

'Tis an ill wind that blows no minds



## THIS IS A CHAIN LETTER.

**WITHIN THE NEXT FIFTY-FIVE DAYS YOU WILL RECEIVE THIRTY-ELEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS OF CHAINS!**

In the meantime - plant your seeds.

If a lot of people who receive this letter plant a few seeds and a lot of people receive this letter, then a lot of seeds will get planted.

Plant your seeds.

In parks. On lots. Public flower beds. In remote places. At City Hall. Wherever. Whenever. Or start a plantation in your closet (but read up on it first for that). For casual planting, its best to soak them in water for a day and plant in a bunch of about 5, about half an inch deep. Don't worry much about the weather, they know when the weather is wrong and will try to wait for nature. Don't soak them if it's wintertime. Seeds are a very hearty life form and strongly desire to grow and flourish. But some of them need people's help to get started.

Plant your seeds.

Make a few copies of this letter (5 would be nice) and send them to friends of yours. Try to mail to different cities and states, even different countries. If you would rather not, then please pass this copy on to someone and perhaps they would like to.

## THERE IS NO TRUTH

to the legend that if you throw away a chain letter then all sorts of catastrophic, abominable, and outrageous disasters will happen. Except, of course, from your seed's point of view.

THIS DOCUMENT IS A LAW-ABIDING MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY. IT ESPECIALLY ABIDES BY THE LAWS OF QUANTUM PHYSICS WHICH STATE THAT THE OBSERVER MUST EFFECT THE OBSERVED IN THE ACT OF OBSERVING. THIS WAS ORIGINALLY AN NAMBY-PAMBY PAMPHLET ABOUT PEACE AND LOVE AND FLUFFY BUNNIES AND LOTS OF AMERICAN FLAGS THAT SAY "PROUD TO BE AMERICAN" AND "UNITED WE STAND."

NOW THAT YOU HAVE LOOKED AT IT, WHO KNOWS WHAT SORT OF TWISTED MONSTROSITY IT HAS BECOME,

**YOU BLOODY PERVERT!**



Thank you, Dallas, GOODNIGHT!!

FNORD

# ERIS LOVES YOU!

*This we know. Because a mushroom told me so.*



WE THINK ALL RIGHT THINKING PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD ARE SICK AND TIRED OF BEING TOLD THAT ORDINARY, DECENT PEOPLE ARE NOT FED UP IN THIS WORLD WITH BEING SICK AND TIRED. WE CERTAINLY ARE.

AND WE'RE SICK AND TIRED OF BEING TOLD THAT WE'RE NOT.

One day Mal-2 asked the messenger spirit Saint Gulik to approach the Goddess and request Her presence for some desperate advice.

Shortly afterwards the radio came on by itself, and an ethereal female voice said *YES?*

"O! Eris! Blessed Mother of Man! Queen of Chaos! Daughter of Discord! Concubine of Confusion! O! Exquisite Lady, I beseech You to lift a heavy burden from my heart!"

*WHAT BOTHERS YOU, MAL? YOU DON'T SOUND WELL.*

"I am filled with fear and tormented with terrible visions of pain. Everywhere people are hurting one another, the planet is rampant with injustices, whole societies plunder groups of their own people, mothers imprison sons, children perish while brothers war. O, woe."

*WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THAT, IF IT IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO?*

"But nobody Wants it! Everybody hates it."

*OH, WELL, THEN STOP.*

At which moment She turned herself into an Aspirin commercial and left the Polyfather stranded alone with his species.

FNORD



Remember, King Kong died for your sins.

This mind intentionally left blank.

**DO YOU BELIEVE?**  
**(WHAT \*DO\* \*YOU\* \*BELIEVE\*?)**

**IF YOU'D ONLY BELIEVE, YOU COULD LAUGH AT ALL THE JOKES! THE GREYFACES DON'T WANT YOU TO LAUGH AT THE JOKES, THEY DON'T THINK ITS VERY FUNNY. THEY WANT ORDER EVERYWHERE. BUT WE'VE LEARNED THE ULTIMATE HOPE, AND WE CALL IT, "WE WIN!" IF YOU IMPOSE ORDER EVERYWHERE, THEN EVERYTHING BECOMES CHAOS. ERIS WILL ALWAYS WIN IN THE END!**

**THE END IS COMING!**

**HAIL ERIS! HAIL STONES! HELL, YES! DAMNATION, NO! WHEN WE COME IN, WE'LL BRING THE SNOW! WITH HOT CHOCOLATE AND SMORES AND WARM FUZZY SLIPPERS FOR BOOTS!**

**FOR MORE INFORMATION, THE "PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA" SUGGESTS YOU CONSULT YOUR PINEAL GLAND.**

**SO DON'T AMPUTATE IT, OK!?**

**DO YOU BELIEVE? SPREAD THE WORD! FIVE TONS OF FLAX!**

Don't read this sentence. Blasphemer!

Look around you, friend (May I call you friend?) These are troubling times. The modern person is being constantly assaulted by the worst of stress in their life, and banality wears away at people of even the happiest of demeanor. People continue to despair and bicker with ever more hostility to one another, and violence becomes a plaything for younger and younger children. Our faces are almost everywhere you look, a smile - you know- to a stranger could be taken the wrong way. The news we hear tells us of this spreading corruption. How, then, are you to find happiness in this strange modernized world?



Look! The Antarctic Liberation Army

Eris wants happiness for you!

Do you seek the solitude of oblivion in the removal of your pineal gland and a frontal lobotomy? No! Do you surrender to the pain as inevitable? No! Friend, there's no need to look so glum and greyfaced! Let me tell you about Eris!

They had a Party!  
And She Wasn't Invited

Back a long time ago, several gods and goddesses were having a party with some really good booze and some awesome food, and because Eris had a bad rep -- all of them all thought she was up to No Good, so she got dissed and wasn't invited. This was the Original Snub.

So, Eris, finding out there was a party and she wasn't invited decided to play a joke on the crowd and got a golden apple and wrote on it, "Kallisti," which means, "To the Prettiest One." As soon as they read the apple, all of 'em started arguing which was the prettiest one, and they got into a really big fight and started a war and blamed it all on Eris later --- but it was all because they were all very Vain all thought they were Prettier than everyone else.

And all Eris got was a hot dog with No Bun on that Friday. And that's why every Friday we have a hot dog- for such was her only solace out in the cold. And this is called the Doctrine of the Original Snub.

Do you believe that?

A reminder of Truth for Modern Times  
"All things are in some sense true, in another context false, in some other sense mostly true and partly false, and again somewhere else mostly false and partly true."

I hope that you take some measure of greater comfort, friend, in this knowledge. Or at least, its something you can repeat to Mr. Bore should you happen to see him this Sunday at church.

Jesus loves you. But Eris is a better lay.

You fuel! You will pay for your insulin!