COMPENDIUM #10

THE STORY OF SHIT

Trevor Swistchew — Compendium #10

> *From the Pantheon of Poo to Crapitalism, Digi-Shit, and the Myth of the Final Flush*

In the early times of Humanity shit was always an issue the manufacturing of the defecation of and the removal of the smell. Early humans dug a hole in the earth and shit into it and wiped their ass with either leaves or grass . a few strange humans dragged their ass along the ground to clean the shit and dogs adopted the habit. In modern times shit is smelled everywhere particularly now that Capitalist Greed has taken over the world and the Elite in keeping power devised varying flavours of shit to feed the masses to keep them in line. Shit is particulary applied by many in political work who are trained in using shit to evade accountability and the world media is a long time supporter of International Shit rolled out in all forms of official information to a hungry for shit world. The Society Heretica Internal Togerathon (S.H.I.T.) is an organisation meeting twice yearly to formulate more efficient ways of disemminating the multi streams of world shit communicated daily to the many countries in the world. It is realised that just as individuals create shit by eating so too do official organisations by the constant imposition of InfoShit to the world population. The organisations have thousands of workers doing the 24/7 shit spread around the world and are known as Shit Officers on varying Grades . It is a wonderfully rewarding life career to apply and get one of these jobs even while the pay itself is shit. Yet not as shit as the draughty office kept "Windy" to lower the smell of shit wafting free along the corridors.

From these humble, aromatic beginnings, the world of shit expanded into a full mythology a grand cosmic system explaining not only how humans produce shit, but how civilisation itself is built from it. As societies grew, so did their excremental imagination. Shit became metaphor, weapon, currency, creed, and cosmic principle.

The ancients spoke of Dungar the Mighty, god of bowel strength, and Lady Laxara, goddess of sudden urgency. They feared Sir Constipatus, the stubborn deity who withheld his gifts for days, and they respected The Great Flatulon trickster spirit of wind. These gods formed the first Pantheon of Poo, shaping early human understanding of the eternal cycle of stool. From their teachings came the Seven Shitty Truths, sacred scrolls declaring that all beings produce shit, all beings deny producing shit and the more powerful the being, the more dangerous their shit. Bureaucracies refined shit into paperwork. Media recycled shit into new shit. And civilisation expanded in proportion to the amount of Universashit generated by human nonsense.

The Society Heretica Internal Togerathon S.H.I.T. rose as the supreme institution of excremental influence. In their Great Hall of Effluvia Shit Officers gathered twice yearly to refine the art of global manure management. Opening Dumpmarks set the tone. The Global Shituation Report analysed worldwide nonsense output. Breakout sessions taught Advanced Turd-Spinning and Applied Crapaganda. And the Closing Flush sealed each gathering with the ancient creed: "From the bowels of power, we serve."

Economists formalised the Economics of Shit, measuring nations by their Gross Domestic Shit. Markets traded Bullshit Futures. Corporations perfected Crapitalism. And the Turd Exchange became the beating,

belching heart of global excremental commerce, its closing bell known as the Evening Flush.

Then came the digital age and with it, Digi-Shit. Social media became vast septic tanks overflowing with hot takes, cold takes, reheated takes, and takes that should never have been taken. Algorithms discovered that shit spreads faster than truth, amplifying outrage, misinformation conspiracy manure, emotional diarrhoea, and political constipation disguised as policy. Influencers polished their Digi-Shit until it gleamed serving motivational turds and lifestyle manure to millions.

But prophecy warned of a reckoning The Final Flush. When the Turd Exchange collapses, algorithms gag, politicians accidentally tell the truth, and S.H.I.T. issues a Code Brown alert, humanity will know the septic tank of civilisation is full.

A lone figure will rise with the Plunger of Truth, forged in the fiery bowels of cosmic honesty. They will descend into Universashit, battling the Demons of Disinformation, the Titans of Turdspin, and the Bureaucratic Beasts of Endless Paperwork. With one mighty plunge, they will unleash the Great Flush, sending centuries of accumulated nonsense swirling into the abyss.

And when the swirling stops, the world will stand clean, fresh, and faintly mint-scented. Humanity will rebuild, producing new shit but perhaps in smaller, more manageable quantities.

Civilisation will begin again, as it always does, with a single human squatting over a hole, contemplating the eternal cycle of stool.

Copyright — Trevor Swistchew 2026. All rights reserved. — Compendium #10