

Having given this matter some thought:

WE LIVE IN THE AGE OF HORRORMIRTH.

**YOUR IDEAS ABOUT DISCORDIA AND THE
WORLD AT LARGE ARE NOW USELESS.**

Oh, I am sorry, you thought some moldy old jokes written by a dude who died in a shack by the edge of the woods after years of Government LSD dosing was going to HELP YOU.

I take it back, I am NOT sorry. If you assumed Discordia was going to laugh at your electronic-whoopie-cushions and pat you on the back for thinking with your Pineal Gland you were deliciously DOING IT WRONG.

Your life as a thinking meatbag is over. Done. Finished. What you have left is FEELINGS so you better god damn well leverage them as best you can. Your Pineal Gland isn't the only useless lump of squishy, moist meat inside your skull.

This Age will require a strong stomach and a total lack of gag reflex. It will require all the shit those idiot preppers are hoarding. It will require The Ultimate Blood Sacrifice every Thursday afternoon.

Of course, none of that is true.

THE PROPHET SALTY SAYS SO

You will absolutely need your brain for the coming Dark Times. Eris don't suffer no fools, which is incredibly unfortunate for the likes of us. There will be no room for error in the Age of Horrormirth. Or, more accurately, there will only be room for error. Error is now the default, and that's the perfect environment for your stupid meat-body.

You may be stupidly wondering: "How did we get here?"

My stupid answer is: We always WERE here. It's always been this way. We who are fortunate enough to stave off the natural Horrormirth found in all small corners of the world using the old currency, blood and toil of those not us, are coming to the natural end of this same, tired cycle.

My advice: learn how to stop yelling, it only attracts vultures. Also, get a good hat.

