

It Only Hurts When I Laugh.

Friends, doesn't it seem like life has become some horrible rollercoaster? Like things are moving too fast and there's nobody in control? Well, the First Church of the Wrath of Baby Jesus has the solution:

Give up.

That's right, stop trying. Getting by in life these days is like trying to get with that boy/girl/prairie squid, back in high school. If you try too hard, you'll just mess up, and wind up going to prom with your cousin. Again.

Now, this isn't to say you shouldn't **do** anything—but just do it with *omnifallibility* in mind. Fact is, you **are** going to make mistakes, no matter what you do—so stop worrying. Most people, of course, will start *wars* to avoid admitting they make a mistake. Here at The Church, *we get nekkid and roll in our mistakes!*

Now, it takes a lot of practice to attune yourself to The Art of Not Trying, so you'd better get started now. Gonna be late for work? Piss on it—it ain't the end of the world. Spending all your time looking in the mirror and obsessing about your weight? Screw it. Go have a sundae, and then start thinking about what you *like* about yourself. Find enough things to like, and suddenly you won't *want* that sundae, and you'll be amazed at how fast the pounds melt away (unless you're an anorexic, in which case you'll suddenly notice that you *aren't* a blimp, and you'll go have another sundae).

You see, we here at The Church used to worry like you do. We worried about war, the economy, babies having babies, fnord, you name it. But then it occurred to us that the humans can't help being the way they are, and **we** sure as hell can't change them, so we may as well get our cheap yuks in while we can. (Sometimes we laugh until we can't stop screaming.) Recently, we've had a lot to laugh about—and so would you, if you'd just learn to see the humorous side of Doom.

So, if you want to be like us, laughing until your guts bleed at things that most people *won't even bring up*, come join us at www.principiadiscordia.com. And if you *don't* want to be like us, come anyway (*somebody* has to be the butt of the joke, after all).

You May Now Stop Worrying Forever.

Or kill me.



written in the spirit by

The Good Reverend Roger

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