

PHONY

MAGAZINE

THROUGH
THE AGES

issue 48

YAOI

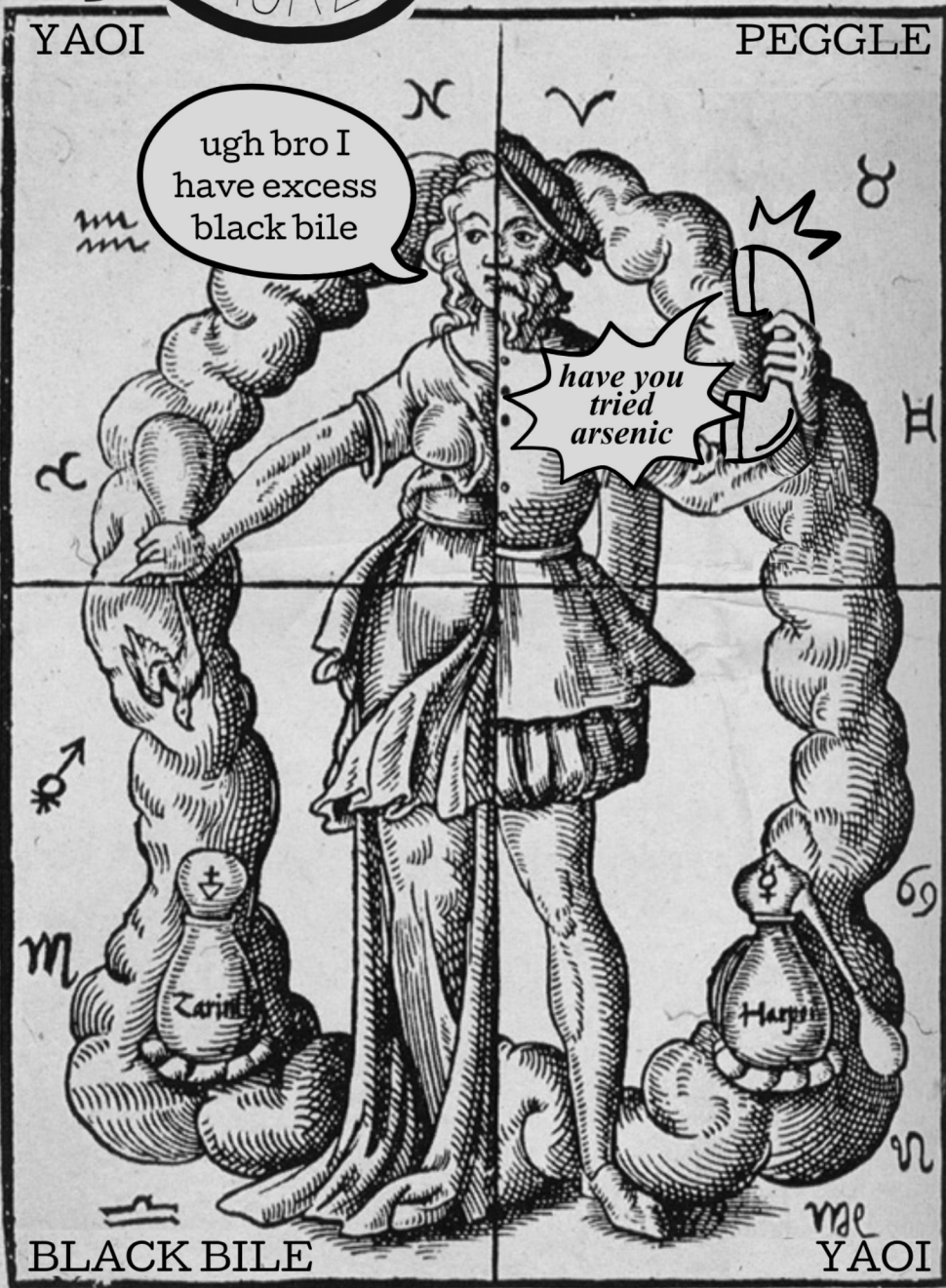
PEGGLE

ugh bro I
have excess
black bile

have you
tried
arsenic

BLACK BILE

YAOI



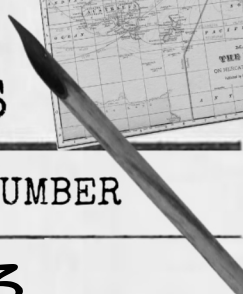
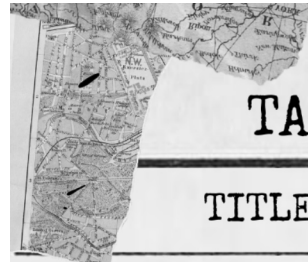


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Spreading the plague



#HotGirlShit

[TIMELINE PROTECTION SERVICES]
[CRIMINAL DATABASE ACCESS REQUESTED.]
[AUTHORIZED]

[CRIMINAL NO. 467616941 - TARIX {LAST NAME WITHHELD FOR YOUR SAFETY}]
[ACCESSING LOGS]

[LOG ENTRY 13]

He did it again. This fucker. Every time we capture this chronic history defiler, a future version comes and breaks him out. I swear to god, we've tried everything, we just can't hold him. All to what? Give Albert Einstein unrestricted internet access and get him addicted to porn? This fucking moron would be less annoying if he were actually malicious, but I seriously think he's just doing it for shits and giggles. Whatever. Log over. I gotta keep an eye on this guy before he- HEY! GET OUT OF THAT POCKET DIMEN-

[LOG ENTRY 27]

He stole experimental Jet fuel from 4077 and distributed it at various locations throughout history. It took me forever to track it all down, but on the bright side, I know what happened to Amelia Earhart now. All I'm gonna say is that no one will ever find her on Earth.

[LOG ENTRY 33]

The Pyramids were upside down.

[LOG ENTRY 45]

He killed a butterfly, and now Kevin Hart is James Bond. I reset it, but kept a copy for my personal collection. It was kinda good.

[LOG ENTRY 56]

Dinosaurs in Victorian London again. Get some new material, man. Fuckin contrived.

[LOG ENTRY 78]

Gave Genghis Khan erectile dysfunction. This one sucked cause like 90% of the Time Corps got erased. Also, we have no idea how he did it. Unlike my bosses, I don't really want to know the answer.

[LOG ENTRY 80]

Tried to stop 9/11 for like the 5th time. As we all know, this causes Super 9/11.

[LOG ENTRY 99]

He and like 30 versions of himself started gangstalking Chris Pratt. This caused him to think he was the second coming of Christ, and he tried to start a sect of Christianity called Christianity. Would have been funny if it hadn't caused a Splinter Cell to form a few centuries down the line, who started "manually rapturing" people who paid enough money. I got assigned to infiltrate their services a lot, so I think if I hear a line from the Mario movie again I might kill myself.

[LOG ENTRY 103]

I'm fucking gay now???



The Ancient Prophecy

By Steven Trompson

Once upon a time in a galaxy far, far away, there lived a master of the extreme, Serapee Nisali. By an extremely young age he had survived all extreme challenges, braved all extreme weather, and extremely parkoured off of all extreme ledges. In extreme glory, he lead others to fulfill their destiny as extreme men. Lives were changed. Extreme was the state.

Men were finally extreme again.

But then, all was lost. Serapee missed a ledge, and he perished. The entire state of the extreme state fell into ruin. Men became soft, and weak, and liked doing face masks and watching porn instead of bangin' hot chicks and getting muddy like those who still stuck to the extreme life. As he breathed his last breath, though, Serapee Nisali spoke a truth to his followers. He would come again, in the form of a man. A soft, willing, and very unextreme man. But his extreme nature will be revealed, and the world will be righted. All hail the extreme.

#Xtreme #2016 #MakeMenXtremeAgain

The Rapture

I am here to
judge all

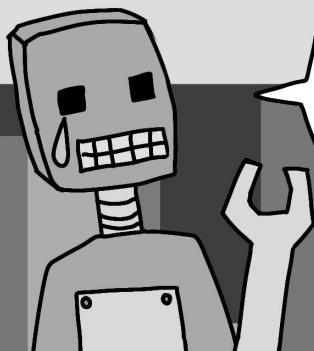
Like the ship of
Theseus however,
all humans are AI



What the [REDACTED]
damn clankers



Fab Five Freddie told me
everybody's fly
DJ's spinnin' are savin' my mind
Flash is fast, flash is cool
Francois sais pas, flashe' no do
And you don't stop, sure shot
Go out to the parking lot
And you get in your car and drive
real far
And you drive all night and then
you see a light
And it comes right down and lands
on the ground
And out comes a man from Mars
And you try to run but he's got a
gun
And he shoots you dead and he
eats your head
And then you're in the man from
Mars
You go out at night eatin' cars
You eat Cadillacs, Lincolns too
Mercurys and Subarus



Object Class: Euclid

Description and Special Containment Procedures: [PP 9.21-A] is a rectangular box roughly twelve inches in length, eight inches in height, and seven inches wide. Upon outside inspection, the box appears to be an ordinary shoebox. [PP 9.21-A] is to be kept with [PP 9.21-B] at all times. [PP 9.21-B] is a wooden percussion instrument carved to resemble a frog, dated as far back as the early days of the Maya empire. The frog is named Bill, and he was found to be gay over five thousand years ago.

Wait, what was that last part?

Now that's all well and good I hear you, the wall I'm talking to, say, but what's all this got to do with how Tylenol is turning the frickin' frogs gay? That's the thing. It doesn't. Don't interrupt my fucking story when I'm talkin' to you son. It's a good dang story if I say so myself. I pulled this all from that one dream I had when I was higher than the fucking sun on a solstice. That's what makes it special. I'm crazy, see. That's why the fuckers at the Phoundation took my car keys. And my medical license. But mostly the keys. Man... I miss beer. Miss the wife too. And the kids. But boy do I miss the days when I couldn't see more than three inches in front of my fuckin' face. Three inches was all I needed back then. Those were the days, huh? It's all changed though. It's all different. Everything's changed it seems. At least, ever since that...

Ever since that night...

I still remember... the 21st night of September...

It's almost like I can still hear her voice. God fucking damn it. I can hear her like it was yesterday. It was yesterday, wasn't it? It's all I can remember. One day was all it took. One night, and I can't get it out of my head. I can't get it out of my head. You don't understand do you? It's driving me insane but I can't get enough. I need it. I need to feel the earth beneath my feet. I need to feel the wind in my hair. I need to feel the fire in my heart. Three inches, 95 miles an hour, and a dream that would never die.

It was quiet for a brief time. The croaking of the frogs sounded so very peaceful then. Lying in the grass, looking up at the stars. Pretty sure I saw some frogs fucking too. Go little dudes. Live out your dreams. Don't you ever let that fire go out. In that moment, it's like I swore I could see heaven. Right in front of my face. All three inches were right there. Don't know about you, but everything tastes like coins in heaven for some reason. Right good ones too. Just like

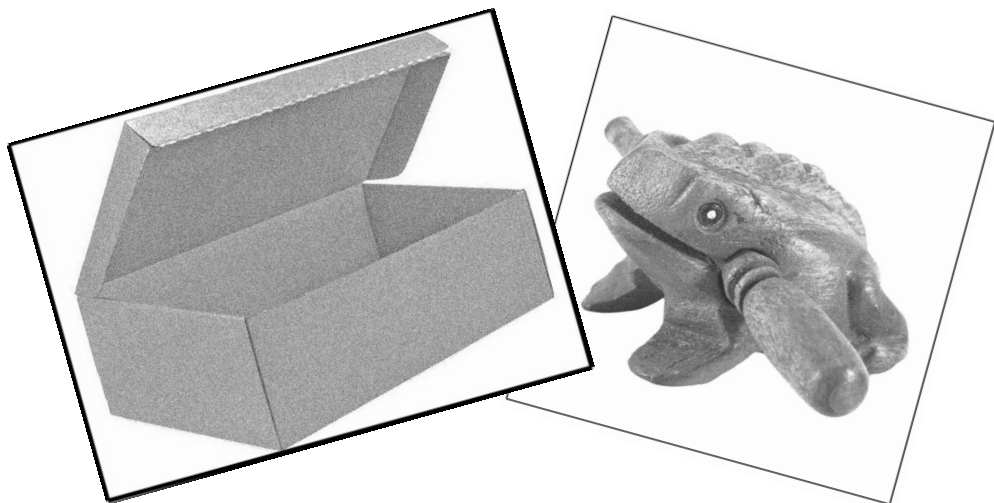
Grandma used to make. Now that I think about it, maybe that's what I've been missing this whole time. Cash. God. It's been a while since I last paid my respects to the lord, in all aspects. There was some kind of... what do you call it? A poly trinity? Don't remember too much about it. The days all look the same now anyways.

Listen here. Now, when you and I get out of here, we're gonna go get ourselves two things. A car, and a twelve pack of Coors. Ain't gotta do too much for ambiance 'cept turn on the radio. Hope that song doesn't come on again. Not again. It's what started this whole mess to begin with, me and her. It feels like I've listened to that damn song for hours. One more time, and I'm gonna go more than a little crazy, and we both don't want that. Me especially. I already know. I've been crazy once....

[END OF RECORDING]

Subject continued to mutter to himself before urinating in the corner and passing out again due to alcohol poisoning and... something else (?) Anomalous external influence remains unclear.

You do not remember the 21st night of September.



The following is an excerpt from an exclusive radio interview Cold, Hard Conspiracies Magazine conducted with Eugene Willy: the secret, censored captain of the RMS Titanic (Please note that Cold, Hard Conspiracies Magazine bears no legal responsibility for nor endorses the following text. Please do not sue me J.P. Morgan. I beg of you. I'm three months behind on rent, and I feel my parents' disappointed glares every time I lock eyes with my English degree. XOXO. With love, your writer.):

There I was on the front deck of the RMS Titanic. It was a gorgeous, brisk night that April 14th. The children were laughin', the bars were hoppin', and the poop deck was swabbin' (the piss deck was a different story. Everyone was yet to recover from the last code yellow). However, there was a sinister chill in the air only a select few of us could feel. It wasn't the siren call of the sea or Davy Jones or even some Bermuda Triangle shit. It was the promise of war. A Cold War. An enemy soldier had advanced to a handful of nautical miles away.

The icebergs had gotten more aggressive. With the widespread implementation of refrigerator ice dispensers, they had lost more and more territory, and we sent in spies to make sure it stayed that way. They had attacked our other ships with lethal force. The AMS Titanic, the BMS, the CMS... all had sunk, and we were concerningly close to running out of letters. Knowing this, we disguised the RMS as a regular cruise. The confetti canon smokescreen was the best damn idea I've ever had.

I had escaped all of those ships (it's easy to eventually become captain when all your superiors drown), but the iceberg intelligence division must have found my name. Perhaps decades of subscription to the Sears Catalog was ill-advised... In any case, they were about to make it personal. One of my kids was lost in a North Pole expedition, and as if that wasn't bad enough, my picturesque ice-sheet-front vacation home froze over during their winter offensive! The lost resale value haunts me to this day. Suddenly, a shout rang out.

"Captain! There is a fax coming from nearby! Do we accept the transmission?" Vice Captain Rose yelled

I nodded in ascension, and we awkwardly made small talk around the machine as the correspondence printed. It read:

"CRUNCHCRUNCHCRUNCHCRUNCHCRUNCHCREEEEEAAAAKKKK!"

We stared at it while shooting each other awkward glances until this message showed up:

"(Translated to English for accessibility: HEY MAN, CAN YOU GET OFF MY FUCKING LAWN? DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? IT'S LIKE 3 IN THE MORNING AND I HAVE WORK TOMORROW!)"

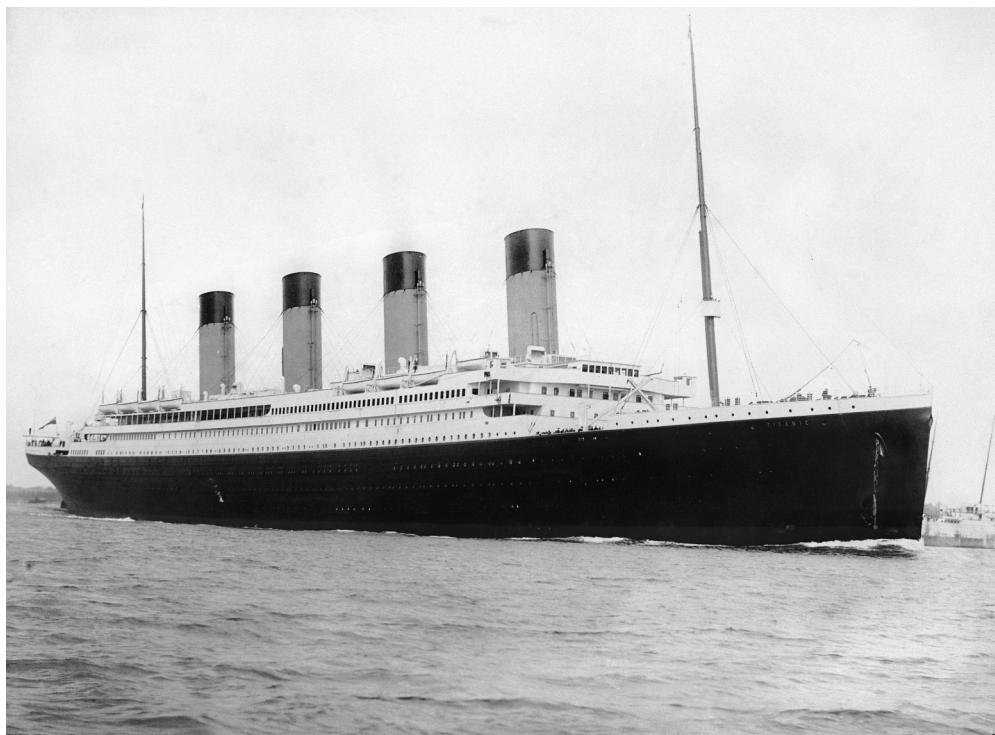
The message wasn't the important part. Unbeknownst to us, in the half-a-minute we were all distracted by the threatening message, the icy fuck stood up, lumbered over, and revealed his entire fleet!

Vice-Vice-Captain Jack wretched and screeched "Captain Willy! You didn't bring us into enemy waters during... ICEBERG MATING SEASON?"

I had, and pandemonium ensued. A few of the smaller assholes ripped the entire ship in half! While surveying the damages, we stumbled upon the first family vloggers in history. Despite our best efforts, their two little boys, Zack and Cody, were flung overboard. They seemed to have a pretty sweet life too. But as they say, tragedy breeds opportunity! Eyeing their now "repossessed" camera, we hatched the perfect plan. Vice Captain Rose and Double-Vice Captain Jack would upload footage of themselves going under with the ship directly to LiveLeak for future use.

If we were going to die, we were also going to make some cash doing it. Some real generational wealth shit cause God knew the eventual lawsuit against J.P. Morgan wasn't getting off the ground. They can't even handle a chargeback (I swear that Saudi Arabian prince just got offed by one of his siblings), so how the hell were they going to honor THIS refund?

Lucky for us, the final film was perfect. It had it all. Drama! Tension! Unnecessary sex scenes! Everything that would make Hollywood remember our names for generations! The 'bergs may have won the battle, but ME, James Cameron, won the war!



SCOTTISH HUMOUR



ENGLISH HUMOUR



SCOTCH HUMOUR



FUCK YEAH!!



IN TODAY'S FURTHER INVESTIGATION INTO THE UNKNOWN SECOND BOOK, THE EIBLE, ALSO KNOWN AS THE EVIL BIBLE, WE WILL EXAMINE JESUS' KNOWN POLYCULE. IN THE EIBLE, THE BOOK OF BLAIZ, THE FIFTH VERSE GOES AS SUCH: "AND JESUS' HOUSE WAS HOME TO FOUR OTHERS, SIMONE, JUDY, JAMESINA, AND THE POLY SPIRIT." IN THIS VERSE, WE ARE INTRODUCED TO JESUS' CLOSE INNER CIRCLE, WHO ARE LATER REVEALED TO BE A MODERN-DAY POLYCULE:

BLAIZ 5:16 "AND THE PEOPLE OF JESUS' HOUSE LAY TOGETHER AS ONE".

IN THE BOOK OF BLAIZ, THE TEXTS OUTLINE THE HOUSE OF JESUS CHRIST AND ITS MEMBERS. IN THE BOOK OF CHAZ, IT IS REVEALED THAT JESUS IS PORTRAYED AS, IN MODERN TERMS, CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS A DIAMOND-SKINNED MAN WITH A SEATTLE MAN BUN. THESE ARE THE TRUE EVILS OF THE EIBLE.

THE BOOK OF CHAZ IS OFTEN REFERRED TO AS THE BOOK OF THE THREE GIRLFRIENDS. WHILE IN THE TIME WHEN THEY WOULD HAVE LIVED, THEY LIKELY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN CALLED "GIRLFRIENDS" OF JESUS, IT IS THE BEST MODERN-DAY TERM TO DESCRIBE SIMONE, JUDY, AND JAMESINA. WE LEARN A LOT ABOUT THE GIRLFRIENDS AND THEIR OVERTLY NON-MONOGAMOUS RELATIONSHIP WITH THE SON OF GOD IN THE BOOK OF CHAZ. WE ALSO LEARN ABOUT SOME OF THEIR EVIL HABITS:

CHAZ 4:20 "AND THEY BURNED A GREEN PLANT GIVEN BY GOD TO THE PEOPLE OF EARTH, WHICH GAVE THEM GREAT HAPPINESS AND SLEEP"

WHILE THERE'S SOME SPECULATION, THIS VERSE IN THE BOOK OF CHAZ IS OBVIOUSLY REFERRING TO DEVIL'S LETTUCE ITSELF. THE POLY SPIRIT IS ALSO MENTIONED IN THE BOOK OF CHAZ AS BEING A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF JESUS. ALTHOUGH IT'S CLEAR THAT THIS PART OF THE TRINITY IS AS DIVINE AND AS IMPORTANT AS ANY OTHER PART, IT ISN'T REALLY ELABORATED ON UNTIL THE FINAL BOOK OF THE EIBLE, THE BOOK OF JORY.

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE EIBLE IS THE BOOK OF FUNK. THE BOOK OF FUNK DETAILS MANY OF THE RULES AND PRACTICES THAT SHOULD BE FOLLOWED BY MEMBERS OF JESUS' HOUSE. A FEW EXAMPLES ARE AS FOLLOWS;

FUNK 5:13 “ONE DOES NOT TALK ABOUT THE GOINGS ON OF THE HOUSE.”

FUNK 5:14 “ONE DOES NOT TALK ABOUT THE GOINGS ON OF THE HOUSE.”

FUNK 2:17 “AND JESUS SAID “WE MUST KISS THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE GOODNIGHT EVERY NIGHT.””

FUNK 4:27 “WHEN GOING STEALTHILY, ONE MUST CONCEAL ONESELF BOTH PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY.”

FUNK 19:63 “AND THEN ON NOVEMBER 22ND, JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY'S HEAD JUST DID THAT.”

FUNK AR :13 “THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS, SHALL NOT BE INFRINGED.”

WHILE IT'S HARD TO KNOW NOW WHICH HISTORICAL BOOK IS AN ACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF JESUS, IT'S ALWAYS IMPORTANT TO CONSIDER ALL THE EVIDENCE AND KNOWLEDGE AVAILABLE. I'LL END OUR SEGMENT WITH A VERSE FROM THE BOOK OF JORY.

JORY 7:11 “THE POLY SPIRIT IS VESTED IN EACH OF US TO GUIDE US TO OUR PLACE TO LIE AMONG THE RAPTURED SOULS IN THE HOUSE OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.”



Office of the President

Dear students, faculty, and staff,

Last Monday, 101 students gathered outside Coffman Memorial Union to protest the invasion of Evil Alien Emperor Zorg. The students surpassed the acceptable limit of 1 bullhorn for University protests, and distributed pamphlets within 25 feet of University buildings. The University wholly condemns these students' actions in contributing to an unhealthy environment for free speech on the Twin Cities campus.

I would like to thank the UMPD for their swift and decisive response to the protest. I would also like to thank the brave and noble students who chose not to attend the protest, despite pressure from the Students Against Evil Alien Emperor Zorg not to do so.

The University is aware of the disruptions caused in many students' lives by the recent streak of protests against Evil Alien Emperor Zorg and the Horde Of Evil Alien Ships Hovering Just Outside The Atmosphere. These are uncertain times, and the University of Minnesota is committed to supporting student success through advisors, mental health resources, and respectful discussion and examination of issues whenever Evil Alien Emperor Zorg threatens to raze another city in the name of the Vengeful Gods That Whisper In Starlight.

Certain students have expressed concerns about recent steps taken by the University to partner with Evil Alien Emperor Zorg's Evil Alien Death Ray That Points At Earth From The Moon Program. I would like to reassure those students that, first and foremost, the University of Minnesota has always been dedicated to forging a Bold New Path Forward through Innovative Technology and More Funding.

Here at the University of Minnesota, we strongly believe in the inherent dignity and value of every life. We would like to reaffirm our commitment to creating a campus environment where all plans for the fate of the planet - even those we may not agree with - can thrive.

Sincerely,

Future Rebecca Cunningham
37th UMN President

Meet Potential President!



"He had so much charisma"

"Cutting regulations is good for the economy"

"The wealthy earned their money they deserve to keep it"

"The Arms Race was necessary you don't understand"

They call him 007:

0 good policies

0 good opinions

7 trillion dollars to the national debt

Give me liberty

Give me fire

Give me manufactured consent

Or I retire

Take direct action to curb the AIDS epidemic?



Obliterate low income Black neighborhoods for no reason?



"Could've" and "should've" but never did

Beatles for Sale

I woke up to the sound of my groovy new electric alarm clock, stretching with all the energy I could muster. There was a small bubble of excitement in my stomach, but I wasn't quite sure why. I wasn't generally an excited person, not like some other girls.

Ignoring the unfamiliar feeling, I hopped out of bed, slipped on my house shoes—hand-embroidered with John's face, of course—and began to get ready for the day. In the bathroom, I used my special-edition Strawberry Fields toothpaste. I decided to wear a fab yellow shift dress with a submarine patch on the skirt (my favorite, duh) just in case today happened to be the day...

"No, no," I muttered to myself. It wouldn't do to get my hopes up. After all, how could someone like me ever end up in the presence of, oh, I don't know, only the tuffest musical group in the entirety of human history??? Still, a girl could dream.

I trudged down the steps, prepared to hear my parents' latest tabloid-fueled gripes about the state of the world (no Mom, I didn't hear that the hippies want to replace the Pentagon with a cast-iron statue of Wallace Fard Muhammad). Heaving a deep sigh, I reached the bottom of the staircase and turned the corner into the sitting room. That was when my heart stopped.

Next to my parents, four familiar, smokin' hot faces were parked in my house. I kept my composure perfectly—I didn't want to look like I was drawing designs on these boys. I had to act naturally.

"Mom, Dad, what are these hip young men doing in the sitting room?" I said through my teeth, smiling appropriately at the guys' positively fine faces. Inside, I was screaming. Far-out.

"Hey Jude, we sold you," my mother replied shortly.

"That's not even my name!" I shouted at my parents, who clearly couldn't care less about me.

"Don't freak out. Run upstairs and pack, dear Prudence." My father nodded, looking thicker than a \$5.00 malt. I later learned they had sold me for that exact sum.

"Do you even know my name? This is NOT twitchin'!" I exclaimed, appalled that they'd do such a thing, even if I did hate them. "You can't do that! What, am I going to be like their maid or something? This is just like back in the U.S.S.R.! Who even are these bozos?" I had to lay the ignorance on thick so they wouldn't know I knew them!

The man with the gnarly nose introduced himself in a suave British accent.

"Cheers, miss—you've not heard of us?" (Of course I'd heard of them, but I didn't want to seem like a psychotic fan.) "We're the Beatles, the newest up-and-coming pop and experimental psychedelic rock band from the gear country of England! I'm Richard Sta—uh, Ringo Starr. You must be—"

"I've heard enough," I growled, throwing up a hand to cut him off. "A rock band? What, do you think you'll be world-famous or something? Mom, Dad, help!"

"Young lady, let it be," my mother sighed, my father still staring into the distance. "Pack your things and leave—do not ask me why!"

With a frustrated groan, I retreated upstairs. To my surprise, the four men followed me.

"Please forgive us—emancipating a girl from her mediocre parents seemed brilliant yesterday, but looking back, we'd gotten quite a bit more pissed than we should've done when we made the decision, really. That was a hard day's night." This time, the cute one was speaking to me.

"Might we start over? I'm Paul, Paul McCartney. This is the band. You've already met Ringo." Ringo waved joyously at me.

"That's John." Paul gestured towards the silent man who exuded an air of leadership and authority. Turning to the last Beatle, he told me, "And that's bloody George."

"A-all right," I replied, unsure of where this was going, but absolutely enthused. I still couldn't believe The Beatles were in my room.

"Glad that's settled!" Paul said brightly. "Once you're packed, we'll split for the Beatles HQ to begin your new life as the official Beatles Ward. Few people know of the HQ's existence, so consider yourself lucky. There's a place ready for you and everything. As for all of your other questions? Just let it be. We can work it out once we get there, you dig it?"

Once I was packed, we beat feet into the back of an ambulance and trucked away.

"Do you want to know a secret? From me to you, we're not going to hospital. This is just to make sure we don't get mobbed... like last time," George said to me, shuddering.

We arrived at the HQ after a sharp right on Penny Lane, and a woman came to help us out. She grinned at me, introducing herself as Eleanor, the Beatles' publicity manager. As she made her way back inside, I saw her standing there, going to sit and wait by the window.

An intense feeling of freedom bowled me over, sudden as a rush of adrenaline. I was free from my parents who thought that rock and roll music was created by the devil, who went ape if my hemline didn't fall below my knees. They believed that I would never in my life fulfill my dreams of meeting my heroes. Little did they know, they had just granted that very wish.

John turned to me. "You all right?"

"I feel fine," I said with a tentative laugh. In reality, I felt better than any time at all in my life. Perhaps this wouldn't be too horrible.

Ringo shouted, "Come together!" and we formed one large group hug. From that moment on, I decided to just let it be. Had I been sold by my parents to four strangers? Yes—but they weren't strangers, not really. They were the Beatles, and I was now in their possession. What a gas!

The End

Author's Note: "What am I writing Jesus Christ?"

CW: SEXY

Hi, I'm Dennis Prager.

Did you know that the radical woke left is trying to rewrite history to fit their twisted woke agenda? WOOOOKE amirite??

Take this for example. In the friggin' woke county of Libshart County, CA they're replacing the story of the Boston Tea Party to better suit their sick democrap agenda.

[illegible]

Anyways, I'm Dennis Prager.

Also instead of saying they dressed up in "Native American" costumes they say they dressed up in friggin drag or some shit. Idk. Did I get a rise out of you yet??????

In this textbook, they say that after the patriots did all stupid ass shieet with the tea they went home and then prayed to KAMALA!!!! !!! 🙏

[illegible]



PHONY
MAGAZINE

HAYDEN

OSCAR

TATE

J. Arch. Toeken

SHANNON

JACK

SKY

SOPHIE

JULIAN

CALLA

ZORA

MARY

JARED