

LITTLE MISS ANTHROPHY

By Lager Hangovers



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Written and illustrated by
Lager Hangovers

This is not a real Little Miss book.

It's not suitable for children unless you really want
them to learn how to express themselves in the vernacular.

This is a parody, defined as something that "imitates a work for
humorous or satirical effect", and protected in the UK under Section
30A of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.*

* By a remarkable coincidence, the review of intellectual property law that led to
exceptions for parody, caricature and pastiche was known as the Hargreaves
Review.

I don't know about you, but I rather like that.

Little Miss Anthropy lives in a lighthouse.

She likes living in a lighthouse, because it means she doesn't have any neighbours. Little Miss Anthropy doesn't like neighbours.

In fact, Little Miss Anthropy doesn't like anybody.

She thinks people are a shower of bastards.



Every morning, Little Miss Anthropy gives her cats their breakfast. Then she drinks coffee and has a little look at the internet. The internet is full of stupid people who make her angry.

One day, Little Miss Anthropy finds that she is running out of coffee.

“Oh shitcock”, thinks Little Miss Anthropy. “Now I have to go to the fucking shop.”

Little Miss Anthropy does not like going to the fucking shop.

“Fuck everything”, she says.



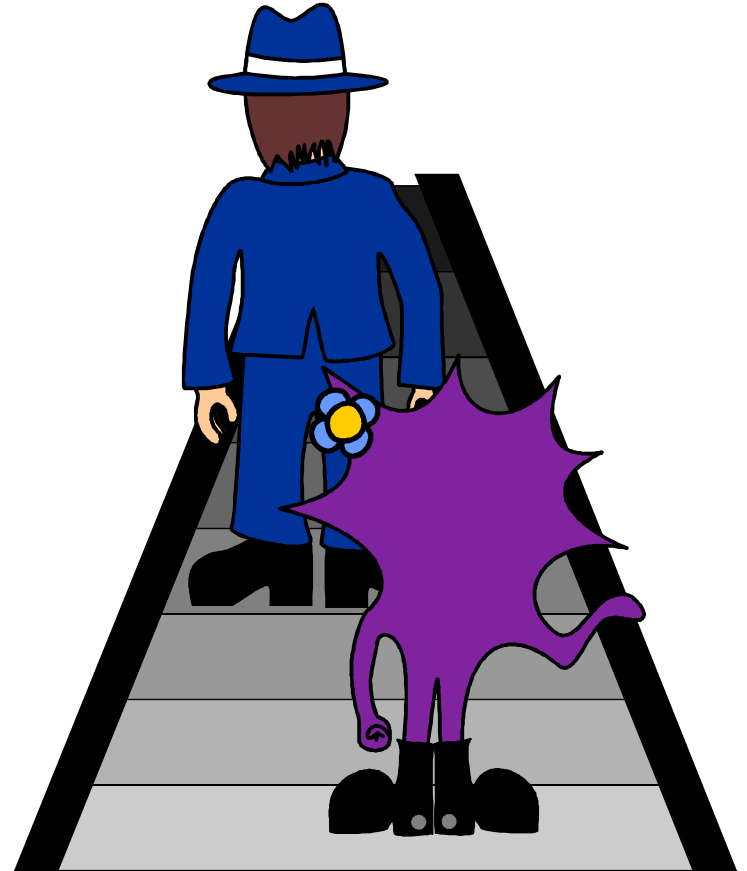
Because the lighthouse is so far away, Little Miss Anthropy must take a train to get to the shop. She puts on her stompy boots and walks to the railway station.

At the railway station, there is a man. The man is standing in the wrong place on the escalator.

“Get out the goddamn way, you pigeon-fucking dick-spanner”, thinks Little Miss Anthropy.

Little Miss Anthropy thinks people should have to pass walking exams before they’re allowed outside.

She thinks people who fail the exams should be shot.

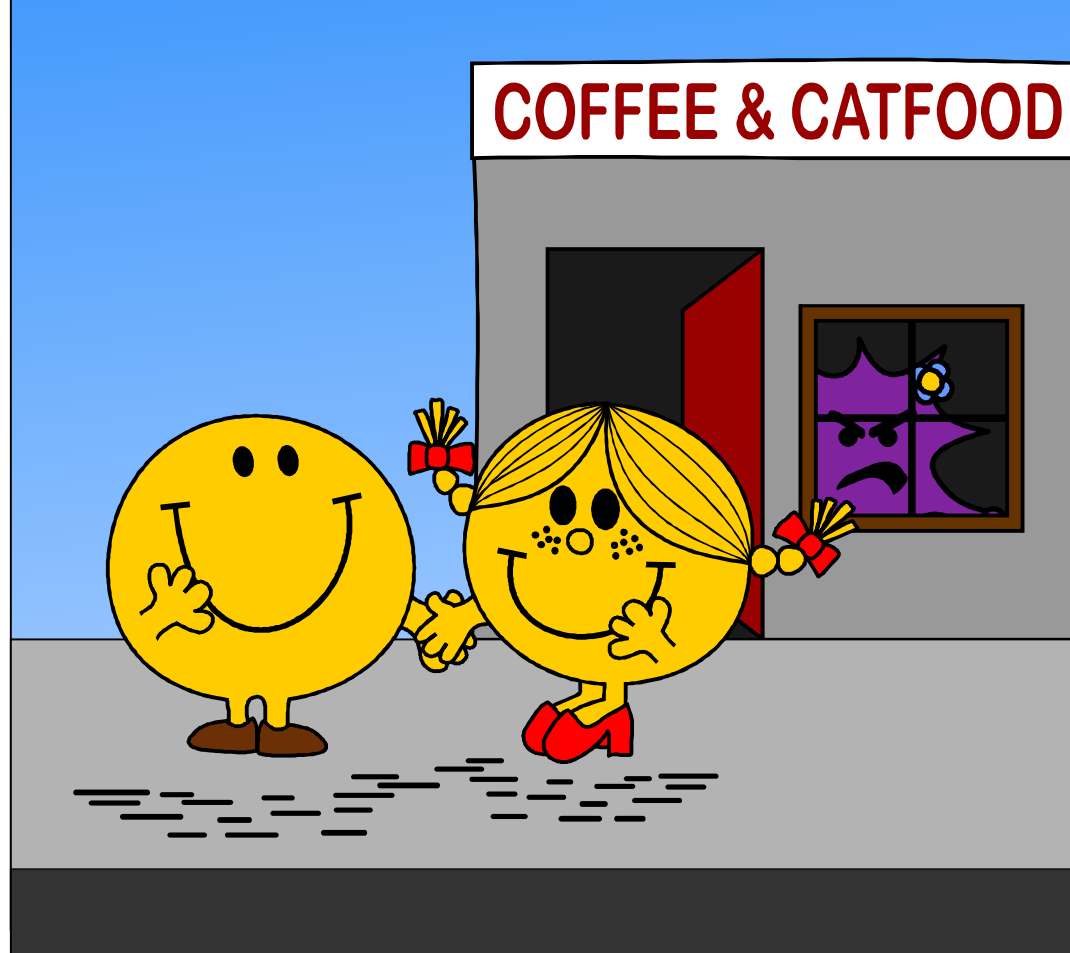


Little Miss Anthropy is in the shop.

Mr. Happy is outside the shop with Little Miss Sunshine. They are holding hands and they are smiling.

Little Miss Anthropy thinks happy people look ridiculous, and a little bit inbred.

She wishes they would just fuck off and die in a fire.

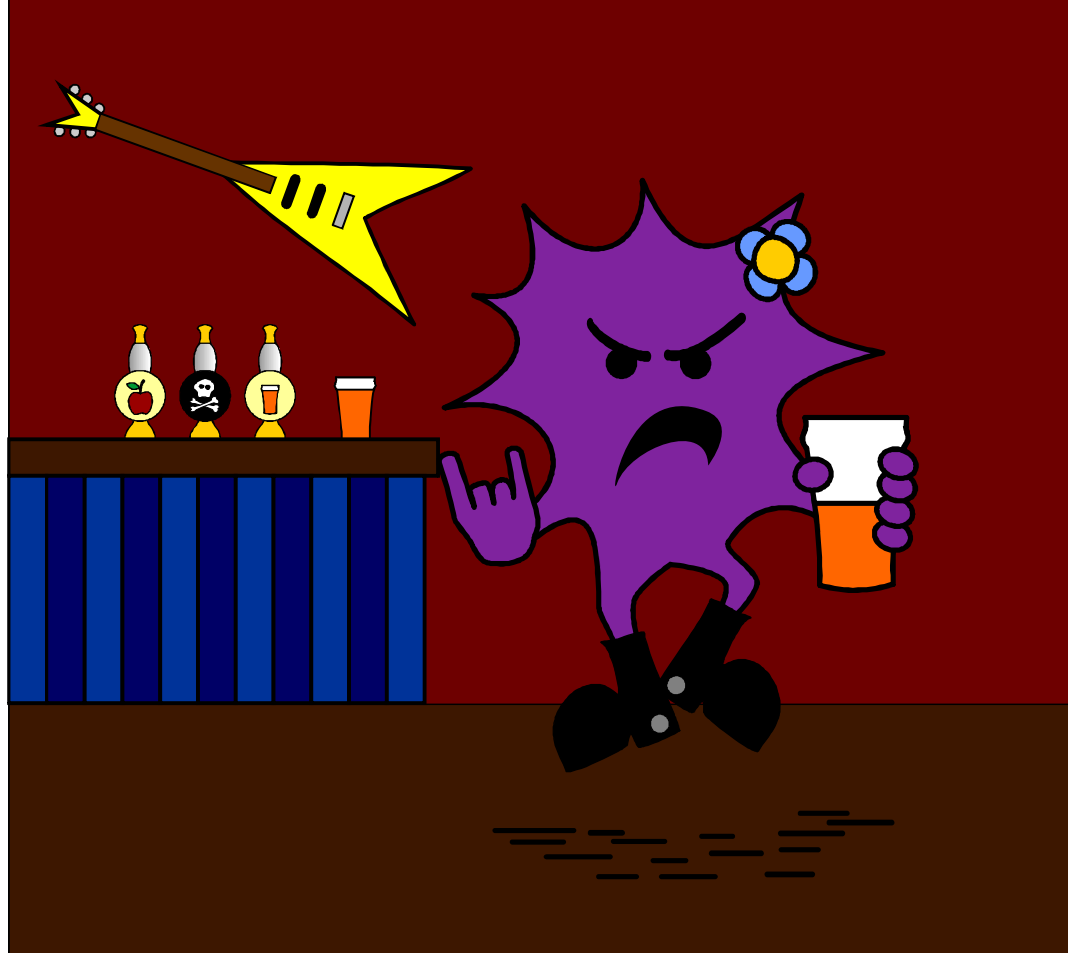


Sometimes when she has been shopping, Little Miss Anthropy could murder a fucking pint.

Little Miss Anthropy goes to the pub. The pub sells cider and plays loud angry music written by German people.

People do not bother Little Miss Anthropy in the pub. They know if they get in her face she will fucking twat them.

Little Miss Anthropy listens to angry German music and drinks cider and jumps up and down in her stompy boots.



When Little Miss Anthropy gets home to her lighthouse, she is feeling a little bit wibbly.

There are some friendly cats waiting outside. She likes cats. Cats are better than people because people are a shower of bastards.

She takes them inside and gives them all a nice big dinner.



Little Miss Anthropy is tired. She curls up in bed with the crossword and some cats. “Maybe life isn't so bad”, she thinks.

Then one of the cats does a massive shit. It smells so bad it could strip the paint off a battleship.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake”, thinks Little Miss Anthropy. She gets up to clean the litter tray.



“Fuck everything.”