



High above the city, on a fucking immense column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with fine leaves of gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and he wore a crepe scarf. A crepe scarf! not fucking chiffon or silk or any other ridiculous material that such reprobates as Smith or bloody Langford might in their seemingly insatiable desire to play upon every social or physical eccentricity one may care to adopt in a desperate attempt to distinguish oneself from the hordes of utterly mindless Hugo-voting cretins that seem to descend upon one's social circle at a moment's notice (though one may indeed wonder, and I for the life of me cannot comprehend why these witless mongers can't remain with their own crowd) invent. I mean is it so beyond the understanding of fans and their self-indulgent (and often puerile) capabilities to absorb the fact that it was BLOODY CREPE?!

THE HAPPY PRINCE by Oscar Wilde's immense randy ginger tomcat