

# Phony

# Phantasy



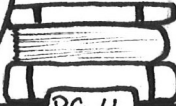
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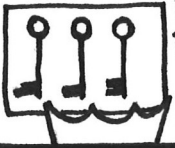


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find your  
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Name



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Beauty & the  
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PLUS

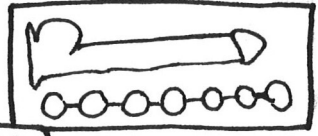
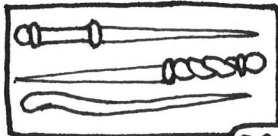
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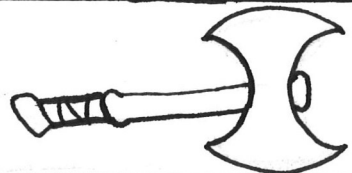
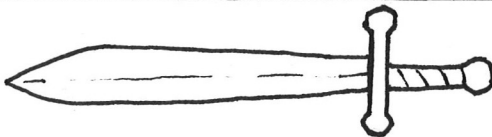
How to spot  
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Best (& WORST)  
mythical creatures  
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PHONYMAG.NET

I wish I was a cocaine mouse.

It is my deepest desire and biggest fantasy.

Cocaine mice just do cocaine, have sex, and die.



I would do that now if I did not have to follow the law.

Being a cocaine mouse just sounds like it's fucking fantastic

and I hope to follow my dream.

# Book Report

Septimus Heap is the underdog fantasy series that can totally cream Harry Potter in the pants.

There's a kingdom where a bunch of people are wizards, and the government is like a magical parliamentary monarchy meritocracy thing. A sailor gets the Queen pregnant, then runs away because he's a coward. When the Queen gives birth, the bad guys kill her, but a government girlboss lady rescues the baby princess, Jenna.

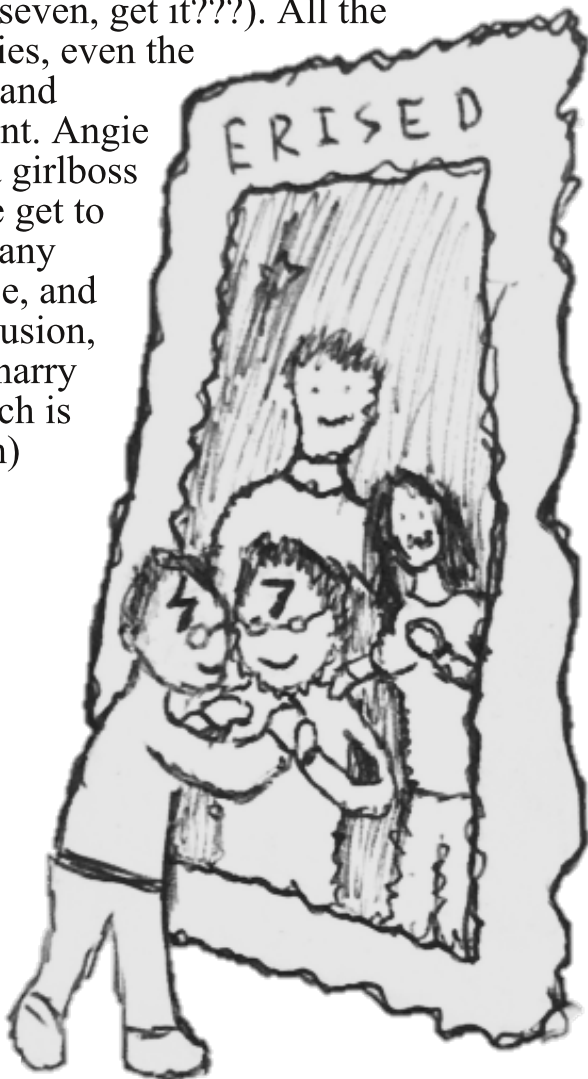
While this is going on, there's another newborn baby. His name is Septimus, which comes from the number 7. The number 7 is super magical and mysterious, and he is the seventh youngest brother in his family. The super magical stuff gets the bad guys' attention, so they fake his death, and he accidentally gets sent to the child-soldier-orphanage. The girlboss from earlier shows up and asks his family to adopt the baby princess she rescued, except just to be safe, she doesn't tell them that the baby is the princess.

A bunch of years later, secret-princess Jenna is thriving with Septimus' family, and Septimus is a sad little boy enslaved to the government. Jenna doesn't know she's a princess, and Septimus doesn't know his name or that his family is still alive. Government Girlboss returns, and she pulls a Hagrid and tells Jenna she's actually the Queen's orphaned daughter. Jenna goes with her to a castle, which Septimus (the child soldier) is being forced to guard even though it's really cold outside. Girlboss and Jenna take him inside the castle so he won't freeze to death. There's another Hagrid moment when they realize the child soldier is Septimus, and he's not even dead.



Once all the secret identities are out on the table, Jenna gets trained in girlbossery and politics, and Septimus gets trained in dragons and sorcery. They are best friends and go on tons of adventures. I don't know if Jenna has enough solo scenes to pass the Bechdel test but she's such a girlboss that I literally don't even care. She was iconic to me growing up, way more than Hermione or anything like that. And she basically saves the world at the end of the book series.

The Septimus Heap books will make you bust not just one, but seven nuts (seven, get it???). All the characters in this series, even the dragons, have depth and character development. Angie Sage, the author, is a girlboss who doesn't let fame get to her head, barely has any social media presence, and is not a terf. In conclusion, fuck jk rowling and harry potter sucks (quidditch is still very epic though)



Chad Bouchabagwell

"Entrepreneur" Business Major	
Class	Background
21	Lawful Evil
Age	Alignment

Strength  
14

Dexterity  
10

Constitution  
16

Intelligence  
9

Wisdom  
6

Charisma  
14



Portrait

Lime scooter (weapon)  
Newest MacBook Pro  
Dad's AMEX

Inventory

26  
HP

30  
Speed

Languages: German, Schmoozing  
Elementary School Math  
Exploiting the working class  
Devil's Advocate

Proficiencies

Daddy's Money:  
advantage on intimidation  
checks

Rage: testosterone-  
induced fury

Second Wind:  
boot and rally at  
frat party

Features and Traits

# What's Your Phantasy Name!

## Month you were born:

Jan - Lord	May - Viscount	Sept - Madam
Feb - High Priest(ess)	June - Dowager	Oct - Baron
March - Court Jester	July - Cleric	Nov - Earl
April - Sir	Aug - Paladin	Dec - Marquess

## First letter of your first name:

A - Advair	J - Lyrica	S - Viagra
B - Crestor	K - Abilify	T - Levitra
C - Humira	L - Cymbalta	U - Lipitor
D - Levemir	M - Chantix	V - Xifaxan
E - Vyvanse	N - Zoloft	W - Belsomra
F - Enbrel	O - Cialis	X - Nasonex
G - Lamictal	P - Vytorin	Y - Myrbetriq
H - Enbrel	Q - Rozerem	Z - Mucinex
I - Intermezzo	R - Lunesta	

## Last digit of your S.S. number:

1 - The Wise	5 - The Mysterious	8 - Of the Dark Arts
2 - The Hairy	6 - The Cruel	9 - The Red
3 - The Strong	7 - The Terrible	0 - The Wicked
4 - The Brave		

# Beauty and The Best Western Plus



nce upon a time, in a faraway land called Akron, a young prince lived in a shining castle called the Best Western Plus. Although he had everything his heart desired—a slick nametag, free cucumber water from the lobby, and occasional spells of blindness from dechlorinating the hot tub—the prince was spoiled, selfish, and unkind. Sometimes he would even steal uneaten pieces of toast from the breakfast bar.

One winter's night, an old woman came to the castle. From behind his desk, the prince watched her make her way across the parking lot. She was stumbling slightly, drinking a Colt 45 wrapped in a CVS bag with one hand while using the other to make gestures at passing motorists. As she approached the castle, she kindly demanded that the prince open the gates for her entry. The prince of the Best Western Plus replied that the doors were mechanical, and they would open automatically as she walked towards them.

Once inside, the woman calmly explained the circumstances of her arrival. She had been on her way to visit the Bon Jovi Experience at the Rock 'n Roll Hall of Fame, but ran into some trouble a few miles back. Her trusty carriage, a 2003 Ford Festiva, had been totaled after a street lamp jumped right in front of her. There had been a Holiday Inn near the site of her crash, but she was not allowed in Holiday Inns anymore due to an ongoing disagreement with management about their fitness center clothing policy. So instead she was here. She tucked the rest of her potion inside her robe and thanked it for keeping her warm on her perilous journey. The prince interrupted her train of thought and asked how she would be paying for the room. She replied that she was saving money for the Bon Jovi exhibit, and did not have enough room in her budget to be bent over and sodomized by the overpriced rates of the Best Western Plus. However, she would be willing to make other arrangements. In exchange for shelter from the bitter cold, she was willing to give the prince an evening he would never forget.



The prince gulped, and stammered that the castle did not accept non-monetary transactions. She replied that an evening with her would usually cost two months of his salary, and she was giving it away for free. The prince said he had a girlfriend. She said that if his girlfriend saw what was beneath her robes, she would understand. The prince said that he was respectfully not interested. She warned him not to be deceived by appearances, for true beauty is found within. The prince replied, “Is that from Beauty and the Beast?”

The old woman had had enough. She heaved back her bedazzled, cheetah print bathrobe to reveal the body of a beautiful enchantress. Around her neck sat a pendant of the singer/prophet Pitbull on the cross. Mr. Worldwide had the divine privilege of straddling the enchantress’ luscious breasts. They were a sight to behold, akin to half-empty Ziploc bags of sour cream that had been left in the sun. They were cradled by a tattoo of the Virgin Mary, whose blessings had apparently run out. The tattoo spanned from her sternum to an area that was better left undescribed, and further below her straight-razor-shaved legs ran down to a pair of pink bunny slippers.

Upon the sight of the enchantress’s glorious form, gleaming in the fluorescent lights, the prince realized he had made a terrible mistake. He tried to apologize, but it was too late. Pitbull’s eyes turned a blinding red, and he leapt from the pendant, now standing nearly two stories tall. He lumbered out of the castle and through the parking lot, crushing cars under his feet. He stopped at the base of the castle’s welcome sign, which read “Best Western Plus– try our Eggnog Waffles!” With his mighty strength, Pitbull ripped the “Plus” from the sign– now there was nothing to distinguish the castle from the other Best Westerns in the area.

The prince gasped and fell to his knees, sobbing– his precious castle had been reduced to ruins. He was for sure going to get fired for this. He cursed himself for being so foolish. Pitbull tried to eat the Eggnog Waffles from the sign. The enchantress did not say another word, and exited the castle with her head held high.



# Your Phantasy Girlfriend!

- Never needs attention when you're busy gaming
- Knows how football works and doesn't try to make you watch Quidditch instead
- Talks about you instead of whispering about the latest goblin gossip
- Look at those bazongas!
- Always wears the same outfit
- Speaks five Elvish dialects but never makes you have "The talk"



# Your Phantasy Boyfriend!

- Will always hold the door open for you

- Will always expect something in return for holding the door open for you

- Refuses to take his helmet off ever because "he has Helmet hair"

- You can never tell if he's listening to you because of the helmet

- He's mysterious and sensitive, definitely not an empty void hiding in a suit of armor

- Shopping for him is really hard

- Can't go home to meet your parents because TSA won't let him on the airplane

- His parents were mysteriously killed, and he was raised by a sorcerer - so no MIL drama!





Once upon a time, there was a princess who all the men in the kingdom had attempted to pleasure to no avail. She was growing bored of their attempts, laying rather dejectedly draped across her bed.



But with her hitachi magic wand (TM) she has no issue reaching that ultimate pleasure. Yes ma'am the hitachi magic wand (TM) which is suuuper discrete and not at all obvious. Just label it as a personal massager for your... back issues. The hitachi magic wand (TM) will give you the greatest pleasure you have ever known. It doesn't matter that you and your ex-boyfriend chad had that one magical night in the hot tub, not when you have your hitachi magic wand (TM). Just pick that magical little device up off the nightstand and go to personal pound town.



# HOW TO SPOT A VAMPIRE

- Vampires tend to look particularly waxy or pale, regardless of their natural skin color
  - Vampires can't access someone's home without permission. If they ask "May I come in?" every time they visit, it could be a clue.
  - Vampires don't have reflections in silver-backed mirrors.
  - Vampires never do their dishes. They leave that one crusty red tumbler in the sink for months at a time and it's nasty
- Avoiding outdoor activities on sunny days could point to vampirism, as vampires can't be exposed to the sun without being burned.
- Vampires tend to spell their names strangely or archaically. Some examples are Dæmeøn, Wilhelmine, or TiffaNee
  - Vampires suck energy too. Constantly nagging you to come with her to frat parties just so she can flirt with that guy named David who accidentally shaved half his head last week? Hmm sounds sus to me.
  - Vampires can't take sustenance from food, so if their starbucks order consists of plain water with two pumps of vanilla syrup, one pump of hazelnut syrup, and an iron supplement, there's definitely something going on.
  - Vampires never replace the toilet paper roll, and sometimes they will even set a new roll on top of the old one without actually replacing it.

# The 5 best (and 4 worst) mythical creatures to eat

5th best: Basilisk: So this tastes pretty good, but eating it comes with a pretty high risk of accidentally consuming some leftover venom because apparently that shit is stored all over these things' bodies. If someone can work out that kink I'd definitely eat this a lot, but it's just not worth maybe dying every time you take a bite 6/10

4th worst: Unicorn: Remember when there was the whole Burger King controversy because they put horse meat in their ground beef? Well it turns out a unicorn tastes just like a whopper 4/10

4th best: Dragon: Dragon meat tastes really good, but it's a lot of work to break through the scales to get to the meat, and it's really expensive because of the hazards of obtaining it. 7/10

3rd worst: Gargoyle: Have you ever tried to eat rocks before? Because that's what it's like to try to eat a gargoyle. Until someone figures out how to keep their body fleshy instead of stoney I won't be eating any more of this 3/10

3rd best: Minotaur: Eating minotaur is just like eating beef except you feel like a total badass doing it. There's nothing cool about eating a lame ass cow, but eating a big angry beast like a minotaur just feels good. 8/10

2nd worst: Fairy: So this actually tasted pretty damn good. It's oddly sweet for meat, and if you can sprinkle some fairy dust on top as seasoning it really ties the whole meal together. I just couldn't shake the feeling that eating a fairy is a really fucked up thing to do, and it really killed the vibe of the whole dining experience

2nd best: Kraken: It's like eating any other delicious salty seafood except it's very filling. All you really need is one bite and you're full for hours. Probably from the weight of all the souls it dragged to the ocean floor when it was alive. 9/10

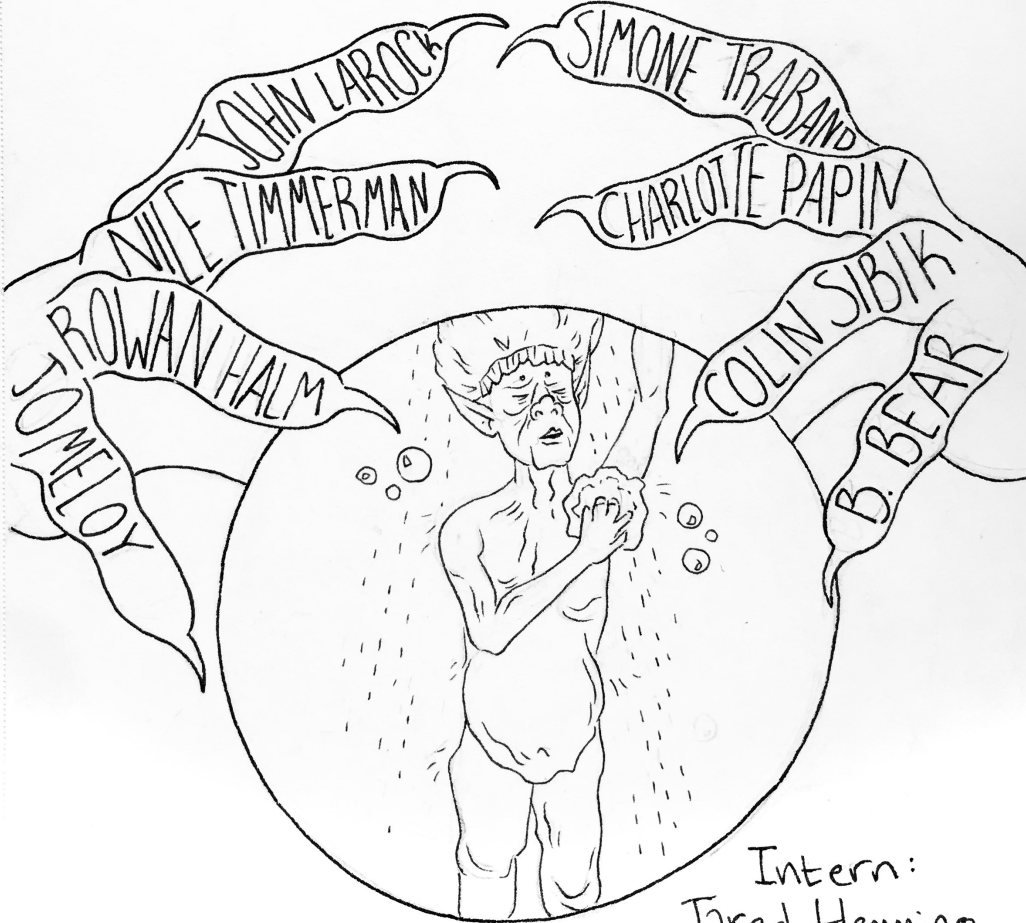
THE WORST: OGRE: I don't know who the fuck saw shrek and though "damn that disgusting green guy looks like he would taste really good, but guess what? They were wrong. Ogre is fucking disgusting. I don't even care that I ate a sentient creature because between the ogre getting murdered and me tasting it, I got the worse end of that deal. I would rather eat the mix of shit and swamp water and mud and whatever disgusting shit is in Shrek's swamp than have another bite of this vile garbage. 0/10



The best: Phoenix:  
Tastes like chicken

# Join PHONY

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Jared Hemming