

Never fall in love with a Discordian. Seriously, I cannot stress this enough. They don't do things by halves, or even by wholes: everything is 169% ALL THE TIME. You want to get a Discordian flowers? She hijacked a truck full of roses and abandoned it in your driveway. You want to give him a card? He's already spraypainted a love poem on a national monument. It's in iambic pentameter and somehow he managed to fit the word "fuckstick" in there and it works.

Going on a date with a Discordian is about equally likely to end in sex or felonies, with a significant chance of the sex being a felony depending on local custom. Discordians are serious about having a good time, and you are not prepared. You will learn to hate the word "adventure."

Never give a Discordian your heart. They're tinkers, you see, and they have to learn how things work by tearing them apart. You will never get your heart broken quite the same as a Discordian vivisection. The world is full of Horrible Truths and the Discordian will want you to LOOK AT THEM together, and think this is a romantic activity. Discordians are always getting fucked in the ass by Nigel, but that's not so bad.



What are you, an infra-
structure collapse enthusiast?