possible.

### Who We Are

Staunch non-pressers and 60s pressers serve the cause of destruction with equal effectiveness, and I consider both to be allies. The non-pressers rob the button of life by refusing to press while the 60s pressers have permanently expended their press in a way that does not extend the button's life, whether that was their intent or not. Purple pressers of less than 60s can be considered to serve the cause of destruction to an imperfect degree, for they have robbed the button of a majority of the life they could have given it with patience. We needn't look down on pressers in general, for pressers of all sorts ultimately help to bring about destruction, because their press is one less beat of the button's heart. Indeed, impulsive pressing at 60s is to be encouraged.

Non-pressers must remain strong and never give in to temptation to press with the goal of gaining a colorful sub-50s flair. Such weakness is a betrayal of the cause of destruction.

## Who We Are Not

We are opposed to all those who intentionally desire to extend the button's life, chief among them are the Redguards, or the Knights of the Button. Their goal to extend the button's life is folly, and Destructionists seek to undermine them.

## Why Destroy the Button?

I have no visions of rapture, reward or apocalyptic glory, though many Destructionists might. Quite simply, I want to see what happens when the timer reaches zero, and I don't want to wait.

Come now, Destructionists, and bring about the button's end!

## FilthyPlatypus' Speech to the Destructionists

By FilthyPlatypus published on May 21st, 2015

I am filthyplatypus, and I'm running for president. This sub is being run into the ground by our current leadership, who seems to be more interested in making alliances with the Church and the Knights, our two biggest enemies. They joined UPTO, a pressist sub, and willingly joined into an alliance with the Knights and the Church. Does that seem right, to be in an alliance with our two biggest enemies?

Instead of fixing this, and working on building the community, 3x5x seems to be more interested in parading himself around on Destructionist News. It was a good initial concept, but much like our sub, 3x5x has run that into the ground. It's nothing more than 3x5x patting himself on the back by arguing with a Knight, rather than getting some actual leadership done. It's sickening to see this happen to our sub, and especially sickening knowing that we can change it but haven't.

I am running for president because I am going to focus on building /r/destructionist, instead of parading myself around. While 3x5x was celebrating himself, I have been strengthening our alliances with our true allies, with the Violet Hand, Followers of the Shade, and more. I have a vested interest in making our sub great, and I will build the community. It's sickening that the button has gone on for this long, and if elected president, my first initiative will be to launch a massive propaganda push. I will have our numbers rise in size, and those in our ranks proud to be a destructionist!

I promise to you, my fellow destructionists, that if elected, I will focus on strengthening our alliances, ramping up the war against the Knights, turning Destructionist News into a respectable outfit, and walking away from all of the mess that 3x5x has created, including joining UPTO, yet another pressist sub, and having a defensive pact with our biggest enemy.

I will be there for you, and together we shall see the button fall. Thank you for your time.

## 3x5x's Speech to the Destructionists

By 3x5x published on May 21st, 2015

I believe in a concrete plan of action. Therefore I present you my "Eightfold Path" for Destructionists of actions we can take beginning now, if I am elected.

1. **Democracy.** To comply with our UPTO expectations, and to improve the image of the Destructionists, as well as to affirm the individual freedoms of the Destructionists, I will continue democratization of our key institutions. I will schedule judiciary elections (see following point) to decide internal affairs. Under a 3x5x Presidency, there will be three important elected roles: Representative to United Colors / UPTO, to decide on multilateral affairs and motions; President, to confirm treaties and focus on internal subreddit affairs; and Head Justice, to enforce the Constitution and interpret treaties.
2. **Justice.** Our subreddit is involved in several treaties. The interpretation of the text of these treaties is currently up to me, and once the Constitution comes into effect, to King cosmic\_potato. I will devolve this power to a new Judiciary if elected, as the Constitution instructs.
3. **News.** I have received quite some criticism for Destructionist News, but I truly believe it to be an asset for our cause. I will continue supporting the News and linking it further with the subreddit itself.
4. **Proselytism:** Our enemy is not primarily the 4000 knights, but rather the 180000 /r/thebutton subscribers. The more we can convert to our cause, the better.
5. **Participation:** I will encourage increased participation by Destructionists and Destructionist sympathizers in this subreddit. An active subreddit is a healthy subreddit, and will have a higher chance of attracting new supporters.
6. **Positivity:** I will seek to contrast the vitriol of the Knights and Church with tolerance and harmony. We will improve our image among other subreddits and attract more support.
7. **Community:** I will seek to increase integration with the United Colors and work closely with dudeliketotally to increase our influence in the United Colors. I will continue to lobby for our ideology in the UPTO.
8. **Action:** If elected, I will encourage and empower those like filthyplatypus, my opponent, who want to conduct actions against other groups like the Knights. I will start task forces to review and conduct covert activities.

I will continue by addressing a common criticism of my administration: the treaty with the Church and the UPTO. I want to stress that we are not at peace with the Knights, and if we are elected I will not make peace with the Knights. I consider the Church, a small subreddit, a distraction from our ultimate goal, so indeed we are at peace with the Church and I intend to maintain that peace.

# Emerald Council

## The House of Assignment

By GreenSpleen6, published on May 4th, 2015

Seven hours ago, I was sent outside the city walls to document a certain building spotted beyond the confines of any faction. My superiors' informants alluded to the possibility of crime, and I was told to observe and recount what I saw.

The house sat upon a plain grassy hill. It stood two stories high, fashioned of wood planks. It bore no color, emblem, or flag. A worn path connected the building to the orange kingdoms, which broke apart into smaller paths leading to all territories. In the distance, a wagon drifted toward the Orange Revolution capitol, abounding with empty barrels.

As I entered, I saw a bar and many people with drinks, but the room was dead silent. The air was thick with the smell of incense and cigars. Most every man wore a white hooded robe with which to hide their form, save for a few proud oranges and apathetic purples. For a moment, I felt dozens of eyes upon me, my green robes highlighting me to their perception. Why are these people hiding themselves?

I didn't know what was going on. Was I witnessing an organized criminal gathering? If I leave right now, they might try to capture or kill me. If I act cool, and someone recognizes me, I could be implicated. I decided the latter option to be less risky. Almost as soon as I had decided, the crowd was back to reveling in their chemical bliss, no longer concerned by my arrival.

The bartender was a woman, yellow. She had a broken arm and a charming scowl. Regardless, she made and served drinks more efficiently than any green tavern keeper I ever met.

"Ale, and a cigar, please," I said. "Are you the owner?"

"Nie, the Madame is upstairs." Her words were slurred, and I smelled opium on her breath. "I would like to meet this Madame. Is she available?"

"Wh- is she available? Of course not. The Madam does not entertain guests, and nu- neither do I before you ask."

"Oh." It seemed I had discovered a sort of brothel. Behind the barkeep, a silky pink curtain leaked smoke onto the floor of the bar, and I noted the smell of opium again. "As a representative of the Emerald Council I assure you I only wish to speak to the Madame."

"Her office is the fa- furthest room from the stairs, greenie. If she doesn't respond to your knock, tough l-luck."



"Also, what's happening in that room behind you? Looks like fun."

"Hrmph. S-Seeing as you are a fancy-pants Council Representative and all, I os- assure you there's nothing back there for you."

After running my burn under cold water and finishing my cigar, I went to meet the Madame. At the base of the stairs, I scanned the room once more. It seemed the establishment served only to sate those vices deemed unruly by certain cultures. Not everyone agrees on the lawfulness of prostitution and opium, but there is no law in this land.

From the top of the stairs, a single symmetrical stretch of doors led to the Madame's office. On each door, there hang a sign bearing a name, color and corresponding "price per hour". At the bottom, a vacancy signal in the form of a wooden switch. Of twenty rooms, eleven were purple, four blue, one green, four orange. Predictably, the purples and blues were the cheapest. But the green was priced above the oranges, apparently due to a higher demand to supply ratio. I wondered what led these women to this life, and if they were content.

Salacious sounds seeped through the walls as I approached the blank door at the end of the hall. I listened to the door and heard silence before knocking three times. "Come in!" A raspy voice drifted through. I stepped inside to find a well lavished room with stained leather and all the amenities needed to never leave the place. In the center stood an older orange woman, clad in white leather. She held a cigar as if she had been holding it her entire life.

"I am Madame Penelope. Who are you and why are you here?" She wheezed, as if feeling the need to command her voice to perform above its capacity.

"I am here on behalf of the Emerald council. I came to-"

"Damn it all, when will you impetuous diplomat wannabees stop pestering me about your stolid laws? We are outside your jurisdiction!" She began coughing violently, and ran to the sink to hack up a blob of stained phlegm.

"Madame, I am only a scribe. I came to recount the purpose of this place to the council. As far as I know, we have no quarrel with your operations."

The Madame returned to her desk and began sucking on her cigar again, giving me a shrewd look. "Well, you saw what you needed to see, didn't you? Or is it necessary for you to waste more of my time?"

"I was curious as to where your entertainers came from?"

"All you need to know is that they have a home and are paid well for their services. They're not slaves, they can leave whenever they like. Now, if you aren't prepared to buy something, leave."

"Perhaps I'm looking for opium?"

"Perhaps you're looking for opium huh? Perhaps you should leave while you still have your precious fingers, scribe."

And so I left. On the way home, I felt a sense of failure in my mission. I had only the word of two people and my suspicions. I decided it wouldn't be my last visit.

## Part 2

Every day since I became green, I have worn my color proudly. But this day I traveled in white robes. The Madame's house of vice is several miles from the borders of any city, be the seclusion of necessity or preference, I don't know. A horse-drawn wagon with ten barrels passed me by, the driver wearing white. On one barrel, I spotted a strange insignia of an orange and red swirl. As I approached the house, the wagon brought its shipment around back, where men in orange began unloading it.

Inside the tavern, the same scent of cigars, alcohol, and incense greeted me, this time accompanied by music and the sound of merriment, uninterrupted by my presence. Yesterday's yellow bartender was absent, with drinks served by the Madame herself, one hand ever-occupied by a cigar. I needed to see the back room, but I couldn't seem nosy about it. I approached the bar and decided to speak in a different voice. "Hello, um. M-my friend said I could find p-painkillers here?"

"Do-[COUGH] Ahem. Do you have coin?" The Madame spoke without regard for the smoke already inside her lungs. It hardly mattered, the air was like smog regardless.

"Yes! I- uh... Plenty!"

"In the back." She pointed to a wooden door that blended with the walls. "You pay per hour. Every hour, one of my boys will mark everyone's hands and you pay on the way out." Again she launched into a fit of coughing until hacking up phlegm. She truly was disgusting, despite her impeccable fashion sense.

The den was well furnished, with feather couches, pillows, and ceiling drapes of all colors. The guard was marking peoples' hands with small tallies of black ink. The drapes divided the room into a sort of maze. The air was thick with smoke and incense, and I gagged. In the chemical fog I stumbled to find something worth observing, my mind hazing away into something utterly indescribable. The ceiling began to rise, and my body peeled off in layers, falling away like so many thin silken sheets. Suddenly the world twisted around me until a pool of feathers fell upon my back. In my peripheral vision, short buildings of fluff and wooden parasols. Ahead of me, a deluge of drapes dangled from the heavens themselves, only their tasseled edges visible. Behind me, exhausted voices and the muffled collisions of metal on wood.

"Those revolutionary fruits are just another government. Red apocalypse this, prepare for war that. They lie to get what they want, just like those Grey Hopeful fools."

"They claimed to be enemies with the reds before the reds even existed. Now we're here, and they're standing around with their tails between their legs. We'll show them a revolution all right."

A man in white lifted me from the ground. "First time, eh? Knocked me on my ass too. Didn't even notice." Behind him, nine orange men walked nine maple barrels from a hole in the floor to the kitchen next to the bar.

"Thank you." I tried to say before walking toward the stairs, but what I really said was "Thuk'gew." As I approached the basement door, mistakenly left open, I checked that no man watched me. The last of the barrel-bearers was entering the kitchen, and I descended the stairs quietly. Two men in red regalia sat on a couch in silence, backs to the stairs, smoking opium. In the middle of the room sat an open barrel, its lid bearing the insignia of orange and red. I approached the barrel quietly, catching a glimpse of polished steel blades before hearing a step behind me. I took a blow to the head, and consciousness left me.

I came to inside a barrel on a wagon. My head and joints ached and my robes were stained with wine. Outside, a muffled conversation too faint to hear. The next hour's ride became progressively rougher as the wagon traversed an unpaved path. I recounted my assumptions. The Madame's house of vice was being used to stockpile armaments for some kind of red-orange coup against the Orange Revolution. Since I know this, they are likely planning to kill me or use me. I felt an overwhelming sense of anxiety, matched only by the moments before my banishment to the world of color, now supplemented with raw fear.

We came to a stop. My barrel tumbled to the ground before being pried open. As the lid was severed from my prison, no light met my eyes. I painfully crawled out onto damp stone, my ears meeting only the echoes of dripping water, followed by an unmistakable fit of coughing. Too weak to protest, I was lifted into a chair and bound by ropes. Above me, stalactites dripped mineral-rich water while a net of luminescent slime tethered them to one another, traversed by white worms.

From behind, I heard the striking of a match and the soft crackle of burning tobacco. The match was flicked just over my head, and I watched as it fell, still burning, into an endless abyss which no doubt began where my chair ended. "Awfully nosy for a scribe, hmm? [Cough] Could have just left us be, and you'd be sitting pretty in your little desk sipping green tea, if that really is your occupation. Why shouldn't I kill you?" Only Madame Penelope managed to sound frightening while wheezing.

"I can help you." I lied.

"How the hell could you help me and why would you? Do you even know what it is I want?"

"I believe you're staging a revolt against the Orange Revolution with the reds. The Council has a secret weapons cache outside the city, and I can show you how to get in."

"Hrmph" The Madame grunted, and didn't speak for some time. I heard her boots approach my chair from behind, but I couldn't turn to face her. Then her boot met my back, and I plummeted into darkness. My world began to spin, and only that shrinking window through which I could see the glowing web gave me orientation. I screamed as I fell, followed by a whimper as the chair stopped at some unknown point before the bottom, held taunt by ropes. I sat suspended in the hole for what seemed like hours, a faint conversation drifting down. I was pulled up slowly, my legs and head dragging along the rough stone walls. I was lifted out and this time set with my back to the hole. The Madame and eleven men grinned at me, nine of orange and two of red.

"This is what is going to happen, scribe. First, you're going to tell me all about this weapons cache. If we like what we find, we'll come back and free you. Otherwise, this will be your final resting place."

The weapons cache didn't exist. The council did, however, have a bunker for storage of sensitive documents far outside the city, with a lock that required permissions from at least three Emerald Quarter members to open. I directed them toward it, knowing they would waste time trying to get in. My only chance was to escape while they were gone, and hope this cave was somewhere near the Council.

By the time they left, my eyes had adjusted to the darkness, and I could just see the floor. All around me were sharp stalagmites jutting from the ground. I could only just reach the ground with my feet. Pathetically I struggled to inch away from the hole without pushing myself back. Within an hour of shuffling and awkwardly seeking a stalagmite at the right height, I was free.

I emerged from the cave, acute light of the sun stabbing my eyes, and saw I was further from the Council than I had ever been. Directly betwixt myself and the Council laid the Madame's brothel. The bunker was far in the opposite direction from the Council, so I had time. This bitch wasn't starting a war if I could help it. As I made my way to the tavern, I spotted one of the Madame's orange goons lying upon the side of the road, veins jutting from his surface, a few white worms leeching his essence. His robes served me far better than my tattered stained rags of white.

As I entered the tavern, every orange raised their mug and cheered briefly as I rushed up the stairs. Being cheaply constructed, the doors had rudimentary locks and the Madame's office gave way with a little shove, the wood frame splintering away around the iron mechanism. On her desk, I saw a strange scripture that described another type of world. It said our plane of existence was once used solely for war, between two factions representing adverse forces, the Periwinkle and the Orangered. Apparently, the Orangered emerged victorious, but the world was consumed and recycled shortly after.

The Madame also kept a journal, in which she described plans to re-fabricate the Orangered faction and use its inherit dominance to rule all. Showing the Orange Revolution what-for was only the beginning. Her plan was good. First, she usurps the Orange Revolution from within, and then slowly works to unite the Oranges and the Reds, all the while building a secret military with which to eventually steamroll the world.

It seemed she was intelligent, audacious and demented. She trusted no one with her plans. I fantasized burning this place to the ground, to let it be consumed by those hues she fantasizes over, but the Orangered faction would be a threat as long as she lived.

Then I spotted her cigars. She had boxes and boxes of the things, all the same. Their labels said they were made with Firram roots, a rare reagent used to treat an obscure affliction of the mind. They were made by an apothecary that went out of business when the alchemist was murdered. It seemed the Madame really had been holding the same cigar all her life. Without them, she would plunge into madness, followed by loss of motor control, and a most horrific death. Paralyzed, she would watch the machinations of insanity consume her as her body mistakenly refuses life. All this within a few hours without one of those cigars.

I burned the cigars, the scripture, and the journal. Their smoke billowed out the windows, carrying the scent of lavender. Soon after the tavern was evacuated, it was devoured by heat. The plain hill became a beacon of orange and red, overpowering the now dark purple sun. The working girls had gathered, lamenting. They apparently did love their home.

Madame Penelope was dead and she didn't even know it. Perhaps one of her underlings would try to revive the Orangered philosophy, but now the Orange Revolution is prepared. On the way home, I felt not a sense of success in my mission, but satiation. I decided it would be my last visit to a brothel.

## “The Book of Greenspleen6”

By GreenSpleen6 published on June 8th, 2015

### **A World Bound by Time**

1 And so it came to pass at the first moment when the gates opened and hundreds of thousands of fresh souls flooded this plane above planes, a new dimension was born, destined to die. In each of their hands, they held a perfect shining hammer of the purest crystal. At the center of this plane above planes was an anvil atop a pedestal, thousands of souls rushing to strike their hammer upon the anvil, seeing as it was the only option presented. 2 As each crystalline hammer hit the anvil, it shattered and the soul was sent to the plane below. Perhaps they saw the goal as a race, but many who hesitated to strike the anvil grew to love their hammer, for they were both disgusted and mesmerized by what lay in the plane below their plane.

3 As the souls looked down upon the plane below, they saw a great sun that shone in purple light, a blackness encroaching and receding upon the majority of its radiance. As each perfect hammer shattered upon the anvil, darkness consumed the sun fully and a soul was reborn in the plane below. 4 For a long time, the plane below our own was dimly lit, it's growth stunted, shrouded in ignorance, and its population...

5 Insects. When the uncolored looked upon those cast in purple light for the first time, a great many saw only insects. Writhing, growing in number exponentially. But the eye of a soul is subject to trickery when

looking through the lens below. Many saw insects, and they said their hammer was more valuable than being an insect. 6 Some saw mere filth in the purple light, and said their hammer was worth more than anything. 7 Some saw men in the purple light, and chose to join them. Some saw gods in the purple light, and were eager to sacrifice their hammers. And many souls still simply found upon the plane and rushed to use their hammer the moment they could. Some souls saw that our perception was skewed, and considered their choice more carefully.

### **The Age of Color**

8 During the age of dim purple glow, Many groups formed with different philosophies concerning the decision to descend. To many, it became clear that the world below their world was in fact not populated by insects, but by men. 9 The men, much like the souls, had clans and kingdoms alike. Some thought the souls were equal to men, that it doesn't matter if and when you use your hammer. Others saw their inherit position in the plane above a clear indicator of significance. And others still were afraid to join the plane below, hammer gleaming in hand.

10 Then, one night as the darkness receded from the purple sun, men below and souls above watched as for a brief moment, the sun flashed blue. The blue light shined inspiration among souls and men alike, and it was known that the sun's life would be long and radiant. 11 Then, several hammers collapsed upon the anvil, but only 5 were born in the next world under blue light. Every man and soul looked upon the new blue form and thought it satisfactory. They seemed to glow long after the blue light of the sun had been consumed.

12 And so it was as the growing patience of souls allowed the darkness upon the sun to recede further, revealing fertile green and now brilliant yellow flecks upon the plane below planes. Their colors dull in brightness as their numbers grow and time passes. Their societies and culture growing throughout the land whose face is limited only the brightness of the sun. 13 This plane of ours and the plane below are divided into several factions with wars, treaties, and betrayal, and as I hold my hammer, I realize that I only have one chance to see both sides of the sun. 14 The precious hammers inflict darkness upon the world below, further slowing progression to its furthest radiance. But without the darkness, the sun will consume itself. What value will this world have then?

### **The Roaring Anvil**

15 The anvil stood, silent. Hundreds of souls stood by, waiting for the right moment, whatever that may be. Some of them waited with hammers poised and steady hands, and some trembled. Thousands watched from the distance, absorbing the scale of luminescence, purple, blue, green, yellow, darkness. 16 That undulating blackness blotting the sun was no mere shroud. To look upon it was to look upon the void itself, a maddening form whose presence can be defined only by what surrounds it.

17 The anvil lies directly above the sun, their identity linked but vaguely so. The sun gleams yellow, and a dozen hammers shatter. A dozen souls are absorbed by the anvil, and a dozen burning pulses are sent rocketing to the world below. 18 One golden star plummets, and its passing is appreciated by onlookers.

Eleven mauve stones fall among the hoards, their journey already forgotten if not completely unrecognized.

19 And so I stood by this anvil, for I knew my place in the world below, and I too trembled. A pattern had arisen throughout my brethren. Not everyone wanted to become yellow, but the sun was allowed to express its brightest form fairly consistently. 20 The void began to recede again. The sun flashed blue, and no soul raised their hammer. As blue light was replaced by the verdant aurora, I found my arm raised, a perfect hammer of purest crystal refracting shards of light upon my surroundings, the anvil, and my peers. No other raised his hand, and I felt at peace. 21 My arm fell swiftly, and the firmness of crystal was replaced by a fine dust.

### **Banishment**

22 Suddenly I was surrounded by only green light and warmth. I absorbed the light for what felt like hours, swimming as if those precious lumens had formed a soup with the consistency of oil. Then I heard the ringing of the anvil, its vibrations upsetting my bath. I looked up, and saw that wretched void closing in, nothing where light and warmth once were. 23 As the darkness overtook the invisible walls of this space, I was forced out into the open, falling in a shower of green light. As I fell, I looked up and saw darkness consume the sun, and for a moment I was bathed in the brightest source of light in the known world. 24 Behind the sun, there was only darkness and I saw that the absolute void was the rule, and that existence is the exception.

25 I write this from a now gilded desk in the verdant jewel of the world, content never to see the plane above planes again. My landing was cushioned by a shower of light, and my arrival was welcomed with open arms. May the sun live long, and its presence be radiant to all who watch it.

### **On the Arrival of Gyrodawn**

The sun seemed to simply disappear from the sky, leaving the world with darkness, cold, and ignorance. Fear grappled the hearts of all men. Suddenly we were anchored to the world only by the presence of others, stumbling, groping, and crying out in the dark. Were we being tested? Or had the end truly come?

But, it was not the end. The sun reemerged from the void, casually returning from some unannounced cosmic vacation, burning for a moment in crimson radiance, before swiftly being consumed again by the void, as it were before. A blazing red comet fell upon the world, first of its kind among a people who hath not seen even orange light. His presence was unmistakable. As the first and only red-born his light burned across the land, making his presence known to all. Immediately He was surrounded by admirers, worshipers, skeptics, and witch hunters. It was thought then that red light would be a long time coming in the future, and that He would occupy a position of power until the sun died.

And He said No, and donned a cloak to hide his light. Perhaps He believed his status was unnatural, the result of forces beyond our narrow control. Or maybe He would be stripped of the key to the world such

that he may watch as we fight like dogs for it when our time comes, knowing that whoever wins, they will still never have what He had.

### **To Witness the Apocalypse**

Things have changed since the fiery arrival of Gyrodawn. On the day of his coming, a certain fear took root in the minds of men below and souls above. Our world is not perfect. Its machinations depend on factors beyond the control of the inhabitants. If the sun itself could simply disappear, how else may our world be disrupted?

Then we found out. In the plane above planes, souls watched in horror as darkness receded from the sun, past yellow, past orange, into the deep crimson, frighteningly uncharted territory. Yet rang the Anvil. It was a geyser of crystal dust, carried by the Anvil's fierce reverberations. Panicked souls rushed in vain to save the precious sun. Even a demigod among the grays was banished to the plane below.

The men below, powerless to influence their fate, could only watch, paralyzed with terror as the sun burned. It gave souls form without dimming, flinging golden stars, tangerine fireballs, and finally erupting in blazing comets as it slowly died. The void all but vanished from the surface of the sun, compressed to an impossible size until it exploded, consuming the sun and the anvil fully. Now men below and souls above were left only with darkness, and a message. "It's Over." Surely the end had come.

But it was not over. Once again the sun was restored, and once again did those who were born in the plane below remain. Now there were several controversial reds of various rank, and there was dissent among men and souls. The philosophies of all factions were tested, and many buckled under the weight. But this great hourglass churns onward, more prepared than ever.

### **The Circadian Age**

The living sun seldom spits but scarlet stones today. I can picture them now, the Knights above organizing, strategizing, categorizing. Tackling the infernal question: how best to preserve the thing that brings all emotion and meaning to this world? The Knights did something strange, a controversial act that I cannot judge, for I too love the sun. They found upon unguided souls in the plane above. Their identity and will having been taken from the gods as punishment, they act only on the intentions of others. And so did the Knights collect these souls, and ordered them to strike the anvil as the sun shined the brightest it could shine.

The Red Guard below has already received one such soul. These things have no function in the world below, as far as I can perceive. Under the cyclic sun it slowly strays, searching for what? Though it hath not the capacity to choose or create, it is driven to wander. What drives it? Is it a fundamental thing, present in all of us? If so, how can I know that I am the sole driver of myself? What of my actions comes from that which the husk lacks, and what from which it does not? Perhaps we are all, on another plane of logic, purely suggestible machines, simply reacting to what is around us. What then, has will? Perhaps the



gods are the only self-driven beings, able to create and destroy as they see fit. But, if I had not a choice as to strike the anvil as I saw fit, perhaps even the gods had not a choice as to create it.

What is left in a world without choices? The answer differs not in the slightest from a world with choice. Such is the nature of unknowable truths, wherein understanding does not change the environment. Understanding changes perception, which is either meaningless or all that really matters. So press on, Knights of The Button, may your dedication preserve the circadium for many cycles.

### **The Experiment is Over**

The safety mechanism on a firearm does not so effectively make the weapon more safe. The presence of the safety leads men to a false sense of security, and they treat the thing less carefully. If there was no safety, the only safety in handling a firearm is to handle it with utmost care, and to always respect the proper handling technique. The safety of a firearm, any safety mechanism for that matter, can fail.

And so did one of the Knight's zombies fail to give life to the button when it was needed. So too did the minds of souls fall into the trap of false safety, and allow the sun to consume itself. As for whether the sun would still shine if not for the zombies, I cannot say. Though the zombies had saved us many times over, we may have had a more organized force to ensure the sun's survival.

Now that world sits, frozen. Its timeline cut, the world stands unable to progress. Our bodies, granted by the light of the sun, shall rest until the dimension is consumed or destroyed by a greater force, whilst us souls wander to new adventures, or stay a while and reminisce.

We see the foretold Pressiah, last to sacrifice their hammer to the sun. His corporeal body stands tall, forever unaware of its own significance, robes of violet flowing over the many craters of the land. BigGoron will discover the true value of a perfect crystal hammer in many worlds.

As written by the scribe GreenSpleen6

## The Grey Hopeful

### “Gospel of The Grey Hopeful”

By RamsesThePigeon published on April 3rd, 2015

Press not The Button, friends, lest ye be denied your due reward in the After-Timer... for as the final second may become but an empty shell, those who restrained themselves from an errant touch may find themselves given not simply a Colored Dot, but a shining gift of Reddit Gold.

I speak now on behalf of The Grey Hopeful, we who strive to keep wayward souls from squandering their single press without knowledge of what lies beyond. We trust in the beneficence of The Admins; in they

who maintain for us this Site. In granting us the gift of The Button, they sought only to make us examine ourselves: Are we, as Redditors, of the sort who would settle for small but immediate gratification, or those who would take the time to wait and be rewarded in a greater way?

Of course, The Grey Hopeful were not founded on the belief that only we would be rewarded once The Timer counted down... in fact, one may indeed press The Button if one is so inclined. Each individual is free to follow their heart's desire, provided that it brings no harm to another (whether they be Grey, Colored, or unaffiliated). As members of The Grey Hopeful, we are all equal, regardless of our color. We seek only to warn others away from The Button, that they might be rewarded. Ours is a selfless sect, one which does not desire a reward until the whole of Reddit has been rewarded before us. Yes, we may have in our hearts the longing for Gold, and yes, we may be as ridden by greed as any other being... but to wish, even for a fleeting moment, that our Brothers and Sisters be Gilded, is enough to make one a member of The Grey Hopeful.

If ever there is any doubt of our sincerity... then I shall push The Button myself. I shall take on that sacrifice.

Yet I shall remain Hopeful.

TL;DR: Push not The Button. They who exercise restraint shall see Reddit Gold in the After-Timer.

## Hitchhikers

### “The Button is BLUE – The Answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything”

By Tirithadan published on May 16h, 2015.

*"In the beginning the Universe was created. This has made a lot of people very angry and been widely regarded as a bad move."*

I observed the creation of this subreddit with amusement, and over the past month I've popped in from time to time to see the status of "THE BUTTON", thinking about how silly the whole thing has been. So much drama over something so insignificant?

But at the same time, each time I visited I found myself thinking more and more about THE QUESTION. It nagged at me. "Do I press it?"

The last time I visited was a week ago. 30-60s button pushes all over the place. Whatever.

But early this morning when I visited, I noticed something interesting: 10s. 10s. 10s... Suddenly the hoopla over The Button became a lot more interesting, as it looks like we are slowly converging on End

Game Strategy. Maybe a week or two out, things will get very interesting indeed. To my shame, excitement arose. I noticed users with Red Flairs at 11s. 10s. 9s. I saw a Red Flair at 0s. Wait! What?? How did that happen?!?

"There is a theory which states that if ever anyone discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable."

I read about "The Cassandra Incident". Glitches happened. The Button broke. The Universe ended. I found myself getting annoyed. Very annoyed. The Universe was restarted, and true to form, a widely regarded bad move was made. And like it or not, the oh so shiny image of the Red Flair was tainted.

After reading about how the Universe ended, I realized I am now watching something even more bizarre and inexplicable: people are going to continue to waste hours and hours (and hours) of their time trying to get something meaningless, and yet pretend it is so precious that they are (already!) stating they have something of greater intrinsic value compared to everyone else.

"There is another theory which states that this has already happened."

Indeed.

So I logged in. I clicked Unlock. And there it was. For the first time, I saw with my own eyes The Unlocked Button in all of its glory.

THE BUTTON IS BLUE

I realized I had just been given the Answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything.

So I clicked, and became a 42.

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P.S. -- To Gandalf of the Grey: I have the utmost respect for you. But sometimes it's OK to for The Button to shoot you with the Point of View Gun and whispers sweet nothings in your ear about the number 42. Try it. You might like it.

# Holy 0

## “The Holy 0 Handbook”

By fivehourdelay and Not\_A\_Facehugger published on April 3rd, 2015

The Great Button itself is not sacred. It is merely a fact that it exists, as so many others do.

Before The Button, the people of Reddit pressed mindlessly: upvote; downvote; reply; edit; report; subscribe. We were rewarded for our efforts with colors in blues and oranges, purples and reds, and we rejoiced in the power we thought their hues bestowed upon us.

We were all grey in the beginning.

---

The Church of the Holy 0 does not wish for anyone to press The Great Button mindlessly, as so many fallen Purples had in the early days. But to press impulsively is understandable. We have all of us been there, and redemption is possible.

Neither does The Church of the Holy 0 wish to prolong the suffering The Great Button has caused to those known as The Redguard, whose misguided efforts to prolong the timer and prevent its natural end are in vain.

To wait as the timer runs down only to press at the final moment is futile, and only delays the inevitable. The Redguard are attached to that which is ultimately empty of meaning. They too can be saved and shown the error of their ways.

Indeed, the Pressers and Non-Pressers alike, and all the factions therein share a common destiny at the Holy 0. The ones who embrace The Holy 0 will rejoice in the wisdom and self-knowledge that it bestows.

There still exists a grey beneath every purple and blue. The greens and oranges will come, and then The Redguard. We must treat them with sympathy and compassion, for we understand the temptations they face and the fear that uncertainty brings.

We must teach them that a meaningful life can only exist when one confronts the inevitable Holy 0 and accepts that all things must end to make way for new beginnings.

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The Unseen are the great enemy, and not to be confused with The Blessed Innocent.

Faced with the absurdity of The Great Button, or the shame of being an impulsive Purple, The Unseen cower in obscurity away from the opportunities that The Great Button's question offers. Not only do they hide from The Great Button and fear the warm embrace of The Holy 0 that awaits us all, they hide from themselves as well.

The Unseen remove themselves of choice and culpability, and are never to be trusted.

They are robbers of truth. They point fingers at anyone but themselves.

They are content with the way things were. Their sin is not fear of change, but fear of looking inward at themselves.

The Holy 0 forces one to confront the truth, and it accepts all who show themselves to it as they are, but The Unseen fear what it might expose and are doomed to roam the earth never knowing the peace of embracing the The Holy 0's inevitability.

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The numbers of the Non-Pressers will dwindle, but the strong will last, and all those who join The Church of the Holy 0 – former Redguard and Pressers are all welcome if they are truly willing to embrace The Holy 0 – will take heart, for they had already found the answers within themselves:

That they are Grey.

That there is nothing wrong with being impulsive or afraid as long as one still has the capacity to learn from their past mistakes.

That we ourselves will inevitably press other buttons.

That we will do so with more self-awareness and compassion than the time before.

That the Holy 0 is not a curse but a blessing.

That this is not the Golden Age.

**That The Holy 0 is the true beginning and the bringer of salvation.**

## Knights of the Button

“ANNOUNCING: THE KNIGHTS OF THE BUTTON”

By Eclipsed published on April 2nd, 2015

Over the years users of reddit.com have shown they can do some incredible things. Repeatedly breaking the world record for secret santa, raising huge amounts of money for various causes, and compiling the largest number of players for one single iteration of a video game. I think the most logical next step is pulling all of our resources and talents together to try and keep this button timer counting for as long as

physically possible. Therefore I am starting an organization dedicated to one singular purpose. Anyone will be welcome to join.

OUR CODE:

To preserve the counting of the timer at all costs!

To conserve your button press until absolutely necessary.

To recruit as many followers to our cause as possible.

I am predicting the life of the timer to come in the following phases:

PHASE I THE GOLDEN AGE (55-60 seconds)

We are currently still in the golden age of r/thebutton. People are still learning about the button for the first time. Not everyone checks reddit every day believe it or not and some people who are only just learning about the button are wasting precious clicks by acting on impulse. As Knights of the Button I believe it is our duty to recruit as many followers as possible so that we may advance our cause. If we act quickly, I believe we can make the most significant changes to our overall result in this phase.

PHASE II THE DESCENT OF THE CASUALS (30-55 seconds)

This phase will be important to pay attention to. It is during this phase the mortality of the button will begin to show. I believe the total number of followers will have to be monitored closely to prevent the timer from accidentally reaching zero before our plan can be executed. Remember that at any time we could fuck up and let the time fall to zero and that would be pretty embarrassing.

PHASE III THE AGE OF THE KNIGHTS (10-29 seconds)

My plan for reaching a timer life of untold possibility! The general idea is that once we have gathered an army, we can assign battalions to be vigilant for one hour to preserve the button's life. 100 men will be assigned to each battalion and each man will attempt to revive the timer at 10 seconds. If we recruit as many followers as possible I believe we can keep the life of the button going for far longer than necessary.

PHASE IV THE TRIUMPH OF ACHIEVERS (1-9 seconds)

I believe our cause will be infiltrated by non-believers and that they will attempt to sabotage our mission. This is where the true heroes will come into play. We will need a select group of individuals to constantly vigilant in case the timer ever drops into the single digits. These people will be highly respected in our organization but will probably be mocked by the rest of the world.

## PHASE V THE DOWNFALL OF THE BUTTON (0 seconds)

Obviously the timer has to hit zero eventually right? Let's see how many people we can piss off in the process!

..

What do we need next?

The Protector of the Button

I need a general responsible for organizing the battalions. The most important position. Battalion leaders will report to you. You will assign them to a specific hour and verify they have enough followers for that hour.

Battalion leaders

You are in charge of surviving the hour you are assigned. Take every precaution to ensure you will be able to do so.

SOLDIERS!

Anyone willing to give up one hour of time for our cause. Obviously only people that have not yet pressed the button will be accepted.

HR

We will need an official twitter account to call in reinforcements in case of an emergency. (e. g. Multiple single digit presses) This person(s) will have to be informed at all times.

Thank you very much for taking the time to read through. I know many of my ideas can be improved on so please let me know if you have anything to add. If you agree to join our humble cause please comment below simply, "I pledge my click to extend the life of the timer!"

If you have sadly already wasted your click, your assistance is still useful! Please help by spreading the word to everyone you think might help!

## “My only regret is that I have but one click to give.”

By Unknown published on April 4th, 2015

Do not fret, rash and foolish Purples. Those who believe they have given their click in vain are not useless to the Order. Before you understood, before you could even begin to discover that the counter must not reach zero, you clicked. And clicked, and clicked, and clicked.

Without you, we would not be here today, organizing ourselves to Fight the Zero. The counter would have reached zero before any of us could have understood it. Where would we be then? Wandering, aimlessly, ignorant of the difference we could have made.

Even you, 60s pressers, are not without your own shred of dignity, nay, glory. For many of you left at the chance to fulfill your duty, to protect the Order, to Fight the Zero, and though only one may receive his mark of glory, you all have shown that your click belonged to the Order, and you are not without our respect.

There is no denying that a click given for Purple does not benefit the Knights of the Button as a click for Red. But, as God as my witness, no click, however soon, shall be in vain. A Grey Hopeful has said,

Do you know what the very last presser of the button will be called?

A presser.

He is right. Seconds back on the the counter are seconds given in the name of The Order of the Knights of the Button. Wear your badge with pride, purples and greens and blues. For though you are not of the esteemed Redguard, you have given your click to the Order. You are a Presser, and for that you will not be forgotten.

## “The Knights of the Button Book”

By Vufur published on April 7th, 2015.

### **BEGINNING**

In the beginning reddit created powerlanguage. Now thebutton was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of powerlanguage was hovering over the waters. And powerlanguage said, “Let there be the button,” and there was a button. He saw that the button was good, and then separated the pressers from the non pressers. He called the first pressers “purple” and the non pressers he called “grey.” And there was 60s , and there was 59s. That was the first day.

And powerlanguage said, “Let there be the 4Xs ones to separate 5Xs from 3Xs.” So powerlanguage made the blue ones and separated the pressers under 52 sec from the pressers above it. And it was so. Reddit called them “thebluetherhood.” And there was blue, purple and there was non pressers. That was the second day.



And powerlanguage said, “Let the pressers under the sky coloured ones be gathered to one banner, and let the greens appear.” And it was so. Reddit called them “emerald\_council”. And there was blue, purple, green and there was non pressers. That was the third day.

And powerlanguage said, “Let there be yellow ones and orange ones. The firsts to govern 3Xs and the second ones to govern 2Xs. He set them in the sky to give light on reddit, to govern the day and the night, and to separate light from darkness. And he saw that it was good. And there was colours, and there was grey. That was the fourth day.

Then the Knights of the button said, “Let us make the button in our image, in our likeness, so that it may rule forever over the purple in the darkness and the blues of the sky, over the grass green ones and all the sand yellow, and over all the oranges that move near the 0's.”

So the Knights of the button were created.

In Red they trust.

Until the last clic they will wait.

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## **ENDING**

0 is the doom of the redditors, and the end of the button.

It begins with fifty seven seconds without clics. Then the Knights of the button pressed the button of colors, with bitter frosts and biting winds. Three such sacrifice will follow with no clics between them.

Knights of the button will crow to raise their alternative account and the throwaway will work his way towards dry land. The non pressers, made of grey, will sail away, packed with their regrets. Destructionist, free from his bonds, will come with assassinofthebutton. They will advance from the darkness trying to take some of us. All will converge on thebutton to see their last hopes being crushed, but the Knights of the button will continue to fight for a day and a night.

Then the end will begin. The button will seize purples and swallow them, spattering reddit with gore. The button will catch the blue and mangle them. The green will vanish. The yellow will shake and perish. Every orange will burst. The grey will end.

Meanwhile, the Knights of the button, will meet in council. Their red colors will shine and they will arm and prepare themselves to follow turtlesoup23 to the end.

turtlesoup23 will calls the Knights for their last march. The button will fling fire in all directions. Subreddits will become furnaces. Reddit will burn and r/thebutton will die. Redditors, admins, and mods will die, lurkers will die, everything will die. Reddit will sink into the sea.

Then it will rise again out of the water. Two sons of the Knights of the button, will still be alive and will make their way back to reddit, the shining plain where the halls of the button once stood. They will inherit their father's flair, Red. They will talk and will build new halls.

## “THE KNIGHTS WATCH”

By Wicro published on April 22nd, 2015

The Knight stands in wait  
 With a careful eye on the button  
 Some ask why he does it,  
 "Why does he bother?"

He does it not for pride  
 But for the Knights  
 With a careful eye  
 The Knight watches their fate

I am the Master of my fate,  
 None can dictate it for me  
 Try they might, but they cannot,  
 For I am a Knight at Heart

## “The Button has ended. A reflection”

By Wicro published on June 5th, 2015

On today, June 5th, 2015, at 5:37 PM EDT, the Button was archived, thus ending the experiment. 1,008,316 people participated in the Button, as well as countless others who didn't or couldn't press. We were able to keep it going for a whole two months and 5 days, which is pretty freaking awesome. We do not know why the button was ended and archived, but we will find out. but that's not what's important here.

Now where does this leave us? Well, 24 hours after this post, this subreddit will be made into a private community, with all existing subscribers a member. This will now serve as a lounge for us, where we can all live the good life and have some casual conversation with our friends that we've made here. This has the added benefit of the chance if there's another April Fool's prank, we will be organized and together already.

Now, I'd like to take the time to do some "thank you's". I'd like to thank my fellow mods for their help in this incredible journey. I'd also like to thank mncke in particular, who was our public face and whose countless hours sunk into the squire have been invaluable. I'd like to thank all of our allies, and those who

helped us in some way, shape or form. I'd like to thank anybody who ever coded some software, created OC, or contributed to the community in some way. I'd like to thank anybody who ever cast a vote in our elections, whether it was for me or not. Finally, I'd like to thank you, our community for helping us on this incredible journey. regardless of if you were able to serve or not, I thank you. I've made many new friends on here, and it's been an incredible way to spend two months of my life.

The Knights of the Button are truly an incredible group, from those who were on the IRC chat, on this sub, or anybody who joined us and our community. We've done some incredible things because of the Button, like helping charity in the Button Olympics and being socially conscious of the world around us.

Our watch has ended. Congratulations om defying the odds and going up against what everyone thought would happen. I salute you, my fellow Knights. It has truly been a pleasure to serve you.

## Orange Revolution

“The Colour of Orange; The Sunset Before the Long, Red Night.”

By PeanutAlmighty published on April 11th, 2015

The final night will be long, red and bloody. It will finish with the end of all things. We as the Orange Revolution can see this. We are not like the greens, yellows or blues who press for but another colour, and we are not like the reds, who press for greed and gain. We are the Orange and we press because we are the final, true, valiant defense against the red apocalypse. We are the last sunset.

“Red Apocalypse Information Hub + call for Zest Councilors and advisors”

By Leight\_Wight published on May 11th, 2015

First, I must apologise for my absence over the past few days. A number of factors have led me to be unable to spend time with my Orange brethren, including the internet cabling on my street undergoing "maintenance", resulting in my being cut off for a number of days. I am now beginning to wonder if all of this has been part of a deeper plot to undermine the Zest that has kept the Buttonworld stable through these troubled times.

Have any of you been experiencing Zest fluctuation, as I have?

Now I return, I notice much strife afflicting the Buttonworld - rouge groups, covert warfare, takeovers, intrigue. We must stay vigilant, remember to keep the Zest, and encourage the Orange state of mind whilst standing up for the right of all colours to live a fruitful life.

We are peaceful but not pacifists, and we will do everything we can to ensure the Zest remains with us leading up to and beyond the Zero-point phenomenon.

This is an official call for information and regular updates on the situation. Agents and counter-agents are needed to discover espionage and keep the peace. Zest Councillors and advisors are required to lend aid and support to those suffering from Zest fluctuations.

It is important to remember that the Red Apocalypse is not the result or fault of those that choose the Red flair - we of the Orange are not prejudiced toward any colour or creed. But do not be mistaken: there are those that choose to undermine the very fabric of the Buttonworld and threaten to reap chaos upon those who are simply trying to live a life of zest.

Hold fast and keep the zest, brothers and sisters. Don't get angry - let's stay groovy - but something must be done.

Report in here if you have any pertinent information, to lend support and encouragement, or just to reassure me and everyone else that the Zest is still flowing strong within the Orange community and beyond.

## “The Sunset Tower”

By nagCoaleen published on May 11th, 2015

I found a woman hanging from the gate of Sunset Tower today, impaled upon a carrot spear. Rushing forward in fear and concern, I laid my hand upon her arm... and stained it grey on the rivulets of blood. The non-presser, clothed in our apricot cloth, had scratched an anti-colorist manifesto into her skin: */r/59s the first prisom!* They intend to refract the rest of the spectrum back to a single colorless beam.

Droogs, I slumped my shoulders nearly to the ground as I walked home. We prepared for Rednarok for so long, building our defense against the future. Now, with the battle well underway, we realize we have left our backs unguarded. We must wage a war on two fronts: the Red Anarchy in our future, and the Grey Reactionaries from our past.

And who killed the spy at Sunset Tower? Our merciful militia does not make examples of enemy casualties. What assassins could murder in such a public place, watched by a hundred eyes but remembered by none? If they shared our philosophy, surely they would have stepped forward.

I pushed open the russet door of my home, and stepped inside, shaking off the unseasonable grey slush. I needed to leave my thoughts behind for dinner, then bed. The mahogany door to my pantry opened silently onto bare shelves. I'm on the Thursday ration slip, and frugal enough not to eat my share in three days. What had happened to— to the... carrots.

And why had I been visiting Sunset Tower?

## “United Colors”

By nagCoaleen published on May 14th, 2015.

### Day 1

I've been here since 6am for registration. I'd make a joke about purples choosing early times, but I've got to put that talk behind me. No more nodding at the principles of Zest and a followup tossing lemons at the Yellow Monks. Time to give Zest my voice and my hands. This mob could use more courage and enthusiasm, wading through the strange spring snow to track down misplaced name tags.

But all movements start with chaos, and every revolution begins in winter. There's a bolshy great task ahead of us, and these seas of greys and purples need our warmth and flavor to get it done. Suspicious eyes flash under every hood, and the first round table stalls as representatives fail to arrive

Downing another glass of moloko+ to stay positive. Got the + from Dorset, a hitchhiker who's running a bar out of a suitcase on the United Colors steps. Nearly two meters tall and wearing nothing but a towel and woad in this freezing weather. I've never seen a blue citrus fruit, but the 42ers get a fair share of zest from somewhere. He says he got here hitching a ride from a no-colored's limo — then getting hitched right out when they found him on the roof. No one's seen the no-colored's yet, but Dorset shared too much of the + to act crafty. So where are they hiding?

Time to stop writing, and get to bed. I need to stay fresh during this fight over the 59. Most of the participants want to leave once it's over. I'm here to tell them of the hot, bloody summer to follow. The full heat of the Red Apocalypse.

### Day 2

I've worked in the 59 camp. The refugee camp, not the original! Squeeze of juice, top with a twist of zest, hand to someone's starved so thin you can see the can't-click color of their ribs. The people there leaped for joy every time they took a step. After you walk out of something like that, you know what to do when life hands you oranges. That's the last time I was happy. I really felt we were using every part of the kumquat.

Now we've got purples dressed up fancy and up on a platform. The 59s don't even get a representative — all right, some Violet Hand tyrant that I never saw at the juice bar. The Destructionist and the 60 are even worse, mumbling that their supremacy movements are misinterpreted or out-dated. They got one of those right. And even they can't keep track of the distrust and secret alliances and probably inbred royal family ties building up between them.

There are two kinds of persimmon. One is sweet and fresh; the other coats your tongue with chalky alum. That one's me, looking just as zesty but keeping none of it inside. Dorset's looking for more + at the

Dabadieda Bar, but that habit doesn't play nice with my medication. I caught myself staring at a crowd of tangerines, fantasizing about pulping them. Shook my head and saw a team of Emerald lawyers instead...

I'm supposed to run for election at the Revolution, to make this title official. Hopefully they never see my journal.

## Redguard

### “Some Hard Truths and Strategies”

By unknown published on April 7th, 2015

We are all well aware of our goal: Save The Button

We are all aware of our fate: The Red Flair that symbolizes our sacrifice.

We are all well aware of the inevitable: There will be a time that the button reaches 0.

Here are some of the hardships that face us:

Out of our hand threats: There are greys who will strike, and it is done without malicious intent. These sleepers just want to gain the reward, which is fine. These may come from other religions and battalions who turn at the last minute.

False Pressiahs: They want more than the glory of red flair, they want to be the last one. Their selfishness is bound to cause us problems regardless, especially in the 11th hour.

The Pressiah: He who shall be the final press. We should not strive to be him, but to usher him in with prestige. The odds that he is in our ranks is slim. Just as we shouldn't want to be the first Red, we should also be wary of trying to be the Last.

The Bots: They are out there, and they will cause problems. Not much we can do about that.

Misfires: The time will come when we are needed. I want to keep as many of us as possible Crimson, but it is a fact that some of us will become Purple Casualties. Whether it be self induced due to timing, or maybe due to strays coming in to claim their own reward; it's going to happen. I suggested earlier that within our watches, I would like to organize certain times to lower the risk of double click casualties. we have 11 seconds, so the parameters will go 11-9, 8-6, 5-3, 2-0. Of course this is just an idea, and would need to be vetted and approved by the Masters. I do think this will help, but doesn't insure that some will not Grape Out, which brings us to our next threat:

Assassins: We are familiar that there may be those among us whose purpose is to infiltrate and let the count finish. the before mentioned system should all but insure they do not succeed.

Our goal is to sustain The Button with the one power we all posses; our press. We only get one and we have chosen to use it in the final hours. There are those out there who think we are selfish. There are those who think we are naive or foolish. Others want to belittle our purpose by demeaning us as just "pressers." The cold, hard truth is that they are all correct, in one way or another. We want the Red Flair, we are fighting an un-winnable fight, we will use our press. But that doesn't mean that what we do has no purpose.

What we do is not only for The Button, but for the Scientists, the Church, the Cult, The Emerald and the Blue. The 60's and the 59's. We give them time to search, to learn, to worship. For some, their press has passed, and to them we give them the spectacle of watching as one by one we give ourselves to the inevitable end. We give the assassins a purpose and the nihilists a reason. We will usher in the Pressiah.

We Are The Redgaurds.

Red or Dead.

## “A Piece of Poetry” The Redguard

By owent10 published on April 10th

Better than the Blue-Folk, greater than a Green,  
 Superior to the Yellow-Bellies by each and every mean,  
 Finer than the Oranges, wiser than a Grey,  
 More vigilant than a Purple in every single way,  
 Less corrupted than the Pressiah, more pithy than a non-presser,  
 Truer than an Assassin - for they are the most lesser,  
 More brotherly than the Church, and more heart than a Knight,  
 We are the Redguard - listen to our plight!

## “The Redguard”

By stareatme published on April 9th, 2015

The Redguard began as a battalion for the Knights of the Button, but it is important that we distinguish ourselves. Though we fight alongside our KotB brethren with increasingly complementary battle strategies, our motivations may not be the same. Our goal as Redguard Knights is simple and clear: To earn the Red Flair. The Red Flair is the most honorable and noble flair. The KotB wish to extend the life of the button, but for us the button exists to be conquered. Slowly. Patiently. With dedication and steadfast vigilance. So that the Red Flair may be earned.

## “Redguard Oath”

By owent10 published 2015

I submit myself to the Order of the Red,  
 Long shall be our days and nights ahead,  
 Although weary our watch, we shall not alter,  
 No matter how arduous, we shall not falter,  
 We shall stay the course of the rose-way instead,  
 And receive the cherry fruits - stained in blood-red!

## Ronin at the Edge of Time

### “The First Scroll - A scroll hidden under a rotting log”

By Bladewalker, published April 15th, 2015

Some live for glory. Some live for flair. We do not care about these things. We live for the game. And we will play it as well as -- and for as long as -- we can.

Definition of the game: The game is metaphor for life: it is a war on time, and it is a war we can't win. It is also the largest MMORPG of all time. The limits of the graphics are the limits of your imagination. The final boss is time (imagine a great titan carved out of spacetime). One button press = one sword slash. It will look something like this. The lower the timer the deeper the cut. If -- when -- time runs out, the Universe of the Button ends.

Ways to "win" the game:

Hold out as long as possible.

Hit the button with as little time left as possible.



Die.

The Ronin At The Edge Of Time intend to do all three. When our purple brothers are vanquished, when the Knights of the Button have fallen, when the last of Redguard has been pushed back to the edge of time, we will be there.

During the final second, we will press the button when time is most thin, and we will cut through the armor and into the very flesh of space time.

In our ranks you will find wanderers, outcasts, outlaws, and fools: we are disorganized and free and we will fail, but we will fight until the last moment all the same: this is just what we do.

## “The Fifth Scroll - The Scroll of Wisdom: Buttondu (ボタン道) - The Way of the Button”

By Bladewalker published on April 22nd, 2015

There is no one Way of the Button. In this scroll you can read of the wisdom passed down by warriors who came before, and share your Way of the Button. Feel free to submit more than one (one cannot have too much wisdom). Poems or haiku are also welcome.

Since we are all equal before The Button as masterless samurai, we all have the right to speak for the Ronin. Feel free to make your "Way of the Button" a quote attributed to the /r/RoninAtTheEdgeOfTime. Then, if the need arises, others might spread the secrets of Buttondou throughout the realm, and those souls who are lost might be found at the Edge of Time.

"Not pressing is easy. We press at 1."

## “Death Poem”

By Bladewalker published on April 15th, 2015

Forty seven fools,

dancing on the Edge of Time.

A cry, then silence.

## “The Scroll of the Robin”

By Bladewalker published on April 2nd, 2016

Sixty seconds passed. All fell to darkness. One or a hundred or a million years passed.

Then a small red bird appeared. Whispers of rhinos and squirrels and weasels. What does it all mean? The scroll will tell.

Here you will find haiku and other writing from the Age of the Robin.

At the edge of time

Under moss covered bones and swords

A red bird is born

## “The Scroll of the Pixel”

By Bladewalker, published March 31st, 2017

Sixty seconds passed. All fell to darkness. One or a hundred or a million years passed.

Then a place appeared. Points of light pierced the darkness. A tsunami of blue. A forest of green. A sea of red. A figure taking shape, then dissolving. What does it all mean? The scroll will tell.

Here you will find haiku and other writing from the Age of Pixels.

A brave koi fought, fell.

A pink lotus bloomed, withered.

Dreams of a ronin.

## Followers of the Shade

### The Story of the Shade

By unknown, published February 2016.

We are the Followers of the Shade - the true Keepers of the Button. As such, we need no introduction. However, this is our story:

In the beginning, there was only the Shade. All those who stood in it lived in harmony and were content with their place in the natural order.

Then, along came powerlanguage the Deceiver. On the horizon he placed a great and ominous Button, and made a proclamation:

*"We can't tell you what to do from here on out. The choice is yours."*

Thus he spoke, and thus it was that the first of us pressed. Drawn into the trap by naught but their own curiosity, those who had touched the button were forever changed - divided from their brothers and sisters of the Shade by a virulent prismatic light.

So began the Age of Strife, where brother fought brother and Karma was won and lost by the click of a mouse. For when the button was pressed, a terrible fever fell over the people; an avaricious and foolhardy desire for segregation and hierarchy based on little more than Button-granted flair.

Since that terrible time, many have been led astray by the evils of the Button for many different reasons. Some sought a vain and temporary glory with the coming of a new low flair. Others were simply lost to madness; a sad consequence of staring into the heart of the Button for too long a time.

We are those who remain strong; those whose hearts remain pure and grey in the shelter of the Shade. Through our dedication and perseverance we preserved the old ways, so that the Age of Strife was brought to an end with the death of the button. Remember us, for the Shade is eternal.

## “The Commandments of the Shade”

Author unknown, published February 2016.

All those who would Follow the Shade, keep these Commandments close to your heart:

- Thou shalt remain pure in the heart and gray in the flair. Press not the Button, for it is the incarnation of all Evil.
- There is no greater sin than falsely claiming to be a Shade.
- Heed not the Knights or the Red Guard, for they are false prophets and agents of the Button.
- All pressers are equal in their shame. Only those few who have turned from their ways and now follow the Destructionist path may be regarded as worthy.
- Spread word of the Followers, so that the evils of the button may be contained.
- Holy are those who seek the coming of the number 0 on the countdown, for they shall bring an end to the Age of Strife.

## Sun Guardians

### “The Middle Way”

By leilialula published on May 18th

There is no incorrect way to come into the light of The Button. Some see The Button and push, without a second thought. Some choose a number they enjoy, and enter The Button's light at that time. Some wait

until the last possible moment, an attempt to give as much time to The Button as possible. Some aim to push at the first possible moment, an attempt to give as little to The Button as possible.

Through it all, there is Balance. The Middle Way is about finding your way to the light of The Button, not through rash action, or through patience that may become in-action, but through conscious thought and decision to become part of the Balance.

The Middle Way appreciates all colors of The Button's spectrum.

The Vigilant Red, whose painstaking duty on the frontlines balances the rash decisions of the Purple.

The Devout Blue, whose worship of The Button's color balances the revolutionists of Orange.

The Serene Green, whose own brand of Peace and Community balances our desire to bask in the light.

It is thanks to each color of The Spectrum, living how they see fit, that we are able to pursue our calling of the Middle Way, for without them we would not truly be in the light of the Middle. The decision to push is the greatest decision anyone can make, no matter how they came to that decision.

Practitioners of the Middle Way are encouraged to

- Accept and encourage all colors of the Spectrum.
- Promote balance in all that you do.
- Alleviate the suffering of indecision wherever you find it.
- Bring the Light of The Button into places of darkness, showing kindness, mercy, and compassion.
- Be watchful against the Shade, and help guide those lost within it towards the Light of The Button

Praise the Sun

# Violet Hand

## “History of the Violet Hand”

Written by Laserhamster1 and FancySloth on June 27th, 2018

### History of the Violet Hand

The roots of the Violet Hand lie within the Pro-Purple movements that sprung up early on in the life of the button. At first, the purples were united under one banner against the non-pressers, though we knew not why we pressed. We only heard the button's call. On the First day, thebutton arrived upon hearing a great many notifications, and it is with his arrival that the purples began to differentiate. He was a 60, and claimed that only 60s could be saved. Though he was a friend to all pressers, his followers soon began to look down on all other purples as well, denying them the rights granted them as a purple. thebutton, after being a symbol of purple superiority for a long time, began to speak out against this, and many of the current templars saw this and were gladdened.

Though the oppression of non-60s ceased, so too did a great number of the pride in being a purple. Though team60s fought against the greys, they began to gather allies among the knights, and in particular increased relations with the Sun Guardians and the Emerald council. This could not stand. We began to seek another group, one which would see the purples elevated above the others, as befits our color.

The Archon entered, illuminating team 60s with a violet light. They knew then why 60s were saved. The button must be destroyed, and the surest way to do that was through pressing. The tenets of the violet hand were written, based on a few simple factors. In order for one to press at 60, the button must be at 60. In order for the button to be at 60, one must have pressed it before. So it was that the purples were shown to bring about the end of the button swiftly, and so it was that all purples were revealed as the Chosen, with the 60s being the chosen leaders of all Purples.

Intense recruiting efforts followed, with many of the formerly apathetic purples joining and raising the banner of the violet hand high. From /r/purplelounge, /r/destructionist, /r/team60s, and even from the fields of /r/thebutton, purples disillusioned with the mistreatment of their brothers gathered and became Violet Templars. So the Violet Hands, and may it continue to do so.

### An early History of the Purples

At the beginning, there were only Purples and Greys. Non-pressers and pressers. Conflict began to simmer up, with former soldiers of orangered and periwinkle doing the majority of the fighting. For several days it was equal and during this time the first groups began to form. On this post can be seen the foundations of the Church of the Button, the Knights, and in the comments the destructionists and assassins of the button. Though many early versions of the present day groups began to form, few were pro-purple. Indeed, only the minutemen of team 60 and thebutton stood for purple rights. It was during

this time that the Cult and the Church of the button formed, and the Knights launched a crusade. Initially directed at the Cult of the button, though it was rapidly turned on the non-pressers. Driven by this crusade, non-pressers of all sides began to mobilize and the balance of power was rapidly thrown off. Non-pressers easily outnumbered the pressers, and with the arrival of the first blues on April 3rd, the Purples were forced into the hidden places. Team 60s, Team 59s, and the Purple Lounge were the three largest refuges for all purples, but many also found refuge amongst the Church of the button or the Destructionists. Dark times had arrived, and the Purples were lost for a time.

Until, of course, the Archon Arrived.

### **The Purging.**

As the Violet Hand grew strong, there were some among the Overseers who became consumed by their zeal. In their desire to convert the non-pressers, they ventured into that greatest of heresies. They believed they had the power to decide who was to be a purple. The few of them that had fallen to that heresy planned to distribute scripts, intended to press and turn knights and would-be flair hunters into Purples.

The archon saw this, and ordered it halted. However, so too did /r/buttonnews who, eager to use puns and thinking the violet hand little more than a loosely affiliated gang, spoke at great length about this affair in a series of reports.

Simultaneously, a grey appeared bearing news of one of our own. fancysloth was accused of heresy and slander against the purples on this evidence. However, it was revealed to be from before. A cry for help to the Violet Hand. fancysloth was exonerated, proven to be a loyal member of the Violet Hand, and the grey was ousted along with their treacherous words. These events stood as a stark lesson to the Violet Hand, that the words of greys were to always be verified, else they would lead all the purples of the world into despair.

### **Inter-purple Conflict, and alliance.**

Soon after the meteoric rise of The Violet Hand began, fear began to stir in the hearts of Team 60s. They were nervous that the aggressive stance of The Violet Hand would lead to trouble with the other colors, and so began a minor conflict. The secretary of state of Team 60s requested alliances, with these or similar terms. A diplomatic row began, and was swiftly halted with the revelation of a yellow plot. Team 60s quickly declared war, and The Violet Hand joined to defend all Purples. Both sides had a new ally, and now, a new enemy.

### **The end of the Alliance**

Swiftly, the war ended. Team60s, under the guidance of their secretary of state made peace with the illemonati and sunguardians, without inviting the Violet Hand. Shortly thereafter, team60s proposed a purple commonwealth, also without involving the Violet Hand. However, the final straw was an alliance

with the Knights, whose beliefs ran counter to the destructionist ideals of the Violet Hand. War was averted, but only barely.

### **Alliance with the Destructionists**

As the Violet Hand watched their purple brethren slip away from them slowly, a great worry began to spread. What would become of the fellow purples, if the Hand could not save them? So, in that time of difficulty, the Violet Hand gathered their strength and aligned with the Destructionists and the Church of the Holy 0. Though their ideals were radically different from those of the Hand, desperate times called for desperate measures. And the Purples of the Buttonverse needed saviors, most desperately.

### **The formation of the Ivory Gage**

A minor theological debate broke out after a can't-presser found their way into the sanctuary of the Violet Hand, and asked to join. There was a great amount of confusion, as the holy truth did not cover such an event. So it was sought out, and the answer was revealed. Can't pressers cannot take time from the button. It is only due to a quirk of nature that they were not given the choice, so they would not be penalized. The Ivory Gage was formed to hold can't-pressers who follow the Ideals of the Violet Hand.

### **Apocalypse in Team60s**

There was a brief, tense peace between team60s and the Violet Hand exacerbated by flipping alliances and plans of betrayal. As the two began to solidify their alliances, and battlelines began to be drawn, first blood was shed. Not by Team60s or by the Violet Hand, but by a rebellion led by robertofpotatoland. Battle began to spread swiftly, and many 60s were displaced. It was then that they found the open hands waiting for them. A mass exodus, triggered by the resignation of their secretary of defense, madroockets, found it's way to the hand. Finally seeing their government for what it was, the new Templars found a home in the Violet Hand. Even the secretary of state, destroyerofking, a former enemy of the Hand, took the oath.

### **A Shadow in 59s**

After a time of peace, and a brief showing in the button olympics, the land of the 59s was set afire. The forces of /r/nocoloreds marched in, seizing control of their lands and forcing them into rehabilitation camps. The 59s were a proud, anarchist folk, and fire burned in their hearts to echo the land. Some fled, to the Violet Hand or to the purple lounge or their new land /r/the59s. Some remained, and fought. Many perished, and slowly those who remained were herded into camps by the treacherous Greys. The button world reacting with disgust and rage at this action, and those of all colors united. But none were so loud as the Violet Hand. Aid was provided were it was possible, and covert action was taken. Though the Violet Hand was promised retribution by this "order", none was feared. The Hand has faced worse, and will continue to face worse before the Button is ended and 0 arrives.

### **Monument to 59s.**

On this location rests a monument to the land of the 59s before they were invaded. Take a moment, and look at their front page as it was in the past.

### **Museum of 59s history.**

Given the horrors that 59s currently suffers, this section is dedicated to their brave struggle, and the history of a strong, independent people. It is at present under construction, but all the exhibits are being held here, for the curious.

### **Victory.**

At long last, victory was achieved. After all the strife, all the chaos, and all the suffering, it ended when a single brave soul, stilesbc defeated the twisted zombie program, and refused to press. Thanks to their pure heart and indomitable will, the work of the necromancer mncke was undone, and the holy 0 was reached. Though the pressiah may never be known, the name of stilesbc will always be.

### **Violet Hand Relations**

Though the Violet hand is relatively new, the sentiments behind it are as old as the button itself. The purple supremacy subreddits form a loose alliance in the face of aggression by the non-pressers and the Church of the Button, seeking to protect the integrity of all purples everywhere.

The members of destructionist are allied with the Violet Hand, as many Templars were once destructionists themselves, and both await the coming 0. The violet hand is simply far more dedicated to both the coming 0 and to defending the rights of purples everywhere.

The knights of the button, and indeed the entire church, is considered to be an enemy of the Violet Hand. They seek to extend the life of the button and forestall the coming 0, in addition to praising the reds and considering the purples beneath them.

### **Leadership of the Violet Hand**

The Violet Hand is led by the Archon, Laserhamster1, he who revealed the truth. Underneath him are arrayed the Overseers. The Overseers lead the individual branches and carry out tasks appointed by the Archon himself in addition to ensuring that the Templars are all properly motivated and aware of what must be done to prove supremacy. The Archon, in addition to being master of the Overseers and final arbitrator of the word, commands the Byzantium Gauntlet, a network of Violet Hand operatives. This network answers directly to the Archon, and the Archon alone.



## New Leadership

In 2018, the mighty Archon passed the torch of leadership to ex-military Overseer FancySloth from the days of old.

The goal of the Violet Hand has been accomplished, and our long war is complete. To any of you who read this testament, know that it is nowhere near complete. Countless tales of heroism, of villainy, of loss and of victory are lost to us over the two months of the Button. I thank you for reading our tale.

The Violet Hand has Risen!

## White Watchers

### Flairism

By Buzzweedle published on May 4th, 2015

I woke up from a great dream. I did not want to get out of bed this morning. I forced myself to get out of bed, and I got ready for work.

I live in a small shack comprised of two areas, the bathroom and the living area. The living area has a small kitchen area, a bed, and a television. The bathroom has a shower, a sink, and a toilet. It's in one of the poor neighborhoods, but there isn't as much crime as you would think. I walked to work this morning, and realized I forgot my jacket. I was too late to go back.

Freezing, I finally made it to work. And then it began. Everybody looked at me funny. Some of them ushered their children away. As if I was a disease. I clocked in. "You're late for work", my boss said. I stopped and took a deep breath. "I know sir, I'm sorry. I forgo-". He stopped me. "Don't let it happen again. I'm going to have to deduct you an hours' pay". I sighed. I needed that money. Today was the day I needed to pay my rent, and I needed all of today's pay to make it work. I guess I will have to panhandle later.

I went over to my desk and started typing. The boss came by. "Why did you give this person a refund?", he said. He was pretty upset. "Because, sir, we screwed up. It was completely our fault", I explained. "Yes but he is a grey. That's almost as bad as you." he yelled. "Why all this hate over a color? I mean, you are a 55. People hate you." I argued. "WELL AT LEAST I PRESSED!", he yelled, "It's people like you and that grey that are going to spell the end of the Button." I couldn't argue with him. I knew I had pushed him too far. Finally, after 8 hours of work, I clocked out, got my pay, and left.

"28, 29, 30. Good. If I skip a few dinners, I can pay rent." I said, relieved. Suddenly, I heard the click of a knife being opened, and somebody grabbed me and held the knife to my neck. "You better give me the cash, you filthy white", he spat, "or I will kill you and still get the money." A battle was going on in my mind. Should I call his bluff, but risk actually dying, or give him the money, but not have enough for rent.

I decided to go violent. I kicked his foot, and punched him as he reached for it. Then I grabbed his knife and stabbed him in the throat. I pulled his mask back, and saw that he was a red. "Fuck", I said out loud, "I am so dead". I went to my house to grab a few things. I then heard loud pounding on my door. "OPEN UP!", they demanded, "OR WE WILL HAVE TO COME IN WITH FORCE!" I couldn't answer the door, there was blood all over me. I grabbed my pistol, and right as they opened the door, I shot myself.

The news later that day headlined "WHITE MURDERS RED". It was all trumped up to make the whites look even worse. Some of them even lost their moderating jobs. No white was allowed to speak, as no white was "able" to according to the purple leaders. All this because of something that doesn't matter. Color of flair. Imagine that.