

Is Hellfire in Love with a Kangaroo?

I Thought Print Media Was Dead...

Once again, Mr Travis X found himself sitting at the desk of his London office. He leaned back in his plush leather chair and rubbed his eyes. Had he really only just flown back from Australia? He licked his lips. Yes, he could still taste the barramundi and Fosters.

He shook his head and grimaced. Such a horrible taste.

He opened his eyes and looked at his computer monitor. A YouTube video of a cat chasing its own tail filled the screen. He smiled as he heard a knock on his door.

In walked his secretary, at least that's who Mr X assumed it was. Carefully she placed a large stack of magazines on his desk.

"Here are the magazines you wanted me to compile, Mr X."

The secretary spoke in perfectly enunciated English. Mr X didn't look up from his cat video.

"I've sorted them in chronological order," the secretary continued. "I've also compiled a spreadsheet that details each of your fighter's statistics for both the Sydney event and all prior UCC events. I've cross referenced the UCC data with their UMMA careers and tabulated it..."

As she droned on, Mr X closed his eyes. He raised a hand and waved her away. His secretary stopped talking, turned on her heels and walked out of his office.

Mr X caught a whiff of her perfume and opened his eyes, but all he caught was a passing glance of her long legs as she left his office and closed the door behind her.

"Who the hell was that?" Mr X pondered. He really ought to know the names of all his staff.

He looked at the large stack of magazines perched on his untidy desk. There were 20 of them. One for each member of his stable.

What order did his secretary say they were in?

As he reached out for the magazine on top, he knocked the entire stack over and every magazine fell onto the floor.

"Oh. For. Fucks. Sake."



He reached down and picked up a now random magazine. All that hard work from his mysterious secretary was undone in a single second.



The article on Sharapova highlighted some of her financial endeavours outside of tennis and cage fighting. In particular her Sugarpova line of sweets. Hadn't she recently been in the UK opening a new store there? Mr X recalled that Jennifer Connelly mentioned she had seen her there.

Come to think of it, Sharapova travels a lot for business. Mr X rubbed his chin. After each UCC event she seemed to disappear on some business venture, only to return a week or so later to HGC headquarters.

Mr X fished around the pile of magazines until he found a Women's Health issue with Daddario on the cover. She certainly looked amazing. The article detailed her training and workout routine. Basically it was a photo essay to show off her abs.

An issue of Entrepreneur magazine with Maria Sharapova on the cover. Mr X flicked through and found the article on Sharapova.

How apt that the first magazine should feature his Russian heavyweight.

Since her first round exit at the tournament series, Sharapova had recovered with two straight wins. In Sydney she had dispatched Alexandra Daddario without any real effort.

Her fight against a fellow Hellfire Girl was the theme in Australia. Mr X had to watch three matches where his girls were facing off against each other.

Mr X recalled a particular moment of Sharapova's match, the tall Russian had attempted to headbutt Daddario in the groin. He winched a little at the thought of how much that would have hurt, had it landed.



Her loss to Sharapova wasn't something to worry about. Daddario was still ranked in the top 100 of all UCC fighters. If anything her loss was a great gain for Sharapova , who was now in the top 50.



Regardless, on the cover was Debby Ryan. The Starlet that Johansson had dispatched in Sydney.

Poor Debby. Mr X shook his head. The girl was trying at least. She had landed some big shots on Johansson, but she was going backwards in her division. At this point in time Mr X could only see Ryan winning against much lesser opponents. If she stepped into the cage against someone from World of Flight or Badass Bunnies, she'd have her round ass handed to her.

Her last win was a breast smother submission win against Hilary Rhoda. Who? Once again Mr X shook his head.

He leaned down and shuffled the magazines. Somewhere in here would be a cover with his stable leader on it. Somewhere...

Ah ha! Here she is. Ms Jennifer Connelly.

Two other matches in Sydney pitted Hellfire against Hellfire. Mr X pushed the magazines around until he spotted an Entertainment Weekly issue with Scarlett Johansson on the cover.

Mr X stared at the cover. He stared into the eyes of Johansson. How can she have only a 50% win rate in the cage?

Just look at her. Look at that determination and fight in those eyes.

There has to be more to her, there has to be.

In 2019 she was the highest paid actress of the year. She has talent to burn, she just can't seem to unleash it in the cage...

...Although...Mr X picked up an issue of Sunday Life. What the fuck was this? This isn't a real magazine. He flicked through the thin pages, this was an insert from a newspaper.



Great. Mr X flicked through the magazine, which was in French. Nothing to read here, just some nice glossy photographs of Jennifer looking very much like herself.

If only Jennifer had competed in the tournament event, she could be so much higher in the UCC rankings.

Mr X leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling, deep in thought.

Jennifer was currently ranked 91st overall, she was 4-1 and 20th in the lightweight division. She's as tough as nails, multi-talented, intelligent, trustworthy...Mr X could list a hundred positive things about her.

In Sydney she was flawless against Emily Ratajowski, dispatching her stablemate in round one. It was a brutal victory, coming at the cost of Ratajowski's ribs. But didn't that make Connolly dangerous as well as tough?



That left Mr X with one more question, what's going on in Connolly's mind regarding Kathryn "Lagartha" Winnick? Something was going on, that was obvious. But what?

Mr X scooped up the magazine with Emily Ratajowski on the cover. Connolly's victim.

"Icon" magazine. Not in English. Mr X sighed. At least his girls had global reach and appeal.

Ratajowski certainly was appealing. On many levels.

But Sydney was her third loss in a row. After starting her UCC career with four straight wins, things were going backwards for this fighter.

Of course the whole 'Disappearing Object' thing could be blamed for her string of losses. But excuses were meaningless when you came out second best in a cage fight. Mr X tossed the magazine to one side and then leaned away from his desk, closed his eyes and picked up a random issue from the floor.



Ah ha!

Gal Gadot. Hellfire's most successful fighter and currently ranked sixth in the business.

Here she was, gracing the cover of Rolling Stone magazine. Doing her usual Wonder Woman thing.

Gadot continued to impress Mr X. Her recent victory against World of Fight's Emma Watson was not just a win.

Gadot embarrassed Watson. She schooled her in cage fighting.

Sure, both women sucked when they were rolling around on the canvas. But in a straight up, punching and kicking contest, Gadot was near flawless.

At the next UCC event in Germany, Gadot was scheduled to face Gigi Hadid for the divisional title.

That would be a real test of her metal.

Hadid currently held the top spot in the UCC and was the only fighter to have beaten Gadot thus far. If she could knock out the Strikeforce top gun as easily as she knocked out Watson...Mr X whistled.

The next magazine was a thick issue of Vogue, with Kim Kardashian gracing the cover.

Mr X flicked through the magazine, which seemed to be dominated by black and white advertisements.

The actual Kardashian article was quite boring, old quotes and a few photos of her soaking wet with her nipples sticking out.

The really interesting thing about Kardashian was how quickly she was winning her UCC matches. In Sydney she had forced Emilia Clarke to tap out in round one to an impressive Americana submission.



The Aussie crowd has certainly enjoyed watching Khaleesi struggle underneath the physical form of a Kardashian.

Mr X frowned, he had concerns that when Kardashian met up with a serious fighter and had to endure four or five rounds, would she have the stamina to succeed? In Germany she would face Charlize Theron. That would be the perfect test.



Next up was another boring issue of Vogue. This time Ariana Grande filled the cover. Mr X did a double take. Was that a dog on her lap? They must have told her it was a Raccoon.

Grande had turned around her loss in Canada with a win in Australia. Joan Smalls was hardly a competitive opponent, but maybe the win would give his tiny featherweight fighter some confidence.

She battled away for the full five rounds and won on points. Up against someone as trivial as Smalls, Mr X thought his fighter should have won in the first round.

He scooped up another magazine.

Town & Country, with Salma Hayek on the cover and...her 'Guide to Power'?

Mr X skimmed over the article on Hayek.

"What a load of bollocks."

He closed the magazine and put it next to the Grande Vogue issue. These two cover girls were nothing alike, but they had both just won in Australia, after losing in Canada.

Unlike Grande, Hayek had destroyed her latest opponent. Xenia Deli had been no match for his Mexican fighter. Hayek had torn her apart and knocked her out cold in the second round.

In Germany Hayek would be up against Jorgie Porter. She should have no problem winning again by knockout. Confidence was high!

Again Mr X picked up a magazine. In fact, this time he picked up two. He frowned as he looked at the first one. It has entirely in Japanese. At least he recognised the face on the cover, it was his struggling featherweight, Ayumi Hamasaki.





She had been totally owned by Natalia Dyer. It was another loss in her struggling UCC career. The fan had been right behind Dyer before the bell even rang. Poor Ayu never stood a chance.

At this point in time, Mr X just didn't know what to do with Hamasaki.

The other magazine was called High Life and on the cover a stern looking Sophie Turner glared out at him.



The cover said "Game Changer". That was a bit of a lie, wasn't it?

Turner had been on the receiving end of a vicious beat down by Centerfold Angel, Jessica Ashley. If Mr X remembered correctly the Australian crowd had chanted for Ashley just as they had for Dyer. Was there an Aussie conspiracy against his girls?

He dismissed that thought. Turner had the ability to win fights, but not against these more dangerous opponents. To make things worse, she would be up against Misha Barton from World of Fight next event.



"I could be looking at another loss for Sophie." Mr X mumbled as he tossed the issue of High Life to one side.

Sophie Turner and Debby Ryan were two of his four, so-called, Starlets. What of the other two? Mr X picked up an issue of Inlove magazine. At least that's what he thought it might be called. Peyton List was covering half of the masthead.

"She's doing well." Mr X thought to himself as he read her article, which was titled 'Take the World by Storm'.

List had just beaten former Hellfire member, Eva Green. Green now resided with the Alpha Angels.

Mr X quickly checked the UCC website and noted that List was currently ranked 69th. He giggled. 69!

She'd be facing Madison Beer from the Badass Barbies in Germany. Yet another hard match up for one of his girls.

The fourth Starlet, Kira Kosarin, graced the cover of Locale magazine. Yet another publication Mr X had never heard of.

Now there was a Starlet who was making moves in the UCC. In Canada, Kosarin had picked up Submission of the Night. Mr X's girl had backed that up with a solid points win against Centerfold Angel Kennedy Summers in Sydney.

The significance of these two wins was not lost on Mr X. He studied the magazine article. Kosarin was growing up. She wasn't just the girl from a kids TV show anymore. There was so much more to her than meets the eye.

Kosarin was one of the hardest workers in his stable. Her training regime was intense, to say the least. And the reward for all that training was starting to pay off.



She was now ranked 40th in the UCC, which also made her the second highest ranked Hellfire Girl. She ranked even higher than Sharapova. In Germany she would face off against Lily James from The Vixens. That was a fight she had every chance in the world of winning. The odds would be with her, but she'd have to fight for every point.



Mr X smiled to himself. Kosarin was a champion in the making. Just as long as the other Starlets and their antics didn't slow her down.

When one of his fighters does well, another seems to struggle.

On the cover of Bella magazine Mr X frowned at the photograph of Chloe Bennet. What on Earth happened to her?

Bennet had lasted only two minutes against Cecilia Rodriguez. Even Mr X, from time to time, had lasted longer than that.

She had failed to throw a single punch or kick. It was a terrible excuse for a cage fight. Especially from a fighter that

had been doing so well. Mr X scratched his head and pondered why Bennet had under performed against Rodriguez. Something was up. But what?

He put the issue of Bella to one side and picked up a copy of Modeliste magazine. On the cover Mr X looked at a glossy photograph of Victoria Justice. Her latest fight was...well...it was a fucking car crash. Mr X couldn't think of any polite way to phrase it.



In less than one minute, Nikki Leigh had knocked Justice down and out. In hindsight, Justice had started well enough. Landing a knee to Leigh's jaw and hurting her, but her follow up was shit.

Leigh took advantage and landed a couple of decisive blows.

That was enough to put Justice on the canvas and hand her a third consecutive loss. For a fighter who started the UCC with win after win after win, the downhill spiral for Justice was starting to look very bad.

Mr X tossed the issue of Modeliste in the trash and leaned back in his chair and sighed. He needed some good news.

Only four more magazines lay scattered on the floor. He noticed that three of them were Women's Health magazine, so he picked up the odd one out. An issue of Rogue with Karen Gillan on the cover.

Australia was Gillan's second win in a row. She pulled one of the bag to win against Una Healy.

When Mr X had read the play-by-play of the Gillan/Healy fight he'd found it hard reading. Healy's nickname was "Legs". So when Gillan kicked Healy in the leg, the announcer would say "Leg's leg". It was confusing.

Confusion and annoying nicknames aside, Legs had really gone to town on Gillan. By the third round it looked as if Healy had Gillan down and out.

But then Gillan (probably out of desperation) threw out a kick that broke Healy's ribs and thankfully referee Dita Von Teese called a stop to the fight.

A win is a win, Mr X mused. Gillan's next scheduled match was against Katerina Hartlova. The two women had almost identical stats, Gillan needed



another win. But this time, not from a desperation move.



Of the three remaining Women's Health magazines, the first issue Mr X inspected featured Olivia Munn.

The tag line that Munn was 'Badass'. She wasn't looking like much of a badass when Elisabetta Gregoraci dismantled her.

"Useless psycho..." Mr X tossed the magazine into the trash and picked up the next Women's Health.

What was up with his girls featuring in this magazine so often? Did he own shares in this publication?

Here was some good news. Kaley Cuoco backed up her win against Grace Park by crushing Trish Stratus.

Not just crushing, that was an understatement. Mr X had watched the fight at the old High School in Caringbah. He saw how Cuoco had taken the fight to Stratus in the second round. After landing a head kick, Cuoco had landed a few jabs

and then a hook to send Stratus to the canvas.

Then in pure wrestling style, like an ode to Hulk Hogan himself, Cuoco hand launched herself into the air and landed a leg drop across Stratus.

That should have been enough, but Cuoco went all in. With Stratus prone on the canvas, she had stomped on her head. That was that, game over for Trish Stratus. Good night.

There was more to Cuoco than Mr X thought. Could one of the cutest women in the UCC also be one of the most vicious?

On the subject of being vicious...he picked up the last magazine on the floor.

Gemma Atkinson. She had been nearly unstoppable in the UMMA, but in the UCC she struggled.

Just why was that?

The advice from Kathryn Winnick was something to do with stricter training. Mr X snorted. He knew Atkinson trained hard. The girl liked to sweat!



On the cover on Women's Health, Atkinson looked immaculate. She was a glamorous woman with the body of a cage fighter. Really, she was the complete package.



She was powerful, too. She'd taken down Sandra Bullock with one punch and a few kicks. The right hand punch knocked Hayden's heavyweight out in highlight reel fashion.

So what needed to change for Atkinson?

Mr X looked up at the ceiling and closed his eyes.

The solution, he thought, was focus. Atkinson needed focus. A target. She was so devastating when she was feuding with Kim Kardashian. The two were in different weight divisions in the UCC, so Atkinson needed a new target.

In Germany she would be fighting Catherine Zeta-Jones. Could she be the right adversary?

Or did he need to find someone he could control? Another Hellfire girl?

Maria? She would certainly test Atkinson. There was a huge gap in their UCC rankings, the chances of them meeting in the cage at an event was slim.

Mr X kept his eyes closed and a smile formed, if they couldn't meet in a cage to fight. Maybe he would have to arrange something outside of official events.

To Mr X it felt like the time was drawing nearer and nearer for him to orchestrate a Hellfire battle. He just needed to find the time, the place and the excuse.

Ariana Wants You To Smell Like A Raccoon



"Have you ever sniffed a wet Raccoon?"

"Have you ever held a wild Raccoon up to your nose and inhaled? Like, really sniffed that little creature. I mean, like buried your nose into his fur and just snorted him like a line of cocaine?"

"I don't recommend it."

"They don't like being handled like that. Unless the Raccoon knows that you are a mega-fangirl. Like me."

"but..."

"For everyone out there who wishes they could smell as good as a Raccoon that just survived a downpour, I've got the best ever news for you!"

"I've been working with scientists at the *Grande Institute for Higher Learning and Cocktails*, and together we've created a perfume for guys and gals. This amazing little bottle contains the distilled essence of wet Raccoon."

"I know! It's fucking insane, right?"

"And it's all true!"

"The scent is amazing. I wear it almost every single day and everywhere I go I get all sorts of comments. People will literally stop me in the street and literally tell me that I literally smell like a wet Raccoon, literally."



"Buy it now! Smell like a wet Raccoon. Smell like Ariana Grande. Smell like me."

"It's the scent everyone is talking about."



Disappearing Object Phenomenon

Giving into the Inevitable & Adaptation

Greetings and salutations. I am Emily Ratajkowski, member of the Hellfire Girls Club and highly regarded lightweight MMA fighter in the UCC.



If you have a functioning “oculus dexter” and/or “oculus sinister”, then you should be able to ascertain from the adjacent photograph that I am not wearing a brassiere.

For those of you who do not speak Latin, I am referring to your eyes.

So once again, please examine the image to the left of this text and take note that I am sans breast support via any form-fitting undergarments.

I must now admit that my fascination with Disappearing Object Phenomenon (DoP) has distracted me from my day-to-day routine.

My initial and perfect cage fighting record with the UCC has been tarnished. I distanced myself from the physical world as I entered the world of smoke and mirrors. The world of tricksters and magic.

My quest for the science behind DoP, my valiant attempts to put logic and reason to something I could not grasp...have been in vain.

I can no more explain to you, dear reader, why my lingerie disappears, as I could explain why Kylie Jenner continues to win fights in the UCC. It would seem that some mysteries can never be solved with logic.

This vexes me. More than you can imagine.

Thus, I am admitting to a type of defeat in this matter. I shall no longer actively pursue a logical conclusion to the matter of DoP.

If I must live with the inability to keep my bra on, so be it. The “mysteries” of the unknown and unseen world have spoken, and I am smart enough to know when to listen.

What do I do now? That is the question I have pondered and debated in my head for some time. Rather than focus on the “why” of the matter, I must focus on acceptance and adaptation. We must all evolve.



That evolution will come at the cost of not wearing a brassiere. Be it bralette, push up, demi, plunge, balconette, full cup, bandeau, strapless, t-shirt, minimizer, convertible or sports. We must embrace the freedom of mammary movement!

To that end I have taken part in a sizable public demonstration to raise awareness of this movement.

I am not so naive as to believe that anything significant will come of this.

The governments of the world will listen for a moment and then move on. The press will take photographs of our chests and then move on.

There are many injustices in this world for women that need to be addressed. The majority of which are far more pressing than keeping one's tits in place.

But those injustices are for others to pursue. I am but one woman. A lone voice, seldom heard.



Regardless, I shall continue to do what I can for this movement. I have instigated the **"No Bra Club"**. I am encouraging women around the world to remove their bras and purchase products from my new t-shirt range. As these photographs prove, there are a lot of women willing to take part.



T-shirts are available at emrata.com. We offer worldwide shipping.

When Will I Be Famous?

Five members of the Hellfire Girls Club came to the conclusion that to become famous and recognised as UCC fighters, and to gain notoriety in TKO Magazine, that they would have to do certain things that would draw attention to themselves.

After Scarlett Johansson failed to join World of Fight and Karen Gillan failed to gain notoriety by flashing her breasts in public, it's now time for two more idiots to throw themselves into this grinder.

Salma Hayek - Go Totally Lesbian

"Go Totally Lesbian", what does that mean exactly? I guess I'm going to have to openly show affection for another woman in public. And then hope that someone sees us and that person puts us online or tells the press. And then hope that's enough to gather some momentum and get people talking. And then hope that's enough to make me (and probably her) newsworthy and famous.

It does all seem rather silly. That my sexuality could make me famous. But then again, people do like to see two beautiful women kissing each other.



The first thing I needed was to find a willing partner. So I called up Chloe Sevigny and asked her to join me for dinner at an expensive oceanside restaurant.

The dinner went exceptionally well and after a few drinks and a lot of flirting, Chloe was very comfortable with looking at my cleavage and wanting to get into my panties.

We kissed a few times at our table and then we posed for the waiter to take a photograph of us. But since the photo was on my phone, I'm the only one with a copy.

My hopes of having the rest of the customers at the restaurant watching and taking photos failed. I found out later that Chloe had paid to have all the other customers leave so that she and I could be alone.

Attempt one, fail.

On to my second attempt at this. I'm going to ramp up the passion and make sure there are witnesses.

I put on an amazing dress, strapped on my heels, styled my hair and wore the most intoxicating perfume I own. I looked amazing!

I'm showing off here, but I had no trouble attracting another woman at a bar and it didn't take long before she wanted us to go somewhere else to dance. This would be my opportunity for the world to see me in a girl-girl (or



should I say a woman-woman) relationship! Bring on the paparazzi!

Well, this didn't quite go to plan. Yes, we went dancing. Yes, we kissed. A lot actually.



But my date didn't take me to a nightclub with photographers standing outside and everyone inside having their phones out and logged into social media. Nope. She took me to a small, local dance hall and we made out with only a handful of people watching. All of whom were far too nice and respectful to do anything but smile and clap.



The kissing and making out were exceptional. But did I achieve fame and fortune? No. Attempt two, fail.

I needed to up the ante for my third attempt. I needed a partner who was famous, not afraid to be in public and craved the spotlight as much as I was apparently meant to.

Finding that partner was easy. One phone call to **Penélope Cruz** and she was in. Over the next few weeks the two of us went everywhere together. Every Gala event, every gallery opening, every movie premier, every awards show, every christening of a ship, every opening of a new mall... we were there.

The press took our photo's constantly! This was it. The big time! I was about to become a big time lesbian!



I don't believe it! All the effort that went into spending time with Cruz (who, by the way, fights for World of Fight, and whom I should probably never have been trying to have an affair with in the first place, because she's literally the Hellfire's UCC enemy) amounted to nothing!

The press labelled us as 'just friends'. It was all very nice, but very tame and boring. Even though she did kiss me, the press didn't call us 'lesbian lovers'.



Once again, no fame and fortune? Attempt three, fail.

I decided to have one last throw of the dice. One last chance to make the cover of UCC magazine.

This time I was going to think beyond a simple lesbian relationship. I was going to upsize! I was going for the extra fries and larger Coke...



Attempt four, fail.

Alexandra Daddario - Become A Spy

This is my chance to be just like Maria Sharapova and Emma Watson! They kick ass, get the job done and become famous while they do it. If I can pull this off, I'll be just like them! I won't just be the girl who flashed her boobs on *True Detective* season one (the best season, if you ask me).

There are the rumors of the Death By Bikini girls being part of some secret spy group that have been around since the Sixties. How can they all be so skilled as so many things?

And of course, there's Chyler Leigh and *The Pants!* Can I get close to being as cool, dangerous and mysterious as her?

First thing I need is a spy gimmick. Something to make me unique and dangerous. I'm going to try my luck with a high powered weapon! A sniper rifle! That sounds perfect. And of course, I'll need the perfect outfit to go with it.

BANG!



Holy shit this thing is loud! Oh man...I just shot a hole through Mr X's office window. He won't be pleased!

And to make matters worse, now I have a sore shoulder and the recoil blew my beret right off my head!

If guns aren't my bag, how about a bladed weapon? I'll try my luck with a sword. For sure, most spies carry swords. Am I right?



SLICE!

Holy shit this thing is sharp! Oh man...how did I manage to cut myself? This is worse than that time I shaved my legs with Sophie Turner's razor, and everyone knows how dirty her legs are.

If guns and swords aren't my thing, I'll need to think of something else. What's something that all spies are experts at? Computers! Hacking! I need to get online and hack into a shady corporation or some government department. How hard can that possibly be?



Holy shit, I can't even remember my Facebook password. How am I meant to hack into World of Warcraft or Raccoon's computers if I can't even remember my own password?

Computers are another fail. I'm starting to run out of spy type things to be good at.

One skill that every spy needs is the ability to blend in. To become hidden and not attract attention to yourself. The best way to do that is to use camouflage. I'm going to head to New York and walk around the busy streets unnoticed.

My disguise will be perfect! I'm going to camouflage myself as a dalmatian!



I feel like an idiot, but so far no one has noticed me. I must be blending in.



Holy shit, I'm not blending in! I'm being ignored! You can't be a spy and just be ignored. There's zero fun and excitement in that. No one is going to remember a boring spy! James Bond was never boring!

Becoming a spy has been a total flop for me. Maybe I would have been better equipped to try being a lesbian?

Hellfire Charities, Continued

Once again TKO Magazine was invited to follow numerous Hellfire Girls around the world as they pursued various altruistic activities outside of the cage. These charitable acts may appear to be honest and heartfelt, but as our reporters discovered, not every act of goodwill is done for the right reasons!

We promise this is the last time we'll do this. The premise is starting to wear thin.



In the photograph above we can see Hellfire middleweight fighter **Scarlett Johansson** taking part in her very serious humanitarian aid expedition to Africa. Johansson firmly believes that her presence in these remote places can help boost the morale of the locals and will help raise international awareness of their plight.

We were confused as to exactly what this 'plight' may be. The people of this village have been living in relative isolation from the outside world for many, many years. They have continued to live off the land as their ancestors did, and they have no real interest in western ways, culture or help.

These facts did not seem to deter Johansson from flying in via a private helicopter with an entourage of a dozen people and setting up a luxury camp outside their village.

Our researchers have discovered the real reason why Johansson is at this village and why she plans to visit many more in the region. Her luxury campsite includes a pop-up movie theater, where Johansson plans to provide screenings of the latest Avengers movie. In an effort to boost viewer numbers and ensure her movie remains the top grossing ever, Johansson is charging one goat per adult to each screening. She does however offer a family discount, two goats and six feet of those yellow beads.



We followed **Ariana Grande** on her recent visit to a local children's hospital. What we witnessed inside has shocked even the most resilient of our investigative team.

As this photograph shows, Grande is all smiles as she engages with a child in a wheelchair. It appears as if Grande is signing an autograph for the child.

Grande went on to perform signings for many children in the hospital.

Poor, defenseless children.

We acquired one of these autographs from a child who was heavily sedated. We were shocked to discover that Grande was not signing autographs. In actual fact she was signing the children up to a long term mortgage agreement. Others were unwittingly agreeing to join her mailing list and Multi-Level Marketing scheme.

Further investigations from our team of experts have discovered that all the documents Grande was attempting to validate are in fact null and void. This is on account that Grande constantly misspelt her own name. Children of the world, breathe a sigh of relief!

Emily Ratajkowski is becoming well known for her exploits in the world of Disappearing Objects. In particular womens lingerie.

What is less known about her, is the charity work she is doing for those directly affected by this phenomenon.

Ratajkowski posted on social media platforms that she was willing to help the helpless with their laundry. But she would only wash, dry and iron female undergarments. The public response to this was, as you would expect, insane.



Ratajkowski received several cubic tonnes of bras, panties, corsets and camisoles. The workload was much more than she could ever hope to deal with. As our exclusive photograph exposes, Ratajkowski could do little more than put her head in her hands and give up.

None of the intimate items were returned to their owner, begging the question: Is Ratajkowski actually part of the cause of DoP?

Finally, we have discovered one member of the Hellfire Girls Club who's charity work is actually legit. She is going above and beyond to help the helpless.



Chloe Bennet has shown she has a pure heart and has the ability to sacrifice more than just her precious time for a lost cause.

As a founding member of the 'Adopt a Pig' project, Bennet was seen actively engaging in very close quarters with an actual pig.

She's trying to break down the stigma attached to these foul beasts. Bennet is trying to show that world that, even though these creatures are disgusting, they are relatively safe to be close to.

Provided that you have all the necessary shots and immunisation.

Breaking down these barriers is a challenge, but by interacting like this Bennet hopes to bring about real change.

In this exclusive photograph we can see Bennet getting physically close to Logan Paul. A real pig if ever there was one.

We applaud her bravery.

It's our understanding that the small piglet in the photograph had to be destroyed afterwards, Bennet's clothes were incinerated and Bennet herself needed a two hour shower to wash the stink of Logan Paul off her.

Starlets Give Up The Booze

The girls confront a new challenge: no booze for one month.

Give up alcohol you say? For non-specific reasons? Why, of course they can! Talk about an easy challenge! Our friends set about this simple task and find all of a sudden that: the days are longer; they get to see each other for who they really are; the empty laughter of ordinary conversation is so much harder to fake.

Yes, they're saving money and losing weight, but the world itself seems to take on a slow, dreary inevitability. Soon they begin to snap at each other, and then fight - until they begin to wonder, have the Starlets at last found the challenge that will defeat them?



Kira Kosarin

Kira: "You're all so boring. Just let me sleep. All I want to do is sleep."

Peyton: "Wait. We're boring? OMG Kira. You're such a pretentious little bitch."

Kira: "You can even spell 'pretentious', Peyton."

Peyton: "Yes, I can! P..R..E..T..."

Kira: "Oh. Just shut up. You blonde jerk."

Debby: "Guys, chill. We look amazing, right? I'm not missing my cocktails at all."

Peyton: "...T..E...N ...T..."

Kira: "Shut up, blonde jerk."

Debby: "Soph, how much weight have you lost?"

Sophie: "I don't know. I was already skinny as fuck. I just miss red wine. All we do is just sit around, now."

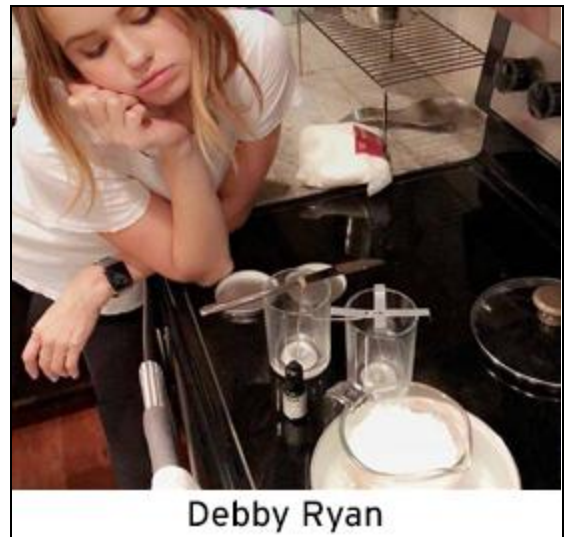
Debby: "Sitting around can be fun."

Kira: "No. Sitting around is boring."

Debby: "I've got a new hobby. I'm making candles. It's a shit load of fun."

Kira: "You look bored shitless, Debby."

Sophie: "Candle making? Are you serious?"



Debby Ryan

Debby: "We have to wait for the wax to soften..."

Peyton: "...I...O? U? S.. "



Kira: "Shut up, Peyton. And why do you always have to be the cute one?"

Peyton: "What do you mean?"

Kira: "Just look at what you're wearing!"

Peyton: "I like it!"

Sophie: "You look like an idiot."

Peyton: "No, I don't. I look cute."

Kira: "You look like a blonde jerk."

Debby: "You do kinda look like an idiot, Peyton."

Peyton: "At least I'm not making boring ass candles, Debby."

Debby: "I'm being productive!"

Kira: "You're being boring."

Sophie: "All three of you are a pain in the arse."

Peyton: "At least we have talent, Sophie."

Sophie: "What the fuck is that meant to mean, Peyton?"

Kira: "She means you can't act. Have you ever watched yourself on TV or the movies? Boring!"

Sophie: "Shut up, Kira. You dumb cow!"

Debby: "You really are a shit actress, Soph."

Sophie: "Shut up, Deb! Jesus Christ. You all suck."

Peyton: "Everyone says I'm a fantastic actress."

Kira: "That's bullshit you blonde jerk. But you are better than Sohpie."

Sophie: "I said SHUT UP!"

Debby: "Or what? You're gonna cry?"



Sophie Turner

And so the Starlets challenge to quit drinking failed. Our four besties begin to realise that having a fully functional liver isn't worth losing your friendship over.

A few hours later....



Kira Kosarin

Kira: "Oh yeah. Peyton...you are just the best friend I could ever have!"

Peyton: "I am? Ohhh..bless you, Kira! You're so fucking awesome! And OMG that dress on you is killer!"

Kira: "Oh yeah. It makes me look like a million dollars."

Debby: "Hey, check this video out."

Kira: "What is Deb?"

Debby: "I think it's Miranda Cosgrove."

Sophie: "When did she start doing porn?"

Debby: "Whoops! Wrong tab. hehe...Look at this instead."

Sophie: "Ohh. She is such a great actress. Don't you think so?"

Kira: "Honestly, hun. She doesn't hold a candle to you."

Debby: "I like candles."

Sophie: "Really? Ohhhh I love you, Kira."

Kira: "Love you too, babes. Let me get you another drink. Wine?"

Sophie: "Only if it's red!"

Peyton: "You guys can keep your fancy cocktails. I'm sticking to beer."

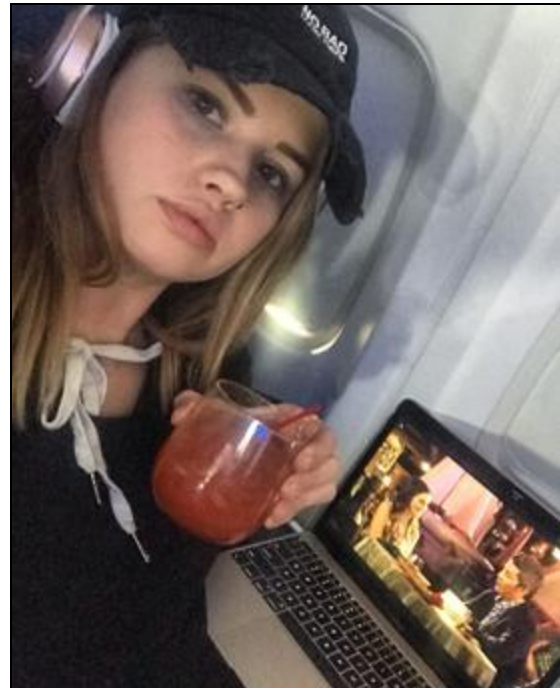
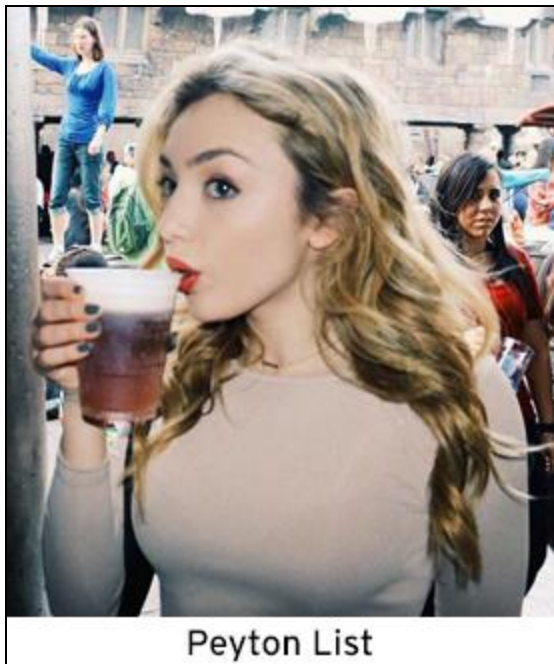
Sophie: "You go girl!"

Debby: "Chug! Chug! Chug!"

Kira: "Chug! Chug! Chug!"

Sophie: "Chug! Chug! Chug!"

Peyton: "Aw shit. You guurrlsss are the best..."



Kira: "I dunno what I'd do with you guys."

Peyton: "I love you, Kira."

Kira: "Love you too, bae."

Debby: "Shit! Let's order some pizza!"

Sophie: "Fuck yes! Do you know Ariana's pizza guy?"

Debby: "No. I do not."

Sophie: "I do!"

Debby: "Then call that bastard up and order us some pizza!"

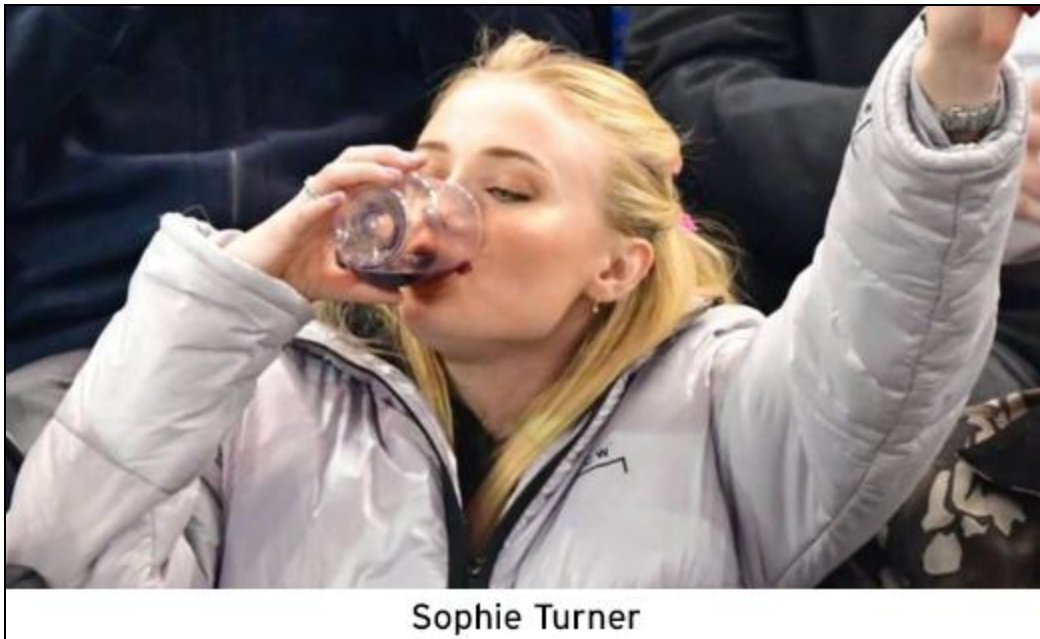
Sophie: "Wine and pizza. The perfect combo!"

Peyton: "And beer!"

Sophie: "And beer!"

Kira: "Haa! Oh..."

Sophie: "Hey, watch me chug down my wine..."



Debby: "Oh man, you're so awesome."

Sophie: "Hell, yes. We're all fucking awesome."



That Kangaroo...

Mr X relaxed in his chair...the sound of a didgeridoo in his head. The sights and smells of Australia. Koalas, crocodiles and kangaroos.

He sighed. Those damn kangaroos...those majestic beasts...

