

PHONY MAGAZINE

ISSUE 23

# JUST TOOK A SHOWER

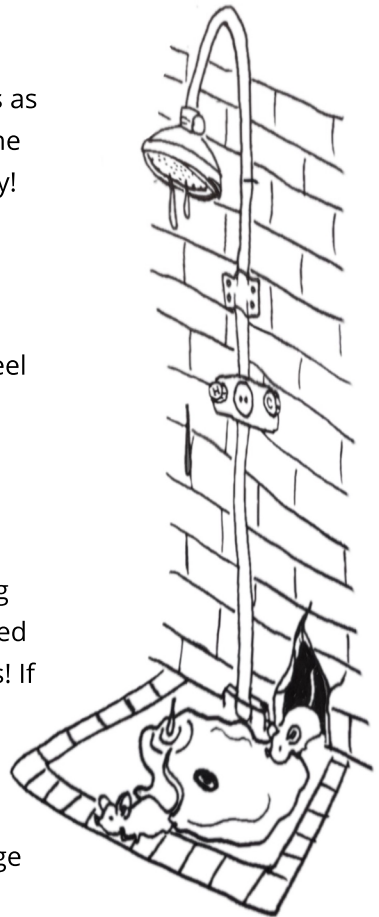
So clean I'm squeaky! Ha ha! It never ends! I can no longer hold my children! They insist the noise is too loud! I am in agreement with them!

I lost my job! I was a librarian! Imagine that! It's as if a writer for a comedy magazine chose the one job that was quiet-specific! Kinda hack honestly! Not their best work!

It's not all bad though! I can play pranks! Why, yes! Pranks! Oh kinda sounds like your car wheel is a little squeaky! Just kidding that is my skin! Please laugh this is all I have!

I have mice as pets now! They appreciate my squeaking and keep me kind company! Kidding again! They like it too much! My home is infested and I can't leave! They ate holes into my sheets! If you are reading this please send help!

My time is near! The mice have glommed together into one, gigantic mouse named "Large Mouse!" Honestly "Rat King" would've been a more clever choice! I will be consumed! Perhaps this is a truly merciful end for me!



DO YOUR DISHES! The four other people living here want to use them too!

Why do you assume they're mine??

Because they smell like you

Well maybe this wouldn't even be an issue if everyone had their OWN dildos

Delivered

Oh ok should I just go buy my own set of plates then too? And my own set of chairs?

Grow up Dana

iMessage



# GOING *clean*



Day 1: I'm finally going clean. After my wife found me huffing paint in the bedroom, she took me to the rehab clinic. When we got there, never mind the amazing smell of formaldehyde, my doctor said that I should quit cold turkey and record my daily activities. I honestly didn't expect the doc to know my eating habits, but I guess that just shows how good he is at the job. No more cold turkey for me. Eh, whatever. I've got a couple of acrylic cans waiting for me instead.

Day 1: Okay. So apparently I was supposed to stop smelling paint. Never would have known. I met my wife that way, you know. I remember the paint. Epoxy with a hint of Radon. Mmm. I spooked her and she tried to mace me. She was being stalked at the time, so it was understandable. Thankfully, it was her spray can. And the abandoned hospital mightn't be the best place to have a date, but for us it was perfect.

Day 3: I'm in the hospital now. In my defense, they didn't say anything about eating paint and my daughter Lily's art project looked mighty delicious at the time. Oh, and in case you're wondering, I'm not in here because of the paint. No. I'm here because Lily kicked me down the stairs. I get you were mad about your clay poodle, but that glaze looked better than a donut's.

Day 7: Haven't had any paint for a while now. And after a lot of effort on my part, Lily got her poodle back. In pieces, but it's back--nothing a couple globs of glue can't fix. Mmm, glue... My wife has been taking some time off from her freeform art projects to visit. Just being by her makes me feel high. Though I don't think my doctor approves of this; I've been seeing him recently and he's been giving my wife some mean ass stares.



# SUCK IT, DR. SEUSS

The mop sat atop the flip flop shop.

The mop sopped up hops

Wait, hops in the flop shop?

Owners of the shop had lots of guap

Selling flip flops does not make that much guap

Thought the cops, they sent in dops (short for doppelgangers)

The dops got chopped

Before they could say "stop"

The flop shop continued to pop

As the shop continued to sell illegal hops

When the cops entered the shop, they were always chopped

The cops were made to hop,

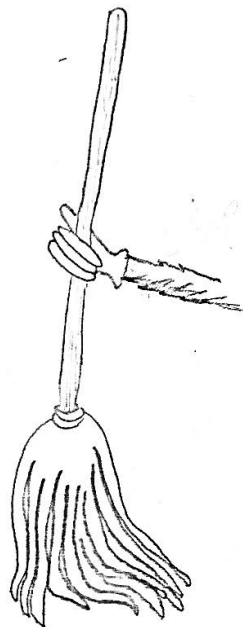
As their legs were promptly chopped

The mop sat atop the flip flop shop

Listening to bops, the mop sopped up blood and hops

Zoppity zip zop! (As you see here, I acknowledge that zop is not a real word because if

you just make up your own fucking words, it's not impressive that those made up words rhyme, jackass.)



# Two People Fucking

(which is beautiful)

Dinesh's penis was hard, and Beverly's vagina was lubricated, and that could mean only one thing: it was time to fuck. Time to fuck in a beautiful, consensual way that absolutely belongs in the clean part of this issue. There was nothing "dirty" about the way precum had already begun to form on the tip of Dinesh's rod, nothing filthy or wrong about the way Beverly's nipples had perked up, aroused and ready to be touched, pulled, nibbled on. Frankly, if you're reading this right now and thinking "this is disgusting" that's on you, because this was an incredible moment of human connection. Maybe you're just a prude, you ever think of that? I bet not, because you're too stuck in your staunch conservative ways to ever even consider that. Yeah that's right, I said conservative, I know you think of yourself as a liberal, but you were raised in such a deeply sexually conservative country that you can't help but be repulsed by these two adults who just want to make each other feel good.

So anyways, back to the fucking. Dinesh picked up Beverly and spun her around like a bo staff until placing her down with her face down and her ass up, which was the way they traditionally liked to fuck. But there was nothing traditional about tonight, other than the king cake they had set aside for a snack after. It was mardi gras after all, and Beverly was about to have a Fat cock inside her on a Tuesday.

That last paragraph not only belongs in the clean part of this issue, it belongs in the Fucking Louvre. No I don't mean the Louvre, I mean the Fucking Louvre, which is a better, more erotic museum with a better,



more erotic Mona Lisa. And no they didn't name theirs the "Moan-a Lisa" because they have some class, after all. You're really just showing how biased you are, and you should feel embarrassed.

Once again, we return to the fucking. Dinesh was pounding it out from behind, and they were both feeling pretty tip-top. Still, this fuck session was taking a little longer than their usual 45 minutes, and they were both getting hungry. Suddenly, in a moment of divine revelation, Dinesh realized the perfect solution. He grabbed a fistful of the king cake and began shoving it in Beverly and his mouths, gobbling down that sweet treat to give them an extra burst of energy. And lo and behold, in his clumsy pawing Dinesh had managed to grab the tiny baby jesus figure hidden within the king cake, which according to New Orleans legend meant he was the king of the evening. Score. But Beverly wanted to feel like royalty too. "Stick it in my ass, babe! Stick that tiny baby jesus in my ass!" Beverly screamed through a mouthful of frosting.

Ok, I know what you're thinking. That all sounds pretty dirty. I mean that baby is covered in frosting, she's gonna get an infection or something. Not to mention the blasphemous nature of the act. And I'll give you that. Psych! Dinesh wiped off the baby with a baby wipe (haha) which they had on hand because good fucking takes preparation, and God is dead. You're so desperate to put this beautiful piece of erotica in the dirty part of this issue that you won't even give them the tiniest benefit of the doubt, and that makes me sick. No, more than sick, it makes me fucking angry. I swear to god, if this ends up in the dirty section, I, Max Friedman, will murder you, Jack Sullivan, editor in chief of Phony reading this right now. This is a threat, and I don't care who reads it.

Anyways, they both came. Goodnight!

After a journey filled with tears, mystery, and suction, TLC's new hit reality show, 17 Roombas and Counting, is ready for a grand finale.

But first, lets quickly recap this season which features Cindy and Rob Suggester, their son, William, and, of course, their 17 Roombas.

### **Episode #1:**

Bad blood forms between the Roombas and William after William blasts Radiohead, causing one of them to short circuit. Another Roomba grows self aware of its own existence while staring into the guest bathroom mirror and kills itself. Rob and Cindy feel it necessary to get rid of all mirrors and CD players in the house. Two replacement Roombas are ordered.

### **Episode #2:**

Cindy receives a promotion at work. The Roombas congratulate Cindy by circling her while humming their favorite song, "YMCA" by the Village People. Rob unpacks the new Roombas while watching, clearly jealous. William loses his virginity to a girl in his math class.

### **Episode #3:**

Rob claims that one of the Roombas keeps giving him "bedroom eyes". Cindy signs him up for cognitive behavioural therapy. William is spotted in the backyard surrounded by several Roombas in a *Children of the Corn* like fashion. He is gone for the remainder of the episode.

### **Episode #4:**

Rob secretly stops going to therapy as sexual tension grows between him and one of the Roomba's. Cindy grows preoccupied as a few of the Roombas attempt to form a Union. A chunk of William's hair is found in a Roomba's vacuum bag but deemed insignificant.

### **Episode #5:**

Cindy enters the master bedroom to find Rob, covered in Nature Valley Bar Crumbs, letting one of the Roomba's suck him clean. Rob defends his actions, claiming the Roomba's Premium 3-Stage Cleaning System satisfies in ways she can't. Suddenly, a naked and hairless William emerges from under the bed to use his mouth to "vacuum" up the crumbs. To Rob and Cindy's horror, William now identifies as a Roomba.

Now stay tuned after this short commercial break for when Cindy, Rob, William, and their 17 Roombas join us LIVE to answer YOUR questions!



Pastor  
JEBEDIAH'S  
HOLY WATER BODY WASH!



Have gross, icky demons infested your waking body and mind? Are pesky, spooky ghosts possessing you on a nightly basis? Then cleanse your skin *and* soul with the power of Pastor Jebediah's Holy Water Body Wash! Our luxuriously lathering formula made from what is DEFINITELY holy water is sure to scrub away and banish any nasty little demons, now in scents of Purist Plum, Devout Daffodil, and NEW! Virginal Violet!

For 13 EASY payments of \$50 AND a year of your life, Pastor Jebediah's Holy Water Body Wash is guaranteed\* to protect you from the creatures of the night, or your money back\*\*! Order now and we'll include our limited edition Sister Teresa's Not-Poisoned Holy Water Infused Beeswax Lip Scrub, made in-house at our secret abbey in the foothills of the Swiss Alps! Call 1-800-YOUR-SOUL-IS-MINE to order today!

**WARNING:** Side effects may include rashes, burning, itching, and the occasional necrotic flesh.

\*guarantee is not actually guaranteed

\*\*Refunds the \$675.00 ONLY, your years of life are ours in *perpetuity*

# "HORN PUB COMMERCIAL SCRIPT"

FADE IN: INT. HORN PUB & RESTAURANT

MUSIC: LED ZEPPELIN'S "MOBY DICK"  
(IF WE CAN GET THE RIGHTS)

*A bustling pub filled with people / animals /  
things with horns. All are drinking, eating,  
laughing, dancing, and fuckin'!!!*

(VOICEOVER)

(PREFERABLY BY THE LEGO BATMAN)

(JAMES EARL JONES IS A FINE PLAN B TOO)

(DO NOT ASK FRANK OZ)

Are you 21 or older? Are you 21 or younger? Hungry?  
Horny? Have horns? If you checked yes to all or  
none of those things, get on over to Horn Pub!  
From the moment you walk in the door, you'll  
never want to leave. Also, we won't let you!

*CLOSE-UPS: Burgers, pints, lots and lots  
of consensual sex*

(V.O.) (CONT'D)

Here at Horn Pub, we've got a wide new beer and burger selection that's been featured on the Food Network's Deepthroat Kitchen and Cooks Vs. Cons(ensual sex). Also, our floors are DIRTY! But dont worry-someone's always cleaning them up because mundane household chores are super naughty.....;)

*CLOSE-UP: Just cleavage? But whose cleavage? ???*

*SFX: Pouring drinks, the sizzling of a frying pan, moaning*

(V.O.) (CONT'D)

And don't forget - on the 17th of each month, we bring in the horniest muthafucka, Mr. Tumnus, and he conducts our monthly circle jerk!!!!

*ZOOM IN ON: MR. TUMNUS' HOT SWEET SEXY JUICY SPICY LIL BABY HORNS*

(V.O.) (CONT'D)

Also, kids eat free on Fridays!

*CLOSE-UP: Kids eating free*

(V.O.) (CONT'D)

Join us at Horn Pub... we'll keep the drinks flowin' and the steam goin'. Also, we now have sweet potato fries! Hurry!

**Liked the Clean content??**

**Then you'll LOVE the Dirty Content!**

**Keep reading!**

## CREDITS

Maddie Stumbaugh, Morgan Gast, Meredith Oechler,  
Kezia Germ, Taryn Herry, Natalie Shaw, Luciana Divito,  
Alexa Lewis, Jack Sullivan, Max Friedman,  
Shalamath Jacquez, Taylor Perrier, Alex Church,  
Josh Levitt, Aria Shelton, Fletcher Wolfe,  
Jacob Mechler, Anna Ross

Intern: Jared Hemming

## MISSION STATEMENT

Our mission is to create high-quality, funny content for our readers, as well as creating a safe, welcoming community for our writers and contributors to learn and develop into great comedic authors, artists, and even better people in an environment that everyone can call home.

Interested in joining Phony magazine?

Interested in advertising in Phony?

Shoot us an email:

**phonymagazine@gmail.com**

MR.  
**Dirty**





# SLEEPING FROM THE CRACK

Jeff grabbed his ass and charged around the corner, frantically searching for a private area. He could feel the shit crowning between his rashy cheeks. Sweating and screaming, he slammed open the first door he saw. The hot diarrhea reaching his edge of his ballsack, Jeff fell to his knees, succumbing to the intense pain of the cramping.

Through spotty vision he made out the general outline of a bathroom sign. Using the last of his declining strength, he clawed and crawled his way towards it. His homemade Hershey syrup nearing his knees, Jeff grasped the door and pushed it in with all his might.

Writhing on the floor like a fish without a lake, Jeff struggled to unbuckle his belt. He pulled and pulled with little progress. Finally, he was able to wriggle the damned thing off as the mudslide kissed the top of his socks. ANOTHER belt??? Jeff's tears fell faster than his booty tang.

The hellish second belt was easier to finesse. Ripping it in half, he yanked his capris to his ankles. He stood up shakily and began to stumble towards the toilet, shit caking on his thighs. An entire ecosystem of rivers and roads forming on Jeff's lower half. It was almost beautiful.

Finally seated on the porcelain, he gripped the wall to brace for the storm. Just as it began, Jeff realized he had forgotten to lift the lid. His hand covered in feces, he forced the top open just before the main event started. Thunder and lightning. A hurricane in a bowl. An 8.3 on the Richter Scale, the whole ground shook. Jeff, blacking out for most of the event, came to just in time for a gentle knock on the door.

"Mr. Smith?" a female voice called, "Is everything okay? Your kindergartners are alone and sobbing. What happened?" Jeff ached in the pregnant silence. Finally he stood, wiped his hands on his thighs, and opened the stall. His colleague gaped at him in shock, he was almost unrecognizable. Jeff brushed by her, unphased, and plodded back to his classroom; a soldier called to duty.

# Open Mic Notes :

## MY SWAN SONG

(From the perspective of a GREEK person with dirty hands, not a 25 year old man in L.A. that also has extremely dirty hands)

How I hate my dirty hands,  
They make it hard to conquer GREEK lands.  
My hands, they are not covered in blood,  
It is because I do not bathe... uhhhhhhhhh, Paul Rudd.  
And my poetry makes me quite unique,  
But I cannot rise the ranks of the GREEK , where I am from.



Everyone talks about Sparta this and that,  
But nobody talks about my fedora hat.  
\*Ask if open mic allows for 5 min intermission, it would go great here.

Anyways, my hands they are oh so dirty,  
All the ladies will not flirty (with me :( )  
Ughhh, my hands!  
Have so so many silly bands.

\*Crowdwork silly bands?

My dirty hands alone (and nothing about my personality) have made me an outkast,  
Hey, that sounds like a good band name, I will call my band outkast.

Hey yaaaaa

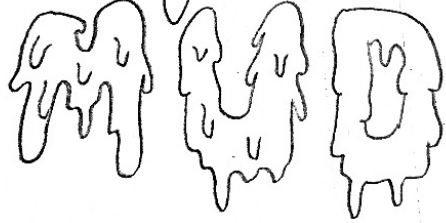
Hey yaaaaa

I'm going to Rome where the lemons are tart,

And there they will most definitely appreciate my art.



Ain't no  
love for Mr.



All my friends are loved. Mr. Water is loved. Mrs. Candy is loved. Professor Soda is loved. Even my dear friend Jason Alexander (from Seinfeld (George Castanza)) is loved (somehow). Where's the love for me, good ole Mr. Mud, huh?

I've tried everything to earn love. I've baked (mud pies), I like Pokemon (mudkip), and I've been an Independent Spirit Robert Altman Award winning movie starring Reece Witherspoon and Matthew McConaughey (Mud (2012)). Still NOTHING. Absolutely nothing.

When I was born 6000 years ago, at the same time as the creation of the Earth, everyone loved me. It was such a time to be alive. I would step outside of my condo, wind flapping through my mud, a skip in my slosh, not a care in the world (which again was created 6000 years ago by a divine, and intelligent, creator). Now I can hardly get out of my bean bag. It's just pizza rolls and Happy Gilmore (the only movie that makes me happy) for this Mr. Mud. Sigh. What an existence. What a sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, sad existence.

I've thought of striking back. I have the power of telekinesis (little known mud fact). I could do something fucking crazy. I could MESS shit UP. But I don't. Because I'm Mr. Mud. I'm the boring one. I am all mud and I am very very depressed. I'm the mud that the stick is in.



# A New World

Yesterday I got home from work. I'm in the house taking off my coat when I got chills running down my body. The feeling of the sleeves slipping over my arms drove my body wild and I wanted more - I felt almost carnal. I had never experienced this bizarre (but exciting) feeling. It erupted from inside of me. I didn't know what was happening to me, but for some reason every mundane thing I had ever done now just excited all parts of me.

I went to my bedroom to grab my laundry, tossing it into piles for sorting. And oh my, the sound my clothes made smacking the hard floor... I shuddered... I never wanted it to end. I pulled myself together and collected my clothes to put them in the washer. Listening to the basin fill with water, I realized that my washer wasn't the only thing getting soaked - so were my clothes. I turned it to the "heavy duty" setting, because my pants were just a little dirty this time, and I grasped the washer as an overwhelming feeling of pleasure erupted from my body as I listened to the gyrating machine beneath me.

I tore myself away because the sink was calling for my hands to scrub all those dirty dirty dishes clean. The effort to remove the baked-on spaghetti sauce from last night's lasagna pan pleased me in a way I had not yet experienced. The hot, wet sponge clasped in my hand; I ran it up and down the grimy, soapy pan. The bumps of dried meat excited my fingertips as I scratched them off the pan...and I wanted more.

At this point I had given in to all of these temptations, let them own me. The pleasure was too intense to ignore. I was always curious to try new things, but this was beyond expectations. Eventually I risked getting into bed, waiting in anticipation for the next exotic feeling that my body would experience. I don't remember much after getting into bed, because I woke up the next day and everything was back to normal.

# OH BOY NOTHING BETTER THAN SLOUGHING OFF MY SKIN AT THE END OF THE DAY

Hoo boy was that a day. Wally sure was getting up my bum about those 3-Hole Punches but boy am I glad that I can come home and slough off all my skin. It's just nice to be clean once in a while! All that flesh gets grimey and wrinkled by the end of the day; it is so nice to come home, light some candles and really rip my skin off. Diddy doo! I love to fold up my khakis and hang up my flesh suit and get my life in order. And hey while we're at it, why not pop out my eyes and really let my organs drip? When I get that Miles Davis flowing and a non-Alcoholic Pina Colada in my hand hoo boy do my veins writhe! I just love that feeling where you are really relaxed and your brains start leaking out your eyehole, golly gosh is that swell or what?

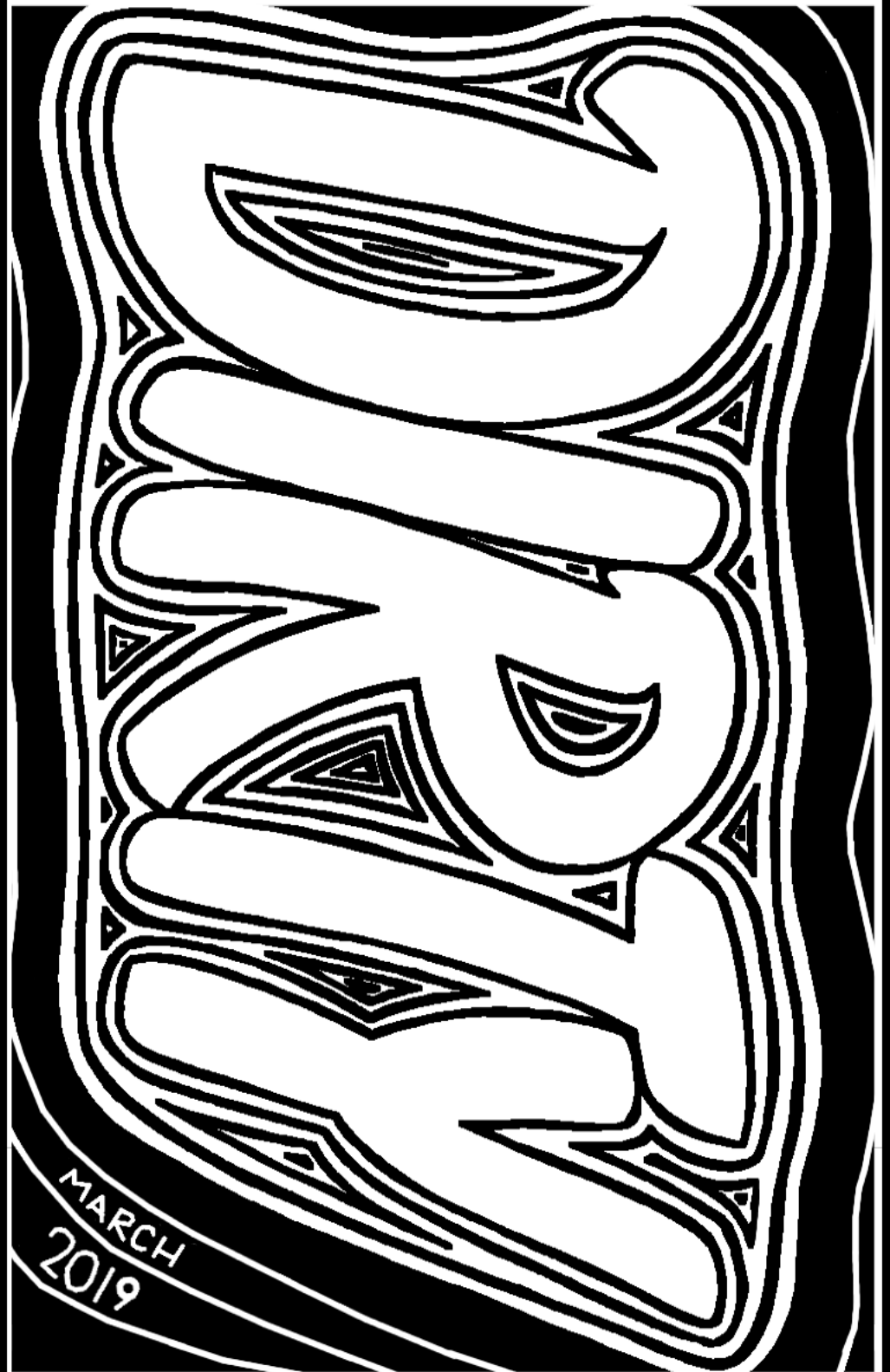


# Mr. Clean *up your act*

From the moment I laid my eye on him in aisle 7 of the local stop and shop, I knew he was for me. His burly, thick arms built strong like an Atlantic iceberg... that single stud earring that makes him look just gay enough to be a good dancer but not so much so that I really question it... that racially ambiguous skin tone... I had found my partner. You see, life can be pretty lonely when you're a messy queen like me. But he... oh he can really clean up a ladies act.

And thank god he does. Running around the house with that evil, filthy broom of his like some naughty lil servant, sweeping up the dust bunnies I so meticulously bred in the basement panic room. His tight, toe curling ass clenching as he scrubs away the residue of the belly button lint I flick into the dishwasher when he isn't looking... MMMmmmmm... What dirty games we play... I've always been good at making messes. Ever since I was a little girl and would just draw all over the walls to last year. At our honeymoon, when I just drew all over the walls, despite the guests repeatedly telling me "this isn't your room!" Or when, for all 12 of my pregnancies, I insisted on having a natural home water birth and flooded our home with water. Before I had even finished gnawing off the umbilical cord, the bastard had restored our floors to a brilliant shining mauve... NNNnhtfhhhh... I love me the bad boys... It's just so satisfying to take something so whole and beautiful as a newly bleached microwave and then reheat a fuckload of spaghetti... Uncovered..... FUCK! It makes my loins churn just thinking about it...

But things aren't always easy. It's so difficult to keep up with his cleaning. If I don't invoke Katrina levels of destruction upon our home daily, he simply mopes in the corner, his purpose unfulfilled. We keep each other on our toes. We challenge one another. He's yet to clean so well I can't ruin it, nor have I made a mess so big he can't clean, no matter how many times I buy all white furniture and host Incontinent Anonymous. We're the perfect team. Mr. Clean and his Messy Queen <3



MARCH  
2019

ye	Author	Dirty/Clean?	Type	# of Pages	on Page	Notes	Artist	Done?
Cover				1			Kezia	
Cover #2				1			Kezia	
Seeping from the Crack	Annie Ross	Dirty	Block	1	13		Maddie	ye
Pastor Jebediah's Holy Water Body Wash	Taryn Herrly	Clean	Ad	1	8		Meredith	yus
Mr. Dirty	Luciana Divito	Dirty	Cartoon	1	11		NO ARTIST NEEDED	x
Mr. clean up your act	Alex Church	Dirty	Block	1	18		Maddie	yea
Dr. Seuss Can Suck It: A Piece About Mops	Alexa Lewis	Clean	Poem	1	2		Meredith	yuh
Ain't no love for Mr. Mud	Fletcher Wolfe	Dirty	Block	1	14		Meredith	ya huh
A New World	Aria Shelton	Dirty	Block	1	15	i FIXED THE TITLE PROBLEM, sorry about that - Aria	Kezia	
two people fucking, which is beautiful and belongs in the clean part of this issue	Max Friedman	Clean	Block	2	5-6		Morgan	x
Open Mic - My Swan Song	Jacob Mechler	Dirty	Poem	1	13		Maddie	ya
title ideas welcome please	Taylor Perrier	Clean	Text Messages	1	3	Might not need a headline	NO ARTIST NEEDED	x
oh boy nothing better than sloughing off my skin at the end of the day	Josh Levitt	Dirty	Block	1	17		Morgan	x
Just took a shower!	Jack Sullivan	Clean	Short paragraphs	1	1		Maddie	ye
Going Clean	Shalamath Jacquez	Clean	Diary/log	1	4		Maddie	yessir
17 Roombas and Counting Season Finale	Juciana Divito	Clean	Short Paragraphs	1	7		Morgan	4 sur
"HORN PUB COMMERCIAL SCRIPT"	Natalie Shaw	Clean	Screenplay	2	9-10		Morgan	x
Credits				1			Kezia	