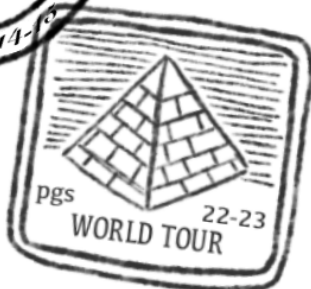
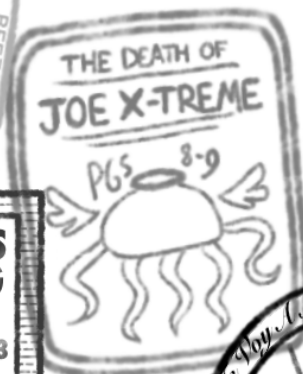


44

PHONY
MAGAZINE



WORLD TOUR



Earth- 305 BCE
"Mr. World-Wide"

The
"Fire
Ball"



This era of our planet contained the
"Sunglasses Super Continent" or, as it is
scientifically named, "Continens
Pitbullicles".

During this time, our planet was
in a non-ice age, made apparent
by it's baldness (lac of ice caps).

Flat Stanley's Summer Abroad



6:45 PM: Dinnertime, Stanley Household.

Hey Stanley, could you pass the salt?

Europe was insane, dude. I can't believe we haven't talked about it yet.

We have several times.

The party culture is so fucking crazy over there. Every single night was like a movie, and I mean like a Michael Bay movie, with the lens flares and the cars that fight each other. Just utter Bayhem on a nightly basis. Not to say that's unusual – every time Stan slides under the door into a function you know it's about to get live. They should call me Frat Stanley the way I can get a party going. But like, Europe does it different.

Sounds crazy.

I did so much fucking coke. Girls would roll me up into a straw and use me to snort lines. Shit was wild. Hell, they should've called me Brat Stanley because of the way I was "bumpin' that!"

I saw on someone's—

—b-b-bumpin' that!

Nice. I saw on someone's instagram that people at a party had inflated you like a balloon and were tossing you around like a beach ball.

Yeah that was cool I suppose. They stuck a tire pump in my mouth and blew me straight up. Lowkey I didn't fuck with that as much because I was like "get me down" and shit, but at the end of the day it's all for the party, and you know Stan lives for that.

Did you meet anyone over there?

Are you kidding?! I was getting blown so much I almost turned round again— hu-HA!

Legendary shit. But yeah, I did.

Any lasting connections?

A few. I mean, it took some of them a little time to get used to the Stan lifestyle. Not too many of them had been with a guy like me—3 ft 4, 11 pounds, paper bones—, but I make that shit work. I'll wine 'em and dine 'em, even hold hands when we walk down the street. Girls think that part's cute, but really I'm just tethering myself in case the wind tries to take me. One time I was walking with a girl in a park and a gust blew me into a tree, and this ice queen pretended she didn't even know me and kept walking. I chopped it up with some squirrels for a few hours until the fire department came.

That's rough.

Did you say you wanted coke? Cause I can get you some.

Salt.



Right.





KingZlorp @sloop8199 · Jun 1



glorp beezorp goporp critical race theory borp yeep zoporboo
👤

💬 136

↻ 56

❤️ 350



PleckingtonGeck @PleckGod · Jun 1



klech gek yek chik get mogged on hetch ichtipok schlelktek

💬 87

↻ 19

❤️ 38



KingZlorp @sloop8199 · Jun 1



yip gok weenp apr slee live in harmony eep slee

💬 3

↻ 2

❤️ 13



EarlHathaway_TheGreat @EarthNumber1 · Jun 1



stay out of south Tampa lil bro

💬 3K

↻ 142

❤️ 307



KingZlorp @sloop8199 · Jun 1



Homeowner's Association gelp zeep bosorp 🗑️🗑️🗑️

💬 993

↻ 387

❤️ 7.9K



FROM THE FILE OF THE DEATH OF JOSEPH “JOE XTREME” GRAHAM

AUGUST 5 2024 9:05 AM FILE #4526

[0:00]
EXT. - BEACH

SHAKY CAMERA, FOCUSES ON A MAN STANDING ON A BEACH. HE IS WEARING SWIM SHORTS WITH PINEAPPLES AND NO SHIRT, AND NO SHOES, SMILING

JOE XTREME

August 5th, 2024. The smallest of the Canary Islands, Aermpeht. The longest journey I have ever made. Four thousand miles, Five hundred thousand dollars later, and now I am here, about to come face-to-face with the most dangerous animal in the world: the Elephant Jellyfish.

CAMERA pans to the BEACH, where a large jellyfish is washed up on shore. FIRST AID wearing a jumpsuit and gloves stands nearby, holding a first aid kit.

And here it is, the oh so amazing Elephant Jellyfish!

CAMERA pans back to JOE XTREME

And now, my dear followers, I shall let this jellyfish sting me. Side effects of a sting from this deadly jellyfish causes vomiting, sweating, bloodshot eyes, possibly large open sores, extreme dehydration, seizures, IBS, high blood pressure, heart attacks, and death. But I don't care! That's because I'm dedicated. Extremely dedicated!

JOE XTREME does his signature pose, pointing at CAMERA and winking. He then clenches his fists and marches across the beach towards the jellyfish, grabs it and heaves it over his head. Everyone is silent as he stands still, the jellyfish sliding down his back

I can feel it, you guys! I can feel it happening!

CAMERA pans slowly to bystanders on the beach, who drag their child away from the water

The venom is entering my veins! Get this motherfucker off me!

CAMERA whips back around as JOE XTREME pushes the jellyfish off of his back, and as it hits the sand it immediately blows into pieces, reeking of death and salt. JOE XTREME drops to his knees, and the other man in the jumpsuit comes to his aid, holding a needle. Laying on the sand, the shirtless man waves him off and groans loudly as he props himself up

I'm fine! I'm loving this! I'm feeling the burn!

CUT TO:

INT. - AIRBNB

CAMERA pans up to capture JOE XTREME pacing the apartment, still shirtless and shoeless. His hair is knotty, and his entire body is covered in hives

JOE XTREME

I need to push through. I need to push through.

FIRST AID

You sure you don't need the-



EXT. BEACH

CAMERA

So. The Elephant Jellyfish. The most dangerous species of animal in the world.

LOCAL

Oh, I thought those things were harmless. The Australian Box ones, though? Totally-

CUT TO:

INT. - AIRBNB

CAMERA looks around the corner quickly and captures JOE XTREME still pacing, then pans over to FIRST AID looking at a desktop computer.

FIRST AID

He got it all wrong! What a fucking dumbass. The Elephant Jellyfish is not only not poisonous in any shape or form but it's extremely endangered too, we could get sued!

CAMERA

We need to get the fuck off this island, now.

A crash comes from the other room, and CAMERA rushes to see JOE XTREME climbing over the side of the AIRBNB's balcony.

JOE XTREME

This is the end, dear viewers.

CAMERA drops the camera, and in the background JOE XTREME lets out a war cry while jumping off the balcony to the street below. FIRST AID and CAMERA scream and run downstairs.

CUT TO:

[10:21]

INT. - HOUSE

CAMERA and FIRST AID sit in a white-walled room, covered in blood.

CAMERA

If this footage ever gets out, we just want to say that we had no idea that JOE XTREME was seriously mentally unwell when the events of this footage were occurring.

FIRST AID

We had documented his every move, and made sure to get an AirBnB near a local hospital. We are deeply shocked and sorrowed because of the events that have just occurred.

END OF TAPE



ALIEN WORLD TOUR

The year is 2169, and an alien planet, called ◈◈◈◈◈◈◈◈◈◈ by the natives, has been recently discovered and colonized by humans. Because of course they did. Now, ◈◈◈◈◈◈◈◈◈◈ has been renamed Weird World and has become a vacation planet, where humans travel to the great expanse beyond Earth! Because taking pictures of human-made landscapes and going to hot springs made from recycled water taken from Iowa is sooo cool. Especially when you know nothing else about the planet and the potential dangers.

And that's where the tour guides come in! One such guide leads a group of newly-traveled humans through the bustling city of New New York, wearing a beige button-up and pants, and a wide-brimmed hat on his grotesque, elongated biomechanical head. This alien, once named Cthulio, had to get a name change because the human tourists claimed his name was 'too hard to pronounce'. Now, his name has become a staple to human culture... John. A 'Hello, my name is' patch is on his chest, along with a sparkling, too-wide smile on his alien face. A smile a skinwalker would wear as a group of humans sing happy birthday to them. That kind of smile.

"Greetings, homosex— uh, I mean, homo sapiens!" John begins. He still doesn't exactly have English down pat. Or maybe he did it on purpose. "We are all so honored to welcome you to New New York, the most populated city in all of Weird World! Follow me, and I will show you around this wonderful, beautiful city!" what could be a grimace lines John's face, before he turns and begins showing the humans around, walking down the futuristic, commercialized streets, a billboard promoting foot cream standing tall nearby

"As we keep going, you may see something you would think of as strange to your left; Behold! A row of personal chambers, where we dispose of internal trash and garbage. Here, we call them Internal-Regulation Chambers, while on Earth I believe you call them... ahem... Porta Potties," John explains, remembering each word he was trained to say. He wasn't sure why he was showing toilets, though.

However, it seems to be a big hit, as all of the humans ogle at the disposal chambers, with their ooohs and aaahs, like they just saw the big bang right there, instead of an alien walking out and staring at them awkwardly for a moment.

Then, one human, wearing an 'I heart NNY' shirt, pipes up. "Do they have wi-fi?" The other humans stare at John like he's the extraterrestrial messiah.

He just goes: "...no..." and his crest bobs sideways as he shakes his head, before he clears his throat and turns, his smile slapped back on his face as he points at a large, very clearly alien building.

"Anyway, on your right, you'll see the history recollection center, where we insert temporal-visual historical brain activity amplifiers—or TVHBAA—onto your head, which allows us to see the future as it was, in a mirage, holographic form. It will look as if you are in the past in its purest form, watching the actions and behaviors of others in this time. I believe on your primitive Earth, you may call this a library. And before you ask, no, we do not rewrite history like you do." More ooohs and aaahs; really, is the English language that simple?

Another human, this one with a beer belly and a cowboy hat, asks with his thumbs hooked in his pockets, "Can it do that for American history?" in a very strange accent John does not recognize. John just cocks his head, his ocular processing orbs twitching as he says, "No... no, it only has historical capabilities for this planet," he says with a smile that bares his teeth, "And even if it could, I'm sure you would be disappointed with what it shows." Before the human can start on about how American humans are so superior, or whatever, John continues on, already regretting his decisions that had led to this point in time.

"Now, as we continue on our way, you may notice that the buildings and ground around you are made with a xylolineum, double-stripped alloy. Why, you may ask? This is because the blood of my species is actually incredibly acidic. If we were to harm ourselves in any capacity and begin to bleed, we would plummet through most solid barriers. Like... Like that one human movie. I believe it's called... Alien: Resurrection. Yet another thing that humans, perhaps, should not have made."

Yet another human speaks up (they speak way too much, John thinks), her eyes completely focused on the screen of her phone and her ears probably tuned out of most frequencies. "Okay, that's cool and all or whatever, but is there a Starbucks anywhere nearby?"

The other humans mumble their agreements, and John slowly inflates and deflates his air absorbers in what humans would probably call an irritated sigh. He then slowly turns towards a newly erected phone tower, and in a quiet, rage-induced movement, he strikes his head upon the surface. A silver substance leaks from the point of contact, dripping to the floor and sizzling. A human, wearing everything a frat boy would, with a 'I heart NNY' baseball cap, widens his eyes at the hissing blood.

"Woah... so you weren't capping," he mumbles. John looks as if he's about to burst a blood transporter, his hands slightly shaking, when he sees a green fog in the distance. That can only mean one thing... A native species is here. John knows all about the native species of the planet. His smile comes back, now like a skinwalker about to have their birthday cake.

"Now... as we conclude this tour... You may notice a... green, mist-like structure in the air to your left, along with a massive, quadrupedal creature with sharp teeth and claws, staring right at you all..." The humans, a bit panicked, jolt and snap their heads to the spectacle. One of them says, "Oh no! Is it dangerous?" but she also has her phone out to take a selfie with the creature. Yes, yes, John thinks, perfect.

"Oh, no, no, no, no, not at all," John claims, in his perfect tour guide inflection, the one that says, 'I know what I'm doing, and I'm totally telling you the truth :D' as he backs away slowly, the creature peering at the humans hungry.

"You know... I'm sure if you all start making loud, obnoxious noises, it will leave you alone," he adds, just in case, "But as you humans say sometimes... He don't bite..."

But he did bite. He bit hard. John just smiles, a skinwalker pleased with themselves. He looks up at the distant billboard of foot cream, for whatever human ailment it is meant to cure, and narrows his eyes at it, pointing victoriously. "Not today, capitalism," he hisses. "Not today."



McDonald's Global Marketing Strategy to 2100

Leaked from McDonald's Secret Headquarters in Illinois



2025: McDonald's in Minecraft.

2026: McDonald's in Fortnite, Magic, PaRappa the Rapper.

2027: Begin aggressive expansion of McDonald's chain restaurants.

2028: The McDonald's Movie releases to critical acclaim (do not forget to pay them off or Devin will ruin this). McDonald's served in theaters on opening night.

2029-2034: Launch McDonald's product lines: McStyle (fashion line), McLearning (McDonald's-centric lesson plans), McMedia (social media platform for McDonald's lovers), McMilitary (volunteer public service initiative).

2037: McDonald's launches a series of collabs with world leaders. (Make sure to pick the right people. Devin DO NOT FUCK THIS UP)

2038: McDonald's 2: Hamburglar's Revenge is released on McDonald's Plus.

2039: World leaders get free, hand-crafted happy meals every day.

2040: Divert 30-50% of world's military spending to promotion of McDonald's restaurants worldwide.

2042: McDonald's x Hatsune Miku

2045: McMilitary stationed at every McDonald's location as part of a limited-time promotion.

2047: McDonald's in every government center.

2048: Begin synthesis of fries, nuggets, and the pure essence of flavorful fun at underground McLabs locations. Project Ronald begins.

2050: Devin finally dies. If Devin hasn't died yet, bring the McMilitary to his home address as part of a limited time promotion. McDonald's served at Devin's funeral.

2054: McDonald's III: The Age of Grimace receives an Oscar.

2057: Big Macs sell faster than water.

2060: Completion of Project Ronald. Mr. McDonald announces his upcoming presidency during 133rd annual Shelley, Idaho Spud Days.

2065: Begin construction of gigantic golden arches on the moon. Redefine the moon as the world's largest McDonald's billboard.

2070: McDonald's provides 100% of the world's food supply.

2071: Updated McDonald's policy requires all remaining world leaders to surrender their power to Ronald. 25% discount on next mobile order to those who do not resist.

2076: McDonald's in every city.

2082: McDonald's in every home.

2090: McDonald's in the shades of a sunset, in the smile of a loved one, in the flight of a hummingbird on a warm summer day.

2095: All humanity bonds over the shared experience of McDonald's. The only distinction between people is that between customer, employee, and manager. McDonald's no longer makes a profit because McDonald's is the economy. Earth is rebranded as McEarth as a monument to the attainment of this perfect society.

2100: Make sure Devin is still dead. He would be the guy to pull that shit.

PROJECT RONALD



McMERICA'S *future* !

Yo Te Voy A Amar... Para Siempre

his life was over.

one dui and that was it. sitting in a jail cell, wearing last night's clothes, sitting next to a vomiting nyu freshman taking pics of himself for his frat or whatever. Justin Timberlake was fretting about his next move in life after one stupid mistake.

if only things could be different. if only he could live in a world where all he needed was a Suit & Tie and he could just say Bye Bye Bye to all his cares in the world. he wished, oh he wished it so hard. he continued wishing as he laid down on the dirty jail cell bench and slowly drifted off to sleep.

justin fell into what he thought was a dream. he was still on the jail cell bench surrounded by fellow ne'er do wells, but there was a glowing purple swirly thing on the ceiling now. everyone else couldn't seem to see as they were still acting fairly normally. justin reached upwards, curious by the call to enter that began emanating from it. as he got closer, a fuzzy looking rastafarian fellow appeared and reached out a hand. although justin still felt like he was dreaming, he could have sworn the touch of that freak hand felt so real and solid.

in a bright flash of light, justin was suddenly brought to The Other Side of the swirly portal. vibrant colors and fuzzy textures surrounded him as his eyes started to adjust.

"welcome to trolls land," said the fuzzy creature. "i'm cooper. i was the one that brought you here from your world with my secret world hopping powers (don't tell the others). i've brought you here for something very important. see, our king, branch, lost his queen, poppy, in an unfortunate accident where she died. and now... our king branch has fallen into deep deep despair without the love of his life. i brought you and your Sexy Back to my world to cheer him up. i think all branch needs is a new friend to lift his spirits and who better than the king of pop himself!"

justin asked in a confused tone, "king of pop?"

"yes! yourself, the king of pop! you'll lift branch's spirits in no time!"

justin frowned, disappointed. "but i'm not the king of pop, i'm 90s boy band sensation and 2000-10s solo career sensation music artist justin timberlake! the prince of pop! i'm no michael jackson if that's who you're looking for."

"oh....oh no.... you're not michael jackson, the king of pop?! oh noooooo..... who will lift branch's spirits now???" cried cooper, tears beginning to form in his eyes.

justin took a long hard think. he was no king of pop. but he was a very successful music artist. although he was worried his career was over after his very public dui, maybe that didn't have to be the case here. did this world even have alcohol or the concept of driving under the influence? maybe he could get in good with this branch fellow and live the rest of his career in success here in this freaky world. it's a Perfect plan!

"i-i may not be the king, but i can definitely help your king branch out of his slump. take me to him."

they traveled what felt like Five Hundred Miles through this whimsical world. justin couldn't complain, it was better than sitting in a jail cell.

at last, they made it to king branch's castle.

cooper began explaining how Justin could do what he was here to do. "all you have to do is sing one of your really awesome songs, you know, the songs that make you the prince of pop. Branch might not know those, so that might help make him even happier!"

walking up the steps, justin started to become nervous that he might not be able to do this. what if this king branch character didn't like him. what if he couldn't refill his happiness after the passing of his queen. what if his voiced cracked while singing...

"behold!" announced cooper. "justin timberlake, the prince of pop! may he lift your spirits my king :)"

justin lost his voice as a mopey muppet man stared down at him with lifeless, hopeless eyes. a beat passed; justin had no idea what to say.

"well?" branch asked. "Say Something!" he shouted with a deep stern voice

oh....

oh that voice... it did something to justin that flipped a switch in his head. he spit something out as fast as he could.

"hello - uh... king branch. h-how are you doing?"

branch gave him a long bored look. "Just Sing already," he said as he rolled his eyes.

with that, justin took a deep breath and sang one of his favorite songs from his heart.

when he finished singing, the room was so silent, one could hear a pin drop. he looked at branch and saw Mirrors in his eyes. branch took a deep breath and said, "everyone out!"

as the room cleared, justin found he couldn't move his eyes off branch's. it seemed to be the same type of deal for branch. once the room was clear, branch whispered out, "that was Perfect, where did you even come from? i haven't heard such loveliness since my poppy died a horrible death."

branch stood up from his throne and walked towards justin. justin was tense and rooted to the spot. and before he knew it, branch was right in front of him,

justin looked deep into branch's eyes. branch's deep brown globes stared back as they slowly.....so slowly.... started to lean towards each other. all of a sudden before either of them knew it, they couldn't see each others eyes and instead felt the soft caress of lips on lips. it was like fireworks immediately. justin couldn't contain himself, he picked branch up in one big swing. branch similarly knew there was no Better Place he could be in the world right now.

justin pulled away quick, forcing out in a breathless rasp. "i dont know how but i Can't Stop the Feeling that's coming over me branch.... my lust for you is just too powerful to deny," and then dove back into the kiss.

"i also feel Like I Love You...i can't explain it... it just feels so right," he got out in between short breaks for breaths.

justin felt like he was in a Paradise compared to the dingy jail cell from earlier in the story. branch started moving of his mouth, passionately kissing his neck and hugging his shoulders.

"i'm going to Rock Your Body justin," with nothing but lust in his voice as he tied his Hair Up.

"oh yes..."

3 hours of love making later, justin stared up at the ceiling, wondering if his life could last like this Until the End of Time.

branch turned to justin and said, "Stay With Me."

and though justin knew it would be Selfish to leave everything in his other world and stay here, he said yes.

...

they laid there for what felt like hours. "i could Drown in you," justin whispered into branch's neck.

but branch didn't respond, all he did was look as justin, brows furrowed in confusion. "what did you say?"

before he knew it, branch started to fade in front of justin's eyes. and then the world started fading.

"oh no! oh noooo!"

he woke up in the cell.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

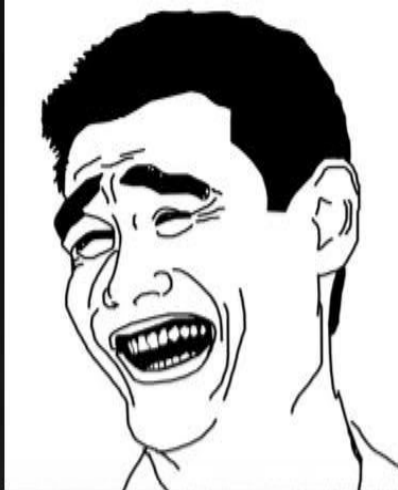
Fin



GOES TO CHINA



EAT BURGER KING



HE'S RIGHT YOU KNOW



HEY GUY?

huh, What?



I'm going on
my ROCK
Tour?



oh ok, I like
ROCK MUSIC
I guess...



NOOOO?

I said
ROCK?



ummm...

bro
what?



My Trip To Antarctica

Hello everybody! I just returned from my company bonding trip to Antarctica! Before we left, there was a Ploopy Industries company wide meeting where we discussed the challenges and successes of the last fiscal quarter. Instead of focusing on how sales were down 75% and how the breakroom always smelled of decaying flesh, the CEO at Ploopy Industries, Dr. Dinglestein, said that our company culture doesn't involve enough "synergy" and we needed more team-building exercises.

One fellow from marketing suggested going to an escape room and enjoying a fun filled night of working together to escape! Dr. Dinglestein said that we should "put a pin in it" and "circle back". I raised my hand and said, "Piggy-backing off what that dude from marketing said, why don't we go golfing or something?"

Dr. Dinglestein just looked at me for about thirty seconds and then said, "Hey people. I've got it. We're going to take a trip to Antarctica."

I then got up and shouted "YES! WE'RE FINALLY GOING TO SEE SANTA'S ELVES!"

Some jerk off then said to me, "Hey idiot. That's the North Pole. Antarctica is the South Pole."

I told on him to Dr. Dinglestein and he just said "I don't give a fuck."

So, three months later, after all the plans were made, flights booked, hotels scheduled, Dr. Dinglestein followed through with his promise and brought us all to Christchurch, New Zealand. From there we spent a couple of days just chewin' the fat. You know, shootin' the shit. It's whatever. We were chill. Then someone contracted the evil virus and subsequently became an evil guy so we had to leave him behind in New Zealand.

Ok this story is dragging a bit, so I'll just skip to the good part. We eventually landed on the coast of Antarctica, and it was really quite strange. Not the part about taking a company wide trip consisting of 500 people to the worst vacation spot ever, we were all fine with that already. What was really strange though was the amount of black helicopters circling our boat the entire time and the globalist deep-state one world government Illuminati U.N. military that awaited us there.

"Hey what's with all this stuff? I thought there was supposed to be nothing here," Dr. Dinglestein asked one of the men there.

"You don't have clearance to get through here. The wall is melting a bit and we need to keep the gnomes out," the man replied.

"What gnomes? I thought there were elves?? Also what did you mean by the wall?" I butted in.

"Oh, um.... I mean the Pink Floyd album. The wall. You know the one, it has the song where it's like 'Teacher! Leave us kids alone!'"

"Oh, that would be Another Brick in the Wall Part 2. But what about the gnomes?"

"Dude. Shut up. I didn't say anything about gnomes."

"Yeah you did."

"No I didn't."

"Did too."

"Nuh uh."

"Yuh huh."

"Nope."

"Nope."

"Stop copying me."

Horace Spaumgardenhauser, Michelin Star Chef, in an exclusive review for 'Rubbing My Freaking Belly So Damn Good Food' magazine, presents

The Balto-Scandinavian Food Catalog, Fall 2024.

The Eastern Diet, highlighted by Michelin Chef Spaumgardenhauser

[STOCKHOLM, SWE. SEPT 11, 2001. 9:08 AM. 2 BUMPS OF COKE IN]

After long flight across the fucking ocean, I've made it to my region of choice, the acclaimed "Target Center" of Northern Europe: Balto-scandia. No fucking bullshit. No cutesy fucking introduction. You know what the fuck it is. This is fucking real food here. Fucking. Food is fucking good. SNIFF, COUGH. Let's go.

DISH 1: APELSINFISK GLÄDJE

[STOR BOBBY'S MARKNAD. SEPT 11, 2001. 10:00 AM. 4 BUMPS OF COKE IN]

People keep calling my fucking phone for some reason asking about whatever fucking bullshit in fucking New York. Couldn't care fucking less. New York food is history. We're eating "apple-sin-fuck gay-baby". Translates fucking to fucking "orange fish delight." The fish is tender and cold. It's not orange at all. Smells fucking like shit it's fucking THROWS UP IN NAPKIN fucking disorderly. Chewy. Bland. This is made of rubber I'm nearly fucking certain. Just noticed the fish is not orange. That's fucked up.

FINAL RATING: 7/10.

DISH 2: ANKERIAAN KIVET

[OUTSIDE OF HELSINKI, FIN. SEPT 12, 2001. 2:41 AM. 9.5 BUMPS IN]

Don't know why I can't take a fucking plane. Took a boat and ran through a lot of coke. Only have 2 grams left. Fucking shitting TSA. GET OVER NEW YORK. WE'RE EATING THE SOME FUCKING... UHH... PEES A LITTLE. GAGS. Okay the food we have is some freshly harvested "eel stones" and it's looking fucking RANK. The chef didn't have any clothes. Beautiful fucking creature. 3'10". 250 kilograms: all muscle. This shitting fucking meal fucking is going bitch awesome.

[HELSINKI, FIN. SEPT 12, 2001. 11:51 PM. 10 BUMPS OF COKE]

Had a stroke. Brain bled. Speech fucking is done up the, uhh SNIFF. BLINKS HORIZONTAL. God. Anyway, no one does food like the Fins. Those eel stones were fucking delightful. Crunchy. Wet. Can't get it wet though it starts to vibrate vigorously. Don't get it.

Mouth tastes like smoke. Delicious.

FINAL RATING: 7.5/10

DISH 3: HOT GRAPES {FROM THE HOSPITAL}

[ESTONIAN HOSPITAL, SEPT 13, 9:09 AM. FUCKERS TOOK MY COKE BRUH]

I don't know what their fucking deal is they got me fucked up eating hot grapes. They just put some grapes in the microwave and they kept fucking doing it like three times because they kept fucking blow it up. Literally put a full plate of grapes in the microwave for ten minutes and they blew up three different times. They served it to me like caviar, just insane delicacy going into it for some reason. Served with ketchup. It was probably the best thing I've ever had.

FINAL RATING: 9.5/10

DISH 4: "ROCK QUESADILLA" AR MIGLAS RAGU

[I AM LOST IN, LATVIA. SEPT 14, 12:48 AM. WHERE AM I]

I haven't shit in four days and my mouth tastes like aspirin. Tried peeing and it had the viscosity of tree sap. I think it's allergies.

The uh... Latvian delicacy is uh... sorry I'm sweating a lot. This is a... tortilla with some rocks in SHALLOW INHALE rocks in it. Took a picture of the dish it came in.



I really don't feel good after this one. I think I need to stay at the hospital a little longer.

DISH 5: BLOOD AND BODY OF CHRIST, ALONGSIDE THE DISCIPLES

Leaving behind my sin, I've ascended to heaven. The covenant of Christ before me at the table. For the life I've left behind, my memory everlasts. Through Him, salvation is absolute and unflinching.

FINAL RATING: 2.5/10



Greetings,

This is the journal of Dr. O'Malley, Naturalist for the local university. In cooperation with the university, I have embarked on a journey across the world to study and gain a better understanding of other cultures. I am joined by a grad student by the name of Sam Mcnamara, who is pursuing a degree in my field. He will be helping me conduct my research.

Day 1

Our first stop on this journey was Munich, Germany. We visited just in time for the largest Oktoberfest celebration in the world!

I consider engaging with the local festivities to be important, however, I'm not much of a drinker myself. Therefore, I will be having Mcnamara do the drinking for me. He seemed hesitant at first, but after I referred to him as a "pussy ass bitch," he agreed. (note: must experiment with more childish insults on Mcnamara, they seem quite effective)

That night, Mcnamara sampled quite a few different drinks. 22 by my count. His descriptions became more and more vague as time went on, but the data he provided was sufficient so I turned him loose to enjoy the rest of his night. In secret, I did keep an eye on his activities (more data on alcohol poisoning is never a bad thing!) While I would love to regale you on his many activities that night, for his sake, I will exclude them from this log.

Besides an intense hangover, Mcnamara is otherwise OK from this encounter. His liver, on the other hand, is not.

Day 2

The second stop on our excursion was Cairo, Egypt. There, we visited the Giza Necropolis to view its many pyramids.

Unfortunately, we wasted much of our grant money in Munich sampling beer, so I was unable to afford the services of the guide I had planned on hiring. Determined to stick to our plan, Mcnamara and I walked quite a long way on foot to see the pyramids up close. When we finally arrived, I set up my photography equipment and instructed Mcnamara to scale the pyramid.

Mcnamara was reluctant, and told me I should do it because I, and I quote "made me carry everything and didn't share your water." His frustration is understandable, and I would do it myself, but my aging body can't handle the stress it used to. After I reminded him of this, he became increasingly upset, and told me I was only five years older than him. He told me he wasn't doing it, and that was final. I then reminded him that I was the one who reported his performance to the university, and that seemed to whip him back into shape.

Hesitantly, Mcnamara climbed up a short ways and stopped, telling me he wouldn't go any further. After referring to him as a "gutless moron" though, he continued climbing. (note: used no expletives this time, and it still had the same effect. Must amplify my childishness next time to see what happens.)

Mcnamara actually made it quite a ways up before local authorities caught us. I was able to avoid arrest by claiming I didn't know him, but Mcnamara was not so lucky and was carted off to a nearby holding cell. Luckily though, I was holding onto his wallet and was able to pay the bail and have him released.

Other than a few bruises from tumbling down the pyramid on his way down, Mcnamara is otherwise OK from this encounter. His wallet, on the other hand, is not.

Day 3

I have encountered a problem. The last of our grant money was used to pay Mcnamara's bail. I feel myself inclined to be upset with him for his carelessness, but I must remember he is still a child, and is not privy to everything a licensed naturalist such as myself is.

Our next stop was supposed to be Honolulu, Hawaii, but with this new lack of money, I had to reroute us to Toledo, Ohio, which will now be our final stop. At this point, McNamara is refusing to speak with me, so I figured it would be alright for us to spend our last day apart. After perusing a few travel pamphlets for suitable activities, I instructed McNamara to visit the local zoo. I figured this would be a good place to send a youngster to enjoy their day.

When instructed to do this, McNamara exploded at me, rambling about how I don't respect him and have been causing him nothing but trouble. This is untrue, I respect McNamara, I have just been trying to help him build character. He did not like this answer, but after I called him a "bed wetting baby," he snatched the pamphlet out of my hand and left. (note: McNamara is kind of a coward)

Personally, I decided to go to the local Casino where I miraculously was able to make quite a bit of our money back playing Blackjack. I considered giving some to McNamara to make up for the bail he paid, but ultimately decided against it. Struggle is the first ingredient of a brilliant mind after all!

We reconvened that night at a motel, and McNamara continued giving me the cold shoulder. Besides a sore throat from yelling at me this morning, McNamara is otherwise OK from this encounter. His dignity, on the other hand, is not.

Day 4

We returned to the university today, and McNamara left without saying a word to me. I do hope he will realize someday that I have done a favor for him, and given him many valuable life experiences.

Personally, I consider this expedition a resounding success! Despite a few bumps in the road, I have gathered plenty of data on the customs and culture of all of our destinations. I expect the university will be pleased with my findings!

Addendum

When I returned home that night, several windows were broken, and several of my valuables had been stolen. There were also large writings on the front of my house. Some of which included "Burn in Hell O'Malley," and "O'Malley sucks dick."

Not sure if this is at all related.

Will be looking into it.

Addendum 2

i lost my job



Greetings From
PARKOUR CIVILIZATION

PHONY

Jennifer, Lena, Mary,
Calla, Mack, Madeline,
Skyler, Hayden, Misha,
Tate, Sophie, Andy,
Zach, Shannon,
Oscar, Nile, Zora
Joel, Seth

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bienvenue

power bottoms