

## Holy Hallucinations 42

This is a response to PPSimmons' video, "Best Critique of Evolution You Will Ever Hear".

Well hello again, Carl! I know it's been a long time, and I hope that my prolonged absence hasn't left you feeling too... well... empty, inside. So I do apologize for my extended absence, which has been the inevitable consequence of both my general ennui with this website and my having to focus my attention on growing my company rather than on administering short, sharp and occasionally violent lessons to shamefully uneducated simpletons. With that said though, I must confess to occasional pangs of nostalgia for my didactic encounters with all the fine gentlemen who take the short bus to Zealot High, and have been slowly developing an itch to return to the classroom to insert some enlightenment into recesses that are bathed in just a little too much shameful ignorance than is seemly in a civilized society.

So late last summer, when that itch became almost unbearable, it was of course only natural for me to scratch it by paying a visit to the miserable collection of fleas, ticks and pubic lice that infest the PPSimmons Youtube page. Imagine though, Carl, my astonishment to find that neither you nor any of the other scabrous hematophages that inhabit that festering crotch of a channel hadn't produced a *single* anti-science video since I last twatted you about the head with a copy of the Dorling Kindersley Big Book of Science a year-and-a-half previously.

At the time it was tempting, and perhaps a little egotistical, to speculate that this state of affairs had come to pass, at least in part, because of the past unrelenting arseward instruction I'd inflicted upon you and your malignant carbuncle, Pisspants, over your dismal catalog of unsurpassable stupidity. I realized of course that a much more likely explanation was that you'd decided that ludicrously simple-minded anti-science videos were becoming less attractive to even the delusional cranks who somehow take you seriously, and that peddling endless spewage on right-wing nut-job conspiracy theories, vapid "biblical prophecies" and down-right slanderous anti-Obama/Clinton propaganda presented a far more lucrative business opportunity.

It was, therefore, with some disappointment that I walked away with my itch unscratched, but at least with the satisfaction of knowing that you were no longer insulting science and the men and women who practice it by smearing your unique mixture of vile putrescence and smug, oblivious ignorance over it. So imagine my surprise, Carl, when one of my subscribers mentioned in a comment on one of my videos that you had finally stuck your arse over the parapets again and were back to your old tricks. Not being one to take anything at face value, however, I clicked myself over to your place and soon discovered that, contrary to that popular old adage, not everything improves with time.

In fact, what greeted me there was, despite its rather ambitious title, perhaps one of the most *spectacular* intellectual abortions I've ever seen you perform; one whose incomprehensibly abject ineptitude eclipses *all* of your past *stellar* achievements. In fact, this offering's sheer magnitude can't even begin to be encompassed by a single video and will require at least a second part in order for me to give it all the special attention it so sorely deserves.

So with all that said, Carl, I hope that, despite this prolonged interlude, you still remember the old drill. The tutelage table is still over there where it's be patiently waiting for you, and so while you're fumbling away at your belt buckle and getting yourself comfortable and I rummage around for a suitably jagged and rusty implement, let's play the first clip.

**“Hello, this Pastor Carl Gallups, and thank you so much for watching this ‘Insight’ video.”**

Hello Pastor, Carl! And thank *you* so much for affording me the opportunity to once again showcase that intellectually and morally bankrupt and decomposing religious doctrine known as Creationism. Also, thanks so much for the many chuckles you afforded me with the name of your little show, because I as will shortly demonstrate, your video contains about as much insight as a Frenchman trying to procure a prostitute in a pox clinic.

**“There’s a fascinating article that has appeared on The Drudge Report today that is, in my opinion, one more evolutionary ‘science’, and I use quotes for that, heh, ‘science’ fail.”**

Well, Carl, we’ll be learning more of your opinion shortly so I’ll leave it to the viewers to judge what it’s *actually* worth, but perhaps they already caught a scent of its true value and where the *actual* fail is coming from. *That* insight may be been provided when you started off your polemic by citing, not a *bona fide* scientific journal such as Science, Nature or the Proceedings of the National Academy, but rather a conservative political propagandist “news” outlet (and, yes, *I* use quotes for that, heh, “news” outlet).

**“But the article appearing today, um, I’m going to show the one out of the UK Sun, but it has also been repeated, the information, from the official pronouncements of the archaeologists and the doctors and the researchers that are involved... It’s been... it has been featured in several main stream media posts around the nation... excuse me, around the world.”**

OK, let’s stop you there Carl. You haven’t even gotten started on your point and already the fail is positively *exuding* from every pore, except yours is ever so slightly more pungent and substantially browner than the one that you accused science of earlier.

Firstly, allow me to point out that The Sun not a scientific publication, and barely even a newspaper, but rather is owed by an abhorrent antipodean arse-splat with the ethics of a priest with a hard-on and a choirboy to babysit. In fact, as Britain’s answer to The National Enquirer, it’s not worth using to wipe a ginger gibbon’s arse with, much less to obtain anything even vaguely resembling reliable information.

Second, I think you’ll find that it was paleontologists, not archaeologists who were involved in the research in question. If you’re even half-capable of any kind of cognitive process at all, Carl, I’d ask you to ponder for a moment, no matter how sluggishly, why it is you think that you’re fit to criticize an area of science, or *any* area of science for than matter, when you don’t even know what that area of science *actually* studies. Could it be that it’s because you’re an arrogant and smugly self-satisfied ignoramus who hasn’t even the vaguest conception of his own pitiful inadequacy? That certainly seems plausible since you don’t seem to understand that archaeologists study prehistoric modern man by means of unearthed artifacts while paleontologists study ancient life by means of preserved and fossilized remains. Since your Jesus has something very specific to say about the meek, Carl, I very much doubt that, if he happens to be who you say he is, he’d be especially impressed with your evident woeful misapprehensions that you’re some kind of intellectual leviathan.

Finally, I’d like to point out your reference to the “main stream media”. Correct me if I’m wrong here, but isn’t it the latest shtick of right-wing tin-hat loons like you to blame the inadequacies of your lamentable ideas on the press while falling back in desperation on your “alternative facts”. Well, forgive me for pointing it out, Carl, but real journalists do have an *actual* code of ethics – they’re even taught it at College – even if you do find it convenient to deny this when they’re delivering a series of violent

toeings to the testicles of your cherished beliefs. Calling something “fake news” solely because it’s violently raping your position doesn’t automatically make the news itself fake, Carl. It just makes you intellectually lazy and abhorrently dishonest.

**“I want you to listen to the mushy, magical language that these so-called scientific articles and research papers use. This is amazing folks. If we, who are Christians, and biblical... we come from a biblical world view, if the bible contained language like this mushy, mystical, magical language... and or if we spoke this way in trying to defend our faith, we would be excoriated.”**

Wow, Carl. So much to unpack and so little closet space.

Firstly, has it ever occurred to you that if you *did* actually try speaking this way when defending your faith that people *might* actually begin respecting you, and by proxy it, a little more because you were displaying some modicum of humility instead of behaving like a crazed fanatic who’s been utterly consumed by his own zealotry? Perhaps you should try it sometime, Carl – it’s called intellectual honesty and, you never know, you might find it refreshingly liberating. After all, what have you got to lose, because lying like an odious reptile about the veracity of your beliefs has hardly saved you from being excoriated in this video, now, has it?

That aside, as soon as I heard this I knew exactly where you were going and exactly how hard and how far I’d be able to ram your pitiful and emaciated thesis up your jacksie. The irony here of course, and as we’ll find out later, is that you don’t actually refer to *any* scientific articles or research papers in this total clusterfuck of a video, and in fact make it very clear that you wouldn’t know what one looks like if Charles Darwin himself spent an afternoon beating you about the head with it before rolling it up and introducing your anus to the literature.

Now, all of this is putting the cart before the horse, and we’ll get back to your incisive argument shortly, but I felt the need to include this clip because of your apparent contention that the bible doesn’t contain any mushy, mystical magical language. Really, Carl? *Really?* I’m not sure whether to laugh at your feckless ineptitude or cry at your repugnant mendacity. *No mushy, mystical, magical language?* Did we somehow forget about the talking snakes, the disembodied graffiti-scrawling hands, the strategic use of haircuts as political weapons, the instant salinization of random Arab bints, and the prescient prediction of an imminent end-days that has been used with such spectacular success by every hosanna-huffing god-bother for the past two-thousand years?

Carl, you’re giving the distinct impression that you’ve either read the Bible as often as you have these research papers you speak of, or that your comprehension of it is severely limited because of the tricky long words that pop up occasionally. Perhaps you should think of bringing along a dictionary next time you crack open the Good Book.

Of course, I accept the possibility that what you really meant, Carl, is that the Bible uses definitive language to claim that the above absurdities, and countless others, are pronouncements of absolute indelible facts and so cannot in any way be interpreted figuratively. If that’s the case, then it certainly explains why *you* place such stock in its fantastic fables, but *I* don’t think that it does you, your god or your fellow Christians any favors.

**“Yet, the evolution can get away with it in the fake news. I’m going to show you another... more examples of fake news. They can get away with it and it’s declared science. You’re not going to believe what you see next.”**

Fuck what I’m going to see next, Carl, I can’t believe what I’m hearing now! You realize, don’t you, that the “source” you’re about to use, much less the one that led you to it, is about as far removed from what you refer to as “fake news” as you are from anything remotely resembling a coherent thought process or, for that matter, *any* thought process? It seems you’re *blissfully* unaware that The Sun is firmly in the camp of the right-wing propaganda mills that have you convinced that the steaming turds they’re feeding you are filet mignon, and it’s hilarious to find you here confirming my earlier conjecture and labeling its article “fake” simply because you feel it would make the Baby Jesus cry.

That aside, perhaps I should inform you that advances in modern science aren’t propagated by *any* kind of news media. No, they’re propagated in the scientific literature, in the science departments of universities and at academic conferences. The only thing the media have to do with it is to inform the public of these advances in language they can understand and, frankly, sometimes they do a pretty piss-poor job of it. This beggars the question, then, as to why *you*, Carl, don’t turn to the *actual* sources of new discoveries when you try discredit them with the sickly, anemic fruits of your crippled mind.

Of course, that question is a rhetorical device, because I fully realize that it’s because you have difficulty sounding out words with more than two syllables, and that science has more than its fair share of those. But that’s no excuse, Carl, and the end of the day if you’re incapable of playing with the big boys you’d be well advised to just stick to pat-a-cake with all of the other creationists during Special Ed class.

**“Anyway, Flores Man, ‘hobbits’ found in Indonesia were definitely not, big bold letters, early humans, scientists confirm. Of course, you know, if *scientists* confirm... heh, heh...”**

You know, Carl, you may be wondering why it may seem that I’ve been picking on you over the past seven years, and this gives me a perfect opportunity to explain. You see, it was *exactly* this kind of shit-eating smug-buggery aimed against scientists that you trotted out way back in Holy Hallucinations 8 that first highlighted to me that you were a truly special simpleton; a prince amongst a throng of backward, hapless incompetents; a true twatflap’s twatflap. Perhaps it’s because *I* happen to be a scientist, Carl, and as such spend my days trying to make the world a little better than it was before I arrived in it, that I take particular exception when I hear a worthless sack of inadequately digested feces deprecating my profession, particularly when *that* sack’s only contribution to society appears to be to occasionally empty some of itself over it.

So I don’t know if it’s just me, but hopefully some others also feel that rather than bearing the air of an academic colossus looking down on his inferiors here, you actually showed your true colors and came across as a smug, mentally impaired chimpanzee who thinks that the ginger toupee he’s wearing makes look like Robert fuckin’ Redford. Remember what I said about Jesus and his apparent heartfelt fondness for he meek, Carl? Well, after *that* little display of yours, and if I were you, I’d be a little worried that he might be asking his dad to put *you* on his naughty list.

OK, so let’s get back to the scintillating brilliance of your main arguments. But before we continue let me explain that because you took a full seven minutes to squeeze them out by repeating yourself like a Tourette’s sufferer at a spelling bee, I decided to cut together some segments to make your blunted

point a little more succinctly. It's my contention that I've represented your alleged thoughts accurately, but I don't want anyone to take my word for it and encourage everyone to confirm this for themselves by taking an maximum-strength dose of Pepto-Bismol and then checking out your original video.

**“But a study the Australian National University found the race... watch this... were *most likely* a completely different species. It's *possible* that this Flores Man evolved in Africa and migrated or, *ooooor*, the common ancestor moved from Africa, *then* evolved into *Homo floresiensis* somewhere. See? If... if they just used this mushy language once or twice it... it wouldn't be so bad. But the entire article is filled with 'we think, we believe, more than likely, most likely, was likely, our *theory* is'. Alright? Watch this language. This language is used throughout the article. But remember what the title says 'Flores Man hobbits found in Indonesia were *definitely not* early humans, *scientists confirm*'.”**

Well, Carl, it appears that you're working under the impression that the title to this piece was written by those scientists that you hold in such sneering contempt. Didn't it occur to you that it might in fact have been written by a journalist who has as much training in science as you have in the fundamentals basic human decency? In fact, seeing that whoever wrote that title works for The Sun, there's substantially more than a reasonable likelihood that they're not exactly at the top of their profession, and that they may well have written it on their cell phone while taking a piss between their fifth and sixth pints at a Fleet Street pub.

So perhaps there should be little wonder, Carl, at the discrepancy that you so perceptively identified with your finely tuned fundie senses. After all, the article contains direct quotes from scientists who've been trained in the essentials of intellectual honesty, that is – to speak circumspectly about their work and to avoid overreach when drawing conclusions from their data. In contrast the title was written by a journalist whose job is to produce sensational, attention-grabbing stories and who's been trained, at least in part, in that cesspit of perfidious weasels known as News Corporation in the finer arts of libel, defamation and hacking the cell phones of dead soldiers' families and murder victims.

You would have known this had you bothered to have gotten off your fat, lazy arse and actually looked up the source material you were criticizing instead of sprinting enthusiastically down the road most taken by the indolent and uneducated as you settled for a secondary source written by a non-expert. Fortunately for you Carl, I once again took the time to do your job for you and looked it up for myself, and I'm sure you'll be delighted to know that you'll soon be getting that old familiar feeling as, per our tradition, I start inserting it piece by piece into your arse-end.

So let's begin with the title, shall we? “The affinities of *Homo floresiensis* based on phylogenetic analyses of cranial, dental, and postcranial characters.” Fundie senses spot the difference, Carl? I guess not, as I suspect the sudden syllabic barrage has probably gotten the best of your sixth-grade reading level, so perhaps you can take my word for it that there's not one sign of that dogmatic language that so got your panties in a bunch. Perhaps even you can intuit from this fact that it wasn't the scientists that were overstating the certainty of their discoveries, Carl, but rather Mr. Murdoch's sloppy little peon.

So now that we've summarily dealt with that little inanity, let's go on to your second equally watery, albeit somewhat related argument and see whether it's as easy to insert as the first one was.

**“It’s language that says, ‘we think’, or ‘we speculate’, or ‘our theory is’, or ‘it could have been’, or ‘most likely this is how it occurred’. That’s mushy, magical language. In other words, you don’t *know* anything. You’re guessing, and you’re hoping. And that’s OK to do, but *call* it that. Don’t declare that you now have ‘scientific proof’ and ‘science settles it’. This is what evolution does all the time.”**

[BUZZER]. Wrong, Carl. In fact, you’re so wrong that it’s possible that this the wrongest *any* human has ever been in the entire history of wrongness. To put it another way, you couldn’t be more wrong if you converted to Catholicism, got yourself ordained to the priesthood, developed a penchant for wearing pink, lacy split-crotch panties and volunteered to be the official crotch masseur to Our Lady of the Rosary’s High School boys’ competitive macramé team.

You see, Carl, this “mushy, magical language”, as you call it, isn’t a feature of “evolution” but of the *entire body of modern fucking science*. Of course, I don’t expect you to know this because your scientific education was apparently cut short in the third grade after that unfortunate incident with your science fair project’s Mentos volcano and Reverend Huckabee’s anus.

So, in order to try and advance your knowledge of science past the elementary school level, Carl, I opened up my Endnote library and randomly picked two papers I’d recently read. Let’s take a look at some snippets from the discussions, shall we? Hmm... let’s see. Oh yes... “it seems *reasonable* to speculate... this inducibility *suggests*... it is *possible* that... it is *probable* that... one *possible* physiological role...”. Any of that sound familiar, Carl? But wait! Maybe that was a fluke. Let’s try another one. Er... here we go; “post-challenge *suggests* that... is *likely* to be determined... *suggests* that the signals... *implies* a causative association... *may indicate* that...”. Hmmmm. What do you think, Carl? Surely even your morbidly sluggish grey matter can perceive a pattern emerging here, eh?

And these weren’t papers that have *anything* to do with evolution either. Take a look at the titles: “A pattern-recognition protein for  $\beta$ -1,3-glucan,” and “Kinetics of pulmonary neutrophil recruitment and clearance in a natural and spontaneously resolving model of airway inflammation.” You see, Carl? These are papers that your fellow delusional dumbfuck Ken Ham would call “observational science,” and yet they’re *also* contain your “mushy, magical language”.

How do explain that Carl? Well, I’m willing to bet a Rabbi’s briefcase of foreskins that you can’t, so allow me to do it for you. You see, it’s only astoundingly uninformed simpletons who think that science always provides binary yes/no answers to the secrets of Nature. That’s because it turns out that she’s a little more complex than the those old oaters starring the guys with the black hats and the guys with the white hats or, for that matter recent GOP foreign policy. It’s because of this subtlety and nuance that *all* scientists couch the implications of their newest discoveries with care, because they know only too well that as soon as they proclaim something to be absolutely true they risk embarrassment at best, and humiliation at worst, by the next discovery that’s coming down the pike.

And it turns out that this happens to be an extremely effective attitude to take if you’re interested in the truth, Carl, because when you’re willing to accept that you may not be right, you’re *much* more likely to accept it when you’re wrong. And what could be a more fitting demonstration of this principle than your good self, Carl? After all, there you are, clinging on to your pathetically childish bronze-age fables, refusing to even try to integrate them into the modern world like the vast majority of Christians already have, and instead keep on insisting adamantly that they’re as historically accurate as the Revolutionary War. And with this absolute certainty of yours, this indefatigable belief that you’re 100% right, you stand

before the world and proudly criticize things you can't even begin to understand. Because *you* know better than the scientists. Because in your own pig-headed obstinacy you just *know* you *must* be right because you just *know* that *they* are wrong. And as you stand before the world haughtily proclaiming your abject ignorance to anyone who'll listen you're simply unable to conceive how much the vast majority of your audience are laughing at you because you're blissfully unaware just how far down your legs your pants have fallen.

So, Carl, if nothing else than for what remains of your miserably tattered dignity, please just stop for a moment and ask yourself what it is in you that drives you to think you're qualified or able to criticize the language used by scientists when you don't have the slightest idea of what kind of language is *actually* used by scientists. Or what makes you have the temerity to think you can criticize what scientists say using hear-say rather than the primary sources when even a court of law would kick you out, arse-first, if you tried it in front of a judge. Or why you don't even pause for a femto-second's thought about the possibility that those scientists might have a point because you're enjoying a life of comfort and luxury unimaginable to your ancestors because of what those same scientists have discovered. If nothing else you might want to do it for your own sake to avoid the possibility of that awkward conversation with old Saint Pete about the embarrassing footnote that his boss put in his book about you.

***“Then they go on to say, um, er, Dr. er... Argues said, ‘the... analysis also supported the theory that Flores Man could... could have branched off earlier in the time line. Mooooore than one-point-seven f... in other words, they don't know anything about this.’***

Au contraire, Carl, au contraire. In fact there are very many things we know about this. For example, we know that Flores Man was not the result of an incestuous orgy of rumpy-pumpy approximately four thousand years ago. We know that Flores Man did not suddenly find himself in Indonesia after being violently farted out by a middle-eastern volcano. We know that Flores Man was not produced from the anal sphincter of an ancient Arab in order to help a pan-dimensional space pixie barbecue a rack of ribs.

We know all this because of the mountains, and I mean ten-mile high, touch the sky, massive mother-fucking kick-your-ignorant-Luddite-arse mountains, of evidence that document a gradual diversification of life on this planets by an elegant bifurcating process of decent with modification and natural selection over a period of billions of years. We also know this because of an absolute vacuum, and I mean not a jot, empty pot, completely bereft of even one-measly-fucking-shred of evidence vacuum that suggests that *any* aspect of reality can be explained by the invocation of arcane mystical metaphysical forces, or as you might call it, Carl – magic.

It is because of this slight imbalance, that scientists consider the statistical probability of the veracity of evolutionary theory (or for that matter most of the other great theories of science) to be so high so as to justify referring to them as being “true” in the course of normal conversation as well as for using them as a general framework in their research. Similarly, it is for this reason that they spend as much time contemplating the possibilities of alternatives such as yours as they might in deciding whether to soap their left testicles or tits first or second when they're in the shower.

That doesn't mean to say of course that they couldn't be swayed should they be presented by dependable and convincing evidence to the contrary, but considering that inept buffoons like you have been trying to do so for the past four centuries with about as much success as a two-hundred and sixty-

six popes have had trying to get a people to only have sex for procreative purposes, I doubt that any of them, myself included, are holding their breath.

**“It says... ah... then he goes on to declare... the Flores Man occupied a very primitive position on the human evolutionary tree. There you are! A *completely* different species that’s *not* human at all, yet occupies a space on the human evolutionary tree. How... how can that be? Well – that’s what evolution says. That fish became men that became astronauts. So this just fits the evolutionary model.”**

Carl! When you get the bit between your teeth you go about your anti-science extremism as enthusiastically as an imam with a machete and a free pass to the annual Iranian Society of Pickpockets convention, don’t you?

Firstly, if you’re really serious about not understanding how a non-human hominin can occupy a place on a human evolutionary tree, then you’ve finally proven that you’re perhaps the stupidest creationist since Carl Baugh swallowed a coprolite to demonstrate that it wasn’t a fossilized turd because it didn’t taste like Kirk Cameron’s nose after filming his latest video with Ray Comfort.

For fuck’s sake, Carl, does disagreeing with evolution as a description of reality somehow prevent you from at least making the effort to try and understand it’s claims before getting up on your high horse to criticize it with your oral egestions? Because if you truly can’t understand why a putative ancient cousin of humans is placed on a phylogenetic tree *with* humans, then you must be more stupid than Ken Ham when he thinks that his “Answers In Genesis” crack science team are *actual* scientists rather than a sad and motley, bedraggled collection of pathetic, bumbling numbnuts, has-beens and never-weres.

Secondly, I’ve already explained why scientists interpret evolutionary data in the framework of evolutionary theory. It’s the same way that astrophysicists interpret their data in the framework of relativity theory, that particle physicists interpret their data in the framework of quantum theory, and that chemists interpret their data in the framework of atomic theory. Of course, if you happen to have the evidence I also mentioned earlier that would justify jettisoning evolutionary theory in favor of trans-astral, pan-cosmic wizardry, then please feel free to bring it on. But we’d be very grateful if you could give us a heads-up first so we could stock up on a few packs of extra-absorbent diapers and some industrial-strength ear-plugs to help drown out the laughter.

**“And then... we can be ninety-nine percent sure it’s not related to *Homo erectus* and nearly 100% chance it isn’t a malformed *Homo sapien*. OK. But... when we will look at some other evidence you will discover that, how in the world can they be ninety-nine percent sure? It’s all based on conjecture. There’s no scientific evidence. “**

Perhaps it’s not surprising that you think that there’s no scientific evidence behind these comments because it seems that it never occurred to you that it might be important to read *the actual fucking paper* before coming to this rather forceful conclusion. Can I ask you, Carl – do you think this will make it into Pete’s footnotes, or will the Big Guy upstairs put it up to metal incompetence and give you that full scholarship to the harp conservatory that you seem to think you’re such a dead cert for?

Fortunately, and as is now *de rigueur* after the past seven years, I made the effort to do what you would have done if you were even within a light year of anything resembling either common decency or intellectual honesty, and that is – I read the paper for you.



Upon doing so, I can now tell you that they can be so sure because their conclusions are based on a Bayesian statistical analysis to find the most parsimonious phylogenetic trees based on a detailed anatomical inspection of one-hundred and thirty-three specific anatomical characters. These characters were compared between gorillas, chimpanzees and orangutans as well as *Homo sapiens*, *georgicus*, *floresiensis*, *erectus*, *habilis*, *ergaster* and *rudolfensis* as well as *Australopithecus aferensis*, *africanus* and *sediba*.

This analysis covers twenty-seven pages in print that is about twenty points smaller than what you're comfortable in dealing with, and so it just a soupcon more detailed than your self-admitted "very short" article from The Sun that you so pompously thought you'd eviscerated. And when it comes to those characters, they include metrics such as the "bregmatic eminence", the "occipital torus", the "foramen magnum" and the "recess between the tympanic plate and entoglenoid pyramid". What could you strange words be, Carl? They sure do sound scientific, don't they? And it does appear that they're being used as some kind of... oh... what's the word?... oh yes – *evidence*.

Of course, I don't have the slightest clue what any of these anatomical structures are, but then that may be because I never claim to possess knowledge that I don't *actually* have, nor pretend to have expertise in areas where I'm as competent as Ian Juby is in... well, just about anything. Needless to say I'd like to contrast that attitude with the one you've taken ever since I've known you (and long, long, long before that, I'd warrant), where you, Carl, have the bear-faced gall to genuinely believe that you know better than the experts in fields whose basic vocabulary you can't even pronounce, let alone spell.

That said, I think it's safe to say that even this most cursory of glances at the *actual* literature, which you've seen fit to disparage like an eight-year-old who's raided his father's beer stash, provides enough information to roughly and definitively sodomize both your claim earlier in this video that this study was just "**based upon some bone fragments**" as well as the current one regarding conjecture and lack of scientific evidence.

As to the assessment of probabilities that you're so skeptical of, Carl, they can be "ninety-nine percent sure" because they *calculated* it. And I do, mean *actually calculated*, rather than using the preferred Pastor Bollox method of data analysis, which doesn't involve a calculator or a spreadsheet, but rather a rubber glove, some tongs and sixteen-ounce tube of muscle relaxant. They did this by computing the relative odds of whether the patterns of shared and non-shared characters they found amongst the specimens most likely occurred by random chance or via the inheritance of ancestral traits, and their numbers turned out to be most consistent with a closer relationship to *Homo habilis* than to the other species, including modern humans. So are you going to start denying *mathematics* now, Carl? If you do, then how on earth are you going to keep track of all the money you're fleecing from your credulous sheep?

Of course, I will cede that these calculations are set within a framework that assumes that these species evolved by descent with modification and share common ancestors, which I'm sure will have you crying foul and howling like a delirious gibbon whose nut-sacks are painfully swollen from a particularly vicious case of the clap that it caught from a Russian prostitute. Should you be tempted to do that though, Carl, and also for the sake of what I'm sure is your truly Trumpian attention span, allow me to remind you that I already rammed that mangy canard up your arse, beak-first, earlier, and so I think we can discount the objection of 'unjustified assumption' pending your presentation of convincing evidence for the existence and physical properties of pixie dust.

*Phew!* I have to confess that I'm beginning to flag a little now, Carl, and I can hardly imagine that you're feeling particularly spry either. As I said when we began, I'm going to need more than one video to fill you up with all the facts this time, so perhaps this would be a good point to take a little break. So why don't you lie there and take a little time to recover your breath while I go find a new crop, and when I return we'll resume your lesson exactly where we left it. Rest assured, though, that unlike other promises you may have heard along similar lines elsewhere – I really will be back.