

SMOKIN' MEATS

ISSUE 24



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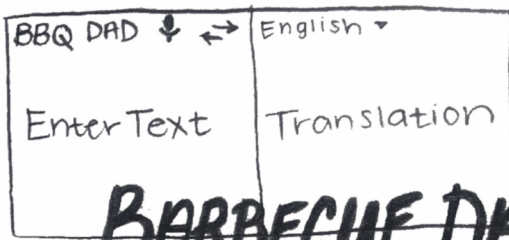
YOU ARE BACON ME, DAISY

the wurst mistake of my life

SMOKIN' MEATS DEFINITION

WHO'S NEXT?

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BARBECUE DAD'S

★ JARGON TRANSLATION ★

"My grill, my rules."

I need to control something in my life.

"Kiss the cook!"

Help, my wife stopped touching me after we had our first kid.

"Get some rest, we've got a big day tomorrow."

I'm going to get into a fistfight with the waitress at T.G.I.Fridays again.

"I'm thinking about putting a pool in."

I got a raise by giving my boss a no-homo-handie behind the water cooler.

"I built the deck myself."

There's a body buried under the deck.

"What's up chief?"

I think my wife is cheating on me.

"How about we play some Jimmy Buffett?"

I'm giving up.

"You'll get em next time son."

You're a stain on the family name. I'm the one paying the bullies to wedgie you.

"Yeah, I drink craft beer."

My ex-wife left me for a man with a ponytail.

"Don't get me started on charcoal versus gas."

According to her she just 'wasn't attracted to me anymore'.

"Did you catch the big game last night?"

But everyone knows it was because Mr.Ponytail sings lead in a Beach Boys tribute band.





Hello friends, it's renowned food blogger Chip Chinwilly here to review an American delicacy: Barbeque. I traveled all across the ol' U.S. of A with the promise of eating nothing but barbeque to get acquainted with every regional dish there is; here are some of the highlights!

Hartford Ham Hocks

Yee howdy! My first hoedown was in Hartford, Connecticut, a.k.a. the BBQ capital of the world. Some folks out here are here saying that this isn't the south, but everywhere's south of something, baby! I had been getting desperate looking for barbeque for 3 days without eating any food, so I started living in a stranger's backyard and eventually stole some pork that was cooking on their patio grill. It was real good! However, the taste was tainted by the sudden realization that I had no clue where my next meal would come from.

Boston Red Sauce

Nobody knows southern eatin' like Boston! I put some A1 sauce on a clam and HOT DIGGITY. Drop that in a pint of Sam Adams and you're in Dixieland, baby! I'm seriously so turned around, someone please point me to a phonebooth or something I forgot what my wife looks like.

Jacksonville Marching Powder

Hot damn, this stuff kicks like a mule! I took one bite of this golden brown veal cutlet and went straight to heaven! It's weird that veal closely resembles some powder cut up in straight lines on a mirror in some shed on a bayou, but when in Rome am I right haha I know we're in Texas wait hold up Jacksonville's in Florida that seems misguided it sounds so southern oh hold up but it *is* in the south oh fuck fuck fuck this veal is makin' mama HORNY AS A FUCKIN PEPPER MILL!

Sympathy Brisket from the Jacksonville Rehab

Turns out that the veal was really pure-grade Hungarian cocaine, which is troubling because that isn't really a place that cocaine comes from (lol!). I was arrested and forcibly admitted to a state-run rehabilitation facility to kick whatever it was those crafty Hungrarians cooked up, and turns out, the cafeteria makes a mean brisket! My first taste of true southern smoked meat!

Famous Dave's Chili while on House Arrest (Still in Jacksonville)

I posted bail and met my rehabilitation requirement, so my first taste of freedom was some five-alarm chili via UberEats. My wife wired some of my finances to afford a quaint place here while I serve my 6-month sentence, but it's not all bad! My parole officer is this chill dude who's also a coke dealer for the Hungarian syndicate on the side, so I don't think that's gonna be a problem-

Leg of Hungarian Parole Officer Covered in Sweet Baby Ray's (While Being Chased Down the 101 by the Feds, Also Still in Jacksonville)

Yeah so it was a problem.



My Last Meal on Death Row (Once Again in Jacksonville, Where I Will Pay Eternally For My Sins Against Man And God)

What a journey it's been. I went into this country an excitable tourist, eager to taste the meats of the people here, however I will leave it but a tormented soul as I atone for all I've done in the great lake of fire down below. My last meal was some authentic Tallahassee Sweet Ribs, which were, like, OK.

See your crazy ass in hell,

Chip



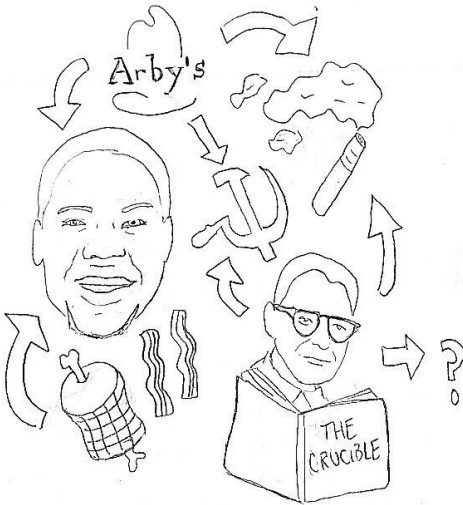
READ BETWEEN THE LINES

Meat: it's not just food. It's also synonymous with flesh. And muscle.

Smokin: It's not cold. It's also not frigid. Because these are its antonyms.

What am I trying to say? Isn't it obviously obscure?

Meat rhymes with cheat, cheating is adultery, adultery is what you find in Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, *The Crucible* is based off of the Red Scare, red is the color of fire, fire is what Kevin Hart's comedic career has been since day one, day one is known as birth, birth is the opposite of death, death is in the title of *Death of a Salesman*, *Death of a Salesman* was written by Arthur Miller, fucking everything goes back to Arthur Miller, Arthur Miller smoked cigarettes, smoking is the poor man's smokin'.



Did you read between the lines?
Most will go through their entire
lives and not....

That'll be \$9.85. You can pull through to the second window. Thank you for choosing Arby's.

SAVE MY HAW DAD

Dear Mr. Justin Long,

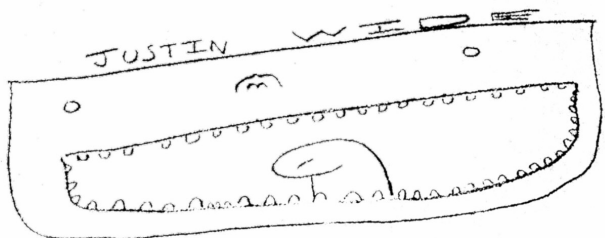
Please help me get my dad to stop smoking. It smells, it's dangerous, and he also has stage 4 lung cancer. Even with that he won't stop.

I've asked him to, but he said the only way he'll stop is if I get 20,000 retweets on Twitter and if you follow me. Please Mr. Justin, use your social clout to get me more retweets to save my dad. All I want for Christmas is for you to be my follower so my dad can spend Christmas with us and not with his lung cancer.

Mr. Justin, I need you to convince my dad to stop smoking like your character, Bartleby Gaines, convinced Jonah Hills character, Sherman Schrader, to make him a website for a fake college even though Sherman didn't want to in the hit movie *Accepted*. My dad's smoking addiction is like Howard Howe's (Michael Parks) obsession with turning your character, Wallace Bryton into a walrus in the classic horror/psychological thriller, *Tusk*.

If you do this for me, I will follow in Hugo Chavez's footsteps and buy you a house. Please follow me señor Justin, I just want my dog to feel better. Sorry I meant dad. The cancer is spreading to his hands and he has to wear these Hulk Hands all the time, which you think would make him stop smoking, but then he just makes me hold the cigarette!

Señor Justin Long, you're my only hope. You're my hero. Please follow me on Twitter to save my dad!



SMOKING HOT!

It's hard to meet society's expectations, especially as a young woman. I never feel good enough and dating is so hard. I'm too loud, too fat, and I have one mole shaped like Kentucky on my back, so who in their right mind would want to be with someone like that???

I just want to be hot, is that too much to ask? I've tried diets, self help books and even talked to my mom's psychic, Ol' Crazy Eyed Candace, and nothing has helped! But then I tried something new, and it's a little controversial but it works sooooo well! I've been starting fires.

It was just little ones at first, some trash fires in my backyard and firecrackers in birdhouses, but already people started noticing me. Guys said that there was something different about me — that I had a special look in my eyes that made them intimidated. Like I had seen the devil and laughed at his supposed power. IMAGINE! ME! INTIMIDATING?!?!?! I'd never have thought the day would come when a man would be afraid to talk to me, not the other way around, but that might have had something to do with the burning doll I had in my hands at the time, its blond curls ablaze in my clutches.

God I've never thought I'd feel so ALIVE! And sooooo HOT! Now the police are looking for me because I've moved on to occupied buildings but it's not like I've hurt anyone though, just maybe caused a few third degree burns. But DAMN, it's worth it to be this SMOKING HOT!!!



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING

Warning! Smoking Meats causes Lung Cancer, Emphysema, and Hickory Deliciousness. Meat Cigarettes should NEVER be used by those under the age of 18 and the usage of Beef, Pork and Chicken Cigarettes may be restricted on certain public and/or private properties.

Secondhand Meat Smoke can KILL. Side effects of prolonged exposure to Meat Smoke can cause Mouth-Watering, Lip-Smacking, and in come cases PERMANENT DEATH.

In rare occurrences, the fumes of Meat Smoking have caused passersby to shut their eyes in wonderment and float in mid-air. They are then wafted carried AGAINST THEIR WILL to the source of the tantalizing fumes. Should these passersby be Average Joe blue collar workers (i.e CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, GUYS WHO MOVE PIANOS INTO HIGH RISE APARTMENTS), Meat Smoking will be responsible for serious Damage to Property, Loss of Life, and even Gain of Death.

Smoking Meats may also complicate pregnancy.

Consume responsibly.



YOU ARE BACON ME, DAISY

Daisy, I have some bad news. We are the same person. The only difference is that you are from a dimension in which everything and everyone is made of bacon.

Daisy, darling, I hate to break this news to you (me), as I (you) know it must be hard for you (me) to hear. My name is also Daisy. I am not made of bacon. You (me) are (is).

You (I) must be thinking: "Bacon? Do you mean my skin, Daisy?" Yes. I do mean your skin, Daisy. In my dimension, we don't call that skin. We call that bacon and we eat it regularly. I'm so sorry to be the one to tell you (me) this. I promise I'm not going to eat you (me), even though you (I) look so juicy and delicious.

Daisy! I'm sorry! Don't cry, Daisy, dear. We have had the exact same life experiences, yours are just more bacon filled than mine. I too have a scar above my right eye. I am also obsessed with Franz Ferdinand (both archduke and the band). I am also a virgin by Albuquerque standards. The difference is you are made of bacon and I am a human being.



The wurst barbecue of my life began as any other day would: waking up in a pool of cold milk. I showered as I normally would to get the milk stank out before I dressed in my best suit. I tipped my beret to myself in the mirror. I felt confident. Gawd, how foolish I was.

I had e-vited twenty of my closest acquaintances to my apartment a few days before and I was expecting a large turnout. I was particularly excited to impress my neighbor, Ramón. I considered him the love of my life. I could never withstand a man who square-danced. Just thinking of his rippling back fat through his mesh polo as he jived through the gets me so horny.

Sorry- I have gotten off-track. I began rubbing chicken thighs with special spices six hours before I expected guests to arrive. This was my first mistake. I had no idea that leaving meat out for six hours could activate a health-risk.

Four hours before guests were supposed to arrive I decorated my apartment wall to wall with streamers. This was my second mistake. Sometimes I forget that people need space too.

Two hours before the party, I filled the punch bowl with my old morning milk. This wasn't really a mistake as it was a big hit.

One hour before the party, I organized the chicken in alphabetical order. This was my third mistake. They all started with C.

At 5 p.m., my acquaintances began to walk in. They couldn't come in very far on account of the streamers everywhere. At least they could eat. They ate the chicken standing in silence in my entry-way. They drank the milk. I laid down, exhausted from all my preparations, watching their frowning faces suck meat from the bone. Ramón leaned over me. I could barely see the outlines of his huge nips through his tuxedo t-shirt. He smiled at me. I smiled back.

A few hours later, I was buried in the ground. That was my fourth mistake, I should've been cremated.

"Huz-zah, hur-rah, har-ate!" exclaimed Spanksis Ownboddum, the royal jester. "We've gathered in this court on this special date! The king hath perished and his son did too, I do wonder who will be fit to rule, rule, rule!" He laughed cruelly, his whole body convulsing and nose snorting and dripping all over himself. It was hard to watch.

He shook with laughter so violently at this rather poor, expositional slant rhyme that a single jingle bell came loose from his jester hat and fell to the floor. Spanksis, unphased by the deafening silence from the uncomfortable court, began to perform a stupid little dance, complete with off-rhythm clapping and choreographed blinking.

So consumed with this genuinely pathetic routine (though the jester was nearly on the verge of pride-filled tears), that he slipped upon the tiny bell, hit his head on the armrest of the throne, and was immediately knocked unconscious.

The room sighed a deep breath of relief.

"Man, fuck that guy." whispered Beak Erzdossen to her assistant and scribe, Isthird Teendonuds. Beak was the queen of the neighboring country and had come to court in hopes of gaining the throne here too. In the absence of a successor, the throne was a lock -- the people loved her.

"Alghhj;kglnqpouehqb;qfd!" proclaimed Beak proudly. The room of peasants whipped around to face her.

Please note: no one has shown even the slightest concern for the jester, who still lies motionless on the ground. No one liked him. He was the worst.

She cleared her throat. "With the old, beloved king dead and his only son -- his killer -- slain, I ask the fine people of Istubbedmytoe to accept me as their ruler."

The crowd listened intently, entranced by her powerful and clear speaking voice, now that there was nothing clogging her esophagus. Beak was a legendary orator for the 60% of the time that she didn't have drainage -- Mucinex simply hadn't been invented yet. *Mucinex: Mucinex In. Mucus Out.*

"I only wish to take this throne peacefully and with the consent of the wonderful people here today. If you all so accept, I promise to make our new combined and unified country, Istubbedmytoe-Onthecornerofthecoffeetable, a safe, kind and peaceful place to live."

A moment of silence passed as her words hung warmly in the space.

"Gibbledy-Goobledy, we do agree-ble-dy that you should undoubtedly be our queen-ble-dy!" cheered the crowd in perfect unison. Beak Erzdossen beamed at her new subjects. She walked to her throne, humbled and honored.

Suddenly, a freezing gust of wind swept through the room. The cheering extinguished. The massive, oaken throne room doors swung open forcefully and black smoke spilled evilly across the floor like fog upon a swamp. Deep, maniacal laughter echoed through the room.

The townsfolk shrunk in terror. Startled, Beak instinctively took a step backward toward the throne. Not watching her footing, she slipped upon the jester's tiny bell, hit her head on the armrest of the throne, and was immediately knocked unconscious.

Utter chaos ensued. People screamed, people wailed, people frantically skimmed books listed on Goodread's *100 Books to Read Before You Die*.

Only silenced were they by the sound of metal boots upon cobblestone. Raising their eyes, the peasants realized the horrible truth: the old King's son had risen from the dead. He was back, but this time, he was angry (also evil).

"Did you miss me?" he sneered through crooked teeth. "Uhhh-ble-dy, not particular-ble-dy," one especially foolish Istubbedmytoean replied. The wicked prince merely touched him and he flew through the wall, over a hay bale, and into the well in the center of town.

"Anyone else?" he snarled. "No? Very well then, I believe I will take back what is rightfully mine."

Speechless and terrified, the humble townsfolk – who had nearly gotten the ruler of their dreams a moment ago – watched helplessly as the sinister prince regained his throne, engulfed in the vile and despicable smoke.

However, just as he was about to sit down, he proclaimed, "THE KINGDOM IS MINE, ALL MINE!" and slipped upon the jester's tiny bell, hit his head on the armrest of the throne, and was immediately knocked unconscious.

Everyone stood still. Then they erupted in celebration.

Later that day, after spending several hours fanning out the throne room, the Istubbedmytoeans picked up the bodies and chucked them into the river.

"Who-ble-dy needs a ruler-ble-dy, anyway-ble-dy?" they said, again in perfect unison. That night, the townsfolk feasted in the throne room, their new town hall.

They all lived happily until anarchy broke after a dispute about milk and all of them perished three days later.

THE END

What's Cookin' Good Bookend?

I fell deeply, hopelessly in love with my plain stainless steel bookends.

At first it was harmless. At parties I'd casually ask guests to, "Check out my new bookends, which do their jobs very well, but that isn't a reason to fall in love with an inanimate object, right?" At which point my guests would abandon me to jest my first edition copy of Rick Riordan's *The Titan's Curse* (the sole book between those 90 degree bookends). Well, pretty soon after that I'd had enough, and I'm spiraling. Rick Riordan's legacy isn't what it used to be and I throw out my copy of *The Titan's Curse*. Only... what to do with my bookends? They're lookin' sexy, they're lookin' sleek, so I decide to take them out to my favorite restaurant: The Rainforest Cafe.

Pretty soon we're rockin' we're rollin' we're sexing the place up when the angry head chef comes out and steals my date! I couldn't believe the way he cozied up to my bookends as I sat, hopeless under the 8 foot tall rainforest I had surrendered my life to for an enjoyable eating experience. I'll never forget his thick French accent and name, Auguste Gusteau. In the end, Bookends became Dining Room Manager, and I? I became alone.

And now I'm here with nothing to do because I threw out the only book that makes sense to me. All I can think about is you, bookieendies.

I lost the only partner that has made sense to me on a similar level that Rick Riordan's writing does. My life is devoid of 90 degree angles. I will get you back B, but for now I hope you have the entire five book set between your slender parallel sides.

Dictionary

Search for a word



Smokin' meat

noun

- 1.
- 2.



Translations, word origin, and more definitions

Feedback



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