



*If you don't like
my Discordia, go
make your own!*

-ENKIV2

THE KOAN OF THE DERIVATIVE WORK

WEN THE MONK ENTERED THE CELL OF HIS FRIEND, TU-TZI FRU-TZI TO FIND THE FLOOR UNCHARACTERISTICALLY FULL OF CRUMPLED PAPERS.

"TU-TZI, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" WEN ASKED. "SOME KIND OF ORIGAMI FLOOR?"

TU-TZI LOOKED UPON HIS HANDS IN DESPAIR. "I'M TRYING TO WRITE SOMETHING, BUT EVERYTHING I DO IS DERIVATIVE" HE CRIED.

"YOU'RE TRYING TO AVOID DERIVATIVE WORK?" WEN ASKED. "HOW ORIGINAL!"

AFTER A FEW HOURS OF WATCHING CAT VIDEOS, TU-TZI WAS ENLIGHTENED.

