A letter arrived for me this morning. I beg your indulgence when I tell you that it was written in my own hand. Despite all common sense I am forced to conclude that it was written by some future me, a man condemned. I have transcribed it here, correcting spelling where necessary.

Dear Marshmallow Ladyboy Jesus,

I always knew I’d end up jailed for something. Better I suppose that it was something noble. A martyrdom rather than a condemnation, a brave stand against injustice in place of a grubby harassment suit. I walk, in the penning of this mellifluous missive of corrupt internment, in the footprints of social innovators like Wilde, Pankhurst, and Nice. Though it might be said by one less modest, that their struggles – occurring as they did in the past, can hardly compare to my own battle, which is happening right now.

I had long fantasised about what life in prison might be like, vacillating between two extremes. In one daydream – the one that might be called ‘Porridge’, the inmates ornery suspicion of my cut glass accent and excellent table manners, are quickly replaced by a grudging respect. I help the men pen letters to their sweethearts, assist them with their appeals, and start a social issues theatre company that gives voice to their feelings of imprisonment. Gradually the grateful felons begin referring to me as ‘The Professor’. With time I accrue some degree ‘soft power’, through my esteemed social position within the prison, and Nelson Mandela like influence in the wider community. A former chef, imprisoned for poisoning his Rotery club, becomes my personal cook, and my penthouse cell swells with books on post structural philosophy, lush kittensoft toilet paper, and tasteful lithographs by Cezanne and Monet. Eventually the great day comes and I am released. Emerging to the rapturous attentions of the worlds media, I lead my people to a promised land of anarcho-syndicalist peace, tolerance, creative expression and casually meaningful polyamorous nookie.
There has always been, of course, another and less pleasant fantasy – let's call it simply 'Oz'. Locked up and forgotten by a world more concerned with celebrity Big Brother and some silly fuss in Persia than my plight, I fall prey to the law of the jungle. Within a week I am slowly and ungently robbed of my pristine innocence by a gang of twelve ruffians, three of them possessed of incurable contagions; whilst rotund and callous 'Screws' look on, laughing and smoking their harsh Turkish cigarettes. Within a month I am 'shanked' and lie convalescing in the prisons poorly serviced 'hospital'. Tragically, though the techniques required to return me to good health would be trivial to the most poorly trained general practitioner, the prisons lone medic, a pickled incompetent whose primary degree is veterinary, botches the surgery: dooming me to lurch forever, hunched and careful lest my fetid satchel burst and betray my incontinence. Sloped, bald and stinking always of the fungi that inhabit my open chest wound, I am swiftly rejected by the 'decent' prisoners, who force the governor to move me to the 'nonce' wing, where I am subject to mandatory castration and distasteful company. Though I pray for death always, I take many years to perish.

The truth of course has been more banal. I get along well enough with some prisoners, avoiding others who demand money and deliver punches like glorified primary school bullies. Mostly I lie in my cell, silently brooding. Having exhausted the small prison library, primarily stocked with Patterson, Clancy, and the execrable space operas of Doc Smith, there is nothing left for me to read. On the other hand I retain little desire to do so, as the sweet velvet touch of heroin brooks no other lover.

The blasphemy amendment which sent me here is being challenged in the EU, and who knows, perhaps in two years or five, I'll be a free man once again; liberated, and for once thin! It's a
prospect I relish... They say the gear is better on the outside, and cheaper too.

Signed,

The Political Prisoner

July 7th, 2010

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**All Penises Large, Science Proves**

*Child eating a sausage*

New research from Swedish sexologists Klaus and Bjorne Umlaut may finally put to rest an anxiety that has plagued society since the early 1970’s. Sociologically Originated Fear of Tininess is a culture bound syndrome that leads men to focus on their perceived inadequacies. A fear doctors now say is unfounded.

Research published by the Scandanavian team in this months issue of the journal Nature, which applies ground breaking survey methodologies to the estimation of cumberland dimension, seems to indicate men have nothing to worry about.

“It looks like de average ist anything from sechs und ein half to sieben und drei quarter inchen,” Dr Klaus Umlaut told a packed – and it has to be said, relieved press conference in the Swedish capitol Hurdigurdy.

“Previous studies relied on invasive techniques which necessitated actually handling der snitzel,” added Dr Bjorne Umlaut, no relation. “Our work, by contrast, has employed a more ethnographically valid measure.”
The team’s approach is indeed radical, requiring absolutely no physical measurements. By collating oral reports given to a female confederate at a local wine bar, the scientists believe they have come closer than ever to accurately estimating man’s pride.

The sexologists have developed a variety of convincing explanations for previously recorded erectile extension disparities. Hypotheses include ‘it was extremely cold’, ‘wasn’t in the mood’, ‘big legs’, ‘poor lighting’ and of course ‘abnormally wide vaginas’.

Women everywhere have reacted with pleased incredulity to the news, acknowledging that actually it did matter, and “looking forward to finally feeling something more than a vaguely unpleasant warmth down there”.

Richard Dawkins Expelled from Magic Circle

Professor Richard Dawkins, evil? Yes

02/04/10

AP Press Release

In the grandiloquent rhyming scheme that is their signature, the Magic Circle, the world’s leading public association of chartered men of wand and cape, have announced the dismissal of one ‘Afredo the Munificent’, aka Richard Clinton Dawkins PHD.

Dawkins, author of such books as Deal With This, ‘God’ and Taste It! Dark Fury of Science Recipe Book, and long one of the groups most vocally outspoken doers of inexplicable trickery, has yet
to respond publicly to his exclusion.

In their statement – issued from an ancient grimoire bound in the base hide of the last dragon, the circle described how Dawkins had, quote...

"Bled the fools of their belief, the better to ensnare them, then wily stomached those sweet meats of lost deserted sermons”

The possessed tome – which appeared in a black flame that did not burn, blinding all who beheld its inestimable dark, seems to have confirmed what many in the organised faiths had long suspected: Dawkin’s much publicised promotion of atheism has been a thinly veiled satanic plot.

Another section of the Circle’s statement – whispered to our Religion, Tooth Decay and Varnished Balalaika Editor, Muppet Christmas Carol, by an intern who has since clawed out his eyes and carved into his chest a sigil that glows as though by the light of a thousand dying suns – confirms this.

“And low he seeks to usher in, with bearing smug and arseish grin, that dog who would consume the day, the beast that doth define naughty”

Astute readers will remember this is not the first time the magic circle have publicly expressed their discontent. Twelve years ago British warlock Sir Paul Daniels was forced out, after he voluntarily married a woman resembling a skinned marmoset. More recently, notoriously ‘blue’ Vegas duo Penn Jillette and Raymond Teller were expelled for being cunts.

About The AP

The Adulterated Press is a cheap and simple replacement for reporting. Simply place our ‘impartial’ daily bulletins in your newspaper or television report, and hey presto, char grilled news. Founded just in time for dinner, AP is the wealthiest and most entrenched font of biased corporate media and outright lies. Each and every day, more than a billion starving mental infants are fed our nourishing news muesli.

The AP – grab a spoon (TM).

Leave a comment 2 Minutes
We're here to make literary fiction our bitch

In our continuing blitzkrieg on the publishing industry, an heroic effort to teraform the stale airless wastes of literary fiction into an environment fit for human habitation; the Jackdaw Fool Comedy Network have joined forces with literary giant Pamela Nerfgurgler to present a series which will change the way the written word is written.

The past decade has seen a dizzying succession of literary fads – from sexy vampires, to victorian whodunnits, to urban fantasies, to true life tragedies, to apocalyptic popular sciencies. Each of these purse bursting subgenres is possessed of its own charms, but none have come close to the lid grating, pupil salting, fingertip shredding brilliance of the ubergenre we propose today.

The scions of literary fiction, holed up in their ivory towers, with their barley water moats, and great echoing concrete silos of uncut first editions, cry out as one for the next literary sensation. Deep in their subterranean simian typing pools, troops of furred and winged minions toil day and night to produce new synergies for focus grouping – sexy faries, zombie victoriana, talmudic crime fighters, and erotic children’s poetry – all have been spoon fed to a public hungry for their next sweet treat: Only to be sicked up by a common man starving for sweeter fare.

Preparations are underway

To those incumbent publishers we display our bright red baboon arses. We’ve beaten them to the punch, and soon they will kneel before us begging for a golden squirt to quench their cracked and peeling lips.

Without further ado – allow us to present madame Nerfgurgler’s masterpiece, the first in a fifty two volume series, with movie options, stage adaptations, and soft velvet plushies.
stage adaptations, and soft velvet plushies to follow. 'Tripood, Lord of Canterers', tells the story of a brave and noble 'sexy centaur', transported by Cobrapelt, queen of the Snake Ponies, far from the bountiful and Homeric lands of his people. Finding himself trapped in present day New York, Tripod must team up with a group of charmingly quirky twenty some-things, and face the cruel lights as he embarks on a career in a Broadway musical.

Take him to bed with you, in book form.

The Invisible Tour Guide 6 – Dublin’s Tower of Dublin

From time to time we’ll use Marshmallow Ladyboy Jesus's prostitution category to promote live events and other Jackdaw ‘comedy’ projects. Today it’s time to introduce you to The Invisible Tour Guide, our infrequent series of lie based tours of historic Dublin. This week your guide, world renowned expert Professor Byron Frump explores the dark heart of crime and punishment, visiting one of the Irish capital’s best loved historic buildings Dublin's Tower of Dublin.

Episode 6 – Dublin's Tower of Dublin

Directions

This weeks tour begins at the entrance to the Tower of Dublin. The tower is built over the Tulip
estuary on the historic grounds of Ballydowd Manor. The museum can be reached in about eleven minutes on foot from the city centre.

The Protocols of the Elders of Drogheda

Drogheda, today

*He who could take Drogheda could take Hell.*
~Sir Arthur Aston

Who could have imagined that a broken down old port, tossed like a slag heap of crushed dreams onto the East coast of Ireland, a place stocked with sad drunks and slow witted merchants, a garrison town – its round tower a museum gazing sadly down upon the ruin of hope; who could have imagined Drogheda was the town that ruled the world?
Cromwell knew. It was the reason he invaded – galloping up the Boyne Valley, his beloved ‘Kingslayer’ in his hand, the old tongue harsh and desperate on his lips. He slaughtered the town, personally putting ten thousand to the sword. The surviving rabble sought sanctuary in a den of Christ atop an ancient cunning mound. And when he burned the place their blood peeled forth, a rouge sacrifice coating Stockwell Lane.

Oliver Plunkett knew, and tried to tell us – sneaking letters back through Leningrad and Ecuador, probing the secret like a steel thermometer pierces uncooked chicken, finding it’s heart cold and slick and raw and terrible. They decapitated him for it, wrapping his head in the nourishing tar of cryptonite, to watch us always from it’s public plinth – frozen, silent, yet still somehow alive.

Ah but the conspiracy precedes them both, it’s porcine heresy reaching back to a time when the world was new. It is said in the writings of Pliney, that that first tribe of Droghedians, riding out the great cold in their Elk skin geansaí dearg, found in some neolithic cave a black obelisk which whispered to them. A dark presence encased in flawless marzipan, with whom they formed a sooty bargain. And so the town, like Perez Hilton, grew fat and rich and mean, with something rotten at its sluggish purple heart.

Elders of Drogheda, circa 1963

Some time in the early 1960’s the secret leaked. Legend has it that a child born of a Magellan laundries, a harlequin that lived and gabbled truths so profound even the cruel nuns could not bare to drown it; sang the tale through an open sewer grate to a monkey versed in sign language, who mimed it to a Catalan soccer team, one of whom – a trained sky writer, went mad, flying above Barcelona in a one winged Cessna fighter jet, scrawling the secret in the sky for all to see. And thus I came upon the knowledge wrapped in written truths beyond mortal dreams.
knowledge, a mere tourist, able today to present to you – at no small personal risk; a tiny fraction of the doctrine which defiles our world. The revelation that lies beneath all secret pacts and governments, from the Masons who toucheth not stone, to that politburo of cryptofascists the Bilderberger Group, to the wily weak bladdered barons of Bohemian Grove. Without further ado, I give you the protocols of the elders of Drogheda.

Protocol 1 – The Basic Doctrine

Though it may be said that the men of Drogheda are base and sod with metholated spirits, that bitter mists of swift huffed solvents have burnt out their minds, yet beneath such disguises we shall be crafty kings, training blind seagulls to carry the wicked commandments of our rule throughout the land.

Man in the state of nature

Protocol 2 – Cleanliness

Through astute manipulation of those channels of charismatic blasphemy and propaganda that shall come to be known as ‘the corporate media’, we shall promote an ideology of cleanliness. For though the power of a man increases commensurate with the intensity of his cloak of sweat and filth, we shall convince him of the unattractiveness of honest stench and in this way diminish him. See also protocols 72 through 212, dealing with tracksuits, garage music, and spitting in public.

Protocol 3 – Five a Day

Man must of course feast on the hot raw flesh of slaughtered beasts alone if he is to remain Pharaoh of the food pyramid. Alas the halfmen of non-Drogheda shall subsist on hard wheats, soft fruits, lumpy organic vegetables and oatibix.

Protocol 4 – Literacy

The pure natural philosophy of man strikes him direct through his innate objective senses, conduits of the essential energy which inhabits and distinguishes each thing. How we shall confound the simple minds of men with riddles of ink, strange hieroglyphics signifying nothing, obscure wrinkles that convince men they are learned.
The wise man ignores the scorn of ignorant rabble

Protocol 5 – Self Control

Mwhahaha.

Protocol 6 – Boyne Valley Shopping Centre

Though it shall masquerade as an under serviced museum of archaic retail outlets and obsolete groceries, the Boyne Valley shopping centre shall be the dark and secret heart of our vampiric empire. Low we shall drain their vigour through our stale cream slices and shaky monophonic cinema experience. All the while plotting, obscure in our mutant rube and half cooked wino guises, tangerine fitness instructors and Jeremy Clarkson fans, hoop headed pregnant tweens and moon bellied publicans.

They shall never suspect us.

Comment 3 Minutes

Painful Lives, a new direction for grimly honest fiction

Edmund Smug

Twat

You Don't Know Miserable
As you may be aware, Marshmallow Ladyboy Jesus Online Internet Comedy Magazine Blog is a product of the Jackdaw Comedy Network, Ireland’s largest, most feared and indeed only online comedy Network. Decimated by the econopolypse our corporate finances, once the envy of publishing barons from Robert Maxwellhouse to Rupert Baracus, have like the greedy kiosks of the M50, taken a heavy toll in recent years. In a vain effort to save our wilting money tree, Editor in Chief Henry McSputherboon Chamberton has bought an allotment and begun steadily to fertilise the fastest growing branch of publishing – that heavily leafed bow known as Misery Porn.

‘Ah ha’ some scoffed, when he announced this bold new direction in our daily missive The Amusing Quail, ‘it is a horse too whipped to march further’. Nay. In our exhaustive search to discover literature so miserable, experiences so torrid, futile and bereft of human decency as to out whinge McCourt himself, we have uncovered new seems of the rich black coal of human misery. And stoke the fire we shall, till the bright orange flames of voyeurism leap like one day each intercalary year, into the calendar of literary events, to scrawl their name in the padlocked planner of the Times best seller list. Oh yes.

With that in mind, here’s a brief preview of the grief wank classics on their way from JCN this cold and loveless winter.

S.A.R.A.H
Sarah was twelve when she discovered she was different from other girls. It happened in the shower. There she was, innocently scrubbing away the scabs and scrapes of what cruelly resembled a normal childhood, when she noticed it. Not the timely yet confounding gush of the ladies curse, but something even more likely to cause lifelong aggression and discarded bloody rags. There, just where the crest of calf met the knuckle of knee, a rent left by some bramble or skipping rope that had torn into her innocent flesh, revealing not the tender knot of ravaged sinew, but cold hard steel. Read the book that no one else dared publish. The heart rending biography of a tiny terminator.

A Child Called Mingus Campbell

Progeria. The word stings like a bee that has nothing to lose. We've all seen the pictures, hairless swollen skulls hanging loose from candle-wax necks. Gnarled arthritic fingers clutching coloured pencils. Childhood cries of bingo, little hands of bridge. Candy-cane coloured Hello Kitty zimmer frames. Transformer patterned colostomy bags. But for little Menzies the diagnosis meant only that his twin dreams of one day representing his country at running very fast, and leading a centre left social democratic party to electoral irrelevance, could not wait.

‘Inspiring’, the Sun.
‘Good Night’, the Moon.
‘Croak!’, Mingus Campbell.

Babywhore

Ladies, no book yet published will make you gladder of your life of banal pedantry. No graphic account of a kinderfrau's seduction by her tall dark and winsome step father will better oil your
frig nub. No premature departure from normative sexuality could more cruelly inspire your pity, alone at 4am with a box of chocolate, your favourite brand of bolly’ and a rampant rabbit (included). No rise above adversity could leave you more convinced that lost time is never found again, that the wheel comes full circle, and that the first ape who became a man thus committed treason against his own kind.

You’ll find the series at all good airports and supermarkets, whenever we’ve found a team of miserable shits to write them.

The Bastard Prince in ‘Fuck you Chris Hanson’

So my mom doesn’t like it that I’m single. “Oy vey, she says, I’m your mother, I worry. You’re out with those boys all the times, doing your improvised street theatre. It’s no life for a meylekh mamzer.”

And she’s right you know. I’m almost thirty three years old, I’m unemployed, and I’ve never had a serious relationship. I mean, I try. There was this one chick… But she was like way more experienced and besides, she had this whole weird-ass fetish going on. Don’t get me wrong, I’m as G.G.G as the next guy, but if you’re going to take a damp squib to my pinkies you better have an MD, if you know what I’m saying.

So to please mom, and to dispel those rumours in Damascus that JC is ‘a Thespian’, and you know, as a last ditch effort to solder off the silver ring thing, I decided to find a girlfriend.

I asked the guys from the troop, and it turns out Paul has this sister in advertising – who they tell me is busty, smart and tasteful, and a big fan of Him, always a plus. Word is she likes skinny surfer types – score one to team JC. So I’m like ‘Paul, show a brother some love’; and he’s all ‘She’s my sister man’, and I’m like ‘Dude you know I’ll treat her right’. Next thing, blind date.

Lookin’ tres sweet

First warning sign is she wants to eat at a Roman place. I know, I know, but bitches dig Italian food, so I’m like O…K. Right away, even though they have that bloodshot bistro lighting, I can tell this chick’s reputation exceeds her. It doesn’t seem appropriate, so I don’t ask about her funky bristen. Got tsu danken she catches me staring. ‘Botched reduction’, she says. I’m sorry, botched reduction? Which part of
So I took her home OK, es hot zich oysgelohzen a boydem!

So next thing I decide to try the internet. Yeah, a-rite it’s a little sad and everyone’s a furry, but think of the little guy, he doesn’t get out much. So I find this great site with tonnes of yiddishe zoftig, and JC is like more than ready to forgive the fact that most a these bitches are anything but kosher. This site is great and all, and your savour gets endless mileage from the old MySpace Emo polaroid; but Jerusalem is not Manhattan, and I drive a Fiat, not a beamer, so things take a while. Eventually JC gets hooked up on the MSN with this one chick ‘DangerKitty14’, and man is this girl a wild child. Pretty soon we are cybering and shit – which, let me tell you, is no mean feat when all you’ve got is a 3G dongle, and you live in a tent with twelve dudes (at least two of whom are statistically certain to lust for the old hannukia).

So hawt, you should see the upskirts yo

JC is like ‘Fleshmeet IRL babes?’, and this chick is all ‘We’ll have to wait till my parents are asleep so I can sneak out,’ and I’m like ‘WTF babes, your profile says you’re hot to trot?’, and she’s like ‘Soz, want to meet tonite cutie?’. Well ChrisDsun32 is all Natalie Imbrulia and shit, cause like on the one hand this babe is total jailbait, but boiling the other kettle of fish, we probs have about the same level of experience, you know? So a couple of weeks go by, and I’m being all strong and shit, and she goes and PM’s me some upskirts and I’m like F this, Ich hob es in drerd! Mistake numero uno.

JC being this like, badass black bloc dissident, spreading Ja’s righteous teachings throughout Babylon n’ shit, he cannot be too careful. So I bring the boys along, thinking – if this turns out to be some three hundred pound vigilante fuck, and shit kicks off, kid’s ‘ill have my back. Mistake number two.
The hour comes, I wake the fellas, pile em into the Punto and head over
to Gethsemane park. Man, we’re not in that fucker two seconds when
who walks up but, you’ve guessed it, that ganef Chris from Hanson. I’m
all like “You better be looking for an autograph mofo”, and he’s all “Do
you know why you’re here?” And I’m like “Yeah bro, to meet a fine ass
bitch, ain’t that right boys?” Then he’s like “Hold it hippie, there’s cops all
over this place”, and “What have you got in the bag?” And I’m like “X-
cuse me?” I mean, so what if I brought lube and condoms to the party –
the J man is responsible, and hung yo.

Then Pete starts yelling “We don’t know this homie, we don’t know this homie, we don’t know
this homie,” fucking schlemiel. In miten drinen JC’s on his fucking tod, and Hanson’s like “Yo you
have to leave now”, and I’m like “You bet I’m leaving beotch. Also could you tell this Dangerous
Kitty chick the J Man said hi?” Fucking mistake numero trois. The moment Christ-O-Fo-Cumupy-As
leaves the park there’s like eight pigs after him, and I’m all ‘Don’t tase me Bro!’, and that
shlang Chris Hanson is just standing there, laughing his ass off. Nisht do gedacht!

Who me, nooz!

Fantastic Tales of Jesus No 2: Diary of St Paul

Dermot Byrne brings you the
second of his audio comedy
series ‘Fantastic Tales of Jesus’. 
This week, ‘The Diary of St Paul’.

Download: The Diary of St Paul
(3.75 Meg, MP3)

These gentle tales are sponsored
by the cool fresh taste of
Maureen’s Delicious Grape Wine,
the wine that makes you go
“More Wine Maureen!”.
Jesus Solves Your Problems: AltBro Lifestyle

Jesus has recently been informed of the difficulties facing his altbros trying to maintain their brand integrity. Even UrbanBros can feel less real since Kanye made ‘project SceneBro’ mainstream. These days P4K is the new MTV, and Zane Lowe Billy Zane thinks it’s cool to dir3ct tweehop vids; it’s harder than ever to know just which products and services are most ‘street’. Jesus, truly the original lo-cal bro-loving AltBro, despite his mainstream appeal, is here to solve your probz.

JZ US,

Major life conflict bro. Facing diffs reconciling my parental’s ‘Fat Change’ with the cash poor, thriftstore, ‘house’ parti lifestyle of my top twelve UberBros and babes. Feel I’m showing off when I bring Diplo 2 a loft happening, or wear my mos sweet Viv West skort to clubz.

Righteous, Infinitely Cashed Homez

RICH, Jesus feels your pain. Truly it can be tr3s difficelle to obey a Neil Young aesthetic when you’re dripping with magik powerz. JC digs hippies and all, but bling is real too yo, specially for a YidBro like me. Worry not mi bro, the prodigal son can have both his LowFiBros and his fatback monies. Somebro has to bring naughty salt to the parti! Just watch and learn from FlushBros like Har Mar and Ronson. Everybrody luvs a winner.
Hi 4 realz spacebro!

I'm a tween babe, just trying to make the right decisions. Prob iz which kind of AltHo to be, or not to be. Therz almost too many alternativez! I mean, should I be a black stockings, ballet shoes and wool-jumper-dress LitHo, or should I be a page-boi, cricket cardie and chinos AndroBro, or maybi a Brookers pimpin hiphop BeotchBro? This choice could critically impact my microbrand over the core years of my likely hotness, best not squander.

Much integrity AltTween

MIA,

Worry not over the tyranny of choice. Christos haz your back. The best part about being an Altween, even sweeter than your intimate knowledge of scene bands, and your hawt JailB8 skinnybod, is yur infinite potential! Uz the next couple of years to try out any number of styles, from Urban Brofitters, to faux thrift, to FUBro, to AmAp. You'll know when you find the authenic you. Prominent alt bros like Jamie Stewart will ask 4 your digits (lie, he is a cutter), and you will be approached to appear in street fash blogz. Re-member, drop your style at twenty two. Nobro likes an aging AltHo.

LadyBro Christi,

Help me bro, at wits end. My LondonBros and I have bin trying 4eva 2 get featured on the proper bo parti snapz blog 'Look At This Fookin Hipster'. We are superhans at failclothes and real seemin’ humiliposes, but nothin’ works. Instead they keep featuring that fat fuck Beaaeeans! W.T Fuckinton! Being safe mocked on LATFHIP is vital for our local scene cred.

Troubled Relentlessly Yo, Having Absolutely Ridiculous Difficulties.

Seems like you've asked and answered your own question TRYHARD. A real altbro does not try – he is zen, he rejects the scene that inevitably forms around him. He doesn’t just ‘know’ about sweet outfitz b4 P4K, he ‘jams’ with them. A true AltBro would never be on LATFH, because he...
would be behind the scenes, weaving his webz, Bro4Life with the BlogBros – picking which pics get featured, and weeping sudz into all the sweet AltPoon who want to make the frontpage! Natch failbro. Why not start a chiptune collective instead? L sign beotch.
Richard Dawkins is a British evolutionary biologist, ethologist and author, born in Kenya. Due to his passionate defense of the theory of evolution and his attacks on religion and superstition in general, he has become known as Darwin's Rottweiler and also as one of the “Four Horsemen” in the New Atheist movement (along with Hitchens, Dennett, and Harris). He held the Charles Simonyi Chair for the Public Understanding of Science at the University of Oxford from 1995 to 2008.

Dawkins has stated that the book is intended for those aged around 12 years and upwards, and that wh