

In days that have long faded from the human memory, a war once ravaged the land, soaking the soil with death and the dying. Blood became the rain, bones became earth's sustenance, and the rest...the rest was consumed by other *things*. Unspeakable was the horror, unimaginable the carnage, the battles fought between the ancient armies and the Philisoraptors were all these, and more. It took the wisdom of a separate institution of higher learning to quickly and furiously bring this reckless feud to a close, by forcibly placing each side's strongholds so close together that neither group could pass wind without the other becoming intimately familiar with the meal they had earlier that morning. In order to commemorate this truce, an annual competition was formed between the ancients and the Philisoraptors, one that required skill, heart, and sacrifice (and needless to say, athletic ability).

Such a truce could not last. What was once a peaceful alliance between these powerful forces was splintered over misunderstood intentions in the form of a gift. Comical the ancients thought they were, deliberating a poor, helpless beast of burden and labor to the very doorsteps of the Philisoraptors' stronghold, judging their actions to be a fair jest of the might of their enemies and their prowess in the annual games. How foolish they were in their dead wisdom, their ancient graveyard languages spilling out as lies and falsehoods from their very offering of the horse. Why could they not fully accept the folly of their slight? They who could not overcome the Philisoraptors in fair contest, even if the ancient gods themselves came down from their lazy thrones on high to partake, or if the Philisoraptors had been blindfolded, maimed, and fewer in number (though in years past, they usually ARE fewer in number).

*contritionem praecedit superbia et ante ruinam exaltatur spiritus*

The Philisoraptors gave their answer, and gave it in full force. Quickly was the horse dismembered, consumed, and sent back to its owners. Roasted or raw were the legs, the body hollowed out in order to tell this story, the head hidden until the day when fair contest will once again be waged on the field of battle.

One day remains. One day until the reckoning. One day until the eyes on the dead, and those who are their keepers, weep at the site of the glory that the Philisoraptors will bask in when they once again conquer the ancients in the games. Nothing, not even fat Zeus himself, can stop what is coming. Prepare. And Tremble. We come.

mmm...horsemeat...