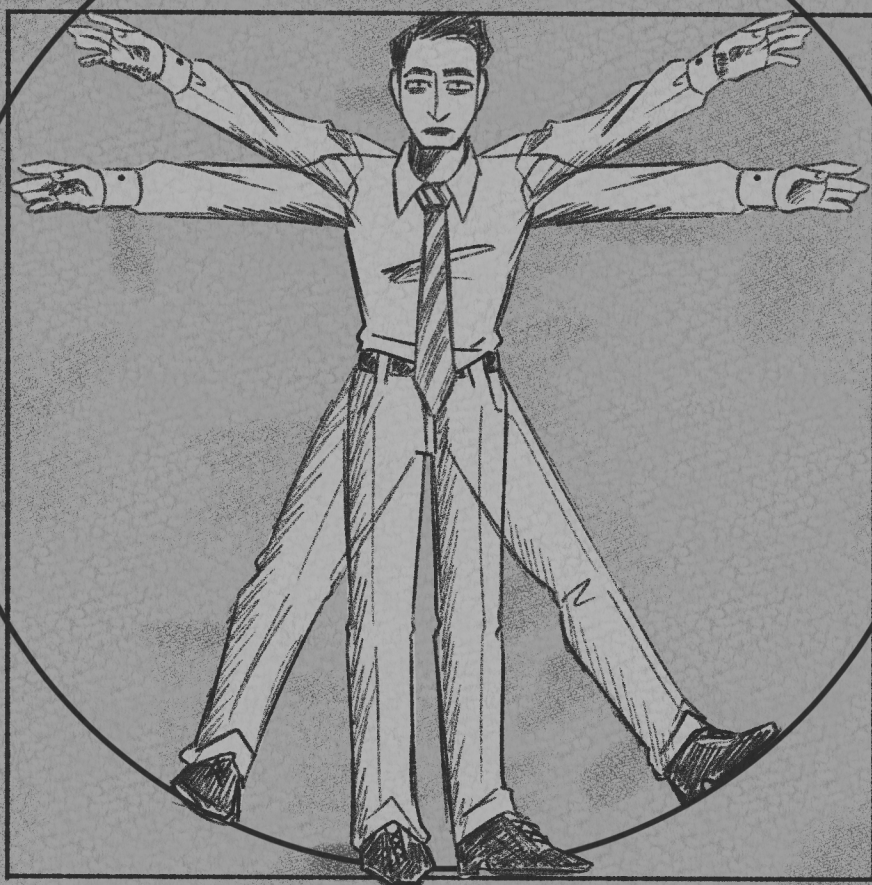


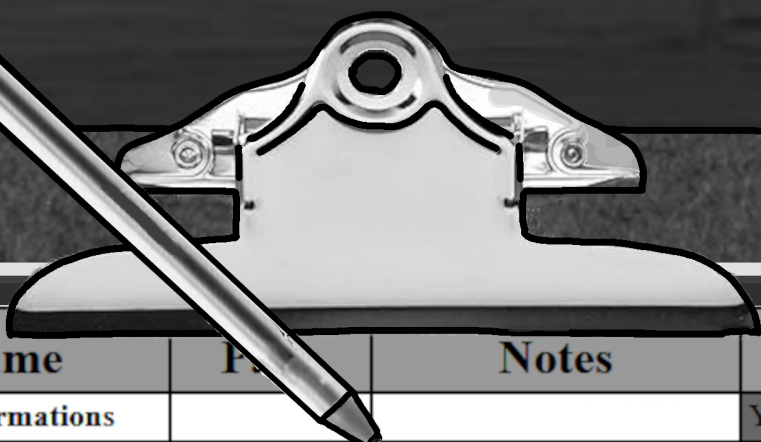
PHONY
MAGAZINE



Phony Gets Normal

Issue No. 45

CB



Name	Pg	Notes	Do
Phony Affirmations			Yes
Normal Quiz	4-5		Yes
Normal Distribution of Phony	6	add "alleged" to "goldy gopher pornopgrahy"	Yes
Family Guy Cutaway Pt.4	7		No
Chocolate Chip Cookie Recipe	8-9	Add 2-3 pages of personal anecdotes?	Yes
Are You Normal?	10-11	Ought we enforce categorical imperatives?	Yes
Normal Room Review	12-13		Yes
How To Be An Average Joe	14		Yes
There We Go	15	I don't feel so good...	Yes
My Normal Life	16-17		Yes
A Walk in The Forest	18-19		Yes
Normal Spongebob	20-21	no notes	Yes
Joe Extreme Origins	22-23		No
			No
			No
			No
			No
			No



AFFIRMATIONS

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

I an mornal.

I am normal.

I am normal.

Are You Normal Quiz!

Trying to figure out how average you are? Want to know how to reduce your personality to 1 or 2 things because more than that is weird what are you doing? Feel like a loser because Mike from school laughed when you opened up about your anime figure collection and it actually really hurt your feelings but you just laughed because everyone else was laughing too and you figured if you tried to call him out it would just make the whole thing even sadder than it already was? Well, you've come to the right place!

We've put together a collection of real normal-testers to make sure you know how to be your best (normal!) self! So sit up straight in an office chair, grab a glass of room-temperature water, and keep your expression as stoic as possible so everyone thinks you're doing something important, cause here we go!

1. Your classmate Angela stops you after your microbiology class and asks if you'd like to grab a coffee. You've always really liked Angela, you were just too afraid to talk to her, so this is your chance! Do you:

A. Accept Politely

B. Decline Politely

C. Ask where you would be getting coffee

D. Desperately try to think of an answer that is nice but not TOO nice until she asks if everything is ok, to which you respond that you have some important business to take care of and run away without saying goodbye.

CORRECT ANSWER: D. While you may feel like this is Angela showing interest in you, you would be wrong! She's testing you, just seeing how desperate you are. By making a non-specific excuse and leaving, you create a mystical aura for yourself that will keep her thinking about you and cause her to ACTUALLY want to hang out with you.

2. Your teammate Greg has brought some fruit from his family business. He approaches you and asks if you would like a mango. How do you respond?

A. "Thank you, I would love one!"

B. "Thanks, but I'm not very hungry."

C. "How is your family business doing?"

D. "Those who know"

CORRECT ANSWER: D. Those who know: 🧠 🧠 🧠 🧠 🧠

3. One of your friends comes up to you and asks: "Who would win in a fight, Goku or Shadow The Hedgehog?" How should you respond?

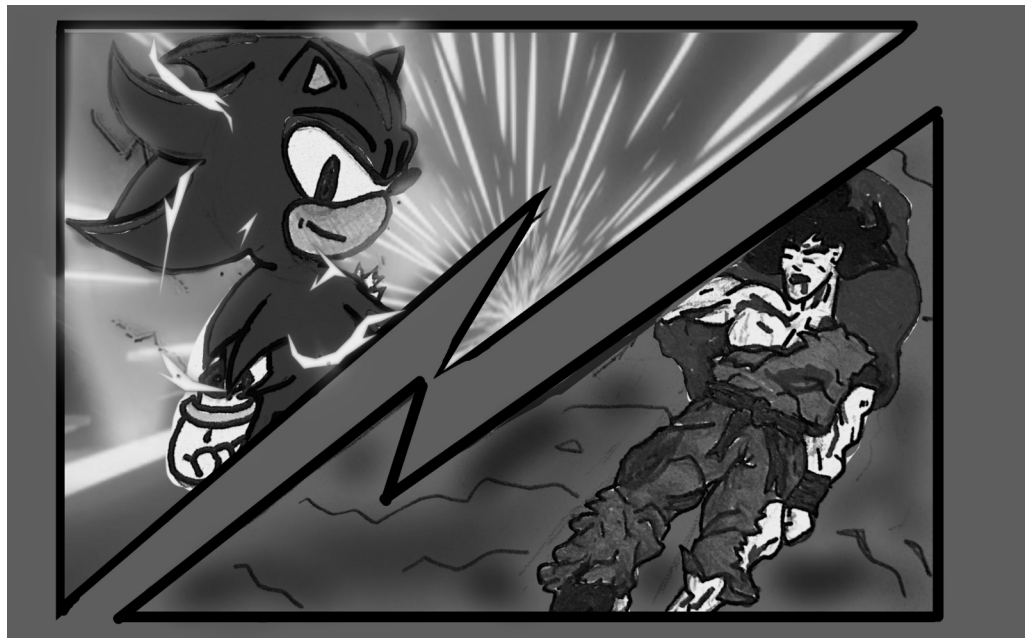
- A. "Sorry, I'm actually very busy right now. Could we talk later?"
- B. "I'm not familiar with those characters."
- C. "Goku."

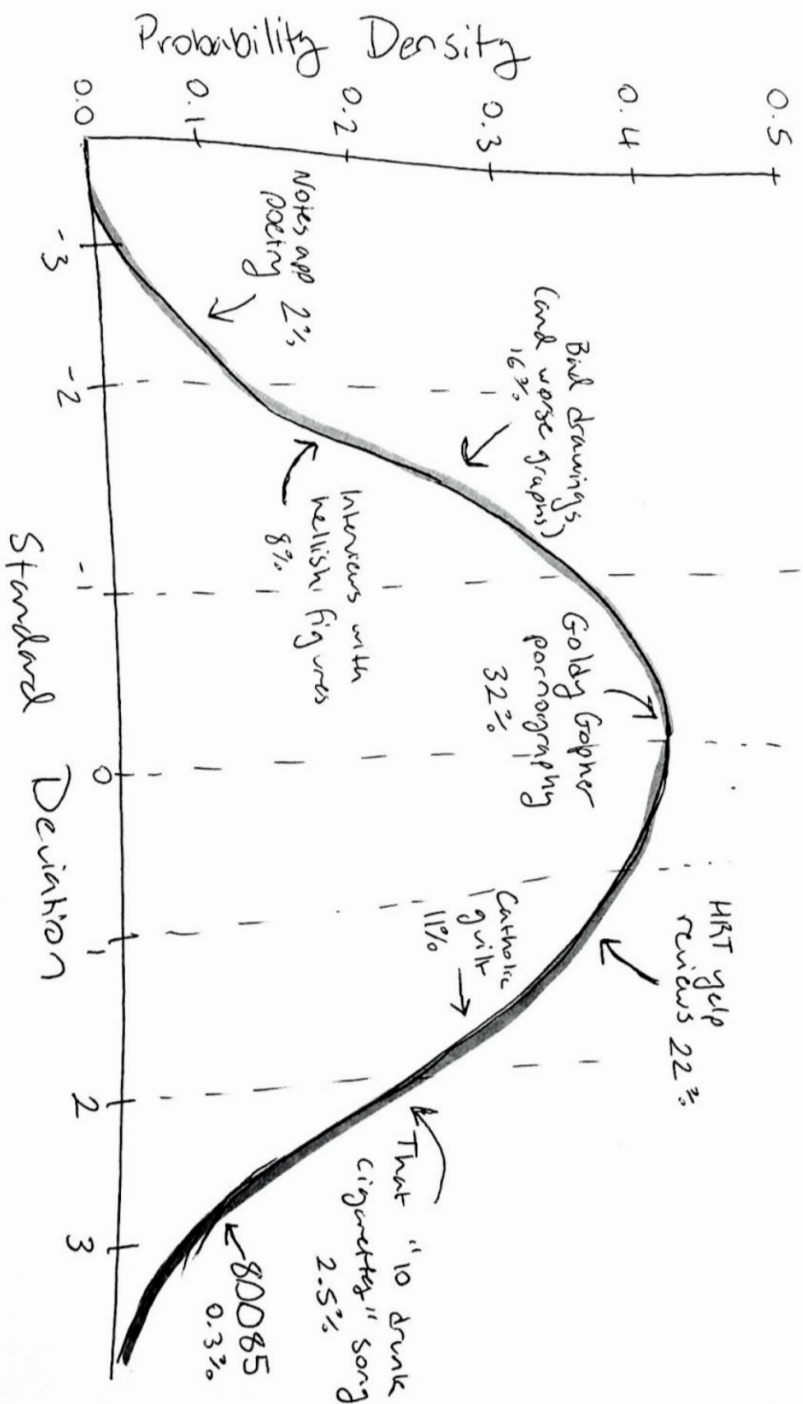
D. "Shadow The Hedgehog wins easily. I don't care what Oscar says, Shadow can literally STOP TIME using ONE chaos emerald. Goku can shoot energy from his hands but Shadow can literally just teleport away using chaos control, and also even when Shadow ISN'T teleporting around like a badass, he can keep pace with Sonic who regularly runs faster than the speed of sound, so Goku's speed is irrelevant. And don't even get me started on that Super Saiyan bullshit cause if Shadow uses the chaos emeralds to become Super Shadow it doesn't matter WHAT Goku does. Super Shadow LITERALLY lifted a giant meteor back into space after Black Doom tried to crash it into the planet, so a full power punch from Super Saiyan Goku would be light work for him.

While we're on the subject, isn't it so annoying how whenever you talk with a DragonBall fan and try to have a "who would win" conversation they just keep bringing out a more powerful form of the same character? Like, characters should have 2 transformations MAX. That Super Saiyan 3 Ultra Instinct bullshit can kiss my ass. "Duhhh ok maybe they could beat Goku but not SUPER ULTRA MEGA GOKU" Like shut the fuck up do you even realize how annoying you're being right now?

Oh and speaking of annoying, don't think I don't know what you're thinking right now. "I thought this was a quiz, when are they gonna stop yapping?" Well NEWS FLASH genius, if you're taking a quiz to find out if you're normal or not, YOU ARE BEYOND HELP. Just accept it and you'll be much happier. Like me. After I finish writing this I'm gonna go smoke a bowl and watch Doctor Who until the aliens start to scare me. You're a loser, take pride in it."

CORRECT ANSWER: Take a wild fucking guess.

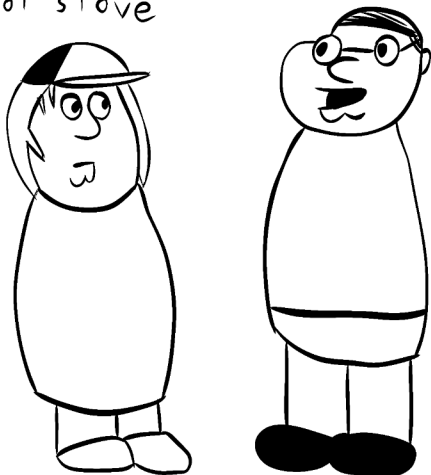




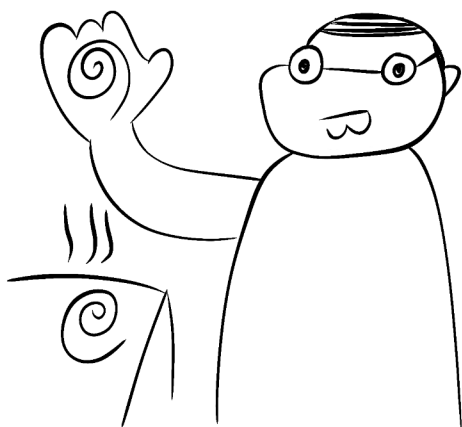
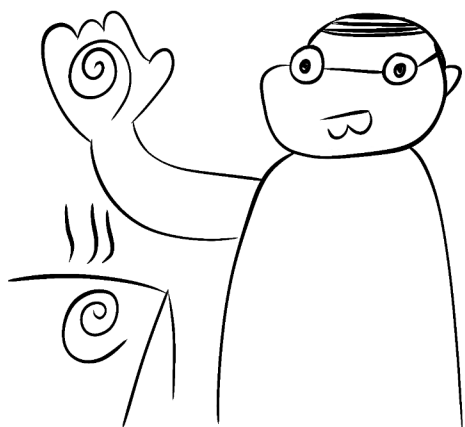
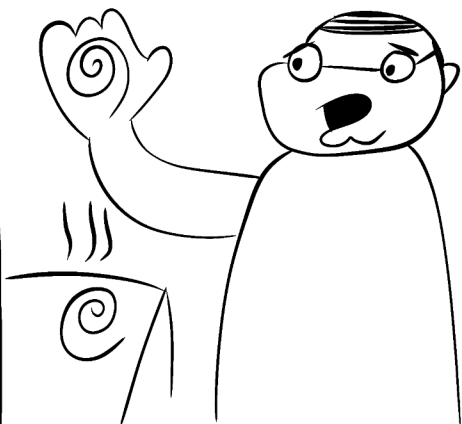
The Normal Distribution of Phony

Family Guy Cutaway But Not Bigoted® 4

Wow, this is worse than that time I touched a hot stove



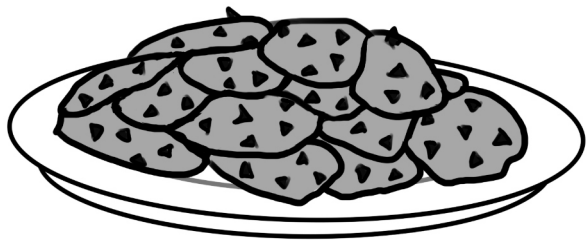
Son-of-a-biscuit, how could this day get any worse?



Mother's Famous Choc Chip Cookies

Hello fellow bakers! At the start of the century, my mother made a batch of chocolate chip cookies. They became famous. You've probably eaten them but you probably didn't know that. When she died, there was a heated physical battle in the family for rights to her recipe. I won. I now use my unending generosity and kindness to share this recipe with you now. If you deviate even just a single 1/480 of an ounce from the recipe I give you or if you do it just a tiny bit differently, they will come out tasting and looking like literal shit and I won't feel sorry for you. Let's begin!

Prep time: 15 minutes
Bake time: 12 minute
Praying time: 10 min
Total time: 37 minute
Yield: 24 cookies
Difficulty level: Expert



You will need:

- 16 Tablespoons of salted butter (make sure it's room temp or you'll have a really bad time)
- 1 1/2 cups of packed brown sugar (make sure you pack it in a lot, the cup should be so heavy you could bonk someone on the head and knock them out, if you don't do this, you won't get a good result)
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract (no more and no less or else it'll be all wrong)
- 1 cup of flour (if you don't know how to measure flour properly, i suggest you forget making these cookies, i'm not going to entertain the thought of telling you how to do it properly)
- 1 teaspoon baking powder (NOT baking soda, learn how to read)
- 1/2 teaspoon salt (no more, no less or i will explode your batch of cookies with my mind)
- 281 regular sized chocolate chips (cannot stress any further how important using exactly 281 chocolate chips is for this recipe)

Instructions:

1. Preheat your oven to 350 degrees fahrenheit and line two baking sheets with parchment paper
2. Cream the butter and two sugars together by vigorous whisking by hand or using an electric mixer for exactly 5 minutes and 36 seconds. Trust me, this amount of time is important and significant. The mixture should become fluffy and lighter in color (to about Sherwin Williams 1668, Pineapple Cream paint color).
3. After you've creamed your butter and sugar, add in the vanilla and one egg at this time. Mix until the egg is fully incorporated before adding your second egg. Do not add both eggs at the same time or else a hamster somewhere will die.
4. In a separate bowl (repeat it with me, SEPARATE BOWL), whisk the flour, baking powder and salt together.
5. Add exactly one third of the flour mixture to the butter and sugar mixture and mix until fully incorporated. Then add in one more third of that flour mixture and mix until fully incorporated. Now, add the last third of the flour mixture until fully incorporated.
6. Add 209 chocolate chips into the dough and fold in thoroughly so that there is an even distribution of chips throughout the dough (no do not add the remaining 72 chocolate chips yet, this is very important).
7. Pause your preparation and reflect for 10 minutes.
8. Roll the dough into 24 perfect balls.
9. Begin placing dough balls on the prepared baking sheets. Each ball should have a diameter of space around it equal to 1.5 inches (If the cookies touch each other in the oven I will touch you).
10. Before putting the baking sheets in the oven (one sheet at a time, don't be insane), place exactly 3 (exactly 3) chocolate chips on each ball of cookie dough in a triangle shape.
11. Bake each sheet in the oven for 8-12 minutes, rotating the tray 180 degrees at 6 minutes and 40 seconds. The cookies will be done baking when they are a light golden tan color (about Sherwin Williams 6136, Harmonic Tan paint color).
12. Let cookies cool on a wire cooling rack and enjoy!

Are You Normal?

Here at Phony Magazine, we understand that being normal is essential to living a long, happy, productive life. However, for millennia our ancestors have been asking two questions: What exactly is normal? And how do I know I'm normal enough? Well, look no further than this handy self-help guide.

Do you...

... Sweat after extended periods of physical activity?

This is normal. Our bodies have developed sweat as a means of cooling ourselves down when we get too hot. This is perfectly natural.

... Put the cereal in before the milk?

This is normal. We as a society have decided that putting the cereal in first is best. This is perfectly natural.

... Have hair between six and ten inches in length?

This is not normal. These hair lengths are not acceptable. You will want to get a haircut or extensions at your first opportunity.

... Laugh infrequently while reading Phony Magazine?

This is not normal. Most people who read Phony Magazine emit a laugh of 120 decibels from the moment they open the zine to the moment they close it. Consult your doctor if that doesn't sound like you.

... Sit next to a stranger on the bus and as you watch the city pass by out the window you start to imagine holding their hand. Just that simple motion, it would be so easy, reaching out and pressing your palm against their skin. And then instead of pulling away they look up at you, and your eyes meet, and you wonder how you never felt this way before.

Both of you drop out of school and quit your jobs and fly out on a vacation somewhere. You just click and you're married before the vacation ends and every anniversary you go back to the same place and reenact the week that changed you forever. And as you're living out your last years together, reflecting on all the sorrow and heartbreak and joy you've lived through in your 67 years, you feel the touch of the love of your life brush against your shoulder. You turn to look in their eyes one last time before they finally say to you, "This is my stop." They slide past you out of the seat, a momentary brush of denim on denim and then they're gone.

This is normal. I'm normal.

... Secretly wonder, ashamedly, whether maybe it's okay not to be normal all the time?

This is not normal. These kinds of thoughts are indicative of a dangerous abnormality. Eat three sticks of celery and watch one episode of The Office daily until these feelings go away.

... Catch yourself staring off into the middle distance, wondering why you aren't happy?

This is normal. There is an innate human drive to feel dissatisfied and want more, even when every aspect of our lives are already perfectly normal. Often, these feelings are only intensified as a person becomes more normal. Don't worry - Feeling this way is a sign you're making progress!





Popcorn
Ceiling! very
normal. Nice!

More bare
walls, same note
as before,
BORING.

NORMAL RATING

6/10

Nice!

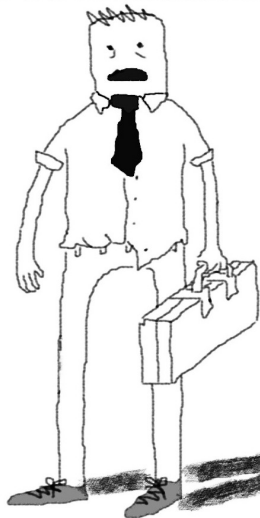
No art on
the wall. Not
very normal.
Kinda boring.

Dirty laundry
hamper. Pick up
after yourself man!
Not normal.

Dead plants
and messy table,
very normal, I
think.



HOW TO BE AN AVERAGE JOE



1 LEGALLY CHANGE YOUR NAME TO JOE.



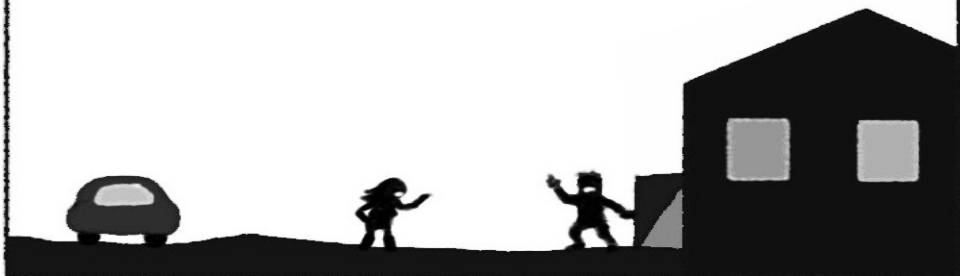
FIND A 9-5 CORPORATE JOB.

3 STICK IT TO THE MAN.



4

FALL INTO RUIN.



DECIDE TO CHANGE.

5



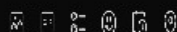
6

REPEAT.

Thumb wrestling my wife to microdose domestic violence

Everyone can reply

HIS TWITTER...



**SICK AND
TWISTED
INDIVIDUAL**

I LOVE
'MICROPLASTICS!!!'



I know when that "Hotline Bling!" Haha! Awesome song



Everyone can reply

the mind of the beautiful and
profound leader of the next
great step forward...



**Beautiful well-adjusted
member of society**



Just as our glorious
Chairman Mao
predicted, the red sun
will rise in the east
once again...

GIRLASKS "WHAT IS YOUR NAME"

MY NORMAL ASS IS LIKE:

MY NAME
IS JEFF

ITALIANS ARE LIKE **BRUH**

THAT SHIT WAS NOT NORMAL

HOLD UP...

THIS PAGE IS A PHONY

NOT BAD

My Normal Life

Last week Sam called me weird.

I will NOT have that slander.

Today I will live my totally normal guy life and document everything to prove that meany wrong.

6:30am:

Snoozed my alarm one time and then arose from bed at the sound of the next beeping. I then ate two slices of buttered toast, two eggs (sunny side up of course), and a glass of whole milk. After I finished eating the same thing every normal person eats every day I brushed my teeth for two minutes and got dressed in my gray work suit.

9:00am:

Upon my normally timed arrival at work I was immediately bombarded with heat from my boss. She was all up in my business about, oh, “You still haven't heard from sam?” and “the stocks” and “Sam’s been MIA all week” and “HR” and “corporate wants to file a missing persons report” and “sales are down”. You know, normal boss-on-your-ass type shit. Can't wait to retire.

After she finished with me I went straight to my plain normal cubicle (with no posters because according to Sam, Space Raiders Trilogy episodes 1-14 fan conspiracies “Isn’t proper conversation at a wake or let alone ever, like who are those movies even for?” and a normal guy “shouldn't have posters of that where others can see it”) and sat down in front of my computer.

12:30pm:

After three and a half hours of work and light office chatting, I went down the street and ate a club sandwich and glass of whole milk for lunch. It was a normal amount of good.

1:15pm:

Arrived back at my office, and my boss and Leroy from HR said we all had to attend a meeting about “personal safety”, due to the growing concerns about Sam’s whereabouts. Barf, meetings. Am I right fellow normal peeps? I’m writing this in the back row as they drone on. Seriously Leroy, stop acting like every normal person doesn't have an arsenal of “personal safety” knives, guns, and other various weapons in their house, car, and on their person at all times. Come on, I thought you were the smart one. Maybe he’s the real weirdo.

1:45pm:

After that bust of a meeting (basically self defense moves for babies), I returned to my normal cubicle and worked for the rest of the day getting up a normal amount of times to get water and use the bathroom.

5:00pm:

Once the clock struck five pm I gathered my normal items and headed for home.

5:20pm:

Apparently having an industrial freezer in your basement is some kind of crime these days because when I got home there was a warrant on my door and the FBI said they wanted “to take a peek” and I’m “not being accused of anything yet”. As the normal person I am, I acted normally and yelled “YOU NEED A WARRANT” to which they promptly reminded me they already had. I guarantee it was my snitch ass neighbor Brenda. Like God, you think you’re friends with someone one minute and the next they’re telling the cops about how you showed them your big freezer one time. Seriously Brenda if you didn’t want to see it you shouldn’t have said Space Raiders Trilogy episodes 1-14 was a “poorly written franchise with no real substance”.

After the cops informed me that saying, “I assure you I’m a super normal guy”, isn’t enough to convince them to get rid of the warrant I calmly led them to my freezer where I showed them that all I kept inside it was hundreds of pounds of meat. As any normal person, I love a good barbeque.

Anyways, I guess Sam’s little rebellion is being categorized as a “major missing persons and potential homicide case” (be a little more dramatic Sam) so the cops are coming around tomorrow to ask me some questions and remind me I’m “not off the hook yet”. They better bring donuts with them to make up for me having to miss my favorite normal show, Friends.

8:45pm:

I saw the cops out and then went straight to my kitchen where I smashed all but one of my plates (I need something for dinner). The shards cut my hand so I ripped the head off of a teddy bear and then sat in my clothes and cried under the shower till the water stopped running red. I didn’t even feel good enough to throw darts at my Brenda dart board. That’s what the broken justice system does to a person these days.

9:30pm:

I ate some buttered noodles and whole milk for dinner, read one chapter of my book about the civil war and went to bed.

Conclusion:

As you can now see, I am a very normal guy and live an ordinary and normal life.

Sam is wrong.

Sam will never be wrong about me again.

XOXO



a walk in the forest

through the large, labyrinthine forest in an unidentifiable area on earth, everything thrives and lives and breathes. it's dense with dirt, vegetation, animals, trees, life. life is everywhere in the forest. flowers of various tints and tinges dot the mossy ground, popping up like zits on fresh skin, but beautiful, so you don't know whether to pull them up or leave them to continue to grow and copulate. the trees are like a hand outstretched. the branches are like fingers reaching to the sky. the sky is blue like it always was. the leaves will softly rustle in the air like fingertips.

birdsongs ring out into the oxygen from time to time, swinging, whistling, like a pendulum in water. an anthill rests in a small clearing, the little creatures swarming the ground, making it look as if the earth is struggling to find its textures. beetles skitter in circles, and wasps walk in straight-as-arrow lines along leaves and branches like fresh clockwork.

an albino squirrel jumps from a tree, bounding and leaping along the floor, its eyes pink like a feverish, infected rash left for way too long on human skin to fester, and an albino squirrel jumps from a tree, bounding and leaping along the floor, its eyes pink like a feverish, infected rash left for way too long on human skin to fester. the squirrel chitters a little, then jumps again, its tiny claws gently scraping blades of grass.

the trees rustle again, creaking and groaning, the air still. something looks. something with eyes. it has eyes. the trees have eyes. the grass have eyes. the eyes have eyelids. the eyelids have flesh. everything has flesh.

we do not know what it is, but it will be okay. the eyes tell me it's okay. do you think it was okay.

Okay. okay.



Normal Spongebob

I woke up to the sound of my alarm horn blaring in my ears. Turning over gracefully, I pushed the off button and rose from my pile of sheetless mattresses that was my bed. I looked out the window to see my neighbors' houses standing tall in the rising sunlight. Ah, another normal day awaited me

I said hello to Gary on my way to the bathroom to take a shower and practice my normal routines. Pits, tits, and ass, a shave, moisturize, and long hard look in the mirror to solidify my normalness, and then a change into my clean pressed clothes for the day. Every morning, I have my clothes laid out and ready to go because I prepare them the night before. It's a very normal activity that I often enjoy.

As I went back into my room to make my bed look normal, I caught a glimpse of one of my neighbors walking outside to pick up the Bikini Bottom Post. For a second, my heart skipped a beat at the tousled hairs on his round head, and the deep vee that his bathrobe created down his chest before tapering to hide all those legs. Squidward stood, basked in the early morning sun, glaring out at the horizon. He stayed like that for a beat before glancing up at the window I was looking out of.

My eyes widened in panic before I ducked out of view. He saw me! Oh god what if he thought I was looking at him? I covertly crawled away from the window to continue my normal routine and expelled the butterflies from my stomach.

I couldn't stop thinking about Squidward's eyes on my walk to work. Those damned eyes. If I was being honest, I've had a crush on Squidward for the longest time, but he would never go for someone so utterly normal as me; he was too dark and aloof to even be interested in me. I guess that's what comes from being a secret billionaire and having to be so selective about mates. But a normal guy can dream.

Usually I get to work before Squidward but today he must have left his house before me. That wasn't very normal and it immediately did something to my body. Walking through the doors, his bulbous eyes met mine for a brief moment before returning to the cash register, bored and distant as ever. I couldn't help the slight blush that came to my smooth and unblemished cheeks as I scurried past him and into the kitchen.

I started working as I normally do: very normally and without non-normality. But I couldn't keep my thoughts normal. They kept straying to him. With his long, slimy limbs and long, large, and thick... uh... nose. Ugh! I need to focus. I got back to work printing out Krabby Patties normally and abolished any thought of him from my mind.

After that abnormal ordeal in the morning, the work day passed in the blink of an eye. I cleaned up the kitchen and returned it back to normal. Then, right as I was about to leave out of the front doors to lock up, someone suddenly grabbed the door.

It was him. His looming height over me forced me to crane my neck to look him in the eye, though I still struggled to maintain eye contact with those gorgeous yellow orbs. *Be normal, Spongebob!*

"Hold the door," he said, pure authority thrumming in his nasally voice. He slipped out the door and I locked it behind him. "I had to stay late to balance the till. Mr. Krabs said to make sure I walk you home too."

Mr. Krabs told him what?! "O-oh?" I said sheepishly, cursing myself for acting so abnormal in front of him. "Why did he tell you that. I can handle myself."

He rolled his eyes at me. "Whatever."

I ran a hand over the poreless, rounded corners of my head as I turned around and began walking. He followed behind me, making nary a sound.

As we headed farther down the road, I accidentally tripped over a pebble and lost my balance. But before I could hit the ground and ruin my normal, clean kneecaps and soft hands, I suddenly found myself cocooned in warm, strong arms. I opened my clenched eyes to see him above me, angelically framed by the street light. Oh fuck...

"Are you alright?" His eyes darkened as he said, "what happened?"

I stayed in his arms, hypnotized and unable to even think. Eventually I got normal again and muttered out, "I-I tr-tripped on that pebble over there."

Before I could say anything, Squidward righted me on my feet, picked up the pebble and threw it as far away as he could: a little ways down the street. "That pebble will never be able to hurt you again." He said it with such seriousness, I almost swooned.

We got back to our houses and he walked me to my door. Oh my gosh, what is even happening right now? This wasn't normal and I had no idea what to do. I stood paralyzed at my door unable to think. "Are you going to go in?" He asked with a confused and skeptical tone. Oh, this was definitely not normal. Squidward has never been this nice to me before.

I continued to stand paralyzed on the door step as I looked up at him, my soft, smooth cheeks (both sets) going hot. I was so not normal that I worried my skin would begin to roughen.

"Spongebob, I..." Squidward trailed off.

"W-what is it, Squidward." The moment I said his name, his eyes snapped to mine. My blush intensified under that stare.

And before I knew it, Squidward's lips were upon mine. I kissed him back so passionately, it felt so normal and right. Our tongues battled for dominance as our hands started exploring each other's bodies. His hand traveled down my back and into my back pocket, pulling out my keys. I one swift motion, he unlocked my front door and we went inside. We stumbled up the stairs, still kissing as normal, and tumbled onto my bedroom floor, ripping each other's clothes off with intense ferocity...

...

We laid there afterwards for what felt like hours, nestled in each other's embrace.

FIN



The Origins of Joe Extreme

Once upon a time, a medium amount of time ago, on a planet a normal amount of distance away, lived a man by the name of Joe. He was just your average Joe - loved his wife Mary of 12 years, his two children Moe and Poe, who were 5 and 4, respectively, and his dog Fido.

Every morning, Joe woke up to his alarm at 6 am. He had an omelet with his wife and children at the kitchen table, then went to work in his Chevy Equinox. At work, he was generally liked by everyone. His secretary always gave him a very manageable amount of work to do each day before his lunch, which he enjoyed in silence until he was interrupted by a ping on his computer. A new email appeared in his inbox, another ad. He clicked into it, prepared to move it into his spam folder, until he noticed the main line:

Ever feel extremely normal?

He stared at the sentence for a few moments, until he was interrupted by the sound of his secretary entering his office to give him his afternoon update. Quickly clicking off of the email, he tried to ignore the words that seemed to now be tattooed on his generic brain. For the rest of the day he tried to focus on his work, and even deleted the email (very abnormally), but he just couldn't forget the question.

That night, when he got home from work, he had his regular dinner with his family. Pot roast, potatoes, and carrots. His wife took away his plate when he was finished eating and he quickly excused himself to complete some very normal work he took home from his very normal job. Well, at least that's what he told his wife.

Joe abnormally locked himself in his office to do some investigating. Since the email had not expired in his deleted email folder, he opened it up again to investigate.

Ever feel extremely normal? Ever want something more out of life?

Take the jump! We are looking for a member to add to our DAREDEVIL cast!

Check out our Youtube here: <https://youtube.com/DAREDEVILCREW>

Feel like an xtreme man for the first time in your life, and join!

He clicked on the link hurriedly and watched the most recently posted video. One of the main men, Dave Daring, was challenged to jump his extremely abnormal motorbike over a pool of angry, abnormal sharks. Joe sat slacked in his chair, mesmerized by the men on the screen. Was this the true meaning of life? Was this what he was meant to be? Would he even be cut out for work like this?

Abnormally, Joe decided to secretly send in an application. As he was clearing the evidence from his computer, he was surprised by the sound of his wife knocking, reminding him of his normal bedtime. To not raise suspicion, he yawned and left his office, locking the door behind him. That night he had the most abnormal dreams he had ever had. In these dreams, he was a part of the DareDevil team, flipping and jumping and abnormally having... fun?

He was interrupted in the middle of his dream by his alarm clock, waking him up at his regular wake-up time of 6 am. Joe groaned and rolled out of bed. These noises were foreign to him, but came out as if they were normal. Very abnormal. He looked in the mirror, and gasped. Overnight, he had started to grow hair on his chest, his very normal body was more muscular, and he had grown some kind of mullet. He gasped and ran into the bathroom, quickly shaking off the evidence of his changing and pulling on his normal work clothing, ignoring the uncomfortable tightness across his chest.

Trying to ignore the weird feeling in his chest, he went into the kitchen to accept breakfast. He accepted his omelet with cheese from his wife, but when he smelled it, it smelt like absolute shit. Like buffoonery. Like he wanted to xtremely shove it into the garbage disposal.

What was this feeling? Why did he feel so pent up and angry?

He shook his head and swallowed down the eggs, along with the rest of his day. He continued to wake up every morning that week, shaving off the mullet grew back even longer each morning. But he didn't feel normal during all of this. He felt the necessity to be tremendously xtreme, to keep the mullet. However, he knew the only way he could truly accept himself is if he was with the DareDevil team, so he sat anxiously every day waiting for a response in his inbox.

On Friday, he received an email in his inbox from Dave Daring. Shaking, he opened up the email to see that he in fact had been accepted into the DareDevil team. As he read the acceptance email, he felt his mullet suddenly grow back and he completely hulked out of his sport jacket. Joe stood up and picked up his phone, calling his boss to tell him that he was now an abnormal man of xtreme-ness.

Fuck his boss! Fuck his 9-5! He was now xtreme as FUCK.

Ignoring the questions of his secretary, he threw his badge and the tattered remains of his shirt and jacket on his desk and left the office. He drove with his gas pedal on the floor on his way home, evading the cops as he went 40 over the speed limit. He then burst into his home, abnormally yelling out to his family as he walked into the dining room. There, he saw his wife and children waiting for him as they normally did. However, he was not normal anymore. He was xtreme now. He was buff and hairy and mulleted and truly a man.

Without thinking, he abnormally flipped the table and punched a hole into the wall.

His wife started to sob, and grabbed onto his arm and begged for him to stop scaring the children. In response, he told her that the man she married was dead. Long gone. Six feet under the fuckin' earth. Shoving her to the side, he swept his hair over his shoulder, shaka-ed to his kids and told them they could watch his new, totally rad bro life on the 'Youtubes'. Slamming the door so hard it disintegrated on the hinges, he jumped into his Chevy and drove off towards California to start his new xtreme life.

Fuck Mary, fuck Moe and Poe. Fuck Fido, and fuck his Chevy that he was totally going to lift when he get to Cali. Fuck his normally normal middle class passive cookie cutter life.

He was now Joe Xtreme.



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