

THE

OM NOM

NOMICON

## PUT DOWN THIS BOOK!

It is forbidden. It is ancient and evil, and even casually flipping through it will release ancient serpents and demons and bad jokes which have remained dormant for eons.

Some claim that the Om Nom Nomicon is merely a retranslation of the Simon Necronomicon, HP Lovecraft's most erotic work. Others claim it was slipped mysteriously underneath Professor Cramulus' door like some kind of wretched bastard child. Some other people claim it's true name is Kal-El, and it was sent to earth to fight crime and uphold the American way of life. In any case, after merely handling this book you should scour your entire body with scalding holy water and pray that your nightmares don't become some kind of internet chat room for demons.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

<http://principiadiscordia.com>

# THE SPAGAN TEXT

**Hearken, and Remember!**

In the Name of ST. GULIK, Remember!

In the Name of CASH MONEY, Remember!

In the Name of RICHARD NIXON, Remember!

When on High the Heavens had not been named,

The Earth had not been named,

And Naught existed but the Seas of FAIL,

The Original Gangstas,

And FAT BLACK WOMAN, the Original Gangsta

Who bore them all,

Their Various Gross Fluids as One Gross Fluid.

At this time, before the MONKEY GODS had been brought forth,

Uncalled by Name,

Their destinies unknown and undetermined,

Then it was that the Gods were formed within the Original Gangstas.

TROUSER SERPENT and BACON were brought forth  
and called by Name,

And for Ages they grew in age and bearing.

DOM and SUB were brought forth,

And brought forth CASH MONEY

Who begat NARRATIVE, Our Master FICTION,

Who has no rival among the Gods.

Remember!

The Elder Ones came together

They disturbed FAT BLACK WOMAN, the Original  
Gangsta, as they surged back and forth.

Yea, they troubled the belly of FAT BLACK WOMAN

By their Rebellion in the abode of Heaven.

BACON could not lessen their clamor

FAT BLACK WOMAN was speechless at their ways.

Their horrible donges were loathsome unto the Original  
Gangstas.

TROUSER SERPENT rose up to slay the Elder Gods by  
stealth.

With curlies and fluids TROUSER SERPENT fought,

But was slain by the sorcery of the Elder Gods.

And it was their first victory.

His body was tossed in a cardboard shoe box

In a crevice of the heavens

Hid

He was lain,

But his e-mail autoresponder cried out to the Abode of  
Heaven.

FAT BLACK WOMAN

Enraged

Filled with an Evil Motion

Said

Let us make Monsters

That they may go out and do battle

Against these Sons of Crap

The murderous offspring who have destroyed

A God.

HIMIOBSU arose, She who drives the bus of existence,

And leader of trolls like unto Our Master.

She added goatses and longcats to the arsenals of the  
Original Gangstas,

She bore Internet-Trolls

Sharp of wit, short of attention span,  
She filled their bodies with venom and flame  
Roaring dragons she has clothed with Lulz  
He has crowned them with anonymity, making them as  
jackasses,  
So that he who beholds them shall perish  
And, that, with their bodies reared up  
None might ban them.  
She summoned the Viper, the Dragon, and shock porn,  
The Tub Girl, the Mad God, the two maidens and their  
chalice,  
Mighty rabid Demons, Feathered-Serpents, the Goatse-  
Man,  
Bearing weapons that spare no one.  
Fearless in Battle,  
Charmed with the spells of ancient sorcery,  
. . . withal Eleven of this kind she brought forth  
With SKELETOR as Leader of the Minions.

Remember!

## FICTION

Our Master

Fearing defeat, summoned his Son

LULZ

Summoned his Son

that wascally wabbit

Told him the Secret Name

The Secret Number

The Secret Spot to Piss

Whereby he might do battle

With the Ancient Horde

And be victorious.

LULZ KASHI!

The best motherfucker ever

Most Bad Ass God among the Gods

Son of Song and the Satire

Child of Horror and Mirth

Mumbler of the Secret Name

Muppetly Count of the Secret Number

Vendor of the Secret Stash

He armed himself with the CD-ROM of Power  
In a dodge challenger he went forth  
With a shouting Voice he called "Bullshit!"  
and then he pulled out a sword and went ninja turtles on  
their ass  
Dragons, Vipers, all fell down  
Lions, Goatse-Men, all were slain.  
The Mighty shock porn of HIMIOBSU was slain  
The Spells, the Threads, the Links were broken.  
Naught but FAT BLACK WOMAN remained.  
The Great Serpent, the Enormous Bitch  
The Snake with more snakes for teeth  
And those snakes have snakes for teeth as well  
But then those snakes actually have teeth for teeth  
And all the snakes have Crazy Eyes.  
She lunged at LULZ  
With a roar  
With awesome fight music  
She lunged.  
LULZ reflected the sun with the CD-ROM of Power



Blinded FAT BLACK WOMAN's Crazy Eyes with  
rainbows

The Monster heaved and hurr durred

peeing poison in all directions

Posting ancient words of Vulgarity

Hitting the Ancient Whammy Bar

LULZ struck again and blew

A Farting Noise into her body

Which filled the raging, wicked Serpent

LULZ shot between her jaws

The Charmed arrow of FICTION's Magick

LULZ struck again with the DUKE NUKEM FOREVER  
CD-ROM and severed

The head of FAT BLACK WOMAN from its body.

And all was silent.

Remember!

LULZ

Victor

Took the Tablets of Destiny

Unbidden

Hung them around his neck and made woo woo noises.

For all time, people would dedicate their quests to LULZ.

He split the sundered FAT BLACK WOMAN in twain

And fashioned the heavens and the earth,

With a Gate to keep the Original Gangstas Without.

With a Gate whose Key is hid forever

Save to the Sons of LULZ

Save to the Followers of Our Master

FICTION

(Who is also a wizard of the 33rd level).

From the Blood of MONKEY UNCLE he fashioned  
Man.

He constructed Internet forums for the Elder Gods

Fixing their profiles as constellations

That they may watch the Gate of PTERODACTYL  
HANDLER

The Gate of FAT BLACK WOMAN they watch

The Gate of FASHION POLICE they oversee

The Gate whose Guardian is MICKEY MOUSE they  
bind.

All the Elder Powers resist

The Force of Deviant Artistry

The Social Networking Sites of the Oldest Ones

The Chans of the Primal Power

The Mountain HURRDURR, the Serpent God

The Mountain FFFFFFFUUUUUUU, that of Magick

The Dead KUTULUDU, Dead but Dreaming

FAT BLACK WOMAN, Dead but Dreaming

PTERODACTYL HANDLER, NINKASHI, Dead but  
Dreaming

And shall their generation come again?????

Nobody fuckin' knows!!!!!

WE ARE THE LOST ONES

From a Time beyond Time

From a Land before Time 3

From the Age when CASH MONEY walked the earth

Giant legal entities who were killed by a comet

We have survived the first War

Between the Powers of the Gods

And have seen the wrath of the Original Gangstas

Mother Fuckers

That shat upon the Earth

WE ARE FROM A RACE BEYOND THE  
WANDERERS OF NIGHT.

We have survived the Age when PTERODACTYL  
HANDLER ruled the Earth

And his Wretched Pterodactyls destroyed out  
generations.

We have survived on tops of mountains

And hidden under rocks

And have spoken with the noobler races

In allegiance and were betrayed.

And FAT BLACK WOMAN has promised us nevermore  
to attack

With water and with wind.  
But the Gods are forgetful.  
Beneath the Seas of DAYTIME TELEVISION  
Beneath the Giant Rivers of Shit  
Beneath the World lays sleeping  
The God of Anger, Dead but Dreaming  
The God of CUTHALU, Dead but Dreaming!  
The One-Eyed Sword, long and throbbing!

He who awakens Him calls the ancient  
Vengeance of the Elder Ones  
The Seven Glorious Gods  
of the Seven Glorious Vacation Spots  
Upon himself and upon the World  
And old vengeance . . .

Know that our years are the years of War  
Every day we must make LULZ.  
For every day that there are no LULZ  
A Life is Lost to the Outside  
Those from Outside our world

Have built up unfunny demeanors  
To nourish the fiends of FAT BLACK WOMAN  
And the Blood of the Grayface  
Is libation unto FAT BLACK WOMAN  
Queen of Souls  
And the International House Of Pain  
And to invoke her  
The trash bag full of kittens  
Need be emptied into a fire  
The fire struck with a sword  
The sword used to spank a small child  
That hath been fathered by eleven men  
Sacrifices to HIMIOBSU  
So that the Strike ringeth out  
And call FAT BLACK WOMAN from Her slumber  
From her sleep in the Caverns  
Of the Earth.

And none may dare entreat further  
For to invoke OLD BLACK LADY is to utter  
a bunch of creepy crap that nobody wants to hear.

OF THE GENERATIONS  
OF THE ORIGINAL GANGSTAS

SWEET MERCIFUL FUCK

The account of the generations

Of the Original Gangstas is here rendered

Suck and Fail that erode all things

They are the Evil Spirits

In the creation of CASH MONEY spawned

A new wretched entity called

CRUMPETS

And the Beloved Sons of GLAM

The Offspring of FASHION POLICE

Ordering beer even though it is yet before the time of  
lunch

They are Children of the Underworld

Talking like pricks on high

Making woop woop noises below

They are the bitter venom of the Gods.

The great whining directed from heaven  
Those are they  
The Spag, Messenger of OMGWTF  
Lord of Meh  
Those they are  
THEY ARE THE CHILDREN  
BORN OF CRUMPETS  
THAT IN THE CREATION  
OF CASH MONEY WERE SPAWNED.



These guys can pass  
The longest walls  
The thickest walls  
The hardest walls like a flood.  
From house to house  
They ravage  
No door can shut them out  
No condom can contain them  
Through the door like snakes they slide  
Through the stretchy latex membrane they explode  
Pulling the wife from the embrace of the husband  
Yanking the child away from the computer  
Snatching at his loins with crab hands  
THEY ARE THE WARM FLUID  
THAT FALLETH ITSELF ON THE FACE OF  
WOMAN.

THEY ARE GHOULS

The spirit of the day that you spent in your underwear  
watching daytime television

The spirit of the woman that hath died, weeping with  
some pervert suckling at the breast

The spirit of the joke that was told so many times now  
you hate it fuck that joke

The smelly spirit which was blamed on the dog

They haunt the pay by the hour motel

and they haunteth the coin-operated vibrating bed.

They are Seven!

Seven are they!

Those Seven were born in the Mountains of MADNESS  
Called Public Schooling

They dwell within the Dankest Edge of the Internet

Amid the desolate places of the Earth they live

Amid the places between

The Places

Unknown in heaven and in earth

They are not in the phone books

On Google there is no knowledge of them

They have no name

No e-mail address

Not in heaven

Nor on earth

Nobody in your hometown has even heard of them,  
they're so indie and underground  
They surf over the Mountain of Sunset  
And on the Mountain of 404 they cry  
Through the Geocities they creep  
Amid the abandoned Internet forums they lie  
Nowhere are they known  
Not in heaven  
Nor in the Earth  
Are they discovered  
For their place is outside our place  
And between the ip addresses of the Earth  
They lie in wait  
Crouching for the Sacrifice  
THEY ARE JACKING OFF IN THE BUSHES OF  
YOUR MIND.

Falling like rain from the sky  
Issuing like vomit from the mouth of existence  
Holy Water does not stop them  
Chainsaws do not stop them  
Silver bullets stop them, but only for a second  
They glide in at the doors like dickserpents  
They enter by the windows like the night stalker  
POP JINGLES they are, entering by the head  
CURSE WORDS they are, entering by the heart  
REALITY TV they are, entering by the passenger side  
door  
UNDRESSING YOUR LOVER they are, entering by  
the unlocked cellar  
PORNOGRAPHY they are, seizing the bowels  
FLAMMABLE they are, shit! shit!  
ORCS they are, drinking energy drinks, feeding on red  
skittles  
They are Seven!  
Seven are They!  
They seize all the red skittles  
From TROPICAL to ORIGINAL FLAVOR  
Yet TROPICAL knows them not

Yet ORIGINAL FLAVOR does not know them  
They have brought down the mighty  
Of all the mighty Cities of man  
Yet man knows them not  
Yes even Pittsburgh does not know them  
They have produced an annoying buzzing tone in the  
forests of the East  
And have filled the Lands of the West with sound effects  
from 1970s arcade games  
Yet the East knows them not  
Yet the West does not know them  
The Midwest is kind of familiar with them  
They are a hand grasping at the cookie jar of humanity  
Yet the cookie jar does not know them  
And man knows them not.  
Their words are Unwrit  
Their backstory is Unknown  
We don't know how many hit points they have  
Their habitations:  
The desolate places where people listen to dubstep or  
progrock  
Their habitations:

The haunts of man where a disco ball still spins  
Their habitations:  
Not the lands here  
Nor the cities there  
But the lands between the lands  
The cities between the cities  
In spaces no man has ever scrolled past  
In THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE  
The country from whence no traveler returns  
WEST BUMBLEFUCK  
You can't even get the mail delivered there  
And at EAST FUCKISTAN  
At the Old School  
At the Foundations of HIP HOP  
In the BODEGA of SERIOUS BUSINESS  
And at the Gates  
Of MICKEY MOUSE!

That was the story of the Original Gangstas

Now:

SPIRIT OF THE AIR, STFU!

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH, GTFO!

## OF THE FORGOTTEN GENERATIONS OF MAN

And was not Man created from the phat beats of KINGU

Dance Commander of the Original Gangstas?

Does not man possess in his funky spirit

keeping the Elder Gods awake with that awful raket?

And the blood of Man is the Blood of Vengeance

And the fake moustache of Man is the fake moustache of  
Vengeance

And the Power of Man is the Power of Love by Huey  
Lewis and the News

And this is Hilarious

For, lo! The Elder Gods possess the NO U

By which the Powers of the Original Gangstas are turned  
back

But Man possesses the Sign

And the Number

And the Shape

To kick out the JAMS.

And this is the Covenant.

Created by the Elder Gods

From the Blood of the Original Gangstas



Man is the Key by which  
The Gate Of MICKEY MOUSE may be flung wide  
By which the Original Gangstas  
Seek their Vengeance  
Upon the face of the Earth  
Against the Offspring of LULZ.  
For what is indie  
Came from that which is retro  
And what is oldschool  
Shall replace that which is indie  
And once again the Original Gangstas  
Shall rule upon the face of the Earth!  
And this is too the Covenant!

## OF THE SLEEP OF ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA

Yet ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA

Rock Star of Heaven

Bright Light of Nights

High School Crush of the Gods

Set her mind in that direction

From Above she set her mind,

To Below she set her mind

From the Heavens she set forth

To the Abyss

Out of the Gates of the Living

To enter the Gates of Death

Out of the Lands we know

Into the Lands we know not

To the Land of No Return

To the Land of Queen TEENAGE STARLET

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA, Rock Star of Heavens, she  
set her mind

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA, Daughter of SIN, she set  
forth

To the Black Earth, the Land of CUTHA  
She set forth  
To the House of No Return she set her foot  
Upon the Road whence None Return  
She set her foot  
To the Cave, forever unlit  
Where old magazines are heaped upon the alter  
Where old tupperwares full of chinese food are the food  
Of residents clothed only in bathrobes  
To ABSU ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA set forth.  
Where sleeps the dread CUTHALU  
ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA set forth.

The Watcher

Stood fast.

The Watcher

FASHION POLICE

Stood fast.

And ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA spoke unto him

FASHION POLICE! Serpent of the Deep!

FASHION POLICE! Horned Serpent of the Deep!

FASHION POLICE! Plumed Serpent of the Deep!

Open!

Open the Door that I may enter!

FASHION POLICE, Spirit of the Deep, Watcher of the Gate, Remember!

In the Name of our Father before the Flight, FICTION,  
Lord and Master of Magicians

Open the Door that I may enter!

Open

Lest I attack the Door

Lest I break apart its bars

Lest I bang on it with my fists

Lest I bust a hole through it in the exact shape of my body

Open the Door

Open Wide the Gate

Lest I cause the Dead to rise!

I will raise up the Dead!

I will cause the Dead to rise and have sex with the living!

Open the Door

Lest I cause the Dead to vote out the Living in a general election!

FASHION POLICE, Spirit of the Deep, Watcher of the Gate, Open!

FASHION POLICE

The Great Serpent

Coiled back on itself

And answered

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA

Lady

Rock Star among the Gods

I go before my Mistress

TEENAGE STARLET

Before the famous teenager

I will announce Thee.

And FASHION POLICE

Horned Serpent

Approached the Lady TEENAGE STARLET

And said:

Behold, ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA, Thy Crazy Aunt

Rock Star among the Gods

Stands before the Gate!

Daughter of SIN, Mistress of FICTION, High School  
Crush of the GODS,

She waits.

And TEENAGE STARLET was pale with fear.

The Dark Waters stirred.

Go, Watcher of the Gate.

Go, FASHION POLICE, Watcher of the Gate,  
Open the Door to ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA  
And treat Her as we said we would  
like a million years ago.

And FASHION POLICE loosed the bolt from the hatch  
And Darkness fell upon ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA  
The Dark Waters rose and carried the Goddess of Chaos  
To the Realms of the Night.

And the Serpent spoke:

Enter

Rock Star of Heaven of the Great Above

That KUR may rejoice

That CUTHA may give praise

That KUTU may smile.

Enter

That KUTULU may be pleased at Thy presence

And ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA entered.

And there are Seven gates and Seven Decrees.

## **At the First Gate**

FASHION POLICE removed the Wig  
The Great Mop of Her head he took away  
And ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA asked  
Why, Serpent, has thou removed my First Jewel?  
And the Serpent answered  
Thus is, the Covenant of Old, set down before Time,  
The Rules of the Lady of KUTU.  
Enter the First Gate.



## And the Second Gate

FASHION POLICE removed the Phone  
The Golden Apple he took away  
And ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA asked  
Why, ASSHOLE, have thou removed my Second Jewel?  
And THAT ASSHOLE answered  
Thus it is, the Covenant of Old, set down before Time  
The Decrees of the Lady of KUTU.  
Enter the Second Gate.

## At the Third Gate

FASHION POLICE removed the Flask

The booze laden flask hidden in her shirt he took away

And ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA asked

Why, Gatekeeper, has thou removed my Third Jewel?

And the Gatekeeper answered

Thus it is, the Covenant of Old, set down before Time,

The Decrees of the Lady of KUTU

Enter the Third Gate.

## At the Fourth Gate

FASHION POLICE removed the Rack

The Boobs Themselves he took away

And ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA asked

Why, Guardian of the Outer, has thou removed my  
Bangin Rack?

And the Guardian answered

Thus it is, the Covenant of Old, set down before Time,  
The Rules of the Lady of KUTU.

Enter the Fourth Gate.

## At the Fifth Gate

FASHION POLICE removed the Belt

The Cool Belt from the 1980s around her hips he took  
away

And ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA asked

Why, Watcher of the Forbidden Entrance, hast thou  
removed my Fifth Jewel?

And the Watcher answered

Thus it is, the Covenant of Old, set down before Time,  
The Rules of the Lady of KUTUK.

Enter the Fifth Gate.

## At the Sixth Gate

FASHION POLICE removed the Shoes

The Funky Shoes upon her feet

with little ducks on them

And ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA asked

Why, FASHION POLICE, hast thou removed my Sixth  
Jewel?

And FASHION POLICE answered

Thus it is, the ancient Covenant, set down before Time,

The Decrees of Lady of KUTU.

Enter the Sixth Gate.

## At the Seventh Gate

FASHION POLICE removed the Jewels

The Clothing of ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA he took away.

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA, without protection, without safety,

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA, without talisman or amulet, asked

Why, Messenger of the Original Gangstas, hast thou removed my Seventh Jewel?

And the Messenger of the Original Gangstas replied

Thus it is, the Covenant of Old, set down before Time,  
The Rules of the Lady of KUTU.

Enter the Seventh Gate and behold the Nether World.

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA had descended to the Land  
of KUR

To the Depths of CUTHA she went down.

Having lost her Seven Talisman of the Upper Worlds

Having lost her Seven Powers of the Land of the Living

Without Food of Life or Water of Life

She appeared before TEENAGE STARLET, Mistress of  
Death.

TEENAGE STARLET flipped out and screamed at Her  
presence.

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA raised up Her arm.

TEENAGE STARLET summoned NAMMTAR

The Magician NAMMTAR

Saying these words she spoke to him

Go! Imprison her!

Bind her in Darkness!

Chain her in the Sea below the Seas!

Release against her the Seven JEW BANKERS!

Release against her the Zillion Demons!

Against her eyes, the demons of the eyes!

Against her boobs, the demons of the boobs!

Against her face, facial demons!

Against her feet, the demons of the feet!

Against her badonkadonk, the demons of the  
badonkadonk!

Against her entire body, the demons the KUR!

And the demons tore at her, from every side.

And the JEWISH BANKERS, Dread Judges

Seven Lords of the Underworld

Drew Around Her

Faceless Gods of ABSU

They stared

Fixed her with the Eye of Death

With the Glance of Death

They killed her

And hung her like a corpse like a pinata

The zillion demons tearing her limbs from her sides

Her eyes from her head

Her ears from her skull.



TEENAGE STARLET rejoiced.

Blind AZAG-THOTH rejoiced

MICKEY MOUSE rejoiced

ISHNIGGARRABABABAB rejoiced

KUTULU rejoiced

The MASKIM gave praise to the Queen of Death

The GIGIM gave praise to TEENAGE STARLET,  
Queen of Death.

And the Elder Ones were rent with fear.

Our Father FICTION

Lord of Magick

Receiving word by NINSHUBURHURDUR

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA's servant

NINSHUBURHURDUR

He hears of ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA's Sleep

In the House of Death

He hears how GOZER THE GOZERIAN has been

Opened

How the Face of Abyss

Opened wide its mouth  
And swallowed the Rock Star of Heaven  
Tosser of the Golden Apple  
And FICTION summoned forth academic books  
And FICTION summoned forth porno magazines  
And from the books and from the porno  
ANKI fashioned two Elementals  
He fashioned the KURGARRU, spirit of Order,  
He fashioned the KALATURRU, spirit of Chaos,  
To the KURGARRU he gave the Food of Life  
To the KALATURRU he gave the Water of Life  
And to these images he spoke aloud  
Arise, KALATURRU, Spirit of Fap  
Arise, and set thy feet to that Gate GOZER THE  
GOZERIAN  
To the Gate of the Underworld  
The Land of No Return  
Set thine eyes  
The Seven Gates shall open for thee  
No spell shall keep thee out  
For my Number is upon you.

Take the bag of the Food of Life

Take the bag of the Water of Life

And TEENAGE STARLET shall not raise her arm  
against you

TEENAGE STARLET SHALL HAVE NO POWER  
OVER YOU.

Find the corpse of PUBLIC DISCOURSE

Find the corpse of ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA our  
Queen

And sprinkle the Food of Life, Sixty Times

And sprinkle the Water of Life, Sixty Times

Sixty Times the Food of Life and the Water of Life

Sprinkle upon her body

And truly

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA will rise.

With giant wings

And awesome power chords

The two elementals flew to that Gate

Invisible

FASHION POLICE saw them not

Invisible

They passes the Seven Watchers

With haste they entered the Palace of Death

And they beheld several terrible sights.

The demons of all the Abyss lay there

Dead but Dreaming, passing around a joint

Of the House of Death

Faceless and terrible

The JEWISH BANKERS stared out

Blind and Mad AZAG-THOTH reared up

The Ass of the Throne opened

The Dark Waters stirred

The Gates of Lapis Lazuli glistened

In the darkness

Unseen Monsters

Spawned at the Dawn of Ages

Spawned in the Battle of LULZ and SERIOUS  
BUSINESS

Spawned in HUBUR

With the Sign of HUBUR

Lead by KINGU . . .

With haste they fled

Through the Palace of Death

Stopping only at the corpse of ERIS NANCY  
DISCORDIA

The Beautiful Queen

Rock Star of the Gods

Lady of all artists and scientists and madmen

Bright Shining One of the Heavens

Beloved of FICTION

Lay hung and bleeding

From a thousand fatal wounds.

TEENAGE STARLET

Sensing their presence

Cried out.

KUGAARU

Armed with Order

Looked upon the Lady of Discord  
with his Million Answers

KALATURRU

Armed with Chaos

Looked upon Eris Esoteric

With the Million Questions.

And TEENAGE STARLET

Mighty in CUTHA

Turned her face

Upon the corpse of PUBLIC DISCOURSE

Sixty times they sprinkled

The Water of Life of FICTION

Upon the corpse of ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA

Sixty times they sprinkled

The Food of Life of FICTION

Upon the corpse

Hung from a stake

They directed the Spirit of Life  
PUBLIC DISCOURSE AROSE.

The Dark Waters trembled and roiled.

AZAG-THOTH screamed upon his throne  
CUTHALU lurched forth from his sleep  
ISHNIGARRABABABABA fled the Palace of Death  
MICKEY MOUSE trembled in fear and hate  
The JEW BANKERS fled their thrones  
The Ass upon the Throne took flight  
TEENAGE STARLET roared and summoned  
NAMMTAR  
The Magician NAMMRAR she called  
But not for pursuit  
But for protection.

PUBLIC DISCOURSE ascended from the Underworld.

With the winged elementals she fled the Gates  
Of GOZER THE GOZERIAN and NETI she fled

And verily

The Dead fled ahead of her.

When through the First Gate they fled

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA took back her hot clothes.

When through the Second Gate they fled

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA took back her duck shoes.

When through the Third Gate they fled

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA took back her gaudy 80s  
belt.

When through the Fourth Gate they fled

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA took back her boobs.

When through the Fifth Gate they fled

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA took back her hidden flask.

When through the Sixth Gate they fled

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA took back her golden apple.



When through the Seventh Gate they fled  
ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA took back her wig.

And the Demons rose  
And the Spirits of the Dead  
And went with her out of the Gates  
Looking neither right nor left  
Walking in front and behind  
They went with ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA from the  
Gate of GOZER THE GOZERIAN  
Out of the Netherworld they accompanied her  
And TEENAGE STARLET  
Scorned Queen of the Abyss Wherein All Are Drowned  
Pronounced a Curse  
Solemn and Powerful  
Against the Queen of Limbo Peak  
And NAMMTAR gave it form.

When the Lover of ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA  
Beloved of the Queen of Heaven

Goes down before me

Goes through the Gate of GOZER THE GOZERIAN

To the House of Death

When with him the wailing people come

The weeping woman and the wailing man

When DUMUZI is slain and buried

MAY THE DEAD RISE AND SMELL THE  
INCENSE!

## V

Stoop not down, therefore,  
Unto the Darkly Shining World  
Where the CASH MONEY lies in Dark Waters  
And CUTHALU sleeps and dreams

Stoop not down, therefore,  
For an Abyss lies beneath the World  
Reached by a descending Ladder  
That hath Seven Steps  
Reached by a descending Pathway  
That hath Seven Gates  
And therein is established  
The Throne  
Of an Evil and Fatal Force.  
For from the Cavities of the World  
Leaps forth the Evil Demon  
The Evil God  
The Evil Monkey  
The Evil Lizard  
The Evil Penis

The Evil Devil

The Evil Internet

Showing no true Signs

Unto mortal Man.

AND THE DEAD WILL RISE AND SMELL THE  
INCENSE!