

ISSUE 26

PHONY MAGAZINE

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Local Man Loves Working With Animals

"Ever since I was a little boy I've loved animals of all kinds" Keith Barrowman, 36, tells Phony News Journalists. "Now as an adult I'm thrilled to be mangling their flesh for a living". Working at Kramarcyuk's Kosher Meats off 36th and Broadway is a dream come true for Barrowman.

"I had an offer to work as a lamb dula for a local free-range humanitarian sheep farm but then I figured 'why bring life into this world when it's so much easier to take it out?'" explains Barrowman.

"Farm animals are such beautiful creatures; they inspire me to live a more natural, connected life" Barrowman says as he happily pounds pig giblets into an industrial meat grinder in his carcass room off 36th. "In many ways the viscera is the cuddliest part of the animal" Keith says, blood running down his hands. "It's like a snuggle made of sin!"

"God made every animal a unique and beautiful miracle of love with his infinite grace" croons Barrowman looking fondly at a picture of his childhood schnauzer Charlotte. "Now, I'm so blessed that I get to be the one to make them into unique and beautiful miracles of meat with my collection of maces and cleavers".

Keith's mother, Tracy Barrowman, 36, recalls how Keith and their dog Charlotte used to race around the backyard. "They were inseparable. You couldn't get them apart. They could not be in different locations. Always together! Never apart! They could not be separated". Her partner Stacy Barrowman, 36, chimes in, "Little Keith thought Charlotte's ears were just the cutest. They used to snuggle up during the day and he'd sing a little song about them: Flop, flop, flop, little ears on my head. And now that he gets to work with animals full time, which is such a blessing, he sings a new version of his song".

"CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! KEITH'LL KILL YOU TILL YOU'RE DEAD!" sings Keith Barrowman as he leads another round of adorable piglets to the slaughter house. "I just love animals, and their demise!"

It'll be 36 and windy next Monday. Back to you John. This is the news.





**DID YOU JUST TURN 21 AND ARE OVER DATING *SIGH*
COLLEGE KIDS? TRY 30s!**

- *GUARANTEED BAGGAGE!*
- *PAYS FOR MOST THINGS BUT IS **NOT** A SUGA MOMMA!*
- *GRAY HAIR? SEXY HAIR!*

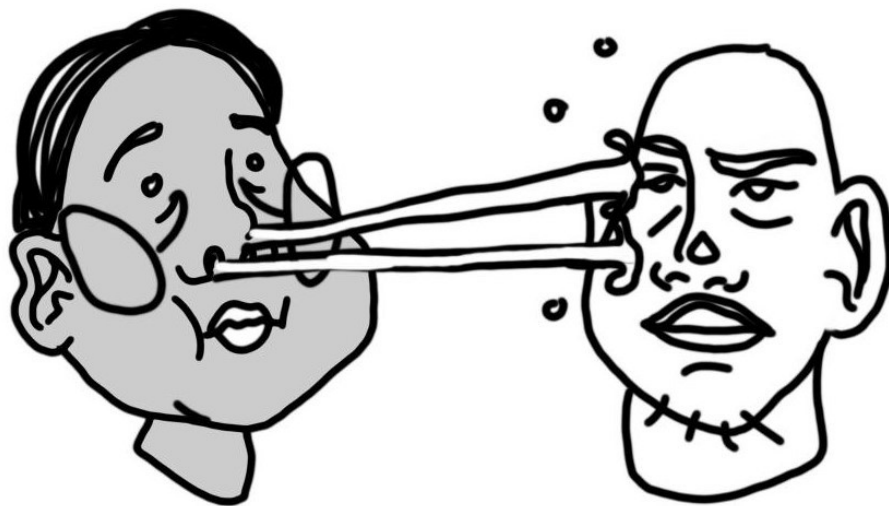
No Experience Necessary!

Your dreams are still bright and untouched (along with your career that hasn't taken off yet, but it will very, very soon, and wtf! Don't beat yourself down, you're still young!) meanwhile, your 30s-year-old is in the midst of a mid-life crisis and considering leaving her job that is stagnant as week old pudding and causing her a *low libido!*

Your 30s-year-old might invite you out to dinner and she'll definitely grab the check before you can say, "Oh, I got it-I oh okay, yeah, actually, I am literally broke!" Better luck next time, kid! Next weekend you should try asking your biological mother for money (unless she's being a fucking jerk AGAIN), and take out your 30s-year-old to give her the VERY *fake impression* that you can take care of her too!

What beats going out to dinner with her? You got it, dinner with her whole family! Ding! Ding! Ding!

If it's only the *awkwardest* thing you've ever done! Her little sister is only 10 years older than you, and when she asks if you are the same age as her, milk comes out of your nose and spills all over ya girl's PARENTS! Followed by your 30s-year-old having to escort you to the pee-pee palace in order to change your diaper because you literally SHAT YOURSELF! Hey, at least her father is older than your grandpa and so unaware of the situation to say, "Age doesn't matter when you're in love."



WELL GRAMPS, turns out age does matter because apparently smoking that doobie was only "something she did in college" !?!?!

If nothing else works out, *GREAT SEX IS GUARANTEED* (along with a possible year-long *The New Yorker* subscription your 30s-year-old could throw in that might outlive your relationship and that you'll definitely never read)! Why? Because, as they say, *experienced pussy always beats young pussy.*

Middle age
I was taught to fear
And enter with tears
For the stories were true
And on the day of my change
I indeed felt blue
Since on my birthday morn
There was no cake
I just looked worn
And was immediately struck
Without cause
By menopause
What a curse it is
To grow old
Or so I'm told
But despite these problems
I enjoy no longer needing a condom
Since my womb is barren
And there won't be any sharing
Oh yes many woe
The middle ages
And although it can be trying
It's better than the next of the stages
And by that I mean dying



I've heard it, you've heard it, but most importantly *they've* heard it: *age is just a number*. This rattles me to the core of my eternal essence. As Father Time, the commissioner of chronology, I'll have you know that my best friend is six. Yeah, the *number* 6. Not just a concept, but *the* concept. And he's fucking great. I'll be damned to hear you all diminish him to just a quantity.

Every goddamn day I get hate mail for my relationship with six. People comment, "Oooh, you're an immortal being, what are you doing hanging out with a single digit figure?" or "Maybe if you didn't kill everyone in the history of existence you wouldn't have to hang out with one third of the devil's trio". Did any of you closed-minded number-humpers even think to ask if six if he wanted to be indicative of age? Or time for that matter? No. You just conjured up numerals and now you think they exist to be subservient to your system of wealth and time.



Leave him off your birthday cakes and gravestones. How would you like to be a marker of death? Furthermore, you stat-sluts are so horny for counting that you presuppose numbers are fixed, binary even. As if six can't add to himself five times to be thirty, flirty, thriving, and horny. And blonde if he's feeling freaky. Alright, you got me. I'm having sex with six. But if I opened with that I would've lost you right then and there. Numbers: so much more than an age.

Woe and shame, woe and shame, that is all that falls upon my house now. My poor husband Arthur changes over time. With each passing sunrise his face wrinkles and his "S" shaped spine gets a little closer to being an 8. I must admit, I am not immune from these changes.

Last festival, I had a few too many cinnamon ales and found myself weeping into a shallow ditch (it was a delightful evening). The tears (dark and yellow) pooled in the ditch and I saw a visage staring back at me in the chunky ochre pool. 'Twas, at first, mine own puffy, diseased, gnarled face staring back. "Hellow, good looking!" I said to myself, hoping my blatant lie would cheer me up (it did not). All of a sudden, my reflection started to transform, shift, alter, change, tweak, permute.



A man stared up at me, looking directly into my dark, fuzzy eyes. I felt shame for no other man had ever looked into my eyes before. Arthur would be furious, if he had the capacity to feel any emotion anymore (none of us were sure). "Hellow, good looking!" the man said, his obvious lie cheering me up immensely.

"Hellow, sir. Are you...my father?" I asked him, as I ask every man I meet (I will find you, father).

“No, child, but I am...father TIME,” (I was half right), “and I have some terrible news. Your husband Arthur is going to die.”

“Yes, strange man, we all die! We then evolve, adapt, modify, reshape, permute into a cloud of dust and grain and get planted into the ground. Every crop we eat is a former friend, and that’s the way we like it.”

“Child, you misunderstand. Arthur is dying...tonight!”

Everything went dark and cold. When I awoke, I was lying in a pool of jelly (everything normal). Clifford, my strong, faithful steed had seen me convulsing by my pool of tears and carried me home. Thank you, Clifford. I love you.

I looked up and saw Arthur in a cocoon made of bile and his own bone marrow (everything normal). I exhaled in relief, moths flying out of my mouth (weird, normally it’s locusts). Just as I was about to lie down next to Arthur’s marrow cocoon, the door (leaves sewn together using fine, fine silk) creaked (rustled) open. A figure appeared in the doorway (hole).

“Hellow, good looking,” the figure said, lying through his fucking teeth. “I have come to claim Arthur’s soul.” He pulled out a large hook and plunged it deep into Arthur’s larynx. Arthur made no noticeable sound or movement (everything normal). He looked into my eyes (so soon after my husband’s neck hooking? Yeesh, tasteless) and said, “I will return for you, soon, dear.”

This was understandable, as I had lived 23 long years (the oldest age ever recorded in our time), but it was still a terrifying prospect. Aging is something I do not recommend for anyone. Aging 3/10.

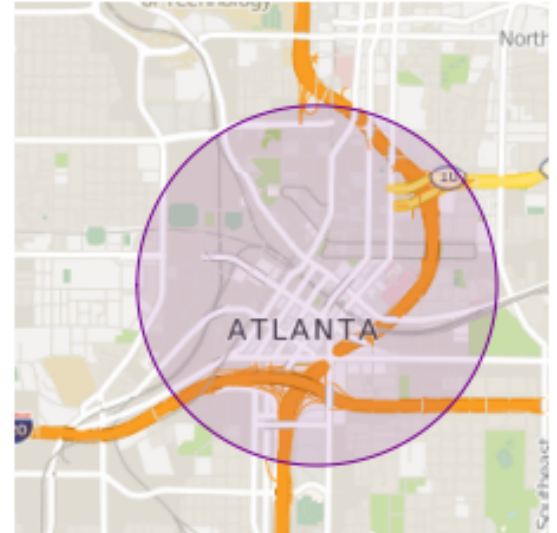


minneapolis > hennepin co > for sale >

wanted - by owner

Contact Information:

30 for 30 - \$30 (Atlanta)



condition: like new

size / dimensions: 30 x 30 x 30

Willing to trade this mint condition 30 for another 30 of greater or equal value. I got that lump checked out and it is benign, so I gotta make some of my money back.

Well cared for, but time to move on. Would love to meet a collector who is willing to put the time and effort into this 30 that I have.

Martha if you're reading this, please know that I am sorry and I beg you to take me back. I thought that I was DYING. I never would've done what I did if I knew I was going to live. I miss you and I miss the kids. Please dear. Please.

No prank calls/spam, contact me via yahoo mail if interested.

QR Code Link to This Post



1. Casper the Friendly Dumbass
2. Kim Possible and Kourtney take Miami
3. Cai-2 the sequel
4. Johnny Quiz
5. Ned's Declassified *The Art of the Deal*
6. Telechubbies
7. Phineas and Turd
8. ThePowerQueef Gals
9. Barney's Beach House
10. The Magic Campus Connector
11. Carpetmice
12. Boy meets pedophile
13. That's So Chicken
14. Cory can't find the keys and is locked out
15. Phil of the Applebee's
16. Shake dat ass
17. SpongeJeremy Squarejoggers
18. Big Time George Bush
19. Zoey 420
20. Dora the Bank Branch Manager
21. Thomas and Inmates
22. Teen titties go!
23. Sesame Street Drugs
24. Debby Ryan got a DUI
25. Dog with a Blog, Vlog Channel, and Gaming Channel
26. Lizards of the Waverly New World Order
27. Bob the Body-Builder
28. Dexter's Lavatory
29. Wiggle your pickle
30. Tom fucks Jerry



DATING TIPS

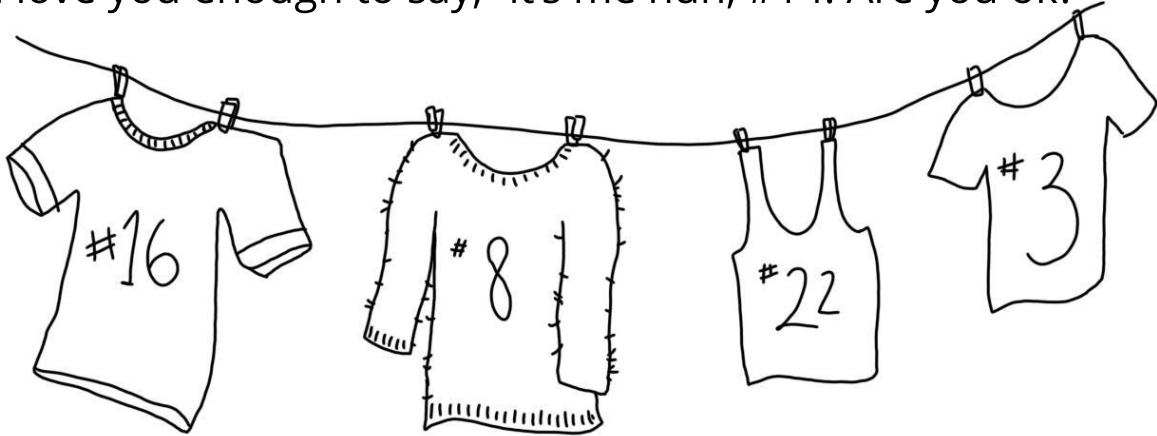
Hello, my little marshmallows! For those of you who are new here, my name is La Mamacita and today, I will be talking about how to date 30 people!

When dating multiple people, say 30, you should definitely make sure to keep them all separate. Having a bad day at work will be the least of your worries if when you're on a date with #5 when #18 and #25 (your double date for later) walk in early and cause a chain reaction of fights.

If having a kinky nightlife isn't up your alley, but you still want the ease of 30 dates, get a bit of variety into your life! Try adding in a bit of spice with a gourmet chef, or a little worldly experience with someone from another country, I always enjoy the new experiences they can bring to an evening. Lastly, try getting away from ordinary office jobs and mix it up with a young photographer, art student, or writer.

Always stay away from unlucky numbers. It doesn't matter your belief system or your culture, because your new date could believe in unlucky numbers, and if they are #7 or #13 on your list, that date won't be lasting past the salad course. Keep a tight, consistent schedule. Color coding and cutsie nicknames won't get you far when you show up for a date and can't remember if Blue #4 or Dark-Haired Hottie #12 is Donald, Henry, Glenn, or Albert.

I found that the easiest remedy to having 6 Matthews and 4 Jakes, if you haven't been able to tell yet, is to have them respond to #8, #16, etc. I know, I know, you probably wondering what to do if you forget the number, we've *all* been there. Trust me, it won't be a problem if they are trained enough. When you walk into that bar, and #14 comes running to help, but you can't remember who it is because of your concussion, they will love you enough to say, "it's me hun, #14. Are you ok?"



I got a bit ahead of myself there, you were probably *actually* wondering how to get them to respond to numbers. I find that a combination of methods works the best, but feel free to experiment with what works best for you, comfort is key! I like to tell them on my first date that I am a spy, which helps for any accidents that may occur down the line, and the number is for safety. Maybe even go a bit further and start with saying to not even tell you their name because the last one said his name was John and died a few minutes later (from an unrelated heart attack). I like to reward my date every time they respond correctly with chocolate or kale, depending on dietary preferences.

That's it folks! I hope it works for you, it never worked for me, so it would be nice if someone could date 30 people. I'm happily married and 30 with three kids myself, so I honestly have no idea if any of my tips are even helpful.

KEYBOARD SLIDE Erection

On my 11th birthday this past weekend my dad surprised me with a cell phone. I was ecstatic... until I yanked the monstrosity out of the gift bag. I felt my face go hot. It was not an iPhone. Not a Samsung. Not an android, not even a Nokia. I held in my hands: a Pantech Pursuit 2. My dad smiled at me, "I got you black because it's the classiest." I attempted a half-smile to seem grateful. He bought it. We ate cake and I tried not to be sick.

Late that night I managed to open the box. I could barely look at it. It was smaller than I expected. I cringed as the keyboard slid out from underneath the screen. I punched in a few numbers to text my boyfriend. I felt like a T-Rex.

Me: I got a new phone lol.

BF: That's great lol. :)))

Me: lol it sucks

BF: lol why

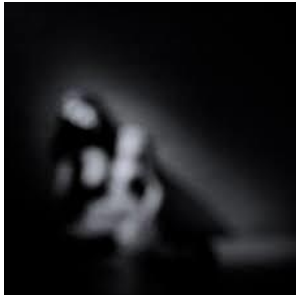
Me: Its not a smartphone lol.

BF: lame lol

BF: Send nudes? Lol.

Me: I'll try lol I don't know how good the camera lol quality lol is.

Me:



Me: It only lol does b and w i guess lol.

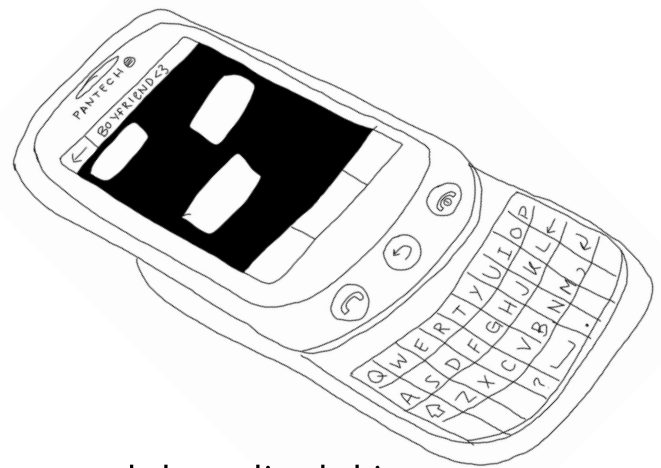
BF: lol Wow. lololol.

Me: Lol its like one pixel Imfao.

I sighed and turned the bitch off. I tried to sleep but struggled knowing how close it was to me. Not being able to take anymore I whipped it across the room. It smashed into the wall. Suddenly I had an idea. I would destroy it. One swift hammer motion and she shattered.

The next morning I showed my dad, "I dropped it."

"That's okay, I got the 30 day warranty."



Here is a handy-dandy guide to saying 30 in different languages. Enjoy!

English	Thirty
Spanish	Treinta
French	Trente
CANTONESE	SÀMSAHP
BULGARIAN	SÀKS-TÜIV
CATALAN	PLÆZEENDIT
Armenian	AYE V'LIVEDLONGENOUGH
ԾԱԵՐՅԸ	¿WHY D'I STILLEXIST?
BRITISH	ÛH'N MÀ KEME
ESPERANTO	THIRTYISFARTOOLONGTOBEALIVE,PLEASEIWOULDRAATHERNOT

I turned 30 and ALL my stocks crashed

Twenty-nine was a great year—I was a hip young twenty-something (twenty-nine) just figuring things out in NYC, Ubering left and right, Venmoing like there was no tomorrow, and dancing the Charleston to the sweet melodies of Duke Ellington. It was the cat's pajamas!

Fueled by Starbucks cold brews, mango Juul pods and post-war optimism, I was truly at my peak as a young urban professional in the big city. Nothing could stop me, or should I say prohibit me, from living my best life! Yes queen!



Everything was the bee's knees until one morning—my thirtieth birthday—when I got an alert on my iPhone: a new Pinterest follower! Nice!

Then I got *another* alert on my iPhone— my stocks had plummeted! Oh no!

Pinterest: +1!
Stocks: -500%

Now, I'm not a religious person (I'm, like, spiritual... I don't have a cross on my wall or anything, but I have a tapestry from when I did a semester abroad in Thailand) but I *prayed* that *whoever* was out there looking down on me—I don't know—God, my ancestors, the eyes of T.J. Eckleberg—would save me from this disaster. No such luck!



I was so young! I was only thirty! I had so much to live for in this world, what with my brand new food blog on the rise, my booming side hustle charging Bird scooters overnight, and the Golden Age of Jazz, darling! All of it a fallacy, a bare-faced, double-shuffle, two-bit, thimble-rigging flimflam! Gadzooks!

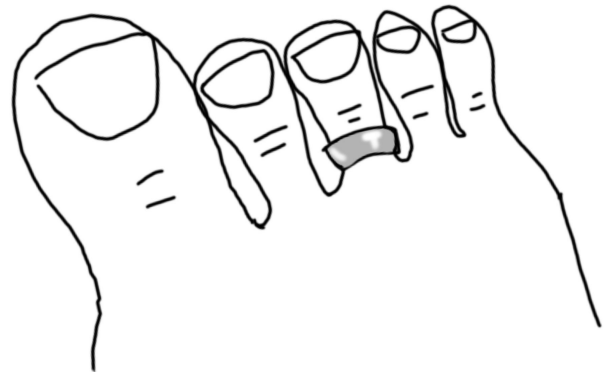
So this is thirty. Sigh. My morning smoothie bowl has been replaced with a *dust bowl* and the only "tinder" in my life is crackling away in the hearth in the midst of a fireside chat. #Adulting, am I right? When I heard millennials are "depressed" this was *not* what I was expecting.

30s Suck ☹️

She came in the middle of the night. I was only a small child then. My father had gotten into some bad business at The Poison Apple. He had promised money in exchange for 30 minutes of airtime on our local television studio to promote his new product; "Mood Rings, But Only For Your Middle Toe™."

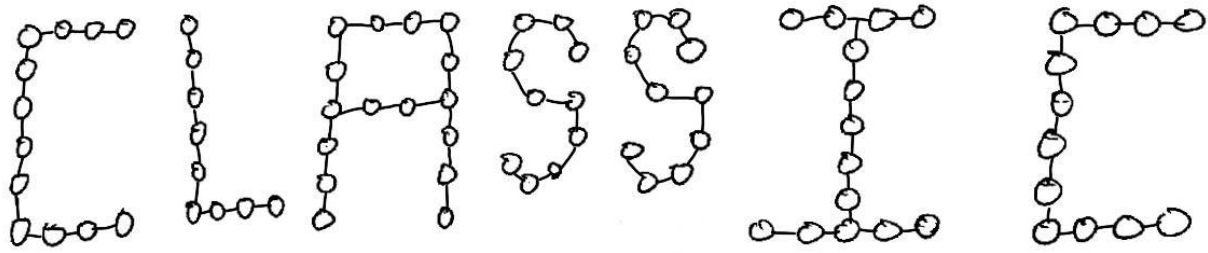
When he couldn't pay the debt, I was punished. The witch came and took from me what my father did not have, fiscal responsibility. She wanted to make someone pay for every minute of ad space that my foot fetishizing father wasted. How did she do this, you may wonder? The curse of the 30s.

Have you ever read a math problem where the person buys an unnecessary amount of products? Those are all true. They're in textbooks for god's sake, of course they have to be accurate. Due to my unfortunate circumstance, every time there is a math problem where some person buys 30 of something, it is about me.



Sure they change my name to preserve some of my remaining dignity, but let me tell you, there isn't much left. Going to the store and having to buy 30 of anything is humiliating, not to mention a huge drain on my bank account. I have to have three jobs just to afford this lifestyle. At this moment I have 30 bags of Totino's Pizza Rolls, 30 bottles of Advil, and 30 2019 calendars! 30! And of course, I have 30 Toe Mood Rings, someone has to support my father.

The only good thing to come of this is the math problem support group I've created with Bob "40 Watermelons" Jones. It's a group for people who suffer similar buying related curses. It's nice, we're all getting a place together next year. Well actually several places. 465 to be exact. We meet every 30th in the basement of St. John's. You can reach me by one of my 30 emails. They are all toemoods@gmail.com. Each is followed by a number that is a multiple of 30.



Eynel woke up in despair. It was her 30th birthday, and she was unmarried, with no children and was not a homeowner. She'd be having dinner with her parents that evening, and knew that instead of being congratulated on her recent addition to the SNL cast (which she was totally on par with timeline-wise), all she would hear about her from parents were, "When will you settle down? When will you have 2.5 kids? It's not 2008 anymore, buy a home!"

Deep down she could convince herself that she would be OK despite having none of these societally important things, but the thought of enduring this dinner was too much. Eynel had an idea.



She googled, "Rent a husband." A site came up, she found someone respectable enough, and rented him for the night.

She googled, "Rent a baby." The same site came up. Eynel tried again with, "Rent a genuine baby", and a better site came up. She found a baby who looked respectable enough, and shelled out the money.

Finally, Eynel searched, "Rent a house." A million sites came up. Eynel laughed, thinking to herself,

This is why I made Saturday Night Live. She decided if her parents asked, she'd say she was DIY-ing her house.

Eynel showed up early to the restaurant and met with her pretend husband and child.

"Your name is Mark," she told the man.

Eynel noticed that Mark was a bit too much of a nose-breather, and the baby babbled unbecomingly. But they would have to do.

Her parents arrived. Eynel introduced Mark and the baby.

"When did you get married?" Mother asked. "Or have a baby?"

The pressure was too much. Eynel could feel herself about to crack and reveal the truth.

While trying to think of a response, she glanced at Mark. He grabbed her hand, turning to Eynel's mother to say, "We only just started dating, but we've been married forever. The baby is mine. But the way Eynel breastfeeds him, it's like the baby is hers."



Eynel mouthed, "thank you", feeling an inkling of real feelings towards Mark creep into her mind.

"How is it possible that you're lactating?" Father asked.

Eynel nervously went to play with her earring, but at the exact time that her hand reached her ear, the baby's tiny hand reached up and tugged at the earring, too.

Eynel gasped. *A meet-cute*, she thought.

The dinner ended after an hour filled with confused discourse. Once her parents left the restaurant, Eynel turned to thank Mark and the baby.

"You were both really amazing tonight. If there's any chance you'd want to, I don't know, get loaned out to me again, that might be cool. I guess...I liked being married and a mom more than I thought I would."

Mark glanced at his watch. "Another \$2000 for an hour of dinner? Duh."

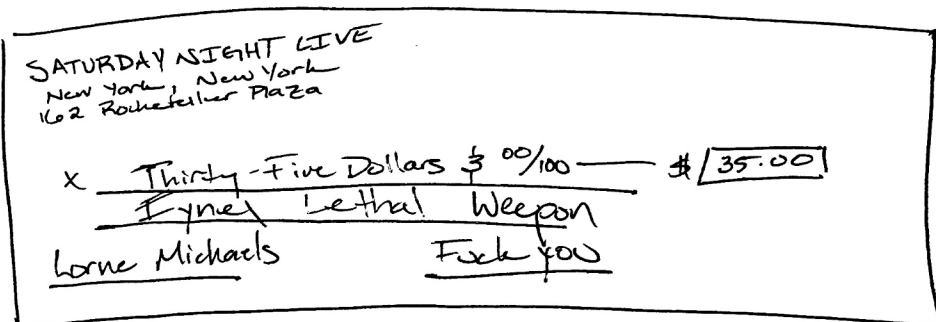
"I owe you \$2000!? What the FUCK!" Eynel cried.

"Blerg foofoo gurbel slume," the baby gurgled.

"\$4000?! You weren't even that cute!"

After paying them, Eynel laughed at herself again. The stuff she got herself into! Once home, she crawled into bed. She fell asleep dreaming of the wonderful husband and

baby she'd be able to afford once she got those sweet, sweet NBC checks.



Sarah Weisner

Our first honor goes to Sarah, whose BAC (Blood Alcohol Content) level is under 30%! It's 26%, which is still an ungodly amount of alcohol to have in your system. Unless Sarah is a sentient Long Island iced tea, I'm pretty sure she's gonna die!

August Hogsworth

This next recipient pissed off a lot of witches, and managed to fall under 30 different curses, enchantments, and hexes. It's awful hard to tell where one ends and the other begins. Are the toadstools sprouting from his nose part of the fungus curse that's growing in between his toes? Or is it just, like, it's own thing? Who's to say? Certainly not August, because his mouth is eternally stuffed with live cornish game hens (which may be connected to his whole duckbill thing, I dunno).

Subject 33-H

Whoops! This *30 Under 30* nominee is a failed human clone leftover from intensive Russian experimentation. 33-H here was formed from human cells containing less than 30 chromosomes!

I won't get too gory here with the details, but let's just say that his skin was an angry red as though he had been boiled alive, his limbs were bending in impossible and unseemly angles, and his voice was but a low rattle of exposed vocal chords that he physically strummed with his three conjoined fingers to communicate in a Slavic Morse code. The only thing he said to me was : '... -. -- .. -. -. -- .. -. --...--...-' ('Господи, почему') ("Why, Lord?").

Whitney Wolfe Herd

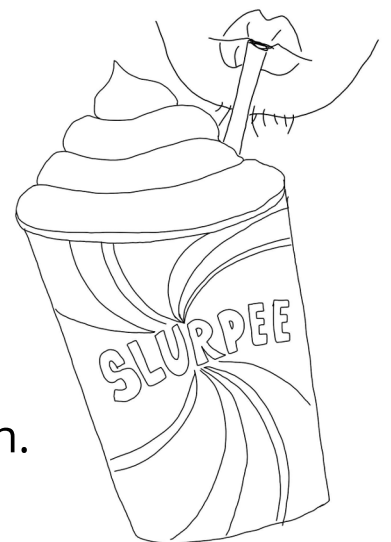
She founded Tinder and Bumble when she was 26! What? Not just anyone can be some Soviet abomination of men's godless science. Baby steps!

Shalamath, the Undying

Living in abandoned copper mines 30 miles under sea level, the subterranean lizard race has seen many of their people become success stories; but none quite so much as **Shalamath, the Undying**. He founded his people's very first egg sac incubation cave when he was just 14 centuries of age! He graduated top of his class at U.C. Santa Cruz, and is now attempting to join the warring reptilian tribes under one faction as its God-King. It is foretold in coptic scripture that if he is successful, the earth will shatter and the skies will rain with blood as **Shalamath, the Undying** emerges from the depths with his cold-blooded brethren as they wrestle worldwide dominance from those who dwell on the surface! He also knows html.

30 COOL SOUNDS

1. Your heart beating rapidly as you outmaneuver the cops. You've finally got it, the gems! This next minute will decide if you live your life in lavish wealth or prison
2. Clank! That's the sound of the jail bars clanging shut. That minute went a lot worse than you had planned.
3. Fart! You just farted for the first time in your cell
4. Your heart beating rapidly as you outmaneuver the guards. You're free.
5. The gentle wind on your back as you roam the forest.
6. Fart! You farted in the forest!
7. Choking as you fight a bear to the death. It has you in its grip, you doze off in that warm, furry coat.
8. Squish! Your wife was dressed up as the bear the whole time! She takes off the disguise and you start fucking.
9. Shame. Jail has changed you; you no longer love your wife.
10. Slirp slirp! Even escaped convicts love a slushee!
11. Regret. You realize you do love your wife.
12. Yuck! The exclamation you use when you find your ex wife has moved on and is now dating singer-songwriter Jack White.
13. Bang! You kill Jack White.
14. Cry Cry Cry. Jack White was your favorite musician.



15. Your heart beating as you outmaneuver the Jack White fans. They are coming for you, an unstoppable force.
16. Banter with the salesman.
17. The sound of you getting into your Jack White disguise you just bought.
18. Roaring crowd. The fans thought Jack White was resurrected, you decide to put on a show.
19. Fart! You farted on stage!
20. Clang! Your trap door opens below the stage and you slide down to your secret layer underneath Wimbledon.
21. Fart! You take IBS medication.
22. Brooding. Where to go from here?
23. Ding Dong! Delivery... what's this? It is a package from your old friends. They sent you the traveling pants.
24. Magic sounds. These pants bring you a new found passion for life.
- 25.
- 26.
- 27.
- 28.
- 29.
30. Wowie Zowie! Those last ones are scratch and hears, enjoy!

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