

CAMP

Phony Magazine



ISSUE 35 DEC 2021

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SUMMER
CAMP SEX
PAGE 3

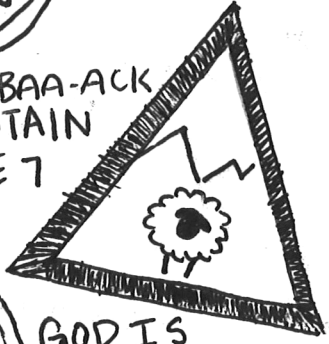


BAND
CAMP
PAGE 4

FRONTIER BAY
PIRATE CAMP
PAGE 6



BROKE BAA-ACK
MOUNTAIN
PAGE 7



WORST
BUNKMATES
PAGE 8



GOD IS
MY DADDY
PAGE 9



Re: SUMMER
CAMP
PAGE 10



MAGIC CAMP
SUPERLATIVES
PAGE 12

RIGHT IN
THE EYE
PAGE 13



VESPER
PAGE 14



Summer Camp Sex



What's up kiddos?! Do you remember the good old days? Middle of the summer, hornily looking across those flames at that special someone. Eating that s'more while making uncomfortable eye contact, as the counselor who isn't paid enough to care pretends not to know what you're doing... I should call

him. Anyways, here's ranking some of those songs from the sexiest summer of your life based on how banging they would be for the bedroom. Is that song about a moose drinking juice as sexually charged as you remember, or were you just 13 and had just gotten your braces off? Here are the top summer camp classics to add to your sex playlist.

- 5. Herman the Worm** Herman the worm gradually grows throughout the song. This is a song for the foreplay part of the evening, as you also want another worm to grow before you start fucking.
- 4. The Moose Song** Shocking to no one, everyone's favorite juice-drinking moose takes up the number 4 slot on this list. The cadence of this song is a bit too slow to be higher on the list, but this summer camp classic had to be included for those nights where you want to be ~slow and sensual~ and have your partner perform a call and response with you.
- 3. Brown Squirrel** This one feels self-explanatory. "Shove a peanut in your paw and SHOVE IT UP YOUR NOSE" is almost too easy to change into various fun new things to try in the bedroom. Just make sure whatever it is has a flared base.
- 2. Baby Bumblebee** You know what, your mom would be proud of you. She was concerned you would live alone forever you little freak. Yeah, you. The sick bastard looking to add summer camp songs to your sex playlist.
- 1. Boom Chicka Boom** Yes. You can get a boom chicka boom. You've earned it, champ.



Band Camp

Hi, Mom!

Band camp is awesome. I'm so glad you sent me here instead of regular summer camp. Instead of doing lame stuff like swimming and hiking, we play our instruments from sunrise to sunset. Once, Al made lanyards instead of going to his section meeting... I haven't seen him since, but the counselors told us not to worry about it. They're awesome. Normal summer camp counsellors are high schoolers who would rather smoke pot after lights out than enrich their campers' experiences. Our counsellors are super involved and interactive. They also have three eyes, which is wayyy cooler than just two.

When roasting marshmallows over a campfire, it's really easy to send that gooey goodness up in flames. Instead, we gather around the pleasant, purple glow of a UFO that crash landed onto Earth. Our marshmallows turn out golden every single time. They only smell a little bit like nuclear radiation. And don't worry about us getting up to trouble--I know you were nervous sending me to camp after all the stories about how rowdy things get at summer camp, but the counsellors know how to keep things under control here. Amanda took a break from rehearsal because she has asthma and needed to catch her breath, so the counsellors shot her in the head.

The only thing that's a little weird is that when we lined up for breakfast on the first day, they shot this little chip into each of our arms... I asked what it was for, but the counsellor in charge of the chipping just

opened his maw and unleashed an unearthly, garbled shriek. I think that meant everything was fine.

At other camps, they say a prayer before breakfast. At band camp, after each meal, we stand in a big circle and all the counsellors chant in Sondiv while we play our instruments. A swirling portal opens up in the middle of the circle and one lucky kid gets thrown in!

HAIL THE GREAT MASTER MY INSTRUMENT IS YOURS I AM YOURS

Ξ Δ Ι // Φ Ξ Ψ Ω Ψ Δ Φ ϩ Δ ζ Φ Ψ Λ

Love, Benny

P.S. Is anal probing okay before marriage?



Frontier Bay Pirate Camp



Summer Camp/After School Program

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Captain Huxford Chesterhill IV Triangle, Bermuda

07/07/2021

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0 photos



Dear Frontier Bay Pirate Camp,

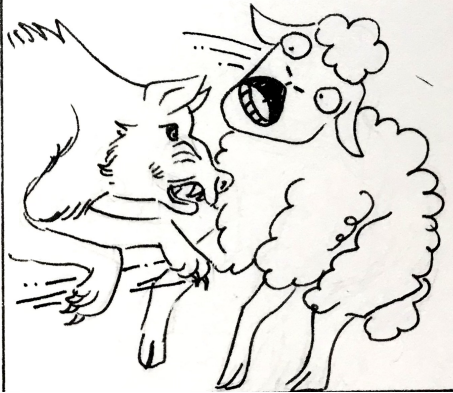
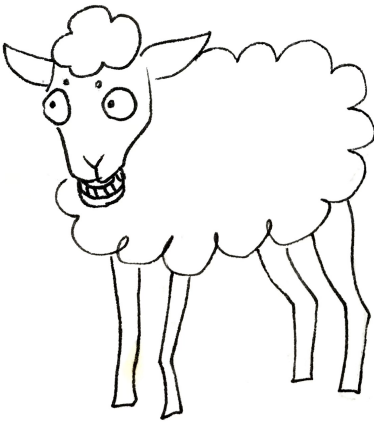
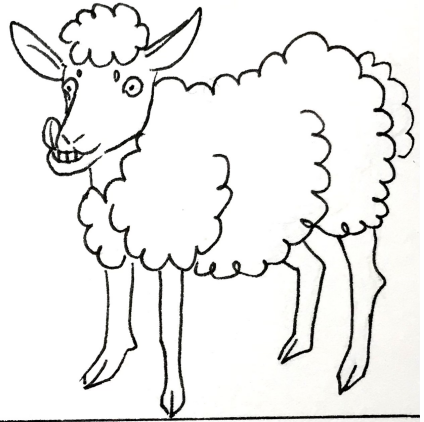
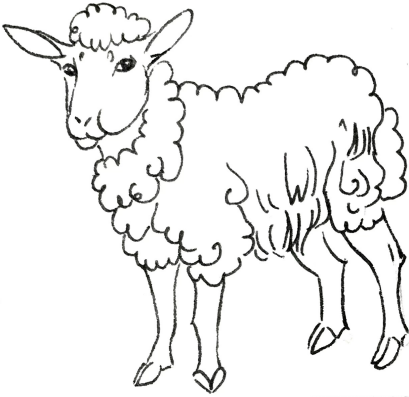
I am Captain Huxford Chesterhill IV, the most fearsome pirate of the Bermuda Triangle/Fort Lauderdale area. After years of waging battle against Poseidon and drunk Mar-a-Lago residents, I yearned for a chance to relax and commiserate with my fellow scallywags about suckling from the saline teat of the sea. I booked a one week stay at the Frontier Bay Pirate Camp, and I was sorely disappointed. The sailors I met were some thirty-six years my junior, and they went by foul names like “Peyton” or “Jaxon with an X”. Many of them wore eyepatches as a ruse, which I thought was insensitive towards the members of my ship who had been partially blinded by my hand. There was no discussion of pillaging or plundering during the entire camp, and much more arts and crafts than I had anticipated, which weren’t even the fun kind like legos or finger painting. When I offered to teach my compatriots valuable pirate skills, like making human grenades or tying a knot sturdy enough to drag your enemy’s carcass behind a boat, one of the maidens in charge pulled me aside and said “we don’t do that here”. It was clear that these men would all perish immediately given any confrontation with the briny deep, and to no fault of their own. The world has gone soft on them– all they know is “participation trophies”, and “murder is bad”. That’s why my kids are homeschooled.

Suffice it to say, I will be taking my business elsewhere in the future.

Cordially,

Captain Huxford Chesterhill IV

Brokebaa-aack Mountain



We would like to thank this week's guest artist for their insightful literature-based comic, which re-examines the classic book and award winning movie, Brokeback Mountain from an under-appreciated point of view - that of the sheep, which provide central backing to the story's plot.

The top 5 kinds of campers you NEVER want to bunk with

Number 5: The kid who eats their boogers

This kid is gross, we all know that, but unless they're chasing you around trying to make you touch their boogers, the gross is usually pretty self contained. Also this kid is almost always a weirdo so they probably won't actually talk to anyone

Number 4: The kid with a serious medical condition that might die

This kid is usually pretty nice. The only reason they aren't at the best one here is the constant possibility that they have like a heart attack or seizure or something and they die. That would kind of bring the vibe down for the rest of camp.

Number 3: The kid who will not shower

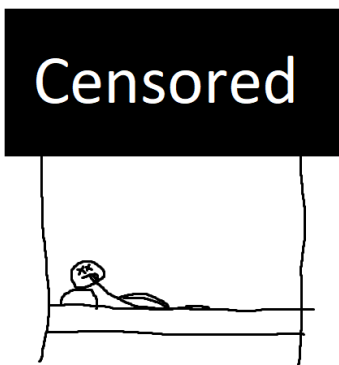
Teenage body odor plus summer heat plus daily physical activity plus a small confined space with no air conditioning plus an outright refusal to bathe. If you get put together with this kid your nose and eyes will be burning by the end of your time at camp.

Number 2: The kid who can't stop masturbating

Look, we're not trying to shame anyone here. Masturbation is a natural thing, there's nothing wrong with doing it. But there's a time and place. And that time and place is definitely not every night in a room full of a bunch of other kids who can absolutely tell what you're doing. Come on now.

Number 1: The bed wetter

These last two are pretty much tied, but the bed wetter gets the edge on the chronic masturbator if they're on the top bunk. Nothing can ruin your day faster than waking up to the feeling of urine dripping through the top mattress and onto you while you sleep.

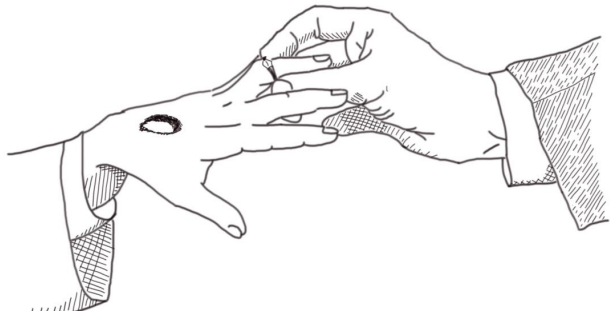


God Is My Daddy: A True Story

There's one camp I will never forget: Camp Timberlee. It was there in middle school that my mom and I went on a "Winter Xtreme" Christian youth group retreat, and it was there that I finally solidified my true religious beliefs and became a (step)Child of God.

During the retreat, we listened to the guest priest three times a day. Listening to him was like listening to a combo of a sermon, a trauma-dump, and a TED Talk. During one of his talks, he asked all the girls to come to the stage and "marry God."

All the women- my peers, my friends, even my mom- went down to the stage, no questions asked. My mom tried to drag me along, but I said it was "too much commitment." I told her she was cheating on



dad, and she was like, "it's just a metaphor!" but while I stayed behind, I watched her lead my 12 year old peers to the stage to say literal marriage vows to God in front of a priest. That was holy matrimony, aka mega-cheating, not a metaphor. Did you know God is married to a bajillion tween girls and my mom? My mom's not even a nun. She's just flat out cheating on my dad with God. My dad's an IT guy at an underwear store- how's he supposed to compete with a god?

Finally, before the closing prayer, the priest said, "We are so close to Jesus. He's not our god, our father, or even our dad. God is our daddy. So let's all call him that tonight." He bowed his head. "Almighty Daddy-"

And that's the story of The Time I Became An Atheist.

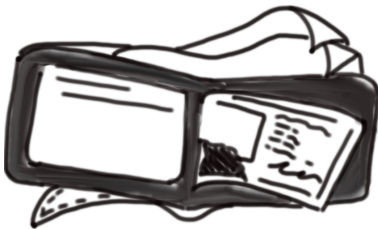
Re: Summer Camp

Last month in my column for Skeptic magazine I waxed nostalgically about my summers spent at camp Little Teeth as a kid. However, I was surprised by the volume of readers who weren't familiar with the camp games I alluded to. So perhaps an explanation for each of them is in order.

Rock Dodgeball: The rules are exactly the same as city dodgeball, with a few adjustments. In lieu of proper balls, small stones, pine cones, or even your own shoes can work just as well. For tournament games, shielding or padding the eyes and crotch is prohibited.



Pearl Diver: For the aquatically capable, this one is played between two people in the water. Each person has only a single breath to dive down into the spongy lake bottom and collect the best treasure from the muck. A third person may play as 'Scrapyard Sal' to judge whose junk is best. The game may continue for as many rounds as the players choose, but traditionally the diver who wins the most rounds keeps all the debris.



Worms Uprising: This game is played at night by two teams: survivors and worms. The survivors' goal is to simply stay alive. Each survivor begins the game sitting atop a bunk bed alone. The worm team, cruelly shunned by the surface world, inches around on the floor with their sleeping bags covering their disgusting heads and bodies. And once the lights turn off, the game begins. The worms work together to swarm and tear the survivors from their bunks, turning them into one of their own. The game ends when no survivors remain.

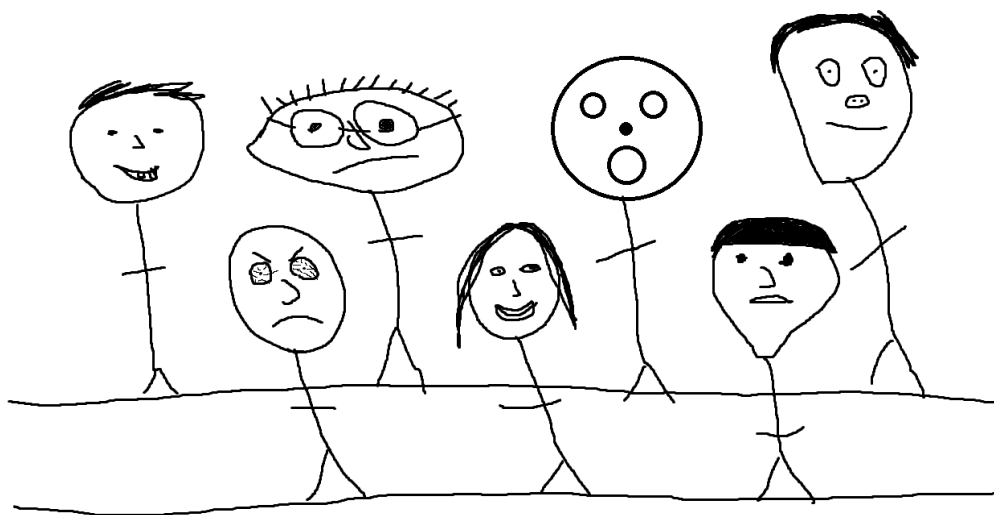


I hope that a few of you can even try out a few of these games to see how much fun they really are! Be sure to keep reading my monthly column for more in-the-paint content.

Ta-Ta,

Collin Sibik

Magic Camp Summer 2021 Superlatives



Top Row, left to right

Tommy, age 13: Most likely to not pick up on the social cue that nobody gives a shit about your card tricks

Garry, age 14: Most likely to come into contact with 5 different bodily fluids while performing at an elementary school

Andrew, age 13: Most well rounded individual

Kevin, age 15: Most likely to make people uncomfortable when they enter the room

Bottom Row, left to right

Damien, age 13: Most likely to “accidentally” kill an animal that was supposed to be part of a trick

Sue, age 14: Girl

Sam, age 12: Most likely to also be present

LOOKING CAMP RIGHT IN THE EYE



... BUT WHICH ONE?

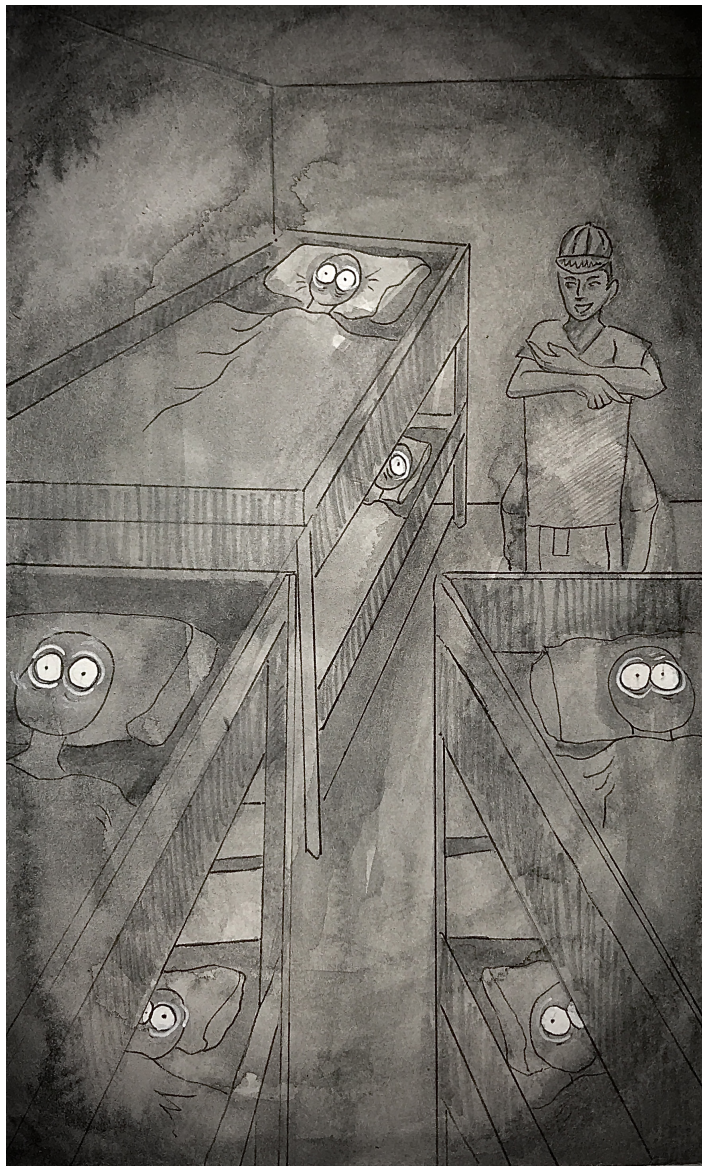
Vesper

Evening campers! Today was a really exciting day, full of so many activities and new memories! Who can forget Derek's epic fail, when he tipped his own canoe in Battleship! Ha-ha, don't worry Derek, the chicks will love that scar in ten years. I know it's hard to fall asleep with so much excitement running through your heads, but tomorrow's gonna be a busy day too! I know exactly what you need. I'm gonna conduct a nice, relaxing meditation to help us all relax and get our forty winks. Everyone settle down, get into bed; Avery please, get a tissue, no- no don't put that there! Okay. I'm gonna dim the lights a bit, and I want everyone to close their eyes. Avery, please don't make me have this conversation with you again. Eyes closed? Good.

I want you all to imagine you're walking through the capture-the-flag forest. It's completely empty, you're the only one there. You can hear the birds chirping a steady rhythm as autumn leaves crackle gently beneath your feet. Every now and then you catch a glimpse of a squirrel hiding behind a tree, but there are no other humans for miles around. Take a deep breath, in through the nose and out through the mouth. Feel the fresh crispness of the autumn air. Look up, see the tops of the trees with their green, green leaves against the blue sky. Look down, see logs on the ground with colorful lichen and little mushrooms growing on them. Look to your right, and there's a rugged-looking wild man running at you! He has wild, mad eyes and mangy hair, and he smells like the muck at the bottom of Fart Pond. Quick! Quick! You grab the mushroom stick off the ground and do what you have to do. He's dead. The question is, what happens now? I know your first instinct is to go find someone and tell them what happened. Maybe he has a family. Do they deserve to know what's befallen him? Maybe years ago his life took a rough turn, and he went to live off the land in the woods by a children's summer camp. His poor wife and child have spent the last twenty years wondering what happened to him. Can your actions finally give them closure?

Or will they resent you forever for taking that life away? At the same time, should you even tell anyone? You're alone in the woods, and you're a killer now. Would the police prosecute an eight-year-old for actions that were clearly taken in self-defense? They just might. You kids can't trust anyone, you hear? No one but yourselves. Think to yourselves, what would you do in this situation?

That was tonight's meditation! Sleep well - we're going hiking tomorrow!



JOIN
PHONY

@phonymag

phony@umn.edu

Intern:

Jared Hemming

Emma Morris

Jo Meloy

B. Bear

Rowan Halm

Collin Sibik

Louis Goessling

Charlotte Papin

Nile Timmerman

John LaRock

Simone Traland

