

PHONY

REJECT



The worst
of the worst



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Best Rejection Lines

Any new semester undoubtedly brings a new, fresh crop of stinky boys who want to have s*x. Phony Magazine is here to help! <3

Here are 20 surefire* ways to reject a horny boy:

1. "I'm waiting for marriage."
2. "I'm actually a nun."
3. "I'm waiting for a nun. I'm only attracted to nuns."
4. "I'm actually nonbinary, so that's kinda gay of you."
5. "I need to focus on my grades."
6. "I need to focus on my blades. I'm a competitive beyblader."
7. "No thanks, you're not my type."
8. "Last time I had sex, a lot of teeth got stuck in my vagina."
9. "Sorry, I didn't catch that, could you raise your voice a little?"
(repeat until they go away)
10. "I have to ask my boyfriend first."
11. "I have to ask my parents first."
12. "No."
13. "God said 'Adam and Eve', not 'Your Dick in Me.'"
14. "No, but there's a snake who lives in my yard, so you could use its little hole if you want."
15. "No, I'm taking a lot of COVID precautions."
16. "Sorry, I'm vegetarian."
17. "You're a little bit ugly."
18. "I'm a PSEO student."
19. "Your ass is too small."
20. "No thanks, I'm allergic."



**Disclaimer: I'm extremely asexual and have never actually tested any of these*

Reject - 3

subject: Master Yoda Fanfic (NSFW)

Dear "Horny I am",

Thank you for submitting your piece. While it was an interesting read, I regret to inform you that your "Master Yoda Fanfic (NSFW)" does not quite fit in with our magazine. While I thank you for your time, we simply cannot publish phrases such as "Yoda stares at me with his wrinkled eyes... I see them travel down my robe... 'Lightsaber that is or happy to see me you are?'" in our publication. Furthermore, as a publication that values grammar, we do not accept submissions that are just one run on sentence without any punctuation. We look forward to any more submissions you might send.

Thank you for your time,

Fiction Editor,
The New Yorker



4 - Fanfic

Slippin' into the Water

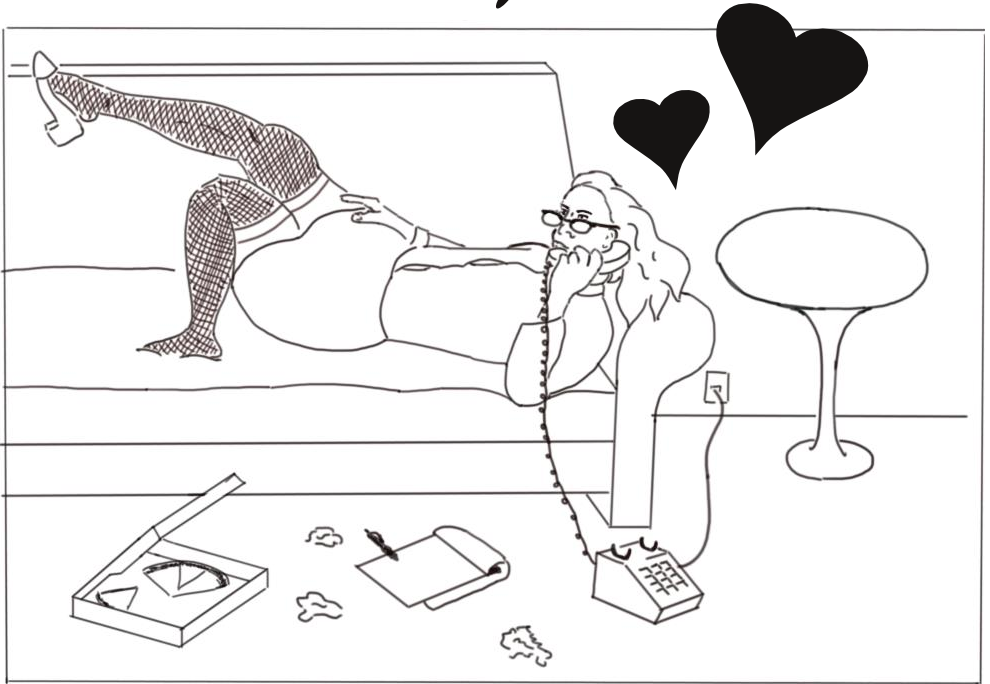


record scratch

yep, that's me. you're probably wondering how I ended up this situation. I wish I could tell ya. One second I'm flying down the bridge, escorted by a particularly drunk frat boy, next thing I know I'm flying off the bridge. Now here I am, staring longing up at the Washington Ave bridge, as I slip further into the Mississippi. One day you're at the top of the world, the next you're waiting to get dredged up from the muck of a river bed.

All Alone?

Need some original content?



*Our Phonies are on the line now, and have
some red-hot material that they're just dying
to get off their chest.*

Satisfaction Guaranteed ;)

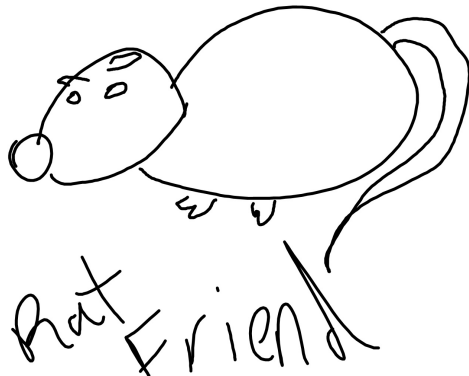
Call 1-800-BITS-4-U

Venmo and personal checks only

Rats

Thee year? 1369 (niceth). Thee situatione? Dire. The plague hath wiped out every person in this quaint village, leaving just one maiden, her “handy lance with which I treatest my family’s plague caused bubos.” She unfortunately could not saveth themst. Oddly, thoughst, rats throughout the countryside hath flockest to this desolate towne. Whence asked, thee only living inhabitant quotest “It’s just me, and the rats I declarest my friends. Although, since these rats first came to the village, people began to dropest like flies. But I’m certaine that’s just a coincidence. My little rat friends wouldst never hurte me. Sure, they biteth me occasionally, and since then I’ve felte rather illst, but therest nothing that could possibly relate those twost things.” Thee rats seem entranced by her, to thee pointe where her claimes of thee rats being her “friends” are seemingly valid. Exceptst for thee fact that she clearlyst hath thee fucking plague.

There hast also been an outcrye of concern at thee rats flockinge this maiden. Thee moste likely reason ist thee surplusst of uneaten foode in thist village, but neighboring townes cryeth out with accusationes of witchcrafte. There hast been a rally to burn thee “Rat Girl ” scheduled for tuesdaye at dusk, byop (bringeth your owne pitchfork) and byoalt (bringeth your owne already lit torch). If she survivest she ist a witch, if she diest, we were just wronge ande won’t have to face any goddamn consequences.



Lindsey's Letters, #429: That Time I Almost Got To Go To Space



Me & my fellow cadets (I stole this hat from Mitt Romney's sex dungeon).

Howdy folks, it's your pal Lindsey again, back to drop some more truth bombs. Last weekend I was knitting some socks for my cats when I heard that there was gonna be a documentary made about Heaven's Gate. Now y'all know how I feel about documentaries (other than E.T.), so I figured I'd give you a side of the story from someone who was actually there.

When I was growing up, I always wanted to be an astronaut and go to space so I could meet Jesus in person. But when it was my time to apply, the crooks at NASA wouldn't let me join the program because my "feet" couldn't reach the "pedals".

After I got the rejection letter, I was pouting on my thinking log down by the swamp when my turtle friend Winston came up and sat next to me. I explained to him what happened, and he brought up a fun new after school group where he worked that I could join.

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He explained that it was called Heaven's Gate, and they wanted to go to space too, but their mission was to transform into aliens and live in an alternate utopian society. I figured I would be taller as an alien, so I joined.

As a member, I organized our first marijuana-free bake sale, learned to knit my own space suit, and personally sacrificed several small animals. The last one made me awful nervous at first, but Winston assured me he was happy to do it for the cause.

As I became ready to accept my new alien vessel, everybody was getting excited for our space field trip. I had already made my own spaceship in my backyard out of cardboard and markers, but the higher-ups told me that I wouldn't need it. In hindsight, I'd say it was a good thing because I had built it identically from a model of space shuttle Challenger.

The night before our trip I was so excited I could hardly sleep. I figured we would be in space for a long while, so I made sure to pack my Madlibs book and some tapes of my favorite show, NBC's Monk. I wore my space suit into bed, and I thought about a magical place far, far away where I could see Winston again.

But I never got the chance. The next morning, my Sharona Fleming alarm clock didn't go off, and I woke up at 8:50 AM. The launch was supposed to start at 9 from club hq, which meant I had already missed the pre-launch pancake breakfast. I got in my Dodge Dart and raced over there as fast as I could, nearly breaking the speed limit, but it was too late. When I knocked on the door of the clubhouse, nobody answered, so I guess they had already left. I ate seventy-five tear-soaked pancakes at the Denny's across the street, and then I left to become a congressman and never thought about it again.

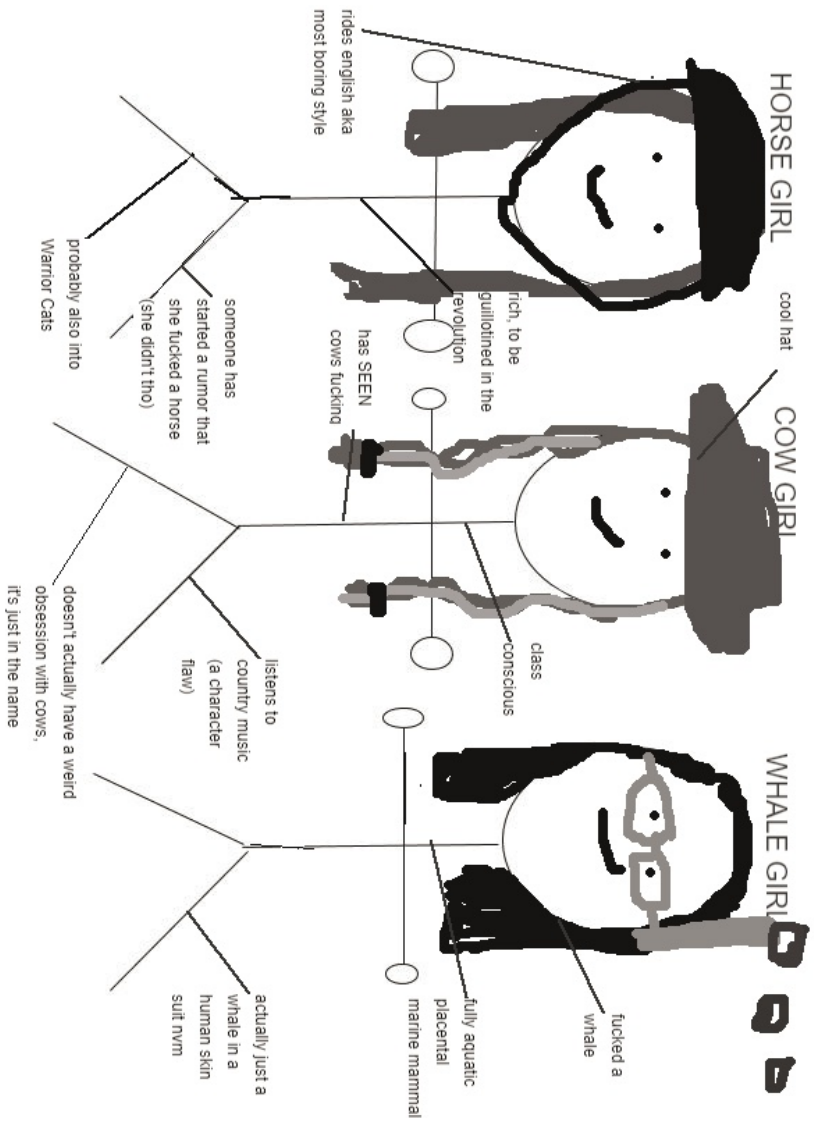
Welp, that's all folks! Thank you for reading Lindsey's Letters, and make sure y'all tune in next week for my review of Nancy Drew and the Mystery of the Scarlet Slipper.

Over and out,

Lindsey Graham

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Wildlife Guide



WAR & PEACE

War and Peace has 587,287 words.

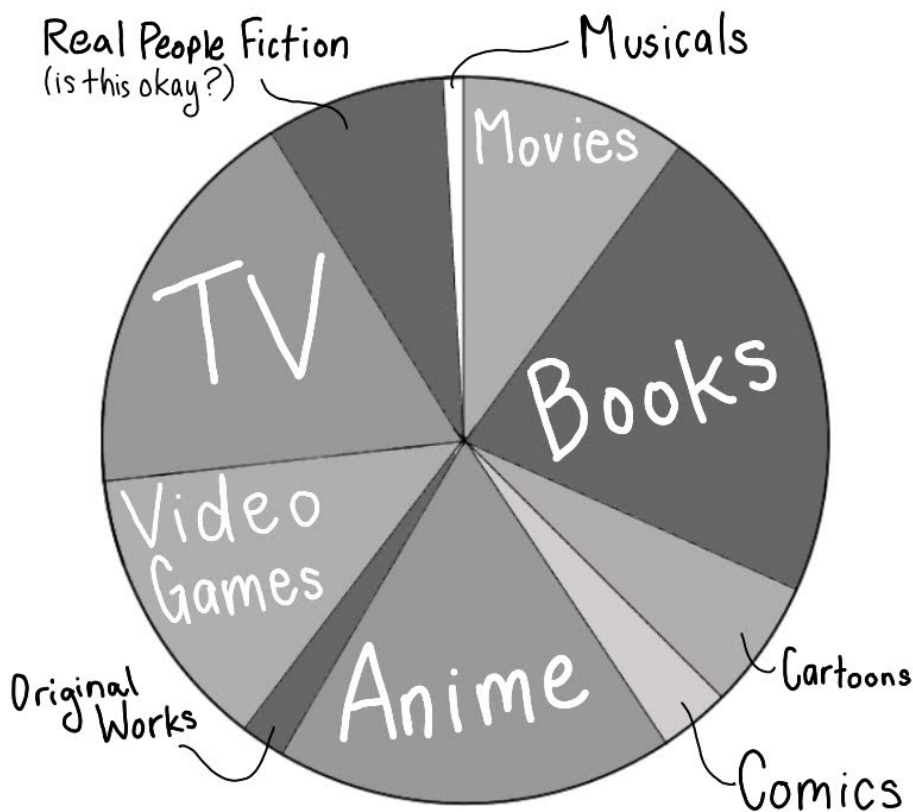
There are currently 533 works on Archive Of Our Own that are longer than War and Peace.



66 are more than twice the length of War and Peace.

The longest is 4,052,226 words and it's about Formula 1 racers.

Genre Breakdown of Long Ass Fics

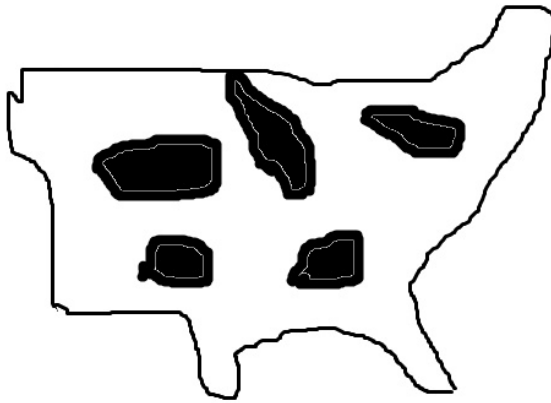


6 of these extremely long fanfics are about Zootopia

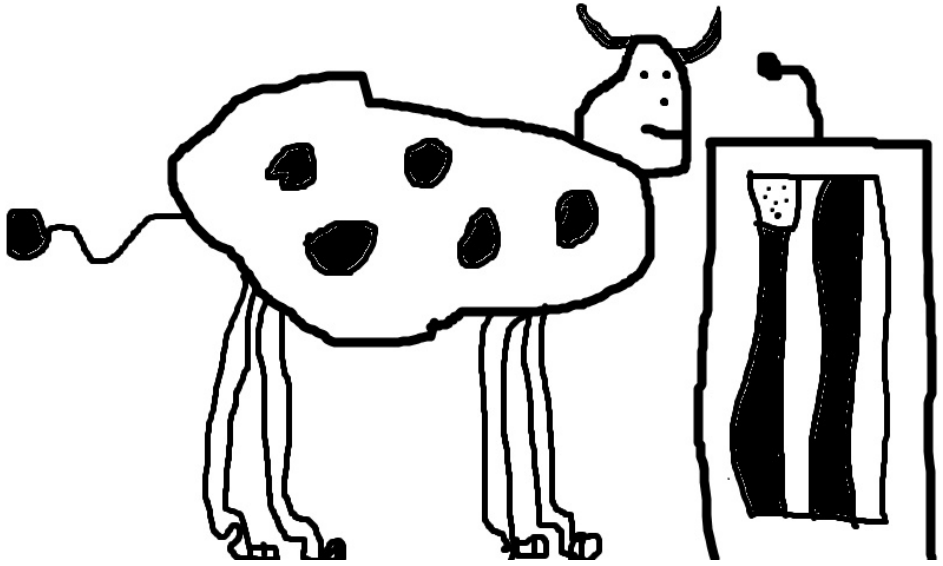
Cow Uprising Overthrows American Government

After a synchronized revolt from farms and slaughterhouses throughout America, cows have taken over. Their new country, the United States of Amoorica, has been officially recognized as a sovereign state by the United Nations.

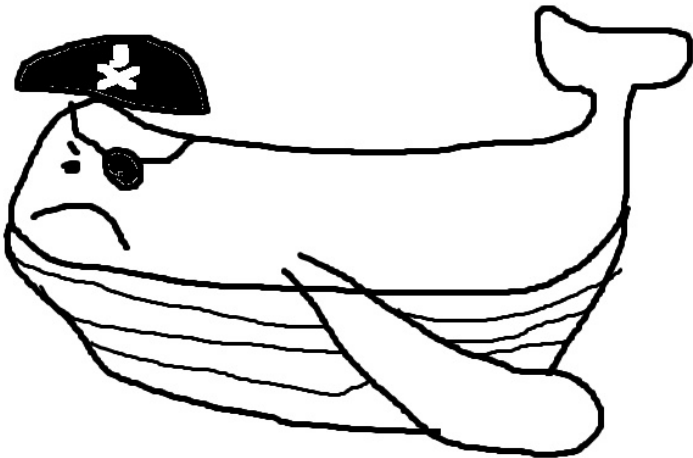
AMOOORICA



While some world leaders worry what a cow led government could mean for the rest of the world, Amoorica has more immediate issues. In the new country's first State of the Moonion Address, the Amoorican government expressed worry that whales might try to take over flooded lands on account of rising sea levels.



Although there is no officially recognized whale government, whale pirates in the Atlantic claim the Amooricans have nothing to worry about if they stay out of their waters.



SCIENCE???

EPIC FAIL!

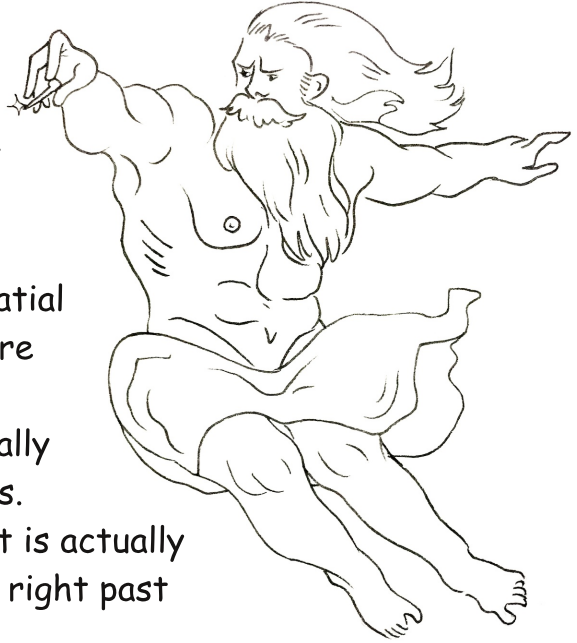
Intellectual and practical activity encompassing the systematic study of the structure and behaviour of the physical and natural world through observation and experiment?

OR GOD?

God made everything.
God is so busy making "water" wet and dirt dirty that he moves really fast and that's why we can't see him!

Big Science will tell you that wind is caused by spatial differences in temperature and pressure but actually that's just God moving really fast doing his godly things.

When you feel "wind" that is actually his robes going WHOOSH right past you bitch.



The Earth is not "round" and it's not "flat" either. When people did sin God got angry and poked the Earth with a giant needle and the Earth deflated like a balloon and now it is deflated-balloon shaped.

Some people say that if God is real he would show himself and tell us why is water and why he made the Earth deflated-balloon shaped but he never does and I think that is very mysterious and sexy of him.

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Ye Olde Most Fuckable Weapons

most fuckable

Sword (69/10 Fucks):

Duh, women with swords. Hot as fuck. This bitch would take you to dinner, spend a long passionate night with you, and then wake up early to make you breakfast. Compassionate, loving, would never hurt me. Not to mention the inherent eroticism of holding a sword to someone's throat.

Crossbow:

Vampire killer. Fuck cupid, this bad bow just shot me straight through the heart and now all I want is to fuck and be fucked.

Battle Axe:

The battle axe in and of itself is okay, but just take a moment to imagine someone wielding a battle axe. BICEPS FOR DAYS.

Guillotine:

What's hotter than killing the rich and seizing the means of production? Nothing. The guillotine FUCKS.

least fuckable

Trebuchet:

BOOOOO. A weapon for people who can't throw shit. A sign of shitty biceps. Definitely made by a fucking nerd. A trebuchet would mansplain my own interests to me on a first date and then try to hook up right after.

Spear:

Basic, sad, pointy stick, obviously compensating for something. A sword for dudes who can't sword fight, an arrow for people who can't shoot

Mace:

Oh wow, a ball on a stick, so scary. A morning star without the cool chain. Also very obviously trying to mimic the scepters of royals, how are you going to fight for the proletariat while wishing you had a crown on your head. Gross.

Battering Ram:

You can't fuck me if you can't kick down a door.

Personality Quiz:

Are you more of a Kyle, Chad, or Norman?

1. You're drinking at a party. You drink...
 - a. Vodka and Monster
 - b. Jager
 - c. Coors light or Dasani
2. Pick a brand of sunglasses
 - a. Oakley
 - b. RayBan
 - c. Anything on the spinning rack at the gas station
3. Would you rather drive a...
 - a. Pickup Truck
 - b. Jeep Wrangler
 - c. Toyota Camry
4. Would you rather watch...
 - a. The X Games
 - b. Football
 - c. Repeats of Law and Order Forever
5. Do you prefer punching...
 - a. Walls
 - b. Nerds
 - c. Holes in my Jimmy Johns rewards card
6. Who is the GOAT?
 - a. Eminem
 - b. Drake
 - c. Billy Joel

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7. Choose a way to get high

- a. Huffing paint
- b. Smoking weed
- c. Camel Cigarettes

8. Would you ever consider getting a face tattoo?

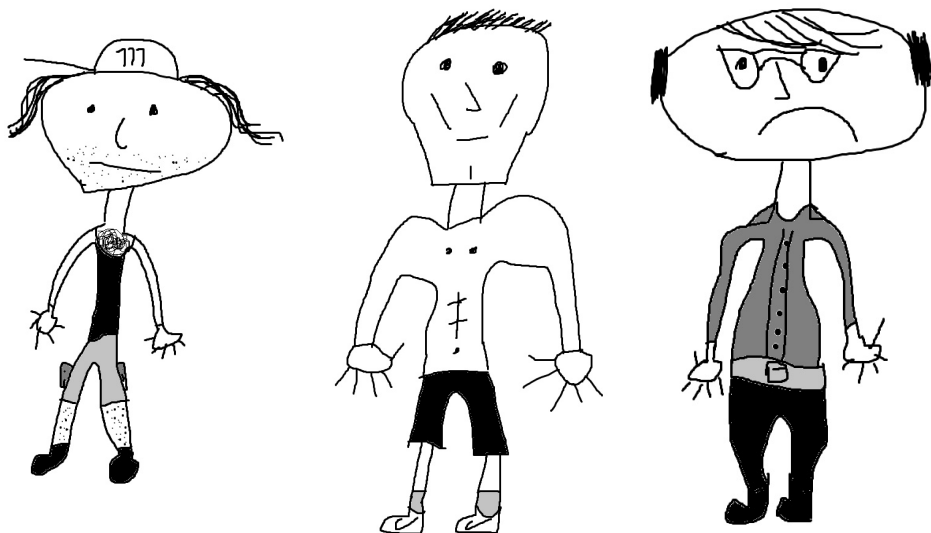
- a. Yes
- b. No
- c. Tattoos are for hooligans

9. Choose a style of facial hair

- a. Chinstrap
- b. Patchy beard
- c. Clean Shaven

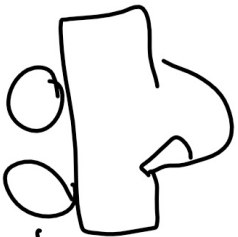
10. Are your parents divorced?

- a. Yes
- b. No
- c. My parents are dead



If you have more A's you're a Kyle. If you have more B's you're a Chad. If you have more C's you're a 40 year old man

Why my Parents are (rightfully) disappointed by me: a Roadmap



I am the gay cousin mountains

Highway I was a STEM major. I switched to a writing major after less than two months.

My brother will get married and produce grandkids. I will have multiple dogs and no spouse Street.

My brother is good at math and sports. I have anxiety and a crippling fear of failure avenue

VORE

Everyone's heard that Fifty Shades of Grey is just Twilight fanfiction, right? I bet you haven't heard of some better-kept fanfiction secrets, though. Jaws? Originally some guy's vore fanfic. Someone wrote some dirty, dirty Yoda (Star Wars Original Trilogy) x Gizmo (Gremlins, 1984) smut and came up with the concept for Furbies. You heard me right, your beloved childhood toy is the lovechild of your reptilian father figure and one of those psycho little shits. Feeling sick to your stomach from imagining Yoda taking that Gremlin cock up the ass? Well, nothing is sacred, get used to it. Little Red Riding Hood? Yeah, more vore fanfiction. Bigfoot was just some guy in the Pacific Northwest's cosplay of the Beast from Beauty and the Beast! His wife was just really into his animalistic side. It's not weird, Emma Watson agrees. Jane Eyre was just Charlotte Brontë's self-insert finding a rich stranger to dick her down. Can't blame her, isn't that what we all want?? Obviously, The Divine Comedy was just Dante's imagine he wrote with himself, Virgil, and the girl he liked thrown in there for good measure. How is The Divine Comedy different than a 12-year-old's Wattpad One Direction imagine? That's right, Y/N, it fucking isn't. You think the BIBLE is a completely original work, written by God?? PLEASE, eating the body of Christ? VORE. Did I go too far?Too fucking bad, I don't give a damn, I'm here to expose the two eternal truths in life. ALL ART IS DERIVATIVE. AND.....

VORE

IS

EVERYTHING

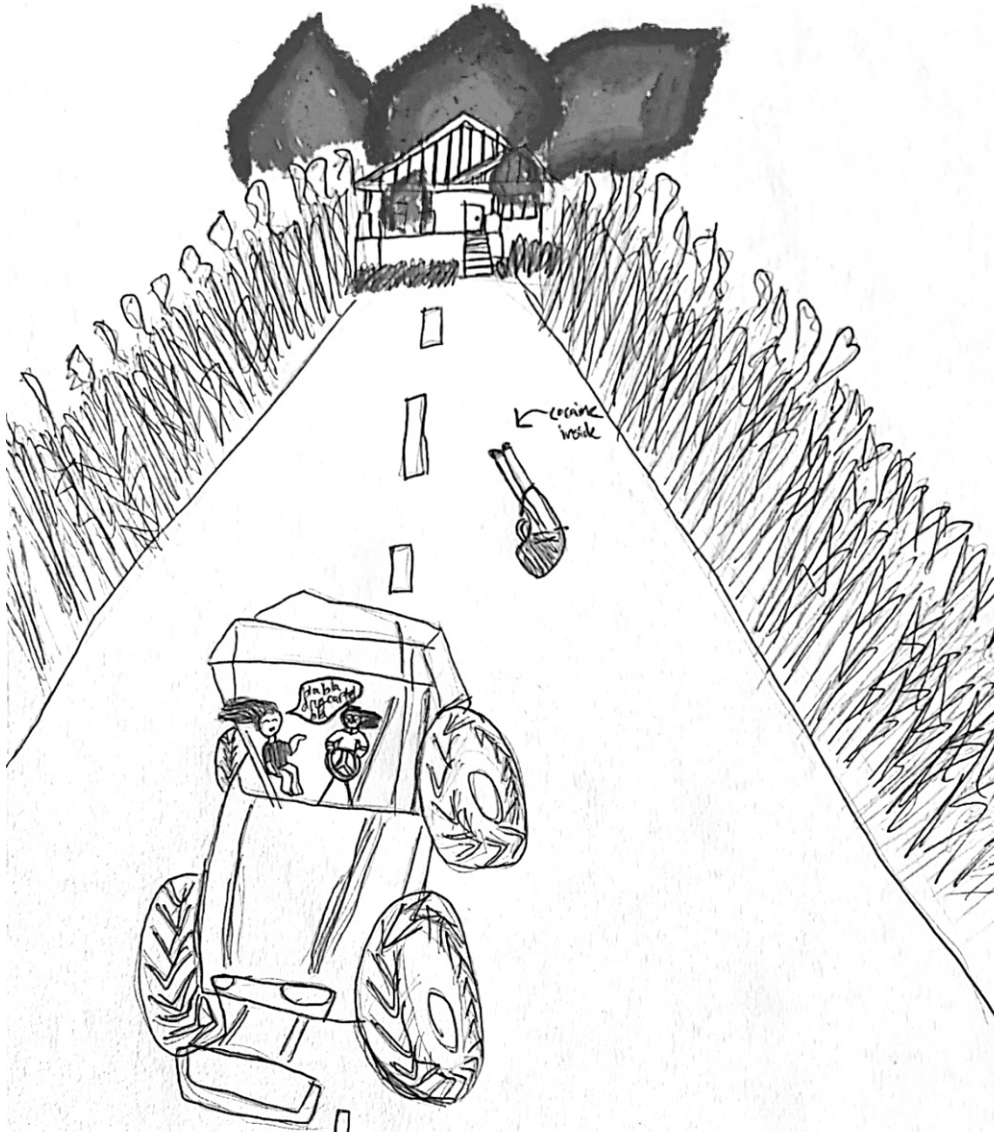


Fifteen Steps to the Perfect Prom Night!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

1. Rent something fun to pick your date up in, like a tractor with a full gas tank!
2. Bring a fruit basket as a cute “peace offering” in case her dad comes out of the house with a gun like in the movies, LOL! xD
3. When her dad is surprisingly charmed by you and gives you his gun as a gift, which is a weird gift but idk, accept it! You know how important family is to her :)
4. Hold the tractor door for your date! Chivalry’s not dead yet :D and ask her to hold the gun for you, since she’s her own person and feminism isn’t dead either!! Girl power!
5. When you accidentally get too excited and go sixty nine (nice) in a thirty (yikes) and a police car behind you turns its sirens on, feel free to suggest that your girlfriend throws the gun out the window! Put on a little country music too- it’s not too early for music :)
6. When she tells you the gun is filled with cocaine and her house self destructed exactly one minute after you lovebirds left, go ahead and take a raincheck on pulling over. It’s okay if plans change, as long as you’re together <3
7. When she yells at you for going too slow, go ahead and let her climb on top of you and switch places. This relationship is 50/50! :)
8. When you ask her about the cocaine and she gives you the crash course of her family’s drug cartel, listen, affirm, and show that you care <3
9. When the fleet of armed vehicles behind you shoots at the tractor and the gas tank catches on fire, take her advice and jump out of that tractor! Nothing like a leap of faith to bring you closer together :)
10. Help hold up her dress so she doesn’t trip while you’re running to take cover in a ditch!
11. When the tractor explodes, destroys the armed vehicles, and gives you minor burns, ask her if that was really just cocaine, haha! If she doesn’t want to answer you, that’s fine too- it’s okay to have healthy boundaries :D
12. When someone comes into the ditch and asks if you would like to spend the night at their farm, absolutely take them up on it! Love is an exciting adventure! :D

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13. When they lock you in a shed and tell you you're their livestock now, uhhhhh :D <3 * :)
14. Once they leave, check your phone- if it still has charge, there's still time for you to play "your song" (jason aldean's "big green tractor" ofc!!) on spotify and have that magical slow dance! also call for help. please help
15. Congratulations, now you can enjoy your PERFECT prom at a nice farm upstate!!!



Phony Goes To A Nice Farm Upstate- 21

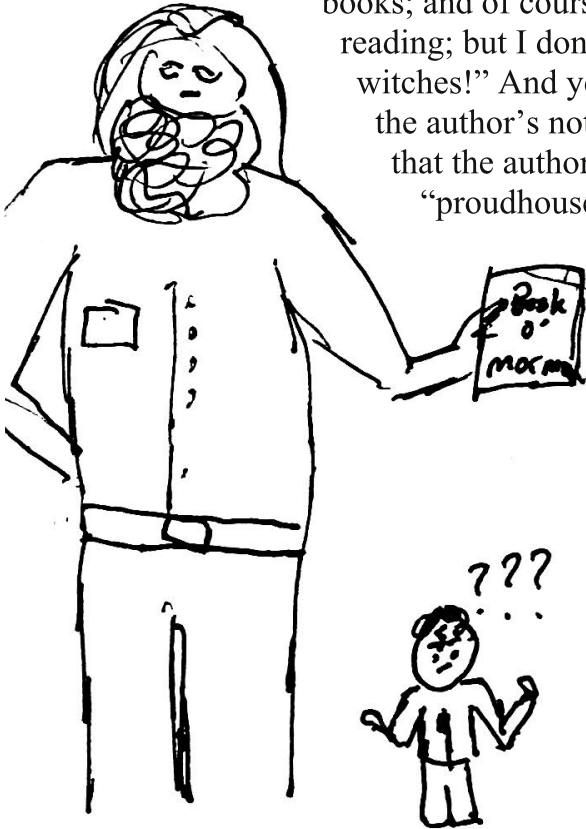
An analysis of fanfiction from someone who has read a lot of it

Hello readers, and welcome to this week's issue of maturity corner, the article where I read a random story on fanfiction.net and critique a chapter of it beyond what is normal or healthy. This issue we're analyzing "Hogwarts School of Prayer and Miracles," a completely unintentionally hilarious rendition of the Harry Potter novels written by a middle aged woman probably named Karen because "My little

ones have been asking to read the Harry Potter books; and of course I'm happy for them to be reading; but I don't want them turning into witches!" And yes, that is a direct quote from the author's note. It should also be added that the author's screen name is

"proudhouswife" and that she believes that she can accurately

summarize a 300 page book into 14 chapters well on a fanfiction website. Who is this lady? Who let her on the internet? Who let her onto fanfiction.net???? In 2014???



To begin this analysis, I would like to describe the immense discomfort I felt while reading this. The words “daddy” and “mommy” show up at least five times a chapter, which is... fucking weird. Maybe the author was attempting to create some sexual tension? The only thing more uncomfortable than the overuse of “daddy,” however, is the fact that Hagrid just SHOWS UP and asks if young Harry has been “saved.” Now, I’m not sure if you’re familiar with the source material, but Hagrid literally HUNTS THE DURSLEYS DOWN in the originals and just FUCKING DESTROYS THE HOUSE THEY’RE RENTING. So having him politely knocking on the door like an eight foot tall Mormon missionary is a bit too on the nose. Also you cannot convince me that having our favorite animal lover denying evolution is okay. Stray from the canon all you want, Hagrid believes Darwin.

To conclude, I leave you with this final piece half way through the first chapter: “Sometimes, the wisdom of little ones is really amazing. We think we grownups know it all; but then God speaks through the mouths of little ones; and shows us how we are all mortals struggling along the path of life. Humility.” What a truly eye opening statement. I too, want to end my message with a random adjective. Quality.

Read "Hogwarts School of Prayer and Miracles" for yourself:



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PHONY
MAGAZINE

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