

PHONY
magazine
ISSUE 28

PHONY ON THE



ROCKS

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THE ROCK DIET

The Rock Diet™ is the new dieting craze sweeping a small county in Florida. This new commercial diet plan seeks to popularize the practice of swallowing rocks to aid in digestion, like the gastroliths of dinosaurs and birds, among humans. The rules of the Rock Diet™ are simple: eat normally, but fortify your daily diet by eating rocks, which can be purchased via monthly subscription boxes on the Rock Diet™ website.

The diet's simplicity is highly attractive to customers. "I can still eat whatever I want," says one dieter as blood gushes from her mouth. "It's about what you add, not what you take away," says her colleague, who has an estimated six weeks left to live.



But don't let its simplicity stray you- the Rock Diet™ leads to unbelievably efficient weight loss. "My sister lost twenty pounds after just one week on the Rock Diet™, and she actually kept the weight off," reports one customer, whose sister has been comatose since last May. "I'm at my lowest weight ever," says another customer, who now uses a feeding tube. "mmmhhhh," says her colleague, who has no teeth or tongue. What began as a group of passionate consumers has evolved into a grassroots movement. "It's truly beautiful to see that we've come this far," says one employee through a mouthful of sand. "Send help," says his wife. Indeed, the success of the Rock Diet™ is truly inspiring. "It warms my heart to help people reach their weight goals, and I couldn't ask for a better job," says the anonymous founder of the diet plan, who "has a lawyer so don't get any ideas."

A TRIP TO THE LAKE

It was around 3 o'clock in the afternoon that we received the distress signal. I was tanning my asshole on the poop deck when the message arrived. A cruise line had accidentally run ashore onto an underground coral reef. Due to a small storm, a sunburned dumper, and a fair bit of attitude from the missus (for context, I hate my wife), we didn't arrive at the wrecked vessel until 9pm that night.

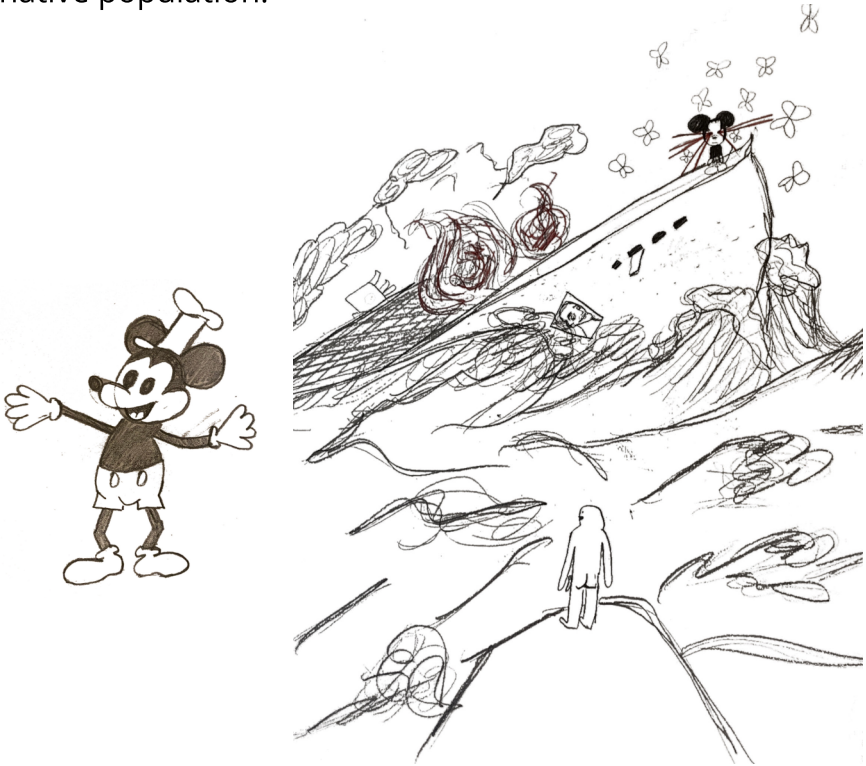
Just as the sun began to crest over the waters, we spotted her- the ship that is. At the same time, my wife was smooching with the skipper and I informed her that was my job, she informed me she wanted a divorce, and the skipper informed me about the tariffs on Mexico when the boat came into view.



All three of us simultaneously whispered "Dear God" for three different reasons. My wife? Because the skipper had just inserted his entire fist in my tanned asshole. The skipper? Because I was still tight as ever. Myself? Because the island was in chaos.

The boat had capsized long ago, but the tip of its bow stuck out from the water prouder than my own now that the skipper was giving my prostate its own reenactment of Hurricane Maria. The captain, who had lost his mind after refusing to not go down with his ship, sat perched at the highest deck babbling nonsense. My wife would later inform me (with a touch too much attitude thank-you-very-much) that he was singing the song "You Need to Calm Down" in the key of C minor.

At this point the skipper was openly rawdogging me harder than the new kid in a small town that's outlawed dancing, so sexually stimulated by the flames erupting from a pit of burning bodies the survivors had dug in homage to their demon god, Jeff Bezos. The survivors had started the fire from suitcases and clothing they'd scavenged off of the native population.



To make matters worse, it was a Disney Cruise, so what was left of the children ran around, bare asses shining white as they attached ropes to costumed characters limbs, tied them to horses, and sent them into opposite directions. Having shattered the fourth reality, Michael M. Mouse broke free and dissolved into a field of butterflies just as I climaxed into the sea. My wife informed me this was the best vacation ever. I informed her it was an ecological disaster.

We made love.

Deen god

mommy's pregnant again.

She says rock candy did it, but
my teacher said when two people
love each other very much a baby
starts to grow.

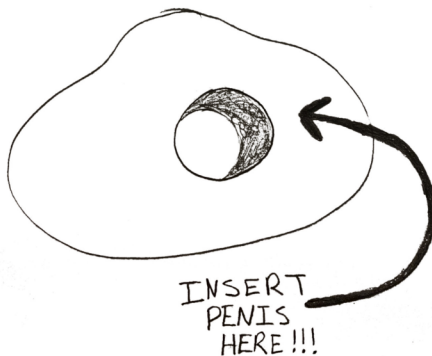
I'm confused.

Will my new sister
be jesus?

HELP!

ROCK Girlfriend

You've heard of a pet rock but now, we introduce Rock Girlfriend©! It's like a girlfriend but better! She's a really good listener, she's always there for you, and also she's not a fucking bitch like your ex was! Plus, she rocks! (wink) Unlike a real girlfriend who wants you to "put in effort" or "show her you care about her", Rock Girlfriend doesn't want you to do anything! She has ZERO expectations of you! She doesn't have parents you have to meet, she's a rock! She doesn't have emotions that you have an impact on, she's a rock! She doesn't care if you pee on her in the shower, SHE'S A GODDAMN ROCK! Plus, put her in the oven for a couple minutes and she has the heat of a woman so that you can hold her against your naked body as you cry yourself to sleep. ALSO, for an extra \$5 we can drill a fuckable hole in her customized personally to fit you (no minimum size)! Call now and Rock Girlfriend© can be shipped to you quicker than you can look your ex in the eye and say "I'm not emotionally invested in you."



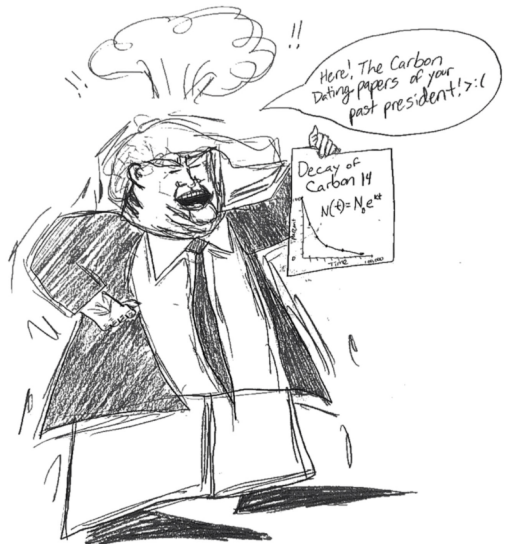
baROCK Obama

According to leading sources, the 44th president of the United States was not Barack Obama, but actually BaROCK Obama, a very large piece of basalt who gained sentience through unknown means. When asked to comment, his wife, Michelle, denied all claims of Basalt-- I mean, Barock's-- stony demeanor.

When surveyed about this discovery, there were mixed responses.

"I always knew he was lying about who the fuck he was and where the fuck he's from" A member of the UMN college republicans, as well as my 80 year old racist grandfather commented.

Current President Trump was not asked to comment at this time, primarily because we did not want to deal with him, but we can all assume his response by now; something along the lines of "Where is his geological survey?! I want to see his CARBON DATING!!!!"



the BEST ROCKS

1. Mr. Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson
2. Pop Rocks
3. Crack Rocks
4. Rock her socks off (the sex move)
5. bROCKoli (technically, not a rock, but it's my favorite vegetable)
6. Rocktober (also technically not a vegetable, but it's a really good month)
7. Igneous rocks

THE M&MS I HAVE BEEF WITH & COULD FUCK UP IN A FIGHT

1. The Blue One



This. Mother. Fucker. Right . Here. The sheer arrogance. THE AUDACITY. What does he have in this world to make him so smug about? Because it isn't functional genitalia. You crotch-less guttersnipe. I could rip you the fuck apart, caucasian limb from caucasian limb.

2. The Orange One



You anxious tool. You round fuck. You clueless, moon-faced buffoon. I would destroy him, head to hi-tops. What could you possibly be worried about? If I see your nervous pretzel-filled ass it is ON SIGHT. Try Lexapro already, fuck!!!

3. The Yellow One, With Pain In His Eyes



Why are there two peanut ones? And why would they make this guy's whole thing be that he's dumb? Those glazed over eyes, seeing nothing of the world, saying everything of the ease with which I could crack him open like a Pepsi.

4. The Woman One



I'm scared of women

5. The Caramel One, Voiced By David Cross



You sad little tofu chunk. You bushy-browed, cube-faced geek. Though voiced in the commercials by David Cross (a comedic delight with a reedy voice and cheeky wit to boot), you yourself are in fact quite possibly the most horrible abomination.

I need therapy but I'm too scared to ask for help



★★☆☆☆ 8/13/2019

YELP REVIEW:

The song is grossly misleading! Big rock candy mountain: hobo heaven. Soft boiled eggs, lemonade streams, and one of the five places on earth where one can openly embrace alcoholism. It sounds great, but I went there, and it is **not**.

It all started to unfold on my flight home from Turkey. Our pilot wanted to make a pit stop to acquire "liquid bronze" as he put it. I was flying Delta economy(★★★★☆), so my opinion didn't matter, but it felt like it did. So I strapped in and prepared for the ride. We started the descent at the northern border of Serbia. I was expecting vodka, camouflage, and guns. Instead, I got Prozac-overdosed candy land. Rats and capitalism infested the entire mountain. The little streams of alcohol trickling down the rocks cost 16 polish zloty for two mouth fulls of rum(?) (and don't even get me started on the currency issue). It's nice that there ain't no snow, and that the rain don't fall, but with lakes of stew(★☆☆☆☆) and whiskey(★★★★☆) too, it's almost impossible to find a source of water.

Despite the place being a bit run down, fun-loving people are abundant, and there is never a dull moment. The lack of short-handed shovels rocks. Unfortunately, I haven't been allowed to touch a shovel since 2014 when I turned the entire front lawn into a series of mud pits. Overall, I gave the experience two stars. It could have been three, but we were a plane full of Turks at the landmark where they hung the Turk that invented work, and many of the hobo's feelings towards us have not changed.

Letter

Dear Dr. Roxanne Breccia,

I was incredibly disappointed to hear that the experiment did not go as well as we had planned. As you know, our shareholders, who donated millions to this project are going to be up in arms when they hear what I have just learned. Not only were our investors burned in this process but we have essentially failed this entire country. Tomorrow, Crystal and I will hold a press conference at the Capitol Building and announce the unfortunate news: rocks cannot sing or dance. The 4th U.S. National-Tour of *Cats* starring regular rocks will have to be cancelled. Millions will be lost in revenue. Despite all this I thank you for putting the most effort into this groundbreaking trial.

Regards, Dr. Granite Countertop

6 reasons, YOU are a rockstar, girl.

Number 1... Wait, did someone say YOU?! Um, you SLAYED the game today with #nomakeup, girl. #MessyHair, don't care. Ummmm, #girlboss?

talking to someone BEFORE you had your coffee? UMMMMM,M. Girl, you're a super hero. Um,; #killingit?

#Adulging... becaUYse, um, that's a thing. ??? Going out? Hahahaha, GOOD ONE I prefer to stay in and curl up with Netflix and my friends, BEN and JERRY,,,,, and HAROLD. SERIOUSLY HAROLD IS MY UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR AND HE HAS NO IMPRESSION OF BOUNDARIES HELP ME HELP ME HELP M

Girl, you GO FOR IT. you LIVE. you LAUGH. You KISS STRANGERS. You STEAL PEOPLES DOGS atnd WALK THEM. you DIDN'T PUT ON DEODORAMNT TODAY like a, can We say, #BossQueen

You don't take sh*t from ANYOne, ROCK STAR. When the landlord

>comes and says "the electricity is out since you havnt paid it," you say "UMMM.. DO I LOOK LIKE IVE HAD MY COFFFEE YET TODAY?" and he says no the electricy is out so the coffee machine wont work and you say



I AM IMMORTAL I AM IMMORTAL I AM
IMMORTAL I AM THE ULTRALORD AND YOU ARE MERE
VERMIN ON THE SOLES OF MY LOUBOUTINS GRIL, YOU ARE
UNSTOBVVABLE. YOUY ARE SUGAR SPICE, ANDeverything
SPICE THOUGH SHE BE BUT LITTLE SHE BE I believe in
pink. I believe in kissing, kissing a lot.
KISSING A LOT OF PEOPLE. KISSINGpeople
on yhe SUBWAY ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY
SCREAM. I believe that happy girls are the
prettiest girls, ESPECIALLY GIRLS
WHO SNORT COFFEE GROUDNS
IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT UNTIL
THEIR BRAINS HURT I believe
that tomorrow is another day
and I believe in MIRACLES I AM
THE DEVIL I AM THE DEVIL I AM
THE DEVIL

Phony beverages

Phony Margarita: 1oz Tequila, 5oz Orange Kool-aid, and 1 Lime

Phony on the Rocks: 1oz Whiskey, 1oz Man's Milk, and some rocks from outside

Phony Straight: Parts of former Phony members finely squeezed

Phony Mixed Drink: Parts of Black Sheep members carefully tossed... in a blender and served with celery

Phony FireBomb: 10oz Tomato Juice, 12oz Bud Light, 2oz Sriracha Sauce served in a cowboy hat

Phony Cosmo: 1oz Pink Whitney, ½oz Male Ass Juice, ½ oz Female Sweat, and a blood-stained \$1 Bill for a straw

Phony Shocker: 2oz Vodka with 200V sent through the drink served with a steel shot glass and a shocking revelation about how your mom is really your dad, and your dad is really a chicken

Phony WhattheFuckisThis?: Any liquid the bartender could find that day. (Usually a variation of public library piss. Yes! The bartender is an avid reader)

Phony Jell-Oh Shot: Jello, Vodka, and those little gel beads that smell oh so good!

Phony Hard Lemonade: Just (your mom's boyfriend's)'s piss. Called that because it's yellow and hard to drink.

Phony Juice: Regular Lemonade



Every drink costs the same: A Hard Right Hook...Look Out!!! Or don't. Maybe getting knocked out is better than drinking those beverages

THE ICEBERGS ARE MELTING

"The icebergs! They are gone! Oh NO!!!!!!"

That is what I *would* be saying if I didn't have the wonderful Nintendo Switch. With a 4 gb RAM and 32 GB Flash Storage, I can have fun for hours! I used to care about the environment, but then I played Zelda and now I only care about Prince Sidon fanfiction! There is nothing that can stop me!



The undying grip of capitalism? Hardly affects me when I have my NINTENDO SWITCH. Oh, that last statement was ironic? Guess who doesn't care! Me when I am kicking my roommates little tiny butt in Super Smash Brothers ULTIMATE!



You know who does like the climate and fighting capitalism? My ex-wife! JUST KIDDING, we're still together! She has a switch too! We love to play Splatoon 2 together on our Nintendo Switch, which allows for seamless online compatibility when she goes to spread the good word about the Nintendo Switch.

That's right, my wife works at Best Buy where she gets to talk about the Nintendo Switch all day long! How fun! I love her so much. That's why we're getting married on May 16th, and you're invited @ 8008 Nintendo Lane, Nintendoville, Nintendo! Bring your switch!

Save
the ♥
NINTENDO Date

POJOY GOT JOKES

My dildo is named Dwayne "The Cock" Johnson. He is my lover, and no, I won't share.

The rock lobster and I have an agreement. I don't go into the ocean, and he doesn't try to fornicate with the chef at Denny's.

Kid Rock is what I named my kidney stone, and he won a grammy.

James Bond is a piece of shit! (nice)

You believe in rocks? You're fuckin crazy man.

British people measure their weight in stone? That's fucked up.

Pop rocks are a gateway drug to jazz.

First time I got stoned... It was because I exposed my ankles in ancient mesopotamia, dude I got so high.

1950's rock music is just a slightly racist white man moving his hips an inch in either direction

Stone age, more like alone age, amirite ladies>???????

RocknSock Em robots have aggression issues. Their father left at an early age

My mom bought me a rock lamp for Christmas. Now I'm a lesbian
California broke off!!!!

Geologists should be called Roctors (change my mind)

Rockport Shoes. Not a joke just an ad for my favorite brand of casual men's footwear

NASA's new Rock-it ship doesn't make orbit

Rocks my rocks off (my socks are made of rocks)

Rock it to them (The socks are still rocks)

Rock-a-doodle-do (my rooster's made of rocks)

Rock Martinez (My doc martinezs are made of rocks)

Building Rocks (I give my child rocks to play with)

Rik Rok (Tik tok made of rocks)

Stone age, more like alone age!

Rock of seagulls (His hair's still bad but it's made out of rocks)

Mom: If rocks can be your friends, Why can't People?

WHAT ARE ROCKS?

According to National Geographic, "To geologists, a rock is a natural substance composed of solid crystals of different minerals that have been fused together into a solid lump."

(Click on link for more information:

www.nationalgeographic.com/science/earth/inside-the-earth/rocks/).

These solid lumps (like my testicular cancer, just kidding, my lumps are not solid) can also be called bumps.

"There are three basic types of rock: igneous, sedimentary, and metamorphic," according to National Geographic (click on link for more information:

www.nationalgeographic.com/science/earth/inside-the-earth/rocks/).

Basic types of rocks, huh. What are the non-basic types? Am I right?

National Geographic claims, "Granite rocks can be very old."

(click on link for more information:

www.nationalgeographic.com/science/earth/inside-the-earth/rocks/).

Like I always say, rocks are your pet. So if you don't believe in science, you can buy your own pet rock for only \$3.95.*

*Pet rocks can also be free if you go outside.



Mountain Adventure

from the journal of: Ulysses & Buchanan ♡

May 10th, 2019

Ay, the top of the fabled Mountain Everest looms above my head! It seems so close that I could rest my hat upon it. It has been a rough journey so far. We've lost more than a few men- in fact, we have lost the majority. In fact, all of whom are left is me, our native Tibetan mountain guide, and my hearty, trustworthy pal, Rutherford. The rest were ravaged by cold, a few choice cliffs, and the drug epidemic. We miss all of our beloved mountaineers, however it will all be worth it when we reach the fabled peak of the world!!

May 11th, 2019

"Ah, another day on this old beast!" I laughed heartily, running my hand through my beard. Our nameless mountain guide grimaced. "What?" I accused, "What, did I offend you?" He continued to say nothing, and just pointed in some direction. God, some people are just impossible. Rutherford didn't even try to defend me. I'm so lonely on this big dumb rock, dear diary. I wish I could've stopped Fillmore from falling off that cliff, or kept Abraham off the crack-rock. Why do my friends keep dying? Do they hate me?





May 13th, 2019

Dear Diary, you WILL NOT BELIEVE what Rutherford said to me today! He said, with that idiotic look in his eyes (YOU KNOW), "Why are we climbing this mountain?" Who even says that?? We had a huge fight. I hate this mountain and I hate exploring. At least when we reach this dumb top we can finally go home.

May 15th, 2019

Why didn't you tell me earlier??? Why didn't someone fucking tell me? I didn't know someone already climbed Mt. Everest. Why did someone do that? It's so high. I thought I could maybe get into the Guinness Book of World Records, and kids could point at me, and say "Wow, that guy sure is CRAZY!" Why couldn't I just commit to growing my toenails out really long? Dear diary, can you tell me why life is so unfair?

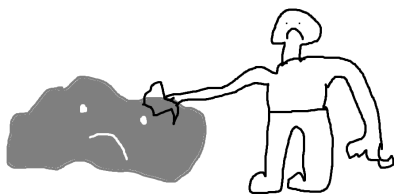


PHONYHOW

Euthanize your pet
ROCK

Required Materials: Your pet rock, a hammer, a flat surface, a vacuum

Step 1: Comfort your rock



This can be a traumatic time for both you and your rock, it can be very comforting to spend some quality time together before the following steps

Step 2: Place rock on flat surface



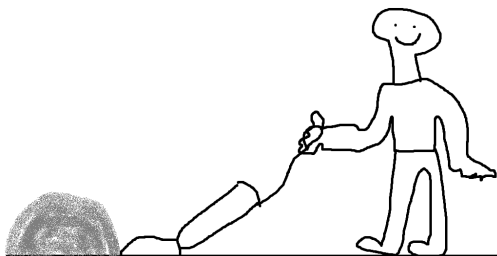
The next step will be easier if the rock is nice and comfortable

Step 3: Smash your rock



Take out all of your pent up anger on your rock. Trust us, it's for the best

Step 4: Clean up



You're all done, it's time to clean up and move on

Z_a CONSTIPATION

I am so constipated my poops are like rocks.

Small rocks, big rocks, red rocks, blue rocks

Rocks with socks, rocks on a train,



Rocks on a plane, rocks in my ass,

Rocks made of gas, rocks with sass.



Rocks hurt my ass, drink Miralax



PHONY MAGAZINE

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