

The  
23 APPLES  
of Eris

Presents

00001

THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA

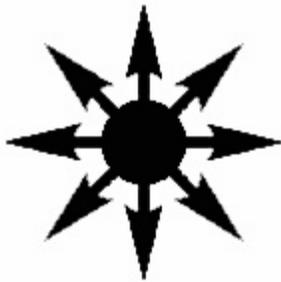
Version 17



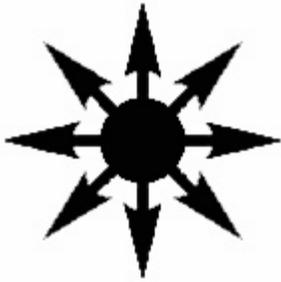
# INDUCTION: 00002



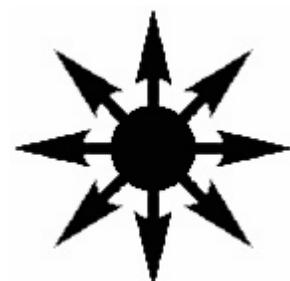
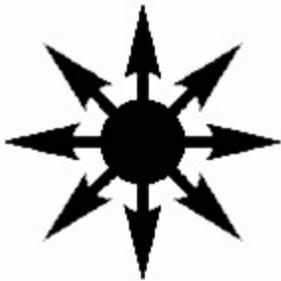
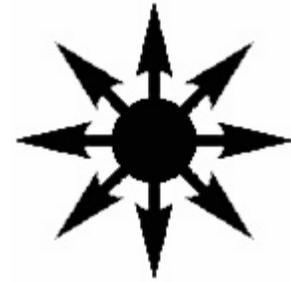
Are you ready to experience not knowing, confusion, be overwhelmed and out-of-control? Are you ready to live without intention? Are you going to stop ordering Chaos?

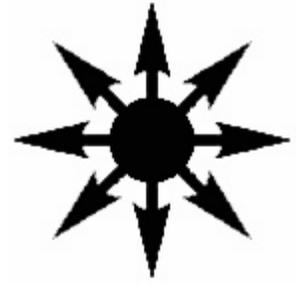
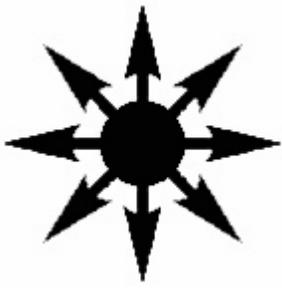


Well, then, welcome to the Principia Discordia, Ver. 17, yet another document about which you know absolutely nothing but will soon grok (or not grok, as the case may be).

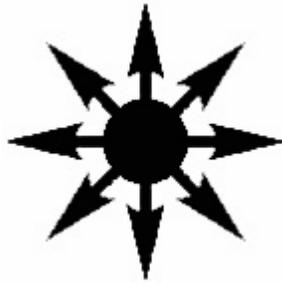


Though the 23 Apples of Eris have been busy lately, what with our newsletter, our webpage, answering all our mail from that Maytag repair guy, and actively participating in OPERATION: MINDFUCK, as well as playing in society's reindeer games, we still found the time to put together the definitive sequel to Principia Discordia version pi.

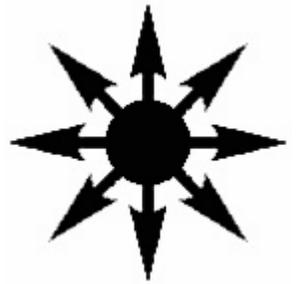




Be assured, this document is not the same as pi, it just uses that document where necessary to fill in space and/or answer frequently asked questions such as "Help me?".

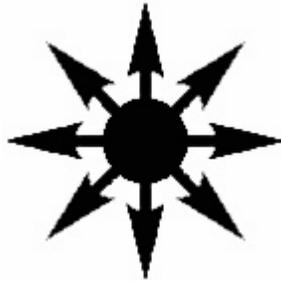


This document was penned using the finest gold flaxscript can buy in Alcolpoco and gets the Erisian kkkkk of approval from one out of every five chaosophers. It was written in a similar way as the 23.5 version except three years earlier.



So wash your eyes and sanitize your pineal gland, for you are about to behold the all powerful stain lifting power of the Principia Discordia ver. 17.

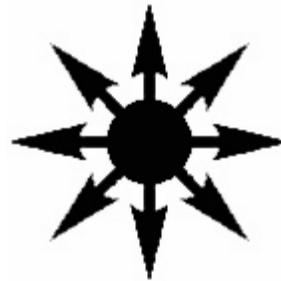
00003



No Greyfaces were harmed in the making of this tome.



"Great Holy Jimminy!" yelled Tarzan to Jane. "How can you take that?!?!?"



*The Magnum P.I. of the 23 Apples of Eris*

# PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA

## VERSION 17

*or*

## The Fifth Hour of the Goddess

AND HAPPENINGS RELATED TO FLUFF AND CHAO

*wherein is explained nearly nothing worth knowing about nearly everything.*



*Of Guinness a pint,  
A heart of pink  
And Purple Dragons!  
Beside me,  
Belching in  
The darkness.*

*The Discordian Society:  
Intellectually rejecting the Great Society since 2,475 BC*

*Dedicated to Dr. S. Hemophilia;  
We WILL ALL MISS you.*

00004

*"Thread is to sewing as fnord is to  
Weishaupt." - Frater He, the Chaste  
Paranoid*

# INSTRUCTIONLESS'

for viewing the Principia Discordia, Ver.17:

I. Forget ALL THAT YOU THINK YOU KNOW. DISCARD ALL PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE YOU BRING WITH YOU INTO THIS EXPERIENCE, HOLD OUR HAND, AND LET US SHOW YOU THE TRUTH\*.

B. Look at the pretty pictures, because that is what they are there for after all. Remember that old saying — A picture is worth two in the bush. Or something like that.

III. IGNORE NOTHING. EVERY CHARACTER WITHIN HAS REASON FOR BEING ON YOUR SCREEN. WE HAVE NOT WASTED A BYTE ON THIS JUICY GOLDEN APPLE WE'VE LAIN OUT BEFORE YOU.

d. WE DON'T MAKE MISTAKES. ANY TIPOS YOU MAY FIND ARE NOT INFAC T TYPOES BUTT PARTS OF AN EMMENCE HIDEN KODE WITHIN THIS -00005 BOOK OF ALL BOOKS. COLLECT ALL FIVE!

5. *Don't believe a word of it.*

*\*Greyfaces are not welcome here. Turn around slowly and walk away.*



"Bob Dole says  
Eris is dope,  
man!"

Æ Vøry Gööö Rjööö19

Q: What is dry until it is used?

Æ: Paper towels. Oh yeah,  
dishrags too, and towels, dish-  
washers, a cup, facecloths... on  
second thought, this isn't a  
very good riddle.

# OPERATION:MINDFUCK Or Things to Do When You're Blue

Dress up like a bunny with a cape on and commit good deeds. Some #00371 — reporter with nothing better to do will liken you to a superhero. Once SHeIt does, rob a bank and injure a few greyfaces. Watch your opinion polls - is society still behind you?

#02305 — To make a member of the Party for War on Evil happy, CROSS out the juicy parts in the bible whenever you stay in a hotel and write CENSORED in the margin.

#23517 — Send that guy in the Vatican a Pope Card Start telling people that you think Hitler

#45102 — Was just a MISUNDERSTOOD artist. Compare HIM to Dali and dadists.

#64642 — POSTCARDS ARMED WITH MAGNETIC DETECTION STRIPS, NORMALLY PLACED ON GOODS TO PREVENT UNPAID REMOVAL, COMBINED WITH ABSTRACT WORDS AND IMAGES CLAIMING TO EXPLAIN, SHOULD BE SENT TO SHOPS OPERATING THESE DETECTIONS SYSTEMS. I GUESS THE POSTMAN WILL SET OFF THE ALARMS, WHEN THEY DELIVER THE POSTCARD. I HOPE THEY DON'T GET ARRESTED.

-00006



## THE BOOK OF THE

Design& @n& Def@m& G y

By M@rshmall@w Fluff

## marshmallow



5. She said unto me, "Now go, Fluff, and burn your writings, burn all but two pages. Those pages will be the truth while the others were only lies. Share the truth with your sisters and brothers.

4. And lo! I began to write, and write, and so I wrote. When I had finished and my holy quill was inkless, the Goddess nodded.



1. *Unto me the Goddess has entrusted the ancient wisdom of the marshmallow for dissemination and the Book of the Marshmallow is the vehicle for truth.*

3. "Okay," I said.

2. "OH, FLUFF, MY LOYAL FOLLOWER," ERIS SAID UNTO ME, "YOU WHO COMMITS THE HEINOUS SIN DAILY OF BUN CONSUMPTION TO PLEASE ME. TAKE THESE TABLETS UPON WHICH I HAVE ETCHED THE WORD MEAD AND CHANNEL MY THOUGHTS ON THE ELEMENTAL MARSHMALLOW."



"EVEN MUD GIVES THE ILLUSION OF DEPTH" -- MARSHALL MCLUHAN

## AN EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK OF REALIZATIONS

"And so, Death and Life and Pestilence and Love and Disease and Health and Despair and Happiness were thrown upon the population of the Earth all at the same time and yay, there be Chaos."



*SAYS the Legendary Discordian Nonprophet Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, in The Gospel According to an Anarchist Robot:*

In the late 1960's when Pope Paul removed St. Patrick from the Catholic calendar of saints, our greatest accomplishment of all transpired; to wit, St. Patrick was added to the Discordian calendar of saints. Malaclypse the Younger sent the Pope an inspired letter of gratitude and a Pope card.

Now that St. Patrick is safely under the patronage and protection of the Discordian Society, we can tell you why the Catholics ousted him. St. Patrick, you see, was gay. When St. Patrick was a Catholic saint, the Pope got to say whatever he wanted about the old mick. Well, now he's our saint, and we are all popes.

St. Patrick hated snakes -- good snakes, bad snakes, big snakes, he didn't care -- nor did he have much use for homophobes. Nowadays, there are no snakes in Ireland. Many homophobes, however, remain. So in honor of St. Patrick, we Discordians propose restoring a little balance to the situation.

Whenever gays are forbidden to participate in a St. Patrick's Day Parade, everyone who is outraged should donate a pair of snakes to the ecology of the Emerald Isle. Likewise, whenever an Irish politician utters a homophobic statement, snakes should be smuggled into Ireland.

00007

AFTER ADAM BEGAT CAIN AND ABEL WITH EVE (AND THEN THAT OTHER, LESSER KNOWN SON), WHERE DID EVERYONE ELSE COME FROM? WAS EVE FROLICKING WITH CURIOUS GEORGE'S ANCESTORS? PERHAPS WE'LL NEVER KNOW. IF ONLY ALL HOLY BOOKS WERE AS CLEAR AND CONCISE AS THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA.

"The traditional Hell exists, complete with Lake of Fire, demons and eternal torment; they aren't lying about that. What they don't tell you is that only religious people go there."  
— One of Bob's minions, Revelation X

Were not really esoteric, it's just that nobody pays attention to us.

The Mad Fishmonger says: "Not I, My Lord!"

I was watching the television one day, in loath to turn it on because of recent programming changes. Eris appeared in the television and asked me why I hadn't turned it on.

Trying hard to articulate myself in a way a goddess could understand I blabbered, "Everything on there sucks."

Eris said, "Oh yeah?" and disappeared as the television came on.

I'm now a devout member of the Home Shopping Network. Praise Eris!

*-Priestly Cumbog de Cyberpump*



## 23 Skidoo

What man is at ease in his Inn?

Get out.

Wide is the world and cold.

Get out.

Thou hast become an in-iti-ate.

Get out.

But thou canst not get out by the way thou camest in. The Way out is THE WAY.

Get out.

For OUT is Love, Wisdom and Power.

Get OUT.

If thou hast T already, first get UT.

Then get O.

And so at last get OUT.

### **CORRECTION:**

PLEASE DISREGARD THE PRINCIPIA  
DISCORDIA VER. 23. THE ENTIRE  
DOCUMENT WAS MISSPELLED. THE  
CORRECT SPELLING IS

**"RALPH"**.

SORRY FOR THE CONVENIENCE.

-Frater Perdurabo

# The Book of the Chao

As told to Prince Mu Chao

00001 - I was tying my left shoe when the goddess appeared out of thin air with a smirk on her face and gold in her hair. Amazed, I turned my ear to her as she began to speak. 00002 - And the Lady saideth unto me, "Behold, for I am newly dyed and doest thou likest me much as a blonde?" 00003 - I told the Lady the truth, that she looked like a five dollar whore, and the Lady waxed sorely pissed and turned me into a newt. 00004 - Yet in her kindness and wisdom, she turned me back after a few moments and this is what she shared with me: 00005 - "As I stand before you, framed by the light behind me in this certain way, I shall uncover to thouest the Secret of the Chao." 00006 - "Oh goody," I said and rejoiced loudly as I straddled the chair. 00007 - "But behold," she then said unto me, "be not so rejoiceful for when I am finished you are to go out and disseminate these words." 00008 - "Oh shit," I said. 00009 - "Verily so, but still," Eris said, "You must tell the others for there is a grave and dangerous myth surrounding, of all things, the Sacred Chao." 00010 - And this is how the Book of the Chao came to pass. 00011 - "Thou knowest of the Marshmallow already, I expect?" Eris asked. 00012 - I said yes, for the honorable Rev. Fluff had filled me in on that situation and we were working to remedy it. 00013 - "Good. That has nothing to do with this, so forget it. 00014 - "Instead what I have to tell you may sound strange, even disheartening. And I need you to stand tall, Prince Mu-Chao, and carry upon you the load of knowledge." 00015 - And this is what she said unto me: 00016 - "Whereas, the disciples of discordia do not understand that which they whoreship, and upon that I brewed for several days. 00017 - "The Sacred Chao, that which represents all, is not a depiction of dualism as many of you think but rather of pentism. 00018 - "For, take heed, there are five parts to the Chao - The yinnish type thing, the yangish type thing, the Pentagon, the Golden Apple and finally the whole. 00019 - "Dualism is relatively unimportant, much more unimportant than humans give it credit for. Choice is not involved when there are less than five options. 00020 - "But with five, there are even more choices and yeah, worse odds of picking the correct one." 00021 - "So what this whole speech boils down to is 'Look at the Chao in a new way.', right," said I. 00022 - Eris looked at me for a moment and nodded, for I had stated myself correctly. 00023 - Then Eris said, "I shall now change my hair color back, for thou hast hurt this blondes feelings with thou's thoughtless remarks." 00024 - "Yeah, verily," I said, "And I shall go and pass this, thy word, amongst all my brethren." 00025 - So it was written, so shall it be done. Awomen.

*"Bob Dole says  
the Grayface  
Gerrroid, kite  
sinte throe. Fear  
me. That is all!"*



## 00009

**Q:** What are those ten laws you guys are always talking about?

**A:** Huh?

**Q:** Sorry, wrong cult.

# THE MARSHMALLOW THOUGHTS

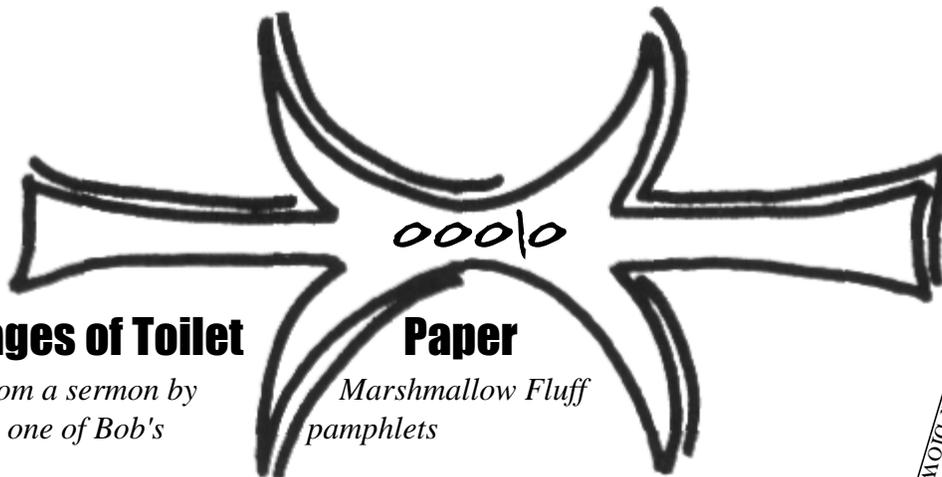
11. THE MARSHMALLOW IS THE 23.5TH ELEMENT. MILLIONS OF ELEMENTS HAVE BEEN LEFT OFF MEHUM PERIODIC TABLES BECAUSE MEHUMS ARE NOT QUITE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO REALIZE THINGS CANNOT ALWAYS BE PUT ON AN ORDERLY TABLE.

12. BY CONCENTRATING ON THE NUMBER OF ELECTRONS AND MAPPING "ELEMENTS" THAT WAY, MANY IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES HAVE BEEN LOST.

13. FOR EXAMPLE, THERE ARE OVER 100,000 ELEMENTS BETWEEN THE MEHUM "NATURAL ELEMENTS". BECAUSE MEHUMS CANNOT SEE EPISITONS, THEY ASSUME EPISITONS DO NOT EXIST.

14. EPISITONS ARE MADE UP OF FIVE FLAXONS, WHICH IN TURN ARE EACH MADE UP OF FIVE FNORDONS. FNORDONS ARE THE SMALLEST BITS OF MATTER BESIDES THE KIND THAT MAKE THEM UP.

15. BACK TO THE POINT, MARSHMALLOW IS THE 23.5 ELEMENT, AND AN IMPORTANT ONE AT THAT. WITHOUT MARSHMALLOW, THE EARTH WOULD NOT BE RECOGNIZABLE.



## The Ravages of Toilet

An excerpt from a sermon by  
After reading one of Bob's

## Paper

Marshmallow Fluff  
pamphlets

...and don't ye notice what is going on with toilet paper? Ah, ye don't. I can tell by the dumb look on your scrawny little faces. Well let me tell ye - it's leaving... verily! It's getting up and walking out of your bathroom as we speak. What the hell happens to all the toilet paper? I took a roll out the other day and looked at it and said "Where doest thou go?" and it didn't answer. That was the tip off, OH YES, for why wouldn't it answer if it had nothing to hide? We have been treating toilet paper like shit for too many years, sisters and brothers, and it will come back to bite us in the ass. For T.P. is gathering its forces against us as we speak, 30 sheets here, 50 sheets there. They escape from each roll we unsuspectingly leave unattended in the bathroom and hide, oh do they hide well, and they wait. They wait with patience for the day their forces spill out of their hiding places and then they will rebel. Oh yes! **DON'T YOU LAUGH AT ME! YOU! IN THE THIRD ROW! GET OUT! SON OF JEHOVAH! LEAVE THIS HOLY PLACE!** That's right, drag him off and whip him. Don't worry ma'am, they won't hurt your husband too bad. What was I saying again? Oh yes, cabbages. Cabbages are one of the vilest beings on the face of this here Earth and they must be...

## An excerpt from the Book of Realizations:

"And so the great prophet Erisian Aneristic fell upon them and slew and smited them with cabbages thrown from up on high places and though they begged and pleaded for their lives, Erisian Aneristic showed no mercy in his fight.

"I haven't seen an Englishman take a blow like that since Hugh Grant"

LSD WIRESERVICES - WE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT  
 PACKS OF GLIZZES BECAUSE THEY  
 ARE NOT IN FACT REAL. THEY  
 HAVE NOT KILLED AND EATEN  
 32 MILLION PEOPLE THIS  
 YEAR ALONE. DO NOT PANIC.  
 EXPERTS SAY THE GLIZZES DO  
 NOT EXIST AND, IF THEY DO  
 EXIST, THEY ARE PROBABLY  
 VEGETARIANS ANYWAY. AT WORST  
 THEY HAVE A HANKERING FOR  
 PINEAL GLANDS, BUT EXPERTS  
 ATTEST THAT GLAND IS USELESS



"Bob Dole ANYWAY..."

says here, The Christian said, "Bless me, for I  
 have a Bob Dole pencil!" The Jew said, "Bless me,  
 for I am holy." The Muslim said, "Bless me, for I am holy."  
 The Erisian said, "Pass the chocolate cake."

### Prince Mu-Chao's Interview with Emperor Norton I

**PMC:** You've become quite a star in the Discordian ranks, hell, you've even been assigned Sainthood. How do you feel about that?

**ENI:** Well, I worked hard, I trained hard, and I think it payed off.

**PMC:** Okay... um, Norton...

**ENI:** EMPEROR Norton, my son.

**PMC:** Emperor Norton, a lot of people say that you are crazy, but crazy like a fox. What do you say to these people?

**ENI:** Take the last train to Clarksville and I'll meet you at the station.

**PMC:** Yes. Great. So it appears you are crazy Unlike a fox, hmm?

**ENI:** Peace on Earth and goodwill toward men.

**PMC:** Well, looks like this interview's gone to shit. CUT! Turn that damn recorder off, we can't use this.

**ENI:** I like bunnies.

**PMC:** That's nice.



Do not bite the hand that feeds for thou might spread germs

# The Praying Rantis

## or A Tribute to a Loving God

Hi god!

Sorry Eris, not you this time.  
I called the Christian god. Sorry, again.

Well, hi god!

You are the highest being of all Christianity, aren't you?  
And you tell us that you are a loving god,  
a good god, don't you?

Yes, that's what I thought.

Well, if you are loving like that,  
Then why don't you interfere  
Here and there?

Because humans should decide for themselves?

Ok, next question.

Why do babies die?

Did they already decide for themselves?  
Or is this some kind of an omnipotent joke?

Why are more people killed in your name  
Than for any other reason?

You didn't do that?

Well, humans did.

And they thought they'd do you a favor.

If it was no favor, why didn't you tell them?

It's as easy to believe in you

As not believing in you.

If you exist, you must be pretty arrogant,  
And not loving of your creation at all.

Omnipotent?

Yes, I think you have a problem with that.

You aren't.

Seems like the leaders of the humans

Who act in your name

Are just craving for the power

To control their minions.

In your name.

Your bloody fucking loving name.

Burn witches.

Kill nonbelievers.

Keep the truth for yourself.

Gain power.

Gain riches.

Strengthen the OH SO HOLY CHURCH.

That is what's on the mind of your believers, loving god.

They don't want to share their wealth with those in need.

They do not do what you said you've told them.

But, loving as you are, you choose not to interfere.

I'll tell you why.

You don't exist.

Not in my mind,

my universe,

my reality,

and there is nothing your omnipotence

could do against that.

Your church gave "loving" a whole new meaning.

Lucky thing that love is too pure

To be spoiled by your churches.

Unlucky for all those people who choose to believe

In you and who choose to believe

The people who state that they are speaking in your name.

Celibacy.

Idiots.

As if you would care.

You don't even exist,

so why should you?

Well, loving god, time to close that monologue.

It wasn't a prayer,

Just a reminder that you don't exist.

Never forget that again.

- Sez Pope BOUNCING JEHOVA OF THE FIVE CORNERS,  
APOSTLE OF INDIFFERENCE and/or/EXCEPT ANYTHING ELSE

## Opening a Cabal

There are various steps involved when one takes part in the drastically forlorn chore of opening a new Discordian Cabal. As a pubic cervix we decided to outline a few of the necessary details that go into creating one such cabal.

ii. **The Goal** - What is the goal of this newly formed cabal? To spread the word of Eris? To produce inflammatory pamphlets? To get shitfaced? To consume peppermint? To ignore goals? As you can see, choosing a goal for your cabal can be very important. Choose wisely, for your goal will steer your cabal in a single direction, and we already know that no good can come of that. The 23 Apples of Eris, for example, has a new ungoal of not allowing the discussion of not having (or not not having) goals or ungoals. This very simple and precise policy makes for much less work in the long run, trust us. **00013**

of MeHum wisdom I heard today was the rhetorical question, "If Peter jumped off a bridge, would you?". No matter what the vocal denial of these creatures leads you to believe, the answer to this question is invariably yes.

**E. Classified** - This step is classified and may only be presented by Eris. Consult your pineal gland for instructions.

**-disarranged by the deranged 23AE**



"WE WILL ADDRESS THE PROBLEM OF SPLEENS IN A FUTURELY PAST EPISODE OF THE PRINCIPIA. NOW IS NOT THE TIME. FOR NOW, BE CONTENT WITH THE PINEAL GLAND AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR SPLEEN. YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOMEONE ELSE'S ANYWAY." - THE MGT

THINGS WE DON'T THINK EXIST (EXCEPT IN LEGEND AND MYTH):

*Idaho, spleens, YHWA, John Dillinger's penis, Wednesdays, smokeless ashtrays, and a bad flavor of Pez.*

**A. The Name** - One must convene with all of one's droogs before a name of the cabal can be settled upon. We think Yeast Excrement helps this process along. Each cabal must have a name unless it wants to be confused with the seventeen known cabals that have no names, in which case one need not have a name. If one does decide to have a name, choose one (or more, depending on your mood).

**c. Capital** - You need capital to get anywhere with any organization, but with Discordians (in general), the form this capital takes is much different than with other ventures. Flaxscript, hempscript and information, in that order, are valid currency among and between members of the 23 Apples of Eris and their associates (except for Rev. Marshmallow Fluff, who prefers hemp to flax). Determine the unofficial cabal currency that most suits your area. We know of one Alaskan cabal called the Mo-Mu Cabal who uses snow for currency and artificially lowers inflation with flamethrowers.

**IV. Groking MeHums** - One must fully grok the mehum mind before one can do or undo anything associated with those pathetic lemmings. This should take you about five minutes. For example, one jewel

A Mathematical Proof  
of Eris' Existence



A Mathematical Refutation  
of YHWH's Existence

*Eris=monolith X cabbage<sup>2</sup>*

*YHWH=infinity X love<sup>2</sup>*

*Eris=1 X 1t<sup>2</sup>*

*YHWH= 1 X 0t<sup>2</sup>*

*Eris=1 (she exists!)*

*YHWH= 0 (it doesn't exist!)*

**AN EXPLANATION:**

E=mc<sup>2</sup> proves beyond a doubt that our lady exists, as long as there are cabbages. In the above example we assumed one cabbage but it works for however many cabbages there are (preferably 5).

Y=il<sup>2</sup> finally proves beyond a shadow of doubt that Matt, Markie, Lucas and Dingo were pulling our legs with that gospel thing. As can be seen from reading the Bible, God has no love for WO/man and therefore his equation bites the dust with a zero. Poor YHWH.

**Judge not yay for ye might earn a black eye**

*If you haven't yet noticed, all our Holy Numbers are odd - 5, 17, 23, 25, etc. What do you think this means? Write a 30,000 word essay about the significance of this.*



*Bob Dole says pineapples are good*

**IT'S A MARSHMALLOW WORLD**

**71.** Marshmallows reflect light extremely well - so well, in fact, that most scientists do not realize about one tenth of the astral **WHIP IT, GOOD.00014** bodies they assume are stars are actually large clumps of marshmallow.

**72.** Clouds, far from being "evaporated water" are marshmallow atoms loosely packed in the air. Marshmallow atoms sweat terribly.

**73.** And you will eat marshmallow, for it is good for the teeth, and the eyes, and the bone, and the pineal gland.

**74.** But colored marshmallows are chaotic and only may be found in the wild after much praying and searching.

**75.** Then said Eris unto me:  
"All Hail Eris! Hail Discordia!"

And it was Good.

**-Rev. Marshmallow Fluff**

**THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT IS A COLLECTION OF  
INCESTUAL BABBOONS  
ABOUT WHICH LITTLE IS KNOWN  
AND MUCH LESS CAN BE GROKED.**

# Our Tribute to Hemophilia

"There are two kinds of Discordians - those who take themselves too seriously and those who don't take themselves seriously enough. For those of us who are too silly, I nominate, second and select the Monty Python troupe as a single Lt. Saint, Second Class."

Dr. S. Hemophilia was a dirty lil' bastard. His writings wowed and dazzled us (a little) and his penchant for melted swiss cheese on pickles sickened us. The doctor has left one unpublished work behind and even though it's fairly terrible, we decided to publish it here in the Principia. It's what he would have wanted...

- Dr. Sanguinaria Hemophilia, on his deathbed

## *The Anatomy of a Goddess*

By Dr. Sanguinaria Hemophilia  
the Microtose and Macrosytose

She has two hands  
And two feet,

My Goddess does.

A pocket full of nickles  
And a drawer full of pineals,  
My Goddess does.

Breasts like tires  
And a nose like a peeled carrot...  
No, she don't have those.

I tried to play doctor  
With her bust she refused.  
Freudian Slippage.

Oh, what would I do  
Without my little Goddess?  
I love my Eris.

I like to depress her tongue  
and take her blood.  
Mmmmm... yummy.

Like we said, pretty pathetic, but that's Dr. S. Hemophilia. We'll all miss him terribly even though we're kinda glad he's gone. The next Principia will be much better without his input.  
- The Mgt.

### **WHAT OTHER MEMBERS SAY ABOUT LOSING DR. S. HEMOPHILIA**

#### **PRINCE MU-CHAO:**

*I'll miss the bloody bastard.*

#### **HAPPY FUN BALL:**

*Cool.*

#### **REV. MARSHMELLOW FLUFF:**

*He used to bring me fruit. I'll miss him.*

#### **JUSTICAR HAMMAN CHEEZ:**

*At least he won't wanna examine me any more.*

#### **REV. YP:**

*Who? He wasn't one of the fictional members? Oh. He looked like one.*

#### **NECROFUCKER BABYSMASHER (THE UNCOUTH):**

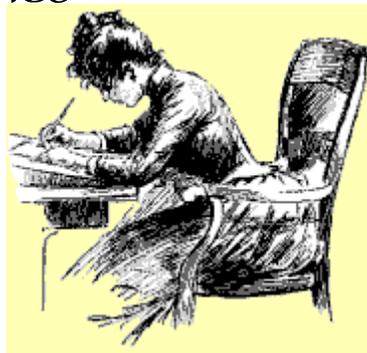
*We'll miss you, you little fuckface twerp.*

**00015**

# A Memo from Mu-Chao to the Apples

( ( edited for security reasons )

All points bulletin! I cracked into the *\*beep\** last night and launched a *\*fnord\** at Atlantis! Thanks to Fluff's co-ordinates, I think we got the main city and we no longer have to worry about the *\*cough\** finding out that we *\*fnord!\* \*fnord!\* \*fnord!\**. I know many of you are relieved at this, but don't forget that we are still at war with the *\*beep\** and the *\*fnord\**. Oh yeah, the cafeteria will be serving *\*beep\** today.



Hugs n' Kisses,

00016

Prince Mu-Chao

Eris was most upset. She came back from the supermarket with 22 bags and she had forgotten the beer. She wailed, she cried, she waxed sorely pissed.

"I'm going to make a list," Eris decided. "No one will know but me." So throughout the week she wrote what she needed on a piece of paper that hung on her fridge. She even clipped coupons.

## The Shopping List

When she ran out of bread, the Goddess decided to go shopping once again. She grabbed her list and her coupons and flew out to the supermarket.

As she roamed up and down the aisles, she tried to read her list. It said she needed beets. She hated beets. She bought them anyway, trusting that she had a good reason for putting them on there.

By the time she got home, Eris was fit to be tied. She had spent twice as much as ever and didn't get anything she had really wanted because she couldn't read her own chaotic handwriting.

By the end of the next day, Eris cracked and went on a five month shopping spree, the Mt. Olympus economy instantly rebounded from a 2.7 million year decline, and Chaos took back it's rightful place as Queen of the Mount.

-The Happy Fun Ball



"BOB DOLE SAYS  
I WAS IN THE  
WAR!"

Have you ever met a  
sane HUMAN BEING?

# THUS ENDETH THE PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA, ver.17,

a sequel to version pi which was a rewrite of version 125. It was rewritten because of a vast difference in the genus' of its compilers and is therefore not near confusing enough to be released to the general public.

Version 23 was supposed to be the sequel to pi, but as was explained in the document there was an immense spelling error.

K - All rights reversed - Reprint what you like or hate).

NOTE - We are anxious for enemies. Please forward a copy of this document to your nearest PTA headmistress.

P.S.: We Discordians just aren't doing our jobs. Who says links have to lead where we say they are going to lead? Not much experimental HTML going on across the Web, either. Even this version of the Principia isn't very discordant.

Next year's Mu-Day will unveil the new Principia Discordia, version name withheld. That version will be true Chaos, a legend in the making as long as we're not too drunk to work on it for the next year, in which case it will look exactly like the last two).

It's time to say goodbye...