

## SO, YOU HAD ANOTHER BAD DAY.

It was a real booger, wasn't it, Sparky? My guess is, you've had more than your share of those. In fact, ask yourself when was the last time you had a *good* day? Can you even remember? Hell, maybe it was so long ago that you are starting to believe that bad days are the *normal* state of affairs.

Not so... or, at least, only if you allow it. Co-workers stabbing you in the back, or just pissing you off with their narrow-minded attitudes and laziness? Tell 'em to *fuck off*. Seriously. You'll feel much better. Is your boss on your case? Stop caring. Do whatever it takes to get by, and feel free to throw a monkey-wrench or two into the gears. The worst they can do is fire you, and if you're already miserable, who cares? There are other jobs, and nobody checks references anyway.

Stop taking this crap! You aren't paid enough for this shit! Join those of us who have discovered that being *bad* feels *good*! Listen up, Slappy—none of these jackasses give a damn if you live or die, so why the **hell** are you being so damn **nice**? Drop a train on those geeks! Stop being a “Bob”-damned *drone*, for Chrissakes! Turn your nightmare back into the American Dream! Get some serious *weirdness* back into your life! You only get one life, and yours is trickling away!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, LIVE A LITTLE!

Or kill me.



*written in the spirit by*  
The Good Reverend Roger

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