

Celebrity.

A Blog Out to My Haters

Date: 34th Kardash. Newyear DM-k.

Blogger: Rothermere Harmsworth

Current DM Rating: 298

Mood: Fucked off but Laughing

I shouldn't have to blog this rubbish and defend my marriage - but I will. Exposure is exposure right... even if it's the wifey who's been exposed. Lol. Most non-vips reading this won't even realise how lucky they are to exist - I mean right now; especially you nu-Kristian Gen C patronising fucks - you're a meme - get over yourselves. Good luck making your morality match up with power. Like so much, it's just a fad. But yeah: so my wife has been boning a 94 year old man - and she filmed it - and I'm okay with it! I should cut this off here really, but your mouth is gaping and you're asking: why.

Why? Maybe you should click the link to my Vlog - or take the Oculus Tour of my pad. Wrinkly dick in a wifey don't seem so bad then. Besides - have you forgotten your Moderns lessons from Middle Academy? They were always my faves. Comparing the poor grey bastards back then with our glittery souls. You know when I wish I'd been alive? Right at the point money stopped meaning anything. I mean - money stopped making power. I'd love to have seen that. I'm told even The Old Peeps found that liberating - before they went socially extinct. Lol.

Now - before you judge my kick-ass wife, remember what we learned in Moderns; in Fame History especially - about how recognition became the true currency and stinky old dosh died a death. Being a Somebody even gave the crusty Bit-Coin a shoeing. Yeah. That was the moment a fake-arse posh-boy or wannabe hand-model could no longer buy their way to the top - an Unfamous could no longer be born into power. This was the glitzy birth of true democracy. Class no longer meant class, it meant, "absolutely fucking class, mate"; it meant who are you? Who the FUCK are you? Who knows you? Who knows your shit and your people's shit. VIPPcode replaced postcode, fam. Oh, you could still shag your way into notoriety - but not easily - you'd need to film it - get some Kelvin-level Heat. An Ugly with enough DMs could squish out a beautiful nobody in a matter of months. The only exception was our British Royals. I guess those twerps are famous first, rich second. Every other bastard - you better get some Re-Gramms, Long-Posts, and do a Special. Or you had better fuck off. The fact is, DMs (they were called by their full name **DailyMelloids** for years btw) became all that mattered. God bless the Glorious Feed and its cock-

throating democracy. All hail the ancient arse of Kim (Have you seen the new sculpture at the Tate Now btw - so acers.)

I'm gonna guess at the exact moment of modernity... DMs floating on the stock exchange all those years ago - yeah that's when Old-Skool privilege was lost altogether. BTW - the irony that the letters 'DM' punned on the social media phenomenon 'Twitter's' feature 'Direct Message' was not lost on The Oldies. That general crushing of everything was anything but a 'personal' message. At last, The Somebody's ruled the earth - all Off-Trenders - head for the welfare housing, maybe go buy yourself a decent hosting portal, try find a Vlog that (as they would have said) 'fleeks'.

Does all this sound sardonic? Well believe-a-niggah, I'm not whinging. I'm just trying to give you the ancient context of why I would applaud my wife noshing off a pensioner and uploading that 'cunten'. Have you seen my new Merc Vapor? Still pretending not to get it?

See, haters. I'm doing okay. More than okay - amazing, more Goodger than most, more than what would have made, say, a Barrister back in Them Daze. To be a Barrister now. Har-di-har-har! Sure - your e-mortgage will be credited alright - but show me your Skypemeet Group on a Friday. Social death my friend, social deeee-ath, beeeeyatch. You're sphere'll be emptier than your Grandma's hard-drive. (Hard-drives Lol - skinny jeans and top hats anyone?)

In some ways, criticism's aside, I'm at Safespot ratings-wise - my Vlog cracks in at 1.65 Perez per DataWeek - enough to keep the Off-trend wolf from the unbranded door, but not so much that my Autographics snow me under. Sure, I want the known-life, In want to be a Brand, but I also want free time for my awse hobbies: creative blogging and selfie-sculpting. BTW: The new Carb-dough sculpting movement is seriously interesting. Just last week Javine Clooney-Olsen sculpted a two metre piece based on her pussy - and it went ultra-viral in 12 minutes. She hit 400 Perez. Fuck. Not that creative pursuits should be about lifting your On-trend, but heck - everything does in the end. Still, what I'm trying to say is: I don't have to push too much. Why? Wifey! Can you see now, haters. Can you see

My wife: so yeah she's Dana Bridge, and most people can't remember before she was a Gold-known - but I do. I've always loved her, since Senior Academy. I'd love her now no matter what occurred - well, maybe not if she lost her Vipp - I jest - I think. Lol. But get this stat, dweeb nay-sayers: her DM rating peaked at 1458 - yeah it's settled to 1250 now I admit - but things were shit-smear-on-the-wall mad for a while. As my old Nan used to say: All publicity, especially bad publicity, is good publicity. Dana hit her first Zeitgeist back in Year DM-J. She's done the dog-work to get to the top (that is a pun for those of you who remember her first UltraViral. Funnily enough it was this very day, the 34th Kardash, when she struck that formative Ultra. You might not even 'member it now (probably cleaned your mind of it - vom!) but back then, there was this short-lived wave of animal sex-tapes - Grr-ing. Most people found it repulsive. Who wants to see a nobody fuck a beast in an attempt to draw a few lousy Perez to there Vlog. But when Kitty Hilton Jnr wanked off that goat under a bridge, wow, the Sub-Net went nutsack. It's worth searching it out, it's

still online - the clip's only in Ultra-HD - but the quality is do-able. That Hilton Goat-Gate broke through the Subnet and onto Googletapes within hours. Well that was that; a temporary window of zoo-philia chaos opened, and all kind of animal spunk came through it. The Prime Minister - at the time still old Goodger - she had her work cut out trying to get laws through the Okay Commons. But in those three weeks, it was sort of legal (sort of LOL) - and my beautiful wife (then still a red carpet imager for the long-dead Blackstar.comMagazine) shoved a Chihuahua's face into her dog-food daubed cunt - and filmed it. Man - I fell in love with her again at that moment. That's what you call wanting it. Wanting the Perez. Wanting the Gold-Heat. And Heat is all - and God Bless The Feed.

Yeah - okay - so it was risky what she did - but there was enough irony in the action for the Upload to hi-trend, then Ultraviral. I don't like to take credit, but maybe my giggling in the background helped it catch. All I know is her Vlog peeked at 852.7 Perez, and she even got approached from Kenny Kardashian about doing a special on E!-7. She turned him down of course, but the heat rocketed her Vlog upward, and she's been riding high ever since.

So yeah.

This is why I laugh.

This is why I piss, when Starshave.gb allege that I'm TOLERATING an affair. I aint tolerating shit. I've encouraged it - lol.

Look - this blogpost has gone past the maximum 1000-word focus, and I can't be arsed to answer this crap with a Vlog - so let me just reiterate: WE ARE LUCKY, VIA HISTORY, TO BE ABLE TO LIVE THE WAY WE DO BY HAVING OUR PARTNERS SIMPLY FUCK THINGS FOR FAME. Beats getting on a train and earning coins, right? If you too had real balls like me, you wouldn't be hating, you'd also be seeking out Platinums - and you'd be boning them too.

When I saw my wife in American Heat.US being screwed in an e-carriage by that crusty old player Pax Pitt-Jolie, do you think I sat there crying like a non-Vipper at a nightclub door? Did I fuck! I opened the Habitat site and ordered the shit out of some new furniture.

PMSL.

Peace, haters, peace.